

24



FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME L.

JANUARY, 1898—JUNE, 1898.



PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK



FOREST AND STREAM.

INDEX---VOLUME L.

EDITORIAL.

	Page.
Aquarium.....	261, 281, 301
Audubon	361
Audubons at Auction	401
Austrian Shooting Statistics.....	421
Baltimore Dog Problem.....	441
Birds of Gloucester.....	221
Board Bill Guide.....	421
Brute and Human.....	301
Buffalo in Montana	61
Camp Ways.....	161
Canadian Indian Earnings.....	361
Catskill Mountain Trout Weights.....	401
Cold Storage	201
Conduct in the Woods.....	361
Congress and the Game.....	81
Darling, Jonathan.....	41
Dogs in a Deer Country.....	281
Dogs in Cities.....	141
Fads and Field Sports.....	81
Farmers, and Game Laws.....	121
Fields, Liberty of the.....	161
Firearm Improvement.....	301
Fishing as Recreation.....	121
Florida and Maine.....	181
Florida Deer Hunting in 1864.....	181
FOREST AND STREAM Jubilee Number.....	501
FOREST AND STREAM Plank.....	141
Forest Reserves	181, 401
Game Protection a Public Trust.....	221
Game Supply Fluctuations.....	241
Government Game Preserves.....	61
Gun as Furniture	381
Hammond, S. H.....	421
Hoar Bird Bill	261
Holberton, Wakeman	41
Hunters, Red and White.....	481
Illinois Association	481
Indian Camps	61
Interstate Commerce Law	461
Jackson's Hole Elk.....	1, 81
League of American Sportsmen.....	81
Maine and Private Parks.....	201
Maine Guides	281, 301
Making the Most of it.....	41
Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club.....	321
Massamore, Dr. Geo. W.....	341
Minnesota Indian Case.....	441
Mushrooms	481
National Fisheries Congress.....	101
Net Bounties.....	421
New York Game Law.....	201, 241, 261, 301
New York State Association.....	401
New York State Report.....	81
New York Zoological Society.....	1
Nuisances Summarily Abated.....	21
Petards and Bear Traps.....	221
Potomac Protection.....	421
Potomac River Pollution.....	241
Rabbits as Game	281
Responsibility	21
Road Making	141
Sealing Awards	461
Seal Questions.....	341
Song Bird Trapping	461
St. Lawrence River Park.....	381
St. Mary's Lake Country.....	321
Teller Game Bill	81
United States Fish Commission	1, 21, 81, 101, 121, 141
Walton's Compleat Angler	361

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

	Page.
War and Yachting	341, 361
Wheeling and Fishing	461
Wilderness Homes	61
Wolves and Bounties	41
Yellowstone Park.....	101, 141, 181
Adirondack Early Summer	519
Antoine on the Rail	382
Appomattox Apple Tree	422
Around the Camp-Fire.....	506
Artist of the Old West	517
Baffin Land	442
Boy, Just About a.....	42, 62, 82, 102, 143, 182, 202, 222, 282, 362, 382, 403
Camp at Hopkins	62
Camp of Two Cranks	202, 222, 242
Camp Talla-Quit	122
Chestnut Ridge	123
Clough's Ride	324
Coyote Feast with Bear Dessert.....	142
Ways with the White Goats.....	513
Dog, A Society.....	144
Down in the Sac and Fox	182
Evening on the James	82
Fate, Story of.....	507
FOREST AND STREAM Record.....	510
Ghosts	282
Grave, Humble	422
Gray Squirrel, Day with	162
Hark Back	342
Ho, for the Wilderness of Maine!	402
How the Doctor Shot his Deer.....	82
Ice Architecture	162
Idyl of the March (poetry).....	82
Indian Massacre	505
Katahdin and Big Fish Regions.....	462
Lex Talionis (poetry).....	462
Little Assinaboine's Charge	142
Logs, Course of the	322
Marquez Island	323, 343
Mountain Goat Hunting.....	507
Mushrooms	483
Muzzleloaders	282
Newfoundland	82
North Carolina Wild Turkeys.....	42
Okeechobee	364
Pamola	2
Pearl River	442
Penobscot River (poetry).....	343
Platt-eye	262
Podgers' Commentaries	24, 122
Random Shots	403
Raspberrying in Danvis	503
Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.....	102, 442
Reminiscences	510
Requiem	24
Rival Fisher Folk	462
Samoa Sport	518
Seminole Land	102
Shiftless Jim Tracey	517
Skagway	482
Spain Sport	363
Summer Love (poetry).....	282
Tenderfeet in the Adirondacks	383
Turtle Chasing	162
Uncle Gid's Christmas Tree	502
Vacation, His	462
West, Early Days in	508
Yukon Notes	242, 263, 302, 362, 383, 402, 482

NATURAL HISTORY.

	Page.
Alaska Wildfowl and Game.....	384
American Museum	486
Antelope, Pronghorn (portrait).....	203
Audubon and his Journals	364
Audubon Society	164, 424
Badger	486
Bird Hosts	405
Birds of Village and Field	423
Bluebirds and Robins Winter in Connecticut.....	205
Bluebirds	344
Chestnut-Sided Warbler	283
Colorado Audubon Society	424
Compass Points	5
Congress and the Birds	263
Decrease of Wild Life	325
Eagle and Deer	365, 445
East African Mammals.....	204, 223, 263, 304, 423, 444
Elliott's Game Birds	104
Field Columbian Museum	43
Fox Squirrels in City Square.....	325
Glance at the Sparrows.....	444
Goose Half-Breed Infertility.....	25, 43
Grouse Drumming	345
Hippopotamus Vanishing	487
Juan Fernandez Wild Dogs	122
Mammals, New	404
Man-o'-Warsmen's Pets	444
Marmosets, Care of	345
Mole and Agriculture	183
Mountain Sheep of Boston Exposition	463
Mountain Sheep Range	366
Muffs and Ragamuffins	63
Music and Dog	164
Nelson's Mountain Sheep	24
Nest-Building Fishes	463
New York Zoological Society.....	184
Notes of Recent Rambles	244
Oddities of the Field	205
Partridge from Mexico	283
Passenger Pigeons	304, 305
Philadelphia Zoo	424
Pigeons, Wild	365, 404
Rabbits' Ways	283
Roosevelt's Wapiti	5
Rungius', Carl, Paintings.....	204
Scorpion	504
Snakes in Costa Rica.....	43
Sparrows in Confinement	63
Sparrows Winter in New York	205
Squirrel, Red	6, 43, 123, 204
Taxidermy in Sculpture	144, 164, 204
Vermont Notes	284
Wildcat in the Adirondacks	365
Wild Goose Story	244
Wild Goose Vitality	325
Wild Pigeons	244
Wisconsin Hawks and Owls	404
Wolves in Iowa	345
Woodcock's Strut	44, 105, 164
Yale University Gifts	83
Yellowstone Park Notes	24

GAME BAG AND GUN.

Adam and his Musket	29
Adirondack Foxes	45
Adirondack Guides' Association	105
Adirondack Preserves	406
After Shootin's Over	305
Alaskan Game	47

	Page.
Arms, The Right to Bear.....	107, 149
Belknap County League	305
Black Buck in Muzzleloader Days.....	25
Blue Grouse of Alaska	224
Boone and Crockett Club	44
Boston Exposition	208, 267
Boy Again	145
Buck of Spring Pond Carry	328
By Way of Illustration	45
Calibers	488
Caribou Hunt in Quebec	445
Chamois and Stag Hunting	487
Chickamauga Gulch	446
Cold Storage and the Game Laws	207
Colorado Game Law Invalid	489
Colorado Game Wardens and the Utes.....	27
Colorado Mountains	26
Congress and Game Protection	107
Cow Moose Killing in Maine	64, 109
Currituck Game	29
Currituck Sound	405
Cuvier Club	285
Darling, Jonathan	45
December	29
Deer, Friendly	167
Deer, Her First	245
Deer Hunting in Wisconsin	285
Deer Hunts	26
Denver Barbecue	186
Ducks	264
Ducks and Hawks	108
Duck Shooting in Connecticut	284
Erie Association	488
Farmer and Sportsman	124
Florida and the Plank	287
Florida Quail	244
Foxes and Grouse	147, 184
Fox Hunt Incidents	225
Game as Revenue	29
Game Laws of Long Ago	166
Garden of Eden	406
Grand Rapids' Great Week	489
Green Mountain Notes	287
Grouse Enemies	226
Grouse Snarer	327
Guns, Old and New	224
Gun, the Old	346
High Island	446
Hippo Hunt	425
Illinois Association	148
Illinois Game Protection	487
Interstate Wardens' Convention	145
In the Rockies	106, 124
Iowa Fauna and Flora	426
Jackson's Hole and the Park	308, 328, 369
Jackson's Hole Elk	8, 127, 184
Jim and I	386
Jungle, In the	426
League of American Sportsmen	84
Long Island Deer Situation	225
Long Range Rifle, With the	229
Loveday, Warden, and the Chickens.....	48, 87
Maine and New Brunswick Game	267
Maine and Non-Residents	84
Maine Commission Report	64
Maine Deer Limit	107
Maine Game Conditions	225
Maine Game Revenue	184
Maine Guides	306
Maine Hunting Tax	305
Maine Moose	346

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

	Page.
Staten Island	157
Taunton	395, 495
Victoria	15
Westchester Country Club	496
Winthrop	395, 455
Wreck of Heather Bill (poem).....	520
Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.....	232, 255, 353
Y. R. U. of N. A.....	54, 74, 133, 154, 214, 232, 234*, 354, 375
Yonkers	177

Steam Yachting.

Alcedo II.	35
American	494
Ariel	355*
Atmah	415
Barracouta	116, 195, 496
Converted Yachts	292
Dorothea	116
Egret	76
El Reba	55, 456
Giralda	375
Hermione	355*
Mayflower	116, 133, 354*
Nahma	116, 272
Norada	132, 215
Niagara II.	177
Oscola	37, 236, 495*
Payne Yacht	35, 54, 55
Tillie	272
Waikaki	456
War-Converted Yachts	2, 292

CANOEING.

(Illustrated articles marked thus *.)

Atlantic Division Smoker	94
Birch Bark Canoes	132*
Buffalo Dinner	195
Canoe-Yachts	94*, 113*
Eel	94*, 113*
Evasion of Rules	416
Holyoke	76
Humber Y. C.	94*, 113*
Indian Canoe Models	132*
Phil-o-Rum's Canoe	56
Red Dragon	216
Royal C. C.	15
Rushton's Canoes	177
Sportsmen's Exposition	177, 376
Toronto	117
Wawbewawa Smoker	132

RIFLE RANGE AND GALLERY.

Boston Competitions	97, 135, 256
Brooklyn-Louisville Match	474
Cincinnati Rifle Association.....	56, 76, 216, 237, 299, 316, 356, 396, 435, 474
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis.....	216
Elm Road Rifle Club.....	117, 299
Elm Road vs. Essex	237
Haverhill Rifle Club	316
Iroquois Rifle Club	237, 336
Louisville Revolver Club.....	256, 299, 316, 336, 376, 396, 416, 457
Milwaukee Sharpshooters	356, 435, 457
New England Sportsmen's Association.....	216
Nitro Powder	157
Pittsburg Rifle Club	136, 336, 356
Rest Shooting	376
Revolver Match	256

	Page.
Revolver Shooting, England	56
San Francisco Rifle Clubs.....	16, 56
Shell Mound.....	97, 177, 237, 336, 376, 416, 474
Sportsmen's Exposition, Rifle at.....	76, 95
Standard Gallery Target	435
Wahnetah Rifle Club	177, 216
Walnut Hill	435
Zettler Rifle Club.....	157, 177

TRAP-SHOOTING.

Androscoggin Gun Club.....	359, 380
Apgar Tournament.....	33, 119
Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.....	317
Auburn Gun Club.....	417, 437, 499
Baltimore Shooting Association.....	140, 180, 238, 319, 440
Barre, Vt.....	58
Baychester Shoot.....	100
Bedford Rod and Gun Club.....	240, 274
Bellows Falls Gun Club.....	496
Belle Mead Gun Club.....	499
Bison Gun Club.....	197, 218, 239, 274, 320
Blue Ribbon Gun Club.....	320
Boston Gun Club.....	98, 140, 159, 197, 220, 240, 275, 299, 320, 360, 379, 398, 420, 440, 459, 478, 500, 527
Brockton Gun Club.....	360, 379, 480, 525
Buffalo Audubon Club.....	239, 259, 280, 320, 340, 357, 379, 417, 460, 480, 525
Capital City Gun Club.....	478
Carteret Gun Club.....	140, 238, 258
Catchpole Gun Club.....	59, 79, 98, 320, 339, 379
Centredale Gun Club.....	217, 320, 378, 397, 417
Chambersburg Tournament.....	419
Charlie Budd's Shoot.....	419
Cheyenne vs. Douglas.....	360
Clearview Gun Club.....	279
Cleveland Tournament	217, 524
Cobweb Gun Club.....	57, 140, 320, 398
Corry Gun Club	480
Dansville Gun Club.....	78, 119, 138, 160, 200, 220, 239, 259, 275, 320, 340, 356, 378, 417, 459
Detroit, Shooting Near.....	60
Dupont Gun Club.....	525
Dupont Park.....	420, 474, 525
Dupont Trophy.....	40
Elkwood Park	159
Elliott vs. Heikes.....	398
Elliott-Murphy Match.....	57
Emerald Gun Club.....	238
Enterprise Gun Club.....	380
Erhardt's Annual	339
Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.....	360, 500
Florists' Gun Club.....	80
Forest City Gun Club	360
For Targets Only	378
Fort Smith Gun Club.....	359, 380, 397, 418, 440, 458, 480, 500, 527
Glenwood Gun Club.....	298, 320
Grand American Handicap.....	100, 138, 217, 258, 276, 299, 358
Grand Hotel Cup	160
Grand Rapids Tournament	499
Greenbush Gun Club.....	119, 197
Greenwood, S. C., Shoot.....	479
Greenville Team Shoot.....	60
Gun Stock Compass	140
Hamilton Tournament	38, 98, 119
Handicapping Novelty.....	78
Harrisburg Shooting Association	60

	Page.
Hartner's Christmas Shoot	58
Haverhill Gun Club.....	360, 417
Hazlewood Gun Club.....	259
Hegins Gun Club	220
Heikes vs. Budd	196
Heikes-Grimm Match	37
Hell Gate Gun Club.....	200, 458
Herron Hill Gun Club.....	38
Hill Top Gun Club.....	180
Hingham Gun Club	357, 478
Hot Springs, Trap.....	140, 178, 199
Hudson River Valley T. S. League.....	196, 258, 340, 397
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.....	497
Indianapolis Tournament	19, 500
International Tournament	259
Interstate Association	77, 217, 379
Interstate at Brunswick.....	320, 397
Interstate at Macon	280
Interstate at Wilmington	379
John F. Weiler Gun Club.....	160, 238, 320, 338
Kansas City Shoot.....	417, 436, 438
Kentucky Shotgun Club.....	397, 476
Keystone Shooting League	59
Kling vs. Starkloff.....	100
Knowlton vs. Marshall	275
Lancaster, Pa., Trap.....	474
Likely-Dickson Match	19
Limited Gun Club	459
Lincoln Gun Club	100, 160, 318, 356
Little Rock Notes	138
Lowell Rod and Gun Club.....	420
L. F. & G. P. Association.....	275
Macon Tournament	337
Malone vs. McAlester.....	258
Manufacturers' Agents	100
Memphis Gun Club	197, 280, 360, 379, 397, 417
Merrimac Gun Club.....	359
Midway Gun Club	527
Milwaukee Gun Club	340
Minier Gun Club	420
Monte Carlo	118, 138
Missoula Rod and Gun Club.....	258, 320, 337, 527
Missouri State Shoot	160, 357, 459
Mountain State Gun Club	180
Morley vs. Banks.....	356
Mount Shasta Gun Club.....	258
Nebraska State Shoot.....	479
Newton, Pa., Trap.....	218
New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.....	60, 196, 380, 460
New Jersey Trap.....	58, 78, 99, 120, 139, 159, 180, 196, 218, 238, 260, 275, 296, 318, 338, 357, 377, 397, 420, 476, 500
New York German Gun Club	526
New York State Association.....	39, 419, 440, 498, 526
Oil City Gun Club.....	180
Olathe Gun Club.....	100
Old Reliable Rod and Gun Club.....	380
Omaha, Matches at.....	40
Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.....	275, 338
On Long Island.....	57, 80, 98, 118, 139, 159, 198, 218, 238, 260, 275, 296, 317, 337, 358, 377, 397, 420, 437, 476, 498, 527
Ossining Gun Club.....	476
Oswego Gun Club Tournament.....	480
Owego Gun Club.....	219
Parmelee vs. Brewer.....	275
Parmelee vs. Gilbert	280, 296
Palm Beach Gun Club.....	259

	Page.
Palmetto Gun Club	137
Parkersburg, W. Va., Trap.....	220, 275
Pawling Gun Club.....	159, 200, 274, 377
Pawtuxet Gun Club	37, 389, 459, 490, 525
Peekskill Tournament	480
Pennsylvania State Shoot.....	139
Peru Gun Club Tournament.....	340, 398
Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.....	38, 160, 475
Piasa Gun Club.....	478
Piedmont Gun Club.....	34
Pigeon Shooters, Some Ideas.....	53, 24
Pine Bluff Gun Club.....	477
Pittsburg Trap.....	99, 138, 160, 180, 198, 276
Pueblo Gun Club	476
Reading Tournament	296
Reading Trap.....	38, 57, 78, 100, 180, 200, 220, 259, 298, 317, 337, 356, 377, 437, 475, 525
Recreation Gun Club.....	339
Referee's Discretion	78
Riley Handicap	118
Riverton Gun Club	217
Rockaway Point Gun Club	356
Rosedales vs. Guelphs.....	38
Rusch House Shoot	475
Schenectady Gun Club.....	60
Scranton Gun Club.....	197
Seattle Rod and Gun Club.....	260, 275
Sergeant System.....	179
Sherbrooke Gun Club.....	218, 480
Shooting, Is there too Much?.....	20
Shooting, More Varied Styles.....	139, 179, 218
Sidell, Ill., Trap.....	140, 179
Sistersville Gun Club.....	60, 158, 198, 217, 258
Smokeless Powder	160
Small Charges, Effectiveness of.....	140
Sodus Rod and Gun Club.....	380
Sommerville Gun Club.....	218
South End Gun Club, Reading.....	60
Southern Round Up.....	239
Starkloff vs. King.....	78
St. Louis Tournament	359
Sumpter's Programme	118
Sumpter vs. Clements	140
Sucker, The	240
Ten-Gauges	420
Territorial Gun Club Tournament.....	217
Toronto Junction Gun Club.....	420, 499
Tournament Systems.....	359
Trap Around Buffalo	59
Trap Around Pittsburg.....	60, 79
Trap-Shooting, Klondicities	258
Trapping English Sparrows.....	380
Uxbridge Gun Club.....	379, 398, 417, 480, 499
Valley City Gun Club.....	78, 378, 417, 437, 500
Warwick Gun Club.....	60, 198, 478
Washington Heights Gun Club.....	100, 197, 274
Washington Park Gun Club.....	99, 340
Weldon Gun Club.....	520
West End Gun Club Tournament	220
Western Items	240
West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.....	499
Western Shooting Association	459
Western Traps.....	59, 99, 120, 137, 158, 196, 219, 240, 257, 274, 298, 318, 338, 358, 378, 398, 418, 439, 469, 477, 498, 526
White Plains Shoot	98
Wide Open Shoots	178
Wm. T. Smith Gun Club.....	397, 500
Wolstencroft-Bartlett Match.....	37
Worcester Sportsmen's Club.....	239, 275, 360

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY; }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

{ VOL. L.—No. 1.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

THE FISH COMMISSION AND THE LAW.

WHEN the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries was established in 1871 and was put under the direction of Professor Baird, he stipulated that no salary should attach to the office of Commissioner. That great-minded man and devoted public servant strenuously insisted that the position should be one which should have no attractions for the politician. He clearly foresaw and foretold that if the place were a salaried one it would be converted into political spoil. He served as the first Commissioner, doing the work of the office in connection with his other duties in the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum; and it is known that his arduous devotion to the public service in these three several fields shortened his life. But in course of time, as developed by Professor Baird, the work grew in extent until it could no longer be performed in connection with other duties. Accordingly in 1888 the independent office of Fish Commissioner was established by law, and was made a salaried position to be held by one engaged in no other branch of the public service. Marshal McDonald was the first Commissioner under the new system. He had come into the service under Professor Baird; and he administered the office on the old lines which had been established by his predecessor. Under McDonald the Commission was free from political influences. Following his term came the fate foretold by Professor Baird. The United States Fish Commission is now looked upon as the legitimate spoil of politicians, to be farmed out by the President at the dictation of political bosses.

A crisis has now come in the Commission's affairs. A new head is to be appointed. It had been the hope that the President would intrust the commission to a person competent to administer its affairs on the broad ground of public interest, and without regard to politics; but, as we said last week, it is announced to be the purpose of President McKinley to nominate for the place of United States Fish Commissioner a West Virginia politician named George F. Bowers, who, being ignorant of fish and fisheries, is unqualified for the position and a wholly unfit person to hold it. The selection is made at the dictation of Senator Elkins, who is intent upon rewarding Bowers with a government place in return for services Bowers has rendered him in his political campaigns.

The nomination is one which we trust may not be approved by the Senate Committee on Marine and Fisheries, nor ratified by the Senate. The appointment, if made, will be not only a betrayal of public interest, but a direct violation of law. The revised law providing for a Fish Commissioner was approved by the President Jan. 20, 1888; and reads:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, that Section 4395 of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same hereby is, amended to read as follows:

"That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries to be a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and he shall receive a salary at the rate of \$5,000 a year, and he shall be removable at the pleasure of the President. Said Commissioner shall not hold any other office or employment under the authority of the United States or any State."

By the statute then the Commissioner is required to be "a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries." The appointment of a person not so qualified is a violation of law. Mr. Bowers is not so qualified; his appointment would be a distinct violation of law. It is inconceivable that the Chief Executive should be persuaded by political pressure thus to set at naught the laws he has sworn to uphold and defend. We

cannot believe that the Senate Committee on Marine and Fisheries will sanction such an appointment. There are men now in the Senate and on that Committee whose just pride it is that they had part in creating the Commission and establishing it upon the sure foundation on which in the past it has grown in public usefulness and has merited and received public recognition and confidence. We appeal to them now to defeat, by the withholding of their approval, this scheme to overthrow the Commission and degrade it to political plunder. Such degradation means its ruin. Make the sole test of appointment the personal fitness of the appointee as prescribed by law.

THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ABOUT a month ago the managers of the New York Zoological Society submitted to the Department of Parks the society's plan for the development of its Zoological Park. At the same time, preliminary studies for nine of the most important buildings to be erected at the expense of the society were also submitted to the Park Board. The general and final plan of the Zoological Park showed the locations of the buildings, ranges, dens and other inclosures for animals, together with the rocks, ponds, entrances, walks, roads and pleasure grounds. Other detail papers were shown, more fully amplifying the general scheme as presented on the large plan.

The society states that neither time, labor nor expense has been spared in the effort to make these plans as nearly perfect as human skill and knowledge could make them. In addition to the advice obtained from the best zoological gardens of Europe, the planning of the society's park was carried on with the advice and criticism of no fewer than six expert zoologists, among whom were Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Society, and Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, Germany, whose experience in the precise work under consideration made their recommendations of the greatest value. The purpose originally announced by the society has been always kept clearly in view, so that the keynote of the present plan of development has been the utilization of the natural features of the grounds to the actual wants of the living creatures that are to be furnished with homes there. The development has thus been a work of adaptation rather than of creation. The area of the Park to be devoted to animals has been laid out with special regard to providing for the needs of those species and at the same time to make the collection most easily and comfortably accessible to the public.

Besides the zoological experts who have assisted the society, several most expert landscape architects, engineers, surveyors and architects have been engaged, each in performing some part which should make complete the project in hand. Two surveys have been made, one geographical, in which are located the forest areas, clumps of timber, trees and often rock exposures; and one topographical, in order to arrive at the levels for drainage, water supply, pond excavation and similar work.

Very shortly after the plans had been submitted to the Park Board they were approved without any modification, and the society is now preparing to go to work so soon as it shall have obtained the funds required to enable it to enter upon the work of construction. The society needs to raise the sum of \$250,000 within three years, but when \$100,000 has been secured a city appropriation of \$125,000 becomes at once available for the groundwork of the Park—that is to say, for excavations, preparing walks, lakes, water supply and drain pipes and building of necessary fences. The funds provided by the society itself are to be applied to the erection of buildings and to the purchase of collections. Subscriptions to the fund of the society already amount to about \$65,000, and other contributions are greatly needed, in order that the whole amount may be on hand in ample time so that preparation may be made for beginning the work of improving the Park at the earliest possible moment next spring. A gift of \$5,000 entitles the giver to be called a founder of the society, while a gift of \$1,000 constitutes a patron and \$200 a life member.

Besides such large sums, smaller ones are greatly desired. Annual membership in the Zoological Society costs \$10, and it is on the dues received from these members that the society must depend for its ordinary running expenses. This country should furnish to the New

York Zoological Society many thousand annual members, and these should not be residents of New York city only, but should be scattered over the country at large. The society's work will not be by any means altogether local. Rather it will be for the whole continent.

When it is remembered that the Park of the society will be the largest in the world—four times as large as the largest in Europe—that it will be devoted in large measure to the exhibition and perpetuation of many species of North American large game now threatened with extinction—it would seem to be the pleasure as well as the duty of each patriotic citizen of America who can afford it to contribute his small part by joining the society, and thus forwarding the good work which it has on hand. The list of annual members now numbers 540. It ought to be ten times as large.

The FOREST AND STREAM will take pleasure in furthering the good work to be done by the Zoological Society by supplying to any reader interested in the subject further information in regard to it, together with subscription blanks or any literature that may be desired.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is gratifying to be able to publish the letter which comes to us from Jackson's Hole, with its assurance that the great majority of the residents of the Hole are opposed to the illegal capture of elk in the snow for export to the East, by speculators who, in their eagerness to exploit the live elk industry, have not hesitated to defy and violate the laws of the State. The attitude of opposition of the Jackson's Hole Gun Club and others is most commendable, but what we fail to understand is the existence of the sentiment expressed by Mr. Simpson and at the same time the successful carrying out of such brazen work as that of the Moose Head Ranch export of elk. If the people of the Hole are really opposed to this raiding of their game supply, why do they not prevent and stop it? They have the law on their side, and while the law itself would not amount to much if there were no sentiment to back it up, the combination of the law and public spirit would close the railroads to any more live elk consigned to Eastern speculators.

We publish to-day generous extracts from the report of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners. The document illustrates what can be done by a well organized force actively in earnest in making the game and fish laws of some meaning and effect. No State in the Union presents a better example of reform in this respect than New Jersey. It is not so many years since it was the rule there for everyone to be a law unto himself with respect to gun and rod and seine and dip net. When the commission was reorganized and a force of game wardens provided, and the administration of the service was intrusted to a competent board of commissioners and to a determined and indefatigable chief protector, a tremendous and far-reaching change was wrought. To-day the New Jersey system of protection is being carried on effectively and well. Public opinion is making pace with the new order of things, and protective sentiment is gaining strength continually. The success of the protective work is due in large measure to the intelligent performance of duty by State Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson.

The account of the ascent of Mount Katahdin in Maine is not only an entertaining story of mountain climbing, but is extremely suggestive of the unappreciated and undeveloped mountaineering resources which New England offers. It is, of course, only human nature to neglect home resources and to cross oceans to distant Alps or continents to the Rockies, but where one favored person has the time and means for such undertakings there are thousands of others who might achieve the peaks of the Appalachians, the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge. If the realm of Pamola were truly appreciated in Boston as it should be, a road would lead from the Hub to the summit of Katahdin as well worn as an elk trail in the Rockies. The Appalachian Club in the East, and the Mazamas in the Northwest, are doing a most commendable work in making known the mountaineering possibilities of America. There is room for a thousand more clubs. Mountain climbing is one of the most exhilarating of outdoor recreations. It is destined to grow in popularity.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Pamola.

An Ascent of Mt. Katahdin, Maine.

PAMOLA, the evil spirit of the mountain, has reigned many old men's ages, and the winds and clouds are his willing servitors at all times. The lightnings crash, and the thunder rolls at his command; great clouds descend from the snow-capped peaks and envelop the unwelcome visitor; stormy gusts assail him, and his wigwam is bombarded with great ice missiles until he flees in terror from the anger of the offended spirit. At night the mountain sides are patrolled by Pamola's dogs, and woe to any unwary traveler who chances to be found there. When the enmity of the master of the mountain is incurred, it were the wiser plan to stand not on the order of going, but to vacate. From the supreme peak of Mt. Katahdin Pamola often hurls great boulders down the mountain side, and the thunder of their mad, hurtling flight can be heard reverberating in the peaceful valleys for a great distance from the mountain. All these things were unknown to us, and from our ignorance we suffered much hardship.

The legend of Pamola is an old one, and has been told around the fires in the homes of the Eastern tribes for many years, yet we children of the pale faces knew it not. And thus it was that we approached Katahdin with laughter and with song, without due reverence to Pamola. With little thought of the hardships and terrors in store for those who fail to bow to the dark master of the mountain, we left Cloud Camp at noon one November day and began our climb up the Russell trail on the north side of Katahdin. Our mountain party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Madison M. Tracy, of Staceyville, Me.; Miss Sybil Wilson, of Cherryfield, Me.; Miss Alice Young, of Sherman Mills, Me.; Mr. F. J. Tracy and Frank L. Tracy, of Staceyville, and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wolfe, of Somerville, Mass.; and our intention was to climb Mt. Katahdin for the beautiful scenery, and incidentally some of us cherished secret hopes of caribou and moose.

For a quarter of a mile the Russell trail is of comparatively easy ascent, then comes a sharp rise, with a brief breathingspell at a flat place a few rods up, and after that just plain climbing. To a good woodsman a 60lb. pack is an easy burden over an ordinary trail path, but one soon feels a 50lb. "tuffet" on a mountain trail. The ladies started bravely, with a small hand-bag and shoulder-strap. One of them volunteered to carry the camera and all started with jackets, and one or two shawls were taken. Before the first half mile was traversed four packs on as many strong pairs of shoulders were augmented by four hand-bags, sundry shawls, coats, and on one a camera and a frying-pan hung harmoniously side by side.

Up the steep trail we climbed, through a forest of black growth—hemlock and spruce predominating. Beside the path grew ferns and arbutuses and mosses, over which the ladies breathed deep encomiums. Across the deep valley and up the side of Turner Mountain was a bright band of sunlight, but the crest was screened by a soft white cloud. We were not yet high enough, however, to get even a glimpse of scenery, excepting the dark green patches on Turner's broad side.

Mountain brooks, purling and cold, crossed our trail at intervals, and the tempting invitation to drink was seldom refused. A brief rest was taken now and then, but it was always followed by the toil up the steep incline. An hour of this work, and the singing and laughter was hushed; there was no surplus energy then. Besides it was chillier, a mist was settling down, and presently a cloud came around the mountain side, and the leaders were swallowed up in its damp folds, and we were momentarily separated from the slower climbers of the party.

This was Pamola's first card: to lose us in a cloud. Ten minutes' climb in silence with the ranks well closed up brought us above the cloud, but owing to the density of the forest we could not see much of the sea of vapor as it floated down below us. There was no more sunlight now, and in a short time a few scattering drops told of the approaching rain.

The wind howled dismally through the trees, and soon the rain came on in dead earnest. We decided that it would be the better plan to make camp and remain for the night. The mountain was so steep that there was no place where we could pitch the tent, had there been an open space to make camp. Therefore we were forced to push on up the trail and make camp at the first place where we should find a good "chance" for wood and water.

Darkness was closing down on the mountain, the rain had turned to sleet, and the gusts of wind carried the icy sheets in our faces with stinging force. The ladies showed signs of exhaustion, but never a word of complaint was uttered.

At a turn in the trail we sighted a clearing ahead, and a few minutes' climb brought us to the open space, which proved to be a "blow-down," where great tree trunks were lying in a giant windrow along the mountain side. It was at once agreed that camp must be made there. Water was sure to be near at hand, and wood was at our feet. It was necessary to scoop out a level space on the slope for the tent. The fire was to be made in front of the small plateau, and in a few minutes we had the tent pitched and a fire feebly spluttering beside an

Dry wood was scarce, but an old hemlock yielded enough splinters to make a cheerful blaze, and soon the big pile of logs heaped on began to burn and give out some warmth.

The storm increased in violence, but the little tent stood firm, and was good protection for the ladies. A bed of boughs was out of the question, for a thick coating of ice covered everything exposed to the storm. The poncho blankets were spread on the wet ground, and the bedding and shawls thrown down on them. Night had fallen now, and our camp-fire cast a ruddy glow on the surrounding forest.

The wind swirled madly though the blow-down, and gathered myriads of sparks from the fire and carried them eddying away across the gloomy space below. But

there was warmth in our camp-fire, and the tent flies were thrown back to catch the full benefit of it. From beneath the wet folds of the tent came the sound of music, and we came to the conclusion that if the ladies could sing about "sunshine" under such conditions as those we would be able to get them over our Chilkoot and to the summit of Katahdin. Preparations were made for supper, and Madison mixed and baked some excellent bread before the fire in the driving storm. Warm bread, tea, broiled partridge, good butter and doughnuts made up our bill of fare, and it was a cheering repast.

After supper the ladies sang more songs. "Tenting out To-night" sounded very pretty, but there was an awful amount of reality crowded into our surroundings that made the song sound different from when it is sung at home by the fireside.

Then Mr. F. J. Tracy, who has been in the vicinity of Katahdin and the Wissattaquoik for many years, and is a very Nestor of woodcraft, told us part of the legend of Pamola, but reserved the whole story until we should be in more pleasant surroundings. He probably feared



KATAHDIN LAKE—MT. KATAHDIN IN THE DISTANCE.

Photo by Mr. F. E. Farnsworth.

the whole story would discourage us. During the partial recitation of the story of Pamola there was an interruption. A small black dog, which had joined the party during the day, had been welcomed as a mascot, and his coming counted as a good omen. The dog had appeared on the southern shore of the Wissattaquoik near the Katahdin Lake trail, and had boldly plunged in the river and swam across to join us. To-night the dog was restless, and at times would utter a low growl and move stealthily away in the darkness. It was during one of these trips that he received a terrible fright and dashed down the trail from above the camp and hid in the tent. After howling piteously, he curled up in the corner and remained there until nearly morning. When asked what had probably frightened the dog, Mr. Tracy said laconically: "Pamola's dogs."

About 3 o'clock in the morning we heard a frightful scream coming from the mountain above. It was a blood-curdling cry, and one to try the strongest nerve. With a blazing brand held aloft and rifle in readiness, our two bravest men ascended the trail, but were unable to locate the origin of the long-drawn-out screams. After daylight the dog was found 100yds. up the trail, his head crushed by a blow and a long ugly gash in his side. He had indeed encountered one of Pamola's "dogs." (Probably a *loup cervier*.)

After listening to the brief sketch of the famous Dakota chieftain's career, some of the ladies evinced a desire to sleep, and wrapped in shawls and blankets the tired ones tried to get some needed rest. It was agreed that we should stand fire watch during the night, as it would be necessary for some one to keep chopping wood and replenishing the fire. None of us got much sleep, however, as the bed clothes and shawls were damp and the ground was cold. The only comfortable position was to sit upright and face the blazing fire. A few stories were told in whispers, but most of the time we sat in silence, gazing into the burning embers beneath the great forelog. There was no abatement of the storm, only the alternating sleet, snow and rain.

The noises in the dark forest were continuous and weird. The wind whistled always a doleful anthem through the tops of the tall hemlocks, and ran from that down the gamut to the shriller shrieks through the spruce and cedar shrubs. Then, as if to make the effect more dramatic, a lull would come in the storm, the sleet beat less fiercely on our fragile house, the wind cease its shrieks for a moment, then a sound like the crash of a cannon, sometimes followed by several similar reports in quick succession, and then silence, heavy and oppressive. Of all the sounds of the forest, that of a tree falling in the night is most impressive. Something deep and subtle in the working of nature. Be the night windy or calm, the trees fall, and to the camper the sound is always an awesome one. We were glad our camp was located where there was no danger from falling trees.

If Pamola sought to frighten us by these demonstra-

tions he must have been disappointed. As the night wore on, a lonely fox from somewhere on the side of Turner barked out his harsh cry, and was answered by a neighbor far away deep down the valley. The sound was weird, and seemed entirely disproportionate to the size of the red marauder.

Toward morning the storm ceased, and the cloud that had hung over us during the night drew away to the south. The wind blew up crisp and cold; the watchers dozed, and the fireman nodded at his post. The gray dawn crept over the mountain, and soon the sunlight tipped Katahdin's peak and crept down toward Camp Comfort.

A shout from Frank brought the drowsy campers from the tent, and a scene of indescribable beauty greeted them. The forest was transformed into a fairyland. Every bough and twig was covered with ice, and the effect was marvelous. From the treetops where the sunlight first touched them a million jewels sparkled and scintillated, their prismatic colors quivering and gleaming from their lofty heights. The trail above and below was a veritable bower of loveliness.

After listening to the exclamation of delight for a minute, Frank interjected: "It's all very nice, but wait till it begins to melt." When it did begin to melt we found that the rain of yesterday was but a shower compared with the water dropping from the trees. We decided to make a trip to the upper spring, where we had intended to camp and take what duff we could with us and return for the ladies in the afternoon.

After spending a couple of hours drying bed clothes and making up our packs for the day, we started up the trail, Mr. Tracy taking the lead, as on the previous day. Our intentions were to clear the trail of serious obstructions, so that the ladies could get through. We began by chopping out a few smaller trees that had fallen across the path, and cutting the limbs from the trunks of larger ones that blocked our way. Half a mile from Camp Comfort we found hundreds of large trees blown across the trail in such a tangle that it was next to impossible for us to get through without an immense amount of chopping. The blow-down reached up the mountain side for nearly a mile, and to have forced our way through would have entailed infinite labor.

Slowly and reluctantly we retraced our path and broke camp. After bidding farewell to Camp Comfort we beat a hurried retreat down the mountain side to our base of supplies at the old deserted McLeod camp. After a brief council we decided to reduce our packs to a minimum weight, leave the tent and start for the South Basin by the McLeod trail. It was real restful to hear the ladies talk about how little they could get along with. They agreed to make one small handbag do for the whole party, and to cut down on all luggage. After making up the new packs and stopping a few minutes to boil tea, we started for the South Basin of Katahdin. As compared with the mountain path of the day previous the going was easy. Through beautiful open woods for a mile, crossing a fine mountain brook on a footlog thrown by some philanthropic woodsman, then we entered the finest growth of spruce in the vicinity of Katahdin. It was a veritable great black forest, carpeted with a soft, velvety moss. Every moss-grown boulder was the jardiniere for ferns of infinite variety, mosses and ground plants that were a delight to the eye.

The sun was high in the southern sky, and here and there where the bright beams sifted down through the treetops the picture was one of exceeding loveliness. All hearts were light now, the trail was easy and the weather superb. Could it be that old Pamola was mollified? We wondered if it would not have been far better to have sacrificed a dog as a peace offering before we attempted the Russell trail. But surely the Great Spirit was smiling on the climbers to-day.

When far up the trail on the mountain side we peered through a rift in the deep green of the treetops and looked on the calm, unruffled surface of Katahdin Lake. It was miles away and thousands of feet beneath us, yet it looked as if a stone might be dropped

into its azure depths. A week before this very forest had looked like a mere stubble field, relieved here and there by a stunted bush. But that was viewed from the lake. How broad and important the blue lake had looked then! How insignificant and small it looked now!

Late in the afternoon the packs had grown heavier and heavier, the sun perched on Pamola's eyrie peak for a brief moment, and then plunged down and left our side of the mountain in the deep shadow. Far away in the east were undulating peaks still tipped with the sun's golden rays, but the valleys had taken on a somber hue of evening. It became evident that we must push on faster or night would overtake us on the mountain side, where it would be impossible to camp.

Wood and water we must have, also fir boughs with which to build a lean-to and make up the "field bed." All were worn and weary from the extraordinary labor of the two days and the lack of rest at Camp Comfort.

Suddenly the shout, "Water ahead!" came from the advance guard, and it was taken up and echoed joyously by the weary toilers in the rear. But the water was not there, to our great disappointment. Instead of the pretty little lake we expected to find there was nothing but a mere puddle in the center of an acre or so of barren rocks, no chance for wood or level space for camp. Signs on every hand showed that at some seasons the whole clearing was covered with water. Here we found our first sample of the famous "pucker brush." A fringe of this remarkable growth surrounded the clear space. A strong breeze was blowing down from off the mountain, and it was easy to see how the wintry gales could bend and gnarl the bushes into a stunted growth. But the remarkably twisted and burl'd limbs and roots were nothing short of wonderful. Trees that in the more protected depths of the forest would have been tall balsam firs were here stunted and dwarfed by the perpetual battle with the elements. Their roots reached far down into the crannies of the rocks and grasped and clung on for life to the little nourishment to be gathered from the sparse earth yards below. Above the limbs blow straight out and flatten down, spreading and matting together in a tangled matted mass. But the "pucker brush" here was but a mere imitation of that to be found on the mountain top, where trees of a century's growth are less than 5 ft. high, and their limbs have grown out over yards of surface and interwoven with limbs of other trees, the whole forming an impenetrable barrier to all who would pass. Even the caribou, that powerful monarch of the mountain, knows the fate that awaits him if he runs into this entangling mass. As has been proven hundreds of times, the caribou prefers to face the death-dealing rifle of the hunter than to try to force a way through the trackless "pucker brush." The only time a caribou has been found there is when he has jumped there to die after receiving a mortal wound.

The light in the clearing showed that we would have an hour more to travel before dark, and after a brief rest the caravan moved on. There was no hard wood there and a good big camp-fire was needed, for the night was a cold one. The deep shadows of the forest were gloomy enough, and we were glad that the trees had "bled" some after they had been spotted by the axe of the pioneer who blazed out the trail, for the white spots were necessary in the semi-darkness. Here we marched with the ranks closed up, and many words of encouragement were necessary, for the ladies were nearly exhausted. Fortunately the trail was comparatively easy as the level of the South Basin was reached, and we were even then inside the lower rim of the immense crater. Silently we plodded on over the soft, velvety carpet of deep moss.

Night had fallen and the outlook was gloomy, but

Around the edges of this bar on the south was a fringe of tall dead grass, while on the north side the forest came down sheer to the edge of the bar.

This was to be the scene of the strangest phenomenon

the basin from the bleak north peak and sang a solemn requiem through the treetops, and from somewhere out in the blackness of the night an owl hooted his slow, melancholy call. Hovering before the new-born camp-



PAMOLA PEAK—SHOWING THE MONUMENT.

Photo by Mr. F. E. Farnsworth.

any of us had ever witnessed. Down through this open space a stream of ice-cold water flowed. At that time the stream was about 2 ft. wide and 4 in. deep. It was afterward recalled that the ladies easily stepped across it. When we crossed the bar and entered the woods we found a fine level spot surrounded by plenty of hard wood. Some old dead stumps would furnish dry wood, and white and yellow birch would go to make a hot

fire the ladies were bundled in shawls and blankets, while over their heads grew a slanting roof of feathery boughs, and soon Dewdrop Inn, as the new camp was called, was an established institution.

A roaring fire grew up around a great root-wadded stump. As the ruddy flames climbed on high so the spirits of the campers rose, and soon the forest was full of the melody of song and an excellent supper was quickly on the fire.

Frank made a great flaring torch of birch bark and by the light of it was throwing trees and cutting them into lengths for the night's fire.

Taking two tin pails and a torch, Madison and I went for water, not forgetting to take a cup along, for we remembered the stream was shallow and narrow. We were greatly surprised to find, instead of the tiny brook we had stepped across, that the bar was nearly covered with water, and already a lake had been formed that covered several acres. In the morning there was fully 4 ft. of water in the clearing and about four acres were submerged. In addition to this a smooth glare of ice covered the unruffled surface of the lake. We named it Lake Mystery, and it still remains a mystery to us, for we made no attempt to find the cause of the strange action of the water. It might have had a commonplace solution, and I didn't propose to spoil a good story by idle investigation.

After supper, when the logs were heaped high on the camp-fire, and everybody had settled down in a comfortable place, we told Mr. Tracy of the transformation of the dry sandbar into a beautiful lake, and asked him for an explanation of the strange occurrence. After a few moments of deep thought this master of woodcraft replied slowly: "I am going to tell you the legend of Pamola, then you can draw your own inferences."

Then, as we sat looking dreamily into the embers at the front of the fire, watching the salamanders of imagination come and go, or idly followed the snakelike darting of the sparks as they rose from the crackling blaze until they faded out in the blackness above, we heard the story of Pamola's wild love; heard how this red Lochinvar of the forest claimed and rode away with his bride; of the wild pursuit and subsequent haunting of the mountain. The weird story was graphically told, and the narrator held his listeners silent and intensely interested to the end.

Briefly sketched and from memory, the legend was this: The chief of a tribe of Penobscots who dwelt in the East was the father of a wonderfully beautiful daughter with whom all the eligible youths of the tribe were desperately in love. Pamola, a young chief from a tribe in the West, said to be Dakotas, came East and was welcomed in the wigwams of the Eastern Indians.

Pamola, the young, handsome Western warrior, met the Penobscot maiden, and succumbed to her charms. The chief's daughter reciprocated, and affairs progressed so smoothly for the Dakota chieftain that great jealousy developed in the breasts of the Penobscot warriors, and at their instigation Pamola was soon banished from the



MT. KATAHDIN FROM NEAR ABOL CARRY.

Photo by Mr. F. E. Farnsworth.

once more from the leader came the shout, "Water ahead!" and a second later the sharp, ringing blows of the axe showed that camp was to be made at once.

Plunging down a sharp incline for 30 ft. we emerged into an oblong clearing of about five acres. It proved to be a sandbar and was nearly level. Across on the other side, at the lower end, was a group of boulders.

fire and warming embers late in the night. Then, too, there were splendid fir balsams near at hand to furnish "feathers" for our bed and broad boughs for the lean-to, and, though it isn't generally known, fir trees, when liberally piled on, make a good fire and give out intense heat.

The night was cold and the wind swept down through

Penobscot grounds. The braves demanded that the chief's daughter should marry one of her father's tribe, and a favored one was finally chosen.

For four days while the marriage ceremony lasted there was much celebrating and feasting. On the evening of the fourth day the consummation was to come, but the proceedings were interrupted by a sound like that of a thousand horses' hoofs beating on a stony mountain trail.

Nearer and nearer came the thunderous noise, when suddenly there bounded in the midst of the revelers a form of giant proportions. It was Pamola in the war dress of his tribe, his gaudy war bonnet falling gracefully over his shoulder and reaching nearly to the ground. Quick as a flash he snatched the bride-to-be from the group of Indian women who surrounded her, and ere the Penobscot braves could recover from their astonishment the Dakota warrior had remounted his waiting charger and, like all Lochinvars of all legends, bore the girl away.

But the Penobscots were not overawed by Pamola's brilliant dash, and they at once started in pursuit. They were astounded, however, to find that but a single warrior had ridden to their camp, for the hoof beats of Pamola's steed had rolled thunderously down the valley until it sounded like a vast number of warriors.

The pursuit was hot, and so furiously did the Western warrior ride that the sparks from under his horses' hoofs blinded his pursuers. Pamola had started straight for the mountain, as if Katahdin had been chosen by him as a safe retreat from his enemies.

When the Penobscots reached the foot of the mountain they were at once confused by the loss of the trail. Suddenly they were assailed by an awful storm. Clouds enveloped them, and they wandered about for days. The chiefs at length decided that Pamola was in league with the evil spirit. Or perhaps Pamola was himself the evil one. The latter thought unnerved them, and the pursuit was abandoned, and the Penobscot maiden was left to her lover, though her loss was mourned by her people for many winters.

Since then Pamola has reigned over the mountain, and the highest southern peak has borne his name. The daughter of the Penobscot chieftain was said to have been seen in the vicinity of the south basin in the attitude of deep mourning. The Indians, it is said, have believed that all manner of evil things happen to those who come to Katahdin, and defy the magi of the mountain. For many years the Indians of the Eastern tribes avoided the mountain and even the lake that bears the same name. When Fly Rod made the ascent of the mountain last summer she took with her Miss Josephine Francis, a full-blood Penobscot, and it was said that Miss Francis, who is the daughter of the famous guide of Debscon-eague, Joe Francis, was the first Indian maiden to go on Katahdin.

During the recital of the legend the wind had blown shower after shower of sparks toward the lean-to, and was now coming in a steady gale from the south. Just as the story was finished our *raconteur* arose, and looking through the treetops at Pamola's towering peak, wrapped in a mantle of snow and glistening in the moonlight, he said: "If the wind holds fair from that quarter a while we shall hear some of Pamola's salutes before morning."

Scarcely had the words been uttered when from the mountain top came a sound like the crack of doom; the roar of mighty artillery, and then a frightful rumbling like that of thunder, crashed nearer and nearer until it seemed that the very earth trembled and recoiled from the coming shock; the crashing of mighty timbers, a splash like the bursting of a waterspout, the hissing and seething sound of boiling waters, and then silence—silence awful and oppressive.

The faces of the women were drawn and pale; the three men to whom the forest is an open book sat silent and unmoved, gazing into the fire. Presently the elder turned toward the inquiring faces and said: "That is the music of the mountain, Pamola's greeting." Then he added, with assumed Nestorian caution, "Never speak disrespectfully of a spook, especially when he has you hemmed in by a wall of water."

The noise that had frightened us tenderfeet was but the displacement of some great boulder near the top of the peak, which for some cause, presumably the warning influence of the south wind on the frozen earth, loosened its grasp and came tumbling down the steep declivity, bringing other large rocks down with irresistible force. Near the bottom of the basin the giant rock had torn through the narrow strip of timber and plunged into the little lake near the base of the south peak.

"And now, my modern children of Israel, let's go and see what manner of a Red Sea these boys are talking about," and taking a brand from the fire our entertainer held it aloft and we marched Indian file down the narrow trail to the lake.

The torch shed a mellow light out on the limpid waters of Lake Mystery, and a murmur of surprise came from the little group on the shore. The water was steadily rising and the bar was already covered. Suddenly the torch was thrown with a whirl. It hissed and sizzled in the cold water of the lake. We turned quickly toward the mountain. It was our first clear view of Katahdin from close proximity, and the snow-clad crests, bathed in the cold white light of the full round moon, made a picture of indescribable grandeur.

Katahdin, old as the earth, calm, cold, immutable. What enduring centuries had that frowning wall of gray stone towered there! What scenes had it witnessed! What of the days, century on century ago—ten, twenty thousand years perhaps—when the crater was not as it is now; when the molten masses were spouted skyward, when those great rocks had been thrown upon the peaks, white with the heat of a million furnaces of that hell below.

But Katahdin of to-night stood in solemn, frigid, austere silence. With the awesome picture indelibly engraved in our memories, we slowly returned to camp. No one spoke; all were too much impressed with the nocturnal mysteries of the mountain.

Several times during the night we were partially awakened by the rolling of great boulders down the mountain side, but the thunder of their trail came to ears dead-

ened by fatigue, and the sounds died away in slumberous echoes down the depths of the great, dark, silent valley below.

Standing fire watch at Camp Crater in the heart of the mountain, surrounded by the primeval forest, and amid such magnificent scenery, was an experience that will not soon be effaced from memory.

When the morning first streaked the eastern sky with a leaden gray, then burnished it into a bright gleam of beaten copper, the snow-white mist rolled down the mountain side as the lazy foam recedes with the ebbing tide. The sun rose clear, and the day bid fair to be the bright one we had hoped for. Not a cloud hung over Katahdin's towering peak. It was the rarest day of the autumn month. A hasty breakfast was prepared, rifles were seen to, cartridge belts were filled, and preparations made for an early start, as there was a great day's work ahead. The ladies voted unanimously not to try the ascent that day, as they needed rest, and the prospect of a hard day's climb 'mid the snow and ice was too much for them.

It was decided that Frank should stay at camp and straighten things out there during the morning, and he was to go down the trail to the base of supplies for several things we had forgotten. This left the climbing party reduced to three: Mr. F. J. Tracy, his son Madison and the writer.

We had seen such an abundance of signs of game since we left the Wissataquoik River that nothing was thought of it, but there was unmistakable evidence that a large moose had come within a few yards of our camp during the night. The whole basin seemed to be full of game. A small sapling, which I took to be "striped maple," near the camp had been stripped of its bark for 3 ft. Madison said it was moose wood, and that a moose had barked the tree during the night. This was within 150 ft. of the camp-fire, which burned brightly all night. Yet they tell us that Mr. Alce Americanus is shy, and will give camp-fires a wide berth.

We found "moose works" in every patch of hard wood in the basin. Hoping we might walk up on a moose before we reached the foot of the slide, we went silently up the little brook. In a few minutes we came into the Appalachian trail. The Appalachian Club camp at the basin lake has entirely disappeared. From the lake the south peaks looked gloomy and cold; the gray walls, towering sheer thousands of feet, were impressive and grand. North Peak, however, was touched by the morning sun, and the snow glistened and sparkled with glowing brilliancy that was but a foretaste of the blinding glare to come when we had reached the summit.

About midway between the extremities of the summit were three long "slides" that reached from the tableland down far into the timber on the mountain side. It was up one of these slides we intended to climb. After following the trail through the woods a few hundred yards we turned abruptly to the right and came to a rocky run, which in the spring time and wet seasons is probably the bed of a roaring mountain-torrent. A hundred yards up this run we struck the first snow, the big rocks being covered with a thin coating of it, and this with the ice made the footing uncertain. Now and then we came to pools of clear, limpid water, ice cold and sparkling. The recollection of a drink from one of the pools at least will be lasting.

No attention was paid to the lapse of time and how long it took to reach the timber line or the tableland is not recorded. Just before the timber line was reached we again turned to the right, left the slide, went through the brush about 75 yds. and came upon a new and much larger slide. Here the earth was of a brighter hue, and the general appearance of the rocks and trees on the edges of the barren track indicated that the avalanche had occurred in recent years. From the top of the mountain, reaching to a hidden point in the forest, was a wide swath of desolation.

The story was easy to read here. Some day in the early summer a few years back, after the snow and ice had melted under the warming rays of the sun, a snail mass of snow, ice and debris away up near the summit let go its grip and started to slide off the face of creation. Then suddenly the mountain echoes had been awakened by the roaring, shrieking, grinding noise of an avalanche moving down in irresistible fury, sweeping all before it. Great rocks had been ground to powder. Trees of scrub growth and giant firs alike went to join in the onrushing mass of booming, howling ruin.

When it was all over and the gray cloud of dust had floated off up the valley there was but a path of naked rocks and bare earth where the great boulders, moss-covered and venerable, and the shady undergrowth had been.

The track of the avalanche was a good stairway now, and up over its rugged steps we clambered. Leaving the timber land far below, we toiled onward and upward, pausing now and then for breath, or to look to the right or left for better footing. A friendly rifle barrel thrust down now and then from above and a firm, steady pull helped over some difficult places.

Just before reaching the top we rested on a flat boulder and took a long look down Sandy Stream Valley. From no point can be had a better or more impressive view of Pamola's peak, grim and gray, than from the slide. At the foot of the declivity nestled the forest of the basin, a half dozen little lakes looked like saucers of water in a bed of evergreen, and from near the center of the group came a thin blue line of smoke curling above the tree-tops at Dewdrop Inn.

A placid sheet of turquoise still further down was the Katahdin Lake; then further over were the familiar peaks and ridges of lesser mountains. Away off in the distance were a dozen dots of white, huddled together in a picturesque group, while to the south of them a tiny black object crawled in sinuous curves onward, slowly and silently like an insidious serpent on its prey. Watching intently through the glass, two vapor-like streams came from the head of the crawling thing, and—*voilà!* Those white dots are a city, and that snake is a railroad train. A Bangor & Aroostook train was rapidly approaching one of the liveliest cities in Penobscot county—Patten—thirty-five miles away. But too much time was being lost there, and a scene of far more grandeur awaited when the summit should be reached. At the top of the slide a hard scramble placed us on the comparatively

level surface of the tableland. About a mile of plateau separates the two high peaks of Katahdin. This space is about half a mile wide and is almost entirely covered with the low tangled growth of "pucker brush."

Near the eastern side is the only trail that runs through this matted mass of limbs, trunks and roots. The trail is but a foot or two wide, and through this pass of death must pass the caribou who is so unfortunate as to be found on the south peak of the mountain when the merciless head hunter comes to Katahdin to kill what he cannot carry away. And through it they will come, though death stares them in the face; they know that the only road off the mountain is through the plateau trail, and they prefer running the gauntlet of rifles to a leap into the impregnable brush that in itself means hopeless entanglement and perhaps death there.

Through the glass we scanned the surface of South Peak. No living object was visible. There were no tracks in the snow, and there were no caribou over on South Peak. The only chance for caribou then was that possibly a herd might be feeding on the side of North Peak. Mr. Tracy started across the tableland toward the South Peak, while we worked around toward the North Peak, keeping a sharp lookout for the game we hoped to find.

We had gone possibly half a mile, clambering over great snow-covered boulders. Sometimes the crust would break and let us down knee deep, again a treacherous skim of ice would give way beneath the foot and the crash that followed was not conducive to perfect still-hunting. It was just after one of these adventures that Mad gave a subdued, warning cry, and before I could arise and extricate rifle from camera he had fired.

Scrambling hastily around from behind a big boulder, I saw just disappearing over the brow of the divide a magnificent bull caribou with a handsome pair of antlers. A hasty snap shot sent a shower of snow and ice about his head as he rounded a big rock and went down the incline. Madison got in a second shot, but with no better luck. It was an exciting moment, and one well worth the climb. Hurrying to the top of the ridge, we waited to get a glimpse of the disappearing game.

"They will come in sight right here," said Mad, pointing to a clear space to the northwest. "There are five of them; three of them with horns, too. They will go off the mountain down there where you see that point of woods."

A few seconds later these three statements were verified by the caribou. With the glass I could easily make out the antlers on three of them when they came in sight where my friend and guide had indicated. They were making straight for the point of woods, and they were still running like mad, so far away as to be invisible to the naked eye.

When the last one had disappeared in the woods over the side of the mountain, I said: "There they go; good luck to them; we never touched a hair."

The woodsman looked inquiringly at me, and it was evident he did not understand the sentiment.

This ended the hunting for the day, and we were at leisure to enjoy the scenery, for the rest of the day was spent in roaming over the mountain top. And such scenery! From our snow-capped height we could see the whole "Sportsman's Paradise" at our feet. The day was still clear, not a cloud to mar the line of vision. Below us lay a colored map of rare beauty. Close to the base of Katahdin the deep rich green of the forest merged off in the distance to lighter hues, which marked the hardwood timber ridges and told of bright autumn leaves and good hunting grounds galore. The myriads of lakes nestling in the forest lay clear cut and blue in their dark settings of trees. The familiar lakes and streams stood out in such bold lines that no difficulty was made in finding and identifying them. From Alleghuash to Jo Mary, from Moosehead to Nicasious, Gosse-lin's Landing to Dacy Dam, the old landmarks were all there.

Large lakes like Chamberlain and Chesuncook were easily distinguished by their shape, but the smaller sheets of water, such as Umbazooksis and Cauquomgormis, Mopang or Sabao, might easily be hidden by some mountain or hill, and be lost to view or merged into the collective topography of the panorama.

Down in that quiet forest below, along the shores of the placid lake, or beside the roaring falls and quick waters of rivers, were the camp-fires of many sportsmen. We could not see the smokes of a hundred camps, but we knew they were there. The great silent forest below on all sides were filled with game, but that, too, was shut out from view. Moose, caribou and deer were there in bog, swamp and timber ridges. We knew that the bears, foxes and the sly *Loup cervier* were there by the score.

But forest, lake or river gave no sign of life; over all hung a peaceful silence that was restful to the soul. One could realize why men came here from the hurry and worry of the commercial world for a period of rest beside some camp-fire far from the busy hum of men.

Before we knew it the sun had swung from south to west, and was casting a broad band of shimmering gold across Moosehead's lower bay preparatory to a glorious departure after a glorious day. To the east of the mountain the sun had long set, and now it was almost dark in the deep valleys there. One more lingering look around and we knew we must hurry from the mountain ere darkness overtook us.

The western sky was a broad band of crimson, blending upward to a delicate pink and on into pale purple. Night was fast creeping over the mountain and by the time we reached the slide it was totally dark.

The moon soon came out and shed her pale rays over the snow-covered furrow down which we were sliding, stumbling and rolling. Camera and rifle quarreled violently here, but bumps were unavoidable. Pamola stood at our right, looking even more austere under the cold white rays of the hunter's moon than under the noon-day's sun.

Half way down the slide before we reached the timber lines Madison leaned his rifle against a rock, and making a trumpet of his hands gave out the prolonged cry of the woodsman. Instantly the echo was thrown sharply back from the south peak, and then it came from the northern side loud, but soft and musical. The sound rolled down to the basin and through the valley to Dew-

drop Inn, where Frank sprang to his rifle and sent a salute roaring back, but it came to us a subdued crack. Then his answering call, clear as a clarion note, rolled up over the treetops to the slide, and it was full of deep melody.

This welcoming cry from beside our own camp-fire served to bring us to the realization that we had been out since early morning. We had had nothing but icicles and frosted snowballs to eat, and even that light diet palls on one after a while. The pangs of hunger spurred us on now, and we speculated as we tumbled down the rugged path on whether or not Frank had brought up a piece of his "vengeance" from the lower camp. But deer meat or dough gods, we wanted to get to it.

"Chaw-dog" or "flippers" would be as good as partridge when we got to camp. Straight down the rugged path of the avalanche we slid. Once into the woods we cut across to a rocky run and decided to follow it down, and Madison was right in saying it would take us near our camp. It was dark in the overhanging woods where the moonlight did not penetrate, and some bad stumbling was our portion there.

Halloos from camp sounded nearer and nearer, until we decided to cross the brook and make a bee line for the Dewdrop lean-to, which was reached after ten minutes' hard scramble through the brush.

Few and short were the stories told around the camp-fire that night. The ladies had not been idle during the day, for there were many more feathery boughs in the bed the second night, and less of the wintry blast whistled through the roof of the lean-to. Besides this they had done some exploring. Sybil had guided the others through the woods to the Appalachian trail, thence to the basin lake, and she had taken her rifle along to protect them. Then, too, she had hopes for a shot at a moose or a bear. But no such good luck attended her. Frank had returned from the lower camp and had a fine lot of wood cut, so that standing fire watch was not such labor as on the previous night; but who stood the watch neither Madison nor myself are able to say.

The morning dawned cloudy and cold. There was no hope of going on the mountain that day, and as events proved, there was not a day in the next ten when the weather would permit a trip to the mountain. We had been fortunate in getting to the basin, and catching the only day in weeks when Old Sol and Pamola smiled in unison.

As the dark clouds swept over the peak and rolled down the valley in smoky wracks they smothered all visions of caribou and blotted out the chance for more pictures.

The thought that a rain was blowing up was an unpleasant one. Dewdrop Inn was not designed for a winter camp. The fir boughs would keep out about as much rain as a lawn tennis net, and even the best lawn tennis net will leak in a heavy rain. We estimated that that roof of fir boughs would leak for four days after the rain had ceased. It was unanimously voted to break camp and go down the mountain to the lower bivouac, where we would be more comfortable when the coming storm should break.

Breaking camp is almost always a sad task, and Dewdrop Inn was no exception. We hurriedly made up our packs, somewhat lightened as to provisions and because we had burned up considerable bedding when the fire watchman slumbered while the flying sparks set the bedclothes on fire, and started down the trail toward Lake Mystery.

Looking back toward the camp-fire, the usual little blue wreath of smoke arose like a hand waving a last farewell to us as we moved slowly away. Frank had swamped out a new trail around Lake Mystery to the north side, and thence turning south struck McLeod trail, over which we retraced our steps down the mountain side.

The dry weather must have had a startling effect on the trail, for it was at least two miles shorter on the down trip.

The waiting for good mountain weather at the base was without incident worth recording here. It is enough to say the fair weather never came. We had been away from Staceyville ten days and were running short of provisions, when we decided to go out of the wilderness. From deserted McLeod Camp we drove down the picturesque valley between the Black Hill and Turner Mountain. We followed the bed of the beautiful South Branch of the Wissataquoik, where were hundreds of pools delightful to the angler's eye, for they are swarming with handsome trout, and further down the river there were salmon over the spawning beds in schools of hundreds.

This is not a game story, nor was it a hunting party; but our hunt at Jim Tracy's camp, near Dacy Dam, was one long to be remembered. It netted four deer, and they made a handsome showing on the back of the buckboards. With a light fall of snow in the lowlands one moose at least would have lost his horns. He is in the woods yet, but to say more would be telling, and he will be bigger and have a finer pair of antlers next fall.

A splendid supper at the Hunt farm, eaten from real white dishes, and a night's rest in a good bed, were events of the return.

With such a brave and patient quartette of the fair sex, who displayed such fortitude under the hardships our ladies experienced, a trip to the mountain could not fail to be a success whether made with or without the approval of Pamola.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Boston.

A Large Rangeley Trout.

R. N. PARISH, of Montville, has on exhibition in the center window of Porteous & Mitchell's store a mounted brook trout caught by him with a fly in the Upper Dam Pool, in the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. The fish is the largest brook trout ever caught with a fly in the United States, and is a handsome sight. The catch was made by Mr. Parish while on a fishing jaunt Sept. 23, this year. The weight of the trout is 9lbs. 11oz. The fish will be shown at the sportsmen's exhibition at Madison Square Garden in January next, and is sure of a prize.—*Cooley's Weekly, Norwich, Conn.*

Natural History.

Roosevelt's Wapiti.

Cervus Roosevelti, a New Elk from the Olympics.

BY C. HART MERRIAM.

[From the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington.]

FOR many years naturalists have known of the presence of elk in the Olympic Mountains and other ranges along the Pacific coast, but until recently no specimen, so far as I am aware, has found its way to any museum. When in the Olympic Mountains last August I arranged with two trappers who had established a winter camp in the deep canyon of Hoh River, at the north foot of Mt. Olympus, to secure specimens as soon as the animals had put on the winter coat. The first of these—a fine old bull with massive antlers—has now arrived and is safely installed in our National Museum.

Dr. J. G. Cooper, in his report on the Mammals of the Forty-seventh and Forty-ninth Parallels, published in 1860, states that the elk was abundant in the dense forests of the Coast Range, and adds: "An intelligent farmer, who formerly hunted elk in New York State, told me that he considered these a different animal, being much larger and having larger and differently formed horns" 1. In the same volume George Gibbs states that "Judge Ford, long a settler in Washington Territory and an enthusiastic hunter, says that the elk of the Pacific coast is not the elk of the plains, but has a larger and coarser head. He has been through life familiar with game and is positive that they are different animals" 2. John Keast Lord, in his "Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia," published in London in 1866, says: "The Wapiti on the Oregon coast grows much larger and differs in color from the animal found on the inland mountains." Dr. James C. Merrill, Major and Surgeon, U. S. Army, informs me that he also has seen numerous heads and antlers of the Olympic elk, all of which were distinguishable at a glance from the common species.

In the Oregon exhibit of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, were several mounted heads of this elk. They were examined by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, who told me that they differed from those of the Rocky Mountain animal in being black and in having antlers with relatively straight beams and an irregular cluster of points at the tip instead of the usual incurved terminal prong.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his entertaining "Wilderness Hunter," describes the Rocky Mountain elk or wapiti as "not only the most stately and beautiful of American game, but also the noblest of the stag kind throughout the world;" and adds: "Whoever kills him has killed the chief of his race, for he stands far above his brethren of Asia and Europe." These remarks must now be transferred from the common wapiti to the Pacific coast animal.

Last summer, when engaged in field-work in the Puget Sound region, I saw several heads and a few hides of this elk, and was surprised that such a superb species had remained so long undescribed. I deem it a privilege to name this splendid animal Roosevelt's wapiti. It is fitting that the noblest deer of America should perpetuate the name of one who, in the midst of a busy public career, has found time to study our larger mammals in their native haunts, and has written the best accounts we have ever had of their habits and chase.

Cervus Roosevelti sp. nov. Roosevelt's Wapiti.

Type from Mt. Elaine (on ridge between heads of Hoh, Elwah, and Soleduc rivers) near Mt. Olympus, Olympic Mts., State of Washington.

Type No. 91579, male ad., U. S. Nat. Mus., Biological Survey Coll. Collected Oct. 4, 1897, by Hans and Chris Emmet.

General Characters.—Size large; head and legs black (probably only in winter pelage); skull and antlers massive; beams of antlers relatively short and straight, with terminal prong aborted.

Description of type specimen (which has nearly completed the molt from fall to winter pelage).—Face from between eyes to nose-pad, sooty blackish, somewhat grizzled on cheeks with golden brown; eyelids black, surrounded by area of pale fulvous, incomplete anteriorly; rest of head and neck brown, becoming black along median line, and mixed black and reddish on top of head; back and sides a peculiar grayish brown with incomplete dusky stripe along median dorsal line; breast and belly dull reddish chestnut; legs and feet sooty black, with space between hoof and dew claws fulvous, the fulvous reaching up a short distance along median line posteriorly; forelegs abruptly black from body to hoof, with a narrow fulvous patch on inner side of forearm; hindlegs and feet sooty black, the black on inner side of thigh reaching up nearly to groin, and on posterior aspect reaching nearly to rump in a band 40-50mm. wide, which curves slightly outward on each side of lower part of rump patch; rump patch pale dull buffy-fulvous, deepening between thighs to pale tan; throat grizzled black and dark golden brown, becoming darker anteriorly, with a narrow median beard (about 30mm. broad) of pale fulvous, beginning opposite the angle of the mouth and sharply defined anteriorly and latterly by a blackish border, spreading and fading posteriorly; chin and lower lip blackish, with a sharply defined wedge-shaped mark of buffy fulvous on each side of median line, its base at anterior edge of lip, its apex directed posteriorly. Metatarsal gland (situate 160mm. below heel on outer side) a conspicuous oval patch of reddish fulvous about 80mm. in length, inclosing a white central stripe 35mm. in length, and surrounded by the black of the leg and foot.

Cranial Characters.—The skull of *Cervus roosevelti*, compared with that of *C. canadensis* from the Rocky Mountains, is much larger, broader and more massive. The frontals are not only conspicuously broader, but are very much flatter, giving the cranium a different profile. The muzzle is also much broader. The cavities in front of the orbits, on the other hand, are decidedly smaller.

Measurements of Type Specimen.—Total length, measured in flesh, 2490mm. (8ft. 2in.); tail in dry skin about 80mm.; ears in dry skin: from base posteriorly 225mm., from base of opening 208mm.

Antlers: Spread 990mm. (3ft. 3in.); length of left beam from burr to tip 1050 (41¼in.); circumference just above burr 285mm. (11¼in.); least circumference above bez-time 190mm. (7½in.).

Antlers.—The antlers are large, heavy and relatively short, with the terminal prongs aborted, so that the total length from burr to tip is about 500mm. (nearly 20 inches) less than in well-formed antlers of the Rocky Mountain elk. The brow, bez, trez and fourth time are similar to those of the ordinary wapiti, but above the fourth the antler is flattened and sub-palmate and ends in two or three short points, the tips of which reach only slightly above the tip of the fourth prong.

Whether the aborted condition of the terminal part of the antler in Roosevelt's wapiti is the result of long residence in the dense Pacific coast forests, where long antlers would be inconvenient, or is indicative of closer

1. Pacific Railroad Reports, Vol. XII., Pt. II., p. 88, 1860.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 133.

relationship with the stags of Europe and Asia, which normally carry somewhat similar antlers, is an interesting question.

Among some black heads in a taxidermist shop in Victoria I saw one, said to have been killed on Vancouver Island, in which the terminal prong of the antlers is much longer than usual, approaching the normal condition of the Rocky Mountain animal. But it by no means follows that the antlers in question belong to the head on which they were mounted, for many taxidermists have a reprehensible habit of grafting handsome antlers on handsome heads irrespective of zoological or geographical obstacles. During the past three months I have seen more than a dozen mounted heads of elk, deer and antelope bearing horns which the taxidermists admitted were selected from stock in hand, without reference to the heads on which they grew.

Other Specimens.—In the taxidermist shop of L. F. Richolt & Co., at Centralia, Wash., I examined a very beautiful hide of a wapiti killed in winter in Chehalis county. The color of the back and sides was a beautiful clear bluish gray, with a tint suggesting lavender, and the legs where they had been cut off were abruptly black. The amount of black on the head varies considerably in different specimens. Probably part of this variation is due to age and part to season. All of the adult winter heads were black from nose to ears, with more or less black on the neck. Some had the entire neck black, the black reaching back to the breast and nearly to the shoulders. The development of the mane seems to be much as in the Rocky Mountain wapiti.

Geographic Distribution.—Roosevelt's wapiti inhabits the dense coniferous forests of the humid Pacific coast strip from near the northern end of Vancouver Island southward through the coast ranges of Washington and Oregon to northwestern California. In 1860, according to George Gibbs, it followed the coast "all the way down to San Francisco" (Pacific Railroad Reports, Vol. XII., Pt. II., p. 133). This is a very natural distribution, corresponding with that of many other species. Through the agency of man the southern part of the range has now been cut off, but just how far I am unable to say. Mr. Charles H. Townsend, in his important "Field Notes on the Mammals, Birds and Reptiles of Northern California," published in 1887, says that the wapiti "still exists in moderate numbers in Mendocino, Humboldt and Trinity counties, along the upper courses of the Eel, Elk and Trinity rivers. Two large elk were shot in Humboldt county in December, 1885, and brought to Eureka, where I saw them" 3.

But the southern limit of its range is of far less consequence than the eastern limit, for the important question is, Do or do not the ranges of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast wapiti come together? Apparently they do not. Some of the old reports state that the Pacific elk formerly inhabited the Cascade range in Washington and Oregon. But even in this case the Cascades are separated, except at the north, by the full breadth of the Great Basin and Plains of the Columbia. North of the Columbia River the forest region of the northern Cascades is practically connected with that of the Rocky Mountains by means of the timber-covered parts of southern British Columbia and the Colville Indian reservation of northern Washington. But this region, so far as I can learn, is not, and never has been, inhabited by elk. Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, tells me that while elk are common on Vancouver Island they do not occur anywhere in British Columbia except along its eastern border in the Rocky Mountain region.

At the time of my visit to the Olympics the latter part of August the elk had been recently driven out of the upper Hoh and Soleduc canyons by Indians, and the numerous tracks seen were ten days or two weeks old. Well-beaten trails followed the crests of the higher ridges and traversed the principal valleys. Many of these trails, with little labor, can be made available for horses, and afford almost the only means of penetrating the region.

Mr. W. A. Perry has published the following account of the way Indians kill elk in these mountains. He says: "The principal Indian method of hunting the elk in the Olympic range is by driving them over precipices. Selecting a well-known spot on a well-traveled elk trail, they will lie in wait for weeks, until a band appears coming down the mountain. The place usually selected is one where the trail curves around some great rock, just at the edge of a precipice a hundred feet or more in height. A scout, stationed high up the mountain, gives notice of the approach of a band, and then the Indians mass at the lower end of the curve, while others conceal themselves above the curve. As soon as the band passes the latter, they spring to their feet, rush down the trail, yelling and firing guns. The Indians at the lower end of the curve do the same, and the elk, finding themselves surrounded, leap over the cliff and are crushed on the rocks below" 4.

3. Proc. U. S. National Museum, X., pp. 168-169, 1887.

4. "The Big Game of North America." Edited by G. O. Shields. p. 53, 1890.

Concerning Compass Points.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must confess to a good deal of skepticism regarding the rules given for finding the cardinal points when lost in the woods. For in deep evergreen woods the sun has very little chance to affect the growth of moss on the trunks, or to cast a shadow which would promote the growth of ferns or other shadow-loving plants on the north side of the trunks; as for the hardness of gum, that depends on its age; and then how is one to see through the thick roof of the boughs above him in what direction the tops bend, even if authors agree on that.

Some will share my doubts, but many more will not; and now to settle the question, let every believer, who is so situated that he can do so, go out in the middle of a woods so large that the light of the open cannot be seen, accompanied by a friend who will blindfold him and lead him about until he has quite lost all idea of direction, when the blindfold shall be removed and he be left to find his way by the rules laid down. But he shall not have running water nor the known trend of ledges to guide him. Try it and report.

AWAHSSOOS.

The Red Squirrel.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thanks to Mr. Arthur F. Rice for his defense of this merry little fellow, whom he well designates as "the Puck of the Woods," instead of the "devil incarnate," as some people have been disposed to classify him. When I was a boy I used to shoot him, and eat him, too; for although rather small game, three or four fat ones helped to fill up the gaps in a squirrel pie if the requisite number of gray ones were not forthcoming.

Some of your correspondents write of a squirrel "muddle," which may be very good, and probably is; but I never happened to eat one. A "squirrel pie" is made just like a chicken pie, and is full as good, "only more so." Skin and dress your squirrels, quarter them nicely, saving the hearts, livers and kidneys, parboil them properly, season with pepper and salt, a little onion, a little salt pork, and a dash of sweet herbs; put them in a deep baking pan, with both bottom and top crust, and bake till the top is well browned; and the dish is equal to the famed venison pastries of the days of Robin Hood! I will not insult it by comparing it to the productions of a famed New York caterer, of whom hundreds write who never entered his doors.

I admit that the red squirrel sometimes robs birds' nests, so do the crow and bluejay and various other birds, but I do not believe that he ever acts as a veterinary surgeon for the gray ones, though he is a pugnacious little fellow and will claim and hold "the right of way" from the bigger gray one in the woods any day.

That he is a good provider I well know, for I have often seen him hiding nuts, and if it had not been for Stanstead's letter in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, I would have sworn to one of them having hidden a half-peck of shelled beech-nuts, which a companion and I once found in a hollow hemlock, more than sixty years ago.

I am inclined to believe yet that it was a squirrel's store, for it was at the base of a steep, rocky knoll of some forty or fifty acres extent, with a fringe of tall pines and hemlocks around its base, while the higher ground was covered with oaks, beeches and chestnuts. It was a great haunt for squirrels of both kinds, and was one of my favorite "happy hunting grounds" in my younger days, as it was only about a mile from the village, though that mile was straight up hill. I used to get lots of gray squirrels there, and one morning shot five before breakfast. After I got to be sufficiently expert to feel sure of getting as many gray ones as I wanted, if it was a good place for them, I let the red ones alone, for I love to see them prank and frolic on the oaks, and hear the saucy chickaree. I cannot hear it now, but I can see them quiver, from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, and know that the music-box is in operation. They are favored inhabitants of our village street, where they race around among the tall elms and maples, mostly living in some hollow butternut, of which there are many standing back from the street among the houses and barns.

There was a family of them, half a dozen years ago, in an old butternut close to the house in which I then lived, and from which I was turned out in a snow-storm one winter morning; and they used to amuse us very much with their antics. A big elm made a convenient tramway from the butternut to the roof of the house, where there was a hole somewhere by which they got in among the rafters, and they used to bring their nuts in there, and the people who slept in the upper chambers complained bitterly of the racket they made at night.

One year one of them got very tame, and when I sat on the doorstep, smoking, would come within a few feet of me to hide nuts under the plank walk which led from the doorsteps leading down to the gate.

Another year my wife called me to the window one morning to look at one which was stamping and quivering and apparently scolding at a great rate at the mouth of their hole. This kept up for some minutes, when there appeared the head, and then the body, of a very wee one, and at last it came out and joined its mother, who was evidently calling it out for its first lesson in outdoor exercise, and it was not many days before they were racing about in the trees together. You may think this "a great boo for such a small colt," but I love to see the little scamps about, and would not have them exterminated for anything.

Those letters from "that boy," which Mr. Raymond S. Spears sends, are capital, and although I have seldom fired twice at a squirrel, I can appreciate the efforts of a beginner, as I have had much the same experience. I began on squirrels with a rifled pistol, made by Robbins & Laurence, at Windsor, Vt., to which a country wheelwright had fitted a light, crude stock, and although I got to be "sure death" on red squirrels and chipmunks with it, I did not attempt to try it on any bigger game.

It is a number of years since I shot a squirrel now, and I never expect to shoot another, but I have had many a happy day in the woods with them, first with my brother, and then teaching my boys, and if I could only recall the details of the different tramps, I might make quite a chapter of experiences out of it; but the taste and inclination for the sport have gone with the ability to climb the rocky hillsides. In fact, I think they began to go earlier, for almost the last gray squirrel I saw in the woods came up within 10 ft. of me as I sat on a rock, under a young oak in its fall color, which just matched my duck coat, and, keeping one eye on me, ransacked the leaves for nuts till I happened to move, when he was off like a bullet. I had been so interested in his motions that I did not send a charge of shot after him, nor have I pulled trigger on a squirrel since.

VON W.

Foxes or Birds?

MADISON COUNTY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue for Dec. 4, Mr. Willard H. Sullivan, of Clinton, Me., thinks it is too bad to countenance the trapping of foxes. Does he view the subject from all sides? Has he an over supply of grouse in his neighborhood, enough for the hunters and the foxes too? It seems to me we must choose between the birds and rabbits and the foxes, and I believe the majority of sportsmen would prefer the birds and rabbits. Foxes are protected during the autumn months in this and a few other counties of

this State. If the object of this protection is economy for the farmers in destruction of mice, etc., perhaps it is right; but if it is in the interest of the few fox hunters as against the many bird hunters, I, for one, protest. Mr. Sullivan thinks the foxes will be gone in twenty-five years. I doubt it. They hold their own only too well here.

STEPHEN R. LEONARD.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Nebraska Day.

WYMORE, Neb., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take pleasure in reporting the fact that my old friend Dr. H. A. Given has got his second sight. And as this subject must interest all sportsmen, I am going to tell the story as it was told to me by the Doctor, and as corrected and vouched for by disinterested witnesses.

When I got home from court last Saturday evening I found the following note from the Doctor, which had just arrived:

"DEAR MAC: Now that you are too old to shoot game for yourself, I know you will appreciate having a friend who can shoot it for you. I was out hunting to-day and got thirty-eight quail, forty-six cottontails and one jack rabbit. You and Auntie come down in the morning and stay all day and we will have a feast, and I will tell you all about it.—Doc."

Now I had planned to spend that particular Sunday with Nessmuk and Kego-e-kay. Besides, I felt a little hurt because Doc had gone hunting without me. But I remembered that he always liked best to go hunting with some one that he could beat shooting, and that made me feel a little better; and I could not have gone if he had invited me, because I was in court defending a young man who had promised to marry a young lady on the first Monday after Lent and then had changed his mind. Ordinarily a man who never changes his mind is a fool. But a man who promises to marry a young woman on the first Monday after Lent, and then changes his mind, is a fool, too. And then I thought of the dinner, and then that I should hear Doc tell how it was done. That settled it; we would go.

Sunday came, and this is the story: We had a week of unusually rough weather, and the ground was covered with 5 or 6 in. of snow; but on Friday the weather had begun to moderate, and the prospect was good for a fine day on Saturday. On Friday afternoon Ben Skinner, a young farmer living about four miles from town, had called at the Doctor's office with a box of loaded shells, and it had been arranged that Doc and his son Fred should drive out in the morning and hunt on Ben's farm. They reached the farm about 9 o'clock the next morning. Ben had put the wagon box on the bobsled and had filled the box with hay, and Doc mounted on top. Now, as Doc is about the size and shape of Col. A. G. Courtney, this way of hunting just suited him, and away they went for the fields. Then the fun commenced. They first struck a little patch of unmowed land in a draw, and it was alive with rabbits.

Fred walked to handle the dog Tommy. Ben drove the team. Doc got on his knees so as to handle the gun to advantage, and commenced operations, and in a few minutes twelve rabbits were retrieved and in the sled. Doc allowed his gun to cool; then the team followed a flock of quail that had flushed and scattered in the snow, Tommy worked them up, and Doc saved thirteen of them. Then he rested and let his gun cool again, and they started for another rabbit patch. And to make a long story short, these performances were repeated until the hundred shells that Doc had taken and Ben's twenty-five were exhausted, and Doc was just getting warmed up to his work. They had thirty-eight quail, forty-six rabbits and one jack rabbit. The ammunition being gone, there was nothing left to do but retreat in good order.

Ben announced that he had killed his winter's pork a couple of days before, and that they would go to the house and have dinner. And as they drove along Doc was heard humming an old darky song which sounded something like this:

"You can talk about yer wahtermelon, red as any rose,
With the black seeds a-stickin' in the sides like crows,
With the core a-comin' clean out to de rine,
But oh, I'm longin' for de hog-killin' time."

When they arrived at the house dinner was ready, and in the center of the table was a large platter well filled with pork spare ribs and backbone. Mrs. Skinner told them that the one that could eat the most backbone should have a piece of pumpkin pie, and Ben says Doc ate so much backbone that he didn't want any pie.

Two or three times during the story Doc had said, "I thought of you every minute, Mac, and would have given a dollar if you had been along," and I said as calmly as I could, "Don't mention it; go on with the story."

When dinner was over they hitched up and drove home. The rabbits and quail were all skinned and dressed, and hung in the smokehouse to freeze over night.

Now I hope no one will get the idea that Doc is a game hog; just because he got a well-filled game bag or bobsled; for he is not, and those rabbits and quail, with the exception of enough for our dinner, were all tied up in little bundles and sent where they would do the most good and be appreciated.

A man who will get up at all hours of the night and visit the sick, and furnish the medicine to those not able to buy it, without any prospect or hope of ever being repaid, will never be a game hog nor any other kind of a hog.

The story had been told, and the Doctor's wife called us to dinner. I will not attempt to describe the dinner in detail, but to give a general idea of it may note that we had celery, pickles, and cold slaw, quail and rabbits and rabbits and quail in all the latest styles, from raw on the half-shell to the common every-day fry, and we had mashed potatoes, milk gravy, sweet corn, and coffee and cake and pumpkin pie. There is no other country on

earth where the pumpkin pie grows to the size or has the fine flavor that it does in Nebraska.

After dinner we had the story with variations and more in detail; how sometimes he got two quail at one shot and then one quail at two shots; and how the quail looked as large as turkeys to him, and how all his misses were due to Ben's careless driving, or his gun having a bunch of hay on the end of it, or the quail getting up at the wrong time and the gun shooting too close; how many somersaults some of the rabbits turned when the gun cracked, and how some of the jack rabbits that he did not get ran so fast that the shot just played along behind them; and how in one or two instances he could hear them whizz long after they were out of sight.

Just before starting for home I said to Doc: "I suppose, now that you have your eye again, that you will take part in the Grand American Handicap next spring?"

But Doc said: "No, I will not put my skill against brute force. I saw that shell, 3¼ in. long, that the U. M. C. Co. sent you as a sample of the shell used by Tom Marshall when he won the championship last spring. That shell is the outgrowth of the rule that allows the shooter to put his gun to his eye before he calls 'pull.' First came the rule, then the recoil pad, and then the long shell, and skill don't count for anything now. It is no wonder they find it hard to keep up the interest in trap-shooting. Then, how would I look with my gun to my eye and trying to twist myself up like Fred Gilbert or make a face such as Frank Parmelee makes? No, I shall buy me a new gun with rifle sights, and content myself shooting game for my friends who are too old to shoot it themselves. Take two or three of these tablets with you, in case you should have a touch of indigestion to-night."

And so we said good-night, and noted another red-letter day in memory's calendar.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—VIII.

(Continued from Vol. XLIX., page 486.)

MR. ALLIN once told us of a woodcock that he had seen walk out of the cover to a board that lay on the ground near the edge, when the bird deliberately mounted upon it and strutted just like a gobbler, even making the same hissing noise at the finish; and in a few minutes this was repeated, when the bird walked back into the cover. As this was entirely new to both of us, we chaffed him not a little about it, but he stuck to it and solemnly assured us that he had witnessed the performance just as he had described it to us. For my part, I thought that he paraded this woodcock before us as a very good match for the one that we had seen on the fence, but I took no stock in the strut, especially as all the books upon natural history with which I was acquainted were silent upon the subject.

Time went on for a year and a half, and I had nearly forgotten all about Ethan's tale, when I was forcibly and very pleasantly reminded of it by the very same bird, for, owing to the reasons given above, I have my doubts that more than one bird ever performed the feat.

One warm, pleasant day in early April I took my rod and started for a favorite spring-hole at the head of a noted trout stream, thinking that perhaps I might coax a few of its winter residents to accompany me home. Arriving at the place of operation, I limbered up the rod and very carefully crawled to my favorite stump, within easy distance of the pool, where I took my seat and quietly waited until the fish should be over their fright, in case I had disturbed them while picking my way over the shaky bog. I had sat there perhaps ten minutes, when from behind a bog some 50 ft. in front of me Ethan's woodcock proudly stepped out on the strip of wood that bordered a small pool, and marching broadside toward me, with head thrown proudly back, drooping wings and expanded tail, he actually strutted for all the world like a turkey cock. Then he stood still for a few seconds, when he again moved forward and disappeared behind a bog. I was too far away to hear the hissing sound mentioned by Mr. Allin, but I have no doubt that it has been heard by him, as in every other respect the performance was just as he described it. I was deeply interested—in fact, so absorbed was I that I left my rod and went to the spot, approaching it very carefully, hoping to obtain a sight of the bird and again witness the performance, but I failed to find him.

Before glancing at the tracks of the bird in the mud I saw that he had, during the latter part of his parade, scraped the surface of the mud with his drooping wings, for there was a distinctly drawn line in the mud on each side of the footprints more than a foot in length. Now I do not wish it understood that I make any claim of any nature in connection with this matter. I merely describe the occurrence just as I saw it, and as this and the one described by Mr. Allin are the only ones that I have ever seen or heard of, notwithstanding patient search and persistent inquiry, I do not feel like taking the responsibility of stating as a fact that this a habit or instinct of the entire family, nor will I even guess at it, for we already have far too much guesswork in matters of this kind, so I just jot down a description of something that greatly interested me, hoping that some more fortunate observer may be able to penetrate the mystery that surrounds the life of this royal bird and give us the facts in the case without any scientific guesswork.

I was once shooting in the "tan yard" cover in Blandford, Mass., when my dog pointed a woodcock which I flushed, and as I fired it tumbled near a thick-topped pine tree that was about 10 ft. in height. Just at this instant a grouse rose near me and started to fly back, but I whirled and had the satisfaction of seeing it strike the ground some 25 yds. distant; and I started for it first, as it was not quite dead, and I did not wish to have the dog retrieve it. While gathering the bird I was joined by a farmer friend, a thorough sportsman so far as trout were concerned, but not a hunter, although he had been my companion upon several occasions and appeared to enjoy the sport immensely, although he never car-

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

New Years and Old Years.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—At this holiday season of joy and mirth, when all the world is squaring up accounts and getting ready to tackle another year, when half the world is happy because it thinks the other fellow is going to settle, and the other fellow is laughing because he thinks it a joke that he should be expected to settle—in this time of peace and good will to everybody who has made us a present or who we hope is going to make us one pretty soon, how seemly it is for man to pause and take an inventory of joys!

After all, the chief joy in life is perhaps this: It might have been a lot worse than it was! We can nearly always, if we are in the least philosophical, have this joy with us. It would be much worse if there were no FOREST AND STREAM. The man who is broke is not so bad off as the man who is in debt and broke too. There is always room for joy, if you want to look at it that way. And why isn't that a good way to do? It is only the old plucky doctrine of never-say-die which has put wood on many a wood-pile, and saved many a man from ennui and *Weltschmerz*.

There are a great many things to give any sort of man *Weltschmerz*, except a newspaper man, and it is somewhat the fashion nowadays to think that the new years are not as good as the old years. I confess that I now and then at this season of the year wish I were a boy again, with red mittens and copper-toed boots, and just setting out for a rabbit hunt such as we used to take in the old years. It is pretty bad to be shut up in the city, with only a vacation every week or so, but it might be worse. The snow we see nowadays, more especially in the city, is pretty dingy, but it might be worse. I saw some rabbits piled up in front of a store this morning, and they looked pretty bad, but they might be worse, though they were priced at five cents each. In short, this world is pretty much the same world it was a long time ago. It still has snow, and rabbits, and boys, and it is by no means so bad as it may be rashly pronounced to be by those who wrongfully think they have come to the end of the world. There isn't any end. She's round, and about alike all the way around, though better in the portions where there are rabbits and snow.

At this season we have few game birds left legal except the rabbit, but what more could we ask? Almost all over the United States the rabbit is to-day ripe and accessible. It is not bad fun to hunt rabbits, but is best when you can borrow a boy with red mittens and copper toes and watch him have the fun. So long as felicity such as that is possible on earth, this globe is no failure, no matter what experts on worlds say about it. Hail! then, to the Rabbit and the Boy, the proper combination for the New Year season, having whom the world is not so bad but it might be very much worse. If, now, there were no rabbits and no boys, how sad and unpleasant would be the winter season.

We used to kick the rabbits out of the snow, where they sat cuddled up in the grassy brush patches, and we shot them as they ran; or Dad did. And if Dad missed, the old bird dog usually managed to retrieve the rabbits anyhow. We had not heard of field trials then, and didn't know it was improper for a dog to retrieve. We always encouraged the dog in such laudable endeavors, and this made life a continual source of pleasure to the dog when he was out rabbit-hunting with us. When it began to snow he would come into the house and look at the gun and ask to be taken out rabbit-hunting. When the old gun was taken down, and the ramrod rattled in the pipes, how the old dog would leap and howl! He was a very rude, improper dog, untrained and coarse, I fear, and not gentlemanly and calm and meek, as I am told a dog should be now; yet as I look back, and again look around at the dogs of to-day, I am disposed almost to say that there might be worse dogs than those of the past!

In those days we never heard of a ferret, and indeed I may say that I never got down to ferreting yet, for, bad as I am, I might be worse. Yet I hear that of late years and in poor rabbit country, where the law of supply and demand is in sway to the detriment of the rabbit supply, some folks use ferrets. More than that, I learn that this fall a man up in Wisconsin has invented a sort of rabbit scarer which is worse than a ferret. He simply takes a long piece of wire cable, less than an inch thick, and fixes to it a carpenter's bitstock, so that the cable can be insinuated and revolved into the uttermost ends of a rabbit's burrow. On the end of the wire is a bulb in which a nice little fire of sulphur and brimstone can be fixed up for the rabbit if he isn't scared enough in the first place. How far is all this from the days of red mittens and copper toes and the muzzle-loader and retrieving dog! Let us not be too curious to examine more into such devices. I fear they will next exterminate the Boy. Such thoughts do not appertain to this season of optimism.

Rabbits and Food.

Some six or more years ago I suggested in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM what was to me at that time at least a new idea in rabbits, and more especially jack rabbits; namely, that some of the big rabbit drives of California or elsewhere should ship their rabbits to the poor of the large cities. Since then the same idea has been put in force, and "Parson Uzzell's" annual jack rabbit hunt in Colorado, with its consequent shipment of thousands of the big rabbits to the cities, has become one of the Western fixtures. This year the sixth annual hunt was held at Lamar, Colo., and 130 men were registered for it at \$1 a head. It is comment on the side of human nature which loves to kill, when it is noted that men came from Boston, New York and other Eastern points, all the way to Colorado, to help kill jacks "for the poor." The annual charity ball at Lamar was a great success, 4,756 jack rabbits being killed. The weather was cold, 6 below zero, but this did not chill the proceedings.

At Las Animas, Colo., they also had a big battue this month, and slew their thousands, many of the rabbits finding their way to the cities. It seems also that Gov. Leedy, of Kansas, has got the jack rabbit food idea, and

has offered to send any number on to New York city to feed the poor, provided that some one will pay the freight. Sumner county, Kansas, paid a 3-cent bounty on jacks this fall, and counted 11,000 scalps in a month. Some 200 persons held a drive in that county and killed 600 in one afternoon, using hounds and clubs and guns. It is well nigh impossible to exaggerate the numbers of jack rabbits slaughtered in such drives, and it is stated that the big battues are a necessity if farmers are to save their farms. How colossal such operations, compared to the red-mitten days! Then we killed a little bit of a creature, and if we got two dozen a day we were happy. Had we at that time heard of a party going out and killing 4,000 or 5,000 rabbits, each as big as a half dozen of ours, we might have been polite, but I fear we would have been incredulous. Had I told my father I had read such things, I think he would have given me double duty on Sunday school for a while. Yet here they are, true! Not that I would exchange the rabbits of the old years for those of the new, but simply to call attention to the fact that the world is not retrograding in the size or number of its rabbits to any alarming extent. And perhaps there were boys with red mittens on that Colorado hunt, boys who shot guns loaded with what I have known a daily reporter to call "nitrous" powder. In the old days our powder made a most delectable roar and shed a pall of gloom athwart the landscape; and at night, when we washed out the old gun in the basin in the kitchen, what an odor there was to the "cleanin's!" Let us cease such reminiscences, and again evade comparisons, the more especially as reminiscencing makes people grow old!

Vindicated.

Denver newspapers have come out with page reports from the committee appointed to look into the killing of the Ute Indians by game wardens in Lily Park, which affair made so much stir at the time last fall. The committee reports that the wardens are entirely vindicated. Of course. The press agent of the Utes has not yet been heard from.

Woman Warden in Colorado.

Miss Annie Metcalf, of Denver, Colo., has been appointed a game warden by Commissioner Swan. This makes two women wardens in the United States, Mrs. Warren Neal, of Michigan, being the first thus appointed. A woman warden should be harmless if properly treated, but if things do not suit her, beware! This is an extract from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," but is not offered as empirically established.

Results of a Side-Hunt.

The *Sentinel*, of Monroe, Wis., has the following little story of the results of a side-hunt lately seen in that part of the State:

"A great hunting match was pulled off at Oregon and vicinity recently, in which forty-six men, twenty-three on a side, headed by Captains Will Pritchard and Will Lamont, took part. Two hundred rabbits and a lot of other game was captured. Lamont's side won out by a great margin. The other side tried to get even by shooting the sparrows that cluster about the stock yards. One hunter shot at a rabbit and killed his dog, etc."

This is art. Observe the suspended interest which hangs about the little word "etc." What was it that was killed in that "etc."? What sort of a gun is it that kills a dog and an "etc." at one shot? Methinks this is weird.

A Clear Game Law.

It seems they are having trouble over their game law in South Dakota, the main trouble with it being, so far as I can discover, that it doesn't allow everybody to kill everything all the time. Regarding this I read:

"The statute passed in 1893 was practically the re-enactment of sections 2,379 and 2,384, inclusive, of the compiled laws, and all other statutes in conflict were repealed. In this re-enactment the Legislature absolutely prohibited the killing of large game up to the 1st day of September, 1896, and after that date there was no prohibition upon the killing of large game. In the enactment of last winter one of the provisions was intended to make every fifth year a closed year, and the first year so set was 1900. The rest of the provisions of the law bear directly on the manner under which large game may be killed in the open years after 1900, but only apply to the years preceding that time by implication, and do not bear directly on the years before 1900. After that date, though, the statute is very explicit, and hunters in this part of the State take the position that the law does not affect them at the present time."

I trust this is all perfectly clear.

Lead-Poisoned Ducks.

Out in Oregon they have this month discovered a number of mallard ducks which have met death by lead poisoning, they having swallowed shot picked up in their feeding on such much-shot waters as Foley and Jewett lakes. One man found shot on the gizzards of five out of six ducks that he examined. The *Oregonian* exploits the discovery. It is not news. The first publication of this was made in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some years ago. It was first pointed out to me by Billy Griggs, a noted market shooter at Galveston, Tex., and it was later discovered independently by one of the members of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. at Currituck waters, N. C. The matter received editorial mention at the time.

Good Railroad.

The Southern Pacific Railroad refused to ship a consignment of illegal deer-hides sent by the Southern Oregon Pork Packing Co. to Kahn Bros., of Portland, Ore. The latter sued to recover value of the goods, and the railroad set up in defense illegal killing of the game from which the skins were taken, stating that the goods were falsely labeled as furs, but were discovered to be hides. As soon as the nature of the consignment was known it was declined. The Court upheld the railroad against the cheeky firm which had asked it to break the laws to its commercial advantage. If we had a few more

ried a gun. After a cordial greeting he gladly accepted an invitation to join me and we started in the direction of the woodcock, but I had not mentioned that I had killed it. When we came near the place I motioned the dog on and she came to a point near the foot of the pine tree that I have mentioned, when my friend at once started to go around, as he had been accustomed to do, in order to flush the bird for me, and was nearly under the pine and I had opened my mouth to tell him that the bird was dead, when out from the top of the tree fluttered my bird, which was only slightly wing-tipped and could fly fairly well; so I again drew a bead on it and again brought it down amid his exclamations of surprise that we should find woodcock in trees and that the dog could point them just as well as when they were on the ground. I was also not a little surprised, as this was the first instance of the kind that I had ever seen. After I had explained the case to him he soundly rated me for spoiling so good a story as this would have been, and said that he had more than half a mind to ignore everything in connection with the affair, except just the simple facts just as I had seen them. But I had no fear of this, as he was one of the most honest and truthful men that I ever met; and I have always felt pleased with myself in that I resisted the very strong impulse to keep silence, as such a tale told by a man of his character might have reached wrong ears and ere this, in cold type, have stared me in the face as a new fact in natural history.

I learned, however, through the landlord, that he did so far pander to the depravity as to tell the tale just as it appeared to him, and then, after listening to the comments of the wondering crowd, he would give the explanation to the disappointment of all and the disgust of those who "had often seen the same thing."

I was in this case one day with Mr. Coe of Worcester, when my dog came to a point not ten rods from the pine tree mentioned above, and as it was my turn to shoot I walked in front and flushed a woodcock and had it covered and was about to pull, when a grouse rose near, and as I saw that soft would put him safe behind a thicket I swung the gun onto him and bowled him over just as he was disappearing. Then I again put on to the woodcock and tumbled it also, making a very neat double—a shot, as Mr. Coe said, to think of with pleasure when shooting days were over.

Rather a curious incident occurred the first time that my farmer friend, mentioned above, went out with me. There was a bit of good-looking cover upon his land, and I called at his house and asked permission to shoot there. Cordially granting my request, he remarked that I was the first hunter he had ever heard of who asked permission to shoot on any one's land (this was thirty years ago), as it was the custom for every one to shoot where he pleased. He then asked me to sample his cider, and as I had not the slightest objection he led the way into the house and we were soon on the best of terms, and I am pleased to say that we have been very good friends ever since.

After partaking of the cider I gave him an invitation to accompany me, which he accepted, and we proceeded to explore the bit of cover I have mentioned, but without finding anything, when he proposed going to a birch cover where he had seen both woodcock and grouse; and after a half-mile tramp we arrived at the place, which has since proven to be the very best cover in all that section. The dog being sent on, she was soon on point to a woodcock, which I flushed and killed. My companion had watched the proceedings with deep interest and at the crack of the gun he broke shot, and rushing to the place where the bird had fallen, stooped to pick it up, exclaiming "I've got him!" and actually grabbed a fresh bird that he could have held, but not expecting to find any resistance, somehow it struggled free and with a startled whistle mounted straight in the air; but my second barrel brought it safely down again, and it struck the ground not 10ft. from where it started from. My companion, as soon as the bird doubled up, prepared to spring for it, but as he afterward explained, upon glancing to the ground to see that the footing was all right his eye fell upon the first bird, which he picked up and then made his rush, and securing the other one, was soon at my side with animated countenance and sparkling eyes, asserting that he had never had such fun in his life. After this I began his field training and soon had him steady to wing and shot, and found him to be an excellent companion, but I could never induce him to carry a gun nor to take a shot with mine. He would always shake his head and say that he had had enough of gun to last him as long as he lived. As he evidently disliked the subject, I asked no questions until we had been out together several times, when one day he made an allusion to the matter, and in response to my request for the story he told it in about this style: "You must know by the trees in my yard that I am fond of cherries. When I was a boy we had only one tree, and I usually had my share of the fruit; but the birds used to bother me, and I tried every method that I could think of to keep them away, and succeeded fairly well, except that one pair of robins would pay no heed to the scarecrows I set up, but helped themselves whenever they wished. Well, this went on until the summer that I was fifteen, when these birds built their nest in an apple tree just back of the house; and as the cherries began to ripen they feasted on them pretty much all the time. I was wild over it, but could do nothing, as father thought everything of the birds and would not let me touch them. So I brooded over it in silence until one day, when father went away, I resolved to put an end to my troubles. I took down the old gun, and putting in powder and shot enough to do the business up in good shape, I climbed the apple tree until I was about on a level with the nest, upon which the old bird was sitting, and resting the gun across a limb and taking a good aim at her head, which was about 6ft. from the muzzle, I pulled trigger; and when I came to I found myself hanging by a broken leg in the fork of the tree, with the blood streaming from a deep cut in my cheek and my shoulder so sore that I thought it smashed all to bits; and, worse than all the rest, that blamed robin was perched on the very top of the cherry tree with not a single feather harmed. So you see that I have good reason for refusing to have anything to do with a gun."

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

railroads like that, the whole question of game supply would be settled for this country in twenty-four hours. If no game were illegally shipped from the Northwest, the Northwest would be a perpetual haven for sportsmen.

On Same Train will do.

The Circuit Court at St. Paul has decided that if the hunter be upon the same train with the carcass of his deer, he is legally "accompanying" it to its destination, and need not be in the presence of the carcass. This is in the case of Phelps against the State Commission of Minnesota. The case will be taken up.

Elk Numerous.

Elk are reported very numerous this winter in the Jackson's Hole country, in spite of great mortality last winter.

In the Sun River country of Montana skin hunters have been butchering large amounts of game for the hides, more especially elk, but some deer and sheep, the latter having been driven down by heavy snows. Plenty of game is reported near the boundary line between Lewis and Clarke and Teton counties. This is just south of the Blackfoot Reservation country, where McChesney and I went in last winter. Many mountain sheep are reported to be in that region now, 3ft. of snow having fallen in the mountains.

Will Test Law in Michigan.

W. O. Holden, of Traverse City, Mich., served venison killed legally, but served after close of the season. He was prosecuted and waived examination and will make a test case. One of the greatest principles of the law as applied to game protection lies under this question. It means that the cold storage man may ply his trade the year round, if Holden may sell his legal-illegal deer. There are legal precedents on both sides. Illinois has the Wagner case, declaring it illegal to have such game in possession after the close of the season. Let us hope Mr. Holden loses his contention.

Along the Mississippi.

A great deal of illegal fishing has been going on along the Mississippi River in this latitude. One lot of 20,000lbs. of illegal fish was taken near La Crosse in two days this month. This week the wardens and county sheriff raided the spear and net fishermen and broke up their shanties. Nine men were arrested, but the justice let them go with a rebuke. This was at La Crosse. At Prairie du Chien, a week earlier, two wardens captured 4,000lbs. of illegal fish and burned two nets, arresting M. Wing, Charles Kimball and D. Sapington.

Calls a Halt on Deer.

Major Baldwin has issued, at Guthrie, I. T., orders forbidding the further hunting of deer in the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita reservations. Offenders will be prosecuted. A large amount of venison came to Chicago market when this Indian Nation country was invaded by the white hunters, but of late the supply has dwindled very much, and the Territory has been pronounced shot out by many men who formerly found it a superb game region. If the order above noted shall serve to bring back a portion of the old abundance it is a good thing.

Max Middleton's Preserve.

Years ago I reported in *FOREST AND STREAM* a quiet hunt in Indiana, where Fred Donald, of the C. & E. Railroad, took a party of us down to Servia in his special car. We had an awfully good time, and I wish we were all there right now. Our guide at that time was Max Middleton, a tall and hard-walking Hoosier, who took us around and showed us where the birds were and how to get them. Now I read in a local newspaper that Max is going to start a quail preserve down there, putting out about fifty dozen quail, which are to be supplied by E. V. Patterson and C. C. Hess, of Chicago, two sportsmen who have for a long time been shooting about Servia, and who have viewed with dismay the decrease in the supply of birds at that point. Max is going to take charge of the work in hand, and will put a copper band on the leg of each quail, and asks each man who kills one of his copper-fastened craft to report the fact to him so that he may have a notion about the progress of the experiment. The region about Servia is a good natural quail country, and 600 birds added to the native stock ought to make it well supplied within the next two years, unless one of the capricious Indiana winters should make trouble.

Last Thing on Non-Residents.

The last thing on the non-resident shooter question comes from Attica, Ind. Down there the local men are much troubled with outside hunters, who come in to shoot and ship game. An organization has been formed which will ask the next Legislature to make it a misdemeanor for any person to kill game in any county of which he is not a resident. The *Attica Ledger* says in regard to this: "All legislation has thus far been for the professional sportsman, and it is time now for the common people to have a chance."

A great many men will at first thought decry this action of the Attica men, and say they are selfish and only want it all for themselves. Suppose that is true, we are but little better, for we only want it all for ourselves. That is about the situation in all game law matters. We are all striving and scheming to get game laws which will keep the other fellow out and let us in. This Indiana measure, should it ever be put in force, as it of course never will, would be really a good one, and all sportsmen ought to encourage it, not for unselfish but for purely selfish reasons. A great many men want to break into the Yellowstone Park and kill all the game there, but they are not allowed to do so, and the Park remains one of the biggest elk hatcheries in the world. Every posted farm in America is a good thing, and no shooter ought to kick at it. Every posted county is a good thing, and we are foolish if we kick at it. Every posted State is a good thing, and we ought to be wise enough to see it, and selfishly wise at that. The most selfish thing we can do is to make the game laws as strict as possible in every locality possible. The trouble with us all is that we spend too much time herding the grasshoppers off of the other fellow's farm for fear he

will get a shade the best of us in the benefits of nature. It would be better to allow any fellow to hatch more hoppers.

Grizzlies and Buffalo.

Mr. J. W. Schultz writes me from the Blackfoot Reservation that he has struck a snap in bears, grizzlies at that, and moreover the "white grizzly," the sort that Lewis and Clarke describe as having been strictly bad medicine in their time. He says an old trapper has put him on to this locality, and that he thinks it good for several grizzlies before he gets done with it.

Mr. Schultz also advances the striking news that cowboys have seen eight buffalo in the Bad Lands near the Round Butte this summer. The Round Butte is about sixty miles below the mouth of the Musselshell. Nothing is said about any having been killed. This sets me thinking about the statement made by Gokey at Dawson last fall, that he knew where he could find four buffalo. There may be a few such head hidden in the Bad Lands region.

A New Wolf Poison.

Mr. Schultz has a word to say about a new sort of wolf poison, which I think will be a novelty to even the average old-timer. He goes on to say: "Antelope are quite plenty again on the eastern part of the reservation. Wolves are plenty, or perhaps more numerous than ever. Saw three to-day from the house, and yesterday my son saw seven. Every one in the country is getting rid of the hounds—and you know we had as fine ones as were ever bred—and going back to strychnine. A wolver on Cutbank is using a new poison—simply the paper wrapper which comes on dynamite sticks. His brother, a Butte miner, sends him any quantity of them, and he scatters them out around old carcasses, etc. The wolves eagerly eat them, as they are greasy, and soon 'turn up their toes.'"

Big Game from the Bad Lands.

The press dispatches of Dec. 10 announced the discovery in the Bad Lands of Dakota, fifty miles east of Rapid City, of an elothorium, found by Prof. O. C. Farrington, of the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago. Since that date the head of the elothorium has really been brought to this city by Prof. Farrington, who is preparing it for mounting. The head is about the size of that of a rhinoceros, and the jaws are large, heavy and full of strong, sharp teeth. The eyes are set well back and are large and prominent. The trophy is much valued by the museum. For a long time ranchmen in that part of Dakota have been missing sheep and cattle.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Notes from New Brunswick.

THE hunting season of 1897 in New Brunswick is now on its last legs. Old Father Time has plugged it in the ribs with his .30-30, and it has only eight more days to run.

Dr. Heber Bishop, the well-known American sportsman, founder of the Megantic Club, and friend of the human race, returned to-day from a fortnight's rambling in the region of the Crooked Deadwater. With him came the carcass and head of a large bull moose, which the guide estimated to weight 1,000lbs. For a moose of this size the horns were small, measuring 43in. from tip to tip. One shot from the .30-30 did the business. The weather was moist and clammy all the time the doctor was in the woods, which almost made the snow-shoeing synonymous with profanity. On the last day of his stay at the Deadwater the doctor saw eight moose and started a flock of fifteen. He says the moose were really too plentiful for successful still-hunting, as it was almost impossible to follow a track without running into other tracks and jumping the game right and left. The doctor adds that he has seen as good hunters as Henry Braithwaite, but never as good a woodsman. This makes the fourth party Henry has piloted this fall to gore and glory. The first party secured three moose and wounded another; the second brought out a moose, two caribou and a bear; the third and fourth scored a moose each.

It is reported, but I cannot positively vouch for this, that Fred Pitman, who went hunting with Arthur Pringle in the Northwest country, was summoned home before he had completed his hunt, and that he brought out two fine caribou.

Mr. C. C. Hills, of Cleveland, is still encamped in the White Wilderness, on the headwaters of Tobique River. His guide is Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, York county. At last accounts Mr. Hills had not scored his moose, but had obtained his full complement of caribou.

On Friday last Donald Loggie, of Newcastle, one of the finest marksmen in Canada (the only man, in fact, who has ever twice carried off the Governor-General's prize at Ottawa), boarded the train at Ludlow in a very cheerful frame of mind. In his hand was the old Martini rifle which had so often led him to victory at the butts; in the baggage car was a big moose and a caribou with antlers like the nest of a fish-hawk. Mr. Loggie had with him as guide Gower Price, of Ludlow.

Eight men with axes and one man with a Winchester rifle stood around a bear den at Scoullar Brook, near Blissfield, the other day. The man with the Winchester rested his nervous system on top of a stump and fired twice into the den. He said he could see the glare of the bear's eyes. This may have been the truth, for the bear soon came out of the den and started nor'-nor'-west. The eight men with axes started to chase the bear when they heard a shout from the man with the Winchester and discovered that another bear had come out of the den and was making for the sunny South. A warm discussion then took place between the man with the Winchester and the eight men with axes as to which bear they ought to chase. That was seventeen days ago. They are still discussing the subject.

John Howie, of Hanwell, found the carcass of a deer in the woods the other day, which had evidently been killed by some wild animal. Thinking the guilty party might return to the scene of the tragedy, Mr. Howie set a steel-trap. The next day he found a lynx in the trap that weighed, after he had been pacified with an axe, 32lbs.

Among the people who are compiling caribou statistics in the Doaktown country are Robert Walcott, of

Cambridge; E. W. Forbes, of Milton, and Richard C. Storey, of Brookline. All of these places are in the region known as Massachusetts.

Mr. Randall Henderson, of New Haven, Conn., who in September last, when camping on Miramichi Lake, performed the almost superhuman feat of failing to find his moose, has come back for a hunt upon the snow. He will make his headquarters at Fullerton's camp on the upper Dungarvon.

Three young men with vigorous imaginations and a grudge against the barber—to wit, Ellis Smith, Coles Dugan and Humboldt Sharp—have just returned from the headwaters of the Tobique and Nepisiguit. They brought out a moose head and report that they saw many moose and caribou. They also brought out 75lbs. of heavy rocks which they say are full of gold. They claim to have been where no white man ever was before, and to have found a mountain about 600ft. high which is very rich in minerals. They intend to return in the spring and commence mining operations.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 24.

The Jackson's Hole Elk.

JACKSON HOLE GUN CLUB, Jackson, Wyo., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping is self-explanatory. The questions involved in this elk controversy are just as you state them. The Moose Head syndicate, headed by one Glidden, are thus engaged, and evidently backed up by the State officials. I live in Jackson's Hole and am one of 300 residents, and 99 per cent. of them are against the capture of game or its shipment. The organization to which I belong has done everything possible and has plead with the State officials and those in power, to prevent the capture and shipment of game, but with no effect, and Glidden has said publicly that he obtained his permits (and he claims many of them) by purchase, and these statements of Glidden's are now in the forms of affidavits and will be forwarded to the Governor.

The people of this valley are as a rule against anything tending to destroy the game interests. We have fought by every power the Moose Head Ranch shipments, and shall continue to do so. If we have not any support of the county and State officials, we have the support of a good people at home and the public opinion of the good sportsmen of the whole country is, we believe, with us. These elk, as others in process of probable capture, are so many less of the wild game of Wyoming. I am of the firm opinion that any further capture of game by Glidden or his subordinates will meet with the resistance of all persons in this valley who are opposed, as a matter of principle, to the capture of game, and who are opposed to the legalizing of the unlawful capture of elk, as in the recent case.

FOREST AND STREAM is right in the matter of protest against the capture of wild game for speculative purposes; and your subscribers and friends here give you credit for making the stand you have. We feel confident that you can do great good to the game interests. You voice the sentiment the people of this valley entertain, that the Moose Head Ranch syndicate and Manager Glidden must quit the business of catching elk, even if backed by the State and county officials; and the people of this valley will from now on be heard upon this important principle of game protection.

If it was only the number shipped, it would cut small figure; but it is the hundreds killed by exposure and chasing that threatens the game of the native ranges. To-day, as I look out on the immediate hillsides and see the bands of elk, and feel confident that the people of this valley will not voluntarily disturb them nor fire a shot to kill one of them until another game season comes, I can imagine nothing more unjust than that a special favorite can procure a permit to capture them.

WM. L. SIMPSON.

The clipping referred to by Mr. Simpson is from the *Evanston, Wyo., News-Register* of Nov. 20, and is written from Jackson:

"The Jackson's Hole Gun Club had a business meeting last evening. The balance of the indebtedness, \$269, was paid to the contractors, and the club building, valued at \$850, its cost, now belongs to the gun club. R. E. Miller was duly elected president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wm. L. Simpson in June last.

"Strong resolutions were recently passed protesting against the recent issuance of a permit to ship elk out of Jackson's Hole, especially after the reading of a copy of a letter to a deputy game warden, which in part is as follows:

"Fred White, deputy game warden, Jackson, Wyo.: Section 15 prohibits the capture of any game animal. I shall not give a permit to any one hereafter to ship animals for any purpose whatever. If the shipping is stopped there will be no object in catching and confining them. You must attend to the party who has confined 150 head of yearlings. If he don't liberate the elk at once, arrest him and prosecute him before the nearest justice of the peace. You can inform the people who are in the shipping business that I will not give any more permits to any one under any circumstances. GUSTAVE SCHNITZER, State Game Warden."

"The question of a reasonable and proper protection of the game has thus received a pretty stiff upper cut from the powers that be. But let it be understood that notwithstanding the setback the greater majority of our people will still continue to hold views which are possible for the game's protection, and as time rolls on we intend to be heard upon this particular subject, and some one will have to explain. We are against legalizing the wanton capture of wild game by the issuance of a permit to sell the same. We think that Jackson Hole affords the nicest, neatest and most compact organization in time to put some views forward, and let it be said now that no one blames a person for pocketing a few thousand dollars out of the game, if the officials will permit it. It's the principle of the thing we contend against, and we say now that until they produce the authority by which they are constituted judges we shall not plead to their jurisdiction. Hence, doubtless, many may conclude we live as honest men."

Quail on the Elkhorn.

It was a glorious day in October, with nature dressed in her richest and ripest colors. November's chill had not yet touched the air, it did not know whether to rain or not, the sun was just shining through a sort of bridal veil of mist, and all nature seemed to be just waiting and resting, when my genial friend Charley Snider, of Oakdale, and I, behind his big iron-gray, started for the Elkhorn bottoms. Muggins, a well-trained Irish setter, was snugly ensconced in the rear of the buggy.

The big iron-gray took us at a lively rate for a few miles, when, as we neared the river, the ground became more broken and was covered with low plum bushes and small, scrubby oak trees, interspersed here and there with tall prairie grass and weeds. We had not uncased our guns and were within a hundred yards of the river, when our conversation was cut short and hopes aroused by that peculiar whirring sound of Bob White when he has company and becomes alarmed for their safety; and there to the right, not 30yds. away from us, were at least three dozen little brown beauties, some of them running like madcaps for the thickets and others standing still in open-eyed wonder and uttering their "chic, chic, choo." It is needless to say we stopped. We hitched to the fence and got Muggins out of the buggy and set him to work. The birds got up quickly and at long range, among the scrub, and we only got one; but they flew only a short distance, and we marked them down the best we could and followed. We were passing through a space a little more open than the rest, when Muggins pointed beautifully, a strong bird got up between us and flew high against the wind; there was one report, but the bird went off unhurt. In the act of reloading we discovered we had both fired at the same instant at the bird and both had missed it.

The birds crossed the Elkhorn and we found an old scow and tried to follow, but could not launch our boat and had to give it up.

We again took to the buggy and soon found other coveys, as they were quite numerous, but the ground was very dry and the dog seemed unable to trail except very fresh scent. We drove over to an old deserted house, where we heard them calling, and killed three almost in the dooryard as they got up from under a big cotton-wood.

The cover for this class of game birds is excellent in the Elkhorn bottoms, and we must have sighted 150 birds, but owing to the dense undergrowth and the necessity for quick shooting—and, I might say, bad shooting—we only got about a dozen. But then we had an excellent four hours' sport, and as we drove home in the dusk of gathering twilight we could hear the familiar call from a dozen little throats in as many thickets, "Bob, Bob White."

EDWARD M. AMES.

PEORIA, ILL.

Montreal Club Dinner.

From the Montreal Witness, Dec. 22, 1897.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, when this Province was teeming with game, a few sportsmen, evidently far-seeing, formed themselves into a club for the protection of this game, and of the fish, determined that as far as lay in their power to prevent it no one should meddle with either out of season, thus guarding against extermination. The club has since worked ahead in a humble way, depending entirely, until recently, upon its membership fees, its whole history being one of wonderful work for limited means. Four years ago a turning point was reached, the Hon. Mr. Flynn becoming so impressed with the amount of work the club was doing that he gave them a subsidy of \$200, which was doubled the following year. The Hon. Mr. Nantel increased the subsidy to \$800, and as much or more was expected from the present Minister of Crown Lands.

The annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protection Club was held last evening, at the St. Lawrence Hall. The dinner was an excellent one, and well served. Those who gathered round the board were Dr. J. T. Finnie, president of the club; Messrs. L. Z. Joncas, Colin Campbell, Dr. Charles McEachran, Dr. C. W. Wilson, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Mr. Duncan Robertson, Dr. D. D. McTaggart, J. P. Roche, Dr. H. M. Robertson, Messrs. Harry K. Martin, Henry W. Atwater, Albert D. Nelson, J. B. Tressider, George E. Drummond, J. Stevenson Brown, J. S. Ibbotson, W. L. Maltby, Major W. C. Trotter, Messrs. James Cochran, W. J. Cleghorn, Albert Laberge, W. E. Bradshaw, George Van Gilder, T. A. Emmans, W. O. Doods, Ansell Leo, Thomas C. Brainerd, Major George Horne, one of the founders of the club; Mr. F. M. Alley and others.

Dr. Finnie gave the toast of "Fish and Game Interests," and explained the objects of the club. Dr. Brainerd, in responding, spoke of how the settlement of Canada and the whole of America was due largely to these interests. He related how the club were striving to enforce existing laws themselves. They had fallen on better times lately in securing the sympathy and co-operation of the Government. Their work was well worth the appreciation of the Ministry, and besides the yearly income of \$25,000 already derived from fish and game, and that might be increased twenty times, there was the large gain to the people in food and pleasure. The present membership of the club was about 200; they had no debts, and they had \$600 in the bank, so that their prospects were never brighter.

The Hon. Mr. Joncas responded to the toast of "Our Guests." He declared that the work of the Fish and Game Protection Club was worth more than the work of all the 150 or 160 game wardens in the Province. Mr. Parent was disposed to do well by them, and while as the latter's representative he could not promise anything, he would say that if it rested in his power the subsidy would not be \$800, but much more than that.

Mr. Joncas said that three-fourths of the suggestions made by the club would be adopted in the new law. For one thing, no company would be allowed to express moose, caribou or deer from one province to another that did not bear the license or tax tag. This should stop the wholesale slaughter. It was suggested to prevent the hunting of woodcock by stopping its sale. Then dealers who had fish or game in their possession would be obliged to offer proof hereafter that such was not

caught out of season. They wanted not to interfere with the trade, but with the poachers. The present Minister of Crown Lands was well disposed, Mr. Joncas said in conclusion, to stand by the club, for the latter could do for \$5 what cost the Government \$50. He didn't want to touch on politics, but it was notorious that where a man caught poaching was represented in Parliament by a Liberal, he not only could get his fines remitted, but sometimes his costs paid as well.

"The Ladies" and "The Press" were also toasted.

It is unnecessary to say that with the talent present there was also an enjoyable programme. Among those who contributed were Dr. Robertson, Dr. McEachran, Dr. C. Wilson, who rendered some of Dr. Drummond's prettiest things, and Dr. Drummond himself, who gave a poem composed for the occasion, the opening verses of which are as follows:

"O, ma ole canoe; w'at's matter wit' you, an' w'y was you be so slow?

Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an' still you don't seem to go.

No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current she don't be strong, Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for move along?

"I 'member de tam w'en you jump de sam' as deer wit' de wolf behind.

An' brochet on de top of de water, you scare heem mos' off hees min'.

But fish don't care for you just now at all, only jus' mebbe wink de eye.

For he know it's easy git out de way w'en you was a-passin' by.

"An' who's your horse, too, but your ole canoe, an' w'en you feel cole and wet,

Who was your house, w'en 'im upside down an' onder de roof you get?

Wit' rain runnin' down ma back, Bapteme, till I'm gettin' de rheumateez,

An' I never say not'ing at all, moi meme, but let you do jus' you please.

"O, dat's lonesome ti'ng hear de gray owl sing up on de beeg pine tree,

An' many long night she k'ep me wake till sun on de "est" I see. An' den you come down on de morning for start on some more voyage,

An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry me on portage."

Boston Sportsmen in Maine.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Last week was a dull one for the Maine big game hunters, and the season is likely to close with less of game killed than is usually the case. There has been a lack of fresh snow, while the little on the ground has been covered with a noisy crust. This condition has sent several Boston hunters home empty-handed. No moose have been landed from Maine for more than a week, though Dr. Heber Bishop is back from the Provinces with a handsome one. He is still the champion moose hunter of the country. Only a few deer have come to hand of late, and no caribou. Mr. H. S. Fisher, with his hunting partner, F. Wight, came out of the Maine woods a week or two ago with two deer apiece. They went to Matawamkeag station, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and thence twelve miles by team to South Moluncus, where they were taken in charge by A. S. Knight, a settler at that point. The hunters are greatly pleased with the treatment they received at Uncle Andrew's. Deer they found to be remarkably plenty. They could easily have got more than their legal quota had they desired to do so. They found Uncle Andrew to be a genuine son of the region, who met them at the station with his team. When nearing his premises the hunters were struck with the appearance of a handsome girl of 17, hauling wood with a fine pair of horses. They called Uncle Andrew's attention to it. "Yes," he said, "she's my daughter, and as good as gold; helps me a great deal." The hunters found that the young lady is noted for handling a team of horses, as well as for good sense and kindness to her father. Doubtless she can shoot, and has taken her legal share of big game this fall.

Florida hunting and fishing parties are the order of the day among sportsmen who can afford it, and have exhausted the season in Maine. Still there are a few parties yet in the Maine camps. Allerton Lodge, Moose-lucmagantic Lake, has been inhabited for a couple of weeks with a party headed by Dr. H. H. Haskell, of Newton. Billy Soule's Cupsuptic Camps have also been full of hunters. His tame deer—the pet of all the guests this summer—has escaped. It was allowed full freedom, and did not seem to care to take to the woods, but suddenly disappeared. It had a blue ribbon about its neck, and it is hoped that no hunter has destroyed or will destroy it. The tame deer that Capt. F. C. Barker has had at Bemis this season has been taken up to Rangeley, the property of the captain's little daughter. SPECIAL.

Match Safe and Landing Net.

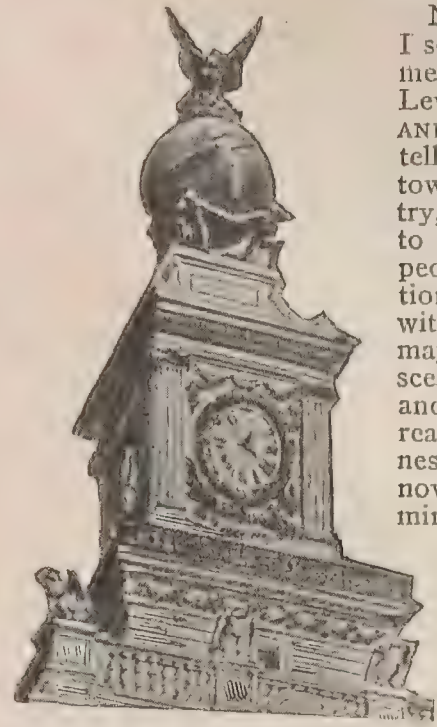
WILMINGTON, Del.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We don't all have opportunity to hunt New York for a waterproof match-box, as Dr. F. M. Bauer says he did (*FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 4). If he loses his, or some other gunner wants one, he can do as I did two years ago, and again last night. Take a Winchester 12-gauge brass shell. Explode the cap, dig out the paper from an U. M. C. smokeless, same gauge. Put the two together and you have a metal box that will carry twenty-five "searchlight" matches—no patent.

Here in Wilmington we can buy a repair kit for bicycle tires, in a brass nickel-plated case, that is about the same size as the shell, for 5 cents. These cases make good match-safes.

A landing net is troublesome to carry from home to camp. I take the ordinary net in my pocket, cut a maple or birch fork, warm the branches, turn them together and tie, cord the net onto the frame, and when through with it cut the cord, put the net in my pocket and hang the stick up for the next man. T.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.



NOT for a long time have I seen anything that pleased me so much as that letter of Lew Wilmot's in *FOREST AND STREAM* the other day, telling about his visit to town. He lives in the country, you will remember, and to him, as to most country people, it was a real vacation to get into town, for with all of us, wherever we may live, it is the change of scene, surroundings, people and ways that makes the real recreation and restfulness of a vacation. It is the novelty that diverts the mind. For me, when I do get away for a hunting trip, the good of it begins the minute I get on the car and the telegraph poles flash past the windows. "Why do you go shooting?" folks have asked me.

Why did Lew Wilmot go to town? The answer is all in one word, and that one word is "change."

And was that not delicious when Wilmot wanted the trolley cars to go slower, so that he might read the signs? None of the other passengers appeared to care about the signs. They were *blase* on signs. They probably knew them all by heart. The hundreds of thousands of people who rush through the great canyon of Broadway which the Tower overlooks are for all the world like the people Mr. Wilmot encountered in the trolley cars. Every mother's son of them is in a tremendous, elbowing hurry to get there; and the signs by the way are the last things in the world they give any attention to. But would not it be better for most of us of we went a little slower, and took more time to see things? It must be forty years or more that I read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (and to tell the truth I never read it through, although in those days Bunyan was more of a staple than now), and about the only thing I remember vividly is the story of the Man with the Muck-rake. There was a picture of him, with back bent over and eyes fixed on the ground, busily engaged plying the rake in the mud. When we come to think about it, you and I know many a man with a muck-rake, who is everlastingly at it, while somewhere the wind is whispering through the pines and an old grouse is booming on the hillside.

Adam and his Musket.

I was interested the other day in some notes by Mr. John B. Champlin, on anachronisms in art, where painters had ascribed to certain periods ways and things unknown at such times in the world's history, and he cited as one of these discrepancies an old picture of Adam in the Garden of Eden shooting ducks with a musket. This excited my curiosity, and I wrote to Mr. Champlin to tell me where the print could be found. He politely informs me that he cannot recall the work in which it is contained, but his impression is that it is an old Dutch Bible. Perhaps this is one of the things we hear about, but never see. Can any one of my readers, who may be specially versed in old Dutch Bibles, put me on the track of the Adam with a musket?

Sportsmen's Row.

Looking downward two blocks south on Broadway, I can see the colony of great houses which deals in sportsmen's goods, whose names are household words in the countries which have houses, and whose products are familiar to the grasp of civilized and savage man throughout the world.

* Before the large plate windows groups form, melt away or increase, as the ceaseless current of humanity, with its swirls and counter drifts, flows through the greatest channel of the greatest American city. There is something fascinating in the array of modern firearms in the great windows which the male beholders cannot resist gazing upon, or going within and owning such as they fancy if their purses warrant it.

But firearms are not all, for there is every appliance for physical culture and recreation—bicycles, outdoor games, and the appurtenances of all sports by land or water. Appropriate costumes for all are offered.

The modern guns, with their prepared ammunition and rapid action, are in sharp contrast to the clumsy weapons of our forefathers, or rather of our grandfathers, at least those of such of us as are grandfathers ourselves. And methinks there were brave men in those days as there are brave men now, but somehow the discipline necessary in making a trained brave man must then have been much more severe, else they never could have done such execution with the old flintlock guns in the struggles against the fierce animals of the wilderness and the fiercer savages. It was no trifling matter to hold the old flintlock rifle steadily in the calm pastime of shooting at a mark, much less then was it easy to manipulate it in time of danger. There were a series of complexities between the pulling of the trigger and the flight of the bullet. The man took aim, pulled the trigger, and the hammer bearing the carefully shaped flint took a majestic sweep, struck the steel, uncovered the priming pan, sparks flew, the powder in the pan flashed, igniting the powder in the barrel, and then the bullet began its flight. To stand with a single-barreled flintlock, facing a grizzly bear or a hostile Indian, and holding the rifle aimed steadily till all the ignition chain of events followed in due order, from the pulling of the trigger to the flight of the bullet, required a fortitude, patience, confidence and bravery that in the use of the modern arm is not required, even if it could be found to exist generally.

Armed with a rifle instantaneously responsive to his wishes and with capability of sending shot after shot with accuracy and quickness, the modern hunter, facing

the grizzly or anything else, is daring less than did his grandfather, who, armed with his simple weapons, faced like perils. And the latter was braver than was his grandfathers who used the bow and arrow, for they faced not the great dangers of the chase in the manner of the hunter whose arms were of fire.

But those are none the less related to Sportsmen's Row, for the array of shotguns, breechloading, in all sizes of bores, beautiful in design and finish, and the rifles, in hundreds of varieties, from the tiny .22 up to the largest of calibers, are but the latest stage in the application of principles in use by our daddies. And yet, while the principles remain much the same, the mechanical application of them is at present incomparably above all of the kind that has preceded. In beauty, scientific precision, excellence of material and cheapness, the modern firearms are unrivaled and unequalled.

As I gaze on the colony of sporting goods and gun houses on Broadway, I can see that they are in the very center of a circle whose compass is the circumference of the earth. There one could arrange for the arms for an army—rifles, swords, bayonets, machine guns, with ammunition to match the guns and the needs of a nation. The equipment large enough to strain a nation's treasury, or one for the small boy, which, with abundance of ammunition costing but a few dollars, can be alike readily obtained.

Men drop in betimes and speak casually of killing bears in the mountains or forests, or ruffed grouse in the dense woods, or quail and rabbits in the fields and brush—of sport everywhere throughout the land with rifle and shotgun.

And another class is equally earnest in the sport of the rod, and they too drop in and tell of killing tarpon in the Southern waters, or trout and bass in the streams and lakes, and all kinds of game fish in all the known waters of the world. And they gaze with interest on tackle which is light enough for sport in catching the smallest game fish, or large enough to kill the greatest fish within the powers of man to attempt successfully, and they buy of it.

Men come and go. To the casual observer they merely walk in and out, and do not differ from other men who do likewise as to the hundreds of other stores which line Broadway. And yet they are a class distinct in their views of life, in their knowledge of nature's secrets, in being more or less inured to dangers, hardships and privations, and in being skilled in the use of weapons, whether in their use as a matter of sport, personal defense, or in the service of the nation in time of war's need. How few who pass through Sportsmen's Row realize that its radii are worldwide!

The Preserve Question.

I read the contributions of Didymus with much pleasure. He is a sound writer, but last week he went off on a tangent and landed where there is no footing—this on the preserve question. He deprecates the ownerships and growing ownership of game land and water by wealthy clubs. Did Didymus stop to consider that A, B and C, sportsmen of wealth, have quite as good right to use their land for a game preserve as D, E and F, farmers and gentlemen, have to use their land for agricultural or stock purposes? Further, did he stop to think that unless A, B and C had some use for the land they would not have bought it? Did he consider the benefit that G, the seller, derived from the sale of land that otherwise would be unproductive to him? Did he consider that selfishness is the basic principle of society and progress? Every man who labors, or invents, or trades legitimately, benefits himself and the community as well. The working of the hammer, saw, loom, etc., has a selfish origin, yet where would we, who selfishly need their products, be without them? And more to the point directly, which is the more selfish, he who establishes a preserve under all legal and equitable conditions, or he who poaches on the preserve or opposes its establishment with the very selfish end in view that he may take things of value without price or responsibility? It is one of the first principles of common sense, as it is of law, that a complainant should come into court with clean hands.

The Gun and the Night Stick.

There is a certain weak phase of human nature, manifested by a class of individuals, which impels them to display any power which they may have at command, whether the same be moral or physical. Thus the brand new politician must needs assert his authority and lord it over any of his unfortunate underlings, if he happen to belong to the class whose egotism has not a proper counterbalance of sense. To the same class belongs the man who points a gun at his fellow man, that he may enjoy to the full his temporary accession to power. To the same class belong the policemen who only want opportunity to club their prisoners or inoffensive citizens, as opportunity offers. The deaths and injuries from the malicious or wanton clubbing of prisoners in New York have reached such a magnitude that the Board of Police Commissioners is seriously considering the matter of taking away the night sticks of policemen, as was done under the administration of Chief Byrnes. And yet it is a conspicuous feature of every case that the offender has good excuse or was innocent, in manner like to that of the man who "thought it was a deer," or who "didn't know that it was loaded." The remedy is alike in both cases, namely, take away their weapons. Common sense, public safety and the general welfare would indicate that the man who cannot carry a club without abusing its use, and the man who cannot carry a gun without killing or maiming his fellow, should not be allowed to go armed at all.

Dennis A. Janvrin and his Horse.

Writers, whether of history or current events, search in all available nooks to obtain instances of the devotion of the lower animals to man. They vie with each other in making a marvelous event of a simple matter. Thus the world reads one day of the heroic deeds of a dog in saving a sleeping family from death by fire, another saves a boy or a family from drowning, or leads a rescuing party to save the little ones lost in the wilderness. Man's affection for the lower animals rarely has an inning, and yet to his affection many breeds owe their existence. There is something of more than passing pathos in the

tale of Policeman Janvrin, of New York, and his horse. They had labored together ten years, taking good and ill together. Janvrin had ridden no other during the last ten years of his twenty-two years' service, and he had become much attached to him. Last year the horse died. Without the friend who responded to the lightest touch of his hand so well, whose speed could overtake the fleeing lawbreaker, and whose courage and strength were ever to be relied on, the service had lost all its charm and value to him, so he asked to be retired under the twenty-year service act, and he being a good officer, it was done, but reluctantly. And now he comes to the Police Board making application for his old office, pleading that the needs of life press him to ask for reinstatement in the only calling which seems open to him, and it is probable that his application will be favorably passed upon. But the horse which is in the spirit land where good horses go will gallop on riderless.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

A November Night.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With gun and game bag strapped on my bicycle, I started at 3:30 P. M., Nov. 18, for Hopkins Creek, fifteen miles north of this city. We had a severe wind and rain storm the day before, and I thought that I might find a few ducks in the creek.

A young friend of mine had put up a 10x12 camp on the lake shore at the mouth of the creek the past season, and had given me a key with instructions to use the camp whenever I chose. The camp is about a half mile from the main road and is reached by a farm road running through an orchard and strip of woods along the lake shore. At the farmhouse I got a small pail of milk, and remounting my wheel with the pail in one hand, rode to the woods, which was as far as I could ride with one hand. When nearly through the woods I took my gun from its case, and putting a few shells in my pocket, left my wheel and started out to reconnoiter for ducks. It was now 5 o'clock and nearly dark, and they should be coming in if there were any; but after a careful search I failed to find them in the creek, but with the aid of my glass I could see birds out on the lake, which was quite smooth. Returning for my wheel, I pushed it to camp, on the opposite of the creek. Although the creek is eight to ten rods wide within 50 ft. of the lake, at present there is no apparent outlet, the space between being at least 4 ft. higher than the water each side of it. This is caused by the low water of the lake. A few years ago I had to use a boat to get across the outlet. Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence are said to have high and low water once in seven years.

On reaching the camp, which is about four rods from both lake and creek, and from 15 to 20 ft. higher, I found plenty of large wood on hand, and going down on the beach I gathered a basket of dry, fine floodwood, with which to start the fire to prepare my supper of hot wieners, boiled eggs and coffee, which with the good farm milk appeased my appetite. While leisurely eating I noticed that the light from the lamp was waning, and I found that the oil was out. I found a glass-inclosed oil can, which from the weight I thought was about half full, and extinguishing the last gleam of light from the lamp I took both outside the camp, in case I should over-fill the lamp. As I do not hear, it was all guess-work with me, and when I tried to light the lamp I found no oil in it or in the can. Well, there I was alone in the dark with my supper unfinished. I opened the front doors of the stove, but that did not throw much light on the subject (supper). With the aid of about a dozen matches I finally found a dish of grease, probably what had been left of a coon roast a week or two before. I also got a strip of cotton cloth, which I immersed in the fat, and laying the end over the edge of the dish applied a match to it, and I had quite a good light.

After supper I thought it might be well to lay in another basket of the dry wood from the beach, in case of change in the weather. On going outside it was so dark that I could not see to get down the bank, but away to the north across the lake I could see the reflection of the light above the city of Toronto. Securing my newly made light, I managed to get down to the beach and gather the wood. After taking a quiet smoke I arranged one of the woven wire beds and turned in for the night about 7:30 o'clock. This was the earliest "going to bed" I had done for many years, and it was not an easy matter to get asleep. I think it must have been two hours later before it happened. When next I awoke it seemed as if it must be morning, but on striking a match and looking at my watch I found it was only 12:30. I went to the door to see what the weather was; the Toronto light had disappeared, also the lake, and I could not see my hand before my face, but I could feel that there was a dense fog. I went back to bed and lay awake for another hour or more, when I again looked at my watch. It was 5:30. I lay until 6 o'clock, when on opening the door I found the ground covered with snow, which was still falling. And there was I, fifteen miles from home with my wheel; but that did not worry me much.

I started the fire, prepared and ate breakfast, and then with the glass took a look out on the lake and creek for ducks. On the opposite side of the creek I saw something moving through the water, but could not make out what it was. Getting gun and shells and walking up the road a short distance, I came to the creek. Just as I stepped out of the woods a duck started up, which I winged with the first shot; and as I saw no more get up I killed it with the other barrel. I then went back to the camp, and getting a boat, paddled up and secured my game, which proved to be a white-winged scoter.

While in the woods I had seen fresh rabbit tracks, and

after waiting some time without seeing more ducks I started for the rabbit, and had followed the tracks not more than ten rods when I started him up, but made a clean miss. I had used my first shell of gold dust powder, and it was probably too quick for the "old boy;" possibly it might have been the rabbit that was too quick for him. After following the tracks for a short time I got just a glimpse of the game as it went into a brier patch. The tracks led me back to where I had first started him; under the corner of a rail fence in a brier patch. Walking around it, I saw that he had not gone out, and going back to the fence I gave it a kick, which started him out and into a hole about 5 ft. away. I might have got him out, but thought I would leave him for another time.

I was now near the camp of Dr. E. N. S. Ringueberg and Artist Raphael H. Beck, and I had promised the doctor that I would see if the camp was all right. Some vandals had broken down the back door, and on going inside I found things scattered about the floor. I had never been inside the camp before; but I knew that the owners had not left it in such condition. I reported to them on my return home that afternoon, and they went down the next day. They found that the thieves had taken two suits of clothes, all the towels and tablecloths, knives, forks and spoons and all the canned goods, and the looking-glass. The camp where I was staying had been broken into a week or two before, probably by the same party, and a clock, looking-glass and some clothing taken; a reward has been offered for the arrest and conviction of the parties.

I returned to camp about 10 o'clock, put it in order, strapped gun and game-bag on my wheel, and at 11 o'clock I was on the lake road headed for home, where I arrived in time for dinner.

This trip would have been impossible with a wheel, only that there is a side path from here to Olcott, thirteen miles. I rode over it on Monday afternoon of this week and found it nearly as good as in the summer.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 16.

The Wheel and the Sportsman.

WHETHER the wheel will ever become a recognized shooting and fishing adjunct is a question time alone can solve. An occasional correspondent in FOREST AND STREAM quotes pleasant and successful experiences in which his wheel figures as the vehicle used to reach the sporting grounds, but in these cases the conditions—always prove just right, and we fail to hear of the fellow who got caught in the rain, punctured a tire or had his wheel stolen and had to walk in. Of course shooting from a wheel is a physical impossibility, for the haunts of game are not along the cinder path or the traveled highway; and even were one so lucky as to flush a bird along the road, the handle bars require too much attention to make it possible to manipulate a gun even with one hand. No, I don't think the bicycle will ever become a popular means of transportation for the shooter.

With a light rod and basket it is quite possible for the fishing wheelman to visit some favorite stream some miles away and enjoy a day's sport that would be impossible were he obliged to walk, and expensive if he hired a team. We all know of streams winding through pleasant valleys, with a good road following the windings, where one might spin from one good pool to another, and have a most delightful trip, always presuming that it won't rain and that no accident happens to the machine or rider.

But to the sportsman who has given up actual shooting the wheel is a pronounced success. He can visit the haunts of game, lean his silent steed against a fence or convenient stump, steal through the cover, mark the flight of grouse or woodcock, watch the nimble squirrel in his home tree, fill his soul with sylvan sights and sounds, remount his wheel and spin to and beat another cover, and having had enough return to his business with but little loss of time, and find himself a better, healthier man, with no blood on his hands. Yes, the wheel is a great thing for that sort of a sportsman, and in my opinion is bound to work such reforms in the ranks that the all-absorbing question of game supply will be satisfactorily solved.

H. W. D. L.

DANVILLE, N. Y.

Bicycle and Partridge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following singular incident, in which the bicycle appears as a factor, was related to me by my friend Davis, a gentleman of unquestioned veracity. Early in May, Mr. Davis was riding along a lonely road on his way to a trout stream (for what purpose may be easily guessed), when he espied a partridge step from a thicket about 50 yds. ahead. Evidently the bird's intention was to cross the road, but catching sight of the bicycle and rider she paused, with upstretched neck, as if puzzled at the rapid and noiseless approach of the strange-looking object. When the machine got within a few feet her natural shyness reasserted itself, and she started, pattering with affright, for the opposite cover. But so long had she delayed, that by a little extra effort on the pedals Mr. Davis was able to force the machine almost upon her; and following a sudden impulse, as she darted into a brier patch fringing the road, he sprang from his wheel into the thicket, pulling the weeds and briers in a mat down around her and pinning her to the ground, so that he soon had her in his hands. It was a full-grown hen partridge, in full possession of its strength and faculties, and when released, after a few minutes of captivity, took wing with all the speed and vigor characteristic of its species.

This is a new "bicycle record."

CORNISH, Me.

TEMPLAR.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Around Washington.

Cockpit Pool.

THIRTY miles south of Washington the line of the Washington Southern to Quantico, a branch of the Pennsylvania Railway, crosses Powell's Creek, an inlet of the Potomac not much over a mile in length, affected by the tides, into which drains a little run almost dry in seasons of drought. On the south side of the mouth of the creek is the old Cherry Hill Farm, many years ago owned by Capt. Dunnington and now by his heirs. It was once a plantation of considerable importance, but is not now cultivated, and the name is all that is left to remind the visitor of its once celebrated orchard.

When the railroad was projected to Quantico, Capt. Dunnington, whose land was a little abrupt where the road cut through it, purchased from the adjoining farm the site of the present station and siding, and gave it to the railroad, and the name, by which it is still known, to the station—Cherry Hill.

A little to the south of this station a point makes far out into the Potomac, called Cockpit, on the charts as well as locally, though in days gone by the north cove off the point was always known as Rose Bay, and a few old rivermen remember the side hill which forms the second bank when it was a mass of roses. This was in 1860 and before. It is a wilderness now, of great trees and underbrush, and looks far more like the primeval forest than a ruined rose garden.

The river off Cockpit is an excellent seining ground, though the shore has not been rented for a year or two. Forty years ago planters from long distances in the interior drove here regularly to get their season's supply of herring for their families and slaves, and the shore privileges were very valuable and rented for thousands of dollars.

Late in the season it is a famous point for rockfish, and will no doubt in the future, as it has in the past, furnish employment, revenue and food for fishers plenty.

The base of the point is wide, low and swampy, and in some years great snipe shooting may be had here, and nearly always a woodcock or two. A mile to the south of this the railroad bed, crossing the mouth of a little run, dams the stream and makes a pool some fifty rods long and half as broad, with a narrow, bushy, inaccessible swamp in the background. The culvert outlet through the roadbed is so high that only spring tides from the river can enter.

This pond, known as Cockpit Pool, has been for several years full of the *Lucius reticulatus*, the green pike or pickerel of the Eastern waters, and throughout the South called the jack.

These fish come up out of the river on the high tides in the spring, in the spawning season through the high culvert, and, imprisoned here, breed and feed in the holes in the swamp and use the pool for a playground. They were discovered by the trainmen, who saw them disturbed by the rumbling of the passing trains, which, jarring the spongy bottom, always sets the jack to wildly jumping. Of course, it was not long after that some enterprising angler had taken a good string and was bragging of his catch, and the pool has since had many visitors.

The writer's introduction to this hyena of the water was at this place in 1894, and we have frequently since taken as many as it was convenient to carry to the station, a mile and a quarter away. Distances are measured with an india rubber tape-line after a day's fishing, and weighted with the paraphernalia of bait fishers, which we have always been here since nothing was to be expected but the pickerel, and we only learned to take them with a fly toward the close of last season.

At the south end of the pool, where sand from the adjoining hill is washed down, the sunfish or tobacco box, as they are called here, are pretty numerous, and large, and though the swamp discolors the water to the shade of porter, these are remarkably highly colored, their rainbow tints being far brighter than those taken from the river.

The mouth of the culvert, discharging its brown flow into the river, like all fresh runs, is a favorite feeding place for small perch and minnows, and the water moccasins feed and breed and winter about and under the culvert, and of a sunny morning in the spring dozens may be seen sunning themselves on the great stones of the riprap work which protects the roadbed. On the occasion of our last visit it is no exaggeration to say that within a radius of ten feet forty were in sight at once. There were ten less in the colony that night. This fish-eater is the natural enemy of all fair fishermen.

Three hundred yards to the north of the pool a fair spring trickles from the sandbank alongside the track.

This road running south to Richmond is a great highway for tramps, and all day long stragglers, tattered and torn, sometimes barefoot, stop by to rest and watch the proceedings, thankful for a bite or smoke, or even a fresh-caught jack with which to join some brother knight of the road and go snacks for the next meal.

One sat on a tie end, on this last trip, and told of his love for fly-fishing, and of his many days of enjoyment of this sport on Northern streams, where the trout hide, when he was seeing better days; but as he mourned he had "got on the road somehow and somehow couldn't get off." The bare suggestion that the hobo is an evolved fly-fisher was a shock, but for lack of corroborating circumstances he was set down as simply a horrible example of too much old-fashioned bait, and the fly discharged of any further responsibility in the matter. However, there is no denying there is something of the vagrant in all our natures, and the man who takes to the woods for his pleasures is apt to get a little closer to these wounded deer than the "fat and greasy citizen," as he has been called, who turns his back upon the misfortunes of his neighbor.

The view from the high roadbed is very fine from this point, covering a grand sweep of the Potomac from Indian Head for ten miles south, with always a bay steamer in sight, or the white wings of some sailboat,

flitting by with wind and tide or tacking and creeping against them.

With a small fly, on a No. 10 or 12 hook, any number of small perch, yellow and white, may be taken on the river side of the roadbed, when the water is anything better than molasses. These perch make excellent bait for the pickerel, so that under ordinary circumstances and conditions of the river it is unnecessary to carry bait to this place.

The pickerel is well armed as to mouth, but his swallow is tender enough to make the spiny dorsals of the perch less palatable than the minnow; and old pickerel fishers advise trimming the dorsals with a pair of scissors, and there is no question it makes a difference in the readiness with which they respond.

But it seems cruel, even if there is no sensitiveness in the fins, as is sometimes claimed, and the fly-fisher is quite ready to throw bouquets at himself for his improved method, that does not require a resort to such questionable practices.

Fishing for jack is different from taking any other fish with bait. He seems to seize the minnow by the tail and make for cover, possibly to escape his companions, who would probably rob him if they could. Stories are told of two pickerel with a snake stretched between them like two chicks with a worm. After a few minutes the fish can be felt jigging the line as if getting a killing hold on the body of the minnow. After another rest he quietly turns the minnow and swallows it, head first. All this takes time, and just how much scarcely two writers agree upon, and after reading them all one is more undecided than before.

David Foster, in the *Scientific Angler*, in 1882, said "A minute or two should be allowed him to gorge it." Thomas Best, in 1802, said "Wait five minutes for the pike to pouch the minnow before striking." Charles Bowlker, in 1774, about "half a quarter of an hour." Fisher, in 1835, "eight or ten minutes." Little, in 1881, said ten minutes. Rev. James Martin, in 1854, thought about a quarter of an hour. The *Anglers' Magazine*, in 1796, said a half hour, and suggested laying the rod down while one might smoke a pipe full of tobacco. In Blakey's "Hints on Angling," 1846, the pike's feeding and capture is told metrically like this:

"At last he stops, and sinking deep,
Seems for ten minutes fast asleep,
In sweet indulgence lost;
I'll wake him soon, as you will see,
And let him know that verily,
He's dining at his cost."

One of the record catches made at this pool was by Mr. Hart, a first-rate fisherman, who is inclined to be methodical, and having watched a pike gorge a minnow in a tank at the World's Fair, found that it took him on that occasion just seven minutes. He now pulls out his watch when he gets a strike, and at the end of the seventh minute raises his fish. It is pretty safe to guess that if he has not gorged it by that time he never will. Of course he did not get them every time, but he secured more than any one else that day. Another day here the best catch was with the spoon, but this is more uncertain since, fishing as one must from the slope of the railway embankment, one is always in sight, and this keeps the fish too deep to rise well to the surface for spoon or fly, and, besides, the bank rises behind so abruptly as to sadly interfere with the casting of a spoon—worse with a fly, and even to some extent with throwing a minnow. To add to the embarrassment, a network of telegraph wires on leaning poles come down so low as to occasionally hang up the tackle. To see a cork, sinker and wriggling minnow woven in and out, and wrapped around a half dozen telegraph wires, is a very interesting sight to everybody but the luckless owner, who usually audibly wishes the wires were "not so high."

HENRY TALBOTT.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Hatching Black Bass."

UNDER this head a New York newspaper publishes an article with a Grand Rapids, Mich., date line that will surprise fish breeders who have been in the business any considerable length of time. That we have short memories was illustrated in my presence within the month when in a public place ten men were asked the name of a defeated candidate for Governor of this State, who had been defeated within twelve months previous. Not one could recall the name.

This black bass article is another illustration of a short memory on the part of the writer. It appeared in a Sunday newspaper only two weeks ago, and reads in part as follows:

"The State of Michigan has just completed the stocking of the new bass ponds at Mill Creek, and now begins some of the most important work ever attempted in the way of artificial propagation of fish in the United States. The artificial raising of bass has been attempted many times in various States, but it has remained for Michigan to make a success of it and show that it can be done."

* * * In spite of all experiments and scientific work, it has never been possible to replenish by artificial means the great inroads made by the thousands of fishermen upon the supply of black bass in the inland lakes and streams, and unless something was done the stock must sooner or later become very scarce."

The article goes on to say that one of the Commissioners has solved the problem; that when he went on the board he was informed that black bass could not be hatched artificially. He then bought books on bass and studied the habits of the fish, and examined the reports of the experiments, and finally met a Commissioner from another State, "who was also convinced that bass could be hatched artificially." Then he discovered that it is the male bass that "sets on the eggs," and finally he put in practice what the newspaper writer has the grace to call a "modified method of artificial propagation."

Now it is not in the least probable that the Commissioner named in the article authorized any such statements regarding his alleged discovery, or has made any such claims as he is credited with in the newspaper article.

The method described is not that of hatching black bass artificially, nor is it a new discovery. It is quite possible that it was new to the newspaper writer, and in his enthusiasm his zeal ran away from the facts.

Black bass have not been hatched artificially, and in making this broad statement I am fully aware that a few eggs have been taken in the States of Michigan and Missouri, and to obtain the milt from the male bass it has been necessary to kill him, so that the operation cannot be called hatching the eggs artificially. Even in the experiments referred to it has been a most difficult matter to obtain the few eggs from the female black bass. The method related in detail in the Grand Rapids article is to put the adult bass in a pond, and when they have paired and spawned and the young are hatched the parent bass are removed and the fry are allowed to remain and are fed until the time comes for their distribution. This is not a new discovery, for it was practiced fifteen years ago; at least it was made public in 1882 by Major Isaac Arnold, Jr., United States Army, who did exactly the same thing at the Indianapolis, Ind., Arsenal that is now exploited as new in 1897.

Upon referring to Major Arnold's various communications in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1882, I find that he maintained his black bass rearing ponds for three years previous to that date, or from 1879. He placed the mature bass in his ponds and when the young were hatched he removed the old fish and left the young in an inclosure of their own. More than once I have read Major Arnold's record of his experiments, but upon reading them again to-day I find that I had forgotten all about one of his observations, which is this: "The male presses the ova from the female by a series of bites or pressure along her belly with his mouth, the female lying on her side during the operation. The male ejects the milt upon or over the roe from time to time, and the spawning process lasts for two or three days." (On one occasion the late John Mowat asked me what I believed to be the use of the hook on the jaw of the male salmon, and I replied that I thought it was for use at spawning time in the manner described by Major Arnold in the case of the black bass.)

In July of 1882 the U. S. Fish Commission sent a messenger to Major Arnold's black bass rearing ponds and obtained 5,000 fry of that year's hatching, 300 yearlings and a few two-year-old bass, and transported them to the Central Station in Washington and afterward to North Carolina, where they were planted, the entire journey being accomplished with slight loss to the fish. Some ten years ago, I should say, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, then Superintendent of Fisheries in Canada, wrote me of rearing black bass in a similar manner, the difference being that each pond contained but one pair of bass. Since that time this method has been practiced extensively by the U. S. Fish Commission, by the Tuxedo Club, and elsewhere for all that I know; anyway, it is not a new discovery, and it is not hatching black bass artificially, for the adult fish deposit their own eggs, impregnate them and hatch them naturally, and man afterward rears such of them as survive cannibalism, to which young bass just hatched are very prone. The newspaper writer in Grand Rapids has forgotten these facts that I have touched upon, if he ever knew them, and he will thank me for refreshing his memory, that simple justice may be done to Major Isaac Arnold.

Vacuum Dressed Lines.

The notes that I am writing to-night appear to have a flavor of ancient history about the most of them, occasioned perhaps by the storm outside, which turns one's thoughts backward rather than forward; anyway I will charge it to the storm and the retrospective wind howling around the corner of the house. Something like twenty years ago—this paper was then published in Park Row, I remember—I wrote an article in *FOREST AND STREAM* about dressing fish lines. Mr. Hallock suggested it to me to try various oils and dressings on both silk and linen lines, and I did so, with the result that most of the experiments were dismal failures. Mr. Walter Brackett, the Boston artist and salmon fisherman, then gave me samples of lines that he had dressed, and I was discouraged, for I had never seen anything like them, nor have I since until very lately. I got all sorts of lines with all sorts of dressings, each one claiming to be the best, but not until I possessed silk salmon and trout lines dressed in a vacuum did I obtain the best. The first that I heard of vacuum-dressed fish lines was in connection with Mr. Frederic M. Halford, and the best lines I have seen are dressed by the "Halford process," though I cannot say that he was the first to suggest this method of dressing, but assume that he was. The lines are soft, and have the appearance of being made of rubber and seem to be almost transparent. I have used them but one season, but that is enough to convince me that there are no lines that can equal them for fly-fishing. They are double-tapered, and they are expensive, costing a guinea for 35yds; but they can be backed with a cheaper line, and when one end is worn out and the tapered portion used up the line may be reversed on the back line. There are several grades of vacuum-dressed lines, for I have seen them as cheap as \$2 for 40yds. of level line.

This brings me to the point of this note: how vacuum lines are dressed. Mr. Geo. M. Kelson has written an article in *Land and Water* on the subject. The line and the dressing, which must be linseed oil specially boiled for the purpose, are placed in a receiver and the air exhausted by an air pump, which permits the dressing to penetrate to the very core of the line. Mr. Kelson tells us that lines were first dressed with a single cylinder air pump, but this did not sufficiently exhaust the air, and a pump with double cylinders is now used. The line to be dressed must be coiled in the receiver without a twist in it, for he says that dressed with a twist in it and dried the twist remains. With the line packed in the receiver the oil is made hot and poured over it until it is covered. The receiver is then placed on the brass table of the air pump and a glass vessel inverted over it, the rim of the latter coated with candle fat to insure perfect contact and the pump is put in operation: "Bubbles will quickly appear on the surface of the liquid, and when they reach within ½ in. of the top of the tumbler" (which I have called receiver) "suspend operations. Left in that state

for a few hours the bubbles gradually disappear, but I expedite matters by admitting a little air, the weight of which crushes the froth instantly and sends the oil into the line then and there. The next move is to pump, as before, time after time, for at least one hour. Repeat the business for at least twelve hours. Afterward the pump need only be worked morning and evening for four or five days, and allowed on every occasion to remain with valve closed. At about that period it should be impossible to bring forth the sign of a bubble, even in the shape of a bead."

When the air is exhausted as thoroughly as the pump will exhaust it, and the oil has penetrated to the very core of the line, that is called the first process or body dressing, and the line is removed and stretched, in the open air if possible (and the best time is late autumn so the line will not dry too quickly), to be treated by second process. When the line is stretched begin at one end, and with the finger and thumb of the right hand press the oil gently from the line, walking backward, and permitting the superfluous oil to drop from the finger into a glass held in the left hand. "A month or six weeks later, according to the weather, choose a fine day and start on rubbing the line, so that in due course it is made smooth enough for the second process to take good effect. Rub the surface of 2 or 3 ft. at a time with the fingers, working backward and forward. Repeat the dose twice during the next month. Upon the occasion following this procure a piece of thick felt, sprinkle it with powdered pumice stone, double it, place the line in the pad so formed, and now rub in accordance with these directions. The object here is to rub in such a way that the roundness of the line is preserved and not made oval in shape in any part. To do this, spin or roll the line between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, while the short length is submitted to the backward and forward treatment pretty much as before. * * * The student who regards this business as too tedious may rest assured that it is impossible to get an ideal dressing—one that will last for years and years and never 'knuckle'—by any other known process."

Mr. Kelson is careful to impress upon the operator who is dressing a line that the oil in the line must become perfectly dry before it is polished, and here is the polish and the manner of applying it: "Procure a 10z. phial, and into three-quarters of an ounce of pure spirits of wine put a teaspoonful of the best copal varnish. Shake the opened bottle so filled against the ball of the right forefinger, spin the line to and fro with the left fingers, as in the latter method of rubbing, and with the wetted finger working backward and forward proceed to cover a few inches of it all around. Repeat this performance quickly until a length of nearly 3 ft. is moistened. Then, while the spinning continues, rub that much smoothly and evenly backward and forward between the finger and thumb, and so proceed by degrees from right to left throughout the entire length of the line. In two days give a second coat, and when quite dry the line is fit for use."

I presume that the average American sportsman, after reading Mr. Kelson's precise directions—but Mr. Kelson has a way of being precise and minute in his directions—will conclude that it is certainly easier to buy a line if it does not cost more than \$25; and in one sense that is true, but there is not the satisfaction in using a purchased line that there is in dressing one's own line if one has time to do it and it turns out all right. So far as I can judge, the lines that I have—that is, the Halford-dressed lines—are as perfect as any lines can be. One of them was mounted—backed with a smaller and cheaper line—and tied by Mr. J. J. Hardy before it was sent to me, and I have given it some hard work since I received it, and it is as smooth and soft and polished as when it arrived. I cannot say the same of other and cheaper vacuum-dressed lines that I have. I must say, however, that I think the salmon lines of the best class are too finely tapered, tapering as they do from C. and D. to H.

A. N. CHENEY.

New Jersey Game and Fish Interests.

THE annual report of the new Fish and Game Commissioners is an interesting and most creditable exhibit of a year of great activity in the enterprise of restocking the waters and the game fields, and in the enforcement of the law. Under the direction of the Commission, Messrs. George Pfeiffer, H. P. Frothingham, Parker W. Page and George L. Smith, with Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson, as the very efficient State Game and Fish Protector, New Jersey has taken its place in the front rank of those States which are husbanding their resources of fish and game.

Several years ago New Jersey established a fish-hatching station for the propagation of fresh-water fish, more particularly brook trout, but the conditions proved to be unfavorable and the hatchery was abandoned. The Commissioners report that owing to the establishment of large trout hatcheries as private enterprises they have found it now practicable to purchase fry more cheaply than they could be produced at State hatcheries, and during 1897 there have thus been secured for distribution throughout the State 50,000 half yearling trout.

The experiment made in the latter part of 1896 of introducing adult pike-perch from the Great Lakes demonstrated the feasibility of the plan, and in 1897 the Commission secured a large number of these fish from Lake Erie, also large numbers of channel catfish and white or silver bass. Of the pike-perch 35,000 were put into lakes of Middlesex county; the transfer of the bass was less successful, the remnant after the long journey having been placed in a reservoir of the Passaic Water Co., and in Cedar Pond. The Delaware River received 300 adult channel catfish and Greenwood Lake 100.

There is a constantly increasing demand for black bass to be used for propagation, and the Commissioners report that they have had much difficulty in supplying the fish, owing to the fact that there is no market where they can be bought, nor are they so plentiful in any of the waters of the State that it would be wise to diminish the native supply. Fortunately, through the assistance of Vice-President Hobart and Gov. Griggs, a contribution of about 2,000 black bass has been secured from the United States Fish Commission.

The necessity of providing food for the increase of fish in the fresh waters has been given attention. Large numbers of bait fish have been taken from the Oak Ridge and the Clinton reservoirs and deposited at Greenwood Lake, and through the courtesy of Commissioner H. O. Stanley, of Maine, 250,000 eggs of land-locked smelts were secured and deposited in Lake Hopatcong, Greenwood Lake and the trout streams of Sussex county emptying into the Delaware River, Culver's Lake, Big Swartzwood Lake, Long Pond, Iliff's Pond and Struble's Pond.

The introduction of ring-neck pheasants has proved a decided success; 343 of the birds were purchased early in the spring, and reports show that they have thrived. This chapter of the report was given in full in our issue of last week. Attempts to acclimatize the Southern quail having proved failures in so many instances, it was deemed best to secure birds from the West. Late in the spring 1,032 Western quail were purchased and distributed in lots of from 50 to 100.

It is thought that the establishment of the Audubon Society of the State of New Jersey, with headquarters at Plainfield, will result in the creation of a public spirit in the spread of protection of song and insectivorous birds. Members of the society are pledged to a declaration of purpose which discourages the use of feathers of any birds for ornament except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls, or the destruction of birds and their eggs. The society will strive to secure the establishment of a bird day in the State. The life membership fee is \$1, except in the case of teachers and pupils, who may pay 25 cents. All the money thus secured has been used for the publication of leaflets instructive as to the habits and economic importance of birds.

The book entitled "The Birds of New Jersey," prepared by Chief Warden Shriner and published by the Commission, has been in large demand; and has very generously fulfilled the object of its publication, which was to disseminate useful knowledge concerning birds, and thus create a public sentiment which should insure their better protection. So great was the demand for the work that it was found necessary to issue a second edition, and many applications have been received from outside the State. The book is sent out at a nominal cost of \$1. Ornithology as treated in this publication has been added to the list of studies in a number of schools, and the suggestions contained in it have led to the observance of Bird Day in connection with Labor Day in eighteen of the twenty-one counties of the State.

A suggestive fact noted in the report is that while in former times a few hundred copies of the fish and game laws were found sufficient, there were published in 1897 no less than 100,000 copies in various forms for distribution throughout the State. Under these circumstances, it is pertinently suggested, ignorance is a poor plea for violators to urge.

The past year has been no exception to its predecessors in the number of complaints coming from Barnegat Bay and the violations of the law there; and no other part of the State has been subjected to so much vigilance and attention on the part of the wardens. Nevertheless, no progress of any importance was effected. The blame can rest only on the shoulders of those who should be the most interested in the enforcement of the laws. Repeatedly the most energetic and best qualified wardens were sent to Barnegat, but the efforts there of these men who had been successful in breaking up violations of the law in other parts of the State proved of little avail at Barnegat Bay. The offenders there have formed a clique and have brought to their assistance a large number of the hotel proprietors and residents, the very men who in past years have cried loudly for a better enforcement of the law. It was absolutely impossible for a warden to procure a boat when his errand was known, and he could not depend on any one thereabout for assistance. Those who complained of the depredations of poachers, and who declared that they knew of violations of the law, absolutely refused to give any evidence or clew on which the wardens could work. The frequent presence of wardens on the waters of the bay undoubtedly had a deterrent effect on the lawbreaking element, and your Commission does not believe that the fact that there were no prosecutions was attributable to any lack of determination or skill on the part of the wardens. Fortunately, Barnegat Bay is the only locality in New Jersey where the whole community seems to be on the side of the lawbreakers, and willing to suffer for the misdeeds of a few.

The suggestions contained in the report respecting changes in the law are given in the full text.

The Game Law.

The present law for the protection of game and fresh-water fish has now been in operation for two years, a long enough time to determine its value. Owing to the difference in the latitude of the extreme northern and extreme southern parts of New Jersey, and the consequent difference in the habits of animals in the two extremes, it is manifestly impossible to enact any measure which will satisfy all the residents of the State. The experiment of dividing the State into two sections has been tried twice, but no two succeeding Legislatures approved of it. A law dividing the State was in force in 1895, but it was repealed by the following Legislature, which placed the present law on the statute books. So much fault was found with this law in all parts of the State that the last Legislature undertook to make a change, but so diverse were the views of the Senators and Assemblymen that an agreement was arrived at only during the last days of the session of the Legislature. The act had been so amended that a number of important particulars had been omitted, notably protection for English pheasants. The act partook of the nature of a general law as well as of a two-section law, and before it was ready for final passage its original provisions had been so altered that interest in the measure was lost to a great extent. North New Jersey had asserted its claims to have a law such as would be indicated as proper by the climate and existing conditions there. The southern part of the State, where the seasons are frequently two or three weeks later than in the northern part, had insisted on a later season. The rivalry between the two sections of the State produced a measure satisfactory to neither. Gov. Griggs declined to approve of the act,

and so the law of the previous year remained in force.

The conviction which prevailed a year ago that the law was inadequate to carry out the purposes for which it was enacted, has been intensified, and there has been a general and continued demand all over the State for the enactment of a measure making a uniform season for all woodland and field game. This can be accomplished only by a modification of the demands of interested persons in different parts of the State. If the gunner of the north will agree to open the season for woodcock and partridge fifteen days later than a date such as might be indicated by the climatic conditions, and if the gunner of the south will agree to cease shooting quail and rabbits fifteen days earlier than his demands have insisted upon for some years, a uniform season might be secured. A two-section law, while it might satisfy the people in Cape May, Cumberland, Salem and Atlantic, and at the same time be acceptable to the people of Sussex, Passaic, Morris and Bergen, would be unsatisfactory to the large area of territory lying between these two tiers of counties. A law opening the season for woodland and field game on the 1st of November and closing it on the 1st of January would be acceptable to the people in the southern part of the State, but it would be objected to in the northern part, as it would prevent altogether the killing of woodcock, which have moved southward before the first open day, and because it would mean the killing of hundreds of rabbits and quail in the deep snows which frequently precede the holidays. A law opening the season on the 1st of October and closing it on the 1st of December, while agreeable to the interests of the gunners in the northern part of the State, would meet with serious objections in the southern part, where some kinds of game have not yet matured sufficiently by the 1st of October to make them proper targets for marksmanship. A law opening the season on the 15th of October and closing it on the 15th of December would properly conserve the interests of the whole State. It would satisfy the middle tier of counties, and although the gunner of the north would lose fifteen days at partridge and woodcock and the gunner of the south would be required to cease his sport after rabbits and quail fifteen days earlier than his desires would dictate, both would have the consciousness of knowing that a law subserving the best interests of the State and properly protecting game had been agreed upon. Such a law would be comparatively easy of enforcement. The present law is open to the serious objection that there is some kind of game open to be killed from the 1st of July to the 1st of January, thus affording the violator of the law an excellent cloak for his unlawful acts. Although the law suggested above would reduce the number of days in which game may be lawfully killed, there can be no doubt that it would so increase game as to more than counterbalance the restriction placed on the length of the period. Your Commission feels confident that a law of this kind, once placed on the statute books, would not be disturbed for many years.

The Fish Law.

The introduction into the waters of this State of pike-perch, white bass and channel catfish, more extended reference to which is made in another part of this report, will necessitate some changes in the laws relating to the taking of fish in the fresh waters of the State.

It is but reasonable that some kind of protection should be afforded to these strangers. To prohibit their taking for a number of years would involve hardship on the angler who is seeking for other fish and who could not avoid taking the new species. It would perhaps be impracticable to establish any close season for the taking of the catfish, as all kinds are angled for in the same manner. Slightly extending the close season for pickerel and embracing in it the pike-perch, would afford the necessary protection for the latter, and the white bass would be amply protected if the same protection were extended to it which is now accorded to the black bass.

For the better protection of the game fishes, a slight change in the law pertaining to the capture of the inferior fishes is indicated. At present the law permits of the spearing of suckers, eels and carp; but this provision of the law is frequently abused by persons who spear everything the light of the lantern may disclose in the water. Violations of the law of this nature are palpably difficult of detection. If the law were changed to prohibit spearing altogether, but permitting the use of eel pots under reasonable restrictions, we feel confident that it would tend to the better protection of the game fishes without in any way reducing the opportunities for diminishing the number of eels and catfish.

Although the black bass is firmly established in the waters of the State, there is a continual menace to the proper multiplication of these fish by taking of them at night. Nearly all other States have enacted statutes prohibiting the taking of black bass between 9 o'clock in the evening and sunrise the following morning, and the enactment of such a measure in New Jersey would undoubtedly be attended by good results without in any way interfering with proper sport.

Deer.

In the southern part of this State there are still vast areas of uncultivated lands suitable for the habitat of the wild deer, and these animals would have continued to flourish were it not for the ever-increasing army of hunters. Last year your Commission requested the passage of a law establishing a close season for five years, thus enabling our indigenous deer to increase in number and affording your Commission an opportunity to add to their number by importations from the West; and your Commission would again most strenuously advocate the enactment of this measure this winter.

The law for the protection of our song and insectivorous birds is in anything but a satisfactory condition; the law prohibits the taking of all kinds of insectivorous birds, and strictly construed would prohibit the killing of many species of shore birds now considered legitimate sport, for nearly every bird is more or less insectivorous. A law mentioning by name all the kinds of birds which it shall be unlawful to kill would be more just to the sportsman and also to the agricultural interests of the State, which depend in a great measure for their success on the destruction of noxious insects. Such a law would

also restrain the rapacity of the pot-hunter, who slays birds for the mere sake of killing, or for the purpose of supplying the millinery market with ornaments, the gathering of which inflicts lasting injury on the whole community.

There is one other section of the general fish and game law to which your Commission desires to call especial attention. Of late years game clubs and individual sportsmen have secured by purchase or lease large tracts of woodland and large areas of water for their own exclusive use. According to the present law the fish and game wardens of the State are required to look after the protection of these property rights as far as private streams and ponds are concerned. The law in relation to trespassing with guns is not enforced by the wardens under the statute, the latter leaving all protection of private lands to the owners and their agents. This condition of affairs is anomalous, and it places a burden on a public officer apparently not contemplated by other and similar enactments. Your Commission would accordingly suggest the eliminating of the trespass law from the general fish and game law and placing it in the same category with laws pertaining to the protection of private property.

Menhaden Fishing.

The Menhaden Act.—The beneficial effect of the law which restricts the taking of menhaden from the waters of the State adjoining the eastern boundary is more apparent than ever. For many years menhaden steamers plied their avocations along our shores without let or hindrance of any kind whatsoever, and a fair estimate of the number so engaged was over sixty. An act prohibiting the taking of menhaden was violated daily during the season, the presumption being that the act was unconstitutional, a view of the law taken by eminent counsel. Your Commission caused the constitutionality of the act to be tested, and the result was that the Supreme Court declared the act to be valid. Not desiring to interfere with the judicious taking of menhaden, but anxious to afford them such protection as might be indicated by the circumstances, your Commission suggested the passage of an act providing for the licensing of steamers engaged in the menhaden business, the scale of license fees being governed by the tonnage of the vessel. Two years ago, immediately after the passage of the act, thirty-two steamers were granted licenses, about one-half the usual number seen along our coasts. Wardens were instructed to be diligent in the work of watching the steamers and seeing to it that none but licensed steamers took menhaden. The expense of the license and the vigilance of the wardens has further reduced the number of menhaden taken, for during the year just past only twenty-two steamers availed themselves of the provisions of the menhaden act. The number of sailing vessels licensed during the first year of the operation of the law was nine. A similar number was licensed last year, indicating that the taking of menhaden for bait has not decreased. As to the menhaden taken off shore, it is evident that less than 25 per cent. are now taken when the total volume of fish taken is compared with that of three or four years ago.

Pounds.

Pound Nets.—Your Commission in its two previous reports has pointed out the evils attending the indiscriminate slaughter of fish by means of pound nets along the coast. The evil has not abated in the least, and during the past year thousands of tons of fish were destroyed without any adequate return. Your Commission does not suggest the wiping out of this industry, no more than it did two years ago the wiping out of the menhaden industry; but would strenuously urge the passage of some restrictive legislation. Fortunately this year the pound-net fishermen cannot urge the argument advanced last year in their interest, that they had invested their capital in nets, and that any limitation might work hardship.

An attempt was made last year to pass a measure absolutely prohibiting the maintenance of pound nets. The pound-net men asked the Legislature to give them another chance—they wanted one more year and then they would be satisfied. This plea for clemency probably defeated the measure. Taking the pound-net men at their own word, so abundantly and vociferously given in the halls of legislation last year, they certainly cannot object to a restrictive measure this year; for your Commission desires nothing more than to subject them to such regulations as may conduce to a continued supply of fish for years to come.

Inland Tide Waters.—The most complicated laws on the statute books of New Jersey are probably those governing the taking of fish in the inland tide waters. A large number of these waters are not governed by any law whatever, but others make up for this oversight on the part of past Legislatures by having a number of special enactments. In some instances what is lawful on one side of an imaginary line is on the other an offense punishable with imprisonment. In one water dynamite may be used to kill fish; in the water in an adjoining township it is unlawful even to take crabs. Unfortunately it is a matter of difficulty to agree on a general law governing all tide waters, as the interests are diverse in different localities. Your Commission would, however, suggest, in the event that no general law can be agreed upon, that such of the present enactments be repealed as are worthless at the present day, thus ridding our statute books of a great deal of undesirable lumber.

The Delaware River.—The Legislature of 1897 passed a comprehensive law pertaining to the taking of fish in the Delaware River, every section of the measure having met the approval of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey. The Pennsylvania Commissioners agreed to use their endeavors to secure the passage of the law by the Pennsylvania Legislature, but unfortunately their efforts were of no avail. The measure which had been passed in New Jersey would accordingly have been of no avail, and so it was filed away in the State Library by Gov. Griggs without his approval. The Pennsylvania Legislature will not be in session this winter, and consequently no relief can be secured to the fishermen of the Delaware from the burdensome enactments which have been from time to time placed on our statute books. In the interests of these

fishermen it is to be hoped that better success will attend the work of the Pennsylvania Commission next year.

Protection to Sturgeon.—For the past three years there has been on the statute books of New Jersey an act for the protection of sturgeon, providing that these fish should not be taken from the 30th of June to the 31st of December of each year. The act contained the usual clause providing that it should not go into effect until similar measures had been adopted by the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and Delaware. Pennsylvania passed the same law last year, but Delaware took no action until this year, when the law was enacted there. The Sturgeon Fishermen's Association and all others interested in keeping alive an industry which annually turns a great many thousands of dollars into the pockets of the hardy fishermen who make a living by taking fish in the Delaware had for some time hoped for some such action on the part of the State of Delaware, and it came none too soon; for the high price of the fish and its roe during the past few years had induced a number of misguided people to take them at all times and seasons. With the protection accorded to the fish by this salutary legislation it is but natural to expect that the sturgeon industry will continue to flourish for many years.

As Told in Rhyme.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To most of those who fish in the waters of central New York and hunt for gray squirrels in the woods of the same territory my subject is a familiar figure, for Prof. Ernst Held has whipped every stream and knows every likely tree within a wide circle of country of which Syracuse is a center. Many of his vacations have been spent at a quiet little resort in the lake region, where his taste for sport could be gratified to a reasonable extent and where his lovable and gentle nature made many friends among the visitors and inhabitants of the country round about. Like all trout fishermen, he was wont to keep his haunts a mystery to the curious. A professor at each end of the tackle is a strong combination, but even that sometimes fails. A light basket had its story of experimenting on nearby streams, but if it contained a goodly mess of scarlet-spotted inmates, a tale of long tramps and wandering afar was sure to account for the success. Once he surprised the houseful of summer sojourners by bringing in a plump 2lb. beauty; and was besieged by the crowd to know where and how the prize was caught. When the storm of questions was at its height he gravely said: "Well, now, I'll tell you all about it. I didn't catch him at all. I simply gathered him. He was out picking strawberries for his luncheon and I picked him for my dinner," and to prove the truth of the story he opened the fish's mouth, which was seen to be filled with wild strawberries. Upon his return each day he was constantly greeted with, "Well, what luck to-day, Professor?" until one time when appearances were all against him, evidenced by a broken rod and other signs which we all know how to read, when, in reply to the usual inquiry by a very attractive young lady, he agreed to tell his story after dinner, and this is the way he did it—

MY FISHING EXCURSION.

I made a trip, a stream to whip—
Where plenteous trout in frolic skip—
Before—ahem!—I took a sip,
A fever-ague-killing nip.
Thus fortified, I let her slip,
My fishing boat, a tiny ship,
Down North Branch Moose, where river's lip
With kisses laves a sandy strip.
There speckled beauties flop and flip,
And took the fly with eager leap,
Oft filled the basket at my lip.
But joys are fleet, "twixt cup and lip,"
A proverb old, "there's many a slip."
Crazed by mosquitoes' bloody grip,
I rose and lit my pipe, to keep
Those bloodhounds off—meanwhile my whip
I'd thrown across the seat midship.
Just then—alas! my naughty snip
Of boat made a preposterous dip.
I balanced—staggered—made a slip—
A seatward fall—a crash—"Oh! Rip
Van Winkle, saint of woodman, keep
My soul from swearing, lest a heap
Of savory words befoul my lip;
And would that mend my broken tip?"
Thus cried I, while from out the deep
The biggest trout made leap on leap
And dared me with a saucy peep
Of wistful eyes to catch and keep
Them if I could! A splintered tip
Is the memento of this trip.

An artist of no mean ability, a musician whose talent is widely known, a true lover of nature, and on the stream, in the woods or in the drawing-room always the same unselfish, modest gentleman. Such is Ernst Held, and that he may live for many years to enjoy the sports he loves and to brighten the lives of all with whom he comes in contact is the hearty wish of those who know him.

W. A. B.

North Carolina Trout.

The trout fishing this year in Watauga, Mitchell and Ashe counties, N. C., is reported as being of rare excellence. These counties lie between two great mountain chains, one of which is the Blue Ridge, and there are numerous streams, all of which are peculiarly favorable for the habitat of the trout and peculiarly well supplied with that gamest of fish. May and June are said to be the best season for sport.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 5.—Wilmington Kennel Club's show, Wilmington, Del. E. W. Jester, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual hunt, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—Butterly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.
March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show, Chicago. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 9.—St. Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. E. D. Brown, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell, Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

Dogs as Draft Animals.—III.

Frankfort.

MR. F. H. MASON, Consul-General, Frankfort, reports:

FOR AND AGAINST DRAFT DOGS.—Although the use of dogs for working purposes in this city and district of Frankfort dates from medieval times, the subject is one concerning which public opinion is still somewhat sharply divided. The Germans are second only to the English in their general love of dogs for their higher attributes—fidelity, purity of breed for the purposes of hunting, watching over property, and as the faithful, devoted companions of humankind. By a large proportion of German people the use of dogs as draft animals is held to be an unworthy degradation of an animal clearly intended by nature for nobler purposes; and Ludwig Beckman, in his two handsome volumes, "Races of Dogs" (the standard work of its kind in the German language), makes but one reference to that portion of the subject, which may be quoted as a fit expression of the higher sentiment of German people on the subject:

"The use of dogs as draft animals should, on account of unavoidable abuses, be prohibited by law in all civilized countries, as has long been done in England."

Down to 1866, when Frankfort ceased to be a free city, wagons and carts drawn by dogs were not allowed to enter the city gates, and were to a much greater degree than now under the ban of public disapproval. But to a large majority of people here, as elsewhere, life is a struggle which requires the practice of every form of economy, and to the tradesmen and shopkeepers in villages, or even large cities, market gardeners, butchers, milkmen, beer and wine merchants, laundrymen and peddlers of fruit and other country produce, the dog that watches by night and works by day is a cheap and most efficacious substitute for the horse, or rather for the kind of work usually done in other countries by donkeys, which are practically unknown in Germany.

REGULATIONS.—Recognizing this fact, the municipal government adopted in 1884, and has since carefully enforced, a comprehensive code of regulations for the licensing, annual inspection, and general surveillance of dogs used as draft animals, and under the system thus established the number of dogs so used in this city and district has largely increased, and their general condition and treatment visibly improved.

In accordance with this code, each owner of a working dog is required to present the animal for inspection before the chief veterinary official of the district once each year, at a date specially fixed by announcement for each precinct—usually during the early spring. On such occasions the owner or a responsible agent must appear in person with dog or dogs, their harness and wagon in perfect order, and drive up and down before the veterinary, who then examines the animal and its certificate of the previous year, and if all is found satisfactory a new license is granted, good for one year, unless revoked, in which the age, weight, sex, domicile, etc., of the dog, and the maximum load which it is permitted to haul are carefully stated. If a dog is sold the license must be presented at headquarters and the transfer entered on the record. The certificate must be always carried by the driver when working the dog on the public street or highway, where it may at any moment be called for by a policeman, and if not forthcoming the delinquent is subject to a fine; or if the dog is found to be sick, overworked, underfed, or in any way seriously abused, the license may be canceled and the owner disqualified for the future.

BREEDING.—There is in this portion of Germany no race of dogs which, like certain species in Holland and Sweden, are specially bred and used for working purposes. Any large, strong, healthy dog will do, and may be trained to work in harness. Those usually employed for this purpose are not pure-bred animals, but mongrels, either of no definable race or derived from crossings of the Florentine, St. Bernard and other breeds with the *Deutscher Dogge*, a large, short-haired species, which may be called the parent race of working dogs in this country. The dogs in actual use therefore vary considerably as to size, and are of all canine colors—black, brown, gray, yellow, brindle, white, tan—usually short-haired, but sometimes with long, silky coats and showing the markings and general characteristics of the spaniel. There are a few establishments in the country near Frankfort where dogs are bred for hunting, watching and working purposes, but usually those used as draft animals are reared and trained by the peasants or village tradesmen, who afterward use them.

TRAINING.—Training begins at the age of one year, and is a very simple process. The young dog is har-

nessed up to a cart with an older and well-broken one, and being by nature tractable and obedient quickly takes to his work. No distinction is made as to sex, except that a slut is exempt by law during the gestative period and may not be worked.

HARNESSES.—The harness is simple and of one prevailing type—a broad strap or breast collar of leather, passing round the breast and tapering backward about 3 ft. on each side, thence lengthened by cords, as traces, which are attached to the whiffletree. The collar is held in place by a simple backband and girth; the latter being unbuckled permits the harness to be slipped over the dog's head and removed. The leather muzzle which all dogs, in or out of harness, are required to wear at all seasons when outside their owners' premises, serves as bridle and completes the working gear.

WAGONS.—Wagons are of two general classes—four-wheeled, which are usually drawn by two dogs and are used almost exclusively in the country or remote villages, and two-wheeled carts, with long shafts or handles, which are held by the driver, who guides and balances the vehicle while the dog, hitched to an iron bracket projecting downward from the floor of the cart, trots beneath. A board about 2 by 3 ft. in size is required by law to be carried along, and when a stop is made is laid on the ground for the dog to lie upon. In winter the same code requires a blanket to be provided to cover the animal when at rest in harness.

STRENGTH.—The load that can be transported by a cart of this kind, guided by a skillful driver and drawn by one healthy, well-trained dog, is somewhat surprising. The license of each animal states the maximum burden that he may draw at from 200 to 300 lbs., but this restriction, especially in the country, where the police are less watchful, is often disregarded, and a load of 500 and even 600 lbs. is not unusual, and on the smooth, hard level roads that are common in this country a dog will usually go as far and work as many hours per day as his master who guides the cart.

THE DOG LIKES HIS WORK.—From all that can be observed or learned from inquiry, the dogs, at least those used as draft animals in this region, take to their work with entire willingness. Nothing is so irksome to the canine spirit as to be confined in the kennel or left at home when the master goes abroad. Any sign of preparing the cart or wagon for a sortie affects the working dog much as the sight of a gun or shooting costume agitates a setter or foxhound. If left at home while the cart is taken to town by hand, he is apt to howl disconsolately until it returns. Once harnessed, he trots to his place under the wagon, and when used on a milk route or other uniform service he learns the way and the place and average duration of each stop as well as his master, in whose absence he guards the wagon and its load with a fierce fidelity, which no wheedling can corrupt or fatigue impair. Rarely under ordinary circumstances does a dog have to be urged to greater exertion; if spoken to at all, it is usually to restrain him from drawing the cart faster than the driver cares to walk.

TAX.—The annual tax on working and other dogs in Germany is \$3.57, besides which the owner pays 47 cents for the inspection and certificate which are made and issued by the chief veterinary official of the city or district.

LIFE OF A DRAFT DOG.—A dog reaches his full strength at about three years of age, and thenceforward until his ninth year he should be at his best; but with good care most of them are capable of good service until fourteen or fifteen years of age, and instances are not rare of dogs twenty or even twenty-five years old doing their daily task with cheerful alacrity.

MAINTENANCE.—Their best food is meat, but besides this they eat bread, specially prepared biscuits, in which a small proportion of coarse meat is included, and the general refuse of the family table, which in the case of most peasants is neither profuse nor specially nourishing. A good trained dog three to four years old is worth in this neighborhood from \$12 to \$15; especially large and well-bred ones may bring \$20 or even more, particularly when they combine good working qualities with those of a diligent and courageous watchdog, and of such a one the peasants have a saying that, day or night, his work is never finished. It does not appear that working usually affects the temper of a dog or makes him cross or vicious, except in defense of his own wagon, which he is usually ready to protect from interference at all hazards.

CONCLUSION.—Putting aside the sentiment which dignifies the dog as a noble animal, worthy of no baser service than hunting or guarding the person and property of his master, it is difficult to see in the working system, as practiced under carefully enforced regulations, as in Germany, any ground for reasonable objection, either by reason of direct ill treatment or the theoretic abuse that is perpetrated when a dumb animal is converted to a use for which it was not intended by nature. That an animal so tractable, faithful and easily trained as the dog, which at his best costs but a comparative trifle, eats the refuse of the peasant's table, and hauls a load of eight or ten times his own weight twenty or thirty miles per day and guards his burden by night, is not well and properly employed in such service, would probably be hard to prove on any but the extreme hypothesis that all work is degrading.

Hamburg.

W. H. Robertson, Consul at Hamburg, reports:

BREED.—In Hamburg and its environs dogs are very extensively used as draft animals, and as the authorities have prescribed no restrictive measures against the use of any particular breed or size of dog for this purpose, almost every kind of fair-sized dog is employed. In most cases, however, it will be found that cross-breeds of Ulmer dogs and Danish hounds are selected for all sorts of small wagons and hand-carts. The animals are not subjected to any special course of training, but are broken in for their work by their individual owners, according to the latter's own ideas.

HARNESSES.—The harness almost universally used is light and of the simplest kind, consisting either of leather or closely woven jute. A strap or band, which is held in position by a cross strap over the back, passes from the dog's breast to an ordinary pair of traces,

which are fastened to a light singletree. This latter is attached by means of a chain to the bottom of the cart or wagon.

WAGONS.—The wagons which these dogs are required to haul are of almost as great a variety as are the breeds of dogs; and it is quite wonderful what heavy loads the dogs are able to pull without apparent difficulty.

OBJECTIONS TO DRAFT DOGS.—There is very little doubt about the fact that these draft dogs are of great assistance and a source of considerable saving to the small tradespeople, peddlers, costers, etc., whose loaded carts are too heavy for one person to pull or shove alone, and who cannot afford to buy and feed a horse. On the other hand, however, the general opinion prevails, and I confess that, after much personal observation, I fully share the same, that the use of dogs as draft animals is a cruelty.

I have noticed that the people become especially attached to their draft dogs, who are their constant companions in business, and that they treat them well as a rule. The dogs themselves are the very hardest workers, and enter into their work with far more spirit and vim than most horses. It is a frequent sight to see their masters obliged to constantly restrain them from pulling. It is sometimes very pitiable, however, to see them pulled out of shape by overwork and overloading. Their crooked legs, nervous temperaments, blurred eyes, and tender feet tell their tale of fidelity and suffering. They ferociously protect the cart and its contents during the absence of their masters, and seem to feel a personal interest in the business.

I took occasion to interview the Hamburg Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on this subject, and learned that dogs which are used as draft animals are seldom able to stand the work more than five years without their spines becoming affected, and that such draft dogs as are from time to time brought to the dog hospital of the society for treatment are generally beyond recovery. I was also told that the society had repeatedly requested the Hamburg government to forbid the use of dogs as draft animals, and that, although its efforts in this direction had thus far proved absolutely unsuccessful, it intended to continue to use its best efforts to have the practice abolished. Members of the society must bind themselves not to purchase anything from tradespeople who deliver their wares in carts hauled by dogs.

The International Field Trials.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing a letter in your last issue from Mr. W. W. McCain *re* the late International Trials, it strikes me that it would ease my mind if I also had a few words.

I have nothing to say as to the Derby, as I did not see it run. Nor did I see the first heat in the all-age. I hope Mr. McCain has not me in his eye when he speaks of the favored few. I beg to tell him that the favors that I have received in the field trial line have been like shot from a blunderbuss—very scattering.

I think Mr. McCain has just cause for complaint in not having his bitch called again, after being told to bring her along, as the rules say the judges shall, after the first series, announce which dogs they wish to see run again, and the order of running them. I think, however, he is wrong in thinking we go in for too wide range. With one exception I don't consider that any of our dogs ranged too wide. Some of them may have ranged too wide in cover, and I will concede that it is just as bad a fault for a dog to range too wide in cover as it is for him to have too contracted range in the open. Wide in the open and close in cover is what we want in our country. Mr. Hough is rather hard on Cleopatra, although I acquit him of any intention to be other than fair.

In the heat between her and Dash, he says: "Later Clo made her worst blunder in a heat otherwise brilliant; on bare cornfield she made game, roaded, cast about and came to a point, but the bevy was walked up thirty feet back of her, and she must have passed fairly through it to have got where she was. This bad locating of birds seemed hard to explain, and Mr. Wells admitted he did not see how she could have done it." My idea of the piece of work was this: Clo was seen on point seventy or eighty yards ahead in a cornfield, near the fence, on the other side of which was a bush, on a bevy which had evidently just run into the field to feed and were scattered about feeding when she came onto them. I ordered her on to flush, going with her, and together we fairly walked through them, she crawling with her nose touching the ground and moving her head from side to side. When we had got through some one behind flushed them, and Mr. Hough will remember they got up very scattering. The birds lay like stones, as they will frequently on bare ground. They had run all about the place, saturating the ground with scent, which, coming from all quarters, prevented her locating any one bird. Had it been a single bird she would have probably followed it accurately to a flush. Had I adopted the American plan of leaving the dog on point, tramped ahead and flushed the birds, instead of taking the dog up with me, in the way introduced by Mr. Brailsford, and since followed by so many American professionals—although they objected to his doing it when he ran in the Eastern—she would have had credit for a good point instead of a bad flush, as the birds were not more than twenty or twenty-five feet from her first point.

Again, in the latter part of his account of the Lock-Clo heat, he gives Lock credit over the bitch, saying: "Lock jumped the fence, made a straight run for the woods, and at once jumped into a second bevy point at a log and brush pile, doubtless on Clo's bevy, though she was now working off to the right away from the bevy." I claim my little favorite to be a good bird finder, but she cannot find birds in two different places at the same time. This is practically what Mr. Hough is penalizing her for not doing. The bush was full of scattered birds from the night previous, and both dogs were doing all that could be asked of them in different places. Mr. Hough was with Lock. I cannot agree with Mr. Hough that Lock required no handling, as at one time it required the united efforts of one of the judges and the handler to stop him from flushing a bird Clo was point-

ing. When they finally got him dropped he was within a few feet of the bird.

I am glad Mr. Hough gives Clo some credit as a meat dog, as on one occasion he flushed a quail and a horse over her point. It was no fault of hers that he had a reputation to redeem, and would not rest satisfied until he had an opportunity. He did not mention, however, on which kind of bird he wished to begin. If on the former, I shall be glad to give him an opportunity when next he visits us; but if on the latter, I must ask him to defer the test until some time when we meet out West, where bronchos are cheap. That is, if I, as on the last occasion, am to furnish dogs and game.

I have no objection to Mr. Hough or any one else having whatever kind of dog suits them best. I like a good dog, let him be big or little, long or short hair. (I came near buying a pointer lately, but, fortunately, got over the weak spell.) But if Mr. Hough or any one else having a kennel of dogs intended entering them, he would likely pick out the best, irrespective of size. I have had some good big dogs, but a great many more from medium to small. I think you will find fifty good small animals to one good big one, whether in man, dog or horse. Of course there is no denying the old saying that a good big one will beat a good little one, and as to the meat dog I am willing to admit that bird finding is the most important part of a bird dog's work. I am considerable of a meat man myself when I start in—just returned from three days at the quail—bag, roo—and will not have a dog that is not a good bird finder; but combined with bird finding I want as much beauty as I can get, also as much speed and style on point. In fact, I want a high-class dog, one whose action is perfect, and who points with spirit and animation, stopping in whatever position he catches the scent. I would rather see such a dog make one point than one of Mr. Hough's ordinary meat dogs make a dozen.

I go into the fields for pleasure, and the dog that gives me the most of that article is the dog I want, whether he wins at field trials or not. Some men measure the day's sport by the size of the bag. I think more of the dog work than I do of the birds. Still I am not averse to a well-filled bag when birds are in good order.

The writer of the editorial on "Professionalism in Field Trial Clubs," in your last issue, mentions the Eastern and Northwestern as the only clubs that have not allowed the professional element to have a say in their management. I beg to inform him that the International has never had a professional as member, and our trials are the only ones in which the amateur handler has much of a chance. Of course, even with us the amateur is handicapped, as he has to compete with dogs trained at such odd times as his business will permit, against dogs that have the regular day-by-day training that a professional alone can give them. But he can nevertheless indulge his fancy without much outlay. Our prizes are small, but so are our entry fees.

W. B. WELLS.

MONROE, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 11 appears an article entitled "The International Field Trials," signed W. W. McCain. As he has failed to introduce himself and cannot agree with the decision of the judges nor with the inferences of the reporter, and so freely gives his own views as an authority, a slight introduction on my part may not be out of place, as he believes in the spirit of fairness in everything connected with field sport.

At Windsor, on our way to the trials, we were introduced to Mr. McCain and rode to Chatham on the same train with him. In his conversation he stated that he was entirely ignorant of how field trials were conducted, never having seen or attended any. As to his remarks as to the age and experience of the judges, I know positively that one of the judges, at least, would be younger if he could. As to the experience, neither the reporter nor the judges were novices in attending field trials, and if people can become perfected in anything without experience, why do they study professions or learn trades, even if they do possess very old heads on very young shoulders?

As I followed up each heat in those trials, observing and discriminating carefully, and after reading Mr. Hough's report and Mr. McCain's statement, I am forced by personal observation to agree with the former, and consider his report as being very fair and impartial, while the statements of the latter are as misleading as the imaginative points made by his dog in the field; and I am not surprised, after seeing such an exhibition of false pointing and chasing, that Mr. McCain should entertain the idea of crossing the greyhound and barzoi for a suitable dog, and think he can safely risk the experiment without injury, as an almost failure to point birds and an entire failure to catch them leaves any sportsman in an unpleasant position in the field.

In reference to his question, before commencing the all-age stake, whether point work or bird work was to be considered, the answer was, "All was to be considered." This did not imply that every time his dog came to a halt and he lustily called it "point" and nothing found should be considered bird work. We fully agree with him that in this heat there was much point work, quite as much as in any heat we recollect to have seen, in finding and truly pointing birds once only by his dog. The lusty manner in which Mr. McCain called "point" at every halt of his dog, and the fertile excuses made for her errors, gave evidence of an aptitude for becoming, with age, an expert field trial handler. After the conclusion of this heat the thought of what a young Irishman once said to me came forcibly into my mind. In speaking of an aunt, noted for her excellence as a housekeeper, he said: "She could get up a decent meal of victuals out of nothing at all." For, aside from her very limited range, she had the faculty of doing the most pointing on nothing at all visible, in rapid succession, that I ever recollect to have witnessed, making an excellent display barren of results. How Mr. McCain could state which was the best heat in a competition which he left before being finished, can only be credited to his great power of imagination, with which his dogs and their owner seem to be most bountifully supplied.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

[We desire to call Mr. Davidson's attention to the

The report last week of the sailing of Tampa was incorrect. She did not leave City Island until Dec. 22, towing to New York and out by the Hook.

Margarita II., steam yacht, A. J. Drexel, arrived on the Clyde on Dec. 20, after sailing on Dec. 6 from Philadelphia.

Katrina, cutter, has been sold by George Work to Robert Tod, through Messrs. Tams & Lemoine. She will be altered to a yawl.

The American Y. C. Knockabout Class.

THROUGH the kindness of the designer, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, we are enabled to publish the lines and details of the new 25ft. knockabout class just established by the American Y. C., of Milton Point, in connection with other of the North Shore clubs. The class is intended to provide a generally usable yacht of such size as to give a good cabin with full standing room, and at the same time fast enough for the Sound in summer, with its frequent light airs. It is the intention to race the class regularly through the season, in which case, though competing only against each other, the class as a whole will be open to comparison, in point of speed, with some very fast yachts in the regular classes. It is of course out of the question that a special class of this kind, with accommodations as a leading feature, can equal in speed the purely racing boats; but at the same time the promoters of the class are desirous that the boats shall be fast enough to hold a fair place in the regular open club races, and not to bring up the rear.

The design of Mr. Crowninshield was selected by the committee in charge of the class from a lot of seven, submitted by Messrs. Crosby, Ferris, Hill, Lawley, Stephens, and Gardner & Cox. The committee included Messrs. Stuyvesant Wainwright, F. Bowne Jones, A. Bryan Alley, N. D. Lawton and E. Burton Hart. The fin-keel type was adopted as being faster than the normal keel type, and the centerboard was added on account of the shoal draft at Milton Point and other of the Sound harbors where the yachts will lie. The dimensions are as follows:

Length, over all.....	37ft. 10in.
Length, l.w.l.	25ft.
Overhang, bow	5ft. 7in.
Overhang, stern	6ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	9ft. 4½in.
Beam, l.w.l.	8ft. 11in.
Freeboard, bow	3ft. 1in.
Freeboard, least	2ft. 1in.
Freeboard, stern	2ft. 4in.
Draft, hull and fin.....	4ft. 6in.
Draft, with board	8ft. 6in.
Displacement	12,600lbs.
Keel	5,600lbs.
Area lateral plane.....	84.60sq. ft.
Mast, from stem at l.w.l.....	5ft. 3in.
Mast, deck to upper hounds.....	34ft. 4in.
Bowsprit, outboard	2ft. 6in.
Bowsprit, beyond l.w.l.....	8ft.
Boom	30ft. 10in.
Gaff	17ft. 2in.
Hoist of mainsail	22ft. 4in.
Mainsail, area	635sq. ft.
Jib	165sq. ft.

Total 800sq. ft.

There is good room forward for a man or boy, berthed in a hammock cot, and abaft the galley and w.c. is a space of 10ft. for the cabin, with a headroom of full 6ft. The floor and lockers are of good width. On the port side the locker is continued aft beneath the deck so as to make two berths, or sleeping three in all in the cabin. There is ample provision for ice, water, and the usual extra lockers for stores, clothes, etc. The cockpit floor is 8in. above the L.W.L., with scuppers, and there is a wide seat within the cockpit coaming, with plenty of deck room on the counter. The construction is simple and strong, a bent oak keel being used, with outside fin of oak and ballast of lead. The centerboard will be of mahogany. The specifications call for thorough workmanship, and a complete finish throughout. The short bowsprit is an innovation in a knockabout, but it adds materially to the shipshape appearance of the yacht. The design conforms to the restrictions of the Boston Knockabout Association. The contract has been awarded to Frank T. Wood, of City Island, at \$1650 for complete yacht.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Rifle Clubs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 13.—The weather conditions at Shell Mound Range yesterday were good. Several clubs finished their medal shoots for the year.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.—F. O. Young covered himself with glory by making the following two 3-shot scores in the Bushnell medal contest: 1, 2, 2—5 and 2, 1, 1—4. This was done at 200yds. on Columbia target, off-hand, with a Pope barrel.

Scores of the Day.—Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: A. H. Pape, 12, 13; C. M. Daiss, 7, 9, 11; F. O. Young, 11, 15.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: C. M. Daiss 60, J. E. Gorman 33, 35.

Achille Roos .22 rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 11, 14, 15.

Pistol, class medals, for members only, one 10-shot score with pistol, champion class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 49, C. M. Daiss 51, A. H. Pape 51.

First class: F. E. Mason 48, M. J. White 52. Second class: G. M. Bailey 63. Third class: A. Hinterman 74, A. H. Cady 94, C. F. Waltham 106, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 168.

Rifle, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young, 4, 5; A. H. Pape, 10; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 15; O. A. Bremer, 15.

Wm. Glindeman military medal and cash prize, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E. Jacobson 47, C. F. Waltham 42.

Rifle, one 10-shot score with rifle, champion class: A. H. Pape 53, F. O. Young 64, F. E. Mason 78.

First class: E. Jacobson 59, O. A. Bremer 80, A. B. Dorrell 80, Third class: A. Hinterman 86, B. Jonas 104, C. F. Waltham 113, C. H. Cady 164.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, 20-shot scores, champion class: A. H. Pape 432 rings; first class, N. Ahrens 416; second class, not filled; third class, O. Lemcke, 392; fourth class, J. Lankenau, 393; best first shot, J. Tiedeman, 24; best last shot, J. Utschig, 25.

Germania Schuetzen Club, 20-shot scores, champion class: First, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 426 rings; second, F. P. Schuster, 424. First class: First, J. Young, 379; second, H. Hellburg, 370. Third class: C. F. Rust 421. Fourth class: D. Salsfield 376. Best first shot, D. B. Faktor, 24; best last shot, C. F. Rust 25. ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

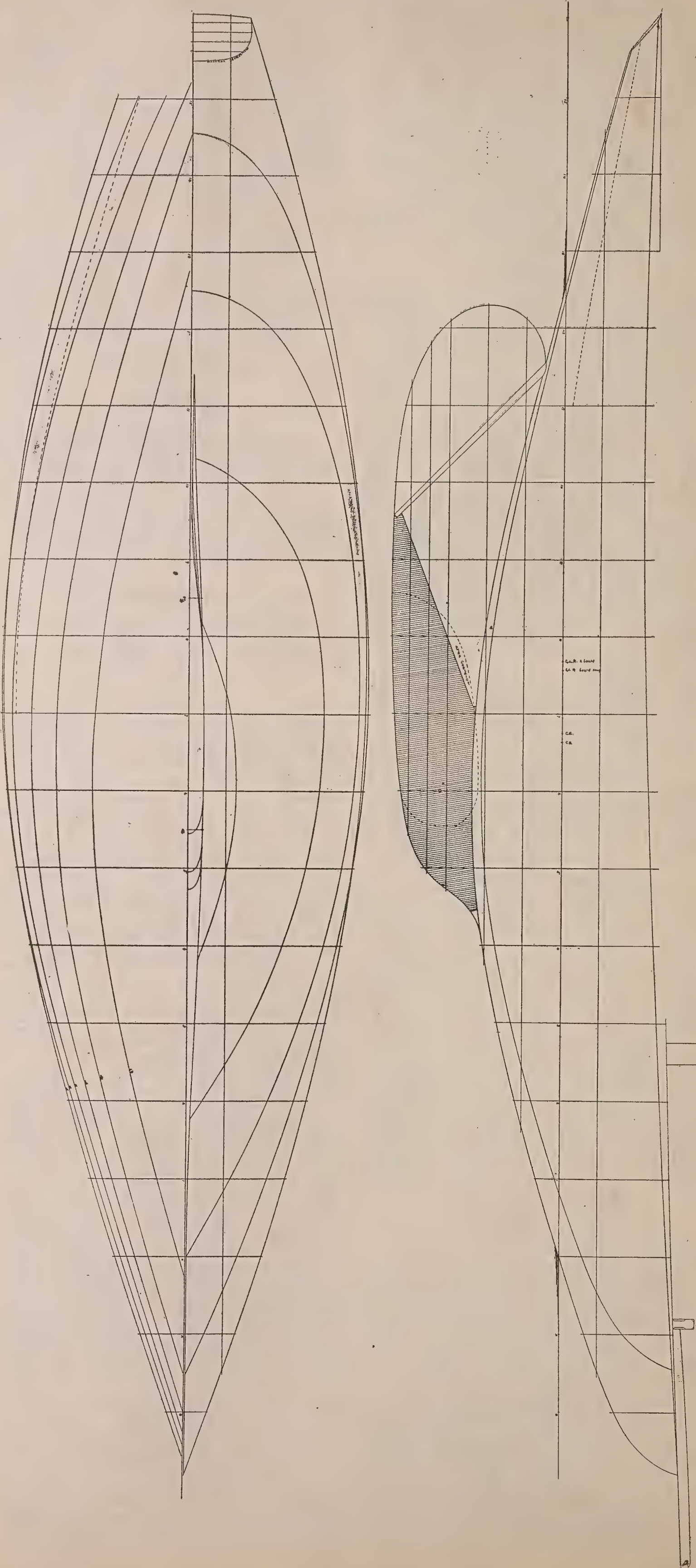
Jan. 18-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; \$1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

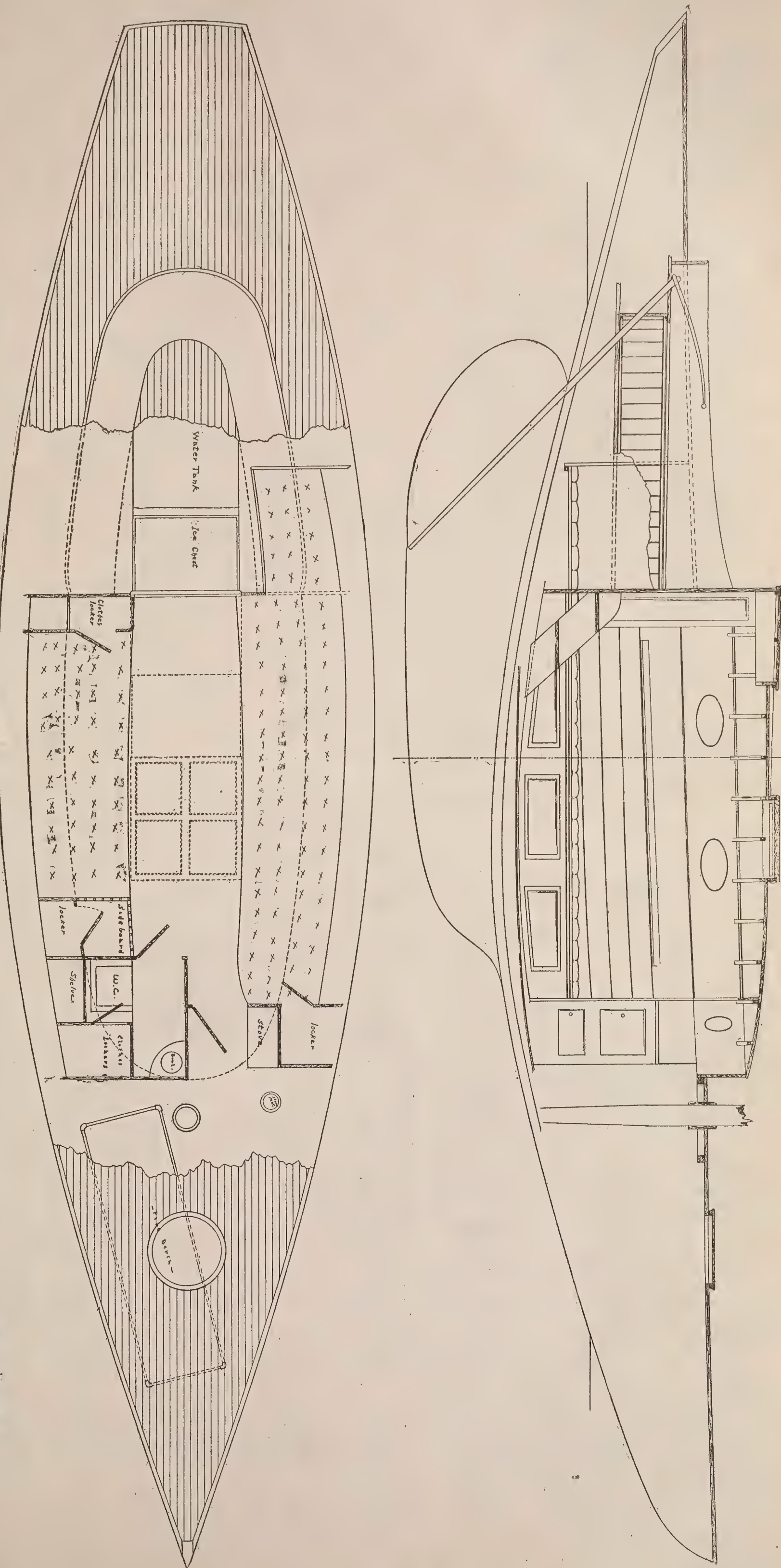
Jan. 26-27.—Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y.—Tournament at Pine Point. Open to all. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.





ONE-DESIGN 25FT. KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED FOR THE AMERICAN Y. C. BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD, 1897.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Mussey's Hall Destroyed by Fire.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—At ten minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon fire broke out in the Tossetti Cafe, 106 Madison Street, this city, and in less than an hour thereafter the upper floors, containing Mussey's magnificent billiard rooms, the finest in America, and one of the best known sportsmen's rendezvous in America, were sacked and ruined. This morning the front of the building is a mass of ice, and even at this hour, twenty-four hours after the fire broke out, hose lines are playing on the ruins, which still burn and smoke. At the bottom of the interior pit of the building lie two-score of the finest billiard tables in the world, with a wealth of ivory, and with pictures, furniture, etc., footing up a total of some \$35,000. Against this is an insurance of some \$25,000, which latter must also be offset against a loss of holiday trade, whose profits would run much over \$100 a day. Billy Mussey is to-day busy among insurance people, and a couple of hundred shooters, fishers, and other sportsmen are homeless and at large upon the streets. It is early to announce any plans about the continuance of the business, but I heard a few moments ago that already a new room is in view, and that as soon as possible the public will be invited to a new hall. As the old building at 106 will be rebuilt, it is likely that Mr. Mussey will in due time be back in his old quarters. He had just added an extra floor to his table space, and had fitted this second room up with lavish expenditure, giving the Chicago public two large rooms superbly equipped. The tables used were specially made and cannot at once be replaced, but any one who knows Billy Mussey and his ambitions about his business knows that he will never rest until he is as well fixed up in every detail as he was before the fire. This may take time, but it will be done, and then the homeless shooters and fishers of Chicago may again be at peace.

The hall of Parson Billy Mussey was a place unique in the concerns of sport in this country. More shooting matches have been made there than in all the rest of Chicago, and more gossip and news of the shooters came there than to any place in the West. If you did not know where to catch a trap-shooter, address him at Mussey's, Chicago, and you caught him. Many of the anglers and field shooters also dropped in there, and the better-class sportsmen of many lines made it a rounding-up point. Any day would see the tables crowded, and the chairs also full along the room sides; and any man wanted was sure to be there, the place being practically a club without a fee or dues, and one elegantly comfortable.

It was at Billy Mussey's that there was located the famous safe with its ever-open door. Alas! the old safe is now about forty fathoms deep under the ice, though it will rise again; let us hope, with the hinges unhurt. In the old days of Chicago, when we were having a little fun now and again with the pigeon shooters, the front door of Billy's safe was about the hottest place in Chicago. Things were a trifle warm around there this week and last week, and we were in a way to have a little fun, until the advent of this unlucky fire brought Billy a Christmas present of disaster and set things of sporting nature second to those of business. Of course all the races which Billy might otherwise have shot will now be set aside, even if for no other reasons than those of business.

At the time of the fire both the halls were full of people, and these thought there would be no trouble, and that the fire would soon be extinguished in the lower floor and basement of the restaurant where it had broken out. Three-quarters of an hour after the fire began some fireman broke a gas pipe in the basement, and the whole lower part of the building was flooded with gas. A heavy explosion followed, and then all was up with 106. Some forty-seven persons were hurt, many of them seriously, by the force of this explosion, but these were chiefly persons who were standing on the street near the building watching the fire, and who were blown about when the whole front of the sidewalk was lifted out and a stream of fire gushed into the air. In the halls on the second and third floors no one was hurt seriously, though the cashiers, Messrs. Sweet, Barstow and 'Gene Day, had narrow enough runs for the firemen's ladders, after tarrying in the attempt to save some of the ivory and the cash. Roil Organ, one of Billy Mussey's stanchest friends and steadiest patrons, carried out a few boxes of balls in his arms, but left his new overcoat inside the hall. When he started back it was too late to save the coat. One of the porters had a narrow squeak of it, but so far as can be learned no sportsman known to the public, nor indeed any occupant at the time in the halls, received any serious injury. The fire occurred just around the corner from the FOREST AND STREAM office. All the evening the street was full of the black smoke of the fire engines. All the street cars for the West and North divisions of this big city were absolutely stopped all night. It seems to have been Billy's idea, if he had a fire, to have a good big one. A great number of readers of FOREST AND STREAM in many different parts of the country will read with regret the destruction of a place familiar to them, and will hope for Mr. Mussey a speedy restoration of his business in a proper home, this to be made in duplicate of the old place as soon as may be possible.

The Chicago Challenges.

On Monday of this week the gentlemen carrier mentioned as being desirous of shooting a race with the regular team in the intercity race met and formally resolved that they were prepared to shoot such a race. They signed their names as published two weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM, to wit: W. W. McFarland, T. P. Hicks, R. Kuss, Ed Steck, Silas Palmer, and published in a local paper the "news" of their willingness to shoot. Meantime there was published long ago in FOREST AND STREAM the formal acceptance by the original and regular team of the proposal of these gentlemen for this race. This counter-acceptance, or counter-challenge, does not appear to carry much significance, therefore I fear there will be no race between the teams. At the same time Tom Hicks and Si Palmer printed in the *American Field*, of this city, their acceptance of the individual challenge of W. P. Mussey, printed two weeks ago in the *Times-Herald*, a Chicago daily, in which he offered a 100-bird race, \$100, to any of these gentlemen who wanted to shoot the regular team. All this was taken up last week in FOREST AND STREAM, and not much news of interest attaches to it at this date, as the time set by Mr. Mussey for the acceptance of his challenge had long ago lapsed, and his forfeit money had been returned to him by the *Times-Herald*. It is rather curious what could have been the motive of these gentlemen, to wait so long, to try to change the conditions of the challenge (as was sought in the Kuss acceptance), and then finally to post money with quite another paper, where the challenger had not posted his money nor addressed any challenge. I shall not accuse any one of these gentlemen of wanting a little easy notoriety, for I should not think any of them disposed for that sort of thing, but if any of them was really looking for a race was it not easy, natural, and in accordance with all the rules of sporting procedure, to just cover the money at the office where the challenger had his up? Why go to the office of another local paper? Were the acceptors afraid that their money would be lost elsewhere? Now, if they really did want to shoot, they should either have gone to the *Times-Herald* office, or to 106 Madison street—they all knew both addresses—and settled the matter with a word. But if they did not want to shoot, they took just the right way to make it appear that they did not, by going over to the office of the *American Field*, where the doings were enshrouded in comparative secrecy both before and after the publication of their acceptance. Of course I suppose all these gentlemen really did want to shoot, but I am just saying they won't get to shoot, for the above very reason. I hope they will know better next time. I asked Mr. Mussey what he was going to do about this acceptance printed in a different paper, and in the interview he said:

"Do about it? I shall of course do nothing at all about it. I don't know anything about it at all. If any one wanted to shoot me a race, there were the terms and the money up, why not agree at once? If any man had come in here and said a word to me, he could have gotten the same terms as were openly published. I held the thing open five days extra for the sake of appearances, but now it is getting toward the end of the year, and I shall be so busy I shall not have time to think of shooting matters."

"As to the publication in the *American Field*," continued Mr. Mussey, "I don't know anything about that. I have not read that paper for five years; don't know what it is printing, and of course I don't care what it is printing about these challenges. If any of them wanted to shoot, they had their chance all right, but what they may see fit to do elsewhere and elsewhere is matter of indifference to me."

I am sorry about all these misunderstandings, which do nothing to cement the shaky brotherhood of Chicago shootingdom. We were all in hope some of these races would come off, and that we should see some fun here once more, where things have been dull as a directors' meeting for 100 these many years. Of course none of these gentlemen would care to offer or urge a race on Mr. Mussey now, at the time of his business trouble, for they would be too sportsmanlike for that. About all the lesson one can find in the little matter is that there is no official organ of the trap-shooting cult in Chicago, or if there is it isn't located in the Masonic Temple by several majorities. Yet good, clean sport may flourish without an official or officious organ. Let me beg to offer this general rule of sport: If you are honing to get at a fellow on a sporting proposition, get to his money, or get to him quick as you can. Don't go at it in the most roundabout way, but the most direct way. It leaves a better impression and is more apt to be suc-

cessful. In this case, however, no one is injured except Billy Mussey, and his is fire loss only. We shall all be dwelling here in (Chicago) harmony again before many moons.

More Challenges Among Cracks.

Heikes and Grimm are to shoot again, and Gilbert and Elliott are to shoot again. What a narrow, circular competition, and how devoid of genuine sporting interest or sporting news! This is the quickest way to kill these trophies—perhaps I should say the quickest way to bury the stove-lid badge, which is already dead, even if Roll Heikes does use it to fry eggs on just now. Can't some one scare up a contest at the traps with a finish that is a finish, and not a divide; a split or a circular arrangement, with no variety and no end to it? This intercity shoot was a little fun, and if it had brought out new competitors for some of these more prominent trophies it would have been a still greater week we had here in Chicago. But to do it all over again, at Dayton on New Year's Day, at Kansas City on some later day—what's the news to it if the same men shoot all the time? Why not coax out new men? It would sell more goods, if it comes to that. For my part, if I knew where I could find a real good Christmas dog fight to-morrow, where some two dogs wouldn't divide the purse or challenge each other over again, I believe I should make that part of my celebration, such being my old-fashioned ideas of sporting principles and such my notion of a Roman holiday. The difference between the day of Rome and the day of modern trap shoots is that then somebody got licked, and now nobody ever does get licked. I want to see some one licked once at the trap score. This is barbarous, Roman, foolish. Yet think how we respect the old gladiators, even though they are dead! After a couple of those ducks had tangled up, the fellow that was licked never challenged back for the badge. All he wanted was a place to lie down and be quiet. Of course I don't want any of our good folks killed just because they have lost a race or so, but they might lie down and be quiet, and give the amphitheater a look at new talent now and then. As the gladiator said to the boss of the show, "Colonel, there are others."

The Williamson Challenge.

On last Tuesday Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee, issued challenge at large to any shooter resident in Chicago for a race at 100 live birds, \$100, race to be shot in Milwaukee at the National Park grounds. At this writing no acceptance of this challenge has been made. You can come into Chicago now and carry off any kind of a proposition you like. We are weary and cast down. Give us a chance to forget Kansas City. If Dr. Williamson cared to come down here to shoot, we might get up nerve enough to find a man to trot him a heat or so; but when we think of how many pigeons he would kill on those grounds in Milwaukee, we shudder, and get goose meat on our collective Chicago spine. It is not likely the doughty blondewill get a victim to come to the Cream City.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, held its second monthly contest at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., to-day. The event was attended with success, and many shooters who were not members of the club were present. The day was cool, with a strong wind from the right quarter and an overcast sky, and many good birds were sent out from the two sets of traps used.

The regular medal contest was at 20 live birds from five traps, 30yds. rise, and members not in attendance in the previous contest were allowed to shoot up one back score. Following are detailed scores of medal contest:

R Kuss	20212110212222222222	18
F Liddy	20221020222222212122	16
N Nusby	01210122221120212220	16
S Palmer	210211*2022122220200	14
Dr Shaw	22220212212112112221	19
D Russell	11021010100211010000	10
Patti	20122212220022221222	17
T P Hicks	111200011021*1010222	13
S Young	122122200*00201000*2	10
*Patti	21112221*11*0101112	16
*Nusby	1120020101221101121	15
Von Lengerke	220202022222022222	16
Fehrman	222202020*2121121211	16
*Von Lengerke	2222222*2222222*22	17
*Fehrman	1002121210111210112	16

* Back scores shot up to-day. The following are scores of members and visitors made in practice. De Merest, who is the wife of one of our prominent shooters, and a member of Garfield Gun Club, shows very creditable work for her first time before the live-bird traps by killing 8 out of 15 birds. She has been shooting only a short time, and has made some good scores at targets.

Among others worthy of note was H. Vetter, one of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s good gunsmiths who, while he shoots but little, killed 14 out of 15, and did it gracefully.		
Hollister	12121111211111011212212021111	—28
Kuss	021122202222212222221202	—23
S Palmer	1212122	7
Dr Liddy	22102210222211222100	—16
Nusby	10221	4
R B Carson	20201021001001001012	—10
H F Carson	20112210101120222112	—16
C W Carson	00001102221002020001	—9
C C Hess	22222221222222202202	—17
E V Pattison	1002020212010002011	—9
Blith	0121122200	7
*H F Carson	11202120001112222012	—15
Ferguson	0020002012222 01200	—10
Dr Liddy	20110212021	—8
C W Carson	1101202021	7
R B Carson	121110110211120	—12
J L Jones	1000020221	5
Blith	020112210122100	—10
Murphy	1211200220	7
H Vetter	1112020100	—6
Goldsmith	0121112110	—8
H Livy	12022	4
Stiers	0211210	—4
Nusby	0211001100	—5
Shaw	1111100222222	—12
De Merest	10201220001*021	—8
Krantzen	00011021121211	—11
Wolf	1112222100	8
Murphy	002021022001002	—7
Vetter	112212122122202	—14
J L Jones	0021021121	7
Kuss	1222122	7
Russell	02201201222	—8
T Hicks	0122	4
Healey	2001111122011012200	—14
Ruple	0011020222222222202	—15
Levy	0112011211101122100	—15
Goldsmith	02000221113121202201	—14
Liddy	12100102202220012102	—13

Mussey's Challenge.

In consequence of the heavy financial loss sustained by Mr. W. P. Mussey, by reason of the disastrous fire that destroyed his place of business, the following gentlemen, who either challenged Mr. Mussey, or who accepted his challenge, withdrew their challenges, and sympathize with him in his loss. Their names are Thos. P. Hicks, Silas Palmer and Ralph Kuss.

Elgin Gun Club.

The Elgin Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., announces a target tournament to be held on its grounds at Elgin, Ill., on New Year's Day—Jan. 1, 1898—to be governed by the American Association rules, and to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. Three moneys divided in all events of twelve starters or under, and four in all events of over twelve starters.

A. C. PATERSON.

Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago.

Dec. 18.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Audubon Gun Club. Felton, Bissell, Rice and Amberg tied on highest possibles. Scores:

Gillespie, 28	110002212211112	12-2-14
Felton, 26	022121120222211	13-2-15
Bissell, 25	120222222222222	13-2-15
Frothingham, 30	121222022122122	14-0-14
E S Rice, 30	222002112122102	12-0-15
Amberg, 30	011212122222222	14-2-15
Mrs Shattuck	22112101100021	11
Mr Shattuck	202212101122112	14
Leve	22201110220200	10

The above four ties on highest possibles (15) will be shot off next month. Below are the four shoot-offs of the tie in the November shoot:

First tie.		
Morris, 4	21221020012221	11-4-15
Hollester, 2	111212220121111	14-2-15
Felton, 2	012211212221020	12-2-14
Third tie.		
Morris, 4	210221221220002	11-4-15
Hollester, 2	2111101211211	14-2-15
Second tie.		
12110102120120	11-4-15	
1210211210212	13-2-15	
Fourth tie.		
00222200202101	9-4-13	
1121112011111	14-2-15	

Is there Too Much Shooting?

A few days ago we heard the following remark: "The trouble is there's too much shooting. What I mean is that a fellow goes out to shoot nowadays, whether it's a tournament or an ordinary club shoot, and wants to be shooting all the time. He's not satisfied with less than 150 shots for an afternoon, or 200 for a day. A few years ago we'd go out for a Saturday afternoon's shoot and take along fifty or seventy-five shells, and if we fired them all off, we'd think we'd had a jolly good time. Then on Sunday we'd set to work and load up another fifty or seventy-five for next Saturday."

The above remark came home. It's a fact that at the present time an ordinary programme for a tournament calls for 165 shots; sometimes the number scheduled amounts to 200 or more. The object of a club should be to please as many shooters as possible; and we conclude that when the management draws up its programme, it takes this fact into consideration, and fixes the number of targets according to the popular taste. The next conclusion is therefore that the majority of shooters want to fire off their guns as often as possible in a given time. Speaking from actual experience, we would say that this was the case most certainly at present.

Wants Smaller Programmes.

The party who made the above remark was arguing in favor of smaller programmes of events, with more variety in the styles of shooting, and more time for social intercourse. It's a fact that at an "up-to-date tournament," with its two or three sets of traps, there's very little time between shots. Conversations, if of any length, can very seldom be finished without interruptions from the squad hustler. It is business all the time at most shoots. Squads enter "for all day" and march to the score like trained bands. It's bang-bang-bang until the scorer calls "Out"; then comes a grouping around the score board; the man with "20 straight" sticks out his chest; the man who has "got 'em all—but five or six" looks dissatisfied. Then comes the putting up of the guns, the marking down of the scores on the pocket score board; the "How many have you lost now?" etc. By the time that's all over, in pops the squad hustler with his "No. 1 squad, you're wanted on No. 2 set of traps. We're ready for you right away." And so it goes on until the programme's out.

Of course there is the obvious retort: "What are you kicking about? You needn't shoot unless you want to." And right there is the pith of the whole matter—you do "want to!" There's a fascination in it, an excitement in trying to get that straight and beat out so and so. If there's going to be any shooting, you want to be in it.

Clubs Want to Throw Targets.

Then it suits the club. The more you want to shoot and will shoot, the more targets will be thrown during the day, and the more money will it rake in to pay the expenses. If you are a contributor, and not any kind of a manufacturers' agent, you can figure up at the end of the day somewhat as follows: 200 shells at \$2.20 per hundred, \$4.40; paid entrance fee for all day (at the rate of 10 cents per target) \$20. Total, \$24.40; this does not include railroad, hotel, or any other expenses. With so many good shooters up in the crackerjack's class now, a man has to shoot an abnormal gait to hope to clear his expenses, whether it is the Rose system or any old system that is used. What chance does the contributor get to draw down any money? Ask Fred Gilbert what he did last spring.

A good friend of FOREST AND STREAM, who lives way down in Florida on Hobe Sound, took the trouble last summer to figure out the division of the purses in all the events shot at the New York State shoot at Auburn this year. He figured the purses both under the Rose system and under the "old system." The results were so astonishing that we verified them to satisfy our curiosity. His figures showed that there was very little difference between the two systems so far as the Wolves' set of traps were concerned; and it was at that set of traps that one found the shooters who attend for the most part the tournaments of to-day; that is, tournaments other than State affairs, or "professionals barred." Without going back over the figures again, we venture to say that there was hardly a man who shot through every event on the three days of the shoot on the Wolves' set of traps who made enough money over and above his entrance fee to even pay for the cartridges he used. If this was so with the top-notchers, what was it with the 85 per cent. man?

Trap-shooting is Expensive.

Without going into the question of the cost of attending and taking part in the tournaments any further, let us for the sake of argument take it for granted that it is an expensive sport for the average shots. And let us also take it for granted that the average shots cannot afford, or do not care to stand, repeated assaults upon their pocketbooks to the tune of \$15 to \$25 per day. What then is to be done to get them to come out to shoots, not once a year, but two or three times?

The party whom we have quoted at the head of this article was of the opinion as stated above, that programmes should be shorter, and the shooting made more varied and consequently more interesting. Unknown angles, rapid-fire, is most certainly monotonous to watch, especially with a squad of crackerjacks breaking 96 or 97 out of 100. Of course if you cut down the programme you cut down the "added money" if any is offered; and you also cut down the chances of a club getting out whole on the shoot.

Would a programme something like this draw shooters together? One 25-target event, one 20-target event, and two events at 15 targets each, all at unknown angles; two events at 15 targets, Novelty rule; and two events at 15 targets each, expert rule, one man up. The above programme calls for 135 targets. Put the entrance fees at the average rate of 10 cents per target, or \$13.50 "for all day." With twenty entries as an average, this would make a total of 2,700 targets thrown in the programme events, or a receipt for price of targets at 2 cents each of \$54 to pay for about 3,000 targets and the cost of running the shoot.

Would Not Draw the Sharks.

Beyond question, such a programme would not draw out the men who shoot for what there is in it. There'd be no banking of \$2,000 a year of "contributors'" money by following such shoots. But wouldn't there be lots of fun and good sport at such a shoot? And, gentlemen, you who manufacture and sell ammunition and guns and targets, wouldn't such shoots react beneficially to your interests by recruiting the ranks of the trap-shooters from those who would sit and watch the shooting of such a programme, but who wouldn't travel 100yds. to see nothing but a lot of men going through over and over again the motions at known or unknown angles, rapid-fire?

There's food for thought in what we've stated, and we can see that there's a lot more to be said upon the subject, both pro and con. There's plenty of room for argument, and probably we shall get it.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Brooklyn.—Has the law forbidding "jacking" any kind of game in Maine been repealed? Has the law forbidding the killing of cow moose in Maine been repealed? Ans. Neither has been repealed.

Arkansas.—Does the Arkansas non-export law in "Game Laws in Brief" refer to fish only? I was required to pay this tax two years ago for shooting quail at Weiner. Ans. No; the export of both fish and game is forbidden.

Stray Pigeon.—Should you receive inquiry through your paper for carrier pigeon, gold ring set in enamel, with figures 1895 W. 12 on, information could be received by corresponding with the writer, C. C. Tunnington, Fremont, O.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"Sunset Limited" Annex from New Orleans.

The annex to Sunset Limited will resume service from New Orleans on Jan. 4, 1898, leaving New Orleans every Tuesday and Saturday thereafter, making connection at that point with the Limited train of the Southern Railway from New York and the East. The Limited will consist of Pullman latest, drawing-room, sleeping car and Sunset Limited dining car. The southern route is the most delightful this time of the year. The route lies south of the snow line, and is free from snow and excessive cold. Washington and San Francisco tourist sleeping car leaving Washington every Monday and Saturday goes through to San Francisco without change. For full particulars, sleeping car reservation, tickets, etc., call on or address ALEX. S. THWEATT, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. TO CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 2.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RESOLUTION.

AN extraordinary resolution was adopted by the American Society of Naturalists, at Ithaca last week, declaring it to be the sentiment of the members of the convention that the position of United States Fish Commissioner should be filled only by a competent scientific man.

Ordinary every-day common sense suggests that the Fish Commissioner should be a competent scientific person.

Approved business principles demand that he should be a competent scientific person.

Those who established the Commission and directed its course in the early years of its usefulness contemplated that at the head of it should always be a competent scientific person.

The law providing for the office of Commissioner requires that the President shall appoint to it only a competent scientific person.

The extraordinary character of this resolution of the naturalists at Ithaca then is that, with common sense, accepted business axioms, and the letter of the statute itself all requiring these qualifications on the part of a Commissioner, any such expression of opinion should have been called for. It was demanded only by a most extraordinary situation. The President proposes to hand over to an incompetent and ignorant individual a great public trust; and this is in violation of the law. At such a juncture it was well for the Society of Naturalists to take the action it did. The sentiment expressed at Ithaca should be indorsed and re-echoed from every quarter of the land, until President McKinley shall comprehend that his proposed naming of a West Virginia politician to be United States Fish Commissioner would be as much a defiance of public sentiment as of the law.

SOME ONE ELSE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

WRITERS—and talkers too for that matter—are accustomed to speak of sportsmen as if they were a class apart from all other men, possessing qualities and characteristics which are peculiarly their own. Thus the true sportsman is said to be generous, kindly, hospitable, highly bred, truthful, the soul of honor; in fine, one of those noble men of nature of whom we often read, and whom we sometimes see. If we are to believe the writers alluded to, all these qualities pertain to the "true sportsman" by reason of his sportsmanship; in other words, because a man is fond of shooting, fishing or yachting, he is therefore raised on a pinnacle above his fellow men. Could anything be more ridiculous than such an assumption?

To tell the truth, the sportsman is just a plain, common man, and the fact that he finds his highest pleasure in shooting, fishing or yachting has nothing in the world to do with his mental or his moral attributes. If he possesses those qualities which cause a man to be liked and respected, he will be popular; if he is by nature a curmudgeon, his sportsmanship will not save him from the condemnation of his fellows. His being a sportsman is only an incident of his life.

Sportsmen are just as human as printers, drygoods clerks, railway engineers, doctors, lawyers and actors. In no way is this better shown than in the way in which they strive to place on the shoulders of others the responsibility for their own acts. For many, many years the game of America has been disappearing with constantly increasing rapidity, and the reason, as is well known to everyone, is because the wild birds and animals are shot off by civilized man more rapidly than they can increase. The number therefore grows constantly less.

It is seldom, however, that we hear an acknowledgment of the part of sportsmen in the game decrease. Hawks, owls, wildcats and pot-hunters are cheerfully denounced for their share of harm. There has been invented that absurd story about the Indians of Alaska, who were said

to have ruined the duck crop, and were roundly cursed for it. Next year we may expect to hear that the Klondike miners have invaded the breeding grounds of the fowl and so have caused our bags to become lighter. But whatever the cause of the game destruction, it is seldom we hear any confession of complicity in it. The gunners of the North say that it is over shooting by the people in the South; those of the East declare that the destruction takes place in the West. But what of the great army of gunners spread over this country who pursue the wild creatures for nine months of the year? What is it that they kill? What of the thousands of guns and the millions of cartridges turned out each year by our factories and distributed over the land? What about the man who says, "Why, I used to go out every day except Sundays all through the shooting season, and I always got from twenty to forty birds a day; and now I am lucky if I get three or four. Where have the birds gone?" Or the other who says, "Why, I used to get a hundred canvas in a day and now I can't get twenty-five. I don't see what has become of them."

It is time that this shirking of responsibility ceased and that shooters should face the situation and acknowledge that the reason that there are no birds to-day is because they have killed them off. We can't have our cake after we have eaten it. Unless some strict system of preserving on a large scale is inaugurated in America or our coverts are stocked with exotic game, a time will probably come when our native species will become so scarce in many localities that field shooting will almost entirely cease. When that takes place the birds will slowly increase again, but they will probably always be kept down very close to the vanishing point, and the time is likely to come when the quail, the partridge, the prairie chicken and the woodcock will be birds as little known to the average gunner as the wild pigeon is to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

An electric wire case was determined in the courts the other day which has a bearing on fish nets. An electrical power company having been notified by the Mayor of New York to remove its overhead wires, unlawfully maintained, failed to do so within the prescribed time, and the wires were thereupon cut down by the Commissioner of Public Works. The company then brought suit in the Supreme Court to compel the restoration of the wires or to recover damages. The court found against the plaintiff, and dismissed the complaint, holding that "the company had no right in the first instance to string its wires, or thereafter to use them, and not having availed itself of the opportunity to place the wires in the subways it was the duty of the Commissioner of Public Works to remove them, as being a public nuisance and constituting a source of danger to person and property." "It is a well settled principle of law," Justice McLoughlin said, "that an injury to or destruction of property necessarily incident to the exercise of the jurisdiction to summarily abate a nuisance interferes with no legal right of the owner, and is not violative of the constitutional prohibition against depriving the owner of his property without due process of law. Therefore any injury which plaintiff sustained by reason of the wires being removed from the streets by the Commissioner of Public Works is not actionable. When cut down, it was his duty to remove it, and thus clear the street of obstructions."

The same principle has been laid down by the United States Supreme Court as applying to the summary destruction of illegally maintained fishing nets. The New York statute makes it the duty of protectors "to seize, remove and forthwith destroy any net, pound or other illegal devices for the taking of fish or game found in or upon any of the waters or islands of the State where hunting and fishing with nets or other illegal devices is prohibited or illegal, and such nets, pounds or other illegal devices are declared to be a public nuisance, and shall be abated and summarily destroyed by any protector, and no action for damages shall lie or be maintained against any person for such seizure or destruction." It was contended by owners of certain destroyed nets that the Legislature was without constitutional authority thus to sanction the destruction of property "without due process of law;" but the Supreme Court held that the provision was well within the police power of the State, and in effect that the due process of law defense did not apply

to the summary abatement of a public nuisance. Those net fishermen in the West who are planning to test the same principle in the courts may save themselves counsel fees if they will read the decision as printed in full text in our columns at the time.

The attainment of Mr. Charles Hallock's proposed system of an uniform game season for all States lying within certain zones of latitude and longitude would be a great stride in advance; but until the time comes when such an ideal plan shall be feasible effort may well be directed toward securing at least an uniform law for each State. The New York League put on record the other day its opposition to local legislation, and another movement in the same direction is now to be credited to the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, which has prepared and submitted for discussion a bill to make uniform seasons for the State. In local legislation Maryland is easily ahead of any other State. Hardly two adjoining counties have identical seasons. The laws have been framed not always to comply with common sense, but sometimes to defer to local jealousies.

Theoretically the dates of a close season are determined by a consideration of what will best answer the practical purpose of the protected period, which is immunity and security for the game in the breeding and maturing season; and as the birds on one side of a county line have substantially the same nesting habits as those of birds on the other side of the line we might expect that the season most propitious for one would be likewise suited to the other. On the contrary, we find almost as many diverse seasons as there are county divisions; and under such a system the enforcement of the laws has been found most difficult. The diversity of seasons and regulations renders it comparatively easy for offenders to evade conviction, and moreover there is a disregard of the statutes because of a public perception that such an inconsistent code cannot be based on reason. The State Association rightly considers that the first and most important end to be sought in amending the laws is such an uniformity as shall simplify their enforcement and command for them the support of public respect. While there may very well be maintained differences of opinion respecting some of the details of the proposed measure, the principle of a general law for the State should be warmly encouraged, and we trust that the efforts of the Association in this direction may be crowned with success.

As is the rule with all reforms, the enforcement of the game laws in New Jersey has been accompanied by numerous newspaper exaggerations and malicious lies, manufactured by those who have sought in this way to bring the service into disrepute. One of the most flagrant instances of this nature is cited by the commissioners in their report. It was the publication by several newspapers of a story that four innocent girls had been arrested and convicted for having caged robins in their possession. For this we are told there was not the slightest foundation in fact. The persons actually convicted and fined for taking robins were two Italians, who had for a long time been engaged in capturing birds, which they carried to New York and sold. The innocent girls were purely the product of fancy or malicious imagination. Whenever the newspapers come out with tear-compelling head lines and sympathetic stories of poor men sent to jail because, being ignorant of the law, they have captured song birds to while away in their humble homes the dreary hours of widowed lives, we may be reasonably certain that the New Jersey game wardens have at last brought to book some persistent violator of the law, for whom they have long been lying in wait.

A series of five special postage stamps is to be engraved for the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha next summer, and Postmaster-General Gary has invited suggestions for suitable designs. The series might very well show objects characteristic of the several stages of Western history. For primitive days the buffalo or the antelope would answer most admirably for the first stamp; then the tepee of the Indian, the pack train or a prairie schooner, the log cabin or sod house, and finally the locomotive or steam plow or reaper. Any of these would lend themselves to the purpose very effectively.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Cherry.

From "Trail and Camp-Fire." The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co. 1897.

I HAD spent a good many hours one October day on the Snake River plains searching for antelope, and it was well along toward nightfall when Rubber Boots and I pulled up before the door at the ranch, and I dismounted, leaving Boots to the care of the packer. The day had been raw and cold, and I hurried into the house and to the great open fire. I was a little blinded by the light at first, and turned all my attention to the fire, only replying to the usual question of "What luck?" addressed me by my companion. I was unaware of the presence of a third person until I heard a strange voice say, evidently in pursuance of a conversation which had been interrupted by my entrance: "For those biggest trout bait with grasshoppers, shove your raft out from the shore, and when they take, just let 'em take, and sit down on your raft, and you are in for a run around the lake."

Looking in the direction from whence the voice proceeded, I observed for the first time a tall, lank, but powerfully built man, standing with his back toward me. I threw some more wood on the fire, and as it blazed up, and seemingly in acknowledgment of my subdued laughter, a grizzled face was turned toward me, and its owner added, "but of course you don't want a very big raft."

This was my first acquaintance with Cherry, an acquaintance which has ripened and become closer with years, and on which I have never ceased to congratulate myself. Whatever I may know of woodcraft and hunting is due largely to his tuition. For many years we have roughed it and smoothed it together; found game and found none; and day in and day out he was the best partner it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He possessed the invaluable faculty of always being around when he was wanted, and was ready for whatever might turn up, from trout fishing to Indian fighting; he had an inexhaustible fund of good humor; was always on the alert, game to the core, and willing to endure any hardship. Cherry was a born sportsman, and a living exhibition of the noblest innate rules of the art; but he had his foibles and weaknesses, and of these only I speak. I think his greatest failing was the careless manner in which he handled the truth, often with ludicrous results, not the least humorous feature of which was his own entire oblivion of them.

As a youngster, I imagine Cherry's education had been sadly neglected, and one of his queer conceits was to hide his evident deficiencies in this respect. It was decidedly a case where silence was golden, but he much preferred fighting in the open to ambuscading in that fashion, and was never known to confess his ignorance of any subject under the sun. For instance, one year when we arrived for our annual hunt, we were met at the railroad station by Cherry and the other guides with a pack outfit, and journeyed from there to a small frontier town where our supplies were awaiting us. On reaching our destination, we went directly to the post-office, to inquire for any mail that might have arrived, and Cherry accompanied us. The postmaster gave us our mail, and with it a letter which he had had for some time, the address on which was not clear, and asked us if we could make it out. We were unable to do so, and were about to hand it back, when Cherry said perhaps he could tell something about it. As he could neither read nor write—a fact well known to all of us—we were somewhat surprised at his request; but in nowise abashed at the witticisms which it provoked, Cherry examined the letter very minutely, scrutinizing it carefully from every possible point of view, and finally handed it back to the postmaster with the utmost gravity, remarking that "the devil himself could not read it."

When we reached Cherry's ranch we found that his partner had just returned from a trip to the nearest railroad station above, and had brought back a telegram and letter for Cherry. He as well as Cherry was unable to read, and Cherry brought the telegram to me, asking that I should read it, stating, by way of apology, that he "could read books and letters, but he hadn't got along quite as far as telegrams yet." The letter was typewritten, and this he also asked me to read, remarking that he could read "what had been writ in a good common school hand, but that letter had been writ most awful poor."

One of Cherry's most elaborate essays at fiction was what would be known on the stage as "the story of his life."

This narrative he imparted to me while we were snow-bound in camp together up among the foothills. The bear signs in our section had become rather poor, and a snowstorm affording us a more favorable opportunity, we started out to take advantage of it. But the storm proved to be rather more than we had bargained for, and after two days of travel, during all of which time it continued to snow, we made as good a camp as possible, and in the loneliness and solitude that prevailed during that time Cherry took me into his confidence. Many of his stories derived too much of their charm from Cherry's picturesque manner of telling to be successfully recounted, and others were imparted only under the pledge of secrecy, but sufficient may be here set down to illustrate his varied career and the resources of his imagination.

Cherry was about sixty; long, lank, and not exactly what might be called a handsome man; as he sat by the camp-fire and related this veracious narrative, the result was impressive as well as ludicrous. He had been born in Texas; was a bit hazy as to location, but, as he put it, "by crossing the Rio Grande twice, and then going between a butte and a sand hill, he could strike the old homestead in the center every time." But whether he followed his back track or not, he said, it would be easy for him to get there when he struck Texas; everybody down there knew the place. As a matter of fact, it was on his father's ranch that old Noah had built the Ark; it was famous on that account, and about everybody in the State had been there at one time or another to look at the place, and to secure a few chips as souvenirs. He

recalled the days of his youth, when evil times came not, and he could travel eighty or ninety miles a day easily, always on the run, up hill and down; how, when he was fourteen years old, he had left his father's house to go to work on a cattle ranch, and when, after six months, word came to him that his father's fortune had been lost in an unlucky speculation, he had returned and emptied out of his pockets \$80,000 in gold, which had tided his father over, and saved the family from degradation. He also told me that his name was not Cherry, but Ryan, and that he had two brothers, one of whom had become known to fame as Doc Middleton, the notorious road agent and confidence man, while the other had acquired a scarcely less enviable reputation under the pseudonym of Dick Turpin. The reason why he had himself assumed an alias was one of the things imparted to me in confidence. He had left Texas many years ago and journeyed to Montana, where he had started a ranch, and introduced a breed of horses which he said had since become known all over the world under the name of Suffolk Punch. Of this stock he had some 80,000 head, besides the ordinary breed of horses, cattle, sheep, etc.

As fortune smiled upon him, he had "done society" a little, as he expressed it, and, wishing to marry and settle down, had paid court to the fair daughter of a neighboring cattle king. While, from Cherry's account, the attractions of this young lady were not such as would entitle her to pre-eminence among her sisters in the capitals of the effete East, they seemed to have secured for her decided precedence in her own circle of society, and suitors came from far and near. While Cherry was far too delicate to go into details, he gave me to understand that his attentions were not unfavorably regarded by this damsel, and that he might long ago have been settled down to a happy matrimonial existence with the object of his affections; had it not been for his prospective father-in-law. Why the stern parent objected was not quite clear, but he did so, and finally his animosity attained to such a pitch that Cherry thought it safer to leave the country, as the old gentleman was a dead shot and afflicted with a villainous temper. Being offered the alternative of migrating or of making a target of himself if he remained, he chose the former, and was forced to depart on such short notice that he was compelled to leave behind him his 80,000 Suffolk Punches, his ranch, and everything else of value he possessed. Up to the time of this conversation Cherry had not succeeded in retrieving his fortunes, but lived in the daily hope of doing so, and, indeed, according to his own account, Dame Fortune had so often and so unexpectedly taken a hand in his affairs that I should not be surprised at anything that might happen. I never read an account of some new western Monte Cristo that my thoughts do not instinctively turn to Cherry, as the possible possessor of this hastily acquired wealth. He could travel the whole road from poverty to wealth and back again in less time than any man I ever heard of.

The storm having blown over in a couple of days, we broke camp and started for the ranch, and on the way ran across the tracks of an enormous grizzly, and, as luck would have it, caught up with him, and, having a fair shot, I killed him almost where he stood. As we were taking off his hide, Cherry told me about the last one he had killed, and as the story progressed, I began to feel that this one was only a cub in comparison. According to this narrative, while he and his companion had been trapping on the upper waters of the Gros Ventre two years before, their trap had been set and been sprung, but the bear had somehow managed to escape. The same thing happened a second, and then a third time. Exasperated at such unbecoming conduct on the part of the bear, Cherry and his companion resolved that they would have him at any cost, and they set a spring gun by the trap, and also a spear with a dead fall, to pierce the wily animal's back. The next morning they found that the trap had been sprung, the gun had gone off, and the spear lay buried in the ground, but the bear had evidently escaped without a scratch. This was too much for Cherry's companion, who insisted upon taking up the death-dealing apparatus and letting the bear go, but Cherry pleaded for one more trial, and the next morning was at the trap as the sun rose over the hills, to see what had been the result of his last experiment. He found everything just as it had been left the day before. Apparently the bear had either risen later than usual, or had secured his breakfast elsewhere at less personal risk to himself. So Cherry, after examining his rifle, made himself as comfortable as possible behind some bushes, and waited. Morning passed and noon came, and still no bear; but shortly after the sun passed the meridian, there was a crashing among the underbrush, and there came into sight what I judge, from Cherry's account, must have been not a grizzly bear, but one of those antediluvian monsters known as a cave bear, which were the terrors of our prehistoric ancestors. Cherry was an old campaigner in bear hunting, and not easily dismayed, but the sight of this tremendous brute as he came leaping toward him, clearing the intervening fogs at a single bound, and making the earth tremble at each succeeding jump, was so startling as to make him turn "goose-flesh" all over, so that, as he expressed it, "you could have struck a match" on any part of him. Realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, Cherry, like Brer Rabbit, "laid low," and with bulging eyes watched the bear as he finally landed with one hindfoot square in the number six trap. This would have doomed an ordinary bear, but not so this one, and with the most intense astonishment Cherry watched him with the greatest deliberation press down the springs with his front feet, and then open the trap with his disengaged hindfoot, and step out, apparently little the worse for his experience.

Up to this time Cherry had been so much interested in the bear's operations that he had forgotten all about his rifle, and it was not until bruin had dodged the spear and started to make off with his booty that he remembered it. He got in two shots on the bear then, but seemingly with no other effect than to put him into an extreme state of irritation, and in this disagreeable mood he started for Cherry on the run. The situation was certainly precarious. Cherry tried another shot, but, as ill-luck would have it, the cartridge missed fire and the ejector refused to work. In the next second or two Cherry thought of all those things in this world that he should have done, but had left undone, and of all those

other things which he should not have done, but had done; but the instinct of self-preservation was still strong within him, and an open tree-trunk presenting itself at this opportune moment, he made a dive for it. It had been felled to the ground in some terrific battle of the elements years before, and Cherry got into it just in time to feel the bear's claws tickle the soles of his boots, as he jammed himself into its farther extremity. Do the best he could, this was as far as the bear could reach. He was baffled for a moment only, however, and then Cherry felt his impromptu habitation suddenly elevated into the air and borne along at a rapid rate. Working himself down to the opening again, he found that the bear had picked the log up on his shoulders and was making for a large beaver pond about 300 yds. distant, from the steep bank of which he dropped it into the water, and then sat down to lick his wounds and await developments. Foreseeing what was coming, Cherry had taken such precautions as he could to keep his rifle dry, and as the log floated high enough out of water to enable him to breathe after the first ducking, he set to work to remove the obstructing cartridge; but it was slow work, and he labored under great disadvantages. Meantime the bear grew impatient, and evidently decided to force the fighting, for he walked out on the dam and tore a large section out of it. The pond drained rapidly, and to his horror Cherry soon felt the impetus of the current drawing him with ever increasing rapidity into the clutches of the bear, who was at the opening, balancing himself on three legs preparatory to reaching for his victim with the fourth. When Cherry reached this point in his narrative I took a good look at him, to see if he was really present in the flesh, so completely did he seem to have closed every avenue of escape. But it seems a new cartridge did go home finally, and as he made the last cut with his skinning knife he told me that that hide brought him \$60 green.

Apparently no adventure ever happened to Cherry that did not remind him of some parallel instance in which he had figured, usually of a much more dangerous and exciting character. One year, while we were hunting in an extremely rough and broken country, we came across a good-sized bear, and finally, after a hot chase, brought him to bay on a narrow trail running around a huge cliff, where we killed him. His death struggles sent him over the cliff and to the rocks below. All of these circumstances brought vividly to Cherry's mind an adventure which happened to him some years before, while hunting bear in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The country was rough and almost impassable on horseback, and finally he came to such a place that he was compelled to dismount and seek a trail with a high bluff above him and a precipice below, and had reconnoitered this for some distance, when he saw, rounding the turn ahead of him, a huge California grizzly. He had left his rifle behind him, so hastened to make a retreat in good order, but on turning the curve behind him he beheld to his horror another grizzly coming in the opposite direction. For thousands of feet, so it seemed to Cherry, the cliff rose above him almost perpendicularly, and the descent into the canyon below was just as steep. Most men in a similar predicament would have ceased to think of the affairs of this earth, and concentrated their attention on the next world; but not so the resourceful Cherry. Short as was the time for deliberation, his fertile instinct was equal to the occasion. With the rapidity of a lightning-change artist he proceeded to divest himself of his clothing, which he tossed over the cliff, and then, throwing himself on all fours, he proceeded to meet the advancing grizzly. In those days, as he explained, he was a most powerful man, and covered with a superabundance of hair. This latter acted as his disguise, and, putting on a bold front, he awaited the approaching grizzly, which growled and showed his teeth as he came up. Cherry did likewise. They drew closer, and putting their noses together both bristled up and growled louder and fiercer. The bear sniffed at Cherry, who returned the compliment. The bear pawed the earth; so did Cherry, and then, with bristles erect and a parting growl, each went his way, with an occasional snarl and a look backward, until the next turn hid them from view. As Cherry was whittling a stick and putting some sand on it, preparatory to sharpening his skinning knife for removing the hide of the bear, he remarked that that was about as close a call as he had ever had; but, as he stated with an air of apology, he knew it was all right, "because it was November, and March is the only month that counts for me. I always notice that if I manage to get through March I always live the rest of the year."

While not an admirer of Indian character in general, Cherry paid the "sincerest form of flattery" to one of them in the person of Iago, and at one time this trait of his came near getting all of us into trouble. The last year we were together the Indians, always more or less dangerous, were especially treacherous. They would get together in small raiding parties, and swoop down on defenseless cattlemen, disappearing as quickly as they came, and leaving a trail of murder and desolation wherever they went, until finally the Government had to send several troops of infantry and cavalry to protect the lives and property of the settlers. One day our party surprised one of these murderous bands and made them all prisoners, and were marching them to the nearest army post, when, at a given signal, they made a break for liberty. Most of them escaped; a few did not. Some time afterward the State authorities sent an agent to inquire into this part of the "massacre," as the "New Journalism" styled it in flaming headlines. Knowing he had been in our part of the country, we instructed Cherry to be most discreet, and not to boast, as was his wont, over the Indians he had accounted for. As a matter of fact, he had not accounted for any of them.

It was not long after this that a stranger rode up to the ranch, and, following the hospitable custom of the country, Cherry hailed him and invited him in. Some twelve or fifteen of us were sitting outside the door at the time, most of us young fellows, and the agent, as he turned out to be, nodded in our direction and asked Cherry if those were all his. Cherry took a look at the throng gathered in front of the house, and then, turning on the agent, asked him, in a tone of undisguised contempt, "if he took him for an incubator?" He soon got on the good side of Cherry, though, by telling him that



HEAD OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Killed by Mr. George Gould in the Peninsula of Lower California. Probably Nelson's Mountain Sheep.

he had heard what a good shot he was, but during the dinner that followed adroitly remarked that he supposed that the Indians whom Cherry had had in charge had escaped. Up to this time Cherry, who had all the time been eager to give a full account of the entire transaction, had managed to restrain himself, but this slur on his ability as a marksman was too much, and, in spite of all our winks and nudges, he came out with an emphatic "No, sir; not much, they didn't; not by a d—d sight." Anything could be questioned but the accuracy of his faithful rifle. I do not know what the agent reported, but am certain he could have had the entire band of Indians satisfactorily accounted for if he had remained long enough in Cherry's society. We took care, however, that he did not.

It was the year that young Robert Ray Hamilton was lost that Cherry's pride received its quickest fall. The horse that Hamilton had ridden was found on the bank of the river not far from our camp, with the saddle overturned, an antelope strapped on behind the cantel, and some river grass clinging to the stirrups. In the hope of finding his body we built a log canoe for the purpose of searching the river. Men accustomed to handling a boat were requested to step out from the motley crowd gathered on the bank, and among the first of the volunteers came Cherry, with the remark that "he was born and bred in a boat." We shoved out from the shore, and began poling along the shallow stream. All went well until we struck a deep and stagnant pool, when Cherry suddenly dropped his pole, and, peering over the side, gasped out: "Boys, we have got to turn back; I can't see no bottom here." Nor could he be induced to get into an upright position again and go to work until the bottom was once more in plain sight.

One of my most amusing experiences with Cherry happened that same year. Reports of remarkably good shooting had come to us from the other side of the range; and, hoping to participate in it, we decided to cross, although it involved a trip of some 300 miles in the dead of winter. We had almost succeeded in reaching the foothills, when a blizzard from the north struck us with such severity that for four days it drove us before it southward. The country back of us was in such condition, and the cold so intense, that we then decided to strike out for a town about ninety miles distant, to rest up and supply our larder before again venturing into the mountains.

After two days of forced traveling we reached the town, and gave an eager welcome to the first place of entertainment we could find, leaving our horses outside. The latter did not relish this arrangement, and soon became restless, so that Cherry finally decided to take them to the outskirts of town and make camp, where we were to follow him later. We were just beginning to luxuriate in the comfort and warmth of the hotel, when we were startled by a series of piercing yells and curses almost outside the door, and, recognizing Cherry's

voice, we rushed out, vaulted into our saddles, and drove our horses pell-mell around the corner. The sight that met our eyes was sufficiently exciting to cause all of us to hurry to the rescue. Our pack horses were bucking about in every direction; some running away; some tangled up in the wire fences, and in danger of serious injury; and some on the ground, thrown by their loosened lash ropes. Cherry was afoot, the bridle of his horse in one hand and his six-shooter in the other. The cause of all this commotion was a trolley car, which had suddenly burst around the corner with the usual clanging of the bell and pyrotechnic emission of sparks. When we arrived on the scene, Cherry had the motorman covered with his revolver, and was bawling to him at the top of his voice to "take his wagon into another street." This order not being obeyed with sufficient alacrity, he fired a couple of shots across his bows as a warning, which confirmed the motorman and his fares in the impression that a hold-up was in progress, and the last we saw of them they were scuttling across lots to a place of safety. We hastily got our outfit together, and started at once in the direction of the old ranch, concluding that, after all, there was no place like home. Cherry listened patiently to our remonstrances as we rode away, but was evidently not placated, and declared defiantly, as the town disappeared behind the hills, that "No Christian soldiers, with their church-bells ringing, could travel up the same canyon with his pack horses. Not if he saw 'em first."

It must not for a moment be assumed from these stories that Cherry was at all deficient in courage, and nerve, and daring. Far from it. And while he was not what is known as a "bad man," and had no private graveyard, yet many a Western bully has found to his cost that, underlying that childlike and amiable simplicity of character, there was a stratum as hard as flint, and which struck fire as readily when dealt a blow. Unless the traditions of the frontier are at variance with the facts, there are several people registered in the next world on Cherry's introduction. According to one of these stories, Cherry and a number of trappers and cattlemen were gathered at a ranch one winter evening exchanging yarns, as was their wont, and everything was peaceful and amicable enough until the advent of a tough citizen from the foothills, who came in just as Cherry was relating some of his experiences, to which the newcomer took most decided objections. Cherry stood his abuse and ridicule as long as possible, and, finally, when it became unbearable, resolved, rather than have trouble, to leave, and was in the act of mounting his horse when this bully, who was of enormous size and strength, dealt him a terrific blow on the head, which nearly rendered him insensible. He then followed up this cowardly advantage with several more of the same kind, after which he dragged Cherry back to the house and threw him on the floor, as an example of what others might expect who incurred his displeasure. He had made a very grave mistake, however, in giving

Cherry this brief breathing spell, for it enabled him to pull himself together and collect his faculties. One of his eyes had been rendered useless by a blow it had received, and the other was nearly blinded by the blood which flowed from a cut on his forehead; but as soon as he was able to distinguish his antagonist he made for him with a rush. Seeing him coming, the bully drew his revolver, but before he could pull the trigger Cherry was upon him, and before the others could interfere, had they been so disposed, had killed him with his own weapon.

I happened to be present at a little tragedy in which Cherry took part, which caused the death of a famous horsethief and his partner, and which well illustrated Cherry's coolness and nerve. He had known years before in Montana a man by the name of Murphy, who at that time was acting as foreman for a large cattle company, and afterward got mixed up in some one of the numerous border frays which were continually arising, and the other side getting the upper hand, he was forced to leave. While en route south he fell in with a man by the name of Spalding, who had some 200 head of horses with him, which, he assured Murphy, were all "good" stock, and offered to give him an interest in them if he would help to get them to market, and this proposition Murphy accepted. Shortly after this they fell in with Cherry, who was returning from a hunting trip, and Spalding made the same proposition to him, which was also accepted. The very next night a band of horsethieves, or sheriff's deputies—they never knew which—stampeded their outfit, and made off south. They succeeded in recovering the greater part of the stock, but, fearing further depredations, and being near Cherry's ranch, decided to winter the stock there.

During the winter a trapper from the north, who stopped over at the ranch for the night, told Cherry that the horses had been stolen, and that Spalding was the man who had done it. Cherry questioned Spalding on the subject, and, much to his and Murphy's surprise, learned that the charge was true. Cherry was for washing his hands of the whole outfit, but Murphy decided to see it out, and, chiefly on his account, our old guide concluded not to interfere, but to allow the stock to winter on the ranch and let matters take their course. The winter was almost gone before anything further was heard of the stock; but the latter part of March word came to Cherry that a strong Montana posse was headed for the ranch. Even then he and Murphy took no measures to disassociate themselves from their suspicious company, but decided to stick together and take chances. Our party was camped on the river, about two miles below the ranch, and one morning in April we heard the posse go by on the gravel bank below, and by the time our horses were caught and saddled we heard the shooting in the distance. We found out afterward that Spalding had gone to the cow barn about the time the posse arrived, and the leader met him at the door as he came out. He was at once covered with revolvers and ordered to surrender, but instead he jumped back into the barn and opened fire with both his guns. The odds against him, however, were too heavy, and he was shot down where he stood, but not until more than one poor fellow had been sent to his long account. Spalding was riddled with buckshot, and a fusillade of Winchesters was kept up long after he was dead, so that we had to bury him in a blanket.

Murphy, hearing the shooting, grasped his rifle and started for the barn, but just as he opened the door of the ranch a bullet imbedded itself in the wood near his head, and sent the splinters flying into his eyes. Dazed and blinded for the moment, he put his hand to his eyes, and half stepped, half fell back into the doorway, and the man who had fired the shot, thinking he had killed him, raised himself from behind the mound where he was hidden. Quick as a flash, Murphy killed him with his gun at his left shoulder, and almost in the same instant shot through the heart another of the deputies, who incautiously showed himself in another direction. Then he stepped into the open, and called out that he would fight them one at a time, or surrender, but even while he spoke a bullet struck him in the back. He turned to face this new foe, but was struck again and again until he reeled and fell; but even then, though shot through in a dozen different places, he continued to use his rifle, and when they got to him the magazine was empty. The posse had surrounded the ranch when we rode up, and commanded the occupants to step forth. Cherry was the only one. As he came out of the door he was ordered to throw up his hands, while forty deputies covered him. He had his hands in his pockets; started to obey the order; drew them half way out; hesitated; shoved them back, and finally crossed his arms on his chest. The order was repeated, but Cherry, looking about him, first at the posse confronting him with leveled rifles still smoking from their recent execution, and then from the body of Spalding to the body of his friend Murphy, both riddled with bullets, he deliberately put his hands back in his pockets, and, turning to the sheriff, said: "These hands will go up for men, not for murderers."

Cherry will be sixty his next birthday.

LEWIS S. THOMPSON.

An Amphibious Alligator.

A BOSTON lady stood on the deck of the Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, notebook and lorgnette in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darky roustabout.

"Is the alligator amphibious?" was one of her questions.

The darky scratched his head; he was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn-pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied:

"I reckon he 'am, mis'; he done bite yo' shuah ef yo' monkey wid him."—*Youth's Companion*.

SHE had just returned from a visit to Boston. "Is it true," asked an acquaintance, "that there is an air of culture and educational refinement plainly noticeable in the speech of Boston residents?" "My dear," she replied, impressively, "even the owls around Boston hoot 'To whom!' instead of 'To who!' as they do in the West."—*Exchange*.

A Requiem.

I WENT home the other night, pulled off my shoes and traded them for a pair of slippers, got comfortably settled in a big chair by the fire, and started in on a new book. The first chapter told about New Year's Day—it didn't say a word about the Old Year—and here I was living in the last days of one that was dying, and dying fast. Out of doors I could hear the wind hustling the falling snow here and there, covering the unsightly spots and blotting out the scars of earth that the Year's glassing eyes might close in peace. I fell to wondering how the Old Year felt about dying. It had lived its allotted time; did it grieve to go? At its birth the hour of its passing had been decreed. Unlike the various life that quickened its existence, it knew to the hour its final decease. Was the Old Year leaving a heartache? Was there sadness and a longing for a few more days of life—or did the world make merry over the birth of days to follow—was it off with the old, on with the untried new? Finally I resolved on the morrow to see how the Old Year felt about it. It was to be the last day. Where could I get the nearest to old '97? Not in the crowded walks of the busy town. There there was no sorrow; the bells too quickly pealed out the new King's birth. No, I would watch for once under the shadow of the pines; and mourn with nature in the midnight hour.

So on the following evening, just as the shadows crept in and settled on the busy streets, I started for the woods. Out through the paved walks of the city, just as the lights began to show, just as the day of toil was ending. How cold it was; how blue the sky, with its dancing lights—worlds that had seen the birth of centuries. Now I was out of the city; the woods stood sentinel on either hand; the white carpet was laid; the moon furnished the shadow dancers; the wind played a weird tune, and moved to the music the birch and maple balanced to their shadow partners on the snow.

I climbed the fence at the roadside and struck out across the field, resolved to climb the mountain side, now showing dark against the sky. Just here in this little clump of birches one day last fall a woodcock met an untimely end; it was such a woodcock as artists put on canvas. How different the spot looks by moonlight. I was standing just where Rex had stood on that day when the leaves were falling. Just there was where the woodcock flushed. I could almost hear again the whistle and the wings; but alas! it is now only a memory of '97.

I climbed the hill and at last stood under a giant pine, who had stood so well his winter vigil that the snow found no chance to thrust beneath his guard, and the ground was bare. Beneath me the lights twinkled in answer to the stars. The little lake shone like an opal at the foot of the mountain. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night, and save for the sad face of the moon I knew of no mourner but myself for the Old Year.

Woods and fields where my dogs and I had spent red-letter days lay at my feet. I could see here a spot and there another where the heart had quickened; I could almost fancy the dull boom of the double barrels, the rush of wings as the bird went on. I heard the music of the hound on a far-away hill, and I followed my own footsteps home with the red pelt. And '97 was dying; these were but memories. What of '98? It was a hazard of fortune. Then from field I turned to fireside, and my heart failed me—how could I let the Old Year go; only I could see the face that saw the year begin; what to her or me was '98? But now as I pondered the shadows fled. The moon hid her fair face behind a cloud, I heard the sharp bark of a fox on the hill behind me. The pond at my feet flung to my ears a dull boom as the ice settled; and a sudden chill came on the air as the forest sighed a gentle breeze. I took out my watch; the hour stood midnight. I knew the Old Year was dead, and as if to mock the jangling bells from the city told me the Child was born, the King was dead. Long live the King.

NOX-ALL.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

Podgers' Commentaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—I have no bear stories to relate, because there are no bears nowadays hereabouts except Monarch, the big grizzly out at the Park zoo, although when first setting foot on these shores I might have found his counterpart in a wild state on the very ground this big fellow now occupies as a captive. Neither have I any tales of fishing or shooting to tell, the obstacle to the pursuit of the same being that metallic attachment to the ankle and the other end to that oaken conscience set forth in a cut in the FOREST AND STREAM'S "Chained to Business." Fortunate friends aggravate me by sending me a pair of canvasbacks or a 20lb. salmon, and I fear I am not properly grateful. It does stir one's most diabolical fiendishness to have word sent with the birds: "If you want any more say so. Jim and I did very well on our two days' shoot—300 between us and mostly canvasbacks." This is no idle talk either; for the boys have universally made good bags so far this season, and the market-shooter has got in his work, resulting in our market being heavily stocked, reducing mallards and canvasbacks to 50 cents a pair. And to think that a man whose weakness is the gun and rod has to sit by and endure all this, and all within a couple of hours' reach, is enough to make a person swear or get some one to swear for him. That became my duty once when fishing on a stream one time up in old Connecticut when fishing on a stream one time in the State of Connecticut with a clerical friend who stood on a slippery log. Just as he had a strike of a big trout his feet went out from under him and in he went, ker souse. I hauled him out and said: "Parson, don't you feel like swearing?" "Indeed I do," he sputtered, "and if you don't mind doing it for me, I shall feel obliged. There are occasions when the relief it brings is justifiable." Try cracking a hickory nut and hit your thumb instead, and see.

We have had, and are having, an exceptionally good season for game, thanks to the efforts of our game wardens and the consequent restrictions of the usual slaughter by market hunters, although by no means entirely effective.

Netting and big-bored guns still get in their deadly work, as demonstrated by the piles of ducks—wagon-loads, I may say—to be seen in our markets almost any day. It is a wonder that there is a duck or quail left in the country.

Now comes in our salmon fishing, fine sport being had with rod in all our streams emptying into the ocean, into which the fish run after the first rains, and here your humble servant, who claims to have been the first person to take a salmon on the coast with a fly, must sit by and see the fishermen coming home of an evening with a back load of 20-pounders, the result of the day's sport. The fish are generally caught with a feathered spoon, however, as most of them do not even yet believe salmon in our waters can be caught with the fly, and do not try it. The spoon is more reliable.

California is a pretty good country yet for the sportsman, although nothing to what it was in early days. The march of improvement and great increase in population and shooters has in a measure driven the game away or exhausted it. In the early days, say forty years ago, there were elk by the hundreds within twenty miles of the city, and a deer or a grizzly could be bagged where roses and japonicas are now perfuming the air. An old schooner captain tells me that on one occasion in sailing up the straits where the Navy Yard now stands, he struck a band of elk swimming across the straits, so numerous that he could not get through them, and had to lower sail and wait for them to pass. Of course this was before the advent of the hateful Gringo and gold-seeker had spoiled one of the most beautiful countries of the Lord's footstool. Talk about Africa! it could not hold the proverbial candle to what this country was before the discovery of gold, with its millions of elk, deer, mountain lions, and that king of beasts, the grizzly, compared to which the African lion is a pigmy. There are but a few left now—now and then one back in the inaccessible mountain ranges. He has retired before civilization, like every other good thing.

I have referred several times to the numerous expeditions that have fitted out here to search for buried treasure on Cocos Island, which, legend hath it, was the favorite resort of gentlemen pirates. I think I gave an account of six or seven. Since then two more have joined the ranks of the credulous, and even a British man-of-war. Altogether they must have dug over nearly every foot of poor old Cocos and put it in good farming condition. Many of the expeditions declare they almost found it, but just as they were certain of success provisions gave out and they had to abandon the search. All sorts of expeditions continue to be fitted out to sail to the South Sea Islands. One consisting of 100 men bought a vessel and sailed for an island reported to be inhabited entirely by women who were crazy to get married and sighed for the male element. In due time the island was found, but so far from the ladies being languishing maidens, they were found to be provided each with a gentleman with a ring in his nose and a spear in his hand, and showing a lively disposition to boil, fry and roast such of the expedition as they could induce to land. In this the females joined. The story that they were glad enough to welcome white men was true enough, but they wanted them grilled or in an Irish stew. The expedition was finally shipwrecked and straggled back by ones and twos, as they could beg passage from occasional vessels.

Now we have another expedition of miners bound for the Solomon group to search for gold. It is surmised that if they land none will live to return, as the Solomon Islanders are known to be about the toughest lot of gentlemen of the whole South Seas. Their appetites are wonderful, and they pick the bones of a white man so clean that a crow would starve on what they leave.

PODGERS.

Natural History.

Nelson's Mountain Sheep.

SOME time ago Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Biological Survey, described under the name *Ovis nelsoni* a new species of mountain sheep from Mexico. The specimen on which this description was based was a female secured by Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the Biological Survey, a well-known explorer, who seems equally at home whether voyaging in a kayak along the shore of the Arctic Ocean or penetrating the densest tangles of the swamps of Central America.

There are many sportsmen who, on general principles only and without any definite knowledge of the subject, deride this new species, and are disposed to lump all the native mountain sheep of North America under the single name *Ovis canadensis*, instead of counting as four different species *O. dalli*, *O. stoni*, *O. canadensis* and *O. nelsoni*.

The male of *Ovis nelsoni* is not known to the naturalists of the Biological Survey, yet we believe that in the head of a remarkable ram, killed in 1894 in the peninsula of Lower California by Mr. George H. Gould, a magnificent example of this form is to be seen.

Readers who attended the Sportsmen's Exposition in 1895 will recall a superb sheep's head exhibited in the space of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. This was the specimen referred to. The committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, consisting of Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell and Archibald Rogers, who measured the heads of big game on that occasion, gave the girth of the horns of this head as 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., the length 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the spread 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. They said of it, "It is on the whole the finest head of which we have any record." It will be observed that for their length these horns were somewhat slender, and further, that their spread is greater than is usually seen in the mountain sheep, although it is well known that in these animals individual variation is quite marked. This, then, seems to be characteristic of this head—light, slim horns, with an outward twist greater than is commonly seen in the mountain sheep of the middle Rocky Mountains. It may be that this is characteristic of the male of *O. nelsoni*.

The country where this specimen was taken is the volcanic desert of Lower California, far south of the United States boundary line. In that country there are said to be not a few sheep, but it is a region almost waterless, and on that account very difficult to penetrate.

It is this sheep whose head is the cover stamp of the second volume of the Boone and Crockett book, entitled "Hunting in Many Lands," in which volume is found a delightful account of Mr. Gould's Lower California hunt. The cover stamp referred to gives a better idea of the lightness and outward sweep of horns on what we are disposed to believe to be the only known male head of this *nelsoni* than does the accompanying illustration. The two figures should be studied together.

We reproduce from Mr. Gould's article entitled "The Gulf of Cortez" the following description of the country in which this sheep was found, and of the incidents immediately connected with its capture. Mr. Gould says:

"We were now approaching the true desert. This term is not restricted to the broad level sand wastes along the Gulf, but includes the arid and waterless mountains adjacent, and this must be borne in mind when the Mexicans tell you that sheep are to be found in the desert.

"We passed the last of the brushy hills, and crossing a small divide came over slopes of volcanic cinders to a little water spot with dwarf willows and grass. This was our hunting camp. The country through which our route had lain heretofore was altogether granitic, though one could see hills apparently of stratified material in the distance. Toward the desert we met beds of conglomerate and trachyte and mountains covered with slide-rock ringing flinty-like clinkers from some great volcanic furnace.

"The vegetation had somewhat changed. There were more cactus, particularly the fleshy kind called venaga, though I noticed with surprise the absence of the great fruit-bearing cactuses, the Saguaro and Pitaya, all along our route. The Spanish daggers were very numerous, as were also Mescal plants, both of these forming veritable thickets in places.

"This makes the third variety of wilderness encountered in the peninsula. There are four: First and best, the pure barrens; second, the brushy hills and plains covered with sage, greasewood and buckweed; third, this spike-bearing volcanic region, and fourth, the appalling desolation of the acknowledged desert.

"The moment we had unloaded and watered our animals Anastasio and I set out to look for deer. Anastasio wore the spotted and tattered remnant of a frock coat once green, given him by an Englishman, of whom I shall say more later. He had guarachis, or sandals, on his feet, bare legs, a breech-clout, and on his head a reddish bandanna handkerchief in the last stages of decay, and as he peered over some rock, glaring long and earnestly in search of game, he reminded one of those lean and wolfish Apaches that Remington draws in a way so dramatic and so full of grim significance.

"Anastasio was fifty-one years old and had no upper incisors, but the way he flung his gaunt leathern shanks over those mountains of volcanic clinkers, armed with the poisoned bayonets of myriads of mescal, cactus and Spanish dagger, was astonishing.

"I told him that I was not racing, and that he would scare the game. In fact he did start one little fellow, but he said he always saw the game first, and for this day I was quite powerless to hold him in; so I decided to return to camp before dark. This disgusted Anastasio greatly. 'In this way we shall never kill,' said he. 'We are going to suffer from hunger.' I assured him that we had plentiful supplies, but he had come for meat. Unbounded meat had been the chief incentive for his trip, and hungry he was determined to be.

"The next day J. B. set out early with the red man. I arranged camp, and two or three hours later took what I supposed was a different direction, but soon encountered the pair returning. J. B. had a painful knee, and Anastasio had started his racing tactics and kept them up until J. B. was quite lame.

"The Indian reported that he had seen sheep. J. B. had used the glass without finding them, and then Anastasio captured it and looked through the wrong end, nodding and saying he could count five, very big. This, I am sorry to say, was false and affected on Anastasio's part, and J. B. was skeptical about the sheep altogether; but I knew how hard it was to find distant game when you don't know exactly how it should appear. To reach the supposed sheep the mountain must be climbed and the crest turned, for the wind permitted no other course. J. B. did not feel up to the task, and I directed him to camp. Anastasio and I climbed for about four hours, and reached a position whence his sheep would be visible. He stared long, and said he could make out one ewe lying down under a juniper. I tried the glass. He was right. His unaided sight seemed about equal in definition to my field glass. On this occasion he declined to use the glass. We could get no nearer unseen, and though the distance was very great I decided to risk a shot.

"I fired in fact two or three shots at the ewe, alarming her greatly, when from beneath a cliff which lay below us a band streamed out. Two big rams started off to the right. Anastasio and I ran down a bit, and I tried a long shot at the leading ram. The distance was great, and the run had pumped me a little. I missed. The second ram was still larger. He stopped a moment at 150 yds., and I dropped him. Anastasio grunted satisfaction. I swung to the left, where the rest of the band was journeying, sighted at the shoulder of a young ram and fired. The ball passed through my intended victim, dropping him, and entered the eye of a yearling ram who stood behind, thus killing two rams at one shot—a most unusual accident.

"The rest of the band were now quite distant, and though I fired several shots, at Anastasio's desire—he said he wanted a fat ewe—none took effect.

"I cleaned the sheep and skinned out the big head. Anastasio took one small ram entire on his back, supporting it by a rope passed over the top of his head, and I with the big horns started down. It was 1 o'clock. The head might have weighed 35 lbs. fresh. It grew to weigh 1,500 lbs. before dark. Stumbling down through the slide-rock with legs full of venomous pricklers, I passed below camp without noticing it, and was well on the other side, when I thought I had gone about far enough, and shouted. J. B.'s voice answered across a small hill, and I

found that he had never found camp at all, but had found a water spot, and wisely decided not to leave it without good reason.

"I scouted a bit to the west, but found unfamiliar country, and as the sun had set we were seemingly about to stay by that water all night, when I turned around and saw a pale column of smoke rising above the crest of the ridge against the evening sky.

"At once we marched around the ridge, and as we rose over the divide we saw the whole hillside flaming with signal fires. Our dear old Anastasio had become alarmed, and set fire to fifteen or twenty dead mesquites in different places to guide us home. God bless a good Indian!

"The next day I spent the morning in washing, resting and cutting spikes out of my legs. Anastasio packed in the second small ram, and ate ribs and slept. Then, in the afternoon, we got the rest of the big fellow down. Anastasio, to make his load lighter, smashed off the shanks with a stone, although he carried a knife in his belt—a striking trick of heredity."

Yellowstone Park Notes.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, Wyo., Dec. 19.—This morning a team and three men started out to bring in a soldier who froze to death between the Lake Hotel and the Thumb. The news came in last night. As nearly as I can learn the story it is this:

The soldiers stationed at Snake River and Mud Geyser have an arrangement to meet on the 15th and 30th of every month at a cabin on the West Bay or Thumb of Yellowstone Lake, to exchange mail, reports, etc. Two men started from their station at Mud Geyser, spent the first night at the Lake Hotel, starting from there on the morning of the 14th at about 8 o'clock with the thermometer several degrees below zero. The distance between the hotel and cabin is nineteen miles. When out about ten miles one of the men found himself giving out, and, knowing he could not make to the cabin, started to return. The other soldier, Private John W. H. Davis, of D Troop, Sixth Cavalry, determined to push on to the cabin. This was in violation of very strict orders issued by the commanding officer. The orders are that no one man shall make a snowshoe trip alone; that there shall never be less than two together, and that if one has to turn back or stop, the other man must stay with him. These orders have been in force since the spring of '94, when the FOREST AND STREAM Expedition reported the man lost between Riverside and the Lower Geyser Basin.

The man who turned back spent the night in a cabin on Bridge Bay, getting back to the Lake Hotel next morning with his fingers, ears and toes frosted a bit, reporting to Fort Yellowstone by telephone. Capt. Erwin, the commanding officer, ordered two men from another station over to investigate. The men started out as soon as possible, and very near the 12-mile post found Davis frozen stiff, his snowshoes sticking up in the road. It seems almost impossible for a man to lose his life in such a way in that country, as there is any quantity of dry wood and timber all along the road. He could not have been so careless as to be without matches! I will try to get all the particulars later.

Capt. Erwin has had reported to him thirty-two buffalo as seen by his scouting parties. He was unable to get away on our photographing trip to Soda Butte, and had to give it up until next spring.

To-day I saw in Gardiner Canyon five mountain sheep, not quite close enough for a picture. Quite a number of coyotes have been poisoned in the Park lately, and fresh poison is put out every few days.

Very large bands of elk are seen by the Cooke City stage driver all along the road from the springs to Soda Butte.

I saw about fifteen antelope on the flat across Gardiner's River as I came down.

One of the scouts reported as having seen Saturday about 750 elk on the ridge in the Swan Lake country. Elk, antelope and mule deer are close in to Gardiner, south and southwest of the town. Very few of the antelope have come out of the Park lately. Only a few have been killed in Montana. E. HOFER.

Infertility of the Half-breed Goose.

PROVIDENCE, Ky., Dec. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in a recent issue that Shaganoss would like to know about the infertility of eggs of hybrids from common domestic and wild goose (*B. canadensis*). Having from experience been familiar with the raising of these half-breeds, I can say that they will not hatch. The male hybrid retains the red feet of the tame goose, while the female has the dark color of the wild goose. Head of female also darker than male. Some of the geese in this flock are over thirty-five years old. J. T. RICE.

ALGONA, Ia., Dec. 29.—I notice an inquiry by Shaganoss in regard to the hatching of the eggs of the half-breed geese. My experience has been that such eggs will not hatch. I have tried the experiment many times and the result has always been the same. I do not think that the Canada goose should be classed with the goose tribe, as the bird is more like a swan. If the "tame goose" was crossed with the white-fronted or snow goose I have no doubt that the eggs from the birds of that cross would hatch. JOHN G. SMITH.

In reply to Shaganoss in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 25, 1897, I would say: In 1869 I was in Sullivan county, Mo., and I became acquainted with a family named Dell. Passing their place one day on my return home from Scottsville, I saw a flock of the biggest geese I ever saw anywhere. They were peculiar in color, too, being much darker than the ordinary domestic goose. I called to one of the Dell boys and asked him whether or not he would sell me some eggs of those geese. He said he would, but that they would not hatch. I told him then I did not want them.

When I got home I told my uncle about the geese, and that young Dell said the eggs were sterile. He said: "You are not; the first person taken in by the Dells' mule geese. They are a cross between the tame goose

and the wild goose. One of the older Dell boys wounded two wild geese, one a gander, the other a goose, and they kept these with their tame flock, and raised geese by crossing both ways. The two old wild geese either died or were killed, and those big geese stay by themselves, as you notice. They do not go with the tame geese, and are a great curiosity. Their eggs will not hatch. The boys used to disbelieve this, but old man Dell gave me some of the eggs, and I tried them: Those crossed geese are mules—the eggs are sterile." I don't know whether or not the wild geese above were *Branta canadensis* or not, but I often heard people speak of "Dell's big mule geese." AMATEUR.

The Linnean Society.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held Jan. 11 and 25, and public lectures will be delivered in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, New York, as follows:

Jan. 6, public lecture, Daniel Giraud Elliot, "Cats and the Lands they Inhabit," illustrated by lantern slides.

Jan. 11, Ernest Seton Thompson, "The Summer Birds of the Yellowstone National Park," continued from meeting of Dec. 14.

Jan. 25, W. K. Parmelee, "Notes on the Habits of Turtles, with Particular Reference to those Species found within Fifty Miles of New York City," illustrated by specimens.

Feb. 3, "From Vera Cruz to Mexico City," by Frank M. Chapman.

March 17, "The Mammals of North America," by Ernest Seton Thompson; illustrated by views from nature and from original drawings by the lecturer.

April 7, "Protective and Directive Coloration of Animals," by C. Hart Merriam.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Trapping an Eagle.

THE capture of an eagle three miles from Brownstown, W. Va., by Geo. Handley, Will Walker, Ed Smith and Jas. Bullington was effected in quite an unusual way, and it was not a less peculiar habit of the eagle that occasioned his capture. The above-named men while searching for maple trees observed for several days an eagle fly to a lofty poplar, alighting every time perhaps not over 100 ft. from the ground and then disappearing from sight. The curiosity of the men was awakened. Accordingly they went to the tree, and one of the men climbed to the roosting place of the feathered king, which to his surprise was a hollow place about 1 ft. deep. They then conceived the idea of trapping him. A common rat trap was put into the hole, secured by a chain. A man by the name of Ross, living near, was trusted to keep daily watch of the eagle, and was soon rewarded by discovering that his majesty had been trapped. After a fierce struggle the bird was firmly secured and borne triumphantly away. He measured 7 ft. from tip to tip of wings. As the men did not care to keep the carnivorous pet they sold him to a circus proprietor for \$11.

N. D. ELTING.

Muskrat in a Store.

A FEW days ago my dog, that, by the way, is fond of rats as game, got scent of something in Brinker Brothers' store, in Central City, W. Va., which proved a flat-tail rodent instead of the kind of rat so much inclined toward the habitat of man. It was about half-grown. It puzzles us to know how and why he got there. He probably came from a ditch running along Railroad avenue, about half a square from the store; but that a muskrat had his residence in the heart of the city was a thing hardly dreamed of. Maybe he was a little truant, and fell into the bad company of his predatory cousins and got into trouble, as did dog Tray for the same reason. N. D. E.

Game Bag and Gun.

Blackbuck in Muzzleloader Days.

AT the latter end of the 60s I was living at a station in central India, the country around which was well stocked with small game. There were also a few antelopes (*A. bezoartica*) and gazelles (*G. bennetti*), but these had been so incessantly hunted during the preceding two years by the officers and men of a Highland regiment that there was much difficulty in approaching within 200 or 300 yds. of them. By hard work I had succeeded, during the cool season, in bagging twenty, besides a couple of four-horned antelope.

The hot weather was commencing. Most of the ducks, snipe and quail had migrated to northern regions, and the partridges and hares were breeding. Sportsmen therefore had given up small game, shooting for that season. After a few weeks of quiet life the monotony began to be insupportable to myself and a friend named B., in the battery of artillery to which we belonged. We therefore applied for a week's leave of absence and arranged to go to a Government rest-house for travelers (called Dawk Bungalow), thirty-three miles distant, where we heard there were antelope which had not been much worried by hunters.

I hired two camels, loaded them with my tent, cooking utensils, some tins of preserved soup, a few bottles of beer, etc., and sent them forward to await our arrival at the bungalow.

In order to avoid a long, slow ride in the heat, we each borrowed some horses and distributed them along the road so as to have a fresh mount about every eight miles.

Before daylight next morning we had some tea, and started. The road was kept in good order for the Government mail-carts to travel over, but on each side of it there was a narrow belt of ground rather less hard, along which we rode at a steady, hard gallop, only stopping to transfer the saddles on to the fresh horses. We thus

finished the thirty-three miles without fatigue in rather less than three hours, arriving at the Dawk Bungalow before the sun became too scorching. The country through which we had passed was cultivated in places, the intervening parts being covered for miles together with low bush jungle of acacia and cornel thorn, or with tall grass bleached by the sun to a light yellow tint.

After breakfast we went out to look for game. B. was a first-rate performer with his 12-bore muzzle-loading shotgun, but was unaccustomed to a rifle.

I lent him a Westley Richards carbine, .45-bore, taking a cartridge of thin, tough paper containing 55 grains of powder and 400 of lead. The bullet lay, for the greater part of its length, in the grooving, and the rifle was the most accurate breech-loader of that time (especially at long ranges), with the exception of the American Maynard, which was superior in calm weather up to 150 yds.

For myself I had a double, muzzle-loading, two-grooved rifle carrying round-belted balls of 17 to the pound, with 55 grains of powder. The barrels, like those of most of the old rifles in England, had been put together for light powder charges, and I could not use more without throwing the bullets 5 or 6 in. apart at 100 yds. With 55 grains it was very accurate, but of course the trajectory was high, being nearly 6 in. for the first 100 yds., up to which distance it carried with the fixed rear sight. There were folding leaf sights for 150 and 200 yds.

Many of your younger readers who have used only improved modern rifles, such as the .40-60 or .45-70 repeaters, may think that a large proportion of shots must have been wasted with bullets making such high curves in their flight. With men who hunted at long intervals this was the case, but those who were in constant practice with their rifles were nearly as certain of hitting their mark at ranges up to about 110 yds. as they would be with the modern weapons. The very necessity of aiming higher or lower, to allow for the curve of the bullet, at all objects beyond 30 yds., made hunters much better judges of distance than they now are, so that, even when firing at running game, the requisite allowance was made almost instinctively.

It is at ranges between 120 and 200 yds. that modern rifles show their superiority in the most marked manner. With the above-mentioned two-groove I had killed several antelope and gazelles at distances up to 200 yds., but had lost many through the bullets going over or under their chests. When the distance was correctly judged, I never used any rifle at game shooting which excelled it in accuracy. W. Greener, the father of the present gun-maker of that name, and Chapman, in his book on "The Improved American Rifle," both write very disparagingly against two-grooved rifles, but every sportsman who has hunted with them, or whose narratives I have read, has spoken of them in the highest terms.

The country all round the Dawk Bungalow was a wide plain, intersected with shallow, dried-up water-courses, and with a range of low, rocky hills in the distance. It was cultivated in patches, from which the crops had been reaped, and the intervening ground was covered with low prickly bushes, tufts of dry grass and a few wild date palms.

B. and I started, each with two coolies from a neighboring village, in order that they might carry back any game that we killed. We separated so as not to spoil each other's sport, and after walking some distance I noticed a gazelle in a clump of bushes 70 yds. away. I always made it a rule to kill something at the earliest opportunity on every shooting excursion, for the purpose of supplying the native servants with flesh food. It was a pleasant change for them, and made them more cheerful when living only upon their ordinary diet of flour, pulse and clarified butter (called ghee). I therefore dropped the gazelle in his tracks with a shot through the shoulders, and, after the little animal was cleaned, one of the coolies carried it on his head to the bungalow.

The most convenient mode of preparing a small deer or antelope to be carried in this way is to slit open the space between the tendon and bone above each hock, push each fore leg from the opposite side through the hole, and prevent the uppermost leg from slipping back by passing a sharp-pointed stick like a skewer through the arm close above the knee. A piece of string tied round all the legs where they cross will fix them still more firmly, and sometimes it is advisable to fasten an animal's head to them, thus preventing it from swaying about. Most coolies prefer carrying a weight on their heads if it can be made compact enough.

After walking about two miles more I saw a fine blackbuck with splendid horns, and managed to stalk to within 100 yds., when he began to move preparatory to breaking into a gallop. The bullet struck in the shoulder rather too high, probably grazing the under part of the spine. The buck dropped on the spot, but as he continued struggling while on his side I feared he might get on his legs, so ran forward and put the bullet of the second barrel through his brain. The sun was, by that time, so hot that after cleaning the buck and helping the coolie to carry the carcass to the bungalow I took a cold bath and enjoyed a few hours' rest.

Late in the afternoon B. and I went out again in separate directions. I found another blackbuck, and approached within 90 or 100 yds., when he moved away in an oblique direction, but stopped for an instant to look back at me. I made a bad yet very successful shot, aiming at the root of the left ear.

On returning to the bungalow I found that B. had been unlucky. He had seen some antelope, but could not approach within fair range, which was not surprising, considering that he was inexperienced in stalking. He was too good a sportsman to fire at game several hundreds of yards distant, for the mere chance of killing, or more likely, uselessly wounding an animal.

The blackbuck is usually found in places where there is little cover, but if not made too wary by having been frequently shot at he can generally be stalked to within 100 or 150 yds. by a hunter who does not mind walking on hands and knees, or dragging himself along with his elbows and toes in the dry beds of streams and behind low bushes. This is, of course, hard work under a blazing sun, and trying to a man's temper when, as is often the case, the ground is strewn with dead thorns.

They are sometimes in places where the cover is better

and can then be shot with less trouble. They must be hit in a vital spot, for if the bullet passes through the back ribs or abdomen they are liable to run out of sight, and if a leg be broken they will sometimes gallop for miles. I have known some sportsmen who followed on horseback and speared them when a leg was broken, but I always waited for them to lie down (which they will soon do if not pursued), and then stalked them again. The part of the chest which must be struck to insure bagging, even with a .450 express ball, is not more (at the utmost) than 6 in. deep and 8 in. wide, including the spine. The first buck I ever killed appeared behind some tall bushes, when I was walking across an open plain. He gave me a fair standing shot at 200 yds., but although the bullet of the two-grooved rifle went clean through both shoulders he ran about the same distance through the bushes before dropping.

On another occasion I fired at a buck facing me 150 yds. distant. The bullet (102. in weight and driven by 62 grs. of powder) struck almost exactly in the center of the breast, passing out through a hind quarter; yet the animal turned round and disappeared in the bushes. By carefully walking exactly against the wind I found him lying dead 80 or 100 yds. further on. (Several kinds of deer or antelope always run, if possible, straight against the wind when wounded, and I have repeatedly recovered them by following in the same direction when there was no bleeding or any track visible.) Occasionally on bare, open plains, I have succeeded in approaching within shooting distance of a herd of antelope by walking slowly round them as if intending to go past, while looking in any direction except toward them, and stooping down like the native cultivators, as if pulling up weeds, every time the animals showed signs of uneasiness. On occasions like these the hunter must be very careful not to go for even an instant out of their sight in a ravine or behind a rock or tree. If he do so, the herd will suspect an ambush and gallop away.

But to return to the narrative: On the following morning B. and I went out soon after daybreak, and nearly in the same place as on the preceding evening I found another buck and obtained a standing shot at about 100 yds., killing him in his tracks with a bullet behind the shoulder.

In the afternoon I went out again, B. walking to some likely-looking ground in an easterly direction, while I went toward the rocky hills in the north. While passing over some cultivated land I noticed a herd of antelope quite 500 yds. away. They at once became alarmed and started off, many of them, as is their habit when frightened, repeatedly springing perpendicularly 8 or 10 ft. into the air.

Not very long afterwards the sound of a rifle shot came from the east, and in a few minutes the heads of some animals appeared over a swell in the plain, moving rapidly in my direction. There was no place for concealment except a slight hollow, in which I sat down. My head and shoulders were above this, but the cover of my pith helmet and my clothes of thin cotton being all dyed with the slate color called in India *khakee*, there was not much chance of being noticed when keeping perfectly still.

One of the animals came at a gallop, a herd of ten or twelve gazelles leading, and a fine blackbuck some yards in the rear going with the long, lurching strides the speed of which is so deceptive until you try to follow on a fast horse. They passed obliquely at about 150 yds., and raising the rear leaf sight for that range I saw the front bead on the shoulder swung forward until it appeared the buck's own length in front of his nose, and pressed the trigger. The bullet, as I afterwards found, struck at the rear edge of the right shoulder and passed out in front of the left, the buck galloping about 60 yds. and falling apparently dead. I had no idea that any man was in sight, but a native who had been hidden behind some large trees close by suddenly appeared and began running towards the buck, which at once showed signs of life, struggled to his feet and commenced walking away. Not knowing at the time where the bullet had struck, I rushed forward to within a short range and fired the second barrel, hitting the back of the head between the ears.

Although animals which drop in their tracks sometimes rise to their feet, this is the only instance I can remember of one doing so after running some distance before falling.

B. met me at the bungalow and said that he had shot a gazelle with the Westley Richards carbine, but lost him and had also narrowly escaped killing a native who was cutting grass a long distance beyond. The man called out in terror, and B., on going to where he was sitting, found that the bullet, after drilling a hole in the gazelle, had passed through the man's hair close above one ear. (On a subsequent occasion when standing on the border of a wide, sandy plain I killed a jackal with this carbine when using the leaf sight for only 150 yds., yet the bullet knocked up the dust quite 800 yds. further on. Bullets with hollow points I had not then heard of, and therefore discontinued using the carbine for game shooting, being afraid of injuring some herdsman in charge of cattle or goats, who might happen to be out of sight in the jungle.)

On the following morning we sent the servants with the tent to a camping ground several miles on the road toward home, B. and myself trying our luck once more in the country around the Dawk Bungalow. After walking a long distance I came upon a blackbuck about 100 yds. away and had an easy shot at his shoulder. At the report of the rifle he bounded perpendicularly fully 6 ft. and galloped away untouched through the trees, while I was too astonished at having missed to fire the second barrel before he had disappeared. When reloading I found that the 150 yds. leaf sight had by some accident been raised, so that the bullet had passed several inches above the animal's shoulder.

While returning to the bungalow I suddenly saw what appeared to be a beautiful, calm lake close in front, and could not feel convinced that it was only a mirage until I looked back and found that there was a similar resemblance to a lake. The illusion was so perfect that the bushes, tufts of tall grass and palm trees were all reflected upside down as if on real water.

After breakfast B. and I rode to the camping ground, the heat having become so intense that, although the tent had a double roof, we were glad during the middle

of the day to keep our heads cool by frequently pouring water over them.

Late in the afternoon I strolled over a plain covered with thorny bushes and masses of gneiss rock 6 or 8 ft. high. I found a herd of gazelles with one buck antelope among them. He appeared to be only 3 years old, for the horns had but three spiral twists, while the hair was just beginning to turn a black color on the sides of the chest. I fired at 100 yds., when the gazelles galloped out of sight, followed by the buck, who soon lagged behind, evidently hard hit. Creeping through the bushes I had a shot at the same distance as before, when he ran off in quite a lively manner. Following for some distance, I obtained a third shot, also at 100 yds., and with a similar result. For the fourth time I stalked within sight and found him 80 or 90 yds. away. At the moment when the hammer of the lock was falling he saw me and darted forward so that the bullet, instead of hitting the shoulder, went through a little below the kidneys. The buck then cantered away, and, passing out of the bush jungle, disappeared over a ridge of ground nearly half a mile distant. I followed as quickly as possible, and, walking cautiously to the top of the ridge, found him lying down about 20 yds. away with the head still erect. His back being towards me, I aimed between the ears, but only succeeded in digging out one horn at its base. This stunned the buck for a moment, so I held down his head by the remaining horn until the coolie hurried forward and bled him. Even then he retained so much vigor as to kick at the man and tear the sleeve of his cotton jacket from wrist to elbow. I never saw another instance of such extraordinary vitality, and am quite unable to account for it. The first three bullets had struck not more than 2 in. from each other, forming an equilateral triangle at the rear edge of the left shoulder.

We rode to another camping ground on the following morning, and on the day after returned to the cantonments, having bagged nothing more except a couple of gazelles, which I shot as food for the native servants.

A native tanner preserved the skins as well as could have been done by the best English taxidermist, and stuffed the four uninjured heads very cleverly, using the hollow bottoms of wine bottles for the eyes.

J. J. MEYRICK.

ENGLAND.

Two Deer Hunts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How slowly the time seems to pass to the boy, especially those who are fond of hunting and outdoor sport, before he gets to be a man. Then again how swiftly it passes after he has crossed the summit of life's divide. It is now more than forty years since I killed my first deer; it was in the winter of 1855, in Doniphan county, Kan. Some Missouri hunters were after a deer and ran it so close that it came to the river, which was blocked with ice. I was hauling logs when I heard the hounds coming toward the river, and ran and got my squirrel rifle, and ran down below town, and I saw the deer coming across on the ice! It came out near to where I was standing on a log. I bleated at it, and when it stopped I fired at its heart, as near as I could tell, and at the crack of the rifle it jumped very high and started to run. I reloaded the rifle as quickly as I could, started after it, and in less than 50 yds. found it dead. It was but a few minutes before there must have been a dozen men and boys there, but not one was so happy as I. Soon the men and dogs began to congregate on the opposite side of the Missouri, but the ice was not safe, and they were much disappointed at losing their game.

Well, that poor little miserable deer was dragged up to our house, skinned and divided up among our neighbors. And yet it all seems to have been only a few days ago. There may be some people left who got a small piece of my first deer.

As I have given the story of this first one, let me tell of the last. I was at Oro when Mr. Snyder said that if I would stay all night he would go home with me and take a couple of days' hunt. We prepared plenty of wood, so we could get an early start in the morning, and when the clock struck 4 I turned out and started the fires in both stoves, and while I got breakfast he fed our horses, and just as day was breaking we left the house and started for Mount Bonaparte. When we reached the base we saw quite a lot of fresh sign. Here we separated, Mr. S. going up the right fork of the mill creek, while I kept up the left.

I had not gone far when I came across where two old bucks had been having a fight, and for several hundred yards they had cut up the snow completely, and I saw where one had been down a number of times. Here I tied my horse, as the tracks were so fresh I expected I could overtake the deer before they reached the thicket or lay down for the day. Soon Frank scented some. I kept on and hunted very careful, yet saw nothing only fresh tracks. Finally Frank lost the scent we had been following, but I kept on in the direction I had come to the first big thicket, and not liking to wallow through hundreds of yards of brush as thick as wheat I kept up to the left a short distance, and soon crossed the track of a very big buck. From Frank's actions I knew it was very fresh. It went down quartering to my right, but as I had often been through on that route I kept on up, and when I came out into the opening I started down to see if the buck had come out. I had gone but a few steps when I heard him break cover down to my right. Soon he came out of the thicket about 250 yds. below me and was making for a small ridge near the bank of the creek. I knew he would stop when he reached the top, if he did not stop sooner. He passed out of sight for a short distance, and was trotting when he ascended the small rise and stopped and turned broadside. I had guessed at the distance, and adjusted my telescope for the top of the ridge; had sat down in the snow and was resting the rifle against a small black pine; so he had just fairly stopped when I had the telescope on him, and placing the perpendicular hair straight up his foreleg and the horizontal one along his back I pulled the trigger, but he never moved. I was certain I saw snow fall from a bush beyond and above him, so I threw in another cartridge and placed the horizontal hair straight with his belly. Again I fired, and at the crack of the rifle he jumped forward, and I was certain from his movement

he was hit. I went down, and when I came to go over the ground I thought I had over-estimated the distance a little; I had put the sight for 700 yds.

On reaching the spot I found quite a lot of hair on both sides of his tracks. I followed him up for at least 100 yds., and expected to find blood every step, but saw not a drop. Soon I came to where he had run against a small dead bush, and about 20 ft. beyond he lay dead; but not a single drop of blood could I discover. On drawing him I found the bullet had made but two small holes, and had passed through only a little above the heart. It was the first metal-patched bullet I had ever killed a deer with. Yet, oh, how different were my feelings! Instead of feeling proud, I felt remorseful to think I should have killed such a fine animal just to please a neighbor.

LEW WILMOT.

In Colorado Mountains.

THIS season I decided to take my outing in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and Wyoming, among old friends where I had lived from 1888 to 1894. In company with my father I left my home in Pennsylvania on Tuesday, Aug. 31, arriving at Laramie, Wyo., the following Friday. Next morning we started on our stage journey over the North Park stage line, the driver being an old friend and hunting companion of former years.

We arrived that night at Pinkhamton, Col., after a fifty-mile drive. There we were met by my old friend and neighbor "Elick" Hilton, whom I was rejoiced to see after an absence of three years. After resting there that night we proceeded next day to Elick's ranch, twenty-eight miles distant, situated in a picturesque spot in the Rockies along the Colorado and Wyoming line, where we were to spend our vacation. Being at an elevation of 8,200 ft. and in a cool climate, the only production of the soil is hay; and that being harvested late, the ranchmen were not yet through haying. We turned in and helped Elick to finish haying.

The morning after the haying was completed, Elick hitched a team to a light wagon and drove about three miles up into the mountains, where we found a park suitable for picketing our horses. Then we proceeded into the mountains, where I found myself on familiar grounds I had hunted over years ago. Only those who have experienced the gratification of traversing old hunting grounds after years of absence know the pleasure I felt. During the day's tramp I had the satisfaction of seeing four fine black-tail deer, and got one shot, but missed. Some of the others of the party saw some, but when evening came we all met at the wagon without any venison to take home. After that we spent some time taking in sights at different points of interest near the ranch, during which time Elick went to the station—Pinkhamton—to meet a nephew of his, Will Coolidge, of Wisconsin, who was also out for an outing. He also had to make a trip to the store, which was thirty-five miles away to get provisions, etc., preparatory to going out camping.

At last Elick got his trips made and work arranged, and Friday morning, Sept. 24, Elick, Will, father and myself made a start for camp with a lumber wagon loaded with two weeks' provisions and camp outfit, having also two saddle horses with us.

We had previously selected for our camp ground a small park up in the mountains about eight miles from the ranch, where there was choice feed for the horses, water such as is only found in small mountain streams, and abundance of wood, the mountains being heavily timbered all around us. We reached the camp ground about 4 o'clock, after driving over roads which to the average Eastern man would seem almost impassable with a wagon.

It being a place where there had never been a camp, we found abundance of fresh deer signs, and while three of us went about making camp father took a short stroll down the creek. In a little while we heard two shots, and directly he came in and said some one had shot not far from where he was, and he saw two deer running away. Presently an acquaintance came by camp, saying he had killed a buck down where we heard the shooting. He was camped about two miles from us.

An hour before dark I took a stroll up the creek, and Will went in another direction. Half a mile above camp I saw a bunch of five deer feeding and moving about, but too far away for a shot. As they were moving away from me I crawled after them as fast as their big eyes would permit. Finding that they were getting away from me, and having only a little daylight left, I fired at one as I saw it walking through an opening, but missed. I went back to camp at dark a little out of conceit of my shooting. After it was quite dark we heard two shots in quick succession, and soon Will came in saying he had been watching a path and had seen a deer and shot at it twice.

Next morning we were up early, and just about the time we were ready to start out to hunt it commenced raining, and early in the forenoon we came into camp well soaked, without seeing any game. After dinner Elick started for home, leaving us one horse in case we might have venison to pack in. After getting fairly out on the road he let two of his horses loose, supposing they would go home; but they were met by a party coming into the woods, and the people, supposing they had gotten loose from some one, tried to catch them, and they being driven off the road, lost their way and didn't get hom on schedule time.

The next day being Sunday, we let our guns rest. Monday morning dawned bright and cool, and was an ideal day for hunting. We each took a separate route. I was determined on going several miles westward to a place where I used to find plenty of elk, and had a faint hope of finding still a few left. At 8:15 in the morning I was making my way through a heavily timbered and partially swampy place, when I saw a deer running from me. On my going a few steps ahead to get a better view of it another one started to my left, making a circle around me, then turned and started down through the woods past me at right angles with the way I was going. Sighting an opening ahead, I waited for it and fired as it jumped through, breaking both hind legs at the joint above the knee, something which I had never before done in all my hunting, and by no means a creditable

shot, but it was the best I could do, and the game was dispatched as speedily and humanely as possible.

I continued my journey westward as far as I intended going without seeing any fresh elk sign, although there had been quite a number in during the summer season. I traveled through the woods until 4 o'clock in the evening, when I sighted a deer running, but it had only heard me as I went through a thick patch of brush, and after running some distance it stopped and started walking back along the side of the mountain, something over rooyds. below me, trying to discover the cause of the disturbance. I could only get glimpses of its ears and head at times, and at last it stopped with only its ears visible. Making a quick calculation where its neck was, I shot, then listened and heard the familiar thump, thump! and at once counted that deer out of my list. Going down to the place as nearly as I could judge, I looked about for tracks and saw, to my happy amazement, a fine deer lying on the ground giving its last kick, with a bullet hole through its neck. There had been two deer instead of one. After dressing it I went to camp, where I found a deer hanging on a pole. The report of the others for the day was as follows: Will saw five deer and killed the one I found hanging at camp. Father saw four deer, two of which were large bucks with fine antlers. He succeeded in getting four shots, and displayed good hunting craft in getting a shot at one lying down, but never having shot at a deer before, and having a strange gun with Lyman sights, which he had never used before, his eyesight being dimmed with age, and a combination of circumstances against him, he failed to get his game, and unfortunately no more such good opportunities came his way.

The next forenoon we packed the two deer into camp, and after dinner loaded them on the horse, and I took them down to the ranch. I found that the two strayed horses had not yet come home, and for several days after that I devoted most of my time to hunting horses. The heavy rains immediately after they got away made it difficult to find any trail of them. Finally I found a very dim trail of them about a mile from the road, and after following it part of two days came upon them in a windfall, where they could not find their way out. During this time I was stopping part of the time at the ranch and sometimes at camp, whichever was nearest to me, having plenty of venison to eat at both places.

I was much disappointed to find the elk fast disappearing from that locality. Only one was killed near there during my stay, where there were many wagonloads brought out each season only a few years ago.

Will killed one more deer, besides trapping a number of marten and a fox, making it altogether a very enjoyable outing, and one which will be fresh in our memory many years.

The morning of Oct. 10 we took our last look at the grand old Rockies and turned our faces eastward, arriving at home Oct. 16. I cannot say enough in praise of that section of country as a place to have a general good outing. Boarding can be had at very low rates at the ranch houses, within easy reach of good deer hunting, the finest of trout fishing, duck shooting and plenty of mountain grouse, with an occasional bear to keep up the interest, for we saw some very fresh signs.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Maryland Game Law.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to submit to your Maryland readers two bills which have been carefully prepared by the executive committee of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association. These bills will be presented at the next session of the Legislature at Annapolis. Our Association is very anxious to present these bills in a satisfactory shape, and I hope that any suggestions as to changes may be sent to our secretary, Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, No. 334 N. Charles street, Baltimore, Md.

Bill to Protect Game.

It is the opinion of the State game warden, who acts through his deputy game wardens scattered all over the State, and of the members of our executive committee, that the game laws cannot be properly enforced unless there is absolute uniformity in the open season over the State. For this reason, with the exception of Garrett and Somerset, Worcester and Wicomico counties, a uniform shooting season from Nov. 1 to Dec. 24 has been given for pheasants, partridges, woodcock and rabbits throughout the whole State. Garrett county, on account of the mountains, has been given an open season from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, and Somerset, Worcester and Wicomico counties, as they are affected by their proximity to the ocean, are given an open season from Nov. 15 to Jan. 15.

It is the experience of all persons who are endeavoring to enforce the game laws that if the shooting season opens on different dates in adjoining counties, partridges, etc., are always killed in the closed counties near the county lines, and if the offenders are detected and arrested the story is always told that the birds were killed in the adjoining open county, "just over the line," and it is nearly impossible to get a justice to impose a proper fine on this evidence.

Again different dates in adjoining counties very often cause the birds in the county which has the earliest season to be nearly exterminated by excessive shooting. For example, if shooting should commence in Baltimore county on Oct. 15, sportsmen from all the surrounding counties and from Baltimore City, all eager to begin shooting, would crowd in, and many more of the immature birds would be killed within the first two weeks of the season than would be the case if the season opened uniformly with other counties. The fact that adjoining counties have different dates also causes constant changes at each session of the Legislature, and this greatly adds to the difficulty of properly enforcing the laws.

The executive committee after a great deal of investigation determined to abolish [summer] woodcock shooting if possible, for the following reasons:

First—Because all the best naturalists of the country are of the unanimous opinion that in Maryland woodcock rear a second brood in June and July, and it would be therefore folly to shoot breeding birds.

Second—Because it is the opinion of the game warden and all sportsmen who have investigated the subject that great numbers of young partridges are killed in September and October by men, generally shooting for the market, who pretend that they are hunting woodcock. Woodcock always remain in Maryland until the middle of November, and afford the best sport in the autumn. For the same reason pheasant and rabbit shooting has also been forbidden until partridge shooting is permitted.

Recognizing that boys should have an opportunity of learning to shoot, the committee determined to permit in its bill the shooting of robins, doves, larks and flickers from Aug. 15 to Dec. 24. This action is open to the criticism, however, that it may be used to cover up the alleged killing of game birds. The shooting of wild ducks, etc., is prohibited from April 10 to Nov. 1. Squirrels can be killed from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, and reed birds, rail birds and blackbirds from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. The provision now found in many of the county game laws prohibiting the killing of inoffensive birds has been made general over the State. The bill, however, authorizes the destruction of hawks, crows, crow blackbirds and English sparrows at any time.

Bill to Protect Fish.

Black bass, brook trout and rainbow trout can lawfully only be taken with a rod, line and hook, baited with bait or tied with the artificial fly.

Black bass cannot be lawfully caught anywhere in the State (excepting in the Potomac, which is under a special law) between April 1 and July 1. Brook and rainbow trout can only be caught in Garrett, Alleghany and Washington counties between April 1 and Aug. 15, and in the other counties between March 1 and July 1. After weighing a great many fish and consulting many fishermen, both amateur and professional, including wholesale and retail fish dealers, the committee decided upon the following lengths below which it is made unlawful to take the respective kinds of fish:

Black bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, or California salmon or pike-perch, 12in.; brook trout, 6in.; rainbow trout, 8in.; white perch, 7½in.; yellow perch, 9in.; pike, 15in.; rock or striped bass and taylor, 11in. All fish must be measured from the end of the nose or snout to the end of the caudal fin or tail.

The bill makes it unlawful to catch diamond-back terrapin measuring less than 5in. on the under shell. A careful investigation made by a subcommittee of eastern shoremen showed conclusively that large numbers of small terrapin are annually destroyed by being confined in pounds during the summer. The diamond-back terrapin is rapidly disappearing, and it is evident that unless they are given a closed season, as with bass, they will soon disappear. All efforts to raise them in confinement have been utter failures, and the present system of fencing them in pounds merely results in large numbers of small, undersized terrapin being caught in the summer and held in unhealthy confinement, where a large percentage die.

The bill therefore makes it unlawful to catch terrapin of any size or to confine them in pounds between April 1 and Nov. 1.

The provisions of this bill which are of the most general interest and value to the great majority of fishermen of this State are the sections which are framed to prevent the outrageous destruction of small perch, rock, etc., by seine haulers, principally in the waters of Baltimore and Harford counties. Investigation shows that tons of these fish are annually left to rot on the shores or are hauled away for manure after the marketable fish have been culled out. The practice at present is to haul the seine on dry land and permit all the small fish to die while the large ones are collected. In this way for one marketable fish which is used for food a dozen small perch or rock are wasted.

It is perfectly practicable for the fish which are caught by the seine to be culled over in water not less than 12in. deep, and by the exercise of little care the fishermen can prevent the death of the small fish. The bill therefore makes it unlawful to land a seine in less than 12in. of water, and it is further made unlawful to so fish a seine that the small unmarketable fish perish. This will prevent the use of these delicious food fish for manuring purposes. The present excellent Fish Commissioners have already recognized the fact that the supply of perch has begun to fail, and last season the Commissioners began to place perch in the bay. It will be an absurd illustration of the old saying "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole" if the Commissioners spent large sums of money in placing perch free in the bay, and the public permits these same young fish to be caught and used for manure before they arrive at a marketable size.

GEO. DOBBIN PENNIMAN, President.

The Megantic Outlaw Taken In.

HENRY LADOUCEUR, the alleged game poacher of Megantic county, arrested by Detective Gladu, of the National Detective Agency, near Spaulding, on Wednesday last, is in gaol at St. Joseph de la Beauce, awaiting trial there before Judge Angers on the 30th inst. He has already confessed having killed a number of deer in excess of the statutory limit. In a remote and almost inaccessible region, the prisoner had been credited by some of the country folk with the possession of all the virtues, dash and bravado of a Robin Hood. A supposed haughty contempt for the lawmakers and the police and a capacity to shoot unerringly helped magnify a promising romance, terminated abruptly by the officers of the Montreal Fish and Game Club.

Dr. Finnie, president of the club, instructed Mr. Gladu to spare no efforts in running Ladouceur to earth. The detective engaged the services of Joseph Renaud, a well-known carter. They entered the wilderness on the 14th inst., as hunters, and ingratiated themselves into the confidences of the country folk. Gladu had a canteen in his outfit, and how well he succeeded with his liquid is evidenced by his success. The runaway of a countryman's horse and the detective's search for it brought him to the dwelling of Joseph Boulet, perched high on the mountain side. The hour was midnight. A rap brought Ladouceur to the door. The hunter soon enjoyed good cheer with Gladu, whom he took for an American hunter. Gladu then left, agreeing to return next day. He mean-

while hunted up Renaud, his assistant, and at dawn they proceeded to Boulet's house. Ladouceur gave them a warm reception, and after bargaining he agreed to sell two caribou carcasses lying in the barn, to Gladu for \$10 each, and agreed to supply seven more at the same price. He boastfully related, so Gladu states, that this season he had made twenty kills with twenty-one cartridges.

When pretending to produce the cash Gladu and his assistant, at a preconcerted signal, jumped on Ladouceur, and, clapping the handcuffs on his hands, made him a prisoner. The hunter was too dumbfounded to offer resistance. A heavy dagger was found in his possession. Gladu says he is not exactly the terror he is described to be.

Six other caribou carcasses belonging to Ladouceur were discovered in a hut in the bush twenty miles from the scene of the arrest.—*Montreal Star*, Dec. 27.

The Colorado Game Wardens and the Ute Indians.

Report of the Commission.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Oct. 24, 1897, a posse of State game wardens came in conflict with a camp of White River Utes on Little Snake River, in the western part of Routt county, Col. The affair caused much controversy, and it was claimed by many that the wardens were guilty of murdering the Indians.

The Governor of Colorado appointed a commission consisting of D. C. Beaman, of Denver; Charles E. Noble, of Colorado Springs, and Joshua Walbridge, of Steamboat Springs, to investigate and report on the facts.

The commission spent fifteen days in the investigation, visiting the scene of the conflict, taking the evidence of the wardens and settlers, and then proceeded to the Indian Agency in Utah and took that of the Indians. Their report has been submitted, and shows that prior to going into Colorado to hunt the Indians had been informed by the agent that they had no right to do so in violation of the law, and that they would be arrested by the wardens; that the Indians paid no attention to the warning, and nearly 200 of them went into Colorado, and on their arrival said to settlers that they were not afraid of the wardens or the "Buckskin Police," as they called them, and that each cartridge was good for a "Buckskin."

The wardens, ten in number, and two unarmed citizens came upon a camp consisting of twenty-seven bucks, squaws and papposes, but only six or eight bucks and a few squaws were in camp at the time.

The wardens found forty or fifty fresh deer hides, several beef hides and two fresh deer carcasses in the camp, and after about three hours' parley with the Indians, endeavoring to have the bucks peaceably submit to arrest or leave the State, which they refused to do, the wardens undertook to arrest them. The Indians resisted, one trying to shoot a warden, but the gun being knocked aside the bullet hit a squaw on top of the head, inflicting a scalp wound only; the Indian then clubbed his gun and knocked a warden down, while two more Indians made an attack with knives. The wardens opened fire with their revolvers, their Winchesters being on their horses, and killed two of the Indians and wounded a squaw in the arm who was shooting a revolver at the wardens.

The report finds that the Indians inaugurated the conflict, and that from an attempt to arrest the Indians it was instantly resolved into a question of self defense by the wardens.

The report states that while these White River Utes inherited the love of hunting, the same blood probably transmitted the instincts and disposition manifested in the Meeker and Thornburg massacres, and concludes that branch of the case as follows:

"It is no doubt true that in many respects these Indians are simple and uneducated, and in argument are entitled to have the benefit of their simplicity and ignorance. This they were awarded to the full limit. But there is no rule entitling an Indian in a physical conflict to any advantage over a white man, or requiring the latter to take greater chances of injury or death simply because his assailant is an Indian.

"While it is cause for regret that any blood was shed, we conclude that after the first hostile assault by the Indians the wardens were not bound nor required to await a further or successful attempt to kill or injure one of their number, and that in the conflict referred to the wardens committed no offense against the law."

It is said that the Indians disregard the game laws whenever they come into Colorado by killing deer at all seasons, and pay no attention to the limit or number prescribed by the law.

The report also shows that in these annual incursions into Colorado the Indians terrorize and insult the women; and kill the settlers' cattle, and says that as the object in removing the Indians from the reservation originally was to open it to settlement and undisturbed occupancy by the whites, the Indians should not be allowed to come into Colorado at all.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs also sent an agent to investigate the affair, and he has reported in substance the same as the Colorado commission, so that it may be regarded as settled that the Indians were responsible for the conflict.

D. C. BEAMAN.

Quail in Louisiana.

OPELOUSAS, La., Dec. 21.—The cover has been so rank up to the present time that it has been a disagreeable thing to attempt to shoot. Birds are plentiful this year, and some good bags have been made. The breeding season last summer was excellent and there is now lots of feed for the birds. We have had very few snipe and ducks; in fact, snipe and duck shooting in this country are practically a thing of the past. In the future all our shooting will have to be confined to quail. Shooters are increasing so rapidly, and modern guns, shells, powder, etc., are coming into use so much that it will not be many years before quail will be as scarce here as in many Eastern States.

T. A. J.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Clock Stopped.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 1.—It is a singular fact, which I advance apropos of nothing in particular, that this morning when I arose to begin the pleasures of another year I found that the clock of the household had gone on strike, had folded its hands and quit work. This in itself is nothing wonderful about even an eight-day clock, but the odd feature is that the hands were folded at precisely 12 o'clock midnight (I had heard the hour of 11 struck as I sat near it reading). Some of my friends find in this a sign of great ill fortune, and advise me to sell the clock and take out more life insurance, but this is obviously foolish advice, and I find rather in this an omen of distinct good fortune and an indication of a perpetual high noon of good luck for the next twelve months. I think if I understood this game of policy I read about in the papers I should go out and play it for twelve, with a certainty of breaking the bank. Whether this course would or would not be a wise one, and whether or not the clock should be held justified in stopping at this weird hour of midnight on New Year's eve, are questions which might perhaps best be referred to the "Man in the Clock Tower," who should be passing wise in matters of this sort. My own explanation of the occurrence is that, following some line of obscure communication between the mind of man and the matter of things such as we do not yet fully understand, the clock simply followed a mental impression of my own. I remember saying to myself, as I looked at the bright new face of FOREST AND STREAM in the New Year's number, "She struck twelve this time." Which I submit to be a fact. Not that she can't do it again. I suppose the clock overheard the remark and perhaps misunderstood it.

Snow.

The other day, to continue my household words, when I arose in the morning, I found my sleeping room about half full of snow. It lay in a big heap in one corner on the tessellated marble floor, and covered up to some depth the rich color of the Oriental rugs, to say nothing of speckling a few objets d'art and getting in my slippers some. It is one of my theories that a fellow ought to sleep as near out of doors as he can, and in this case the snow came in through the window to help out the realism. For a moment I thought of the pine woods, of the Yellowstone, the Rockies, but sat down, sad at the contrast. In the city you turn on the steam and are sick; in the woods you hustle quaking asp and are well. In the woods you take your snowshoe to shovel snow out of your bed or your house, but in the city you have to get a dust pan, and ne'er a pine bough near for a broom. Law me! how I did wish it was the real snow of the mountains, that morning, and not this second-hand city snow. Not that we should blame it, for it was probably doing its best.

I have often had occasion in these columns to speak of the virtues of a winter vacation trip, not one to be spent in the house, but out of doors in camp. Really winter is the healthiest time of year, and the time when one can have most fun out of doors. At no time is exercise so beneficial to the physical man as in the cold and purified air of the winter woods, and moreover he is obliged to take his exercise then whether he wants it or not, as our good mothers used to take us by the nose at the time of sulphur or "spring medicine" and force us to swallow it willy-nilly. At no time are the woods so beautiful as in winter, when they are white and clean-starved in nature's laundry, and at no time is it so pleasant to go hunting or just go walking. Although the winter season is usually closed to the hunter of our ordinary game, he may turn trapper or naturalist, or perhaps be lucky enough to hunt where his conscience need not suffer. Then, as he goes abroad over the clean surface of the earth, there lies the record of it all written before him. He can tell, though he be a tenderfoot, the numbers or the nature of the game the country holds; and so his hope may rise—indeed, unduly rise, for to the observer of the tracks in the snow it seems sometimes that the animal that made them must be then and there present, or very near at hand. Only by long practice may he know by a look how far away is the deer or the lynx or the mouse or the rabbit which made the marks in the snow. It is a vast, bewildering, fascinating cryptogram that nature writes on the snow for man to try to read. Under it lie the commonplace dead leaves, which now you have forgotten with all signs of decay, seeing about you only the deathless evergreens and the whiteness which predicts no green and no decadent yellow.

Under it lies the earth, with its commonplace footmarks worn in so deep that the rain cannot wipe them out. Under it lie the old trenches of the camp-fires, and the chips and cuttings, and the bottles and tin cans—gone utterly now, so that the world is new and all quite your own to discover. You see few camp-fires now, and you have no danger from wandering bullets in the woods. You hear no talking or shouting of tenderfeet in the woods, for most of the tenderfeet, thank heaven, are home by the steam radiators now. It's your own world, and yours only because it is winter and because the snow has come. How silent and lovable it is, with only the chirp of some strange bird, the creak of an ice-laden tree, the caw of a jay or the croak of a crossing raven. You see far, hear far, breathe far. You cannot suspect corks or can-openers. Strangest of all, you are quite happy and comfortable. You are not cold. You have found a new world, and a new man to inhabit it—a man, perhaps, who will thenceforth think far less of trips out and dried, and places cut and dried, with guides cut and dried, and his sport mapped out for him, and his work all done for him, and after all is said his fun had for him by some one else. As against the pleasures of a summer or fall trip, those of a winter trip are as Hyperion to a satyr, as ten to one, as dollars to doughnuts, or anything else which is conventional and convincing by way of comparison. This statement should not rashly be set down as wrong until fully proved out by practical experience. For one, when I tell the beads of my trips of many years, those which mark the winter camps are biggest and brightest of them all.

Let no man sit down and shiver. Let no man say that

the advent of the ice closes the sporting year, for it but begins the best of it. The cap and tunic and the belt and snowshoe are as legitimate equipment as the bloody canvas coat. It is by no means necessary always to be killing. What is necessary is to be a man, in every way, and the physical man seems to have got here a little the best of us. What is necessary is to be a man unmindful of nerve tonics and spring medicines when the snow has gone, a man with lungs not full of smoke and soot, and with a brain not full of kinks and hard knots when the grass comes green again. The terrors of winter, forsooth! Rather let us speak of the terrors of steam-heated houses, with tessellated floors and objets d'art. That's what is the matter with this country. Look at Gaul.

Jumping Carp.

A few weeks ago I reported an occurrence at Fish Lake, Ind., where large schools of fish, supposed to be carp, were seen leaping all over a part of the lake. My recollection is that I spoke rather doubtfully over the carp supposition, as I had never known that the carp was a leaping fish. Now I am glad to say that I have reason for changing that lack of knowledge on the habits of the carp. Yesterday Mr. E. F. Daniels, president of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, came into the FOREST AND STREAM office and took up this question of carp breaking water, referring to the publication of the aforesaid incident.

"I have no doubt at all that the fish were carp," said he. "For a long time I thought that the carp never rose above the surface, and usually kept on the bottom, but last fall I learned otherwise. My little son and myself were walking along the bank of the Little Calumet River, on the grounds of the Tolleston Club, and stopped for a moment at the dam, below which lay quite a good-sized pool of water a few feet in depth. In some manner the dog which accompanied us slipped and fell into the pool, splashing and swimming about for a moment. As he splashed in a number of other splashes arose all about him, and over a dozen good-sized carp sprang clear out of the water, all headed not from but toward the dog, which might naturally have been frightened at them. The boy screamed out, for he thought his dog was going to be eaten up. Of course the carp sank at once, and after that the water was so muddy I could see nothing. I don't know why these fish should have shown this peculiar action, but I do know they were carp, and that they leaped high above the water, showing clear and plain."

This is one of the most curious things I ever heard about the carp. At first thought it would appear that the despised fish were showing pretty game qualities when it tries to eat a live dog, but this is hardly a fair explanation of the singular actions. Everyone has seen how fish in a hatchery pool or an aquarium will plunge for a center where they think food has been thrown or where it customarily is thrown, and very likely this may have been the explanation of the conduct of the carp, whether they had ever been fed at that point or not. A bass will swim at once toward a ripple which it thinks is caused by a frog, and the bigger the splash your live bait makes the better for your catch. Perhaps it is so with carp, though I must confess they must have more nerve than I ever credited them with if they swim toward a whole live dog when he falls in the water. All this is contrary to the commonly accepted idea of these fish, and hence it is very interesting.

The Tolleston Lawsuits.

Mr. Daniels told me that the last suit against the Tolleston Club had been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the club hopes to win, though the decision can hardly be expected in less than a year or two. By error of the attorney the club delayed this appeal over sixty days, and thus temporarily lost possession of the land in litigation, the famous Clough tract of about 600 acres over which so much trouble has arisen. The Indiana Supreme Court held that Clough could hold ground to the center of the stream, and not be confined by the edge of the marsh. Of course this allowed Clough to take out all that part of the dam which was on his land, and half the dam being gone was the same as no dam at all, though the club left its half standing where it was. Meantime the club has left about 1,700 acres of its best marsh, and it has devised a way of flooding this by windmills and ditches. Tolleston Club by no means intends to abandon its rights or its property in this much-contested shooting ground. The locality is very dear to many of the older members of the club, to say nothing of the principle at stake. So far as the principle of preserve protection is concerned, the fight of this club is one of great public interest in sportsmanship. Though Tolleston Club has always been quiet and has avoided notoriety, its fight is really the fight of all sportsmen, and all sportsmen must hope for its final victory.

Michigan Partridge and Quail.

Mr. W. C. Held writes me interestingly about Michigan partridge and quail:

"The article which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago, describing your hunt in Michigan, proved quite interesting to me," he says.

"I was in a locality this fall which I call a good partridge country, it being nothing unusual to start from forty to sixty partridges in a day's tramp. One day I bagged sixteen from 1 o'clock to dusk. Where birds are so plentiful I never care to hunt all day. One could start from the house at 9 A. M. and return home by 3 o'clock and have all the shooting one could wish for.

"I carried my camera with me most of the time, and often would take a snap at the dog while on point and then bag the bird when flushed, but frequently the birds would not lie long enough for one to get a shot, either with gun or camera.

"I made a shot this fall which I think will not be repeated by me very soon. A bevy of quail flushed at the edge of a black ash swamp. I fired at a single bird and killed it, the dog retrieved it, and I then went over to a little ridge where the birds had scattered. When I reached the place I ordered the dog on, when he suddenly came to a half point and then picked up a dead bird. I sent him out again and he brought another, and he went out twice more, each time bringing a dead quail, making five with

the one shot. Another singular thing was that all of the five birds were males.

"I think our quail shooting should not commence until Nov. 1, then one would get nothing but fair-sized birds. Now the shooting commences Oct. 1, and some of the birds are too small and easy to shoot. One of our shooters says he flushed several bevs in October that looked like bugs."

Gave him a Watch.

The deputy game wardens of North Dakota made State Warden Geo. E. Bowers a Christmas present of a handsome gold watch, with a suitable inscription within the cover. The shooting public might also very well give Mr. Bowers at least a vote of thanks for his very able work of the past season, which has helped the shooting for all who have sought the big open preserves of the prairie State.

The Game Wardens' Convention.

The game wardens' convention at Chicago on Feb. 7 bids fair to hold a considerable interest. We shall have here the wardens of Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Michigan at least and probably others. The question of game protection was never before so widely advertised or wisely agitated as it is now.

The Vindication.

In regard to the "vindication" of the game wardens in the Ute killing affair in Colorado there seems already to be cropping out a slight divergence of belief. Rev. M. W. Reed, of Denver, proposes to take up the matter at a later date, as soon as he has access to the official report. The Salt Lake Tribune in the course of editorial comment on the commissioner's report says:

"This recommendation, if carried out, would make the Indian a nondescript, neither fish nor fowl nor flesh; he could neither hunt according to his hereditary rights and treaties with the Government, nor exercise the same prerogatives as an American citizen. Altogether, Mr. Reynolds's report is a marvel of sophistry and careful avoidance of facts—totally at variance with the testimony which he forwarded with it.

"In reading the testimony of the wardens and Indians, and according to those present when the latter were examined, there seems no justification whatever in his assumption that the Indians fired the first shot. All of the wardens say that they think that such was the case, but none of them—not even Wilcox—asserts so positively, while, on the contrary, all of the Indians are unanimous in their statement that they were not only the last to attempt shooting, but that their arms were where they could not reach them. Altogether, while the report is a disappointment in that it appears to give only the Colorado wardens' side of the story, it is quite as much a surprise, as impartial treatment was expected."

Work of the Wardens.

At Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 24, a box of ducks consigned to Ender & Ender, of Chicago, was seized by warden Garn after it was received by the Pacific Express Company, the game being confiscated and sold.

At Mt. Vernon, Ill., Dec. 29, warden Slocum arrested W. C. Merritt, Henry P. Price, of Bellerive; Geo. Campbell, A. McCreary and B. F. Goosetree, of another town, all on different charges of violation of the game laws. Warden Slocum is trying to stop the illegal shipping of quail from that section to the markets of Chicago.

At Pueblo, Col., warden McLean and deputy Williford made a regular round of the butcher shops and stores, and confiscated a large amount of illegal game, giving it to the charitable institutions of the place. I should call this sort of thing very much better than our Illinois way of selling this game at auction. The selling of such game puts money in the pocket of the warden, and so pays him for his work, it is true, but it is a very risky clause this to have in any law, for it makes an ugly loophole. It was under this confiscation and sale clause of our law that the once famous suits were brought against H. Clay Merritt in the Kewaunee game cases—probably the worst bungled prosecution that ever happened under any game laws. Had Merritt been fined and the birds given away or destroyed, the whole matter would have been well ended, with no charges or counter charges of any sort left possible. (Merritt appealed from the Appellate Court to the Supreme Court of the State, which has recently affirmed the lower court, thus finally defeating Merritt and upholding the old Wagner case of Illinois, often cited on this question, which holds that game cannot be legally held in possession after the close of the legal season, no matter how or where obtained.)

At St. Paul, on Dec. 23, Henry Merrill Peck was fined \$30 for having in possession three illegal partridges.

The Stock Growers' Convention of Colorado advertised a big barbecue, after the fashion of the old days. In the old days it was permitted to have elk and antelope direct from the country round about. Not so to-day, and though the elk were shown to come from a private herd, Commissioner Swan at once started queries about the dozen barbecued antelope which were placarded as part of the feast.

In Ohio the farmers are kicking about the rabbit law, which they say should allow them to hunt rabbits all the time. The plea is put forward that the rabbits eat the raspberry bushes. Yes, methinks I see a flock of rabbits, each with a long, thorny festoon of briery raspberry vine hanging out of his mouth and marching across the country like an army of invasion. Let us be protected against the rabbits.

They are kicking in Indiana, near Muncie, because the hard winter has killed the quail in thousands. A coat of ice has covered up the fields, and the quail are taking to the stacks and barns. This is the way quail are thinned out suddenly sometimes, and the matter is indeed one for regret.

Not contented with having the worst game law on earth, so far as oppression to the sportsman is concerned, Iowa is beginning to talk of farmers' leagues similar to those recently formed in portions of Ohio. The Lemars Sentinel takes up this subject, saying among other things: "The town hunter is usually a pot-hunter." But is he? And is he after all a whit better or worse or dif-

ferent from his fellow who lives on a farm? One is as good as the other, and they ought to respect each other and each other's rights and preferences, all subject to the law. The farmers have a right to make these leagues. The "town hunters" have a right to break into them by so strong a showing of a sense of justice and courtesy that the farmers shall feel themselves helpless to resist a reasonable request. And every closed farm, every closed State, is a game hatchery.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Close of the Maine Season.

BOSTON, Jan. 3, 1898.—The last week of the Maine big game season was a poor one for the hunters. A little snow in most sections, and this frozen to a crust, made hunting extremely difficult. J. H. Jones tried the deer a few miles out from Buckfield last week, but they could not be reached. Mr. Jones has not yet got over a shock to his nerves, received from the nearness he came to a terrible accident. His brother carried a new rifle, with "expansive bullet." This they resolved to try on a target, as they came up the railroad track from a hunting trip. A log with a white spot on it showed well from the track a number of rods ahead. This Mr. Jones took good aim at and pulled the trigger. Some fault in pumping in the shell caused the weapon to miss fire. While he was fixing the trouble, preparatory to trying again, a Canadian-Frenchman got up from behind the log. He had stopped to light his pipe out of the wind. Had the rifle done its work the terrible "expansive bullet" would have nearly torn him in pieces. No more shooting at targets for Mr. Jones till he is sure of what there is behind them.

Mr. J. Humphreys and Mr. S. T. Morton came back to Boston Saturday from a week's hunting in Aroostook county. They brought no deer, but considerable experience with cold weather and attempting to approach big game over a crashing crust. A special from Bangor suggests that for the entire season about 7,500 deer have been killed in the State, with 250 moose and 100 caribou. Of this game two-thirds have been transported by rail, of which there is a fast time record. The other third is estimated, and doubtless the estimate is too low.

The record of game transported over the Bangor & Aroostook for the entire season, with the exception of the last day, is as follows:

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.
Deer	1,246	1,023	371	2,640
Moose	55	37	10	102
Caribou	20	24	9	53

Following are the figures showing the kill in previous years:

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
1894	1,001	45	50
1895	1,581	112	130
1896	2,245	133	130

By the above figures it will be seen that the increase in deer killed is most remarkable, and the increase has been as great all over the State as in Aroostook county. Moose and caribou have both fallen off in numbers taken. Commissioner Carleton is reported as saying that it is only a question of a very short time when the moose and caribou will all have disappeared from the hunting grounds of Maine, and his views are altogether probable.

SPECIAL.

Game as a Source of Revenue.

CURRITUCK SOUND, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article from the pen of Mr. Charles Hallock, of whose acquaintance we are proud, in your issue of Dec. 11, has caused us to do a little figuring on game as a source of revenue. On the banks of Currituck Sound, both sides of it, from the Virginia line to the Dare County, N. C., line, live about 700 men who live by hunting five months in the year, from Nov. 1 to March 31. In fact, they are generally very poor people, and have no other means of support save the growing of a little Indian corn for bread, and to feed pigs, from which their meat is obtained. Two hundred of these men use batteries, or sink-boxes two men to the box, and kill on an average \$500 worth of game to the battery, or a total of \$50,000; while the other 500 shoot from bush-blinds and points, and kill on an average \$200 worth to the hunter, or \$100,000. This is an income of \$150,000 to the eastern side of this county during half the year, that could in no other way I know of earn \$10,000.

Mr. Hallock speaks of protecting deer and bear near New Berne, which is a "veritable Eden" for that game and many other kinds. His plan of buying Bog Banks for a preserve is a capital one, and I trust will be done speedily. The old Gallop place, just north of Nag's Head, was purchased about three years ago by a gentleman from Newark, N. J., and to-day is alive with deer, simply because they are protected. I am not paid to boom lands near New Berne, N. C., or any other section, but there is no country in America so well adapted for preserves of this kind as eastern North Carolina, from the Virginia line to and just below New Berne. Mr. Hallock is perfectly right about protection, too. There should be a short season, though, when the game might be sold. When God created Adam and placed him in the Garden of Eden He did not fill his pockets full of money, but, according to a sermon by John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., after he had sinned threw him over the fence and told him to go and work for a living. Give the people of this section two months—December and January, or November and December—when they may go work for a living.

CURRITUCK.

Long-Range Rifles in the Woods.

IRVING, Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have looked in vain in the columns of our dear old paper for some note of warning from some able pen regarding the use in the woods of the small-caliber rifles, i. e., the .30-30 Government, or any of the heavily charged nitro, steel-jacket bullets. While well adapted for the purpose intended—that is, for defense in war, or possibly on such ground as Mr. Hough describes in his article on goat hunting, or on the great plains of the West—for use in the woods of Michigan or any other State where hundreds of hunters go during the open season for deer, I

claim they are a dangerous arm. They have a range of 2,000yds., or a killing force at almost two miles, and are too often in the hands of men new to the woods, with little or no knowledge of the art of properly shooting large game.

Again, few know how easy it is for the steel-capped bullet to deflect from its true course, if touching some twig or limb or rock or the ground. During the first nine days of the open season for deer in the upper part of Michigan there were nine men shot, some mistaken for deer, but others killed by these long-range small bullets. Nine men in the first nine days killed—a man a day. I have also knowledge of others killed or wounded during the rest of the open season, and all in the Upper Peninsula. Now, it is bad enough to have a lot of fools in the woods who will shoot at any object their excited minds conceive to be fur or feather; but when you arm them with the modern rifle, designed at first only for modern war, it is almost suicide to venture into the wilds of nature when the law is off on our large game.

For my part I could never conceive the use of a more killing gun for deer than the .38-55, .40-60, .44-40 or .45-60. Individually I think the .40-60 about right. But I have killed more deer with the now laughed at .44-40. This year I had a friend who took with him a .44-40 and got all the law allowed him—two deer with three shots—and got out for home again, staying only four days. He fully intended hunting small game, but fear of life and limb caused him to get.

At what distance, pray, does the average would-be deer-slayer imagine deer are killed? From the kind of gun the majority carry, I should guess something like a mile. As the law now stands, killing in the lakes is forbidden. There are no large plains to hunt over. What then does a man want of a gun like the .23 or .30cal., where the trees, scrubs, etc., limit the good shooting to 200yds. and under? Is it because he thinks he is surer of a kill with a small caliber? I am sure one does not require a more deadly arm than the .38-55 or .40-60 for such game as is found in Michigan or Wisconsin. Then why cause bloodshed and death by using guns intended for another purpose? I say, keep the 8 and 10-penny nail-drivers out of the woods.

BRIAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

DEC. 11.

[This subject was discussed at some length in our columns in the autumn of 1896; it appears to have been given some thought by the "Man in the Clock Tower," who wrote of it in his column of Dec. 11.]

In the Month of December.

OPECANCAHOUGH, the last great chief of the Taskinas, has bidden his blood brothers to hunt and feast with him in the month of the ripened maize at his lodge on the banks of the mighty York River in old Virginia. Last of a now withered tribe, he had brought together Pocopotank from the fertile region now called Charlotte county, deep versed in forest lore and weighty among the sages; Pamunkey, of the tribe which to this day pays yearly tribute to the Commonwealth of Virginia, known on the trail as He-who-shoots-deer-on-the-jump, and an Algonquin from Massachusetts Bay who had camped many nights with Opecanough. These were old friends, and although the red men were gifted with the taciturnity of their race all had that rare communion of mind which conveys thought almost without the medium of speech.

The lodge was one which Opecanough had built, with toil and patience, in which to pass the remaining days of his declining years, planted on a bluff from which the eye could see from the confluence of the Pamunkey and Mataponi rivers down stream to what is now Yorktown. Here, deserted by his squaws, and with one faithful follower, the old chief sat him down in peace to wait the end.

The woods were filled with deer, the shore was lined with plump and tempting black duck, with here and there a canvasback, most delicious of his tribe, the gobble of the wild turkey echoed through the trees, and although the quail and partridge were not plenty there lingered hidden beneath the mud at the river's brink the most delicate and succulent morsel of all, the famed York River oyster, juicy and invigorating. Think then if, with the prospective feasting and sport as well thus offered them, the guests delayed their coming.

A frail bark was drawn up on the bank in which under the guidance of Algonquin they skimmed the mirror-like surface of the water or sped like the gull before the gale. Long, tiring mornings passed in the chase, followed by nights of feasting to repletion, and smoking together the spirit soothing Indian weed to repay the enforced abstemiousness of the day, varied occasionally by shivering for hours in a grassy blind to wait the whirring duck, made up of the tale of the week's pleasure. And so they separated, each man stronger and sounder in body and mind, the one to seek the bleak Northern coast, the others to regain their quiet and sequestered wigwams, there to regale their wondering squaws and papposes with imaginative tales of their mighty feats on the banks of the York.

THE ALGONQUIN.

Currituck Game!

WATER LILY, N. C., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Old Boreas came howling out from the right point of the compass yesterday and the shooting was fine. Large bags of ruddy ducks, redheads and canvasbacks were made. We have just learned that the old Currituck Club members have had the finest sport this season they have had for many years. The Swan Island people too have had good sport. There are more canvasbacks in Currituck Sound to-day than we have seen for ten years at any one time. Quail are also abundant. The natives at Currituck are very anxious about the agitation all over the country to stop the sale of game. I can hardly see what would become of them.

Large-mouth black bass are not so plentiful here this season on account of the salt water in the Sound, but still there are sometimes as many as 10,000lbs. taken in a day.

Our game laws are well kept this season, with few ex-

ceptions, and Squire A. B. Midgett hasn't business enough to keep him at home. He shot with me yesterday and killed forty ruddy ducks, redheads and other kinds, bringing them down right and left with unerring aim.

We hear that the Albemarle and Pamlico sounds are literally filled with ducks, but the water is too broad and deep, and they are safe.

CURRITUCK.

Adam and his Musket.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM "The Man in the Clock Tower" mentions the picture of Adam shooting ducks with a musket in the Garden of Eden, credits the illustration to an old Dutch Bible, and asks to be put on the track of the pictures. While regretting that I cannot supply the desired information, I do not doubt the existence of such an illustration, and can tell of another fully as curious.

Two years ago in Catskill Village there was taken down an old stone house, built for Madame Jane Dies, in 1763, and commonly called the Old Stone Jug, the fine old building having at one period of its existence been used as the village jail. The fireplaces in the drawing room of the Jug were bordered by tile made in Holland, and decorated with Scriptural scenes. One of these ancient tiles represents the raising of Lazarus, who comes from his tomb with a Dutch flag over his shoulder. This tile is still in Catskill. There is in one of the European galleries a Dutch painting of the crucifixion, showing a Dutch landscape, with windmills in background. The figures are dressed in Dutch clothing of the artist's period. These old Dutch painters were in the habit of representing life as they knew it, and meant no irreverence.

A. C. STOTT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Camp of the "Lone Kingfisher."

Little Presque Isle River, Michigan.

Brer Doc.:

* In answer to your request for an account of my "trouin' trip" last summer to the little Presque Isle River, I will try and scrape together, from memory, a few of the happenings and episodes thereunto appertaining, and put them in some sort of shape for you; just to ease the yearnin' that is no doubt keeping you from enjoying your proper and necessary rest o' nights, and your good wife in a state of perturbation regarding the "equilibrium" of your mind—as Dick Mc—— would say.

It is hardly necessary to remind you of our ride in Ormes's wagon from the main camp of the Kingfishers on Presque Isle Lake, over that road in to Marenisco—you and I and old Temp, you and Temp on your way home and I to the promised land o' trout, four miles west of the station, where I expected to stay a week in the woods alone.

When I got on the 12:19 P. M. train with my camping outfit, leaving you and Temp standing on the platform waiting for the train that would start you the other way to home and work, I felt that I had the best end of the bargain, for a week in the woods, along a trout stream, even by one's self, is worth just the fifty-one other weeks of the year, with no woods or streams or lakes in sight to make you forget the cares and worries of life.

I noted the wistful expression that came into your eyes, and old Temp's, and felt sorry for you and wished that both of you had another week at your disposal, so you could go along and share my camp and help me eat trout. But I "compromised" with my disappointment, as I have with many others, and fell to speculating on how the stream would look, picturing to myself a quiet pool here and there along its winding course where lurked, mayhap, a wary old trout, and wondering the while if the camping place near the railroad that I had been told of would prove as good as represented.

Conductor Wall (may his shadow never grow less) stopped the train and let me off with my outfit just at the beginning of a "cut," a matter of 100yds. beyond the trestle bridge that crosses the narrow stream, and there, at the top of the bank, was a camp of "three gentlemen from Chicago," as I learned shortly after, with our friend John McLaughlin, of Marenisco, acting as their guide, cook and camp-keeper.

I made a mental note of this as another triflin' disappointment, as I had hoped to spend a week there with only the chipmunks, the bluejays and an occasional kingfisher along the stream for companions; and here at the very outset I was confronted with company in short breeches and leggins and a well-appointed camp that made me feel that I was only a cipher "on the face o' this livin' airth."

McLaughlin introduced me to them—two doctors—and the other one just a plain, common sort of a mortal without any handle or prefix to his name whatsoever. We fell into a brief, constrained sort of a conversation, but they seemed to be encompassed with such an air of exclusiveness and self-consciousness that I felt more than ever that I was a cipher, and I was glad to make my excuses and go in search of the spring and camping place that Ormes had told me about, and which McLaughlin now pointed me to.

I shouldered the big canvas bag containing my tent and bedding, and following a hard beaten path for a hundred yards nearly south came to a magnificent spring gushing out at the foot of a low hill, and back up to the right, only three or four rods away, I found a level, open spot, surrounded by woods and bushes, that was exactly to my pleasement for my camp. Another trip for the box containing my cooking utensils and provisions, and another trip for the axe and rod case, and I was "sweatin' like a hoss" and ready to go to work making camp.

* A copy of a letter written to Dr. A. E. Elliott, of Lodi, Ohio,

During all the portaging of my outfit from the railroad to the camping place, the "three gentlemen from Chicago" had very considerably refrained from obtruding themselves on my notice, sticking closely to their camp instead, as if afraid of giving offense if they offered to give me a lift in hoisting the canvas bag or provision box on my shoulder.

After cogitating a good deal over that episode I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing lovelier than a good supply of good fellowship and courtesy to your fellow man to take to the woods with you, and I ever have a good chance I am going to take some along and try it, but I am afraid I may never hope to attain to the standard of the Chicago party in social ethics for the woods and camp; I yield them the palm in advance.

I cut some tent poles in the swamp between the foot of the ridge and the river, a ridge pole and two crotched uprights for it to rest in, and had just got it set up when one of them came up the bank and asked if he could be of any assistance. The tent had just fallen down, as I had not driven the sharpened ends of the uprights far enough into the ground to hold while I drove the corner pins, and I was standing looking at the wreck, wondering what to do next. We set it up again, he holding it till I had driven a pin at each corner, when, after a few minutes of desultory chat he went back to the camp, and I saw no more of them after that except once or twice when they passed along the path below to the spring for water, McLaughlin usually doing that part of the camp work.

I cut a balsam sapling and stripped a lot of boughs, which I shingled along one side of the little tent till they looked about right, and then with the rubber piano cover, a cotton mattress doubled, a pair of blankets and a big comfort, I made a bed that was simply perfection, and then I rolled over it two or three times to make sure there were no humps in it that would move me to make a few remarks during the night.

Next I wanted a table, and this I made by flattening with the axe 4 or 5 ft. of the top of a fallen tree 6 or 8 ft. in front of the tent, which had been chopped down by some former camper, seemingly for my especial benefit. Then I made a scaffold of poles about 5 ft. high, near the log, on which I placed the provision box, to be out of reach of porcupines and other varmints; drove some nails in a tree on which to hang the frying-pan and other kitchen furniture, and lastly I made a fireplace handy to the table, cut enough firewood to last a day or so, and sat down on the log—I had forgotten to bring a camp stool—to smoke and survey my work. I was satisfied with it and happy as a chipmunk. The Camp of ye Lone Kingfisher was complete from a solid-comfort outlook, and I rested and smoked some more.

I was congratulating myself in a selfish sort of way, as I made it out afterwards, that I was to have this camping spot all to myself, when the train from the West stopped, and directly after three men and a boy of ten or eleven years came trooping up the path past my "front yard" and dropped a lot of camping duffle in the larger open space 15 or 20 yds. to my right, separated only by a narrow strip of low bushes and briars that grew near my tent.

As the last one reached the top of the slope, with a sheet-iron camp stove on his shoulder, he hailed me: "Hello, partner, where ye from? Come over and get acquainted."

I "come over," and when relieved of his load he turned and said: "My name is Thomas; this (pointing to the smaller of the three) is Mr. Jensen, and this (with a flourish of his arm toward a jolly, good-natured Dutchman) is Mr. Schreiber—George Schreiber—and here's my boy. Now what's your name, and where are ye from?"

I gave up my name, where I was from, with the further information that I dropped off the west-bound train and had about got my camp fixed up, and that I had come over from the camp of the Kingfishers on Presque Isle Lake for a week's trout fishing.

"All by yourself? Well, I guess you're all right; there ain't many fellers that would come over here to camp alone for a week. But come, boys, let's put up that tent."

They had but one tent, and that was soon up, the stove set up, their bed made, and their camp was finished. By this time we were all on the best of terms, and as long as they stayed we "neighbored" together as if we had been old friends for years, exchanging commodities and good fellowship to the benefit, I trust, of all concerned. They were the very best of camp neighbors, and I was glad they were there, and sorry when they went away.

They had come over from Bessemer for a few days to fish a little for trout, incidentally, but mainly to pick blueberries in a big patch a couple of miles back, up the railroad.

They were off early every morning and back in the evening in time to catch a few trout, maybe, and get their supper in the twilight or by the light of the campfire, and I saw little of them except in the evenings; but when we got around the fire after supper was over, it was better than a seat in the gallery to listen to the quaint yarns of Schreiber, one of the drollest, best-natured, fun-loving Dutchmen that ever turned the English language upside down. He was high and low comedian, and the whole show, and kept the audience in great good humor till the fire would burn down and it was time to go to bed. May he never grow old.

By the time their camp was made it was well along toward sundown, and my fingers were itching to grasp the butt of the old rod. My neighbors were sooner ready than I, having only to tie on a piece of line to poles picked up along the stream, give a grasshopper or two and go to work. They went down stream below the bridge, and I took my way up the creek through a tangle of "bresh" that reminded me of some other trout creeks that I have "rastled" with in the past eighteen years of camping in the north woods.

I only fished about forty rods up the stream, using for bait some barnyard hackles that I had brought over in a tin can from the main camp, for it was impracticable to use a fly on account of the overhanging limbs and bushes.

I made my way back to camp a little before sundown with seven trout of 6 and 7 in. in length, ready to eat a well-earned supper—when I had cooked it.

The others came in with eleven trout—if I remember

rightly—of about the same size as mine, except one "whopper" of a half pound taken by the genial Dutchman from a pool a few yards from the bridge.

I dressed my seven trout at the foot of the big spring basin, started a fire in my new fireplace and fried them brown and dry—not forgetting a couple of generous slices of bacon to give them the proper flavor. Then I made a pot of coffee strong enough to float a brick, and with some hard tack and a few other good things that I fished out of the provision box I "hived" a supper that would have astonished even our spindle-shanked dude back in the camp on Presque Isle Lake. I didn't leave a fin of the seven trout that a couple of hours or so before had been "disportin' o' theirselves in their natyve element," as Dick M. would say, and by shaking out a reef of my corduroys I might have held a couple more; but the fryin'-pan was cleaned out, bacon and all. After supper I swapped a few fish lies with my Bessemer friends around the camp-fire, and turned in tired and chock full of good feeling and—trout—and slept as only one can on a bed of fresh, odorous balsam browse, in the quiet of the woods, with the soothing voices of the night for a lullaby. I was up next morning at the break o' day, with my trout tooth still bothering me a little, and to pacify it I went down stream a couple of hundred yards, looking for a few trout. I was back to camp when the sun was a half hour high, with five that were just above the limit, and it only took a short time to



"OLD TEMP" AND "OLD HICKORY."

Photo by Dr. A. E. Elliott.

start them on the trail of their seven brethren that I had taken the evening before.

After breakfast, and when my neighbors had got off for the huckleberry patch, I went down the stream and fished it for about a half mile, taking ten trout, one of which would weigh 3 1/2 lb. The capture of that trout was one of the episodes of the trip. I had pushed my way through the bushes to the stream where it was not more than 15 ft. wide, and overhung with alders from both sides. It was quite a likely-looking place for a trout—water 6 to 8 ft. deep—and I poked the rod under the drooping bushes toward the further bank, with about 3 ft. of line clear of the rod tip. As the bait—a trout fin—struck the water, a violent swirl indicated that something was about to happen.

The tip of the rod was jerked violently under water before I had time to think the situation over. I struck instinctively and instantly with a side twitch, and we had it out right there—as beautiful a fight as ever was "fit."

However, the trout had the advantage, for I couldn't raise the rod for the bushes that hung over and in the water, nor could I lead him either to the right or the left for the same reason. There was a clear space of water only about 2 yds. square, and I had to keep him in the bounds of that, or he would get a turn around a limb or twig in the water, and that would end the contest.

I reeled up a foot or more of the already shortened line, and stood there and held the rod firmly in one position as nearly as I could, and let him cavort and surge and tear around and turn somersaults in the water and make desperate dashes to get into the submerged bush-tops, till he wore himself completely out and came to the top rolling teebly from side to side, with the fight all knocked out of him by the inexorable pull and spring of the faithful old rod.

Now I was in another category. I could neither raise the rod up through the bushes to get hold of the line, nor lead him to the bank above or below me, so I just backed up the sloping banks and dragged him out through the brush to where I could work along to the rod tip and get hold of the line before he could flop back into the stream. The performance on the whole could probably not be classed as artistic angling from a fly-fisher's standpoint, but it was the only possible way to get that trout—and I got him. Had that "crimson-crested princeling" of trout fishers, "the aesthetic fly-caster of the North Shore," the big Injun of rodsters, been looking on, he would doubtless have been shocked into a fit at my methods, but—I wanted that trout, and I have a notion that he was so bewildered when he was dragged up the bank that he didn't remember whether he had sucked in a "professor" or "swallowed" a bullfrog.

There are more ways than one of taking a trout, but whether deftly handled with a 3 oz. split-bamboo and a cunningly devised fly, or yanked out with a tamarack pole and a chunk o' pork, the end in view is the same—to get the trout—and it may be safely ventured that nine trout fishers out of ten who would scorn to take a trout

only on a fly will, on occasion, fall back on the humble, despised worm for a lure—"when nobody's a-lookin'."

I might mention, as a postscript to the tussle with that trout, that when I opened him to prepare him for the fryin'-pan I found in him some grasshoppers and two small trout, one about gin. long and the other an inch shorter, with the crimson spots yet plainly visible on them. The cannibalistic cuss!

I got back to camp about noon; no one in sight and nothing to disturb the quiet of the woods except the west-bound train that went by soon afterward. I cooked my dinner alone and ate some more trout. (I've made up my mind concerning trout, about the same as the old darky did about possums: "Dey's mighty delusive critters, but dey's pow'ful good eatin'.")

When the last morsel of bacon and trout had gone the way of other trout and bacon, I sat on my front porch—the log table—and smoked and dozed in the sun, and conjured up visions of other camps of bygone days, till, to keep from going to sleep, I took the axe and got up some more firewood, and by this time I felt so lazy and shiftless that I lay down on the big comfort in the shade of some bushes—it was too hot in the tent—and slept soundly for a couple of hours.

I can think of nothing more satisfyin' on the face of this livin' airth than a nap in the woods in the shade of a bush when you're tired—or think you are, and are only lazy and indolent and "wuthless," incident to having no cares to bother and nothing on your mind only to make the most of the opportunities and good things that are put before you.

I got up refreshed in mind and body and went a-fishin' again down the stream—I had had enough of the upstream fishing—and caught a few more trout.

Back to the camp again, and finding the berry pickers had not returned, I got supper and took it without company, except for a little pine squirrel that sat on a limb of a nearby tree and jerked himself out o' shape and flipped his tail in unison with the "sassin'" and "scoldin'" he was giving me for not sharing my supper with him. Leastways, that is the way I interpreted his chatter.

This little fellow and a bright-eyed, frisky little chipmunk that had staked a claim on an old log near the spring, became quite familiar and friendly, and got many a piece of cracker and scraps from the table, placed where I knew they would get them, and soon Frisky (I had named the little chipmunk Frisky and the pine squirrel Sassbox) got so tame that he would come tripping boldly up the bank, and then move shyly up to within a couple of yards and sit up and look wise till I threw a piece of cracker toward him. Then he would skurry back down the bank, soon to come tiptoein' back to hunt up the cracker, which he never failed to find and carry to his retreat somewhere near the old log.

I am always interested in the habits and ways of the birds and the wild things of the woods, and I took a good deal of pleasure in watching the capers and cunning maneuvers of Mister Frisky and Mister Sassbox, albeit I have no doubt the two rascals had a high old time exploring the camps when no one was around; but the provisions were in such shape that they could not get at them, and they had to wait for their share till it was handed out to them, as it were. However, when I broke camp I left them enough to last a couple of weeks, to remember me by.

The afternoon train brought three newcomers from Bessemer, who put up a tent in an old gravel pit across the track from the Chicago camp, and along toward sundown they came over to the spring for water and we soon struck up a fishing acquaintance. One of them offered me a "swaller o' wrath" from a bottle concealed somewhere about his person, and seemed a trifle surprised that he had found a fisherman who didn't drink. KINGFISHER.

[The photograph comes to us from Dr. A. E. Elliott, who has labeled it: "Portraits of Allen Temple, alias Old Temp, alias Tempus Fugit, of Cincinnati, and James M. Hickman, alias Old Hickory, alias Kingfisher, of Cincinnati, both of the Kingfisher Club. The photo was taken at the Kingfishers' Camp, on Presque Isle Lake, Wis., August, 1897. Kingfisher is the one on the right of the picture, full face toward the camera." Dr. Elliott's note runs: "Mr. Hickman writes me that his letter will soon appear in FOREST AND STREAM. I thought possibly you might like to surprise him by adding his picture to the letter. The photo shows him just in the act of telling a fish lie. I consider Old Hickory the prince of good fellows—a thorough angler and gentleman."]

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Fighting Tarpon.

RIO HACHA, Colombia, Dec. 7, 1897.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the morning of Dec. 3 I was making my way along the north coast of Colombia, South America, in a great canoe made out of a single log.

We had been traveling all night, and were a little to the eastward of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta Mountains. I had four men with me, and as the sea was very smooth they hitched a long rope to the canoe and three of them went on shore to tow it along the beach, while one sat in the stern to steer, keeping the canoe just outside the low breakers.

The coast was flat, and the water very shallow. Just inside a sandbar there was an extensive lagoon, similar to those along the south shore of Long Island beyond was a stretch of low arid country, and then the mountains rising almost directly from the plains—a great impressive barrier when the higher elevations were covered with snow that was glistening in the sun.

It had been a tiresome night, and I sat languidly watching the men work, or looking at the massive mountain ridges. Presently we reached a small inlet, and the men came clambering into the canoe to pole it across the deeper water.

They had just settled down to work when there was a splashing in front of the canoe, as if a wave had broken under the bow, and the next instant a shining silvery form came headlong out of the water toward the boat. I saw it was a great fish of some kind, and started back in astonishment. The men got out of the way as best they could, and then by a clever use of their poles the

fish was knocked into the canoe as it came forward, and then before I realized what had happened a great tarpon and a boy of some fifteen years were floundering around in the bottom of the canoe, and it seemed a question for a moment whether the fish would kill the boy in its struggles or smash the canoe to pieces; but the next minute the men were punching it in the gills with their long poles, and presently it was dead. The boy had scrambled up out of the way and now sat on the side of the canoe for several minutes, staring at the fish and looking like a frightened monkey.

The men did not seem very much surprised, and as they began pushing the canoe along the captain told me that it was quite a common thing for a tarpon to jump at a canoe, and frequently they were caught in that way.

Why did they do it? He didn't know they were ugly fish; perhaps it was to fight.

There are quantities of tarpon all along the coast of Colombia, but I am told that they have never been known to take the hook. The people say that they have often tried to catch them in that way, but without results. They take them in strong nets, and at certain seasons of the year this fish is one of the common articles of food among the people here.

Our specimen measured about 7 ft., and was an abundant supply for my men and quite a company of their friends.

It was good eating, but I am sorry to say that I did not get much of it. I dined with some friends about two miles back from the coast, beyond the lagoons, where we had meat boiled in lard and such things, which in this country are considered much superior to plain fish. The men saved some of our prize for me, and it was good, though I was too much burdened with grease to think of eating very much.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

ANGLING NOTES.

How do Fish Rise to the Fly?

WHEN in Quebec last season Mr. Chambers showed me an article in some publication with the title, as I recall it, "Is the Ouananiche a Fraud?" When I read it I thought I would comment on one part of the article, but it passed out of my mind, and I cannot now remember what publication the article was in even, much less what it said in detail. To the best of my recollection the article was dated at Quebec and signed by a physician. To-day I was reminded of the article and one of the charges brought against the ouananiche in it. The writer found fault with the fresh-water salmon because it would not rise to the fly when drawn on the surface of the water, and said the fish were never taken except the fly was sunk beneath the surface. To the best of my knowledge the sea salmon has never been considered a fraud, even by implication, because it is necessary to sink the fly just beneath the surface to lure him to the hook.

But the intimation, if not the language, of the criticism condemned the ouananiche because it would not take the fly on the surface of the water like the trout.

Now the question arises in my mind how many brook trout of 2 lbs. or over in weight has the writer of the criticism, or any other man, for it is not intended as a personal question, taken by casting and drawing a wet fly on the surface of the water without letting the fly sink beneath it? Furthermore, can any one cast three flies—as this is the number generally used in ouananiche fishing—and keep them all on the surface of the water? Possibly I have not had experience enough in catching big trout, but such as I have had teaches me that trout of 2 lbs. and upward take the fly when it is sunk an inch or so beneath the surface of the water, and not when drawn on the surface. I heard it declared in Maine, at Rangeley Lake and at Parmachenee, that it was almost unknown to take a trout of above 2½ lbs. when the fly was on the surface. As a matter of fact, I have fished in exactly the same manner for ouananiche and big speckled trout because in no other way was I successful, and that was by drawing the flies beneath the surface, for that is the only way as a rule that big trout or ouananiche would rise to my flies. Books will tell you, possibly with a diagram, to mount your cast with drop flies of unequal length, the one nearest the hand longer than the next, so the two with the stretchers will trip gently or slide gracefully over the surface of the water, but, honestly, I have never seen the flies do it except in the diagrams. What I would like to get at are the facts; has any one taken any number of big brook trout by drawing a wet fly on the surface of the water?

Casting a single fly, such as is used when fishing for big trout, I doubt if it can be kept entirely on the surface of the water when it is cast from 35 to 50 ft. away from the caster, but if it is really done and big trout take it in that way, it should be known. I caught more than a score of trout this year weighing from 2 to 6 lbs. each, but not one of them took the fly on the surface of the water, and the most of these required the best fishing that was in me to entice them to the hook; but if the system or practice is wrong, or any other is better, I am not the only one who would be glad to know it.

Frogs.

Mr. John Wilkin, of Middletown, N. Y., wrote me some time in the summer, and I put the letter so carefully away that I have only this evening found it. There is considerable information in the letter, but I will only refer here to one item. He says: "Are frogs cannibalistic? Yes, and I will tell you why I know. My angling friend and companion Louis Roth was out yesterday looking for bait for black bass, and incidentally looking for frogs for supper. He shot twenty-four nice fellows, and came home with twenty-five saddles. Inside of a big fellow weighing 1½ lbs. he found a frog large enough for count. I never heard of a similar case, but have seen a frog clean up a garter snake once in my time."

Mr. Chamberlain, of the U. S. Fish Commission, who writes of the edible frogs of the United States, says: "They may occasionally capture disabled fish or small fish of sluggish habits found in the mud or on the bottom, and instances are recorded of their eating snakes, toads and young birds, but insects and lower forms are their staple diet."

While on the subject of frogs I would like to say that frogs are not hatched artificially; as fish are hatched. A long time ago a fish breeder said in effect that frogs could be so hatched, but he neglected to say how it was to be done; that is, he did not go into details of the hatching process.

About four times a year, on an average, for ten or more years, I have been asked about hatching frogs, and as often as I am asked I say it is not practiced and never has been. As a rule, I believe, my correspondents credit me with being honest in my reply, but last summer, after I had given the stereotyped answer to a man, he called to see me and showed me a newspaper clipping about a frog farm in California. To the best of my ability I told him what a frog farm was, but I had a suspicion when he left that he thought I had sold him a gold brick, and that frogs were hatched after the manner of fish. There is no occasion to take the eggs from frogs by hand, for nearly all the eggs are fertilized by natural processes, so nothing would be gained by artificial impregnation, even if it could be done. What may be done by transplanting the eggs—the "frog spawn" that every country boy is familiar with, being the eggs in their albuminous coating—is another matter. Mr. Chamberlain describes a frog farm in the Trent River Basin, Ont., as follows: "It has been in successful operation about twenty years, and annually yields a comparatively large product of frogs. The waters were stocked by means of mature mated frogs. No attempt is made to confine the frogs until near the time for shipment to market. They are then taken alive at night, with the aid of a torchlight, and confined in small pens that can be drained when the frogs are desired for market. No food is given, as this is naturally present in sufficient amount for successful growth. The species is the Eastern bullfrog. It begins to breed at the age of three years and reaches a marketable size in four years. During the years 1895 and 1896 this 'farm' yielded 5,000 lbs. of dressed frogs' legs and 7,000 living frogs for scientific purposes and for stocking other waters." The concluding paragraph of Mr. Chamberlain's article contains this statement, and if its publication here does not answer those who are still curious about hatching frogs artificially, I may have to get a rubber stamp with the words: "While at present it would perhaps be advisable to limit practical attempts at frog culture to stocking natural waters with paired breeders, experiment in artificial methods should not be abandoned."

Moose and Salmon.

Last evening I had occasion to open a bundle of letters, and one of them was marked on the outside, "Moose in the Adirondacks;" but I did not open it to see what its contents might be, for I was not hunting moose. This evening I read in the *Mail and Express* that Sam Dunnigan captured the last moose in the Adirondacks in 1859. The animal was captured alive and taken from the present Honnedaga Lake to Utica, where it was sold for \$140.

I returned to my letter marked "moose" and read it. The writer is Mr. James B. Blossom, of New York city, and the letter was written in January of this year. He says:

"I wish to thank you for the very interesting communications you have been sending to *FOREST AND STREAM* for so many years. I did not know there was another so great and enthusiastic pisci-maniac as myself. I commenced when I was ten years old. * * * My first symptoms found me on Morrisania Brook (now a sewer under Brook avenue, in the Twenty-third Ward, New York) in 1845, and the disease rapidly broke out and carried me to the Beaverkill, Willowemoc and Dry Brook, then to the Adirondacks in 1853 (where I killed a moose in 1861), which I quitted in 1868, for Canada and salmon. I fished the Restigouche in 1868, Nepisquit, etc., and the Romaine in 1870 and 1871, finally leasing the Grand Caspédia for several years in the name of and with several friends. My heaviest salmon landed is 43 lbs., but I have fought with some whales."

I am of the impression that a moose was killed in the Adirondacks later than the year 1861, but I must leave the matter for some other person to settle, as moose hunting is not angling, although there seems to be an affinity between moose and salmon.

Mr. Blossom went from moose to salmon, and my friend Mr. J. W. Burdick, the general passenger agent of the D. & H. R. R., did just the reverse. Together we fished the Restigouche for salmon in June, and when I returned from the Triton Club in September I asked for Mr. Burdick, as I wished to tell him about my trout fishing, and found he was in Nova Scotia. One evening he came into the club in Albany, browned and cheerful, and greeted me: "You made a great mistake that you did not come back from Canada a few days before you did, as I watched for you for a week, hoping you would put in an appearance." "Why?" "To go to Nova Scotia with us for moose. I had a place for you, and did not fill it, hoping until the last moment that you would return." "I would not have exchanged my fishing at Moise Lake for all the moose in Nova Scotia; but did you get a moose?" "Yes, I killed a fine bull moose. I had to do it; it was a ground-hog case; having killed salmon, I had to kill a bull moose to be absolutely happy, for moose hunting and salmon fishing are in the same class, and having enjoyed one I just naturally had to take part in the other." A. N. CHENEY.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition for 1898 will open its doors at 7 P. M., Thursday, Jan. 13, and will remain open until Saturday night, Jan. 22. This year's Exposition will be on a considerably larger scale than any of its predecessors, at least fifty firms having taken space who were not in the Garden in 1897.

The special attractions outside of the exhibits are tournaments for riflemen, fly-casters and bait-casters, bowlers and amateur billiard players. The bowling tournament and the billiard tournament are both new, and are sure to be exceedingly popular. Entries in all the above events are coming in rapidly. The billiard tournament, the result of which will decide the amateur championship, is given under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union.

The Song of the Kentucky Reel.

DEDICATED TO FRED MATHER.

LIKE the delicate flush of the maiden,
When the step of her lover is heard,
Comes a glorious blush to Aurora
When she hears the first notes of the bird.
As he sings on the tip of the hemlock,
With his resonant, musical peal;
So my pulse beat time to the measure
Of the click of my Kentucky reel.

In the soft, pearly dawn of midsummer
I hie to the pool in the stream,
Where the stately old elms are reflected,
And the pond lilies float like a dream
On its mirror-like surface in beauty.
Ah! the quick inspiration I feel
As I think of the bass 'neath the lilies
And my exquisite Kentucky reel.

Now a brown hackle floats on my leader;
Far and fast o'er the water it flies,
Till it 'lights on the pool like a feather:
"One moment—a swirl—'tis a rise!
He's missed it! Once more—he's a beauty—
Such a prize for a fisherman's reel
Another good cast near that boulder,
Then hark to my Kentucky reel."

Back and forth sways the bamboo elastic,
And the line lengthens out in the air
Till the fly o'er the spot is just floating,
And I drop it with delicate care;
But ere yet it reaches the water,
Far swifter than flight of the teal,
Comes a leap and a snap—and I have him—
Hear the message clicked off on the reel.

With a flash and a dash like a rocket
To the foot of the rapids he whirls;
He is checked! Now he leaps from the water
In a shower of sparkling pearls.
Ah, he's off!—no, he's not! He is tugging
With a genuine black bass's zeal,
As my line whistles sweet obligatos
To the song of my Kentucky reel.

But the strain of the fly-rod is telling
And beginning his rushes to tame;
Still the bronzeback's a thoroughbred stayer:
Like a hero, he's bound to die game.
Ha! a jump—he is clear of the river,
And he shakes out the feather-clad steel:
All hushed is my paeon of triumph
And my musical Kentucky reel.

ZERO.

The Fish of Chautauqua Lake.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chapter 705 of the laws of 1897, purporting to be a statute to protect fish in Chautauqua Lake, provides as follows:

It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take fish of any kind, or to fish for or attempt to take any fish from the waters of Chautauqua Lake, from May 1 until June 15 of each year, except by the authority of the State for the purposes of propagation.

Black bass, yellow bass, rock bass and muscallonge may be fished for and taken by angling only from June 15 until Dec. 1 in each year; provided, however, that muscallonge and bill fish may be fished for and taken with fish-houses, decoy fish and spears through the ice, from Feb. 1 until Feb. 20 in each year.

No person shall have upon the ice or waters of Chautauqua Lake at any time during the close season for fishing any fish-house, spear, blanket or any device for concealing the fisherman, except as provided above, during the period from Feb. 1 until Feb. 20 of each year.

It is then provided that all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act shall be repealed, so that this statute is the only one governing the taking of fish from Chautauqua Lake. The Chautauqua Fish and Game Association, backed by 4,000 petitioners, insist that this statute should be repealed, and that Chautauqua Lake should be governed by the same laws which are in force in other parts of the State; that the muscallonge, in common with other game fishes, belong to the State, and that there is no possible reason why a few professional fishermen living on the margin of this lake should have privileges which are denied to other citizens of the State. They hold that as the statute now stands, there is absolutely no closed season except from May 1 to June 15, and that there is absolutely no prohibition upon the taking of muscallonge during any other part of the year, by whatever contrivance the fishermen may see fit to employ. The general law of the State, in so far as it relates to Chautauqua Lake, is repealed, and applying the well-known rule of construction that statutes in derogation of natural rights, or common law rights, are to be strictly construed, they find no prohibition in this special law against spearing or taking muscallonge by any other methods, except from May 1 to June 15. The permission to take "black bass, yellow bass, rock bass and muscallonge by angling, only from June 15 to Dec. 1," does not deny the right to do so at any other season of the year, and the same may be said of the permission to spear fish during twenty days in February. There is no declaration that these fish shall not be taken with spears or other devices at any other season of the year, except from May 1 to June 15, and without such a declaration the statute is powerless to prevent such fishing.

But if we concede that it is the purpose of the statute to have a closed season from Dec. 1 to May 1 in the year following, with the exception of the twenty days in February, the statute is still hostile to the declared policy of the State and to its best interests, and the exception which is made of Chautauqua Lake cannot be justified upon any grounds of right or public policy. Its repeal is demanded, not to serve special interests, but to preserve to the people of this State their right in the fish of this lake, and to make it possible to propagate the muscallonge in sufficient numbers to supply all of the inland waters of this State. This lake is the site of the State hatchery for the propagation of muscallonge; it is the only lake in which they are sufficiently well developed and numerous enough to supply the necessary spawn, and we deny the right of a few individuals wantonly to destroy these fish, as will be done if they are permitted

to go upon the ice with spears. The water is shallow and clear, and with fishing houses and spears one man can take more fish in a day than a dozen men would take with hook and line in a month.

Hon. Porter Sheldon estimates that 3,000 men, armed with spears, will be on the ice on Feb. 1, many of them from over the border in Pennsylvania, which does not permit this wholesale fishing, and that literally tons of these game fish, including many of the bass, will be taken. Confining the fishing by spear to the twenty days would, therefore, in a short time utterly exterminate the muscallonge, and we ask the sportsmen of this State, as a matter of public policy, to join us in demanding that there shall be no special laws permitting to citizens of Chautauqua county privileges which are denied to the people residing upon the margins of other inland lakes. If it is a good thing to spear in Chautauqua Lake, it is equally a good thing for Seneca Lake, or for any other inland waters, and the precedent which is being established will be made use of to increase the abuse, unless steps are taken at once to prevent it. There should be only one law governing the taking of muscallonge, and that law should be absolutely uniform throughout the State. Certainly there should be no concession to those who have no higher motive than the gratification of a desire for the wanton destruction of game fishes, denying to posterity, and to all those out of the local jurisdiction, the rights which belong to all in common.

If you are with us—if you believe in the protection of game fishes against the butchery of those who are actuated only by a desire to grab all that they can of the present, leaving the future to fate—ask your New York State readers to write to their members of the Assembly and State Senators, and demand the repeal of Chap. 705 of the laws of 1897.

BEN S. DEAN.

The National Fish Commission.

ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 29.—At the convention of the American Society of Naturalists, now in session here, and in its 200 members being fairly representative of the sentiment of the country, a resolution was proposed bearing on the United States Fish Commission as follows:

"Resolved, That the American Society of Naturalists, as representatives of the principal scientific and educational interests of this country, unanimously express to the President and the Congress of the United States their sentiments that the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries should, according to the law of 1888 governing his appointment, be a person of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries of the coast."

"It is of the utmost importance that the Fish Commission, as one of the most useful scientific institutions of the Government, should be free from political influences, and should be administered with the highest degree of scientific efficiency by an experienced officer."

The resolution was adopted unanimously and with a vigorous demonstration of approval. Prof. H. F. Osborne, of Columbia University, New York, was appointed a delegate from the Society to present the resolution to President McKinley.

From the New York Mail and Express, Dec. 30.

The American Society of Naturalists, in convention at Ithaca yesterday, voiced the sentiments of everyone who takes an interest in the work of the United States Fish Commission, when they demanded that the new Commissioner shall be a man who is fitted for the place, and who fulfills the strict requirements of the law.

On this subject that watchful guardian of our fishing interests, FOREST AND STREAM, is outspoken enough to say:

A crisis has now come in the Commission's affairs. A new head is to be appointed. It had been the hope that the President would intrust the Commission to a person competent to administer its affairs on the broad ground of public interest, and without regard to politics; but it is announced to be the purpose of the President to nominate for the Commission a politician who, being ignorant of fish and fisheries, is unqualified for the position and a wholly unfit person to hold it.

The mere announcement of such a purpose has brought forth the protests of scientific bodies all over the country, for the appointment of an unscientific man would not only affect deplorably the excellent work of the Commission, but would be a violation of the law. The statute of 1888, creating the present Commission as a separate bureau, provided that the Commissioner "shall be a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries of the United States."

This statute means just what it says. No man who has devoted his life to politics, and whose knowledge of fish and fisheries consists of twelve months' reading of encyclopedias and works on pisciculture, has either a "scientific" or a "practical" acquaintance with a subject which scientists, who have made it a life study, have no hope of fully mastering.

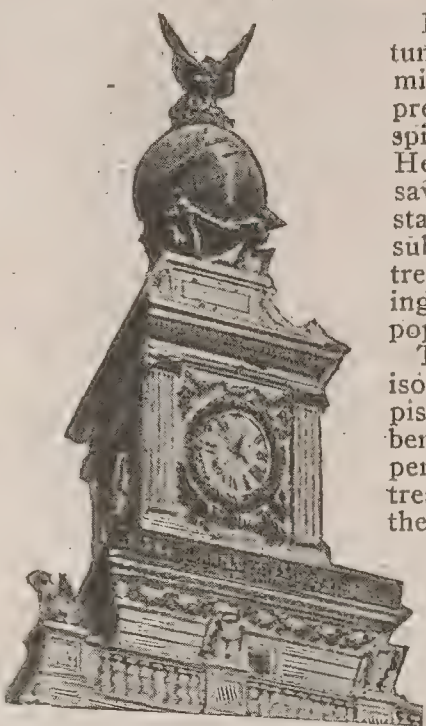
If there is one office under the Government to which political considerations should never apply, it is that of the Fish Commissioner. When the predecessor of the present Commission was established in 1871, and was put in the charge of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, that distinguished scientist stipulated that no salary should attach to the office. He feared that if the office was made a salaried one it would sooner or later become a part of the spoils of politics. In order to protect the office from the politician's greed, when it was made a salaried place in 1888 Senator Frye secured the insertion of the provision which made eligible to appointment only those who had a practical and intimate knowledge of that branch of science, to diffuse and develop which the Commission was created.

We cannot believe that the President has it in mind to nominate to this most important office a man who is both unscientific and unpractical.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

The Jackson's Hole Elk.



It was a mere accident that the firm was domiciled in Wyoming, its purpose being purely philanthropic.

As a mere amusement feature for the diversion of the firm's members in their idle moments, they had a New York office, of which Mr. Glidden was in charge, and on his card by way of embellishment he announced that he was a "breeder and shipper of polo ponies, live and cured wild game, meat and mountain trout, buffalo, elk, moose, deer, bears and mountain sheep, mounted heads, horns and antlers, fine hides and skins."

It was truly a well-organized institution for philanthropic business, and there was much enthusiasm in its conduct.

And it so came to pass that a band of elk "strayed" to this benevolent institution, and "strayed" through an opening in the fence of it, and further "strayed" to some hay, a most extraordinary series of strays.

And it so happened that there was already a market in the East for a band of stray elk, and the tender-hearted agent in the East thought that a purely philanthropic act was not complete without filling the craving in the market for stray elk, and the tender hearts of some State officers closely affiliated with stray elk thought that the State had lost more or less property in the elk when the latter had eaten sundry mouthfuls of hay in the philanthropic institution; for, said they, if they had not eaten of the hay some of them would have perished and the State would thereby have been a loser, and the officers could not see into nor out of the case further.

This institution for the preservation of lost elk won the sympathy of the Governor, who was enthusiastic in the preservation of the property of the State, and he gave authority for the shipment of the game to New York, where it would be out of all further danger, and it was so shipped.

All the poor philanthropists ever got for their trouble and loss of sundry pounds of hay was a few thousand dollars as an honorarium. And thus, by the unselfish philanthropy of this firm, supplemented with the friendly offices of its establishment for the preservation of elk, was a noble band of elk saved to the State. Without the interposition of the firm the State would surely have lost some of the elk. As the matter turned out, they were all saved.

The same public elk spirit should impel others to acts of public elk beneficence. There should be convenient gaps in the fence through which the elk should be initiated by "straying" through them, and then the benevolence of the spider and the fly has begun.

"Homing Instinct in Dogs."

"A Believer in It" joins issue graciously with me in the matter of the homing instinct in dogs. I comprehend that the popular belief is all against me, and popular belief is not an easy matter to upset, whether it is right or wrong. But popular belief on abstract matters is many times on loose and vague foundations. For instance, if "A Believer in It" were to set forth early in the morning through the highways of his neighborhood, asking every man whom he met to define instinct, to tell what it is in itself, and in what respect it differs from reason, he would undoubtedly be astonished at the prolix exhibition of utter ignorance made by the average person on the subject, as he would also be at the self-confidence of each that he knew all about it.

The definitions of the best lexicographers and the treatises of the best philosophers convey no accurate ideas on the subject. Webster struggles with it as follows: "Instinct—1. Natural inward impulse; unconscious, involuntary or unreasoning prompting to any mode of action, whether bodily or mental, without a distinct apprehension of the end or object to be accomplished. 2. (zool.) specif., the natural, unreasoning impulse by which an animal is guided to the performance of any action without thought of improvement in the method."

Then, to help the matter out, he quotes thus: "Paley—An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction. Whately—An instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration, on the part of the agent, of the end to which the action leads. Sir W. Hamilton—An instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."

That's instinct. Any one could recognize an instinct at sight from those definitions, perhaps.

Philosophers are agreed that an instinct is common

alike to a species, as the common impulse of the young to nurse the dam and the common impulse of the dam to care for the young. Birds build their nests after the same fashion as their parents, without having any experience as to the mechanical manner of building the nest, and without any knowledge of the purpose for which they build it. Many other true instincts could be enumerated, but enough have been set forth to show that an instinct is common alike to a species. Each individual possesses it in manner like to that of every other individual. The young bird builds its nest quite as well as does the old one, and old and young alike have the common impulse.

Let us apply the test to the "homing instinct in dogs." Is it present alike in all individuals of the species? No. It is an easy matter to lose some dogs near by home. Moreover, a dog, young or old, has no instinctive knowledge of his home. Then how could he have an instinctive knowledge of a home when he naturally has none? He learns that home is home only after a series of experiences. He observes that he is kindly treated, and fed and housed, and becomes identified with the household, and he accepts the conditions as those of a home. He becomes habituated to the surroundings, and will fight intruders. There is nothing instinctive in this. The owner arrogates all this as referring to himself, declaring that it is from loyalty to and affection for himself, overlooking the fact that the wild dog will fight to defend his own den in the wilderness, or a companion of his own species for which he has an affection.

When the dog is bought by a new master and taken to a new home, he has to go through the same tentative experience before he will accept the new home as a home. Thus he learns only by experience what constitutes his home. Thus we know he learns his home by a process of reason, and we are asked to believe that he knows how to find this home instinctively, thus reversing the order of instinct and reason as we observe it in nature, for instinct comes first and reason afterward, not the reverse.

If this "homing instinct" were a true instinct, it would be present in puppies and aged dogs alike. A puppy cannot find his way home as can an old dog, even in a neighborhood with which he is familiar; in fact, he very easily is lost.

If it were a true instinct, a lost dog would go directly home instead of taking days for a journey he could make in hours. Foxhounds when carried out of a neighborhood with which they are familiar often become lost.

Out of the total number of lost dogs but few find their way home at all, and fewer still without assistance. Let us assume that out of the millions of dogs in the United States 10,000 are lost every year. Let us consider that the dog when lost does not travel in a straight line, differing not therein from other lost animals. In the law of chances, some of the dogs circling about would sooner or later hit upon some neighborhood with which they were familiar, and thence the way home would be easy. But in any event there is no phenomena presented which can be even remotely classed as instinctive.

Battues and Dollars.

Sundays in the Clock Tower are pretty dull as a rule. There is little else to do but to read the Sunday papers. Sometimes they're dull, too—not always. On Sunday, Dec. 26, I bought the Sun's Sunday issue and found it fuller of meat than usual; that is, of my meat. For instance, under the head of "What is Going On in Society," I found the following paragraph:

"Mr. Bradley Martin has finished the shooting season at Balmacaan by a five days' shoot, when 5,400 head of game were killed by ten guns. This to the uninitiated seems to be enormous, but it must be remembered that one-third of them were rabbits, which are neither toothsome nor salable. Of the remainder, only thirty-five were woodcock, and the pheasants, which run up among the hundreds, are not counted very gamy or delicate, and, indeed, are pronounced by many connoisseurs as no better than barnyard fowl. Thus, although the bags are full and the sport is exciting, the result is not all that it seems to be."

The explanatory portion of the paragraph is rather mixed. Why should the fact that "one-third of them were rabbits, which are neither toothsome nor salable," be allowed to detract from the size of the five days' bag? Then again, "the pheasants, which run up among the hundreds, are not counted very gamy or delicate, and, indeed, are pronounced by many connoisseurs as no better than barnyard fowl." The finish is far from lucid: "Thus, although the bags are full and the sport is exciting, the result is not all that it seems to be."

After reading and re-reading the above quoted paragraph, the thought struck me that I had seen some report of Mr. Bradley Martin's five days' shoot elsewhere. And sure enough, here it is, taken from the Shooting Times and British Sportsman of Dec. 11:

"Mr. Bradley Martin has just finished the season at Balmacaan with a most successful shoot in the home coverts, and in five days 4,440 head of game were killed by ten guns, the bag including 2,626 pheasants, 539 wild-duck, 1,206 rabbits and 35 woodcock. The guests were Lord Craven, Mr. Baillie, of Dochfour, Lord Encombe, Mr. Charles Ramsay, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Henry Fraser, Mr. Dudley Majoribanks and Mr. Brinckman. Balmacaan is Lady Seafield's beautiful place in the Glen Urquhart district of Inverness-shire, which has been let to Mr. Bradley Martin for many years. The scenery is very fine, and it is one of the best "all-round" shooting places in Scotland. There are nearly 30,000 acres of heavily stocked deer forest and 12,000 acres of low ground, including extensive woods."

It is really a pity, to my mind, that the writer of the "society note" in the Sun did not turn to the last page of reading matter in that issue of the Shooting Times. Had he done so, he would have saved making himself and some of his remarks so ridiculous by scanning the market prices of game in London. Rabbits, "which are neither toothsome nor salable," are quoted at from 16 cents to 25 cents each. Pheasants, a game bird that he looks down upon gastronomically, are worth anywhere from 85 cents to \$1.10 a pair.

How much more interesting it would have been had he, after stating that, "although the bags are full and the sport is exciting, the result is not all that it seems to be," just gone to work and given the market value,

bottom prices, of the bag. For, judging from his criticism, it's money's worth he's after. Thus:

2,626 pheasants at 85 cents per pair.....	\$1,116.05
539 wild ducks at 50 cents per pair.....	269.50
1,206 rabbits at 16 cents each.....	192.96
35 woodcock at 70 cents each.....	24.50

A total of 4,406, value.....\$1,603.01

Therefore, ten men in five days shoot \$1,603.01 worth of game, or about \$320.50 per day for ten guns; or \$32.05 per gun per day.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual hunt, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—Butterfly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.
March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show, Chicago. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 9.—St. Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. E. D. Brown, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell, Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

The New Classification.

CONCERNING the new classification we have had a number of inquiries, all of which indicate that the inquirers have given the matter but little thought and less study. It is palpable, furthermore, that many who have given the matter some study have very vague ideas as to the reasons why a champion is a champion, instead of being just a plain every-day dog, or why a plain every-day dog is not a champion.

What Constitutes a Champion?

Free, unobstructed competition against all comers is the essence of a *bona fide* championship. Any championship won on any other lines is either a product of arbitrary ruling or a sham. The rules should be such that a competitor, striving for championship honors, must make a competition of sufficient breadth and quality to warrant a reasonable inference that he has met all comers, either beating them by direct competition or indirectly by beating the best representatives of near and more remote sections. The art of making champions without competition has no legitimate place in the making of rules. That is a matter of special study for those who desire the greatest honors with the least effort.

In considering the older classification as compared with the new, we may here ask: Did the older classification make dogs compete properly for championship honors? No, positively no. It was absurdly inadequate and weak in its workings, and permitted the multiplication of championships till the honor of the title was much weakened. It was often bestowed on dogs which never would have been known outside of the open classes under the new classification. No doubt there are those who would oppose the new classification for this reason alone. A classification which would enable every family to own a champion would not be without its advocates.

But as the basis of all rules we must recognize that the essential of a championship is wide open competition. If the reader will agree to this as a starting point he will agree in the main with what follows.

Some Comparisons.

A brief analysis of the old classification and its imperfections will aid materially in a better understanding of the new. In a general way the old classification was faulty in that it afforded a quick road to championship honors with an absurdly limited competition; in fact, the challenge class, strange as it may seem, afforded protection from competition in a way, as when a dog won all his honors in open classes in one section, and then was shown in a challenge class in another section where there were dogs he had never met nor beaten and where he had a walkover and a win. But let us examine the workings more specifically, and incidentally we may compare the two classifications in the points in which they agree, and thus dispose of much matter as we proceed.

As to the conditions governing the puppy class, we find them to be about the same as the new. The latter, however, further rules that no entry can be made of a puppy whose date of birth is unknown. That is a good ruling, since it prevents the showing of an aged dog in the puppy class.

There is no difference in the two classifications in respect to the novice class, though the new rule is much better worded.

The open classes of the old classification and the junior classes of the new are the same thing practically. The students of the old classification have no problem to solve in the new up to this point.

We next come to the senior class, which in the new classification corresponds to the challenge class of the old without its significance. A divergence begins. To make the resemblance and difference distinctly apparent, the text of the two are quoted in full: Old classification: "The challenge class shall be for all dogs having won four first prizes in the open classes. A dog having won three first prizes in the class, one of which shall have been won at a show offering not less than \$1,000 in cash prizes, shall have the privilege of the title of champion without

further competition. (This qualification does not apply to shows held west of the 95th degree of west longitude.)"

New classification: "The senior class shall be for all dogs having won four or more first prizes at any recognized show, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted. In entering a dog in the senior class it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings, giving name and year of show, to entitle it to compete in such class, until such time as it has won in a senior class, after which one senior win will be sufficient. These wins must be published in the catalogue."

The senior class seems to be purposeless, aside from affording extra classification, and could be abolished without loss.

The Challenge Class and Walkovers.

It will be apparent that this class under the new classification has lost entirely the significance of the old. Wisely so, for the old challenge class was an absurd grinder out of champions. In it a dog was practically fenced in from competition, and it was a fine juggling ground for the making of champions without competition. But did not winners of four first prizes meet other winners of four first prizes in this challenge class? Theoretically, yes; practically, no. A dog could secure his four wins by competing at the small shows, where the prizes were not sufficient to interest the regulars, and where a walkover was certain. Indeed, walkovers were the rule at the largest shows. Aside from the inherent weakness of the old rule, there developed conditions which tended still further to depreciate their worth. The professional "handlers" have various breeds of dogs; they could mutually assist each other in the championship juggle by one withholding from competition at one show and permitting his friend to secure a walkover for his challenge dog, while the friend reciprocates by doing the same favor for him in a challenge class of some other breed at the same show or at some subsequent show. Once in the challenge class, the dog then was protected from offensive competition. The only thing to bring him out into the open was the special for the best dog of his breed, and this the owner could evade by stating on the entry blank, "Will not compete for specials."

The challenge class was mostly a one-dog class. It was a class of competition called walkovers. The reports of shows reiterated with monotonous recurrence as the different breeds were touched upon that "Buster had a walkover, or that he won without competition, in the challenge class; in the corresponding bitch class Evangeline was alone and was looking well." Even the matter of decent conditioning was many times neglected, for no dog needs much conditioning to engage in a walkover. The dog is trotted into the ring, the judge gazes at him sharply, so that all may see that he has an X-ray eye, then he hands out the ribbon and it's all over—over quicker than you can read about it. It was nothing more than the handing over of a ribbon. Is that the essence of a championship? If any one not familiar with these matters will investigate the records of the list of champions he will be astonished to find such a grand list of walkovers, and these are matters of record as true and meritorious warrant for the title which they produced—that is, champion of record.

The walkover champion was the cheapener of champions. He became so numerous and was often of such common merit that he was not much different from other dogs, save in the matter of mummery. Among the champions, however, were a few first rate dogs, and from that down to fourth-raters more or less, many of the latter being champions by sneaking through a corner of the competition instead of through the middle of it. The average champion was largely the visible sign of a bench show fiction, a titled gladiator, a paradox which had been in the battle and yet had not been in any battle. It was a grave error to have ever recognized walkovers as wins having a championship significance. Of course owners plead that they had incurred great expense in showing their dogs, that it was not their fault that there was nothing to compete against them, presenting also all the other sophisms that people use when they wish to further their own interests in the most economical manner, but all that did not in the least change the fact that a walkover determined nothing in respect to a championship whose essence is competition. Tears, pleadings, money spent, walkovers, etc., in no wise determine that a dog has in any way beaten some other dog. They are all irrelevant and immaterial to the purpose.

The challenge class was really a class of walkovers. The exceptions were a very small per cent. If there were two or three dogs making the rounds of the shows some judge would prefer one dog, some another. The exhibitor would hold aloof from the class when the judge was not favorable to his dog, and be present with the greatest air of assurance when he knew he had a sure thing. The preferences of judges at the shows where they would meet the weakest competition or none at all, and the advantage to be now and then gained by bargaining in the way of permitting some friend to win in other classes for the like favor as desired, made the championship very much of a farce so far as competition and representing any sterling merit are concerned.

Its Advantages to Inferior Dogs.

It was not such a difficult matter to steer even the third or fourth rate dog into a championship. The number and quality of certain breeds vary greatly, one section compared with another, and indeed some breeds are almost entirely provincial. By way of illustrating this point, let us take the Boston terrier into consideration. At the Boston and New York shows these dogs are out in force. In the classes there present a vhc. dog might compete throughout his life without winning a championship. By sending him out on the circuit the class of competition might be such that the vhc. dog at New York and Boston might be a first prize winner on the circuit, inasmuch as he might meet little or no competition, or at all events because excellence is a relative quality. Once in the challenge class, the walkover act was easy. To bring out the point more clearly by a practical example, let us consider three large shows of 1897—Boston, New York and Chicago—and the Boston ter-

rier competition at them. Let it be understood that this breed is mentioned only by way of illustration, as would be any other breed if mentioned in this connection. The classes at Boston and New York were well filled. At Chicago there were ten classes and twelve dogs. In five classes there were walkovers, one dog to a class.

The regulars, knowing all the circumstances of each show, knew to a nicety the lines of least resistance in the pursuit of a championship, and governed themselves accordingly.

The inadequacy of the classification was recognized long since, and efforts were made to correct it by requiring that one win of the three constituting a championship should be at a show offering not less than \$1,000 in cash prizes. Prior to that one of the wins must have been at a show which had not less than 500 entries. In theory either requirement would bring out a stronger competition; in practice the challenge classes remained about the same, whatever the size of the show. At the New York show walkovers were almost as common as they were at the smaller shows. The effort to indirectly make a more difficult competition by cash qualifications or number of entries was almost a complete failure.

The challenge class, the walkover route from the open classes to a championship, was the end of the old classification. Beyond it there was nothing more to conquer. In theory the three-time winner had vanquished all comers. In practice he might not have vanquished a dozen dogs, and his victories might be largely local.

The new classification attaches no significance to the challenge class. For this alone it should receive the warm commendation of all who admire the sterling article and detest the sham.

The Free-for-all Class.

The free-for-all class is the next one of the new classification, as follows: "The free-for-all class shall be for all dogs of any age over six months. No prize winner shall be debarred from competing." Here is a class which permits of direct competition between all dogs which desire to try conclusions. What is a bench show for? Competition. There you have it. How are genuine championships made? Competition again. The new classification provides for it at every turn.

The Winners' Class.

We now come to the winners' class, from which champions emerge. I will quote its rule in full: "All shows offering cash prizes for three of the above classes, for any one breed, one of which must be the free-for-all class, shall be empowered to provide for that breed a winners' class for the dogs which have won the first prizes in said classes, and the winner of three first prizes in such winners' classes will thereby become a champion of record, and be so registered by the American Kennel Club. No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class. No entry shall be charged for exhibits in the winners' class." The immunity of the walkover champion is gone. Competition is now mandatory. Instead of being absurdly guarded from all the dogs in the show, as he was in the old challenge class, the would-be champion must now face all the best dogs of his breed, and instead of sneaking through without competition he must compete. That is the essence of the championship. There may now be fewer champions and fewer fourth-rate dogs in the championship, but the whole interest will be just so much further from a sham.

The Miscellaneous Class.

This class has the same significance as in the old classification.

Amendments.

One amendment to the rules to be passed upon at the next meeting of the A. K. C. is in a way a return to a restricted competition, an effort to make a championship easy to retain. To "No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class" the new contemplated amendment adds, "except those dogs which have already won their championships." In other words, the champion asks permission, if you please, sir, to compete in the senior class as long as he pleases without any danger of losing his laurels to some better dog in the winners' class. What then does the champion go to the show for? For something easy. It would seem to be the better way for him to meet all there was coming, or if he cannot hold his laurels to stay out of the competition. The day of fitting rules to the circumstances of the dog instead of to the circumstances of the championship should be of the past. If a dog is a real champion, he should not be afraid to meet anything on earth within the championship requirements. If he is not a real champion, then there is a reason for him to hunt for cover. A competition necessarily implies that some lose, some win; but the champion, the dog which should represent the highest and broadest competition, asks for rules which will make a championship a sanctuary instead of the high merit which the world at large understands it to be.

The Universality of Principle.

The new classification, being based on competition alone, is applicable to all sections alike. The principles of a championship are the same on the Atlantic or Pacific Coast or anywhere else. It is shorn now of the old arbitrary and artificial qualifications which sought to accomplish by indirection what can only be accomplished by actual competition. It is moreover so arranged as to be adjustable to the needs or means of the smallest shows or the greatest. New York can select a satisfactory classification from the new, and a provincial town can modify it to suit its circumstances. It is universal in its application because it is founded on a universal principle.

The Framers of It.

The gentlemen who framed the new classification were thoroughly informed in the theory and practice of bench show competition. They thoroughly understood the workings and imperfections of the old classification. They thoroughly comprehended what constitutes genuine competition and genuine honors. The delegates of the

different clubs accepted and approved the new classification when they voted for it.

It has been intimated that the A. K. C. is an arbitrary body, governed largely by emotional impulse, regardless of the fitness of things. The delegates of the A. K. C. represent their respective clubs. The doings of the A. K. C. are thus the doings of the clubs which compose the confederation. The meetings are held with parliamentary gravity and consideration, and the delegates, being trained business men as well as fanciers, know how matters should be considered and what measures to take. A club which is at all dissatisfied with its delegate has the power to quickly make a change. Thus the A. K. C. governs only with the consent of the governed, and it is not the arbitrary body which it is sometimes represented to be, nor could it be such and exist.

The Story of Snider.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When our train arrived at Custer Station we were met by ambulances that took us to Fort Custer, Mont., thirty-three miles away. There we were met by an escort and transportation to take us to our new station, Fort McKinney, and the Eighth Infantry, the regiment to which the colonel had just been promoted.

Our first camp after leaving Fort Custer was upon the Custer battle-field. While the Chinaman was preparing supper many Indians gathered around, of course accompanied by the usual number of children and Indian dogs. The next morning while the men were breaking camp we went over the battle-field, guided by an Indian who had been with Reno and had been wounded there. Following our guide was a dog, a lean, hungry animal that looked like a coyote, and, to tell the truth, must have had some coyote blood in him, as is the case with a good many Indian dogs. On returning to camp we bade good-by to our Indian friends and started on the road. It was in the spring, and all the streams were swollen so as to make some of the crossings dangerous. After crossing the first stream the colonel got out of the first ambulance to see that the second one, with the nurse and children, should get over safely. It was there that we discovered that the wretched dog which had followed us over the battle-field had also followed us here. We all tried our best to scare him away and send him back, but it was useless, as five days later he followed us into Fort McKinney, as close to the wagon wheels as he could get. When we drove up to our quarters the first thing the dog did was to rush under the porch, and for two days he refused to be coaxed out even by offering him meat, which had never failed before to make him come around.

Even when he did come out it was a long time before he could be coaxed up on the porch, and it was a month or so before we could induce him to come into the house. He would become frightened at the least thing, and invariably would run under the porch, and the longer we coaxed him the longer he would remain there.

It took him a very long time to grow accustomed to a house, and it was over two years before he would go upstairs. He had always preferred remaining at the foot, curled up in a heap, until the children should come down, even sleeping there at night, when the children were up in bed. By this time he had got over his timidity of persons and had grown fat, so that he presented a very fine appearance (for an Indian dog.)

He was the happiest dog on earth, so he seemed, always playing around, and so devoted to the children that they never moved but he went with them. He grew very fastidious about his food, taking his milk from a glass tumbler and preferring ice cream and cake and candy to anything else.

When the new cavalry quarters were being built the children went all over them, and, much to the surprise of us all, Snider even followed them up the long flight of stairs. Before this he had not attempted anything but our front steps. Naturally they were delighted at the new accomplishment, and patted him to his heart's content. But when they started down he grew frantic, but would make no attempt to come down, nor would he let any soldier touch him to carry him down; so they finally got disgusted and left him, thinking that after a while he would change his mind. But no, he began running around upstairs, and, seeing an open window, jumped out of that and on to the roof of the porch, where, upon seeing the children half-way across the parade ground, he did not hesitate a second, but ran to the edge and jumped off, a drop of at least 20ft., not injuring himself in the least.

When we left McKinney for Fort Russell the boys accompanied the troops to the railroad station on horseback, Snider faithfully keeping at their heels. At the station, when it came time to put him in the car with our two horses, he could not be coaxed; and even Jim, to whom he was most attached, could do nothing. Finally it took six or eight men to get him into the box car, where he looked as if he would die from fright, and remained huddled up in the corner of the car and would eat nothing.

The next morning, Nov. 8, about 100 miles east of Edgemont, Neb., the soldier who had charge of the horses opened the car door to look out and stood there watching the country. This was the dog's chance, and before the man had time to stop him he made a break and jumped past him and out of the door. The man said that the last he saw of Snider he was rushing madly after the train as hard as he could go.

We, of course, thought that he was gone for good.

On the 20th of January, coming from Cheyenne in the carriage to Fort D. A. Russell, we saw a thin, forlorn-looking dog lying in the field not far from the road; and as he did not move as we passed him, we thought he must be either asleep or dead. We remarked at the time that he looked very much like Snider. The next day a soldier said that he had seen the dog, and he felt sure that it was old Snider. Still we didn't think it could be possible, so we paid no attention to it.

On the 22d my mother went to town again, and, upon returning, noticed the dog ahead of them in the road. On their coming nearer the dog looked up and, recognizing the horse, rushed for him and barked and jumped all around him as if he had gone crazy.

Then we knew for sure that it was Snider, but so thin and changed that if he hadn't known us we would never have known him.

He followed the carriage up to the post, and when we entered the children were just coming out of school, and the dog, seeing them, ran up to them, barking and jumping up on them as if he were possessed. Then there was a grand reunion, the children making as much of a fuss over the dog as he did over them, which is saying a good deal.

What has puzzled us and everybody who has heard of it is how he ever got here. Fort Russell is 300 miles in a straight line from Fort McKinney, and by the railroad over which the troops came it is over 1,000 miles; and the dog started by following the train. The railroad (the B. & M.) runs east until it reaches the central part of Nebraska, where there is a branch road running southwest and meeting the main road at Hastings. The troops went on that until they came to Holdrege, where they connected with the Union Pacific, bringing them here. Anyway, the dog got here. Whether he followed the special train with the soldiers, or whether he came here by accident, no one knows.

He stayed with us always after that—even more devoted to the children than before, if that could be possible—until last year, when he died, much to the sorrow of us all, especially the children, and it was a long time before they could talk of him without crying.

ROBERT VAN HORN.

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, WYO.

New England Kennel Club.

MR. JAMES L. LITTLE sends us the list of the specials offered up to date for the club's forthcoming show, as follows:

The American Scottish Terrier Club's two silver cups; one for the best American-bred dog and bitch respectively. To be competed for by members only.

The Collie Club of America offer the President's cup for the best collie, the winner to receive a silver medal in commemoration of the award; a club medal for the best of the opposite sex to the winner of the President's cup; a silver medal for the best in the novice classes; a club medal for the best owned by a New England member of the club.

The National Beagle Club of America offer a silver medal for the best beagle in the show; a bronze medal for the best of opposite sex to the winner of the silver medal. Open to members only.

The American Fox Terrier Club offer (open to members only) grand challenge cup for the best fox terrier in the show. Second Division, eleventh grand Produce Stakes (1897); Apollo Stakes of 1897; \$5 for the best American-bred fox terrier (smooth and wire respectively) in the free-for-all classes; \$5 for the best American-bred fox terrier (smooth and wire respectively) in the novice classes; \$5 for the best American-bred fox terrier (smooth and wire) in the puppy classes.

The Bull Terrier Club of America offer a trophy collar for the best bull terrier owned by a member of the club; a medal to the winners of all first and special prizes, if won by a member of the club.

The American Dachshund Club offer (open to members of the club only): 1. The Klein Breeders' Trophy, for the best dog or bitch under eighteen months, bred, owned and exhibited by a club member. 2. Club challenge cup, for best American-bred dog. 3. Club Challenge cup, for best American-bred bitch.

The Pointer Club of America offer \$20, for members only, and to be divided as follows: \$5 each for best heavy-weight dog and bitch, and the same for light weights.

The Irish Terrier Club of America offer (open to members only) the Daredevil Stakes, silver cup added by the Irish Terrier Club; the Vixen Stakes, silver cup added by the Irish Terrier Club. There is a \$5 special for American-bred dogs, as follows: "Best terrier dog, bitch, dog puppy and bitch, best dog and bitch in the junior class, dog and bitch in senior, and best brace of American-bred Irish terriers."

The Poodle Club of America offer (open to members only): \$10 for the best poodle in the show; \$10 for the best American-bred poodle in the show; \$5 for the best American-bred poodle puppy.

The American Pug Club offer (for members only) the following special prizes: The club's silver trophy, for the best American-bred dog; the club's silver trophy, for the best American-bred bitch; the club's silver medal, for the best American-bred dog or bitch; the club's bronze medal, for the best puppy dog or bitch.

George N. Phelps offers a cup, value \$15, for the best French bull (dog or bitch). James L. Little offers a tankard for the best French bull (dog or bitch) owned outside of Boston. The special conditions governing the different cups and stakes can be learned by addressing the Bench Show Committee, 110 Tremont street, Boston.

A Team of Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The means of transportation to the Klondike has caused many to think of the dog as a propelling power, and not without good reason, as the evidence of our consuls in Eastern countries goes to prove. I have seen many a dog harnessed under a cart and doing good service.

The type of dog that I have generally found so used was what is commonly called a bull dog, or what dogdom at one time was pleased to call an American bull dog, a dog with rather heavy head, thick and heavy shoulders, about 20 or 22in. high, jaw very near level, color white and brindle, or fawn predominating. They seemed to enjoy their work, and I never saw them ill treated. If they suffered hardship it was on account of their desire to do more work than they were capable of performing. They were so ambitious that they would pull the load faster than a man could walk, and I have seen some pretty heavy loads put upon them.

After reading so much in FOREST AND STREAM and other papers lately it has stimulated a desire to have a road team of dogs for my own use. I have in my mind a team of four or five dogs which shall be hitched to a

four-wheeled vehicle, made light as possible, with seats wide enough for two, body to be a cross between a buckboard and spindle, with bicycle wheels, ball bearing, a device for steering and a brake. Now, with your assistance as a valuable advertising medium, I want to find four large-sized Irish setters, just what I have had a number of in my day. Large size, plenty of spirit and dash, not good enough to pass muster on the bench or take any more notice of a bird than a cow driven before you. I have had my share of them, but now I want them; am entirely out, as our graveyard out back of the Hampton Kennels will testify. I want this team all broken by spring, when I think I can take a spin out to the falls and pools near the Sperry homestead in Woodbridge and back (seven miles each way) quicker than any one will want to drive their team of horses over the same route.

E. KNIGHT SPERRY.

St. Bernard Club.

I HAVE at last to announce the organization of the (New) St. Bernard Club.

A meeting was held at Grand Rapids yesterday, at which the constitution and by-laws of the new club were adopted and the officers elected. Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of New York, was elected President; Capt. C. A. Pratt, of Little Rock, Ark., as Vice-President; Miss Anna H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass., Second Vice-President, and H. B. Turner, Third Vice-President; Dudley E. Waters, Secretary-Treasurer; and the following were elected governors: W. H. Joeckel, R. A. Sawyer, I. W. Comey, A. C. Shallenberger, R. H. Burrows, Arthur Froembling, Ed Meisenheimer, Thos. Sheubrooks and N. Robbins, Jr. DUDLEY E. WATERS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Christmas number of the Shooting Times (England) has reached this office. It contains many good things, notably a reproduction of Prof. Osthaus's painting of Nabob and India pointing and backing at the edge of a cornfield. It is pleasing to perceive that our contemporary has such excellent judgment, but one could regret, if it were worth the while, that it seems to be void of all moral sensibility, for this excellent picture has the artist's name cut out and another name substituted, and it is forced to do service to illustrate an article entitled "Around the Boundaries," which title it also bears. Some of Mr. Frost's pictures are treated in the same way, and are presented as bona fide illustrations of the articles of which they are a part. To call this piracy would be a mild term, for to pilfer, to efface the name of the artist, to present the pictures as original matter illustrative of actual English shooting experiences, is more than piracy. Possibly the text may have been secured in like manner. As a journalistic thief the Shooting Times ranks with the Canadian Sportsman.

The judges who are engaged for the New England Kennel Club's show are Harry W. Smith, fox terriers; Geo. B. Post, Jr., beagles; W. C. Codman, bull dogs; H. W. Lacy, bloodhounds, Great Danes, poodles, dachshunds and miscellaneous; E. H. Moore, St. Bernards and mastiffs; H. W. Huntington, deerhounds, wolfhounds and greyhounds; Dwight Baldwin, Boston terriers; Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, bull terriers; Dr. R. D. Perry, foxhounds; Lambert Stansfield, collies and Old English sheep dogs; J. L. Kernochan, French bull dogs; Dr. H. Clay Glover, English, Irish and Gordon setters; James Watson, Irish, Scottish and Bedlington terriers; Geo. W. Lovell, pointers; A. Clinton Wilmerding, all sporting spaniels; T. Farrer Rackham, all toy dogs and pugs.

The matter of transportation is one that should be considered at the first instead of the last moment, if one has to consider seriously the problem of ways and means. Nearly all the railroads now give concessions to bona fide field trial goers, if they observe certain railroad regulations, which can be readily learned by consulting the road's agents or officers. The Alabama Field Trials Club announce that the Memphis & Charleston, L. & N., Southern, and Central R. R. of Georgia will sell tickets to Madison for the club's trials on Feb. 5, 6 and 7 at one and one-third fare for the round trip, on the certificate plan. All stakes will be run in the week beginning Feb. 7. In the club's circular by mistake the special stake was announced for Jan. 7, instead of the correct date as given above. H. K. Milner, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., has purchased the entire pack of beagles owned by the late Pottinger Dorsey, consisting of fifteen matured dogs, among which are champion Lee II., champion Pilot, and other celebrities. Mr. Kreuder writes us that "This exceptionally pure-bred, Rowett-strain pack of beagles, on which the late and much-beloved Pottinger Dorsey devoted the better part of his life in breeding, is now in my kennel. With it as an additional or main foundation, I hope to elevate and possibly perfect the standard of beagles."

The championship medal for all champions of record is very artistic in design. The obverse side bears a spray of laurel which half encircles it and the words "Awarded to Champion" surmount a blank space left for the engraving of the champion's name. The reverse side bears the official stamp of the A. K. C. Its simple elegance makes it a most desirable symbol for the commemoration of the highest honors a dog can win in the bench show world. It is furnished at a trifle less than cost, \$3, to all champions of record before Jan. 1, 1898, to all champions subsequent to that date it will be given gratuitously.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

THE Bath Iron Works has contracted to build a steel steam yacht for Col. Oliver H. Payne, a sea-going craft which will rob the Nourmahal of the one point of distinction she has long enjoyed, as the largest steam yacht of American build. The new yacht will be a "floating palace," with elaborate furnishings, but it is not stated whether she will be of the standard Bath model or whether she will be of modern design. Her dimensions will be 300ft. long, 35ft. beam, 16ft. draft, with bark rig. With a single screw she is to make 15 knots with natural draft on a 48-hour trial. Capt. Wm. Scott, who has had charge of Sagamore and Eleanor, will supervise the construction, and will be in command. The yacht will be ready by next spring.

THE action of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. at its special meeting is satisfactory in two respects: it represented the sober and deliberate opinions of the associated clubs, and it settles the rules finally for the coming year. The question of the abolition of time allowance has awakened a great deal of feeling, and has been widely discussed for a couple of months before the meeting specially called to consider it. As a result a very large number of members have studied it out and reached a final opinion; while the delegates have been definitely instructed by their clubs. Under these circumstances it is hardly to be doubted that the vote against further allowance represents the opinion of the majority. It has already been shown that the injury to vested interests is confined to a very few yachts; nearly all, both new and old, being able to accommodate themselves at the top of some class.

A RUMOR is current that the newest of the "Protected Cruisers," Alcedo II., completed last summer, is to undergo the rather radical alteration of an addition of 22ft. length amidships. She is now 185ft. over all, 152ft. l.w.l., 24ft. 2in. beam, 14ft. hold, and 11ft. draft. Of course it is much less expensive to build a yacht properly at the outset than to cut her in two or sponson her in her second season, like Atalanta, Wadena, Wild Duck and other notable examples; but as long as American owners are satisfied with this method it is hardly worth while to criticize it as reflecting but little credit upon the skill of American designers.

Through the Sound in an Oyster Sloop.

THE northwestern sky was heavily draped with massive thunderheads. Sharp flashes of dazzling lightning blazed at regular intervals from the ponderous clouds. Deep, rumbling thunder grumbled warningly. Yet we who formed the crew of the staunch sloop Susie C. glanced defiance into the face of such unfavorable conditions as we hoisted the mainsail. The chain cable had already been hauled short, and Susie floated almost over her anchor.

"All hands in with the skiff!" The order given by Sam is quickly executed, and we lash the tender securely on the starboard side of the deck.

"Up with the anchor! Stand by the jib halliards! Trim jib!" These orders are also quickly obeyed, and under the fresh south-west wind Susie heels until her scuppers are under. She rises and falls without headway for an instant, then like an unleashed hound she seems to shake herself, and springs away on the starboard tack. Like a trained warrior, stripped for the fray, she meets each oncoming sea and smashes it into foaming fragments.

"Ready, about!" Excellent judgment, for when Susie's bowsprit seems about to pierce the white side of Com. Benedict's Oneida down goes the helm, and our little ship shows wonderful obedience by the snappy manner in which she swings on to the other tack. We notice Oneida's crew alternately eyeing us and the thunder squall. The thought enters my mind that they undoubtedly think us crazy for leaving a snug anchorage in Indian Harbor in order to face the dirty conditions in store for us on the Sound.

"Where are you fellows bound?" The question comes from the sailing master of a handsome keel sloop that is pitching at her anchor near by.

"Block Island."

"I don't admire the kind of weather you pick to start out in."

"Don't you care?" Guess we'll get through all right," sings Stanley, as he rattles a breakdown on the deck with his bare feet.

"Ready, about!" Thump! I get a crack on the head from the boom that makes me think for an instant that hundreds of solar systems are falling. It is sarcastically suggested that I had better take one reef in my neck, or two in my legs, if I don't want to be minus a head.

It was just seven bells when we swung back on to the starboard tack, and found we could point so as to clear Tweed's Island and the red buoy off Greenwich Point. By this time darkness was rapidly settling over land and water. Astern, and outlined against the dark green shore and sooty sky line, the snowy walls and pillars of Com. Benedict's palace shone like some enchanted castle told of in fairy stories. In the semi-darkness they appeared ghostly and unreal. The thunderstorm had passed well to the north, but indications pointed to a harder one advancing from the west. Instantaneous bursts of bright light came at regular intervals from that quarter. As we could hear no thunder, and the blazes of light grew brighter and brighter, we realized that the storm must be a terrific one. Although the wind still blew as hard as ever, Stanley suggested putting the topsail on. Sam wondered if the topmast would stand the strain, decided it would, and in less than five minutes we were sailing with lee rail well under.

Now that we are well started on our way, it will not be amiss to introduce to the reader Susie's crew, and to give a short description of the boat and outfit. In the first place, the crew numbered four. There were Samuel Chard, Stanley Chard, Walter Avis (my youngest brother), more generally known to the crew as Bub, and your humble servant.

Samuel Chard is already known to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. He is the same Sam who experimented on Thomas Humphreys and myself with broiled water turkey and alligator steaks in Florida. As I have said a number of times before, he is the best small boat handler I ever knew. Blow high or blow low, Sam never gets rattled, but always does the right thing at the right time.

Stanley Chard had never figured in a trip in which I was interested before. Like Sam, he is a master hand at the tiller. It will take time, however, to eliminate some features from Stanley's boat handling, which might prove objectionable to persons of a nervous temperament. I refer to a daring recklessness which is almost always associated with perfect health in young persons. Many times when it has seemed to me that sail should be reduced Stanley would cock his eye aloft and "guess she might stand a little more." As a fearless sail handler, especially in reefing weather, Stanley could not be excelled. At the Bridgeport Custom House Stanley is rated as Susie's captain. He is nineteen years of age.

Now comes Walter Avis, or as he will be known in this narrative, Bub. Like Stanley, Bub never figured in a trip with me before. He is thirteen years of age, and was the photographer of the trip. I was a little undecided about having him with me at first, not knowing how he would stand roughing it. My story will prove that I had no grounds for misgivings. Excepting an exasperating habit of asking a dozen different questions in a dozen different ways when it was least convenient to answer at all, Bub was all right. He proved himself a plucky sailorman.

Now a word about our boat and I am done with introductions. Susie was launched two years ago. She is an oyster sloop, and was built at Greenwich by Samuel Chard, Sr. She is 34ft. over all and 27ft. waterline. She has a graceful overhanging bow and stern, and is 13ft. beam. Her draft is nearly 5ft. without her board, and she certainly is very staunch and able. She is full sloop-rigged, and her sail spread is unusually large for a boat of her size, especially an oyster boat. As in all boats of her kind, the cabin is placed well aft, so as to allow plenty of deck room for-

ward. Oyster sloops' cabins must also be small, therefore Susie's only contained two bunks. Stanley occupied one on the trip, while I held down the mattress in the other. Sam and Bub enjoyed very good quarters forward in the bows. Susie's lines under water are finer than those of many yachts, and she proved herself marvelously swift.

It was eight bells by the time we weathered the buoy off Greenwich Point. Wind and clouds were poking above the western horizon. The lightning was dazzling and almost incessant. The thunder rumbled warningly, and taken all in all things commenced to look serious. I had a notion we were in for business, but Sam and Stanley said the southwest wind would drive the storm to the northward, as it had the first one. Undoubtedly this opinion would have proven correct had there not been more storm below the horizon than we could see. What proved to be the advance guard did pass to the north in a blaze and rumble of splendor. It was not over fifteen minutes after, however, before the whole main army was roaring and flashing astern.

The wind was now blowing so hard that even Stanley acknowledged it time to douse the topsail. To the west, northwest, north and northeast thunder storms were in full progress. When the lightning was not flashing from one quarter it flashed from another. The storm astern was the only one we feared, and we decided that as things were so ugly we had better run for the Norwalk Islands. We had hardly reached this decision when the wind came down on us in shrieks. We were now compelled to double reef the mainsail. This was easily accomplished, as the continual flashing enabled us to see plainly. So bright was the lightning that the shore line stood out to view as plainly as in midday every time it flashed.

"I hope the rain holds off half an hour longer," remarked Sam, as he strained his eyes shoreward. "If it only does, we'll be anchored safely in Wilson's Cove then."

"We'll beat the rain this time," replied Stanley. "Listen! We're well to the leeward of Green's Ledge now. Don't you hear the bell buoy?"

We all listened intently, and from up to windward came the doleful, though welcome, sound of a tolling bell.

Bub, who had sensibly gone below in order to be out of the way, stuck his head out of the companionway long enough to hear the bell, then went below again. We were agreeably surprised at the coolness he had displayed thus far. It was his first trip, and many an older person would have been frightened half to death under like conditions.

Shortly after hearing the bell buoy we entered Wilson's Cove and anchored in two fathoms of water at exactly 8:35. Susie had covered twelve miles in one hour and five minutes; two miles of the distance we were close-hauled.

We had no sooner furled the sails than the rain came down in torrents. What cared we though? Snugly ensconced in the cabin, we stored away supper enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich. When the meal was finished the dishes were shoved out on deck so as to let the rain do the washing. We then lounged a while, talked and listened to the storm beating on the cabin roof. It was four bells when we turned in.

All hands were astir bright and early next morning. While the storm had departed, still the sky was more or less covered with clouds. There was very little wind, and the atmosphere had a thick, muggy feel about it that promised anything but a pleasant day. That the storm had been a severe one was plainly evident by the amount of water that had fallen in our skiff. It was fully one-third full.

As the tide was favorable, and what little wind was stirring came out of the southwest, we got our anchor, hoisted our sails, and were soon heading on our way. Stanley prepared breakfast, Sam held the tiller, and Bub and I lounged around the deck and took matters easy.

After wending our way in and out among the numerous islands, we finally came up with Cokenoe Island; we passed it at four bells. The wind then left us entirely, and the tide commenced to run against us. Soon we got a little air from southeast. It was so light, though we could hardly hold our own against the tide. Finally the clouds departed and the sun poured down upon us like a furnace. We tacked—tacked—tacked, back and forth, back and forth, only to bring up in the spot from which we started in the first place. Over and over again did we try to pass the red can buoy off Cokenoe Island, but it clung to us like a long lost brother. Trolling lines were hung over the stern, but all we managed to catch was somebody's oyster buoy, which relieved us of a couple of hooks and part of a line.

While drifting back and forth we noticed numerous schools of small herring sporting on the surface. With a small scoop net we managed to secure some for bait.

If there is one thing in this wild world on which I am a crank it is a wild yearning to possess a heavy coat of tan. To my way of thinking there is nothing so becoming to a man, woman or child as a sun-browned hide. This insane hobby led me into trouble. The conditions for getting tanned were so extremely enticing that my excited feelings ran entirely away with my judgment. I not only removed my hat, but my shirt as well. Then I smoked and smoked a pipe that was strong enough to walk—and I am no veteran at the smoking game either. Between that du-deen and the sun my sea legs went completely from under me. The horizon swam round and round, and the sky rocked up and down. Then I became possessed of a wild, eager desire to pay tribute to old Neptune. I realized, however, that this would never do. I didn't hanker for the credit of being seasick when I wasn't. I also felt too "stuck up" to own that I was "knocked out" from smoking. Therefore I watched my chance, and when no one was noticing I quietly sneaked below. I went into the hold and laid down on the cool planks. Here I fought like a fiend for more than an hour, and finally overcame the wild, devilish desire that filled my soul to fly up on deck and hump myself over the rail.

We "monkeyed" in the vicinity of that confounded buoy until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Then a slight breeze came out of the south, and we didn't delay in getting Susie started on her course. Under mainsail, topsail, jib, jibtopsail, and a small jibtopsail rigged as a ringtail, and with the tide in our favor, we glided along through a sea that trembled with brilliancy.

As if to repay us for the vexations of the morning, the wind increased to a delightful sailing breeze. The surface of the Sound became covered with opal-tinted waves. They laughed and gurgled along Susie's sides and piled into a bubbling, snowy wedge of spray under her bows. Astern a broad, scintillating trail of radiance a sparkle with countless beady jewels, it seemed, marked our course. Away off to windward, under the sandy cliffs of Long Island, snowy sails of yachts and merchantmen inclined at angles, which betokened an increasing wind. No cloud floated in the purple vault, and the sun shone with that warm, delightful luster that is always associated with a perfect summer afternoon on the water.

It was at this stage of the trip that Stanley gave a reckless exhibition of his ability to "monkey" between sea and sky on a topmast that was already swaying like a drunken man from the strain upon it. "There's going to be more wind, fellows," said he, "and up aloft I go to rig a topmast backstay. Bet your life, we never shorten sail aboard this craft so long as there is a chance of keeping her deck a-top of the water."

After imparting this delightful information Susie's skipper took the end of a manilla rope between his teeth and quickly shinned the mast by means of the hoops. After reaching the masthead he paused an instant and glanced down at the deck, then up at the swaying topmast. It seemed impossible for the slender spar to stand any extra weight. Stanley, however, removed the rope from between his teeth, and assured us in the plainest manner that it would "be as well to stand from under there. If I start to come, once," said he, "I'm not going to stop until I reach the deck or go overboard. If you don't want me coming astraddle some of your backs why you'd better keep from under, that's all I've got to say." Of course none of us hankered to mix in such a collision, so we kept "from under." Glancing aloft again Stanley spat on his hands and shinned up until he was able to make the end of the rope fast near the topmast head. The spar bent dangerously, but Stanley stayed until his task was finished.

It was six bells when we made Penfield Reef Lighthouse, and the wind and sea had steadily increased. The wind gradually veered to southwest.

When nearly up with Stratford Point we met a fleet of yachts sailing to the westward. They were evidently racing. Susie must have presented a fine sight to them, for they waved hats and handkerchiefs as we passed. Every sail, including ringtail, was drawing like a horse, and we were making fully nine knots.

From Stratford Point to Southwest Ledge Light we indulged in probably the finest and most enjoyable bit of sailing we met on the trip for the distance. With boom wide off to port Susie reached like a thing of life over surges of green, whose crests were beaded with white. Like carved marble the sails stood plainly out, and no wrinkle marred their snowy curves. Down in the southwest a huge triangular-shaped cloud of a grayish black had lifted out of the Sound, it seemed. One point of the triangle appeared to rest on the water, while its upper side seemed to hang in the sky, above where the Norwalk Islands should lie. On the upper edge of the triangle, and near its center, was perched the sun like a great bursting ball of fire. Two dusky paths showed where the kind of day had pierced the cloud with his javelins of light, and red fiery shafts penetrated to the uttermost limits of the heavens. Directly beneath the sun and near the edge of the cloud a minia-

ture thunder storm was in full progress, and twisting forks of freakish lightning squirmed and wriggled now and then. The whole western sky line was piled high with massive banks of clouds, which glistened in all the tints of the rainbow. To the north and east the shores and waters basked under the soft beams of the summer sun. The steady sweep of the boat, as she rode the swelling undulations, imparted a delicious feeling of freedom and contentment. Indeed life was worth living, if only to lie there on the deck, to gaze, to dream, to worship nature while quaffing deep drafts of the brine-laden air.

It was two bells when Susie swept by the breakwater that extends west from Ludington's Rock shoreward. After sailing well toward Southwest Ledge Light we took in the ringtail, jibed the mainsail to starboard and squared away into New Haven Harbor. On our way up the harbor we passed a large two-masted schooner, whose dilapidated sails, rigging, and rotten timbers denoted great age. Sam pronounced her a relic of the old whaling days.

We anchored off the New Haven Yacht Club house just as the sun buried its face in a monster pillow of gold-fringed clouds piled high in the western sky.

That night Stanley and I took a run into the country to my house. As none of my family was at home I naturally had a desire to see how things were progressing. That was principally the reason for making the trip. We didn't forget, however, to load up the grocery wagon with green corn, tomatoes, potatoes, apples, pears, etc., and to run the whole load down to the wharf in the morning. Here we found Sam impatiently awaiting our coming. We had agreed to be on hand by 5 o'clock, but it was nearer 7 when we put in our appearance. We quickly unloaded our stuff from the wagon into the skiff, then the young man who had driven us to the wharf started back for the farm, while we rowed out to Susie.

The wind was blowing fresh N.W.; Sam said it had been blowing from that quarter since daylight. He wasn't very complimentary in his remarks toward us for the delay we had caused. "If it wasn't for you loafers," said he, "we'd be looking at Faulkner's Island over the stern by this time."

"Yes, but we wouldn't have all this corn and other grub with us," Stanley answered.

"Well, come, let's get sail on her and make a break or we won't get away to-day."

The fruit and vegetables were quickly dumped into Susie's hold; the skiff was yanked on deck, and the cable was hove short. We then set mainsail and topsail, got our anchor, put the jib on her, and away we went like a frightened steed for the mouth of the harbor. Stanley satisfied his hobby for carrying sail by setting the jibtopsail and ringtail.

The morning was one of those bright, crisp ones, when all nature seems to smile, and everything is a-sparkle with light. The wind blew strong, streaming the smoke and steam of tugs and steamboats in lines parallel with the water, and quickly dissolving them in the pure atmosphere. The green waves danced with a vim that betokened plenty of sea in the Sound. Not the smallest sign of cloud could be seen in the pure ethereal vault, whose depths were flooded to their uttermost limits with the mellow rays of the sun.

"We'll have the wind south-west before we've been in the Sound long," prophesied Sam. "See how that schooner's got it under the Long Island shore?"

"By George! she's got it in good shape too," replied Stanley. "Look! See how she lays over! I'll be hanged, if they aren't dousing her topsails!" He had spoken rightly, for soon all three of her topsails were in, and even then the schooner seemed to have all the sail she needed.

By seven bells we were off Morris Cove. The wind had hauled to the westward, and it was blowing considerably harder than at the start. "That ringtail and jibtopsail 'll have to come in if it blows any harder," said Sam, as he critically eyed the topmast.

"Well, mebbey they will," answered Stanley. "We aren't going to take them in until we have to though, you can bet." We passed into the Sound through the channel between Lighthouse Point and the east end of Southwest Ledge Breakwater. We then found the wind so heavy that we were compelled to dispense with the ringtail and jibtopsail, though they were carried to the last minute. The wind gradually veered until it was plumb southwest, and it blew to beat the band.

It was about this time when the thought struck Stanley and I that we had had no breakfast. We went below, and when we reappeared on deck our stores had been considerably reduced.

About two bells we were abreast of the Thimble Islands. The wind had steadily increased, and Susie was swinging over the long rolling seas at an 8-knot clip. Ahead of us, half way between the Thimbles and Faulkner Island, we could see a large sloop yacht. She was under mainsail and jib, and she was evidently heading for the race. Suddenly she shifted her helm and started for the Thimbles. Her crew had undoubtedly considered discretion the better part of valor, and concluded to make a port while there was a good chance to do so. Soon after this we were compelled to take in our topsail. It pained Stanley considerably to have to "knuckle" to the inevitable. It was either take the sail in, however, or see the topmast go out of her.

Bub had been firing questions right and left, but suddenly he grew very quiet and thoughtful. We wondered greatly at the sudden change. Our wonderment increased to amazement when he guessed "he'd go below and turn in." At first we concluded he must be getting frightened, but when he came on deck soon after and gazed wildly about for an instant, then sank on his hands and knees and crawled to the rail, arched his back like a canker worm and yelled "Yauck! yauck! yauck!" as though at some marine monster far down in the depths of the sea, then we knew he was paying his respects to Neptune. Poor Bub! He crawled back after a while, turned his bloodshot eyes on us for an instant, sadly murmured "malaria," then crawled down to his bunk again.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One-Design Classes.

THE New York Sun is responsible for the following absurd attack upon the "one-design" classes:

The "one design" classes of yachts, which promise to be popular among racing men next season, are causing a goodly amount of comment among naval architects, and it will be quite easy for a prophet to foretell the future of the yacht designer if these classes are to be encouraged to the exclusion of all others. It is a fact that a number of boats built from one set of moulds do less to advance the science of yacht designing than if the class was open to all designers and the product from several competitors was raced in each of the classes.

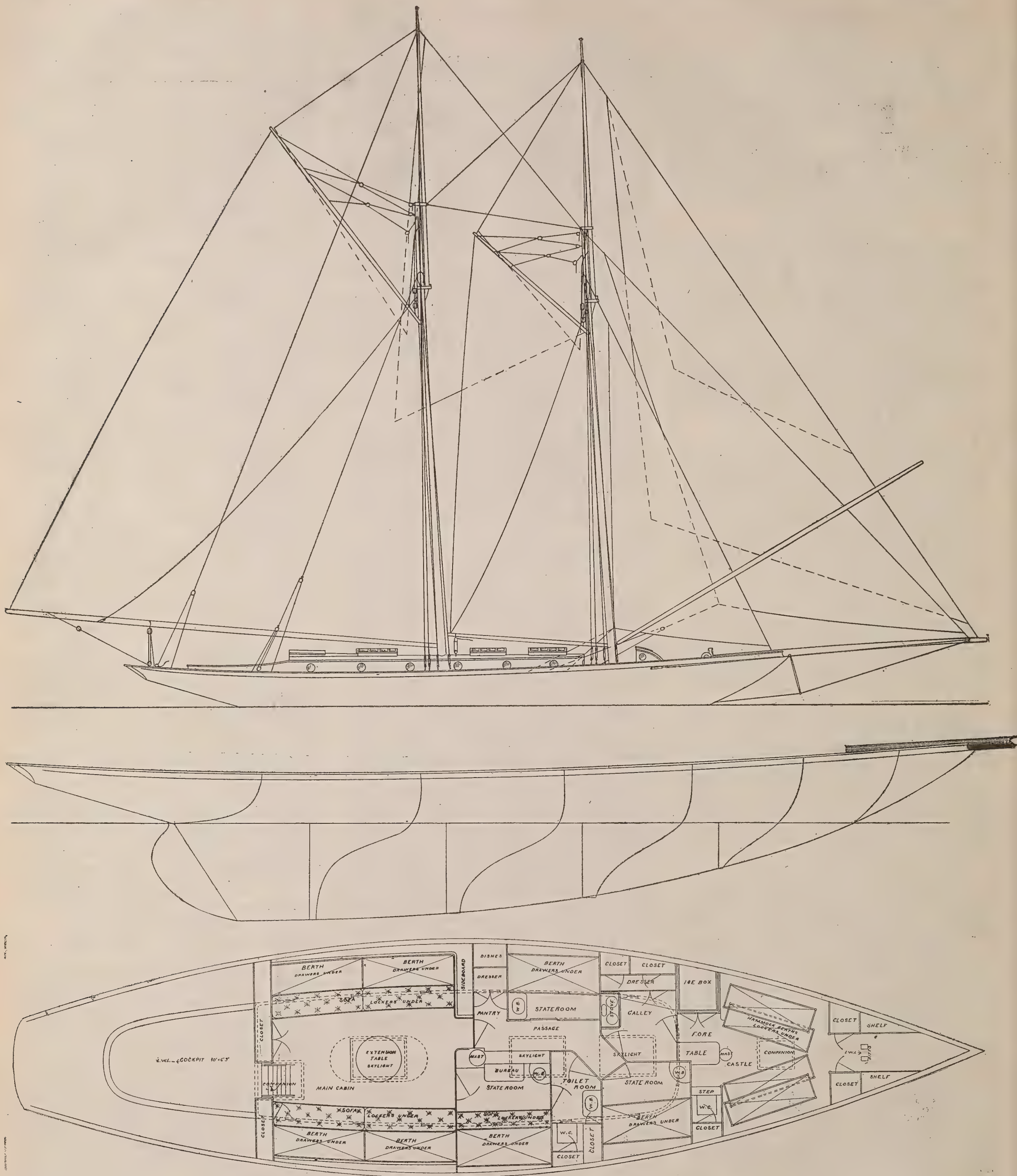
The sport of yachting gains nothing from "one design" boats. Scientific designing is lost sight of and discouraged, and the men who are depended upon to evolve any future craft that will sail under the Stars and Stripes in an international contest are left to rust out and gather a meager knowledge of progress in the art from the results obtained by others and not by their own work. In England this matter is different, and Watson, Fife, Soper and others are building boats under the present racing rules, each one vieing with the other in order to obtain the best results from which information is gained that will be valuable in future races.

It is plain that American designers should receive some encouragement if yachtsmen expect success. Otherwise the type of boats by Americans will fall back from lack of experience and practical tests. In England there is quite a fleet of racing yachts in course of construction, no two of which are exactly the same. The results from these boats will undoubtedly be an advantage, while the architects upon whom Americans depend for their speedy types are building few boats outside the "one design" vessels. This disadvantage may also be applied equally to the special, restricted classes such as the 21, 25 and 30-footers. Where boats must be raced within certain lines draftsmen are fettered by numberless rules and regulations that are made by men who, as a rule, are not competent to sail a catboat. An expert who has made the subject of yachting a study for many years says:

"New Yorkers are beginning to see the danger, and in the future, so Designer Gardner says, all boats over 25ft. must be built under club rules, for no special, restricted classes will be allowed above this. The New York Yacht Club, when it put a limit on draft of cutters under 70ft. and schooners under 85 ft., and adopted a rating rule, did that which is an injury to yacht racing, besides being most inconsistent, in view of holding the America's Cup where freedom in design on the lengths is given."

We have no idea whatever that Mr. Gardner is responsible for the statement credited to him by the Sun. Mr. Gardner has always favored what the Sun miscalls the "rating rule," and was a strong advocate of its adoption for classification, as well as measurement, a few years ago. He was also in favor of the draft limit adopted last season by the New York Yacht Club.

The great error which the Sun makes is in assuming that the one-design idea is the cause of the present stagnation in yachting, whereas it is but a natural and inevitable effect. It is the unlimited modern yacht, expensive, short-lived and useless, of which Defender is such a conspicuous example, which has killed yacht racing in the large and even the medium classes, and left the designer idle. Last year the one-design idea played no serious



SKETCH DESIGN OF 46FT. L.W.L. SCHOONER. MESSRS. CARY SMITH & BARBEY.—1898.

part in yachting; and yet the designers were idle, but one racing yacht, of 51ft. R. M., being turned out. This year they are no worse off, and some at least have orders in the small classes. All the life and activity there is in yachting is concentrated in the one-design or otherwise restricted classes; and without them there would be no sport next summer.

It is all very well to talk about what is done in England and the duty of American yachtsmen; but the conditions are different abroad, the sport of yacht racing has always had a more generous and extended support than in this country, and the rule is more strongly restrictive. Certainly no one can blame the American yachtsman who declines to build a fin-keel of extreme and prohibitive draft to race against Defender, Colonia, Quissetta or Syce.

The Sun poses as a strongly American paper, but it deliberately goes out of its way to cast a slur on the catboat, a craft which even we who are not among its admirers will admit is responsible for the education of many of our best yachtsmen.

Such comments as those above quoted can only do harm at the present time; and, on the other hand, there is a need for full and ample discussion of yachting topics through the winter season in the American press.

The Proposed One-Design Schooner Class.

The preliminary plans for the proposed one-design schooner class have been completed by Messrs. Cary Smith and Barbey, and sent out for estimate. Through their courtesy we are enabled to re-

produce the plans this week. The sheer draft is only approximate, but serves to show the generally wholesome character of the designs in the moderate draft, large internal room, and conventional keel contour and rudder.

The cabin trunk is low, but gives full head-room for the greater part of the length of the vessel. The main saloon is over 13ft. long, with a floor width of 6ft. 9in. On each side are two sofas and two berths, the latter in the wings, with drawers under. On the port side is a sideboard, and in the center is an extension table. The owner's room and toilet are on the starboard side, as usual; the former with berth, sofa, bureau and washstand. On the port side aft, convenient to the saloon, is the steward's pantry, with a stateroom forward. What there is of the centerboard trunk above the floor is just abaft the mainmast.

The fore end of the passage swings to starboard with three doors, giving access to the toilet room, galley and an extra stateroom intended for the captain. In the fore-castle is the galley and hammock berths for four men, with good lockers, closets, etc.

The rig is shown in the sail plan, and requires no explanation. The general specifications, as given below, show the proposed construction strong, substantial and thoroughly good, but with no costly extras. The boats should prove serviceable and satisfactory in use, and also should retain a good sale value for some years.

SPECIFICATIONS FOR SCHOONER YACHT.

General Dimensions.—Length over all, 64ft. 2in.; length on l.w.l., 46ft.; beam, extreme, 16ft.; draft without board, 6ft. 6in.; least freeboard, 3ft.; Specifications: Keel, white oak, moulded,

5½in.; stem, white oak, sided, 4½in.; stern post, white oak, sided, 5in.; frames, hackmatack, double, sided 2in., moulded at keel 3½in., at plank-sheer 2¼in.; floors, sided 2½ right and left; trunk log, sided 6in. and moulded 10in., bolted with ½ galvanized iron; sides of trunk, yellow pine and white pine 2x8in., bolted with ½ galvanized bolts; centerboard, oak and yellow pine, bolted with ½ galvanized iron; pin and hanging to be of brass; ballast to be of lead furnished by owner, 20,000lbs. in all, 18,000 on keel bolted with ¾in. Muntz metal bolts, 25 in number; plank of yellow pine, spike fastened; clamps, yellow pine, 2 in number, 1½x6in.; shelf, same, 5x2in., worked to shape, one through bolt on each frame; bilge strakes, yellow pine, 3 on a side, 1½x6in.; ceiling, only where cabin work calls for it, ¾in. pine; deck beams, white oak, sided 3in., moulded 2½in.; partner beams and house beams to be sided 6in.; partners, hackmatack, kneed with same; plank-sheer, white oak, 1½x7in.; deck plank, white pine, 1¾in. thick by 2¼in. wide, spiked; bulwarks, pine; stanchions, white oak; trunk cabin, tongued and grooved sides, 1½x3in., with wrapper; trunk deck, tongued and grooved stuff, 1½in., covered with canvas; hatches and slides, mahogany; bitts, locust; windlass, pump brake; anchors, 120lbs., 160lbs.; chains, 70 fathoms, ¾ tested.

All chocks and kevels as required; steerer, Perley patent, mahogany wheel about 30in.; tanks, galvanized iron, to hold about 200gals., pump in galley basins to discharge in receivers (bilge pump); one small tank on C. B. trunk.

Masts and spars of best spruce; rigging, best cast-steel wire-rope and manilla; sails to be as follows: mainsail, foresail, fore-

staysail, jib, small jib, small jibtopsail, second jibtopsail, spinaker, two gaff-topsails, small maintopmast staysail; blocks of white ash; iron work of all kinds of best iron, galvanized; awning staunchions galvanized; joiner work to be of tongued and grooved stuff, where it will not be seen, and the rest to be paneled, of white pine, all to be of 3/4 stuff; to be painted with three coats of paint.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE special meeting of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. was held on Dec. 30, with Pres. Clark in the chair. A proposition to establish an associate membership was considered and voted down, 11 to 7, thus failing by one of a two-thirds majority. The following was omitted from Rule 12, Article III.: No extra spars, booming out or whisker poles, except a spinaker boom, shall be used. Rule 18, Article II., was changed to its old form: If any part of hull or spars of a yacht be across the line when the starting signal is given, she must return and recross the line when ordered by the judges.

The following was also adopted: "The judges shall not recognize any yacht not having racing numbers in position, and such yachts shall not be entitled to any rights on the course."

The greater part of the evening was given up to the allowance question. The first resolution—"That the Yacht Racing Association declares itself in favor of time allowance"—met with the "happy despatch" at the hands of sixteen out of twenty-one delegates. Mr. S. N. Small presented a list of seventy-one names in favor of the permanent retention of allowance, with fourteen opposed to it.

Com. Sanborn, Quincy Y. C., explained his plan of allowing time to the extent of 1ft. to all yachts for the year of 1898. After discussion a proposal was made to give allowance to all existing yachts for 1898, but it was voted down by 11 to 10. Com. Sanborn's plan met with the same fate, after which no further proposals to amend the rule were made, leaving all yachts without allowance for the future.

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Gilbert's Bar Y. C. held the grand opening day of their new-club house on Tuesday, Dec. 14. The results of the races, which were sailed in a refreshing breeze, are as follows:

First Class.		
Albatross	Actual. 0 42 20	Corrected. 0 42 20
Joker	0 45 46	0 44 40
Britannia	0 46 10	0 44 52
Gull	0 51 42	0 50 14
Trochee	0 52 14	0 51 53
Petrel	0 54 05	0 53 20
Omega	1 04 36	1 04 36
Winner, Albatross.		
Second Class.		
Swallow	0 54 06	0 54 06
Eclipse	Did not finish.	
Winner, Swallow.		PAUL M. ASTON, Sec'y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new fleet of Seawanhaka knockabouts is growing steadily at Stearns's yard; the first yacht was launched on Dec. 14, and a photo, for which we are indebted to Mr. Stearns, shows a very handsome ship. As they are launched they are taken across the neck at the head of Marblehead Harbor and hauled out under a big storage shed. Mr. Stearns has an order from the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia for a similar design, from which a number of yachts will be built on the Delaware.

The wooden steam yacht building in South Brooklyn for Thos. L. Watt will be named Osceola. She will be launched this month.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division.

Dr. Nathan T. Beers, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richard S. Foster, New York.
Frank S. Grant, New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Sportsmen's Association Rifle Tournament.

There is now every prospect that the rifle tournament of the Sportsmen's Association in Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13-22, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Exposition, will be a grand success. It is very evident that New York and New Jersey will not have things to themselves, by any means. New England and Pennsylvania will be well represented at the galleries in the Garden, while scattering representations will be recorded from other States.

Instead of only four ranges, as last year, there will be six ranges. This number, with the additional two days for the tournament, will make it quite possible to accommodate all who went to shoot in the individual championship 100-shot match, or in any of the other competitions.

Mr. Plaisted will again occupy the cashier's seat, while Messrs. Zettler Bros. will have charge of the ranges and will look after the rifles, ammunition, etc. It should be remembered that, whereas last year only 22-short ammunition was allowed, this year the tournament rules permit the use of the 22-long cartridge. This change will suit many riflemen who do not approve of the 22-short for the best gallery work.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 18-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; \$1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Jan. 26-27.—Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y.—Tournament at Pine Point. Open to all. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluebirds thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

As so many daily papers have given publicity to the "thirty days' shoot at Baltimore in February, 1899," article which appeared in one or more Baltimore papers about a week ago, we may as well refer to it too. From this article we gather that it is proposed to have a thirty days' shoot, the actual shooting taking place on the alternate days only. There are to be six sets of five traps, three sets on each side of an open space, that is to be filled with "cashiers' tents, bookmakers' booths, and the like." All events are to be high guns or miss-and-outs, with entrance fees of \$5, \$10, \$15, \$25 and \$40. There are to be events for professionals and amateurs mixed, and also events "for the gentlemen shooters of America—men who are seldom or never seen at a regular tournament." It is also said that "a total of \$5,000 has been subscribed to be added to the stakes. Before the date

of the tournament this amount, it is believed, will be doubled, at least." In regard to the birds, the writer of the article has this to say: "There has been much correspondence with persons who supply birds, and these are now on the hunt for such as will be needed. Only the best strong birds will be accepted, and every one of them will have to go through a ring measure to insure their being in a strong flying condition. Arrangements are also being made for a large consignment of wild pigeons, and it is thought that they will be secured. Offers of large, black birds, of the crow variety, have been made, and it is possible that some of these may be used." When they talk about "large consignments of wild pigeons," they would more properly talk about "large consignments of wild ideas;" such would be in perfect keeping with much of the article referred to. In conclusion, we would make use of another item in the article, which states (nat "H. A. Penrose, the president of the Coast Pigeon Manufacturing Company, has supervised all of the correspondence in relation to this tournament, and he says he is convinced that not one thing will be left undone to make it the grandest tournament ever conceived."

An interesting and exceedingly close match was shot on Thursday last, Dec. 30, on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I. The contestants were John L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Co. and of the Interstate Association, and A. W. Higgins, secretary of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., and of the Crescent Club, too. Ben Norton and John J. U. M. C. Hallowell looked after Mr. Lequin, and managed to pull their man through by the narrow margin of one break in a 50-target contest. Mr. Higgins was attended by Ed Taylor, and it is worthy of note that neither of the two last-named gentlemen attribute the defeat to any fault of W-A powder. (The detailed scores have been suppressed for cause.)

The 1897 season for the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, closed at Dexter Park on Dec. 28, when the club met for the last shoot of the season. Before the shoot commenced Conrad Weber was one point ahead of his nearest competitor, Henry Forster. The club shoot is at 10 live birds, and on the above date Forster scored 9 to Weber's 8. As both were handicapped, at the same points, viz., 6, Forster added 3 points to his score, tying Weber, who only made 2 points. The tie for first prize was shot off at 10 birds; again they tied with 7 kills each; then they shot off miss-and-out, Weber winning in the fifth round.

Elliott has still another match on his hands besides his one with Gilbert. This match is a one-barrel affair, or rather one-shell affair (for fear some one might think it was a match with Winchester repeaters only!) with Peter Murphy, of Philadelphia. The match is to be at live birds, Rhode Island rules, and will be shot at Gloucester, N. J., on Jan. 8. Rhode Island rules call for gun below elbow, 21yds. rise, and permit 10-gauges and 1 1/2oz. of shot. Elliott, however, means to show that his Winchester with its Schultze powder and 1 1/2oz. of shot is all that he needs; at least, such is his intention.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, announced a handicap at 20 birds per man, \$10 entrance, birds extra, for New Year's Day, the shoot to take place on its grounds at Holmesburg Junction, Pa. The advertised starting time was 1 P. M., but with 23 entries it was impossible to get through before night came on. At the close of the day there was only one possible straight, J. H. Vandergrift, who had scored all his 16 birds. The match was then postponed until the following Monday morning, Jan. 3, that being the regular annual shoot of the club.

Tom Keller has found quarters for himself and the interests of the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. in the building at 88 Chambers street, New York city. He hangs his shingle out there and wants his friends to know where he can be found. It looks to us like a very wise move on the part of the above companies to tie Tom down to New York and her neighboring States, so that we can know where to look for him when we want him.

In Western Trap will be found a copy of a letter written by Mr. H. T. Hearsey, of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, to Mr. Hough. The subject of the letter is a proposed tournament at Indianapolis, to be held the week prior to John J. Sumpter's shoot at Hot Springs, Ark. Besides the inducements of a couple of days at sparrows and targets, the club can offer a cheap rate to Hot Springs and return, together with the attractions of a special parlor car to St. Louis, and a special sleeper from there to Hot Springs.

but over seventy shooters were out at the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, Wissinoming, Pa., that date being the one set for the ninth monthly shoot of the League. Ten targets were about all that a man could fire at without getting too chilled to handle his gun; there was a northwest gale blowing, and it wasn't good for either man or beast to be out and standing about. Yet the teams went out and shot strings of anywhere from 26 to 40 targets per man without coming into the shooting house to warm up. Truly those Philadelphians must be made of "hot stuff."

Visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition will have a chance on Saturday, Jan. 15, of seeing Elliott and Gilbert shoot at Dexter Park for the Du Pont trophy. The match will commence at 12:30 prompt, in order that those whose business it is to attend the Exposition may have a chance to see the match and get back early to Madison Square Garden. Elsewhere in these columns we give some figures on the recent matches between these two experts that will be of interest, in view of the coming match.

W. H. Wolstencroft has set Jan. 15 as the date for the match between himself and B. A. Bartlett for the "expert rules cup," now held by Wolstencroft. The match will take place on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R., Pa. It is rather unfortunate that these dates should clash with the ones set for the Gilbert-Elliott match at Dexter Park, but such things can't be helped occasionally.

Those people who started in to make big averages on the first day of the year did not calculate on the kind of weather the youthful '98 was going to provide for them. Zero weather, with a forty-five-miles-an-hour gale back of it, is not the sort of weather that is favorable for "over 90 per cent." averages on either targets or live birds.

The Herron-Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Charles A. Painter; First Vice-President, W. S. King; Second Vice-President, H. B. Mohler; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Lautenslager; Board of Directors, J. G. Messner, A. H. King, O. L. Hertig; Field Captain, H. L. Born.

In its issue of Jan. 1, our Western cotemporary publishes a letter on "good form," and gives in an editorial foot-note its idea of what "good form" means. As common or ordinary "good form" is alone dealt with, wouldn't it be a good plan for our cotemporary to go a little further, and tell us what constitutes "usual good form"?

The Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League is made up of clubs whose members don't care whether it rains, snows, freezes or scorches. No matter what the weather is, the eleven clubs composing the League turn out in force and eleven teams compete for the honors of first position. New Year's Day, 1898, was a freezer.

A prominent figure at the shoot of the Philadelphia Trap Shooters' League, on New Year's Day, was Charles Edward Mink, the "shell man," from Shannon's store, 1020 Market street, Philadelphia. Mink carries his sign on his back and in his gun—for he shoots those "hand-loaded shells" just as well as he talks them.

So Rolla Heikes keeps the cast-iron medal, and that heirloom has left the old family that brought it up and fostered it so long and so carefully. The scores look well, too; 93 to 90 is not bad work, for the Ohio pigeons were not summer birds or squabs.

In another column we give the programme for the Apgar benefit shoot at Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y. The shoot promises to be a success both financially and socially, Neaf's popularity with the shooters of this section being well assured.

The Baltimore Shooting Association has changed its dates from April 4-7 to April 5-8, Tuesday-Friday of the week following the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual shoot at Reading.

JAN. 4. EDWARD BANKS.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 25.—At the annual Christmas shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club for turkeys and chickens, the following scores were made. Conditions, 25 blue rocks:

Events:	1 2 3	Events:	1 2 3
Dr Hammond	19 23 19	C Adams	11 15
R C Root	20 20	W Waterman	17 19
W Sheldon	17 15 17	W Hanks	15
J Armstrong	12 19 17	A Hanks	15
F Arnold	19 17	S D Greene, Jr.	17
C Stanich	18 15 10		

W. H. SHELTON, Sec'y.

The Heikes-Grimm Match.

DAYTON, O., Jan. 1.—In the match to-day for the cast-iron medal emblematic of the live-bird championship, Rolla O. Heikes, of this city, successfully defended the trophy and title against his challenger, Charles M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., by a score of 93 to 90. The conditions were 100 pigeons per man.

On Dec. 31 a preliminary shoot was held at McCullough's One Mile House, but on account of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was small. A number of events were shot, Heikes doing the best shooting, making the highest average, and by his clean work still further strengthening the belief of his friends that he would certainly be the winner to-day. Grimm did not take part in the shoot on Friday, for the reason that his trunk containing his gun, ammunition, etc., had not arrived. It was unfortunate that he did not get any practice, as lack of the same became decidedly manifest during the early part of the championship race to-day.

Up to midnight of Dec. 31 it was generally conceded that the race on the following day could not take place. Snow covered the ground to the depth of at least 1/2 ft., and large flakes were still falling so thickly that it was impossible to make out anything across the street. It was the general opinion of the visitors who came to witness the race that everything looked to a postponement. We were all agreeably surprised when we arose early on New Year's Day and found that the sky was a blue and Old Sol was shining in all his glory. Every one appeared in a good humor.

The match took place at Fairview Park, where everything was in readiness for the great event. Without a moment's hesitation Messrs. Heikes and Grimm consented to appoint C. A. Young, of Springfield, O., referee; R. L. Trimble, of Covington, Ky., score-keeper, and Harry Aultie, of this city, to act as puller.

It was generally admitted that Grimm had a shade the worst of it in drawing hard birds, but such is the luck of duck shooting, and the intimation of hard birds must not be construed as an effort to detract from Heikes's extremely brilliant work. He was in splendid form, and from the beginning he started in determined to win. Dr. L. C. Adams looked after Heikes's personal comfort and wants.

Promptly at 2 P. M. Grimm stepped to the score and drew a swift right-quartering incomer from No. 5, which he killed with the second load. Heikes's first bird was a swift left-quarterer from No. 4, which he scored. Heikes was the first to miss; this occurred on the second round. He drew No. 3 trap and received a swift driver, which was not, to all appearances, touched. Grimm followed suit by drawing an easy bird from No. 1 trap, which fell dead just over the boundary. Grimm also missed his sixth and twenty-fourth birds, which gave him 22 out of the first 25. Heikes missed his second, fourteenth and twenty-fourth birds, which made a tie on the first 25. During the next 25 Grimm failed to score the thirty-first, thirty-fifth and fortieth birds, while Heikes allowed his thirtieth and thirty-seventh birds to cross the boundary. The match was then half over with Heikes one bird ahead.

The third 25 was shot and resulted in Grimm losing the fifty-sixth, fifty-ninth, sixty-fifth and seventy-fifth birds. It was during this series that Grimm allowed two easy birds to get away untouched. Heikes saw his chance and profited by scoring 24 out of 25, losing the sixty-seventh bird, a swift right-quartering incomer. He was then four birds in the lead, and victory was assured. Before starting on the last 25 Grimm asked "Shorty Bacon" for a chew of tobacco, which he stated would help him greatly. His words were verified to the letter, for it was a caution the way he went after that last string; drivers, twisters, towerers, incomers, right or left quarterers—it made no difference; he centered them beautifully and finished with a clean score, making 90 out of his 100.

Heikes still remained unruffled, and demonstrated that he is worthy the title of champion. Of the last 25 live birds he scored 24, losing the eighty-fifth, which was a swift outgoer from No. 5. This gave him a total of 93 out of 100 as against 90 for Grimm; therefore Heikes was declared the winner, and all Dayton was put in a much happier frame of mind.

Readers of this letter who were not present may perhaps think the scores made by Messrs. Heikes and Grimm are rather poor; but a word to the wise will be sufficient. The traps were set facing south by southeast, the sun shining brightly on the great expanse of snow, and to add to that, the day was exceedingly cold; puffs of wind blowing across the park and chilling spectators and contestants to the bone. The birds were a selected lot, and took wing readily, only one bird refusing to fly when the trap was sprung. Another item: It took just two hours and ten minutes to trap and finish shooting at the 200 birds. All retrieving was done by trappers. Following are the scores showing number of traps and flights of birds:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
Grimm.....	5 2 1 4 4 5 4 1 1 1 2 5 3 2 2 4 3 8 2 5 2 3 1 1 2 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 4 2 3 4 4 4 2 2 3 2 5 4 1 2 5 2 4 4 3 1 1 1 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 5 2 4 4 5 2 3 3 1 5 5 1 1 5 2 1 4 5 4 1 2 5 4 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 3 4 2 4 5 3 5 2 5 3 3 5 2 5 4 3 5 3 3 1 3 4 5 4 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 3 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 4 3 2 2 3 3 2 3 3 2 5 2 2 4 3 1 1 4 2 1 1 2 1 4 4 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 4 4 8 3 1 5 5 5 2 2 5 4 1 2 4 5 4 4 3 4 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 4 3 5 2 4 4 4 5 3 4 3 5 4 5 5 2 1 5 1 4 2 2 2 1 4 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 4 5 5 1 1 5 4 5 5 2 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 3 3 4 2 2 5 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 3 3

LESTER.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 25.—Christmas Day in this section was a remarkably pleasant one from any point of view, and particularly fine for winter trap-shooting. Some of the members of the Haverhill Gun Club met to-day, and below you will find the scores they made:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
Targets:	10 10 10 15 15 10 10 20 10 15 15 15 10 10 20 5
Bryan	8 3 8 13 13 8 7 16 7 14 13 13 10 9 5 15 2
Wright	6 7 3 11 6 5 16 5 9 14 7 7
Merritt	4 4 4 6
Miller	5 7 6 9 5 7 6 11 8 7
Short, D S.	11 8 5 1
George	8 9 11 10 9 13 8 9 9 10 8 6 7 14
Short, E B.	10 8
Sprague	6 1 5 13 9 10 7 9 7
Fernald	7 6
Leighton	3 11 10 9 7 6 4 15 3
Osborne	6 10 10 5 4 11
Ingham	6 9 12 8
Brooks	9 7 5 6
Harley	7
Siegars	6
Crepian	4
Brown	7 7 14 3
Orne	3 5 3 2
Griggs	8 6 11 3

The last, a 5-bird event, one man up, was at unknown traps and angles, use of both barrels allowed.

GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

The Wolstencroft-Bartlett Match.

FRANKFORD, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby accept Capt. B. A. Bartlett's challenge as published in your issue of Dec. 25, and name the Keystone Shooting League's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R., Pa., as the place, and Jan. 15 as the date for the match. Inclosed please find \$25 to cover the amount deposited in your hands by Capt. Bartlett.

W. H. WOLSTENCROFT.
[\$25 received from both Capt. Bartlett and W. H. Wolstencroft.]

New York State League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the recent action taken by the representative sportsmen of the State at their annual convention in Syracuse, by which the connections previously existing between the protective and trap-shooting branches of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game were dissolved and a new organization, known as the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, was formed, some facts concerning the early history of the parent society will doubtless be of general interest.

The initial convention of the sportsmen of the State for the purpose of obtaining unity of action between the various local sportsmen's clubs in order to secure proper legislation for the preservation of fish and game was held at the Franklin House, in Geneva, on Nov. 15, 1859. The following delegates were present:

Waterloo—W. A. Maynard.
Utica—J. E. Spencer, C. W. Hutchinson, A. Scranton.
Syracuse—Elisha Garrison, C. A. Kellogg.
Penn Yan—Stephen Gilbert, H. A. Wagner, L. Ogden, J. B. Harvey.
Canandaigua—R. S. Pierson.
New York City—Charles H. Haswell, Thomas Bond.
Binghamton—Dr. George Burr, C. Story, Jr., John Clapp, Hon. R. Balcom.

Buffalo—S. Douglass Cornell.
Rochester—Seth Green, A. G. Wheeler, Henry Hunter, T. S. Hall, E. H. Munn, N. P. Stone, James Wing, N. S. Winston, John Haywood, Jr., James C. Hart, F. H. Oriel, Geo. A. Watson, B. Moeller, Fred Nussbaumer.
Geneva—Wm. F. Cook, John E. Bean, Wm. S. Tuttle, G. M. Barnes, H. L. Suydam, J. B. Ansley, Wm. S. Baxter, M. H. Mandeville, G. W. Nares, S. S. Cobb, John D. Cobb, John S. Dey, J. S. Lewis, A. M. Cobleigh.

It was decided to endeavor to secure the enactment of a uniform and efficient State law for the protection of fish and game, and the following provisions were agreed upon:

1. Making the season for shooting woodcock begin July 4 and end Jan. 1 in each year.
2. Making the open season for quail begin Oct. 25 and end Jan. 15.
3. Making the season for partridges commence on the first Tuesday of September and close Jan. 15.
4. Making it illegal to shoot woodcock except from the first Tuesday in August until Jan. 1 following.
5. It was decided that no restriction should be made in reference to the killing of English snipe.
6. Prohibiting fishing for speckled or brook trout from Sept. 15 to March 1, and the use of all devices or means for taking such trout, except the usual mode—with hook and line.
7. Prohibiting the killing of deer from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1 in each year.
8. Prohibiting fishing for lake or salmon trout with a hook or line or any other device, from Nov. 1 to May 1.
9. Prohibiting fishing at any time in Crooked Lake and Canandaigua Lake other than with hook and line.
10. Making the possession of fish and game by any person during the prohibited season *prima facie* evidence of the killing or taking the same during the time prohibited by law.

It was decided to name the organization formed at this time the Sportsmen's Club of the State of New York, and the following officers were elected: President, Charles H. Haswell, New York; Vice-Presidents, Henry Hunter, Rochester; C. W. Hutchinson, Utica; Corresponding Secretary, M. Mandeville, Geneva; Recording Secretary, S. S. Cobb, Geneva.

A committee was appointed to meet in Albany on the third Tuesday in January, 1860, and urge upon the Legislature the passage of the bill proposed by the club.

This committee met, and the bill, after being amended somewhat, was finally passed.

The annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Club in 1860 was held on Oct. 9, in Syracuse, delegates from nearly all of the associations being in attendance. A committee was appointed to define the object and position of the organization, and the following report was submitted:

That the convention of the New York sportsmen's clubs be declared to be an annual meeting, formed by the representatives of all the associations and clubs in the State that have an organization, for the purposes of encouraging shooting and fowling, and the protection of the birds, deer and fish of the State, and such other sportsmen being county delegates, as hereinafter provided for; that such convention be held annually on the third Tuesday of the month of June in each year at such place as the next preceding convention shall select.

That the members of this convention consist of delegates appointed for that purpose by each association in the State, not exceeding five delegates from each association, and two delegates who are sportsmen, residents of any county in the State in which there is no such regular association organized, and who shall have faithfully co-operated in the purposes of our organization.

That at meetings of the convention all members of clubs and gentlemen interested in matters connected with the objects of the convention be invited to attend, but not to have the privilege of voting. That at each of the annual conventions some competent person be appointed to deliver an address or read an article at the next meeting of the convention upon some subject relating to the objects of the convention.

That on the second day of the convention, and after the business of the convention be finished, there be held a trial of skill with both rifles and shotguns, the trial of shotguns to be at live birds from a trap, and the rifle off-hand shots at 100 yds., and a certificate or prize of this convention be given to the winners at such games. That only delegates and all members of associations that may be represented in the convention be authorized to contend at such trials. That the officers of this convention consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary and a recording secretary, to be elected at the annual convention, and to hold their offices until others are elected.

The report was adopted after a warm debate. Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles H. Haswell, New York; Vice-Presidents, C. W. Hutchinson, Utica; Henry Hunter, Rochester; Secretaries, C. E. Whitehead, New York; Geo. Dawson, Albany.

The next annual convention was held in Utica, June 18 and 19, 1861. At the business session several amendments to the game laws were agreed upon. The old officers were re-elected, save in the case of second vice-president, to which position John Haywood Jr., of Rochester, was chosen to succeed Mr. Hunter. On the second day the prize contests occurred, the first in the history of the State Sportsmen's Club. The events were as follows:

Trap Shoot.—Match between competitors west of Utica and those east, 10 birds to each man, 21 yds. rise, 60 yds. fall. Won by the former team, the score being 70 and 56.

The rifle match, distance twenty rods, off-hand, was won by Morgan James, of Utica.

In the second match at live pigeons, 12 birds to each man, 21 yds. rise, M. M. Mayhew, of Utica, and C. A. Kellogg, of Syracuse, tied for first place with 11 birds each, but in shooting off the tie Mayhew won.

The prize for skill in fly-throwing was awarded to Mr. Lennbacker, although the committee decided that Mr. Hutchinson excelled him in distance and ease of motion, and Mr. Calverly excelled both in distance.

In the evening an elaborate supper was enjoyed, and the annual address was delivered by Charles E. Whitehead.

In June, 1862, the convention occurred in Rochester. The following clubs were represented: Buffalo, Genesee County, Central New York, of Utica; Onondaga, of Syracuse; Oswego, Monroe County, and Wayne County. The annual address was made by C. W. Hutchinson, of Utica. The old officers were re-elected except in the case of one of the secretaries; Frank Sidway, of Buffalo, succeeding Mr. Dawson. The trap-shooting and other contests took place on the second day. In the former a team selected by C. H. Kellogg, of Rochester, defeated one chosen by E. Garrison, of Syracuse, the score being 177 and 175. In another trap-shooting contest C. H. Finch, Syracuse; Seth Green, F. H. Oriel, A. S. Winston, Rochester; Robert Newell, Buffalo, and M. M. Mayhew, Utica, divided first prize. The certificate of superiority in rifle shooting was awarded to Seth Green, as was also the prize for excellence in fly-casting.

Perhaps this is enough to say concerning the early conventions of the State sportsmen, only it may be added that those who participated were enthusiastic hunters and anglers, and men who believed that the killing of fish and game should be reasonably restricted, and the results of their protective efforts are felt at the present day.

In late years the organization came to be known as the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and was so styled until the recent meeting in Syracuse. In February, 1892, a convention of sportsmen of the State was held in Syracuse for the purpose of agreeing upon a plan of action for more efficient protection of fish, game and forest. A committee consisting of F. J. Amsden, Rochester; Gen. D. H. Bruce, Syracuse; Robert B. Lawrence, Charles B. Reynolds, New York, and J. Van Cleef, Poughkeepsie, were appointed to present to the State Association suggestions for increasing the efficiency of the organization. The

committee's report, submitted at the June convention, forty-eight clubs being represented, was unanimously adopted. It provided for two meetings annually, one in the winter for game protection interest only, and the other in summer for trap-shooting and other competitions. The wisdom of this action has been clearly shown by the very marked increase of interest in protective matters which has since been manifested, and in the highly satisfactory legislation that has been obtained along the lines suggested by the association. While the trap-shooting feature did not conflict particularly with the protective work, it increased the duties of the officers materially, and it was finally decided that the protective element had attained sufficient strength to warrant it in asking that its connection with the other branch of the association be served. The plan was considered at the meeting last June, and the committee in charge of the matter met in October and came to the conclusion previously stated—that there should be a separation. This report, together with the new constitution, changing the name of the association to the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, was adopted at the convention held in Syracuse, Dec. 9. There is no intention on the part of any one to exclude trap-shooters from the League, but on the contrary their united and hearty co-operation is earnestly desired in the work of protection. It is sincerely hoped that every organization of sportsmen will join the State League, and assist in increasing its efficiency. W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., Dec. 16.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—Name.—This association shall be known as the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League.

ARTICLE II.—Objects.—The objects of this association shall be to create and foster a public sentiment in favor of better fish, game and forest protection, to procure the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and for the preservation of the forests, and to promote the observance of such laws.

ARTICLE III.—Board of Trustees.—The entire management of the concerns of the association shall be entrusted to a board of trustees to consist of twelve members.

ARTICLE IV.—Officers.—Board of Trustees.—The officers of the association shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a legislation and law committee of five members, and an auditing committee of three members. The officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, and such officers shall constitute the board of trustees.

ARTICLE V.—President.—Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings, to see the rules and regulations strictly enforced, to cast the deciding vote whenever there is a tie, and to perform such other duties as usually appertain to the president of an association.

Sec. 2. The president shall be entitled to a vote in the election of officers and members.

Sec. 3. All special committees shall be appointed by the president, of which he shall be a member *ex-officio*.

ARTICLE VI.—Vice-President.—It shall be the duty of the vice-president, in the absence of the president, to assume the duties of and be invested with all the powers of the president hitherto enumerated.

ARTICLE VII.—Absence of President and Vice-President.—In the absence of both the president and vice-president from any meeting of the association any member present may be selected to preside with the same powers as the president for that meeting.

ARTICLE VIII.—Secretary.—It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep a full and complete record of the proceedings of all meetings of the association, issue calls for all meetings, keep a roster of the officers and members, notify applicants for membership of their election, preserve all records in books furnished by and which shall remain the property of the association, and hand them over to his successor in office within ten days after the election of such successor.

ARTICLE IX.—Treasurer.—Sec. 1. The treasurer shall be required to give a bond, with good and sufficient sureties, to be approved by the legislation and law committee, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties, the expense of procuring which shall be borne by the association.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to collect all dues, receive all moneys paid to the association, have the custody of all the funds of the association, and pay all bills presented to him by the auditing committee, and make a written report to the association at each annual meeting of its income, expenses, and the amount of money remaining on hand.

ARTICLE X.—Legislation and Law Committee.—It shall be the duty of the members of the legislation and law committee to keep themselves posted on all laws of the State governing the taking of fish and game, the preservation of the forests, and report to the association at each annual meeting thereof all changes deemed necessary in the fishery, game and forest law, and present to the Legislature the action taken by the association respecting the proposed enactment of such measures and to urge their adoption.

ARTICLE XI.—Auditing Committee.—It shall be the duty of the auditing committee to examine and pass upon all bills presented to the association, and indorse thereupon their written approval of such as they deem proper charges, and such indorsement shall be a warrant upon the treasurer for the payment of such bills.

In case any bills are not deemed proper charges they shall be submitted to the association at any regular meeting thereof.

ARTICLE XII.—Powers of Board of Trustees.—The board of trustees shall have the control and management of the property and affairs of the association, and shall have charge of all matters respecting the welfare of the association.

They shall also have full power to suspend any member from office on receiving evidence of the unfaithful discharge of his duties, giving him notice of such suspension and an opportunity of defense, and said board shall have the power to fill the vacancy occasioned by such suspension until the next annual election, or until the suspended member shall be reinstated.

ARTICLE XIII.—Vacancies.—The board of trustees shall have full power to fill any vacancy which may occur from death, resignation or otherwise among its officers or members, and any appointments so made by them shall be valid until the next annual election.

The board shall also prescribe such rules regulating the affairs and conduct of the association, and such by-laws, not inconsistent with the constitution, as in their judgment may from time to time become necessary, subject to the approval of the association at its next regular meeting.

ARTICLE XIV.—Meetings of Board of Trustees.—The board of trustees shall hold meetings whenever summoned by the president or by the secretary upon the request of three members of said board, and seven members of the board shall constitute a quorum of that body for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XV.—Membership.—Any club or association organized for the purpose named in Article II. shall be eligible to membership in this association.

All applications for membership shall be made to the board of trustees in writing, accompanied by the initiation fee, and said board shall have the power to accept or reject the same.

ARTICLE XVI.—Quorum.—Delegates representing ten clubs at any regular or special meeting of the association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XVII.—Representation.—Each club of fifty members or less having membership in this association shall be entitled to two delegates to any annual meeting of the association.

Clubs having a membership greater than fifty shall be entitled to two delegates for the first fifty members and one additional delegate for each additional fifty members or fraction thereof.

Every delegate and alternate, or set of delegates or alternates, to any annual meeting of this association shall be provided with credentials signed by the president or vice-president and the secretary of their respective clubs, stating the full name of the club or association which said delegate or alternate represents and the actual membership thereof.

ARTICLE XVIII.—Initiation Fees and Dues.—The initiation fee shall be \$5 for each club, which fee shall be in full for all dues for the ensuing year, commencing on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December of each year.

The annual dues thereafter for any club having a membership of fifty or less shall be \$5. For clubs having a membership of more than fifty the annual dues shall be \$5 for the first fifty members and \$2.50 for each additional fifty members or fraction thereof.

Initiation fees and annual dues shall be payable in advance of the fiscal year, which commences with the annual meeting on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December of each year.

ARTICLE XIX.—Resignations.—Sec. 1. All resignations shall be made in writing to the secretary, and all interest in the property of the associations or clubs resigning, or in any other way ceasing to be members, shall be vested in the association, and no resignation from a club in debt to the association shall be accepted.

Sec. 2. Officers in good standing may resign by presenting their written resignation to the secretary, and such resignation is subject to the action of the board of trustees.

ARTICLE XX.—Failure to Meet Dues.—Any club failing to meet its dues or any other indebtedness to the association shall, after sixty days' notice, be expelled from the association at the next regular meeting, unless said indebtedness shall have been previously paid or remitted.

All delegates from any club indebted to the association at the annual meeting or any subsequent meeting shall be debarred from voting until such indebtedness has been paid.

ARTICLE XXI.—Construction of Constitution.—In respect to all questions of construction of the constitution or by-laws the decision of the board of trustees once made shall control and be binding thereafter until rescinded by the association.

ARTICLE XXII.—Matter not Provided for in the Constitution.—All matters not particularly provided for in the constitution shall be controlled by the board of trustees, and may be passed upon by a two-thirds vote of said board, and shall be fully binding upon the association.

ARTICLE XXIII.—Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the association shall be held in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December of each year for the election of officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may legitimately come before it.

ARTICLE XXIV.—Special Meetings.—The president shall call a special meeting of the association at any time when requested so to do by ten clubs of the association, and he may do so at any time when he may deem it for the best interests of the association so to do. In all cases written notice of the time and place of the intended meeting to be given to the secretary, who will notify each club of the association.

ARTICLE XXV.—Honorary Members.—Honorary members may be elected at any meeting by a unanimous vote of those present, but said honorary members shall have no vote.

ARTICLE XXVI.—Votes.—Each delegate or alternate shall be entitled to only one vote.

ARTICLE XXVII.—Amendments to the Constitution.—This constitution or parts thereof may be altered or amended by an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the delegates present at a meeting, provided that sixty days' notice shall have been given to all clubs in writing that an alteration or amendment, specifying the same, is proposed to be submitted at such meeting. But a proposed amendment may be entertained without such previous notice by unanimous consent of the delegates present.

ARTICLE XXVIII.—Object Stated in Call for Special Meetings.—At all special meetings the object of the meeting shall be stated in the call, and no other business can come before that meeting.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. The order of business shall be as follows:

- I. Presenting of credentials.
- II. Roll call.
- III. Reading of minutes of previous meetings.
- IV. Reports of officers.
- V. Reports of standing committees.
- VI. Reports of special committees.
- VII. Unfinished business.
- VIII. New business.
- IX. Bills and accounts.
- X. Election of officers.

Sec. 2. The president and secretary of the association shall be respectively the chairman and secretary of the board of trustees.

WESTERN TRAPS.

New Year's Shoots.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Both sets of traps at Watson's are busy to-day, one with sweeps open to all, and the other for amateurs who only want to spend a part of the day pleasantly shooting for the price of the birds. A number will mingle with the J. Watson hummer to-day.

At Glen Ellyn, one of the prettiest little spots around Chicago, Dr. Shaw and Tom Hicks will to-day join issues in a live-bird match (scores elsewhere), which should be of interest, and other shooting will occur.

At Elgin, on the Fox River, a live-bird shoot will be held to-day, as also at almost every other town of any size within a radius of many miles of the city. After Thanksgiving Day, New Year's is the great shooting day of the trap lover.

The E. C. Cup.

A. C. Paterson's acceptance of F. P. Stannard's challenge for the E. C. cup contained conditions not agreeable to the latter, and he declined to accept same. The clause in regard to "snipe" shooting at targets was waived by Paterson, who, however, still insists that he has a right to hold to the location of Calumet Heights grounds, although the latter are in Indiana, because this is a Cook County League trophy, and the League has held meets at those grounds, and the Calumet Heights Club is a regular member of the League. The actual terms of this competition are but vaguely understood by some of the shooters of the League, discussion having come up over the probable future of this trophy in case the League disbanded (which it has not done). It would be very desirable if the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co. would once more kindly publish the terms of the competition.

Indianapolis and the Hot Springs Shoot.

The following enterprising and agreeable proposition from the popular Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will appeal to a great many shooters, who will gladly accept the chance to go South again for a shoot this winter. The quality of John Sumpter's shoots needs no comment, nor does the hospitality and organizing ability of the Limited Gun Club. Get together, all you people, and be sure you never were in a better chance to have a rattling good time with rattling good fellows. The second whirl at sparrows and birds for Indianapolis this winter would certainly be appreciated by every man who was there this past December, and the proposed two days ought to fill well. The letter reads as below:

"Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 30.—We have noticed in your columns the announcement of the shoot offered by Mr. Sumpter at Hot Springs, Feb. 15 to 19, inclusive. Last year we succeeded in collecting quite a crowd of gentlemen prior to the San Antonio shoot, and took them from Indianapolis to San Antonio and return at a very liberal railroad rate. We would now like to entertain all the gentlemen who could make Indianapolis on their way to the Hot Springs tournament—one day at sparrows, say 100 sparrows divided into five 20-bird races, and the second day we would suggest a 100-bird handicap target race, allowing different shooters extra birds to shoot at. We would suggest Feb. 10 and 11 for our shoot. This would enable the gentlemen to leave Indianapolis Saturday, Feb. 12, at noon, and reach Hot Springs Sunday, Feb. 13, at noon. Of course, if they desire to shoot another day in Indianapolis, we should be pleased to have them; they could then leave Sunday and arrive Monday, the 14th, at noon.

"From information we have at hand, although we have not the exact figures, we can promise a very liberal railroad rate, and also a special parlor car if we secure sufficient passengers, and a special sleeper from St. Louis. We will have our programmes, embodying matters mentioned above, issued in a few days.

"We would now ask, as a special favor, all gentlemen who desire to take advantage of our offer, to notify us at their earliest convenience, so that we may be better prepared to entertain them. We wish to say that we shall be more than pleased to have you as our guest on this occasion, as you missed going with us last year, and we trust that your engagements will be such that you can join us this time.—Limited Gun Club, per H. T. Harsey, Sec'y."

Proposed Medal.

The proposed medal for Chicago shooters, to be purchased by the balance of funds left over from the late intercity shoot, has this inordinate condition attached to it, that it would make the boys think of Kansas City every time they shot for the medal. Just now we don't speak at all of Kansas City except in a subdued whisper.

Kansas City Team Shoots.

The intercity shoot between Kansas City and St. Louis has probably fallen through. That with Omaha is very apt to be a go, but will hardly come off before next May, according to latest advices at hand here.

Old New York Trophies.

The recent reorganization of the New York State Sportsmen's Association brings up the question of the disposition of the original capital prizes of that body. The Dean Richmond cup now shot for by that body is not the original one, as has been earlier stated in these columns, though sometimes that fact is overlooked by the shooters of recent days. Col. Charles E. Felton, who called at this office this week, said: "I am the sole and individual owner both of the original Dean Richmond cup and the Green Smith badge, having acquired these after the disbandment of the teams and clubs owning them. The cup you have seen and know its value. It cost \$800 in its time, and was then thought a wonder. The Green Smith badge was incased in a silver trunk case, in imita-

tion of a gun case, and was thought a grand affair. It cost \$900, and of course is a very valuable trophy, in view of its history. These old trophies of New York State antedate those now in competition, and of course they do not revert to the organization in either of its branches. I thought it might be interesting to call up the history of these trophies."

The Mussey Safe.

Last week, in describing the fire at Mr. Mussey's hall, I stated that the historic safe was buried beneath the ruins of the falling building. At the time this was apparently the case, but now it seems that, by some curious chance, that portion of the floor which held the famous safe was left unburned and the safe stood the fire triumphantly. It is still in place and ready for business, almost the only thing in the whole establishment which was not utterly destroyed.

Goes to Monte Carlo.

Mr. Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., who was last season present at Monte Carlo, and gave a good account of himself, will be on hand again this year, leaving this country in time to be at Monte Carlo Jan. 24.

Christmas at Kansas City.

In their Christmas shoot the doughty live-bird shooters of Kansas City made up a series of handicap sweeps which offered plenty of amusement. Scores:

Fred Lamb, 30.....	02222222212220221022-17
George Stockwell, 30.....	222221101222202222-18
W H Allen, 28.....	12211020121121210121-17
J J Corbett, 30.....	12221221221221212110-19
J W Bramhall, 28.....	21012122120212122222-18
H Memiee, 29.....	2121122201221212122-18
N Beach, 29.....	2110210112201112122-17
D S Malvin, 29.....	11221210012102010000-12
Paul Francke, 27.....	1221002112222022022-16
N Jarrett, 30.....	12022210022121010222-15
Ed Fletcher, 29.....	01121102012121212120-16
J M Curtice, 30.....	0222222222202222222-18
R Jarrett, 29.....	2222111012212100211-17
M F Green, 29.....	2110022121111012111-17
Ed H Hickman, 30.....	2222212202222212222-19

Pretty Close.

At Denver, Col., last week, a pretty close team race was shot between A. B. Daniels and J. S. Sedam on one side and Bryan Haywood and Sam Adams on the other. Daniels, Sedam and Haywood each scored 24 and Adams 23, a total of 48-47, or a grand total of 95 out of 100 for four men—not a thing that happens every day.

Olathe Annual.

The annual shoot and banquet of Olathe Gun Club, of Kansas, were held yesterday. Frank Hodges and W. R. Walker were captains, the team contests being at 25 blue rocks per man.

Soo.

The Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., had a pleasant club shoot Dec. 27, using up some 500 live birds.

Baker—Studley.

At Kewanee, Dec. 29, E. E. Baker defeated Victor Studley, of Neponset, for a \$100 purse, 50 birds. Score 45-37.

Minnesota Medals.

At Stillwater, Minn., Dec. 26, George Bancroft won the Torinus medal with 44 out of 50, and Bert Torinus won the Mainwaring medal with 37, handicap 5.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Huntington, Ind.

The Erie Gun Club, of Huntington, Ind., held its regular live-bird contest on the club's grounds, Friday, Dec. 24. The weather was fair and the birds good ones. Some splendid kills were made by Burnison, Gusman and Dr. Chenoweth. Mr. O. R. France met with an unfortunate accident during the afternoon. At the time he went to the score to shoot his last bird he slipped and fell on the icy ground, discharging both barrels of his gun; the charge, while going close to the spectators, did no damage and no one was hurt except Mr. France, who sustained some bruises which will require his attention for a time. Following are the detailed scores:

Twenty live birds:

Burson.....	12122201121211220112-18
Gusman.....	20221110221022201211-16
Scheiblin.....	11122022121021221021-17
Dr. Chenoweth.....	22220221w-7
F Anson.....	01211220112101022102-15
Brown.....	22001212w-6
O R France.....	200122020211000212w-11

Notter Gun Club.

The Notter Gun Club held its two days' tournament on the club grounds at Archer and Kedzie avenues, Chicago, Dec. 25-26. The days were cold and the sky overcast. Some fair scores were made, considering the elements. Workman's shooting deserves comment, as he is a new figure at the traps, having been shooting only a few months; some of his kills of live birds were equal to those made by the older and more experienced shooters. Following are scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 10 5 10 10	Targets:	15 10 5 10 10
W Wharrie.....	13 8 5 4 7 8	F Natter.....	5.....
Cooper.....	12 7 3 4 7 7	Ruble.....	9.....
W Pugh.....	10.....	Antoine.....	5 3 7 5
Vorketter.....	9 9 4 3 8 3	Workman.....	5 4 6 6
Williams.....	10.....	Skillen.....	3 8.....
A Pugh.....	12.....	Boa.....	4 5 7
Gold Dust.....	8 4 4 9 9		

Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 6 were at targets; Nos. 3 and 4 at 5 live birds.

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	10 10 5 10 10	Targets:	10 10 5 10 10
Wharrie.....	9 8 5 8 5 9	Sundrenmyer.....	7 5 4 5 5
Vorketter.....	8 5.....	Goodrich.....	5 7 8 9
Skillen.....	7 7.....	Young.....	3.....
W Pugh.....	7.....	Johnson.....	5 5 6
M Auer.....	8 8 3.....	Jackson.....	5 6 4

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at live birds; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 at targets.

A 25-target match was shot as below, the stakes being \$10 and the targets:

Goodrich.....	11111011111101111111-23
Wharrie.....	11111111111110001111-22

The next club shoot will be held on the club's grounds on Jan. 9. All shooters are invited to attend.

Jan. 1.—John Schick, of Chicago, shot a race with John C. England, of Mount Pulaski, Ill., on Wednesday, Dec. 15, on the grounds at Obermiller's Park, Mount Pulaski, Ill. The race was at 50 live birds each and \$500 per man on the side. The day was clear and bright, with a strong wind on the back of the shooters. The birds were good, and strong flyers, and there was not an incomer of the entire 100 birds trapped. Both gentlemen shot in good form and killed their birds well. Schick made a run of 43 straight, while the three not scored to England were dead out of bounds.

Following are the scores:

John Schick.....	1122122212111212122212-25
	221211121222212222102211-23
John C. England.....	**2222112122211212221212-23
	222122222112121122222222-24

Glen Ellyn.

Some few of the members of Garfield Gun Club spent the greater part of New Year's Day shooting live birds on the Ackerman farm near Glen Ellyn, Ill. Considerable interest was manifested, and a few friendly races were had. The birds were strong, robust fliers, and when liberated from the traps would get away instantly. Many birds were hit hard, but were able to carry their load some distance over the boundary before they dropped. Out of the entire number shot during the day, only three were incomers.

The wind was on the back of the shooters, the light was bright, and with the ground covered with snow, white birds were difficult to see. Thomas Hicks shot against Dr. Shaw, 25 live birds for the price of birds, while Silas Palmer shot same against A. S. Paterson, with the following results:

Dr S Shaw.....	*222220022020*22202*2202-16
T P Hicks.....	1100122212200102101011-18
Palmer versus Paterson:	
S Palmer.....	020021011201020*0100*1111-13
A C Paterson.....	211*12102220201220020221-17

Later on, another go of the same kind was indulged in by the same persons, ending in a tie for Hicks and Shaw and a defeat for Paterson. In the shoot-off tie Hicks won by one bird. Paterson seemed to hit most of his birds hard, but not hard

enough to stop them inside the bounds, as will be seen by the following score, which shows 10 dead out of bounds:

Shaw versus Hicks:	
Dr S Shaw.....	2020022220222002202222*16
T P Hicks.....	0212101012100110112012*0-16
Palmer versus Paterson:	
S Palmer.....	0001*02010020210121220-14
A C Paterson.....	221*0*11*02010**0**22*0*-9
Shoot-off between Hicks and Shaw:	
Shaw.....	22000-2
Hicks.....	21020-3
Following are scores of others in attendance:	
De Maris.....	100002**00202*02202-7
J Workman.....	1221*01010000020000112211-13
G S Beard.....	*02*20*002*0*01*012200020-8
Peter Hoy.....	0000000121*000011000-5
E Ackerman.....	2001000201100001-16
Re-entries:	
Peter Hoy.....	01000110100020000000-5
E Ackerman.....	200000020010000101-5

Cicero.

The Cicero Gun Club held its regular holiday shoot on New Year's Day, on its grounds at the Desplaines River and West Madison street. The shooting was exclusively at live birds. The day was cool and the ground covered with snow. The wind was directly in the face of the shooters, which made many of the birds incomers direct and quartering.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Banks.....	3	2	2	0	1
Rexford.....	2	3	2	3	5	3
Barnard.....	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	4	2
Musley.....	4	4	2	4	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5
Einfelt.....	3	3	3	4	5	3	3	5	5	3
Pollard.....	3	5
Jones.....	3	4	2	3	2	3
Fish.....	3	4
Comley.....	5	3
Richards.....	2	3	4
Webber.....	4	4	3	4	4
Foru.....	3

All the above events were at 5 live pigeons. The tie in No. 12 was shot off miss-and-out, Webber winning with 4 more kills.

Team Race.

A race between Harry W. and old John Glover vs. Hoyt Shaw and Dick Dwyer has been made and is to be at 25 live birds per man, the losers to pay for the birds and the suppers. The race will possibly be shot at Watson's Park, at an early day not yet decided upon.

Dwyer vs. Von Lengerke.

Some time ago Dick Dwyer and O. von Lengerke were to have shot a live-bird race at Diamond Park, Chicago, for birds, dinners and other things, but on account of the new traps not having arrived the race was postponed. It is expected that they will soon get together and shoot it out.

E. C. Challenge Cup.

I hereby modify my acceptance of F. P. Stannard's challenge for the E. C. challenge cup of Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, and confine myself to the American Association rules, making "snipe" shooting as mentioned in acceptance already published to be at expert singles; but the place named for the contest to be as published, on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club, which club is a member of the League.

Calumet Heights Club.

The Calumet Heights Club will hold a live-bird contest on its grounds at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., on Jan. 9. This will possibly be the last one held until Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

A. C. PATERSON.

The Du Pont Trophy.

Elliott and Gilbert to Shoot at Dexter Park.

We have received the following communication from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott in regard to his coming match with Mr. Fred Gilbert for the Du Pont trophy:

"New York, Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Mr. Fred Gilbert's challenge for the Du Pont cup, I will defend the same at 100 pigeons each, loser to pay for the birds. The match to take place at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 15, at 12:30 P. M.

J. A. R. ELLIOTT."

Dexter Park has witnessed many a good live-bird match and some capital exhibitions of skill with the shotgun have been given on those grounds. It is a long time, though, since a match of such importance took place there. The last big match shot there was that between Elliott and E. D. Fulford, which was shot Dec. 31, 1896, Elliott winning by 94 to 90. On that occasion there was quite a gathering to witness the match, but this time we look for many more spectators. Fred Gilbert has been doing some wonderful work on live birds, and although Elliott has been shooting in rare form, Gilbert has succeeded in beating him by a majority of three out of the last four matches.

The results of these four matches were respectively:

Oct. 8, Kansas City Star cup: Gilbert 95, one dead out of bounds; Elliott 94, nve dead out of bounds.

Oct. 22, Kansas City, Du Pont cup: Gilbert 97, three dead out of bounds; Elliott 97, two dead out of bounds. Shoot-off at 25 birds: Gilbert 25; Elliott 24, one dead out of bounds.

Dec. 7, Watson's Park, Chicago, Star cup: Gilbert 97, two dead out of bounds; Elliott 87, seven dead out of bounds.

Dec. 9, Watson's Park, Chicago, Du Pont cup: Gilbert 93, one dead out of bounds; Elliott 93, two dead out of bounds. Shoot-off at 25 birds: Gilbert 23, Elliott 25.

The above figures show that Gilbert has scored 430 out of 450 shot at, an average of 95.5, with a total of 7 dead out of bounds out of the 20 lost birds. On the other hand, Elliott has lost 10 more birds than Gilbert, having scored 420 out of 450, an average of 93.3 per cent., but he has 17 dead out of bounds in his 30 lost birds. Barring that one match in Chicago for the Star cup on Dec. 7, the men have broken exactly even on the other 350 birds shot at. Is this not a good reason for expecting a close and exciting contest on Jan. 15?

Matches at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 27.—Below are the scores of several live-bird matches shot on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club on Dec. 22, 23 and 24. The boys in this vicinity have done a lot of live-bird shooting this fall, something over 15,000 pigeons having been trapped here during the fall and winter to date.

Dec. 22.—To-day two matches were shot, one between W. N. Nason and M. C. Peters; the other between Loomis and Blake. The Nason-Peters match was for \$50 a side and the birds; it was a one-sided shoot, Mr. Peters being in rare form, while Mr. Nason was below his usual gait. The match between Loomis and Blake for \$100 a side and the birds was a very interesting race, the two men being tied on 44 and 66 at the end of the fiftieth and seventy-fifth rounds respectively. Loomis ran 24 out of his last 25, but Blake, lost three birds, finishing with 88 to Loomis's 90. Scores were:

Nason versus Peters:	
W. N. Nason.....	121111120111*10*120*22110-18
	01212221*110212211122*12-21-39
M C Peters.....	12222221221222201122221222-24
	112122222222222222222222-25-49

Loomis versus Blake:

Loomis.....	21121211111123*2202211222-23
	1221122102222*22102212-12-21
	2212121212102212*2*12111-22
	22222221222121212*122222-24-90
Blake.....	2121*102112220112211021-21
	12121222*1221211*122122-23
	12212212*22222111*22*1222-22
	2222222*2220221212222022-22-88

Dec. 23.—To-day a four-handed match was shot between the Crabill Bros. and Messrs. J. W. Den and Fred Ray. This race was at 100 birds per man, for a purse of \$400, losing team to pay for the birds. The result was a win for the Den-Ray combination by 176 to 168, J. Crabill being clean out of form. In addition to the above stakes, there was a side bet of \$50 between Frank Crabill and Den on their individual scores, and this bet hung in the balance until the ninety-ninth round, when Den lost his bird dead out of bounds, Frank Crabill thus winning by one bird. Scores:

F. Crabill.....	22222010222212111111122-23
	22211222111112011212112-24
	1110122111101101121212-22
	2122222122102212222012122-23-92

Ray.....	121212102221222122121212-24
	201221*01221010212212121-19
	22212222011020222222222-22
	02222112212*211*02022212-20-85
J. Crabill.....	1110021011212121210011202-19
	11102112211020021211*212*-19
	0211*21100011110121211-19
	001212110110222010112122-19-76
Den.....	2122112221211212121122-25
	01222122122121212012121-22
	122112222022122211221222-24
	02201222222*022222121212*2-20-91

Team Totals—F. W. Crabill 92, J. Crabill 76—168. Ray 85, Den 91—176.

Dec. 24.—Den not being satisfied with the result of his side bet with Frank Crabill yesterday, challenged the latter to shoot him a 100-bird race to-day, the stakes to be \$100 a side and loser to pay for the birds. This match resulted in Crabill's favor, the scores standing 94 to 80. Mr. Den was badly out of form, indeed. He is still unsatisfied and has challenged Mr. Crabill to shoot him another race, same conditions, the date for the match to be Jan. 15. Below are the details of to-day's match:

Crabill.....	1112211221222212222201222-24
	*221212221111212121222222-24
	20211222022221212*221212-22
	12222222222222011122122-24-94
Den.....	111200122121211*11011110-20
	12120110111111*021110112-20
	121121212*0112122202220*2-20
	12121111001*11111110220-80

F. W. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

Wm. Foster, Troy, N. Y.—1. Regulation bull's-eye for 50yds. is 2in.; for 100yds., 4in.; 150yds., 6in., and 200yds., 8in. 2. The calendar you ask for has been forwarded to you, addressed as above, by the firm you name.

H. K. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—What would you understand to be meant by the term "unknown angles?" Ans. When an event is stated to be at unknown angles, it always means (or should mean) "known traps, unknown angles."

Hoodoo, Bedford, Ind.—Please state whether it is or is not lawful to kill quail in Indiana on Jan. 1? The law reads: "It shall be unlawful to kill, etc., from the first day of January to the tenth day of November, etc." I claim that this law prohibits the killing of quail on Jan. 1, and the matter is left to your decision. Ans. We interpret the law as forbidding killing quail on Jan. 1.

W. H. S., Litchfield, Conn.—A bull terrier about four years old is troubled with sores breaking out on all parts of him. They begin with a small pimple, which he scratches and makes a running sore, which takes off all the hair for a space from the size of a dime to the size of a hand; as soon as one heals up, another breaks out. As soon as the sores heal, the hair grows out again. I have tried giving him compound sulphur tablets twice a day and painting the sores with iodine, zinc ointment and boracic acid at different times, none of which seem to do any good. He seems to feel perfectly well, is bright and full of life, and wants to eat at all times. If you can suggest a remedy for the trouble, you will greatly oblige

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 3.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

Until within the present generation Americans only hunted big game if they were frontier settlers, professional trappers, Southern planters, army officers or explorers. The people of the cities of the old States were bred in the pleasing faith that anything unconnected with business was both a waste of time and presumably immoral. Those who traveled went to Europe instead of to the Rocky Mountains. Theodore Roosevelt.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

It is a wise and comfortable philosophy that teaches us to make the most of what we have, and be content therewith; to accept thankfully the small things that are at hand rather than weary our hearts with longing for the greater things which we cannot reach.

If we cannot have the loaf, let us eat the crust, and be assured that with a healthy appetite we shall find it sweet and wholesome.

If the land of large game and the rivers of the salmon are as far from us as the sunset and the sunrise, and there are many lions in the long paths that lead to them, there are pleasant, if narrower, fields and woods and bright waters nearer to us than we have overlooked when our eyes were on the glorified peaks and the gilded clouds.

Let us school our desires to moderation, and learn to be satisfied with whatever these limited hunting grounds may give us, and they will surprise us with their bounty. We may study the book of Nature the closer when the pages are few and always at hand.

Gilbert White found an ample field of observation in his own parish, and Thoreau discovered more in the fenced acres of Concord woodland and in its tamed river than in the vast forests and wild streams of Maine.

In truth, a man may see much of nature without traveling far, for she will reveal herself, in some degree, to whoever approaches as a true lover, for many of her charms need only the eye of love to see them, and to such an ear she gives the music of her voices. She displays charms that never grow old in all time nor stale with continual presentation—the budding and bursting of leaf and flower, their growth and change, the gorgeous ripening, the dun decay, the ghosts of shrubs and trees—specters, but never repulsive, always graceful and virile with promise of resurrection, and over all these changes the sun, the blue sky and painted clouds, or the gray and somber canopy; through all, the perpetual shifting of light and shade.

For him who listens, without far seeking, are the songs of the wind among the trees, of the rushing brooks, of ripples kissing pebbly shores, of birds that woo their mates, the shrilling and droning of innumerable insects, all in most harmonious discord.

If we may not content ourselves with the gentle sportsmanship which needs not blood to satisfy it, we may at least imitate it in our moderation. The skill to find game comes with a knowledge of its habits, and is a finer art than the skill required to kill it. The scarcer and warier the game, the subtler must be the woodcraft, while a moderation in killing is enforced that, if practiced in the days of abundance, would have preserved it.

One may have but little to show for his skill with the gun, and yet be the skillfullest of hunters. It is a greater achievement to see the partridge drum, or the woodcock probe the swamp mold, or to catch the wild duck asleep, each in its fancied seclusion, than to bring down game from its startled flight, as the mere marksman may by the score in a battue. One so finding his game

may take home with him something sweeter and more enduring than its flesh, something finer than its plumage, may take from the mink, the muskrat and the unseen otter a richer spoil than their fur, in some secret of their lives, and yet, if he will, leave them and the wild world no poorer for all he takes.

But if, after all such philosophising, we cannot be content without tangible trophies, let us be assured that a little well earned is to be valued more than cheaply gained superfluity, and so be satisfied.

If we may not have salmon nor trout nor grayling, nor so much as bass, there are pickerel and perch and bream in the streams we know. The fewer they are, the warier and the greater the skill that is needed to take them, and the greater the triumph of capture, and, between bites, the more time for contemplation, which is a part of the true angler's pastime. Let us be content if, it is, the larger part, and so in all our recreations make the most and the best of what is vouchsafed us.

WOLVES AND BOUNTIES.

The practical results of offering bounties for the destruction of noxious animals have often been discussed in FOREST AND STREAM, and many facts bearing on this question have been given. It is evident, however, that the legislators of some of the Western States have still much to learn on this subject. In certain States the lesson on the bounty question has been thoroughly taught by the practical bankruptcy of more than one county treasury, while in others instruction is still going on, and the taxpayers are footing the tuition bills, which are often heavy.

For example, North Dakota has a wolf bounty law, which was passed at the earnest solicitation of the stockmen, whose herds had suffered seriously from depredations by wolves. At the last session of the Legislature an appropriation of \$12,000 was made, which, it was supposed, would suffice to pay all the bounties called for during the next two years, or until the Legislature should meet again. This expectation has not been fulfilled, and it is stated that since the appropriation became available certificates amounting to \$18,000 in excess of the sum provided have been issued. This makes a total of \$30,000 to be paid by the State, and at \$3 per head would account for 10,000 wolves. Most of these certificates are said to come from the western counties of the State, and after these the northern tier of counties furnishes the greatest number. It is said that in each of two or three counties more than 1,000 certificates have been issued, and that a single individual—said to be the champion wolf killer of the State—holds 300 certificates representing his own captures. The most successful method of wolf killing practiced in North Dakota is by the use of dogs, and the bounty is said to be paid only on big wolves.

In Kansas there is also a wolf bounty law, paid chiefly on coyotes, which are numerous there. It is reported that most of the bounties are collected in the southern counties, and that the animals on which the certificates are issued are for the most part killed in Oklahoma or in the Indian Territory.

Setting aside altogether the question as to whether noxious animals can be exterminated by means of bounties—which has been pretty clearly shown to be more than doubtful—the examples from North Dakota and Kansas, just cited, very clearly show the futility of an effort by a single State to rid itself of wolves in this way. Even if all men were honest and all the wolves in the State paying the bounty should be killed, its territory would be constantly invaded by wolves from adjacent States, and the work of keeping them down would never end. Besides, this method puts a premium on perjury, and for this reason alone it is against public policy.

SNAP SHOTS.

One would not need to go back more than a dozen years to find in these columns some pretty hard things written of Jonathan Darling, and if one were then to follow later references to him a change of tone might be discovered. This was due, not so much to any intended or conscious extenuation of his attitude, abstractly, toward the game laws, as it was to a better understanding of the man and his motives. Darling's life spanned a period of transition in the Maine woods. Born at a time and in a place where hunting moose for

their skins was unrestrained, and with no notion of the justice of any restraint, he found it difficult to adapt himself in thought, conviction and conduct to the new order of things. For years the name of Jock Darling was synonymous in public repute with game law defiance and violation. His attitude was mistaken, ill-advised and utterly wrong; that was plain, and it was easy for the world to censure it. But in time it came to be understood that Darling was no worse than many other people, not indeed so blameworthy as the men from the cities—clergymen, lawyers, society men and others—whom he guided in their illicit expeditions. Darling had the courage of his convictions; he talked and wrote as he believed, and as he carried out his belief in action. There was no preaching one thing and practicing another with him; he might be an "outlaw," but he was not a hypocrite. It was this phase of his character which made friends for him. People found much in him to admire and respect, and they liked him better the better they knew him. This was not to condone the lawlessness of the out-of-season market hunter; it was a recognition of sterling qualities of character and agreeable personal traits in the guide and woods companion. That those who went into the Maine wilderness with Jonathan Darling esteemed it a privilege if they might repeat the experience is as complete a tribute to his character as need be written.

In spite of the exposure of the unfitness of the West Virginia Senator's man for the place of United States Fish Commissioner, and notwithstanding that the statute expressly bars him, it is understood that President McKinley adheres to his determination of making the surprising nomination. Political expediency, we are told, prompts the act. It may explain, but it cannot justify, the gross betrayal of public interests, and the prostitution of an important office to subserve partisan plans. President McKinley can plead ignorance neither of the requirements of the place he proposes to hand over to Mr. Elkins's man, nor of Mr. Elkins's man's want of qualification for the place.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Mail and Express relates that the West Virginia aspirant recently went down to the Fish Commissioner's office, and, Commissioner Brice happening to be absent that day, the candidate walked into his office, took his seat in his chair, and began to survey his surroundings. His actions attracted attention, and when asked what he wanted, he replied that, as he was going to be appointed Commissioner, he wanted to see what kind of a place it was, and how he would like the office.

This is, of course, grotesque, but there is another side to the humor of the situation. A public officer who receives such a place as his share of the political spoils will carry out the administration of the office in the same spirit. Mr. Bowers has already promised his friends places in the Commission to supplant the present efficient chiefs of departments. The demoralization of the Commission has already begun.

Several of the State Fish Commissioners will be represented at the Fishery Congress, which is to be held at Tampa, Fla., Jan. 19 to 26. Gov. Black has named as delegates from New York Mr. Warren N. Goddard and Dr. T. H. Bean, of this city; ex-Senator McArthur, of Troy; Commissioners C. H. Babcock, of Rochester, and Edward Thompson, of Northport, and State Fishcultivist A. N. Cheney. A number of papers will be read, dealing largely with the sea fisheries.

Wakeman Holberton died suddenly of apoplexy, at his home in Hackensack, N. J., on Jan. 7, aged fifty-eight. Mr. Holberton was one of the best known sportsmen and anglers in the country, and had traveled extensively over the United States and the British provinces in pursuit of his favorite sports. He was an accomplished artist, his work relating chiefly to game and fish, in the delineation of which he was so skillful as to win a high place of merit. Mr. Holberton was a member of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and was always an earnest and active promoter of protective interests. He was a frequent contributor to FOREST AND STREAM and other publications. He was an admirable companion and a charming person to listen to as he related his rich reminiscences of field and stream.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—I.

ONCE in the time that is now represented by pictures in the mental gallery only, I fished a Western stream.

It was a pleasant stream, I remember, that dimpled in little waves where the gentle south wind kissed the wider reaches, and there were curious, wavy shadows under the opposite bank where the grasses hung down and the cottonwoods spread their ample branches to shade the water.

Hidden reefs made riffles in the current. Circling eddies behind the boulders that occasionally poked up above the water furnished resting places for big blue channel catfish that took my minnow or frog with a savage rush like a salmon.

The water was cool and clear, and the fish that lived there were full of fight, and such good eating that I often wandered to this Western river and cast my bait.

True, it was "not all of fishing to fish" in those days, just as it is now, and I mixed my time between fishing and watching the natural beauties of the landscape.

One particular day in June I had waded down the stream until the drowse of noontide was in the air. I was tired of fishing and of fish, had fought great blue-black fellows until, for once at least, I wanted no more; so I climbed out on the shaded point of the little island in mid-stream and stretched at full length along the grass, resting and content in watching the life I saw around me.

Swallows came tacking along near the surface of the river, darting up, down and crosswise, as they feasted on the insect inhabitants of the air. Fleecy clouds floated overhead and disappeared in space like phantom balloons. A saucy kingfisher flashed up from somewhere and came to a stop on a nearby snag, looking for all the world like a part of the dead wood. A moment after he alighted, and I forgot all about him until I heard a splash and knew instinctively that another small fish lacked wisdom, but had found it out too late.

Bees, the only busy things in sight, fumbled the yellow heads of a few rosin weeds that looked toward the sun. The river people sang with crooning voices an underwater song in the hurrying riffles. Tinkle, bubble, gurgle—the quiet swirl of the waters. A splash up at the head of the rapids where "the big one got away" an hour before, another splash in the pool below, and a circle of ever-widening rings.

A big heron stalked lazily along a sandbar 300 or 400 yds. down stream, and the summer air made him as big as an ostrich.

A soft patter of bare feet announced the arrival of the boy. He had waded across to the head of the island and then came by land to the lower end. He saw me, and stopped short, hesitatingly.

He was all boy, too, about fourteen or fifteen years old, sturdy, bright-faced, exceedingly homely and clad in a straw hat the worse for wear, a flannel shirt wide open at the throat, a leather belt with a knife sheath dangling from it, and—well, the rest of his costume was mostly an expression of gladness. He was certainly a picture of health and youthful "orneriness" as he stood there in the June sunshine, digging one bare toe into the sand and balancing himself with a long cane fishpole in an uneasy way, and I made a mental note that I somehow liked that boy.

"Hello, young man! Fishing, are you?"

"Yep."

"Catch anything yet?"

"Yep."

"Where are your fish?"

"Got 'em picketed out up at the head o' th' ilan'. Git any?"

"Yes, I have quite a string down there," I said, pointing toward the water where I had secured my fish.

The boy walked down, dropped his fishpole and examined my string with a critical eye. "Got some good ones, ain't yeh?"

"Yes, pretty fair, I think, for half a day's casting."

"I got about that many, and I've on'y bin out 'bout two hours. Run out o' bait 'n' come down here for minnies."

I saw no net or other contrivance for securing minnows, so I asked: "How do you catch your bait?"

"Seine 'em," laconically.

"Where's your net?"

"Over yonder," jerking his thumb in the direction of a dense clump of willows. "Got 'er cached sost I can get it when I want it. Say, gee! that's a dandy pole you got, hain't it, 'n' a reel too!" he remarked, casting an admiring glance at the old lancewood rod that leaned against the bushes.

"Yes, that old rod is a good one; not very handsome, but it has stood the test, and I know what it will do."

"Gee! I had a pole like that. Must be fun to see ole Balaam go with all that line; 'nen a little Rastus 'd make 'er bend, too, I reckon," he added, reflectively. I did not then understand that this boy had a pet name of his own for the people of the wilderness, but I afterward learned that "Balaam" meant a large fish and "Rastus" was a small one, so I replied that all kinds and sizes of fish "made 'er bend."

The boy closely examined and tested the balance of the rod, remarked that "she switched like a buggy whip," and showed so much interest that I concluded to let him "try her."

"Would you like to catch a fish with my rod?"

"Would I? Well, I guess yes."

"All right, now I'll show you a few tricks about handling it, so you won't smash my tip, you know; and then you may try your skill."

He was delighted, and paid strict attention as I explained the wrist movement in the cast. In a few trials he had mastered the knack; indeed, he took to it as naturally as a duck to water, and was ready.

"Reckon I'll git a few dandy red-horse minnies, 'nen I'll git a Balaam sure right crost there by that old root. They's allus a Balaam er two over there, 'n' I'll git one all right."

He scrambled into a thick clump of willows on the

island, ducked in among the branches and brought out a minnow net made of a yard or so of blue mosquito bar, with the ends rolled around a couple of willow sticks. With this primitive outfit he waded out into the current, and making a quick sweep through an eddy behind a rock, dipped up about a dozen fine red-horse minnows, bright as a bit of rainbow, and brought them ashore. Here he picked out three or four, remarking: "You want to git these rough-nosed fellows if you want good bait," though I saw no difference in the color or size or any characteristic of the minnows until the boy showed me the heads of two or three of them. One was smooth and slippery as any fish is, while the other fish felt as if it had a skin of sandpaper, it was so rough. The boy declared that a catfish took the rough kind "quicker 'n lightning," when it would not notice the smooth kind that looked just like it.

He put the few baits that he had selected into his hat, and then complacently put the hat back on his head, saying: "They're handy that way, an' you can git 'em fresh whenever you run out of bait." He strung one on the hook to his liking and then waded out into the stream within casting distance of the old root he had mentioned. At the third cast he got a strike, and in a moment I saw he had a large one. "Got ole Balaam, sure!" he shouted. I gave him directions about handling for a few moments, but soon saw that he instinctively understood the handling of a rod and reel, so I stood still and watched the fight, and a pretty one it was too.

In about ten minutes the boy started back for shore, working the fish slowly and carefully across the stream, leading him always into the stiffest currents he could. I waded out with the net and stood ready, and when the catch came within reach I landed him safe in the net. "Gee! that's a slick way to get your fish, too," said the boy, as he noted the landing-net act. We walked up on the island and unhooked the prize, which tipped the pocket scales at 9¼ lbs., and then sat in the shade talking. The boy was enthusiastic about the working of the rod, though a 9 lb. fish seemed to interest him only as an adjunct to the sport of reeling in and reeling out.

"Gee! that's a mighty nice pole. How much d' yeh pay for 'em?" I told him the run of prices on rods, and explained the points of a good one to him. "I'm goin' to have one like that," he said, and I knew he meant it by the snap of his square young jaw.

In our conversation that afternoon I found that the boy knew every foot of the river for miles up and down stream, and every foot of the surrounding country besides, for he had a shotgun and a rifle and hunted in season.

He said he went to school "sometimes," and always camped out in vacation. He had his boat and cayuse too, so he was fixed for all kinds of outdoor sport. When the sun began to lengthen the shadows the boy reckoned he'd "vamoose," but we parted firm friends, and with the understanding that we would meet again on the following Saturday at the dam, and fish the riffles down stream together.

"So long," said the boy, as he gathered up his long cane pole and his big fish, and silently disappeared into the bushes of the island, barefooted and barelegged, unmindful of the scratching bushes or the saw-like edges of the wiry slough grass.

"There is a boy that is a character and is a good one to study," I thought. I was right too; for I saw him grow up, hunted, fished and traveled with him, was at his wedding and am good friends with his five-year-old—but I'll have to tell you about the boy in some other article, for I could write a book about him and the years we have spent together. This time you must be content that you have met him. Maybe you will have a chance to go over some old trails with him later on.

EL COMANCHO.

North Carolina Wild Turkeys.

EVER since the day that the Philistines answered Jonathan and his armor-bearer and said: "Come up to us and we will shew you a thing," there have been, and always will be, people—Philistine or Israelite, Gentile or Jew—who will take great pleasure in showing anybody and everybody something. My purpose in writing is to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM something about the wildturkey and the methods practiced in hunting the great bird in this section.

Four miles south of New Berne, in the county of Craven, the hamlet of Thurman is situated upon a level plain between the Neuse River and the A. and N. C. R. R. Just three miles in a westwardly course from this point the waters of Bryce's creek are reached. The length of this creek, from its source to its mouth at Trent River, is nearly fifty miles by water route; by land, upon railroad or county road, the distance is covered by about fourteen miles. The novelist would, no doubt, describe this water as being a silvery stream, serpentine or tortuous in its course; but the fellow who paddles a ducking boat against it when it is running at the rate of eight knots per hour, soon discovers that the water is as black as tar and torturous to his back, arms and wrists. Along the course of the creek, from mouth to source, upon either side, high rolling ridges of land jut out in points through thickly matted and ever-green canebrakes to the stream, or become gradually flattened as they meet and are lost in the peat and mire of cypress and black-gum lowlands. The growth of these ridges consists of red, white and black oaks, hickory, dogwood, holly, galeberry, hazel and the ever-present pine. Where the point of ridge reaches the lowland the water oaks and black-gum trees attain huge proportions, and furnish acorns and gum berries in great quantities, which are highly relished and devoured with avidity by turkeys and others of the feathered tribe.

Here is the natural home of the red-legged, black-headed, pure-blooded bronze turkey. The gabble of the gobblers is heard when the dogwood is in blossom, and they are strutting and parading themselves before the females of the flock, using all their cunning to get as many hens as possible to accept them as lord and leader. At this time of year the gobbler is a gallant bird. His instinct seems to teach him the fact that he is not being

hunted; hence his gabble, gabble, from every dell and every hill upon the course of Bryce's creek and Trent River. The hens commence laying in this section in April; some years as early as March. By Nov. 1 those hatched in April and May are large enough to be killed, and have by this time acquired sufficient wariness to be game worthy of your steel, be it laminated or Damascus twist, with hammers or hammerless. All combined are useless unless the hunter gets close enough to the bird.

To find the range over which a particular flock is feeding is the first step to be taken if you want a turkey. The number contained in the flock can be ascertained by the experienced turkey hunter by the space scratched over. Old scratches can be distinguished from new or fresh ones, and the birds can be followed by coursing their scratching. When doing this walking is out of the question; you must creep, crawl, slide—get there any way you can. When you have got close enough to hear them scratching, stop and rest; get your nerves steady, and just now, should the whole flock fly off and you didn't get a shot, don't curse your luck, but kick yourself for not getting to the other side of them. Don't be discouraged at this, your first failure to bag the game. There are other turkeys feeding in the woods.

Should you follow a flock by trail all day and fail to get a shot, there is a chance to get close enough to them to hear them fly to perch just after sunset. Upon a calm evening the sound produced by the wings of a flock when flying to roost can be distinctly heard at a distance of half a mile. When their roosting place has been accurately located to get close enough to shoot them before night conceals them from view is the object. When you have picked the bird most plainly seen and easily to be reached, all possible stealthiness must be observed while approaching the point to shoot from. Turkeys don't go to sleep immediately after perching. When they have tried the limbs upon which they purpose to spend the night, they stand up, spread their wings, stretch their necks to the fullest extent and look cautiously around them in all directions. When they have repeated these tactics three or four times they settle down to sleep, with both ears and one eye open. Now is the time to get close enough to shoot. You can plainly see the bird's shape when at a distance of 60 or 70 yds. from him, and at this distance he can be easily killed with No. 2 shot. Should it be too dark to see your gun-sight a sulphur match rubbed around and upon it will enable the shooter to draw a fine bead. Time will be wasted should the hunter try to pick a gobbler from the flock while they are roosting. The whole flock does not roost upon the limbs of one tree, but divide themselves into squads of three and four, which number occupy a single tree. The gobblers roost alone, and always some distance in the rear of the hens. The male is not in December or January the gay, gallant bird he was when the dogwood was in bloom. He has ceased to strut and gabble, and is satisfied to eat the berries of the trees, and remain always in the rear, like the general of an army, while the hens of the flock are, like the privates, graciously permitted to be to the front in time of advance, and allowed to look out for the rear in time of retreat.

When turkeys are shot at while at perch they become scattered. After shooting them at night, get to the perching place again the following morning, before sunrise, and call them to you. This is done easily enough by the aid of a "caller," or "yelper," made of two joints of reed or cane, the smaller joint telescoped into the larger, the small end being inserted between the lips, while the larger joint is held between the hands, the fingers of the right hand being placed lightly over those of the half-doubled left; suck the reed held between the lips three or four times in quick succession. A little practice with this call soon enables the hunter to lure the turkey hens, but the gobbler is seldom fooled; he lets the hens go to the call of distress and investigate to their satisfaction or destruction.

When wintry weather prevails in this section and we have had some ice, the turkeys no longer roost upon the high lands on the pine trees, but perch upon the cypresses, close to the margin of the creeks and smaller streams. Now, if we have to get a turkey, the 8-knot per hour flowing creek must be tackled, and after indulging in the healthful exercise of paddling up stream for some hours, we lie alongside the bank, wipe the perspiration from our face and tie up until sundown, when we haul aboard our painter and drift down stream, using all our strength and skill to keep the boat from ramming its head out of sight into the reeds, brambles and briars which line the creek side. If we get the turkey, a few scratches upon the hands and face, torn and shredded coat sleeves and the loss of a handful of hirsute covering are not taken into account.

We had a very dry spring and summer in '97, therefore turkeys and quail are plentiful. The last turkey I killed was an old gobbler weighing close upon 20 lbs. His beard, or tassel, measuring 9 in., is presented to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM. A friend enjoyed the old patriarch upon Christmas Day.

I was out in company with Mr. J. S. Hardison on Dec. 28. We walked about six miles and surprised a flock of turkeys, and they surprised us by flying before we got close enough to shoot. After they had made their escape we called upon an honest old negro, Tony Haddock, who lives back in the woods. Tony is a very truthful old man; arithmetic is unknown to him; he has never learned to multiply 10 trotting turkeys by 4 and make 45 or 50 of them. Some white folks in this section can perform this operation without the use of pencil or paper. Mr. Hardison asked Tony if he had seen any turkeys around lately. Tony very truthfully replied: "No, sah, I hain't seen none, but dey pennyrates through here, an' I can't see like I use ter, but sometimes I stumbles over dey tracks down in de fiel'."

We proceeded to look for the tracks, but stumbled over none. However, late in the afternoon Mr. H. shot a turkey.

I do not profess to know all about the wild turkey, but I have killed many. If any readers of FOREST AND STREAM will come down to us, we will promise to show them a thing or two and give them a chance to kill wild turkeys.

J. C. THOMAS.

THURMAN, N. C.

Natural History.

The Red Squirrel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That red squirrels store food I thought was known to every one who haunts the bush. But here comes FOREST AND STREAM, with its numerous writers that seem to be in doubt, and with others that claim positively the opposite.

Some time ago I promised to write something about a red squirrel and his cute method of sprouting acorns. I will fulfill that promise now.

The squirrel referred to introduced himself to me eight years ago last November. I was feeding corn to bluejays and chipmunks, when the red came into the dooryard to investigate. He seemed to think well of the corn, and gathered in two kernels and scampered home, to store it away, I suppose. When he returned, the corn had disappeared. The bluejays and chipmunks loaded up with from fourteen to nineteen kernels, and made two trips to the red's one. The latter never carried more than two kernels, so was never able to get anywhere near an equal share until he set his "thinker" to work. It took just three days for the red to find out how matters stood, then he adopted a new method. He would seize

trouble when it knows there are plenty of seeds in the dooryard.

Five years ago the red squirrel moved into my dooryard and proclaimed himself one of the family. He dug two holes in the side of a bank for winter storehouses, and made himself a summer residence in the top of a sapling pine.

He fills his storehouses every fall with something. He commences on hazelnuts, followed later by beechnuts, and, last of all, sweet acorns. He does not store up cone seeds unless the nut crop is a failure. During the summer months he has the trees around the cabin ornamented with bits of bread, meat and mushrooms; later the bluejays come to the cabin, and the red no longer uses the trees for a storehouse for bread and meat. For thirteen years I have made use of the varieties of mushrooms selected by the squirrels and wood mice as edible, and have had no reason to regret my confidence.

When there are plenty of acorns, my squirrel, after filling his storehouses, hides nuts around boulders, stumps and the holes of trees. These nuts the squirrel eats during the spells of warm winter weather and in the spring. When the nuts sprout and commence to grow, the squirrel goes around, sometimes to more than a hundred places, and sprouts his acorns just as a farmer sprouts his potatoes and for the same reason, to keep them from growing. These nuts are sprouted two or three times, and each time they are removed to a new locality. The

Miss Hamand will be glad to distribute these at the rate of 40 cents a hundred copies, or 10 cents for twenty copies. The society is without funds and charges no membership fee. It must, therefore, obtain money to print its literature by selling it.

Snakes in Costa Rica.

COSTA RICA means the Rich Coast, and in most respects it is rich particularly in the snake family, the most deadly of which is the terrible *Culebra de Sangre* (or blood snake.)

This variety of reptile does not grow to a large size, and perhaps for that very reason is most to be dreaded, as it is not so easily seen. It is red, and resembles a large, swollen vein, ready to burst with blood.

A short time ago I stepped on one of these snakes, and like a flash he struck at me, but as I had on a pair of leather leggings no harm was done, though it was a close call. Not so fortunate was a poor day laborer who was bitten by the same variety of snake. The man was working for a neighbor of mine, and I did not see him until the day after he was bitten. The moment I heard about it I went over to see the poor fellow, taking with me a remedy for snake bite, thinking it would do no harm to try it, anyway. When we reached the men's camp the sight that met our eyes was a sickening one.



HERON GROUP. DEPARTMENT OF ORNITHOLOGY. FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

one kernel of corn, rush with it some 20ft. away, to a carpet of pine needles, thrust his nose into the needles and drop the kernel, after which he would make three or four light, airy passes with his forepaws before rushing back to the dooryard. The next kernel would usually be placed about 20in. from the first, and the keenest eye could not detect that the needles had been displaced. After the last kernel had disappeared from the dooryard the red would satisfy his appetite and then carry home the concealed corn, two kernels at a time.

He had a regular system in concealing corn. The first kernel was always placed near a landmark, the bole of a tree, a boulder or some other prominent object. The corn was dropped in a line between two landmarks. Sometimes there were three or four lines, but the squirrel never forgot the exact spot where the first kernel was concealed or the direction of the line. Knowing the direction of the line, his keen scent helped him to find each kernel.

Some readers may doubt what follows, but others besides myself have witnessed the same thing, and proof does not depend on any one individual, so I feel bold to tell the story. The late Mr. Frank Bolles, in one of his visits to my cabin, suggested the experiment of removing a kernel of corn from the line to learn if the squirrel would miss it. Or, in other words, to find out if a squirrel can count. The experiment was a great surprise to me. When a kernel was removed, the squirrel did not seem to miss it until he had reached the end of the line. In some way he was then aware that his count did not hold out, and he would immediately search the whole length of the line. He could tell if more than one kernel was missing, and when I threw to him the missing kernels he was cute enough to catch on to my trick, for after a few lessons he would come to me for the missing corn. If I withheld it, he would search the line. This power to count is not foreign to birds. Bluejays can count, and so can the diminutive chickadee. The chickadee takes from two to four hemp seeds at a time to a tree, and deposits all but one on a limb in the crevices of the bark. With the single seed it hunts a small twig where it can hold the seed while it beats off the hull. If one or two of the seeds on the limb are removed the chickadee will institute a thorough search in the bark, after which it will drop to the ground and hunt beneath the limb. It is somewhat singular that a chickadee will take so much

sprouts, which are usually about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length, may be seen near a fresh hole in the ground, but the nuts—two or three, seldom more—are not to be found.

The gray squirrel here on the Cape does not store food in a storehouse. If he did, the reds would rob him. He hides nuts beneath the oak trees, and his memory is seldom at fault. I have spent hours watching the grays while about this work. I have often marked the spot where a single nut was concealed by thrusting a stick into the ground. I have found that the squirrel track would lead directly to the spot, and beside the hole in the snow I would find the shell of the nut, even if the snow was over it, in depth.

GLOUCESTER, Jan. 3.

HERMIT.

Infertility of the Half-Breed Goose.

NEW IBERIA, La., Jan. 3.—In the Dec. 25 issue I notice a query by Shaganoss if it be true that the eggs from a cross of the common domestic goose with the Canada goose (or brant as we call them here) are sterile. I know of an old gentleman, Mr. Charles Mestayer, living near the lakes here, who has interbred these two different species for the last twenty years, and he claims that they do not lay at all, and that he has never found one of their eggs. He keeps up the breed by securing the slightly wounded ones from hunters on the Gulf coast. He now has a flock of about fifteen or twenty of this cross breed. Another instance, somewhat similar to the above, is the cross between the "Muscovy" and the common barnyard fowl known as the "puddle duck." This cross produces what is called the "mule duck," which never reproduces itself. It bears the same relation to bird life as the mule does to animal life. Hence its name.

L. S. FRERE.

The Schaller Audubon Society.

A LOCAL Audubon society has been organized by Miss J. E. Hamand in Schaller, Iowa, which has already done much good in awakening in that neighborhood an interest in and love for the birds. The field in Iowa is a wide one, for no State Audubon society has as yet been organized. This, it is hoped, will come in time. The Schaller Audubon Society has issued an attractive leaflet, which appeals to the young on the humane side, and

The man was bleeding from his nose, mouth and ears, also from his finger and toe nails. How a man could bleed as much as he had, and still live, was a marvel. He had been bitten in the foot; only one fang of the serpent had entered the flesh. The manager of the estate had given him several doses of curarina, a medicine made in Colombia and much used here in Central America for poisonous bites. We also gave him the medicine which I had brought with me, which made him vomit profusely. In a few hours' time the bleeding stopped, and next day the poor fellow was sent to the hospital. No one expected that he would live, as the bite is considered deadly; but, strange to say, he did recover, and in a month's time was at work once more. If both fangs of the snake had entered the foot instead of one, he would undoubtedly have died. I have known a horse to die in a few hours after being bitten by one of the snakes. In the past three years two men in my district have died from snake bite, and in hunting in this country one must always keep a sharp lookout for snakes.

FRED S. LYMAN.

HACIENDA COLOMBIANA, Costa Rica.

[Our correspondent would have added to the interest of his note if he had told us what the medicine he employed was.]

Field Columbian Museum.

THE persistent energy with which the work of the Field Columbian Museum is pushed forward is certainly very interesting and impressive, and the results of this energy are easily seen by a visit to the museum.

Among its work, which is especially useful because it tends to interest a very large class of the public, are the lecture courses which are given in the autumn and spring by men who are leaders in their special fields of research.

From the point of view of the public, however, the important work of the Field Museum is after all the field work done and the placing on exhibition of the collections made. At the date of the last report Mr. D. G. Elliott's African expedition was still in the field. Six months were spent in northern Africa, during which not only large collections were made of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes, but also the skeletons were secured of most species, as well as casts of heads and parts of the bodies. Collections

of native weapons and utensils, of all sorts, were made, so that in fact the collections very completely cover the ground traversed in all departments of zoology. It was high time that this should be done, and Mr. Elliott says: "In a few years, from the gradual disappearance of the large animals, which has been going on in the African continent for a considerable period, and already has resulted in the complete extinction of some of the finest species, the collection brought to the Field Museum will be practically priceless. It is the only proper way to secure collections for a museum, and for what must still be accomplished, 'twere well if 'twere done quickly'; for the time is near at hand when, in certain lines of zoology, especially in the large mammals of the world, it will be forever impossible to procure examples. They are certain, most of them, to become as extinct as the mastodon or dodo are to-day. Of all the existing wild creatures, those of the African continent are disappearing the most rapidly, and although the Field Museum by its recent acquisitions is ahead of all its sister institutions in the United States as regards the large quadrupeds of Africa, yet there are large numbers not yet represented."

Mr. G. A. Dorsey, Assistant Curator of Anthropology, has done good work among the Indians of the Northwest; and the chiefs of other departments have all of them been hard at work.

The installation of the collections has progressed rapidly. Setting aside the many other interesting departments, that devoted to mammals and birds may be especially referred to. In the west court of this department are installed two remarkable groups—of musk-ox and the lesser koodoo—and by this time a group of gazelles is no doubt also in place. These groups are posed and arranged with the utmost scientific fidelity in themselves and in their accessories, and are on the same plan as the groups to be seen in the National Museum at Washington and in the Natural History Museum in this city. Through the kindness of the directors of the museum we are able to reproduce one of these groups.

The Woodcock's Strut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest Shadow's account of a strutting woodcock. I have never seen a woodcock strutting in daylight, except when hunting them with dogs, when I have gone into willows or thick brush to flush the bird. I have often seen them do exactly what Shadow saw Mr. Allin's woodcock do; but they were frightened and running away.

If Shadow will come to spend a few days with me during the next woodcock hunting season, he will have a fine opportunity to see from one to three or four birds strutting every evening. Just across the road from my house is a side-hill pasture grown up to scattered brush, leaving a very open cover. Woodcock have nested there every spring since I have lived here, and I have been here eight years.

I have seen eight male birds in the air at once. Just at dusk they will start from the ground, fly in a small circle, which grows larger each time they go around, until they are quite high, and when they descend they sing a very pretty song, which lasts till they are anywhere from 10 to 40 ft. from the ground, when they close their wings and drop straight down to within 3 or 4 ft. of the earth. Then they open their wings again, and I think it is a good thing for them that they do, for if one hit the ground at the same rate he was descending there would be a dead woodcock.

I love to watch them. Every evening that I have the time to spare in their mating season, I am in the pasture, and the birds have often lit within 3 or 4 ft. of where I was standing. When they strike the ground they sit very still for a short time, then stand up, shake themselves and commence to strut, and some of them have strutted away from me and others have strutted in a circle, just as an old gobbler will strut around a hen.

I have never heard them make any hissing noise, and I have been close enough to hear it if any such noise was made. I do not mean to say that I doubt Mr. Allin's word, only the birds that I have seen strutting have made no such noise so I could hear it. This coming spring I am going to observe them more closely and see if I can hear them hissing. Unless frightened a bird will always alight within a few feet of where he got up, and from this I believe that Mrs. Woodcock is somewhere near. I never hunted for her, for I do not like to scare them; and when you get a bird's lighting place located you can see him strutting every evening.

I have hunted woodcock every fall for the past eight years, and watched them every spring for the same length of time, but I do not pretend to know anything about them. I have told what I know to be facts.

Some time in the future I want to ask Shadow some questions about grouse. My friend Robert Thilo and I have hunted them much together during the last season, and some of them cut up antics that were altogether new to us.

F. E. HAMILTON.

WARREN COUNTY, Pa.

Pennsylvania Squirrel Season.

A PENNSYLVANIA correspondent writes: An article appeared in one of the Pittsburgh evening papers a short time ago, which stated that a number of Pennsylvania sportsmen were dissatisfied with the present law, and intended to take immediate action in getting the law on squirrels changed, so that instead of opening Oct. 15, it would open Sept. 1 or 15. They claim that the best part of the squirrel shooting is over before the season opens. This is correct; but how many of these same men, if they did succeed in getting the law changed, would shoot at squirrels only? I venture to say not one in fifty. The majority of them would blaze away at anything that got up in front of them, and when the season did open for birds, the ones who had obeyed the law would find birds all gone. If any change is made in the law, it should be to lengthen the season, to close Jan. 1, instead of Dec. 15. This would give the people who can only afford to go hunting on the holidays a chance. As it is now, they get only one day each season (Thanksgiving). I hope FOREST AND STREAM will have a few

words to say against this contemplated change in the near future.

I am the only person in this little town who reads your paper, have been reading it for about five years and feel like kicking myself for missing so many years of the most enjoyable reading.

D. G. LAMONT.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Boone and Crockett Club.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held on Saturday, Jan. 8, at the Metropolitan Club in New York city. Among those present, members or guests, were Messrs. W. A. Wadsworth, D. G. Elliott, S. D. Warren, Madison Grant, C. Grant La Farge, De Forest Grant, W. A. Chanler, J. P. Morgan, Jr., Frank Lyman, Dr. John Rogers, Jr., J. L. Seward, James T. Gardiner, John L. Cadwallader, George Bird Grinnell, J. S. Watson, William Milne Grinnell, Alden Sampson, J. J. Pierrepont, Dr. W. B. James, Prof. F. H. Osborn, Philip Schuyler, C. S. Davison, R. H. M. Ferguson, A. Bierstadt, H. L. Stimson, H. C. de Rham, F. S. Billings, J. E. Roosevelt, Dr. W. K. Draper, Dr. L. R. Morris, L. S. Thompson, Gifford Pinchot, Dr. A. Lambert, Gen. W. D. Whipple, Gen. W. H. Jackson, Thomas Paton, Hon. W. Cary Sanger, Hon. Redfield Proctor, T. H. Barber, R. F. Zogbaum, A. C. Humbert, W. F. Merrill, W. J. Schieffelin and Hon. W. K. Townsend.

The business meeting was called to order at 7 o'clock, Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, president, in the chair. After the reading of reports by the secretary and the treasurer the chairman of the Editorial Committee reported the publication of the third volume of the club book, "Trail and Camp-Fire." The chairman of the Game Law Committee gave a brief history of the legislation at Albany, which led to the abolition for a term of years of the practice of hounding and jacking deer. Mr. Gifford Pinchot gave his views on the present outlook for the establishment of a national forest service, and reported a remarkable change of sentiment on the forestry question among the people of the West, where he has spent four months during the past summer.

The revised constitution printed in the Boone and Crockett book was submitted for approval by the club, and after some discussion was accepted without change. The chief modifications of general interest are found in Articles IV., V. and X., as follows:

"Article IV.—Under the head of American large game are included the following animals: Black or brown bear, grizzly bear, polar bear, buffalo (bison), mountain sheep, woodland caribou, barren ground caribou, cougar, musk ox, white goat, elk (wapiti), prong-horn antelope, moose, Virginia deer, mule deer and Columbian black-tail deer.

"Article V.—The term 'fair chase' shall not be held to include killing bear or cougar in traps, nor 'fire hunting,' nor 'crusting' moose, elk or deer in deep snow, nor 'calling' moose, nor killing deer by any other method than fair stalking or still-hunting, nor killing game from a boat while it is swimming in the water, nor killing the female or young of any ruminant, except the female of white goat or of musk ox.

"Article X.—The use of steel traps, the making of large 'bags,' the killing of game while swimming in water or helpless in deep snow, and the killing of the females of any species of ruminant (except the musk ox or white goat), shall be deemed offenses. Any member who shall commit such offenses may be suspended or expelled from the club by unanimous vote of the Executive Committee."

The Nominating Committee's ticket contained the names of the old officers, who were unanimously re-elected. They are: President, W. A. Wadsworth; Vice-Presidents, Charles M. Deering, Illinois; W. B. Devereux, Colorado; Howard Melville Hanna, Ohio; William D. Pickett, Wyoming; Frank Thomson, Pennsylvania; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge; Executive Committee, Winthrop Chanler, Lewis R. Morris, A. Rogers, Henry L. Stimson, Madison Grant; Editorial Committee, George Bird Grinnell, Theodore Roosevelt.

After the business meeting the dinner was served, and following this a paper was read by Mr. Daniel Giraud Elliot, the ornithologist, on his six months' trip in Eastern Africa, devoted to the collection of specimens of large animals for the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago. The lecture was illustrated by many colored lantern slides of Eastern African scenery, animals and wild people, and was listened to with very keen interest.

At the conclusion of Mr. Elliot's paper a few lantern slides of North American mammals, made from photographs taken by A. G. Wallihan, were shown.

In the course of some remarks by Gen. W. H. Jackson the speaker gave a most interesting account of plains life forty years ago, and of many of the old-time plains characters, among others of David Crockett. At the conclusion of his remarks, Gen. Jackson was specifically asked to tell the story of his great and unique feat of killing a grizzly bear with a saber. This he did in a most modest fashion somewhat as follows:

"It was in 1856, during an Indian campaign, and we were following the Indians and were on a hot trail. Strict orders had been given that no shots should be fired. The troops marching along stirred from a patch of brush a grizzly bear, which made off over the prairie, and I asked Major Porter, who was in command, for permission to try to kill it with my saber. I was riding a very fine horse that I had brought with me from Tennessee, which was blind in its right eye, and on which I had killed many buffalo. I rode up to the bear, and as I passed it gave it a strong downward and backward stroke with my saber across the head. It sank back on its haunches and remained there while I went on, made a circle and turned back toward it. It then started to run again, and I chased it, but this time, when I got close to it, it adopted the only true military tactics, that is, always to be on the aggressive rather than on the defensive, and charged me. As it came up I held my saber

en carte and thrust it into the bear behind and a little under the foreleg, and turned it loose. It was about fifteen minutes before I was able to go up to the animal and recover my saber. The bear tore me down the right leg, scratching the skin and bleeding me a little, and also cut my horse on the flank."

Following Gen. Jackson, Senator Proctor made some interesting remarks, in which he spoke very cordially of the objects of the club and of the good work that such an organization could do, as this club had done. He closed by expressing the hope that many years would pass before he reached a point where he could no longer cast a fly or aim a rifle.

Mr. James T. Gardiner, formerly of the United States Geological Survey, talked interestingly on Western travel and on the ways of Western animals and Indians.

The meeting was adjourned at a late hour.

Prairie Chicken Shooting in Iowa.

DURING the prairie chicken season just passed local sportsmen alone have indulged in this most fascinating sport, so far as I am aware, in this portion (Floyd county) of our State. The bags reported, while fair for this region and these times, are yet so small, when compared with those secured fifteen to twenty years ago by the local sportsmen, as well as by those from New York, Chicago and other Western cities, as to make a mention of them seem almost ridiculous in comparison.

Now the bags range from nothing to four to seven chickens for sportsmen for a day afield. In the good times gone by, however, the number would register from thirty to 150 or more per sportsman for each day's outing, especially if they knew the "lay of the land."

During still earlier times the number of birds secured was much greater, as the chickens were more plentiful, less wild and the sportsmen far less in number. Then, too, the sportsmen met with less obstacles, in various ways, than later on, when the country became more fully settled.

In those early times the coveys of chickens, which varied from five to sixteen birds in each, occurred almost everywhere outside the belts of timber which skirted the streams of the region, although they were always more numerous adjoining grain fields and in the stubble after the grain was cut.

During the early morning and along toward sundown they would always seek the stubble fields to feed, and during the rest of the day they would seek the prairie grass, where, during the hot days of July and August, it was the coolest. As every sportsman knows, the best time for shooting is always during the early morning while the dew is on, and at this time, also, the dogs invariably work the best.

During the earlier times of which we speak there was no law protecting the chickens in this portion of the State, or, perhaps, I should say whatever law was then in force was practically a dead letter.

Some sportsmen then seemed to consider the "open season" began almost as soon as the chicks left the shell, and "held on" until the birds became so wild in the fall as to keep entirely out of shotgun range. This monstrosity of the sporting world was, I am glad to say, greatly in the minority.

During those days my brother Merton and I were farmer boys, and, like many others of like situation in life, had guns of our own and knew pretty well how to use them. My first gun, and the one which became a famous chicken shooter, I bought for \$4.50, when I was fourteen years old. It was an old Springfield rifle partly bored out, with the barrel and stock liberally curtailed. The screw of the original back sight of this gun extended so deep into the barrel that the gunsmith didn't dare rim the barrel out smooth, and, as a consequence, it would scatter all over a forty-acre lot at medium range, but was a strong shooter for all that. The percussion cap used was a monster, being somewhat less in size than an ordinary 6½ hat. We always had to be careful in raising the hammer that the click of the lock didn't scare up the chickens before time.

Until we became accustomed to this gun we always shut our eyes when firing at a bird, and pulled the trigger with both fingers. We were always sure of bringing our bird to bag if we got the gun somewhere within range. The gun my brother had was an old Harper's Ferry musket, that had been curtailed the same way mine had been, and had seen plenty of service during our late unpleasantness. When fired, it would kick like a bay steer and roar like a young cannon. The percussion cap used and the click of the lock were perfect counterparts of those features in my own gun. When properly led, however, it was a good and strong shooter, and, unlike mine, the shot always had a tendency to concentrate. We, of course, used loose ammunition and part of the time paper wads, rammed down with a heavy steel ramrod. But these antiquated guns did most excellent service during those early days.

For many years we had no hunting dog, but as we knew perfectly the lay of the country we could at any time locate a half-dozen or more coveys, and this was all we wanted, as we never hunted for market.

We often had grand sport with other shooters then, two of whom I especially recollect. They were recognized as the best local shots in the country, and spent much time engaging in this most fascinating sport. They had well-trained dogs and the best of double-barreled guns, and would happen along when we were in the midst of a covey, dropping the birds as fast as we could load and fire. We always considered this a gross infringement on our rights, and it was done on their part because we were only boys. We, however, were always able more than to hold our hand with them, as we seldom ever let them get a single bird; the reason being, we were quicker shots than they.

Although I have since then spent much time hunting the deer and antelope, wild turkey and other game on the plains and in the mountains of the Southwest and in Mexico, and used the best of ammunition and up-to-date arms, yet never have I enjoyed such unalloyed delight in these sports as I did hunting chickens with our old muskets when we were boys on the farm, and as I look back now to those happy days, it seems

as though I would willingly give a few days of my life to be able to go back again, and for a short while enjoy again those early hunting experiences.

To-day the habits of the prairie chickens have changed from what they were even fifteen years ago. Now they remain in the center of the largest cornfields—40 to 200 acres in extent—of the region, and do not leave their retreat save during a short period in the early morning.

When flushed they invariably steer straight for the center of these great fields again, and on alighting immediately scatter and run, much like the wild turkey in some regions. If flushed in their fastness, they will fly so low among the corn that it is with difficulty a fair shot at them can be had, and even when shot it is often difficult to retrieve them.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

Death of Jonathan Darling.

BOSTON, Jan. 8.—Jonathan Darling, well known to sportsmen as "Jock," died at his home in Lowell, Me., on Wednesday, Jan. 5, after an illness of nearly two years. He was sixty-eight years of age and one of the pioneers in the business of entertaining sportsmen from out of the State. He built his famous camps at Nicas Lake over twenty years ago, and many sportsmen will be pained to learn of his death. An excellent guide and a thorough woodsman, he was beloved by those he took charge of. He always believed in his right to hunt game as he chose, and his remarkable defense of himself at the time he was under a cloud for breaking the game laws was widely published. He visited the office of the *FOREST AND STREAM* and other papers, taking great interest in hunting and fishing matters, and always inspired editors and writers as a man of integrity, though possibly mistaken as to his rights. He even became a game warden afterward, so great was the confidence of the Maine Commissioners in his ability and integrity, could he be brought to see matters in their true light. But he was afterward removed, not wholly converted to the new ideas of fish and game protection. He was always looked up to as an authority on fish and game questions, especially in regard to the numbers of moose, caribou and deer. The many sportsmen he has guided from this section speak in the kindest terms of his skill as a guide and woodsman, of his integrity in all matters pertaining to a guide and camp-keeper. SPECIAL.

This autobiographical fragment is interesting, because it shows Mr. Darling as he saw himself:

My father was one of the oldest settlers in this part of Maine, and he became quite a successful trapper and hunter. Game then of all kinds was plentiful, and right at home, too. His traps were mostly wooden ones, and his gun was a flint lock shotgun, and I think he never fired a rifle. As soon as I was big enough to travel I used to go with father to his traps, and sometimes he would shoot a deer with bullets he made himself. This gave me a hankering to hunt, and as soon as I could manage the flint lock I took it. The first time I shot a deer I broke a hind leg and the dog caught him; it

tion of our law, for which readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* have made a great deal of trouble for me. Now I have accepted the office of Fish and Game Warden, and am confident that I can do good in the cause of game protection.

I have caught nine bears there this season, and have taken up my traps for the present. I send you two of my photographs. One is where I have just landed from a bear hunt, with two bear skins hanging over the edge of the canoe. The dog in the stern of the canoe is the dog Tinker, that the wardens made so much talk about at my lawsuit with them. As I have been such a notorious outlaw, etc., I did not know but you would wish to show your readers what a bad looking creature I am.

J. DARLING.

A Fox Hunt in the Adirondacks.

ON the last day of 1897 I was called at an earlier hour than usual, having arranged with my guide, Fred Patterson, the night before for a fox hunt, should the morning prove favorable. When I heard Fred's rap on my door I knew the weather was all right. Hurriedly dressing (but taking time to put on an extra woolen shirt, heavy sweater and thick hunting coat, as at this season of the year one needs all the clothing he can comfortably carry to keep warm while standing on a bleak, barren mountain top), after a hastily eaten breakfast, we left in a sleigh on a 5½-mile drive for the farmhouse of John Nokes. If any one has spent a winter on Saranac Lake and hunted for fox, they would know of genial John Nokes, always ready to extend hospitality to a sportsman; courteous alike to all, no one would think of going elsewhere for a fox hunt, a welcome or a good, square meal. John never fails to start a fox, and never fails to take pleasure in doing so. He also extends hospitality alike to the fox, as there is an inducement lying over the hill, on the edge of the swamp, that John put there for a purpose. I noticed that one of his head of cattle was missing, and he hinted something about a midnight barbecue, to which more than one fox made nightly pilgrimage over many miles of moonlit snow, to feast and sport, and to feast and sport again, provided his presence there that night did not bring him in too close contact with the hunter the next day. At any rate, John always started out in a bee line in the direction of this nightly rendezvous of the fox, as he did this morning.

We arrived at John's at 7 o'clock, finding him ready and waiting for us. After directing Fred and myself to our standing ground, off he went toward the swamp, and I knew we would hear some music before very long, for John's hound Drive is quite as famous as his owner; he knows no other game but the fox, and once he strikes a track never fails to bring the fox in view or within range of the hunter's gun. John pointed out the mountain where we were to stand, and told us to stick to it until we reached the highest point. "You stand on this side of the mountain, Fred, and if you do just as I tell you and Drive gets one a-going, you'll see him. It may take an hour, or it may take a couple of hours; but hang to it and you'll get a crack at him.

he could not fool old Drive; proof of which I saw demonstrated afterward.

To the left of me there was a patch of timber, further down a line fence part way up the slope, perhaps a half mile in length. A rail fence and a pursued fox harmonize, and many a fox has lost his dog at such a point. Below and on the same side a long, narrow swamp was flanked on either side by hills and ridges partly timbered; while still further over another ravine and hill made ideal ground for a fox to lose his foe, and keeping to the trail was not an easy task even for old experienced Drive to accomplish. I had just time for observation and to put in the shells and exchange signals with Fred, when I heard Drive give one of his short, penetrating bays. Then he was off, and when Drive made his whereabouts known John said it meant business.

It was the kind of a day when a fox would not run long in the deep snow before making for the ridges. Soon the change of Drive's tune told us as plain as words that he had started the fox. Off in the opposite direction he went, sometimes going straight away, again coming back, circling, and finally taking the ridge opposite, running parallel. Locating Drive as well as I could, I watched the ridge, and before many minutes saw the fox on the left of it, apparently coming straight toward me. But he must have thought better, for he turned again before reaching the swamp and doubled back over the same course. Drive hung in one place for some time, and I decided to change my position to the far end of the ledge, and was about to carry out my intention, when, happening to look in that direction, I saw the fox just as he took the ledge at that point, making straight for me. He had in his cunning at last chosen that barren, snowless mountain top as the place to get the better of Drive, and had I not been there he might successfully have exploited his known sagacity, but I was there, and only there. I had an opportunity to study him for some minutes, and my pleasure was keen in watching him come down the ledge, animated, keen, alive to the sense of danger, graceful, every leap landing on a snowless boulder. Every thought must have been concentrated upon his pursuer, with no knowledge of the real danger ahead. I let him come to within about ten rods before I fired. Miscalculating the distance between him and an intervening boulder, I shot a fraction of a second too late, and just grazed the top of the boulder; he turned and left the ledge to the right, landing 5 ft. below in the snow, and took a parallel course, but at a greater distance. Catching a glimpse of him again, I fired a second time with the same result. Hastily throwing out the shells, and putting in the only one I had left, I waited for him for a third shot, thinking the chances of getting him were slim, but Fred stood where I thought he would be able to stop him. Although Fred had a Winchester and a running fox is not a large target, still I had seen his skill as a marksman displayed before, and felt he would bear it out again.

The fox was making for a large flat rock that projected above the snow, and I made up my mind he would cross it, and at that point I could use my last shell. I calculated rightly. He made the rock, but not to cross, for I shot as he touched the top, and off he rolled on the opposite side. The distance was so great I was not sure I had killed him until I went down and saw him lying in the snow. The charge had taken effect just back of the fore shoulder. I called Fred to come up, and together we waited for Drive to come in. Over the ledge he came some ten minutes later, never slackening his pace, and straight down to us.

We discussed the hunt during dinner at John's, and left for home, feeling the day had been well spent, not, however, before we had arranged with John for another hunt in the near future.

W. S. LAMBERT.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.

By Way of Illustration.

WYMORE, Neb., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have maintained that man acts from necessity, that he is impelled to do just what he does do by forces over which he has no control, and I once defended a man for stealing hogs on this theory; but the jury was too stupid to see it that way, and when I argued the motion for a new trial to the judge I found he was stupid, too, and my client went to the penitentiary, still impelled by forces over which he had no control. But there is an air of stupidity about the court-room that I know I will not encounter in the forum of *FOREST AND STREAM*. So I will submit, in illustration of my theory, something that happened to myself.

This neighborhood has been overrun with rabbits this winter; they are so plenty that they have become a pest, and all the farmers who have young orchards have been appealing to all the local Nimrods to help destroy the rabbits and save the orchards. Now, I have been too chickenhearted for a long time to kill a rabbit or anything but a blue rock, and reading "Men I Have Fished With" these long winter evenings has not had a tendency to make me bloodthirsty. But the wonderful stories being told every day of the great number of rabbits had excited my curiosity.

So the other day, when Doc dropped in and asked me why I did not go rabbit hunting I said: "You drive round to my house after dinner and I will go with you." We started about 2 o'clock and drove out to Ben's. Ben hitched up to the sled and got one of his boys in to drive the team, and away we went.

It was about 3:30 when we reached the "draw," a wide slough, full of snow, grass and weeds, leading down to the creek. Doc got on the high bank on one side and I took the bank on the other side. Ben, with three dogs, took the center of the slough.

Pretty soon the rabbits began to show up and run in every direction. I saw two or three dodging around in the weeds, but did not shoot at them. Finally, I saw one a long way off and fired, but did not get him; then I shot at several more and missed. By this time Ben had killed seven or eight, and he yelled across to me: "Say, don't be so particular about holding that gun in a nice position, but kill the rabbits."

I looked over at Doc. His cap was pushed back on his head, his gray hair was streaming about his face, his



JONATHAN DARLING.

was a big buck. I used to go hunting every chance I could get, but as I was the oldest of the boys I had to work quite hard.

I was quick to learn the habits and nature of the wild animals, and, being good with the gun and not easily excited, I soon got to be quite successful. I kept improving, and as years rolled on I began to hunt for the Boston market. This was some forty-five years ago. Then I could kill moose near home, where I could drive to them with a team. Later on I hunted moose for their hides. I did not believe this was right, but the Indians and many white hunters made a business of it, and I saw that they were sure to kill them all, and so I took a hand in it, and have killed over a hundred in a year, until they were nearly exterminated. I never killed any caribou or deer for their hides, but piles of them for the markets.

I have been set down as a notorious poacher and outlaw, but really I am more of a poacher than an outlaw, and more so in the papers than otherwise. I have advocated the use of dogs to hunt deer on bare ground and to drive them to water, and have used them in viola-

Drive will fetch him sure." "All right, John," I said; "just give us a little start." For the snow was 1½ to 2 ft. deep, and we found it brought out the perspiration long before we got to the top. After slipping and sliding, in the course of half an hour we accomplished our object. Leaving Fred, I started higher up, and the last effort made my heart beat at the rate of forty miles an hour. The snow was too light for snow shoeing, and it was hard traveling without them. I hailed Fred when I got to my stand on top, and then surveyed the lay of the land, and could understand at a glance John's wisdom in sending me there, and took back all the hard things I had said about him during the climb. The entire mountain top was rocky and barren, a succession of ledges. No snow could hold there against the unbroken wind from every quarter of the forest. I took a stand on the right of the ledge, which extended some sixty or eighty rods in length, precipitous on one side, sloping gradually down on the other and at both ends, just the place the fox by instinct would choose in the course of his race for life to elude his pursuers. John told me this, saying that even up there (pointing to this ledge)

eyes were flashing fire, his hands were bloody, and his general appearance suggested Kit Carson in an Indian fight. Ben was yelling: "Look out there, Doc; there comes one, Mac," and I began to get interested. Then I saw one sitting close to me and I shot his head off. I did not feel as badly as I expected I would. Then it occurred to me that if Doc killed more rabbits than I did I would never hear the last of it, and I went to work. A quail got up under my feet and went the wrong way. I whirled around and gave it one barrel, and fell down, running my gun into a snow drift, with my finger on the other trigger, but luckily did not pull it off. I took out the shells and blew the snow out of the barrels, loaded up and killed a rabbit with each barrel. Then I noticed a rabbit sitting right at my feet under a bunch of grass and snow, with his rump sticking out in plain sight. I reached down to catch him; then I thought I had better step on him, but finally concluded to kick him out and shoot him. I kicked, the rabbit went down the bank and I missed him with both barrels. Then I got mad, and in the next forty minutes killed over forty rabbits. Just then I heard Ben say to Doc: "The old man's getting on his ear," but I paid no attention to them; there were more rabbits; I wanted blood.

I tore up and down and across that "draw" like a maniac, and when I killed a rabbit with the first barrel I gave him the second, for safety, and I walked over a mile after Doc and Ben had got in the sled to go home, and they drove along behind me, waiting, as Ben said, "Till y'ud cum to ag'in."

When it got so dark that I could not see to shoot I got in the sled and we went down to Ben's and had supper, and as we drove out of the yard on our way home I yelled back to Ben, "I'll be out in the morning, Ben." But how many did we kill? I don't know. We had a sled full, and I don't know who killed the most, but I "hain't heard no 'snickerin' on the back seats since," and then it don't make any difference. You must not look for statistics in a philosophical paper like this, anyway. But I know I shot away a hundred shells loaded with Dupont smokeless, and the little barker got so hot that it leaded badly at the muzzle. When I got home I skinned and dressed a few rabbits and hung them out to freeze, and went to bed and dreamed of "murders done in caves."

When I woke up in the morning a change had come over the spirit of my dreams; I would not go out to Ben's. I felt like a murderer, and I had been caught.

Fred Mather says: "A boy is a savage." So is an old man. The only difference is the old man is lazy. I am retained by the boy.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Maine Sportsmen's Association.

To the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association:

I have the honor to submit the following report for the year 1897. The present membership is 409.

In looking over the field of operations, I think there can be no reason for discouragement, but many for encouragement, in the work which the association is endeavoring to accomplish.

Contrasting the condition of the game interests when our association was organized, in 1893, with the interest now shown by the citizens of the State, one cannot but come to the conclusion that, from some cause or other, a better understanding prevails as to the value of our fish and game in the State, and a greater determination to care for it by the enactment of better laws, and a more stringent enforcement of them.

The enactment of the guide law was an advancement in salutary legislation on game matters which will prove of vast benefit to the State. So long as the State adheres to the policy of improving and preserving its fish and game, so long must it have conditions by which those who are instrumental in its capture must be governed. To abandon this right to impose restrictions upon the professional guide, while aiding in the capture of the State's property, would be a virtual abandonment of the preservation of its fish and game. It has become a necessity, in the interest of protection of the State's valuable property, to bring, first, those who desire to take fish and game under legislative restrictions, and those who are mainly instrumental in its capture, in close alliance with the State.

During the season just closed, all agree that there was more large game taken than ever in the history of the State. All agree, also, that during the fishing season more fine large fish were taken than ever before. All agree, also, that there is more large game in the forests to-day than at any other close of the shooting season. And, also, that there are without doubt more and greater fish in our waters than ever before at the beginning of the year. Then why not take courage, and continue what seems to me to be the good work already done by our association?

There will be vexing questions, queries, as to whether the State should continue to spend its money in the preservation of its game interests, whether this or that law is bad or good, whether it should be repealed or enforced, but all these questions will be settled by those who pass upon our public matters and make our laws.

When complaint is made as to the appropriation made for fish and game interests being more than the State ought to tax itself for this purpose, it will be well to remember that the tax is very small, and is only about 10 cents on a tax valuation of \$1,000. Therefore a person who pays tax on a valuation of \$2,000 is paying less than 20 cents for fish and game purposes.

This argument is used by the advocates of a non-resident license law, making it appear a burden upon the people to meet this \$25,000 appropriation.

The compelling the non-resident to pay a tax for taking our game I believe to be unjust and uncalled for, and unless a tax shall rest upon all those who avail themselves of the hunting privileges of the State, and all who receive direct benefit from them be included in the tax license payers, such a law bearing upon one class, and that the class which the State invites to its summer resorts, will be found a great injury to the tourist business of the State.

If it becomes necessary to make those partaking of the fish and game privileges pay the cost of continuing the

same, then let the tax license be general in its scope. To this end I wish to submit a plan which might be put in form of law, and which would not, to my mind, be open to the objection a law would be bearing wholly upon non-residents.

Compel every person sixteen years or more, citizens of the State, to pay \$1 each for the privilege of fishing and hunting small game. Except that any citizen may fish or hunt such game within his own city or town. For hunting large game, moose, caribou and deer, each citizen shall pay \$2, and such fee shall allow hunting in any town or place in the State, without any special right to hunt in his own town, as in fishing.

The non-resident shall pay (not being taxed in Maine) \$2 for right to fish and hunt small game, and \$5 for large game. Those are in main the principles involved, and which by enactment may be properly guarded, and then, in addition, will come the levying a reasonable tax on hotels, lodges, boarding houses, which properly come within the meaning of sporting places, and upon railroads and express companies. Such a tax would bring sufficient money to make all advances we need in propagation and protection of these great interests. In order that the advocates of a non-resident law may see how such a law works, let me cite the results in Wisconsin. There were 23,000 deer killed during the season. There were 12,250 persons, citizens of the State, who took out licenses at \$1 each. There were thirty non-resident persons who took out a license at \$30 each. Nine hundred dollars was all the State got out of non-resident sportsmen. Such a law here would be a failure, so far as raising money is concerned, and would affect disastrously the tourist travel, I believe. The association can afford to wait until its next meeting before it gives official expression to its judgment.

The treasurer's report shows that there is about \$100 in the treasury at present. Respectfully submitted,

E. C. FARRINGTON, Sec'y.

Officers were elected as follows: For president, Hon. P. O. Vickery of Augusta; first vice-president, A. M. Spear; Gardiner; second vice-president, Hon. C. A. Marston, Skowhegan; third vice-president, Eugene M. Hersey, Bangor; fourth vice-president, Hon. William P. Frye, Lewiston; fifth vice-president, Hon. A. R. Nickerson, Boothbay; sixth vice-president, John H. Kimball, Bath; seventh vice-president, Hannibal E. Hamlin, Ellsworth; directors, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; J. F. Hill, Augusta; W. S. Choate, Augusta; J. F. Sprague, Monson; J. H. Kimball, Bath; E. C. Farrington, Augusta; F. E. Timberlake, Phillips; Dr. G. G. Weld, Old Town; S. L. Crosby, Bangor; by the State, Elmer P. Spofford Committee on Legislation—P. O. Vickery, H. M. Heath, E. C. Farrington, A. M. Spear.

Committee on Hatcheries—E. M. Blanding, Bangor; L. T. Carleton, Winthrop; H. O. Stanley, Dixfield.

Consulting attorney, H. M. Heath, Augusta.

Secretary and treasurer, E. C. Farrington, Augusta. Regarding the changing of the moose law, the Hon. J. F. Sprague of Monson said that he did not think that any question to come before the meeting was any more important. As he understood it, open time was made from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15 through an error of the engrossing clerk at Augusta.

He thought that there were just as many moose in the State at the present time as ever, and that if the game laws were enforced there would be no need of cutting off the time.

In speaking of the new law passed at the last Legislature, making any person who killed a moose in close time liable to four months' imprisonment, Mr. Sprague asked if he was not right in saying that this law was made to place the rich man on the same level with the poor man. He knew that this law was passed for just this reason. He referred to the case of the students who killed the cow moose, last summer, in the West Branch region, which was the first case under this law. Mr. Sprague did not think that there was much sense in the statement that these boys shot the moose while under excitement, not knowing what they were doing. He would like to know whether or not this case is punishable under the law of 1897.

"We have some cases in Piscataquis county, and I am glad I am not County Attorney," said Mr. Sprague. "Why is it not fair for a boy who goes to the Greenville High School to have just the same rights as the Pennsylvania boy, whose uncle is the Attorney-General of that State? A boy or man, or any one else who violates that law ought to be punished. If any favoritism is to be shown in meting out this law, why, we want it repealed."

Game Commissioner Carleton said that the whole burden of Mr. Sprague's talk was a reflection on the commission.

"Now, in regard to the celebrated cow moose case," said Mr. Carleton, "I know that a great effort has been made by Mr. Sprague to create a prejudice against the commission on account of the action taken by it on this case. Now see how fair the gentleman is. He says he does not know the age of the boys. The record shows that one boy was sixteen and the other seventeen years and they were good boys. These boys were members of a party of seventeen who had gone into camp there with their tutors. Game Warden Pollard was going up Cattcomgomuc Lake. He saw something floating in the water and found that it was a cow moose. When Mr. Pollard arrived at the camp of the boys he told the tutors what he had found, and they replied that they would find out if it was killed by their boys. The tutors questioned the boys, and they owned up to killing the game. There is no law on the face of the earth that could have convicted them if they had not pleaded guilty. The boys were out to shoot a bear, and in their excitement they killed the moose."

"The case was one that struck my heart. I could not send those boys to jail. I could not put the brand of a jail sentence upon them, to follow them through their lives. Gentlemen, take the case in your own hands. Would you want your boy branded for life, simply because in the heat of great excitement he made a mistake? When the case was taken in hand by the County Attorney of Piscataquis county, it passed out of the hands of the commission. The bond which they were put under is good to this day, notwithstanding that the case was not pressed."

Mr. Carleton's remarks were received with great favor, and he was loudly applauded when he took his seat.

Hon. A. M. Spear of Gardiner spoke on the question, "Should Non-Residents Pay a License Fee for Hunting Game in Maine?" Mr. Spear believes that every hunter should pay a fee for the privilege of shooting game in Maine. Opening his remarks, he introduced a bill to procure revenue for the protection of fish and game, reading as follows:

Mr. Spear's Proposed Bill.

An act to procure revenue for the Protection of Fish and Game:

Sec. 1.—A license fee of \$1 shall be charged and collected by the State upon the carcass of every deer transported beyond the limits of the State, and no property in such carcass shall vest in the killer thereof until the payment of such fee for such intended transportation.

Sec. 2.—The fish and game commissioners shall appoint agents in different parts of the State, during the open season for shooting large game, whose duty it shall be, upon the presentation, in person or by his agent, of the written application thereof, over his own signature and in his own handwriting, of any person who has actually killed a deer, and so states in his application, to receive the required license fee and issue a license, in duplicate, the form of which may be prescribed by the fish and game commissioners, for the transportation of the carcass of such deer beyond the limits of the State, which license shall be attached to the carcass to be transported.

Sec. 3.—The fish and game commissioners shall appoint wardens during the open season for killing large game, whose duty it shall be, under the direction of said commissioners, to examine all cars, steamboats and other vehicles of transportation, to ascertain if the carcass of any deer is deposited therein without a license attached thereto, as provided in section 2 of this act; and if so found, to immediately seize it without a warrant, and forthwith sell it, and turn over the proceeds of such sale to the fish and game commissioners, as a part of the appropriation for fish and game.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of every railroad company, express company, steamboat company and other transportation companies, their agents and employees, or persons doing business in this duty of the company, its agents and employees, or person transportation and to disclose to them the carcass of any deer therein, to enable them to determine whether the same is properly licensed or is contraband, under section 3 of this act.

If any such carcass is found to be contraband, it shall be the duty of the company, its agents and employees, or person transporting the same, to deliver such contraband carcass to said wardens.

Sec. 5.—It shall be the duty of every transportation company, its agents and employees, or person doing business in this State, to refuse to carry beyond the limits of the State the carcass of any deer not tagged with a license as provided in section 2 of this act.

Sec. 6.—If the license certificate attached to the carcass of any deer under this act shall become detached and lost by accident, the company, its agents or employees, or person transporting the same, shall orally certify to the officer finding such carcass that such certificate was originally attached thereto, with the same effect as if attached, but for a false statement under this section, the company whose agent or employee, or person who makes the same, shall, on complaint, be punished by fine not less than \$100.

Sec. 7.—Any person who shall deliver to any transportation company or person the carcass of any deer, to be transported beyond the limits of the State contrary to section 2 of this act, shall, on complaint, be punished by fine not less than \$50 nor more than \$100.

Sec. 8.—It shall be lawful for any person to ship the number of deer which the law may allow him to kill, through and beyond the limits of the State, without accompanying them in person, when the carcasses thereof are licensed in accordance with this act.

Sec. 9.—This act shall not be construed to nullify or amend any of the laws now existing in relation to the transportation of game from place to place in this State.

Sec. 10.—All fees received for licenses issued and fines imposed under this act shall be turned over to the treasurer of the State, and by him transferred to the appropriation for fish and game to be expended for the same purpose and in the same manner as the regular appropriation therefor.

Mr. Spear thought that it would cover the matter the way he looked at it. He believed that when the people of the State understood the question, they would never allow the present appropriation to be increased. He thought the taxation question was not divided right. He did not believe the farmers in Cumberland, York and other counties should be obliged to pay their part of the game appropriation when they were not being benefited by it.

Mr. Spear thought that a license fee would prevent such men as those who have been here this fall, and brought their own provisions, etc., and employed no guides, from coming into the State, and he questioned whether such men were wanted here. The amount of money appropriated for the protection of fish and game is not yet sufficient to fully enforce the laws, etc. Mr. Spear said that 10,000 deer had probably been killed in Maine this year. This meant 5,000 sportsmen. If they were taxed at \$3 or \$5, the State would get quite a revenue from them.

Mr. Sprague said that the non-resident licensing scheme had been killed several times by the sportsmen's association. Two years ago he heard Senator Engel make a most able argument against it, and he wanted to hear from him again.

Senator Engel said: "Naturally, the more prosperous any business enterprise is, and the more people there are engaged in it, the public, just in that ratio, is interested in it, for the reason that large interests or industries furnish labor, food and education for a great many, and as it is with private interests, so it is with public."

"Everybody in this State is aware of the importance and magnitude of our fish and game resources. It has been estimated by a very conservative man recently that these interests, coupled as they must be with the summer travel, are larger than our entire lumber interests in this State, which latter we have always regarded (outside of the agricultural pursuits) as being the largest. In short, they bring about \$8,000,000 into our State without making any perceptible inroads upon our resources, and, unlike many other large money transactions, it does not go into the hands of trusts or corporations, but directly into the hands of a class of people which needs it the most, and now the question for us to solve is: How can we best retain this large income? For it is vital that we should, for you, gentlemen, who are looked upon as the representatives of these great interests, are to decide as to the best methods to foster it, and it is well to remember that unwise legislation will kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

"The first question under consideration is 'Should the Moose Law be Changed?' I, for one, think that it should in one respect, and that is that the judge should have discretionary powers. The punishment does not fit the crime, for you must remember the fact that killing a moose in close time is not a natural crime, and that at best it is only an ordinance prohibitive geographically, and therefore may be at times encroached upon by the best of men, and as every man has the right of trial by jury, the jury can only render a verdict of guilty or not guilty, while the learned judge, who is broad and humane in our State, should be empowered to impose a

sentence according to circumstances. At times a prison sentence may bring about the best results, while at other times a fine would be better justice than an arbitrary sentence.

"You give your judges discretionary powers in imposing sentence in cases of manslaughter, where a man, woman or child is killed, but you make the sentence arbitrary in cases of moose slaughter.

"The next topic to be discussed is, 'Should the Guide Law be Repealed?' As it is a new law, it should certainly remain in force for a sufficient length of time to test its value, and even if it is not perfect in all its details, I should say let it remain as it is at least two years or more, so that if it is necessary to make any changes, you will be in a position to speak with experience; but I will say just a word to the commissioners. Be sure and remain broad and generous, so as not to create cliques and factions, and, above all, look out for and grant licenses to the humble as well as to the influential.

"The next subject we are to take up is, 'Should Non-Residents Pay a License for Hunting Maine Game?' My answer is most emphatically, 'No.' I have spoken upon the same subject once before in this room, and since then have examined into it very carefully, and am stronger in my opinion to-day than ever before.

"It seems to me, without going over the same ground again, that the visitor from outside the State already pays a license under a different name, for, from the time he comes into our territory until he leaves, he pays it; first to the railroad; then to the hotels, to the merchant, to the guides, and all we give him in return is a few fish, which, at a close estimate, cost him \$5 each; possibly two deer at \$50 each, and perhaps a moose at \$500, good prices for all. As a matter of fact, the most our State furnishes is scenery, and we have lots of it, and the more contracts we can receive for this kind of merchandise the better off we will be, for we have had it for centuries, and will continue to have it for centuries more.

"Finally, we are confronted with the question, 'Shall the State continue to improve its fish and game supply?' What better investment can our commonwealth make than this? From what source can more speedy returns be obtained? If the arguments I have advanced are in any respect correct, then the answer must be in the affirmative. The object of any government, whether local or State, is to make appropriations with benefit in the greatest degree to the largest number of people, and I have indicated how substantially our citizens are benefited by the aid the State has given these interests. I say, let the good work continue."

Capt. H. N. Fairbanks believed that the guides' bill was a good thing, and thought that the guides liked it. He believed that the sportsmen coming into Maine should be taxed for taking away the State's property. He did not agree with Senator Engel that the sportsmen who come here are "squeezed." They pay the same railroad fares and same hotel rates as the resident, and he thought they received full value for everything they paid out.

Game Commissioner Carleton made some interesting remarks on the guides' bill. He said that it took \$15,000 to run the hatcheries, and \$10,000 was left for warden service. This sum did not begin to pay the wages and other bills of the ten wardens employed by the commission.

Mr. Carleton said he did not believe it was possible to get an appropriation larger than \$25,000. He said that the guides during the past year had guided 7,000 non-residents and 3,000 residents. At \$3 per day they have received \$117,000 in wages, or an average of \$88 to each man. According to the guides' report, it shows that 10,000 deer have been killed in Maine in 1897. There were at least 250 moose, 150 caribou and 150 bears killed during the three hunting months. The sportsmen who have been in Maine this year hunting have spent in round numbers about \$1,500,000. The guides registered numbered 1,316. Sixty-two persons were refused because they were non-residents, but there are some non-residents who have licenses that lied to the commission in order to get them.

Mr. Carleton said he believed that every sportsman who comes here should be obliged to hire registered guides. He said that the game question was held by the guides in the palm of their hand. They should let the people of Maine as a whole know that they were interested, and help the commission in carrying out their plans. Some guides have written the commission, said Mr. Carleton, who were opposed to the measure at first, but they were heartily in favor of the bill now.

Mr. Vickery said that he had heard a good deal about the students' case, and he had just a few words to say. He was glad that there was humanity enough in the Fish and Game Commission not to brand the boys with a jail sentence.

Game Commissioner Oak was not in favor of making the sportsman pay a license fee. He thought they paid enough for everything they carried away. It was about time, too, that this matter died out, and he believed that the association should let it drop.

Mr. Spear said that the gentlemen who made up the next Legislature would come pretty near passing a bill to make sportsmen pay for the privilege of hunting here. The last Legislature came very near passing such a law, and it would take some argument besides nonsense to make the next Legislature believe that such a bill should not be passed.

Mr. S. L. Crosby of Bangor said that Mr. Spear was all right when it came to an argument, but he was on the wrong track. Mr. Crosby believed the sportsmen paid money enough for what they secured in Maine. He thought the guides' bill had been a success, and he hoped it would be a greater one next season.

Mr. W. L. Miller believed that if the slaughter of game continued the State would be without its game in a few years.

Mr. A. J. Darling of Enfield thought that the increase could not be killed in any year.

Mr. J. S. Rowe was not in favor of making sportsmen pay a license fee for hunting in Maine.

The Game of Alaska.

JUNEAU, Dec. 13.—While all eyes are now turned on Alaska it is well to remember that there is more that glitters besides gold, for, aside from the brilliant metal that lies buried beneath its surface, there exists a rich field for the naturalists, a host of sport for the hunter, game fish for the angler and a variety of fur-bearing animals that for numbers and quality far surpass that of any other country.

It may not be generally understood that Alaska, as well as being the home of myriads of water fowl, is teeming during the summer months with all the bird life of the midland region. Thrushes, robins, swallows, sparrows and humming birds abound in all suitable places. In addition to these are the native species, the rock and willow ptarmigans and sooty grouse.

In the interior are found the black spruce partridge and in a few localities the ruffed grouse, but no quail of any kind. Ducks are abundant in all the waters, both fresh and salt. The rare emperor goose is found on the flats of the great Yukon, while further up the stream is the breeding place of countless geese of other varieties as well as swan. Bald eagles are everywhere numerous along the coast. Their huge nests are a prominent feature of many of the little islands scattered about. The Alaska bird has just been separated into a new variety by the scientists at Washington, and is now known as the Alaska bald eagle owing to a difference in the shape and size of the bill and legs and the amount of white on the head. Owing to the bird not assuming the white head and tail till after three years of age many people believe the young black birds to be of a different species, even declaring that they have seen young eagles in the nest with white heads. Others maintain that the head of a bald eagle is "bald" of all feathers. I found it difficult to convince them to the contrary, even with specimens, they maintaining that "in the East they are bald anyway." Such people also believe that porcupines throw their quills.

The great stretch of country comprising Alaska harbors much game; many kinds abundant at some places are unknown in other places. For instance, no deer are found on the mainland owing to the many wolves that drive them to the smaller islands, and even then they are of peculiar distribution, some sections having no deer whatever. Probably the best deer country in Alaska is the Prince of Wales archipelago. They are also plentiful near Sitka, not so in the vicinity of Juneau, and a few about Wrangel. They remain high up in the mountains the year round, reaching the beach only in case excessive snow falls in the woods. The bucks drop their horns about the last of the year.

Mountain goats are found most everywhere on the main, and where the mountains are high and bare—the vicinity of a glacier is a favorite ground of theirs. The meat of the old "Billys" and "Nannies" is strong and seldom eaten; the flesh of the kids is better, with a flavor like mutton.

Mountain sheep are found only far in the interior among the rocky canyons of the large rivers. Three varieties exist in this country, the ordinary species of the Rocky Mountains, a new variety known as Stone's mountain sheep, that inhabit the Stickeen River country, differing from the former in the much darker coloration and with a difference in the curvature of the horns, and another very rare form, a light colored sheep from the headwaters of the Kenai River, in the Cook Inlet country.

Musk ox are not found in Alaska; they inhabit the barren grounds of Northwest Canada, and are a very rare animal. Moose are found in the interior, but not near the coast, except around Cook Inlet.

Caribou are plentiful up the Stickeen River, in the flat barren country of its headwaters.

Bears of many kinds are found. Small black bears on the islands, keeping well in the thick woods, coming down to the beach and the fresh water streams during the salmon run, living on the fish for a month or two, becoming very fat, but owing to their diet are unfit for food. Brown bears that attain a great size and are very formidable inhabit the mainland near the coast. Hunters have the utmost respect for this powerful brute, whose vitality is fully equal to that of the grizzly, and their capture should only be attempted with a gun of known killing qualities, a favorite weapon in this country being the .30cal. smokeless Marlin rifle. With one of these guns a man is fairly safe to tackle this animal, for the destructive power of this modern weapon is something marvelous. I have seen a small black bear shot in the side with a soft-nose bullet that, in passing out, carried the bone of the shoulder, together with the surrounding flesh and skin, completely away. And I have frequently seen the effect on deer. In one instance a buck shot in the nose, as it faced the shooter, had the base of the skull, together with both horns, blown out. Other deer shot in the head, the bullet striking no heavy bones, would so completely shatter everything inside as to leave the skin of the head hanging like a sack.

On the Alaskan peninsula and Kodiak Island is found the largest bear in existence—the huge fish-eating Kodiak bear. And among the snow-clad mountains of the mainland is a bear of uniform bluish-gray, that is known to hunters, but not mentioned, I believe, in natural histories.

Polar bears can hardly be said to inhabit Alaska, although they are occasionally taken in the vicinity of Point Barrow, at the extreme north.

Rabbits of any kind are unknown on the islands, while on the mainland they are uncertain, common at times and vanishing as if by a plague at others. They are mostly white hares with immense feet, known as snow-shoe jacks.

Alaska salmon are famous. The life history of the fish has long been surrounded with mystery, however. That they should leave the stream of their birth and remain in the depths of the sea for two years and return to spawn and die, seems inconsistent, but this appears to be the conclusion at which fish men have arrived. Experiments have also been made at hatcheries, where yearling fish were liberated, bearing silver tags, that have returned two years later, fully grown, to the original stream. This interesting experiment has tempted

many concerns to erect hatcheries near the works, where the constant drain on the supply has lessened the number of fish caught each season. Probably one of the most wasteful methods is the practice of putting up bellies, where two-thirds of the fish is thrown away.

The fur-bearing animals are many. First in importance, of course, is the fur seal, the protection of which has grown to be an international question, and while three governments wrangle over the matter the question is gradually being settled by the extermination of the seals themselves. That all the fur seals of the world should congregate at the little Pribiloff Islands to breed is their misfortune, for even those that pass safely through the gauntlet of sealers and natives that line the route north from their summer sojourn in the warm seas are here still denied a place of refuge in which to rear their young. The latest move for their protection has been the branding of all female seals, in hopes of making the skins unsalable, thereby protecting her and her unborn young, a proceeding the worth of which is yet to be proven.

Sea otter remain in the open sea the year round, but always have been a rare fur, and are growing scarcer every year. Government experts estimate that less than 1,000 sea otter now exist in Alaskan waters.

Land otter and mink are plentiful on the islands and martens on the mainland.

Beaver are found as a rule on the mainland, in the headwaters of the larger streams.

As a general thing, foxes are not numerous, a few reds on the mainland, the white fox in the extreme north and the rare black fox in the interior.—*Geo. C. Cantwell in Tacoma Ledger.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—It is stated that the United States agent sent to Norway for the purpose of securing reindeer for a Klondike relief expedition has discovered that he cannot pack very many reindeer in a car unless he cuts off their horns. It was decided to use reindeer because they can live on moss en route down to Yukon. If you cut off the nice frontal plow which the reindeer has been some thousands of years in developing, how is he going to dig out his moss from under a few feet of snow? But, meantime, the reports from Klondike seem to run to the effect that the men there do not need any rescuing. So I presume this thing will be all right, although at first I was afraid the United States Government was going to be confronted with a lot of sore-nosed deer.

The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held at St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10. President Lakee hopes for a good attendance.

The Interstate Convention of Wardens at Chicago, Feb. 7, still bids fair to prove of interest. The Fish Commission of Wisconsin have determined to be present. I have already mentioned the strong delegation chosen for Minnesota, and have stated that State Warden Bowers of North Dakota would be here. The interest seems of a quiet but very determined sort. A good meeting is expected.

The State Game and Fish Commission of California is purchasing Mongolian pheasants in numbers in Oregon for the purpose of stocking California.

The Mongolian pheasants turned loose by Oshkosh, Wis., sportsmen a year ago are doing well. Some of them have been seen near Omro. The present winter is mild, but even were it much more rigorous, it is thought the birds would hold their own very well.

A blanket license law is one of the possibilities of the next session of the Wisconsin Legislature. I trust it will not cover up so great a multitude of sins as the present non-resident deer license law. Let me again call attention to the striking fact that only thirty men from outside Wisconsin hunted deer there this fall!

Lake Poygan Gun Club of Chicago held its annual meeting at the Sherman House, this city, last Thursday afternoon, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Sheriff James Pease; Vice-President, R. R. Clark; Treasurer, S. A. Goss. The president, vice-president and Mr. E. W. Murphy will be the Board of Directors. The preserves of this club are located on Lake Poygan, one of the famous Wisconsin ducking regions, and the club holdings are some 8,000 acres. Judges Sears, Adams and Windes of the Appellate Court are among the membership of seventy prominent sportsmen.

Messrs. C. A. Warner, William E. Noyes, R. M. Jessup and W. F. Lasker, hailing from New York, stopped at Chicago this week on their way west to Alaska, on a hunting expedition. They expect to sail from Seattle Jan. 9. They expect to be gone a year, but disclaim intention of hunting gold. They will return by the overland route, east of the mountains, and via Edmonton.

Quail.

The big Flora quail case, by which Warden Loveday secured so heavy a conviction for illegal shipping of Illinois game, is being followed up in Jefferson county vigorously and successfully. The violations of the law there have been flagrant. A new device in game shipping was this week discovered at Mt. Vernon. A box of game, purporting to contain rabbits, was opened, and thirty-one rabbits were found. Each rabbit had had the entrails removed, and then been carefully stuffed with quail, ninety-one quail being found thus prepared for smuggling. This box was at the Adams Express Company's, but its shipper was not found. It is said that over 100 arrests will be made in that vicinity. Local express agents are accused of winking at the violations of the law.

At Charleston, Ill., and vicinity the weather has been bad for quail, a coating of ice having covered up the food. Hundreds of quail have perished, and the stock will be cut down badly for some time.

In Scioto county, Ohio, illegal quail shooting has been going on. Last week A. Glockner, of Fremont, went out and killed one bird. It cost him \$25 and costs.

At Cape Girardeau, Ill., last week Warden Burford arrested H. C. Gillam, agent of the Western Poultry and

Game Company, and had him fined \$100 for illegal shipping of game.

Two Side Hunts.

The Leander, Tex., Gun Club, numbering some forty members, held a side hunt last week. T. H. Griffin and E. C. Perkins choosing sides. The net results of one day were 133 quail, 309 doves, 30 jack rabbits, 67 cotton-tails, 17 robins, 13 hawks, 10 crows, 3 owls, 7 opossums and 15 squirrels. Cash prizes were paid for first, second and third high bags. At the banquet which followed the hunt some 200 guests were present.

The Methodist Church of Jericho Corners, a point nine miles west of Aurora, Ills., this week held a side hunt for sparrows, captained by William Johnson and John Calkins, the party being made up of young men belonging to the church. Johnson's side during the week killed 1,674 sparrows and Calkins's 3,200. The bounty on these, at 2 cents a head, was paid to the church. The ladies of the church had an oyster supper, the Calkins side paying the bill. The church "rejoiced over the replenishment of its treasury."

Two Deer Hunts.

The St. Louis Republic describes the hunt of a party of St. Louis men, who have returned from the Devil River country of Texas. The story says, among other things: "Several extraordinary pot shots were made on quail, one hunter claiming to have slain fourteen at a single shot." The paper prints a picture showing the hunters' wagon full of deer. Six deer are shown, and not one has horns.

A friend of FOREST AND STREAM sends me a copy of the Wave, a handsomely illustrated San Francisco publication, marked at an article headed "Hunting for Deer, a Fourth of July Experience in the San Hedrin Mountains." This article is written by Carl Purdy, and describes the killing of nine deer in one morning by the party of four, "not a tenderfoot in the crowd," the hunt occurring on the Fourth of July, when "Mendocino county is not a refrigerator." At first sight it would seem that such a season must be the close season for any country, but on looking up the law I find that it states in general that no deer can be killed from Oct. 15 to July 15 of the following year, only males to be killed at any season. This party, therefore, only broke the law by about a week or so, not being tenderfeet. And what an odd deer law from all our Eastern standpoints! Deer hunting on the Fourth of July!

Jack Packing.

And now they are packing jack rabbits for shipment to Liverpool. At Clay Center, Kans., there is a corporation known as the Kansas Jack Rabbit Packing Company, which has six carloads of jacks ready to ship across the sea.

Wolves Endanger an Institution.

And still another institution is in danger, out in Minnesota, this time no less than the ancient and honorable institution of matrimony. The Duluth News-Tribune flies into the breach with the following note of warning: "There should be a bounty of from \$10 to \$15 for each full-grown wolf killed, and the killer should also receive the skin. Such an arrangement would likely result in a heavy death rate in the wolf family, and make it possible for a bridal couple to make a tour through St. Louis county without being compelled to spend the wedding night in a tree, with a dismal yelping chorus for a serenade."

North Dakota Wardenship.

Mr. George E. Bowers, of Fargo, State Warden for North Dakota, is up for reappointment for the ensuing term. Editor Bassett, of the Valley City Alliance, is also a candidate. Mr. Bowers knows his work well, and has proved efficient in it. He knows his State, and he has his corps of deputies appointed and broken in. He is a good man, and no one has a word against him. What reasonable purpose could be subserved by changing wardens? Does a good merchant break in new clerks just for the sake of change, after he has one good set educated in the business? Why change wardens when you have a good one now? By all means Mr. Bowers should be retained.

Cleaning the Territory.

J. F. Wisdom, Chief of the Territory Police, and J. S. Hammer, United States Marshal, have decided to raid all the unlicensed market shooters now operating in the Chickesaw country, and drive them out of the Nations, where no one is authorized to hunt without a permit. The pot hunting has become an outrage.

Mr. Wisdom says that the migration of Indians from the Nations to Old Mexico is to be a fact, under the leadership of his father, Col. D. M. Wisdom. He says:

"A commission of Indians representing the Five Civilized Tribes has just returned from Mexico, where they examined the State of Chihuahua. They reported that the country was everything that they could desire, and recommended its purchase. The commission expressed the opinion that there would be little difficulty in closing the deal with the Mexican Government. I think it probable that a large number of the Indians will migrate."

Larks.

At this season of the year the meadow lark is supposed to be a good way south of this latitude, but at Kankakee, Ill., only fifty miles south of here, meadow larks are this week noticed in great numbers. The winter has not yet been very severe, but those meadow larks would better look out. Old settlers say it means a mild winter.

Texas Deer.

Col. Jeff Johnson, Col. George Walton, Judge F. G. Morris and Mr. Will Hart, all of Austin, Tex., returned last week from a camp hunt. They got twelve deer and many wild turkeys.

Southern Migration Small.

The Southern migration of sportsmen is smaller this winter than usual. Hard times, yellow fever and Klondike interest are all alleged causes.

E. HOUGH.

Shooting and the Golden Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I consider it rather mean for a man to get up in a tower, where he's out of reach of common shot, and then throw bricks on people down below. This Tower man says "a complainant should come into court with clean hands," so I've been and gone and washed mine, though I can't imagine how I got them soiled. If he had put on his spectacles he might have seen that I am not gunning for legal but for moral game.

If "selfishness is the basic principle of society," then society has a false and weak support, and it ought to be knocked away and replaced by something more in accord with the golden rule. I don't deny that a man may legally hoard lucre to the amount of \$50 or \$200,000,000, but I flatly deny that he has any right to call himself a Christian, because "it is easier for a camel," etc. When the young man who had lived a model life was advised to sell all that he had and give to the poor, the young man, if he had lived in a tower, would have answered that he had as good a right to his cash as others had, and the poor might go to thunder!

Mine enemy wants to know if I considered that A, B and C would not have bought up half the county, including half a dozen lakes, unless they had use for them. Like the cow in Mother Goose, I "considered very well," and it led me clearly to the conclusion that no man, or set of men, can make use of half a dozen large lakes, and that pure selfishness was the "basic principle" of their purchase.

I don't care to be constantly repeating that I do not object to a club's owning any reasonable amount of land or water, but I have about the same respect for a "game hog" or a "trout hog" as I have for one of that class who want to monopolize all the shooting and fishing. The war is almost universal against the men who slaughter game by wholesale. Yet they have a legal right to do it, and suppose my enemy in the Tower would sanction it, because they have that right.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.

Warden Loveday and the Chickens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 25 I notice an article by E. P. Jaques, headed "Those Henry County Chickens." If the writer of the article is correct in his statement that on Sept. 1 there were just seventy chickens in Henry county, they must be all killed off, and the prospects in Henry county are very poor for next fall.

H. W. Loveday, our efficient State Game Warden, is a thorough sportsman, a remarkably fine field shot, and has never been accused of being a "game hog." "Those Henry County Chickens" were killed by a party of four in two days—H. W. Loveday, William Werner and Ed Dillon, of Chicago, and Mr. McAuley, of Atkinson—by special permission of Samuel W. Allerton, of this city, on his farm of 4,000 acres. The seventy chickens represent an average of less than ten birds a day to each gun, and the members of the party claim that the birds were wild, and that they did not kill one bird where they put up forty. It is evident that your correspondent's statistics are off, and that he has neglected his job of chicken census compiler of Henry county. It is possible that the poor success attending the efforts of Mr. Jaques during the past thirty years is due to poor shooting. It is a pity your correspondent was not with the party. He might have learned something.

There are many large farms in this State where chickens and quail are plentiful, because the farms are posted, and the birds soon learn to congregate where they are not molested.

Mr. Loveday has done more to protect game and bring violators of the law to justice during the past season than any of his predecessors have done during their entire term of office; but he can hardly be expected to lay aside his trusty shotgun because he has been appointed game warden, nor should ill-advised attacks upon his standing as a sportsman go uncontradicted.

GEO. T. FARMER.

Ring-Neck Pheasants in New Jersey.

CRANFORD, N. J., Jan. 1.—I have read with much interest your article on English ring-neck pheasants in New Jersey, and would like to state my experience in the same line.

Last spring I purchased some pheasant eggs from a noted breeder, and hatched out fourteen birds from thirty eggs. I raised eleven of them until they reached the size of about 1½ lbs. each, and then I turned them out to hunt for themselves. For several weeks they would return to the yard every evening at feeding time, and feed with the chickens. But as soon as they had finished they would return to the fields and a wild hedge and not show themselves again until the following night. This performance was kept up until one day my Irish setter caught four of them and killed them outright. From that time the others never returned to feed with the chickens. This was in August. On Oct. 1 I took my dog and gun, and back in the fields behind the house found all seven birds. I shot two of the males and left two males and three females, and on Christmas Day I saw four of the birds and should judge by the tracks in the snow that they are still in the same vicinity and are doing well. I intend leaving the balance out for breeding, and may add another brace to the lot in the spring, as I still have quite a few in my runs for breeders for next year.

From my experience with the few birds turned out, I should judge that they are the coming game bird of the country, as they can be raised with very little trouble, and they lie well to the dog. In fact, my experience is that they will let a person pass within 5 ft. of them, and never move, and without a dog they cannot be hunted successfully. As the land they occupy is all posted, I feel that they will pass the winter in safety, and breed next year.

They seem to be a very hardy bird, and I can see where they stand on the corn stacks and pull the corn from the ears. Of course, if there is very much snow and

ice, I shall feed them through the winter, but think they can get along very nicely if let alone.

If you so desire, I will let you know how they pass the winter, and also write you an article on breeding and raising pheasants.

C. W. JOHNSON.

Photographs at the New England Show.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 7.—It has been decided by the management of the New England Sportsmen's Association to set apart a portion of the building as a gallery for the display of a loan exhibition of photographic art, and this department promises to become one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. Ample and well-lighted space will be devoted to the display of photographs pertaining to sportsmanship, viz.: live game animals and birds, shooting, fishing, canoeing and camp scenes and views of athletic and field sports and contests. Enlargements of such subjects are particularly desired.

The co-operation of all amateur photographers and others who may be interested is cordially invited. All expense of transportation will be defrayed, and such contributions as may be received will be promptly returned at the close of the exhibition.

Conditions.

1. Views may be of any size and framed or unframed, but must all be mounted, no single mount to be less than 8x10 in.
2. Mounts may bear the title of each subject upon the face; but in every case the title, also full name and address of the exhibitor, must appear distinctly upon the back of each mount or frame. Any printed or written descriptive matter, if sent, will be displayed if deemed of sufficient interest.
3. Exhibits too heavy for mailing should be sent in one package by express. Prepaid postal or express charges will be refunded and return expenses prepaid.
4. For purposes of classification, etc., all such exhibits should be sent to the association's receiving room, Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, Mass. (Room 6), as per inclosed label, not later than Feb. 1. In cases where it is found impossible to prepare exhibits by this date, they may be received later.
5. The right is reserved to reject advertising photographs, also subjects inappropriate or not sufficiently interesting for such an exhibition.
6. The association will take the utmost care of exhibits, but cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage either in transportation or during the exhibition.

This department will be personally in charge of Mr. Joseph Prince Loud, president of the Boston Camera Club, who will welcome correspondence from any person desiring to contribute, together with suggestions as to reaching any photographer who might be interested in this feature of the exhibition.

All communications relative to this department should be addressed to Mr. J. P. Loud, 85 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

News from the Yukon.

FROM a letter written by Mr. J. B. Burnham from Fort Selkirk, on the Yukon, under date of Nov. 24, we make these extracts:

I have written you by the regular mail, which still costs \$1 per letter from here, and may cost the same all winter, but have a chance to send this out by parties going up the river. I wrote of the loss of two of our boats. Thank God, we have recovered both, and, instead of just having barely enough provisions to get through with, have enough to last us a year. The boats, which were carried away by ice from a point where we were about to camp, on Nov. 7, were found frozen in six miles below here on Nov. 17, having drifted in all about fifteen miles.

We have two stoves now, one having been given us yesterday by parties going out short of grub.

There is undoubtedly a great scarcity of provisions at Dawson; but plenty at Fort Yukon. We have had it 40 degrees below zero here twice, but don't mind it at all, feet, hands, faces and ears well protected. It is dry and crisp, and makes one feel full of ginger. The coldest last winter was about 60 degrees below, so we are confident that we can stand any degree of cold with comfort. The early winter seems to be about as cold as later here. Forty degrees below is called very cold weather here for any time of the winter. All going well and in best of health.

An Ohio Game Ground.

WITH three friends, Dr. J. S. Phillips, Dr. R. J. Phillips and Mr. William Littell, the genial secretary of the Duquesne Kennel Club, I spent two days hunting in Columbiana county, Ohio, about fifty miles from Allegheny, Pa., on Dec. 7 and 8, and this was the result: Forty rabbits, one squirrel, five pheasants and seven quail. I think this is a good lot of game for two half-days' hunting in a place I thought there was no game. There were plenty of birds, the dogs flushing about nine different coveys of quail and numerous pheasants. If this winter shall not be too severely cold, there will be plenty of birds next year, as the game laws are very well observed in that section of the country.

PHIL. F. SIMONS.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

The Sportsmen's Exposition opened in Madison Square Garden, New York, last Thursday night, and will continue until a week from to-day. There is the usual extensive and varied display of those things which delight the sportsman's eye, and the show is full of interest throughout. There are this year new competitions, the list now comprising fly-casting, rifle shooting, bowling and billiards.

A Cuvier Reward.

THE Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, offers a reward of \$10 for any evidence that will convict for violation of the law forbidding possession or sale of game in close season. President Alex. Starbuck or Secretary J. B. Scheide-mante will be prompt to give his attention to any such cases.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Camp of the "Lone Kingfisher."

Little Presque Isle River, Michigan.

(Concluded from page 30.)

ONE of the Bessemer party—a young fellow whose name I have forgotten—was going down the river next morning "a-troutin'," and learning that he would not object to "an ole feller like me" for a companion, we arranged for a trip about three miles below, and probably as far as the falls, about four miles from the railroad bridge. I was over at their camp early in the morning, before the berry pickers had started for the berry patch, and when about ready to start we saw the Chicago party, with McLaughlin, disappear in the woods at the head of the gravel pit, where an old "tote road" led down to the falls. We struck into the same road soon after, as it was the only route by which we could get below without taking to the woods and brush, but we saw no more of them during the day. We followed the tote road probably a mile and a half through the woods, and into an old burning for a quarter of a mile or so, and then struck to the right for the river, another quarter of a mile away, through a growth of low bushes and briars and over old charred tree trunks and limbs that infested the way, which condition of things necessitated energetic language to make the going a little easier.

At the river we started in with plain worms for bait, as the banks were so lined with a growth of drooping alders—they nearly always droop over the water when you don't want them to—that in most places it was impossible to cast a fly. However, when I caught the first trout I used a fin as fly and bait nearly all the rest of the day, varied occasionally with a grasshopper for a change of diet.

I have found that when a trout can't be inveigled by a ventral or an anal fin from one of his brethren, by giving it the "sarcumventin' twitch," it is not much use to try any other lure, and I have figured it out that there is about as much science in fooling a wary old trout with it as there is in the much glorified "drop-it-on-the-water-like-a-snowflake" business—the time-frayed, old chestnut of the fly-fisher, especially when the fly is barred by the "bresh." This is a digression.

We fished along down the stream for over an hour, not covering more than a half mile in distance (two miles I made it out in hard work), taking a trout now and then; but the sport was rather unsatisfying, owing to the difficulty of making our way through the bushes along the bank.

In many places we could not get our rods over the water at all, and of course it was a plain case that along these stretches of water that we couldn't get at, the trout were lying along under the banks "thicker'n fleas on a Florida dog."

When we happened to find an open place or pool that we could fish comfortably, it seemed that most of the "elusive critters" had moved to the other places that we couldn't fish, or had been yanked out by other cranks earlier in the season, and that reminds me that my partner said he knew of parties coming over from Bessemer in May and June and taking back "loads" of over 400 trout at a time; others 300, 200, and on down to a score or less, as the season advanced. On one day of the previous week there had been thirty-four fishermen, by actual count, along the stream from where we were up to the bridge a short distance above it.

to the bridge and a short distance above it. under a drain like that, and yet there were "quite a few" trout left in it, and we managed to fool one occasionally, and were satisfied.

My partner had spent a season or two in a lumber camp not far from where we then were, and to him the stream and surrounding country were as an open book. When we got down to within three-quarters of a mile or so of the falls it was well into the afternoon, and he said it would hardly pay us to go on down, as the country got rougher and rockier and the stream harder to fish, and as I had about enough of it and each of us had a fair basket of fish, we climbed the bank and sat down on a log to rest and eat a few crackers we had left. I sweetened my portion with some luscious red raspberries picked from a patch of nearby bushes, and felt that I had dined sumptuously, considering the opportunities.

The only evidence of life we saw in this dreary waste of fire-ravaged country was a few crows and an old "buck" porcupine that lumbered out of our way and took refuge in a hole under the roots of a blackened and branchless old hemlock standing alone at the top of the bank overlooking the stream. The instinct to kill—inmate in most of us—did not overcome us, and we left the old fellow in peace and unharmed, to live out his life according to "porcupine lights." Besides, I was told, after we had ranged around the camp fire that evening, that there is a clause in the Michigan State law protecting porcupines at all seasons, for the reason that they are about the only animal a starving and lost man in the woods can kill for food without weapons.

We struck out into the burning and found the tote road (at least, my partner found it) 50 yds. or so from the stream—a mere blind trail through waist-high bushes that I never could have followed—and headed for camp.

He nosed out the windings of the blind path, hidden most of the way by overgrowing bushes, with the intuition of a fox hound, till we got into the green timber, where the road was broad and plain, and we reached camp a little before sundown, tired, hungry and hot, but happy, for we had passed a very pleasant day together and had t out enough for all. The Chicagoans had come in long before us, broken camp and taken the afternoon train back to Gogebic Lake.

I dressed twenty-six trout at the foot of the spring basin that evening, two of about three-quarters of a pound each, five or six of half a pound each and the others on down to the limit of 6 in. in length, and my partner's basket looked as well filled as mine; probably there were thirty fish in it. However, I did not ask him how many he had taken.

I stayed in camp the better part of the next day and

rested, toted up some wood for the evening camp fire, and sat on the log in front of the tent and smoked and cogitated, when I was too lazy to do anything else. Meantime I ate some more trout. (You see, I had not been where I could get any trout for a couple of years, and my trout tooth had become "powerful pesterin'," and I was trying to pacify it and make up for lost time.)

I fished a little in the shank' of the afternoon, just to keep my hand in, and when I got supper I ate a few trout—to keep my hand in, as it were.

That day the gravel pit camp broke up and went home, and the following day my near neighbors pulled up and took the morning freight for Bessemer, leaving me for company only a few inquisitive, restless bluejays (did any one ever see a bluejay sit still in one place for ten seconds?) and Mister Frisky and Mister Sassbox, the two little squirrels that had, as it seemed, become a part of my camp.

I sat late that night in front of my camp-fire, solitary and alone—the first time in a camping experience of over thirty years—with only the mellow "hoo-hoo" of a great owl back over the ridge, and the restful melody of the rippling spring branch to break the utter silence of the night.

The camp fire burned down, the fire in the old pipe went out, and I went to bed in a reminiscent and contented frame of mind and slept the sound and dreamless sleep that comes always to him who loves the woods and is content with mother earth and balsam boughs for a couch.

I was up with the sun next morning, and after the usual ablution in the cold water at the outlet of the spring basin I made my coffee and fried my bacon and trout with nothing to disturb the quiet of the morning except the snickering and scolding of Mister Sassbox, who sat on a limb a couple of rods away, taking a keen interest, as he made it appear, in the breakfast proceedings.

As this was to be my last day on the stream, I thought I would try and get a mess o' trout during the forenoon to take back to the boys in the main camp; and after clearing up the breakfast things and leaving some scraps for Sassbox and Frisky I went up the railroad a half mile to where the creek ran through some meadows—a sort of prairie country—but a few rods in places from the track.

The stream along through the meadows was narrow—3 to 4 rods. wide—deep and sluggish, except for an occasional short, rocky riffle, and then another stretch of deep, dark water below, with no perceptible current.

In some of the pools two and three miles below the bridge, where the water is from 10 to 30 ft. deep, it looks almost black, and yet the trout are very little darker colored than some I have taken out of streams as clear as spring water.

The meadows had been a famous part of the stream for big trout earlier in the season—fish that would run from 1 to 2½ lbs. and over—but, like the waters below, it had been fished to death.

I fished carefully along the meadows and down through some woods to the beginning of the cut, where the creek took a square turn to the right and kept on in a wide loop along the base of the ridge, shaped something like a horseshoe, around to the camp, which was not more than forty rods across the heel of the shoe from where I then was. I had been around this loop once, another day, and I didn't care to tackle it again, as the stream was rocky, rapid and shallow, except for a few small pools not far above the big spring, where I had taken my first trout. Besides, the day I fished around it, a distance of half a mile or more, I got into a tangle of weedy vines and "bresh" that I thought I never would get out of, and it was only by the hardest kind of work that I got myself out, and to the brow of the ridge, which I followed, completely "bushed" down to the camp. I didn't want any more of the loop, and I reeled up and quit for the season, with my trout tooth almost appeased. I had enough of fishing—but not enough of fish for the boys back in camp—for I had taken but three measly little fingerlings under 4 in. in length, and these I had returned to the water in accordance with the requirements of the fish law, but with a vehemence not probably in accordance with its intent.

The boys would get no trout, and I would have to go back to camp and sneak in the back way, as it were, and meekly take the scoring I was sure they would have laid up for me, and which would doubtless be "a-comin'" to me if I brought them no trout.

On getting back to the camp I spread my blankets and bedding out on the bushes to sun and air awhile before packing up, and meantime, having a few dressed trout in a pan sitting in the shallow water at the side of the spring, covered with another pan with a stone on it to keep the varmints out, I built a fire and prepared my last trout dinner of the year.

While sitting "a-straddle" of the table peeling the backbone out of the last trout, an ominous rumble of thunder in the west signaled the approach of one of the hasty storms "indigenous to that region," and from former experience I was warned that I hadn't much time to waste in packing my bedding into the canvas bag and getting it under shelter of the tent. Back over the ridge I could see a dark cloud rising and spreading and getting blacker as it came up, the thunder muttering at intervals and getting louder as the storm came on.

I finished my dinner in a hurry, gave the tin cups, plates and pans a "lick and a promise" with the dish towel, packed everything but the axe into the provision box, and covering it with a piece of green cedar bark, peeled for the purpose the first day, got into the tent as a few big, scattering raindrops sounded the prelude to the downpour that I could hear roaring through the woods as it came over the ridge.

For a matter of three-quarters of an hour I sat on the balsam boughs, with the canvas bag of bedding for a back-rest, and smoked the old brier root and enjoyed the music of the rain as it beat fiercely on the little tent, keenly alive to, and relishing at the same time, the boom and crash of the thunder and the blinding flashes of the lightning as they battled for the mastery in the black clouds overhead.

My spirits always rise with a thunderstorm, and the blood flows with a quicker throb, for it seems as if the invisible Ruler of all were rehearsing a symphony on the grand organ of the universe, with the stops all wide

open, to show us mortals the sublime power of the instrument when the Master is at the keyboard; but I may say that during a recital of this kind, with a pouring rain accompaniment, I had rather listen to and enjoy it under the shelter of a good tent.

The storm passed on, rumbling and growling, toward the east; the sun came out again brighter than before, it seemed, and I got out to sniff the freshened odors of the woods, made more fragrant by the recent pelting rain.

It was time, however, to think of getting the outfit over to the railroad track, for the train going my way would soon be due.

I took down the little tent, still saturated with water—but not a drop had gone through—and rolled it in a bundle by itself to be dried when opportunity offered; then three trips took the "calamities" to the railroad, and it only remained to go back and take a parting drink out of the big spring.

The spring is a remarkable one in volume, purity and coldness—almost, if not quite, as cold as our spring at the main camp on Presque Isle Lake (42 degrees), and as clear as it is possible for water to be. It gushes out between two great boulders at the foot of the ridge in a stream as large as an average sized man's thigh, and flows into a natural basin 9 or 10 ft. long and about as much across, the water near the inlet being probably 18 in. in depth. At the lower end of the basin it narrows into a strong stream, large enough, as it looks, to run a small mill, and finds its way through a dense tangle of overhanging and small bushes into the creek—dignified somehow into a river—about four or five rods away.

The section men of the railroad have thrown some old bridge timbers across the basin, just clear of the water, making a very convenient sort of a platform on which they walk out to fill their water barrel to take with them to their work along the track, and it was a mighty handy arrangement for the campers, too, as I found.

I filled my old "tank" with the delicious water, drank from an old broken beer bottle left there by some bibulous camper whose notions of the fitness of things must have been a trifle warped, and as I turned to go Mister Frisky popped up on his log a few yards up the side hill, skurried along a few feet, and stopping with a jerk as sudden as a cockroach, doubled himself up sideways and scratched his starboard ear with his starboard hind-foot—estimated at thirty strokes to the second—and then another jerk brought him on end, front face, and eyeing me curiously, as much as to say: "What! Going away? Well, good-by, old friend. Come back some time with more crackers."

I took off my hat and waved it at him in token of parting in good fellowship, but he must have misunderstood the demonstration, as he flipped off the log backward, as it looked, and that was the last glimpse I got of Mr. Frisky.

Mister Sassbox didn't make his appearance, and I was disappointed, for he and Frisky had been my friends and eaten at my board, as it were, and I was hoping that he would flirt out on a limb of his favorite tree near my fireplace and give me a good "sassin'" as a farewell.

Anyhow, I'll not soon forget my two little four-footed friends of Lone Kingfisher Camp, on Little Presque Isle River, for their cunning capers and friendly ways had been a fund of entertainment for me whenever I was around the camp, and I was sorry to leave them.

Back at the track, I tied my old red "bandanner" on a pole, so it would hang between the rails, and waited, not more than ten or fifteen minutes for the train.

The engineer—long may he live to pull a throttle—stopped 'er just at the right spot, and a brakeman and that level-headed, big-hearted conductor, Steve Connor, got out and helped me hoist the outfit into the baggage car, and we pulled away from Little Presque Isle with real regrets on my part, for I had spent the better part of six days there in unalloyed enjoyment and comfort, and—it would be a whole year before I could expect to inveigle another trout or find another camping place so entirely to my pleasement.

I mention the stopping of the train to take me on, only to show the accommodating spirit of the trainmen of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co. They will stop the train anywhere in the woods where there is a stream that an angler wishes to fish, and he has only to signal the engineer and they stop and take him on; and they make friends by it for themselves and the company they serve. May they live long in the land and prosper.

Ormes had promised to be ready, on the arrival of the train that Saturday afternoon, to start out to the lake with his team, and I was to go out with him, but when I got off at Marenisco I found he had to wait for the afternoon freight for some oats and baled hay that he wanted to take out to the resort. It took advantage of the enforced delay to hang the wet tent on a neighboring fence to dry out, and to get some supplies for the boys, who had sent the order in by one of the guides at the resort a day or two before. When the freight arrived—an hour late, as is usual when one is in a hurry—and we were ready to start, it was past 6 o'clock in the evening, which meant that we would have the worst part of the road to drive over in the dark. It was about dark when we got to the "floating corduroy," and for an hour we let the patient horses plod along, trusting to their better "night eyes" to keep the road rather than to our ability to see it; but Ormes is keen of sight, a very skillful driver, and knows the road perfectly, and this, with the intelligence of Blossom and Old Bill, kept us from coming to grief at several of the bad places along the road. Ormes said when the moon got up we would get along at a better pace and with less difficulty, and soon after we got glimpses of it, as it seemed to dodge through the trees off to our left, and our spirits rose with it; but in ten minutes it was hidden in a bank of black clouds, and the road was darker than before it had come up. The darkness was so intense that it was only when we came now and then to a spot where the woods was more open than usual that we could see the dim outlines of the horses; but Ormes said he could drive through by midnight, however dark it might be, and we kept on—jolt, jolt, bump, bang—over roots and rocks, into mudholes and chuckholes, till my back was so warped and strained holding on that I wished for a ball and socket joint in it to ease some of the shocks, when a wheel would drop with a thud into some unusually deep chuckhole. It was

a profound mystery to me, and is yet, how Ormes ever managed to keep in that road.

When we came to the old roofless lumbermen's shanty at the side of the road, a couple of miles from the State line, we stopped in the opening where the darkness was a little less dense, to rest the tired horses and hold a consultation as to the advisability of keeping on or camping out till morning. As it had clouded up everywhere overhead and got darker, if anything, and we had the very worst part of the road yet ahead of us—from the State line out to the lake—we decided to camp for the rest of the night, and a feeling and smell of rain in the air hastened the conclusion.

I fished a piece of candle out of the provision box, and lighting it, we explored around the old shanty till we found some pieces of boards, which I split up with the axe, and soon had a fire going. We gathered wood enough to make a roaring big fire that cast a good light for several yards around. Ormes cut some tent poles in the neighboring bushes, and we soon had the little tent pitched on a level, grassy spot just back of the fire. Then with a part of a bale of hay well shaken, the rubber piano cover, the mattress, blankets and the big comfort, we made a bed "good enough for the Joneses," and Camp Ormes was ready for the expected rain.

By this time the horses had cooled off and had to be watered and fed, but where the water was to come from I couldn't quite make out. Ormes got a bucket from the wagon—he always has one along—and with the remark, "There's a lake back there a piece in the woods," disappeared in the darkness behind the shanty and soon came back, noiselessly as the flight of an owl, with a bucket of fairly good water, from which I took a drink myself, but it was as "stump water" compared with the spring water I had been used to for the past week; still, it was water; and I was powerful dry. The ease with which Ormes found his way to the lake was to me another kink in his "woods larnin'," but he said he had been there before and couldn't very well miss it. However, after all, it seemed to me that he must have owl eyes, to make his way through the woods when it was so pitch dark that he couldn't see the end of his nose; besides, the blackness must have been more intense after he got out of the firelight behind and beyond the old shanty.

But some persons can see better in the dark than others, and Ormes is one of 'em.

With the horses taken care of, our work for the night was about done. Last, we stowed the hay and some other things under the wagon, the oats and messbox in the tent, replenished the fire and turned in. Ten minutes or so after it began to rain—a steady, straight-down rain—and in ten minutes more the soothing patter on the canvas and in the surrounding woods had put me to sleep and the fire out, and I knew no more till morning. We were awake at daylight to find it still raining steadily, the dripping woods musical with a melancholy melody, and the outlook about as dismal as it well could be. We put on our slickers and got out, to be greeted with a dejected whinny from the drenched and disconsolate-looking horses; but they were soon livened up with some oats, and while they munched them contentedly Ormes and I packed the canvas bag, loaded the things into the wagon, and with the wet tent spread over in such a way that it would shed most of the rain, were ready to tackle "that road" again. We had intended to build a fire and brew a pot of coffee and fry some bacon, but it was raining too hard to get a fire going without a good deal of trouble and loss of time, so we ate a slice of raw "side meat" and some crackers, and made believe that we had ordered quail and toast from an imaginary waiter, and it quieted the craving of the inner man just the same.

When the horses had finished their oats we "up anchor" (hitched up) and got under way—this may be taken partly in a nautical sense, as a good part of the road was under water—and went bowling, or rather bumping, along in fairly good humor, albeit the rain was coming down in a steady fashion that threatened to hold on till we reached camp, if not all day.

The road was bad enough even by daylight, and we were glad we had passed a comfortable night in the tent instead of groping our way blindly along it the past night, in the dark and rain. To any one who has been over the road from the State line out to the lake, after a good, long rain, a description of it would be of little interest; to any who have not been over it, a description that would do it justice would be impossible, unless a new set of adjectives and "cuss words" could be invented to fit the requirements of the case; and yet it is a fairly good road in dry weather. So I will pass over the episodes and details of our "voyage" from our night camp to the lake, and say only that we got there without losing any of our cargo and in good spirits, because it stopped raining when we were within half a mile or so of the lake.

But—"great airth and seas!" as Uncle Lisha would say—here we are nearly back to camp, and I have forgotten to tell how many trout I caught. In answer to the universal query that one runs against when caught with a fishpole on his person—"How many did ye ketch?"—I will say that while I was on the stream I took out of it 107 trout that would not fall below the legal limit of 6 in. in length, and a good many of them were over that. Besides, probably fifty or sixty more of 3 and 4 in. that I returned to the water, to swell the count of some trout hog that will fish the stream next year, mayhap before the season opens.

I ate trout early and late, at every meal, till toward the last I have a notion that some spots were "a-sproutin'" along my lateral line, and I felt kinder skeery and wary, like an old trout, so to speak. My trout tooth got its "satisfy," but at this writing it is a trifle in evidence again, and from now on it will keep "a-pesterin' of me" more or less till I get on a trout stream next year—unless I have it pulled out, and I am afraid to chance that kind of a remedy, for the roots of the old thing reach clear to the heart, and are still "a-growin'," metaphorically speaking.

When the horses were put away in the little log stable near the landing, we transferred our cargo to a boat left for us, and pulled up and across the bay to "Stagg's dock," in front of the camp, arriving there some time after 8 o'clock in the morning.

Ormes went on over to the resort, and I climbed the

bank, to be met with a frigid stare from the boys (a set-up job on me, for the occasion, as I learned shortly); but they thawed out when they learned I had brought some salt pork and a few other delicacies from town that they were much in need of. They had run out of two or three of the camp necessities, chargeable to the improvidence and utter worthlessness of the "new coon" whom old Mack had sent in his place for the trip—but who didn't fill it—and they were a trifle out of sorts in consequence; but the supplies I brought out, notably the contents of a mysteriously bound box, expressed from Cincinnati by old Temp to the Colonel, put them all in good spirits again, and I reckon it was largely due to that box that I escaped a court-martial, or hanging to the first handy limb, for not bringing them some trout.

A good-sized breakfast made me forget all about the discomforts of the trip over "that road," and Frank Cannon and I set about planning for a trip over to Pappoose Lake next day after bass, and mayhap a maskinonje or two.

"Old Hickory's troutin' trip" to the Little Presque Isle River was a realized dream, to be stored away among other reminiscences, but it will abide in memory as one of the "pleasant episodes o' life," as old Sam would say, for I spent nearly a week there in perfect peace and content, and happy "clean through."

And now, Bre'r Doc, if you can find any entertainment in the foregoing prosy details of a trip in which there was little to interest any one but the subscriber, I will be more than satisfied; however, I am afraid my gregarious proclivities have received a serious backset, for next year the "sperrit" will no doubt move me to meander off miles from the main camp and make another Camp of ye Lone KINGFISHER.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Trout near Washington.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a trout fisher, and probably used the fly; at any rate, a friend of his told of being awakened once by Webster, who was standing by his bedside, and who proceeded to go through the pantomime of casting, striking, playing and landing his fish. Not a word was spoken, and he left the room. The narrator added that day was devoted to fishing.

Webster manifested the importance he attached to the recreation, as well as his faith in restrictive legislation, when he said: "It has so happened that all the public services that I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the general Government. I think I ought to make an exception—I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which, with the consent of both houses of the Legislature, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any manner other than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line."

Of course, most of his trout fishing was done among the granite hills of New England, but he was not obliged to entirely deny himself indulgence in his favorite pastime while in Washington, and legend has it that he made many trips to Difficult Run, a small stream which empties into the Potomac from the Virginia side a few miles from Georgetown, and at that time full of brook trout. His host on these occasions is said to have been Mr. Powell, who lived in that vicinity, and whose descendants still live in this, and his wonderful baskets have lost nothing in these many years in size or number. Mr. Charles Lanman, giving some of his personal reminiscences of Webster, with an account of numerous of their excursions, incidentally mentions having sent to Mr. Webster, for a breakfast he was giving some friends, two dozen trout, which he (Lanman) had taken in Difficult Run, "only fifteen miles from the metropolis."

It was reached then by driving; over the Aqueduct or chain bridge it is not a long ride. The easier way now is over the Washington and Ohio Railroad toward Round Hill, which crosses Difficult Run a few miles beyond Vienna.

The run is well named, as there are portions of its length even now that in their summer foliage are as impenetrable as a jungle, and the heat and mosquitoes, on one of our trips rather late in the season, we found as irritating as in a cypress swamp.

One need not now risk the discomforts of a trip along its banks for trout, for they are no longer to be found here. The clearing away of the forests since Webster's times has let the sun down to the lands on either side, and the water becomes so heated in midsummer that the trout no longer bide; besides the heat, the cultivation of the soil in its valley muddies the stream with every shower, and for most of the year it is not attractive. It is said that local sawmills along its course in former years had something to do with the destruction of the trout, but these could be easily replaced if the water was any longer fit.

Into Difficult numerous small tributaries empty, and these have mostly some native trout near their headwaters, where cool springs and shade a-plenty keep the water low enough to satisfy these little arctic aristocrats.

Piney Branch, one of these small streams, runs past Vienna and reaches Difficult below, but near the railroad. It was within two or three years a sure card for a brace or two. New owners who object to strolling anglers have purposely destroyed the haunts and holes where the trout hid, that there might be no attraction for the vagrant rod.

Strange what a red rag it is to some people, and how unjustifiable their prejudice! Two places an angler avoids if he can: Where there are no fish, and where he thinks he is regarded as a trespasser. His one effort is to get as far away as possible from people—the fishing is generally better—and he enjoys best, with a congenial chum, that day spent in the depths of the woods, with only blue sky and green trees and a crystal stream, with a hungry horde, for other companionship. Of course, under such discouraging methods most of the trout disappeared from Piney Branch, but one of the Difficult

land owners said there had been a few left, but that recently a tomato cannery had been erected up the Branch, the refuse of which was thrown into the stream, "and now," he moaned, "my cows won't even drink the water." This is only mentioned as an awful example, by way of warning, of the swift retribution which is liable to overtake those unhappy, inhospitable creatures whose hearts are hardened against the gentle angler.

Little Difficult and Wolf runs, which reach Difficult above the railroad crossing, also have occasional trout, and are pleasant enough fishing, but the gem of the lot is Snake Den Run. This is an ideal trout stream, looking much like a New England brook, with its stony bed and green coverts, though with much less fall than most of the latter, as it is this side even of the foothills of the Blue Ridge.

Colvin Run, the most considerable of the series of tributaries to Difficult, has furnished the larger catches, and ought next year to give good sport. A resident on its upper waters procured 500 rainbow trout from the Fish Commission for a private pond which he had constructed; but the sappers and miners of dikes, the muskrats or crawfish, tapped it soon afterward, and all the trout found their way into Colvin Run. These will be three years old come next spring. Then, last year, at the solicitation of Mr. Jesse Middleton, 500 more rainbow trout (yearlings) were placed in this run, so it will afford additional interest next season, as a test both of its water and the Western trout. As these sometimes thrive in water of 82 degrees, they may be able to survive the heat of the waters of Difficult Run, and again stock this once famous stream.

A couple of anglers from Baltimore come down to this little network of runs very early and very late each season for a day's fishing; and two or three from Washington generally manage to get a day here in the spring. Native speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), or char, as we are told we must call them now, have been taken here in late years of 13 in. A double brace of this length were caught in one day here not many years ago, but this is the modern record for this locality, and other days and other anglers never came near it, though fair creels up to ten and a half were not uncommon.

But only an enthusiast wants to make the trip. It means a long tramp and delicate, careful work, and strikes far apart.

A veteran angler has been known to so far succumb to the very hard work and a prematurely sultry spring afternoon that a liberal application of cold water was necessary to restore him.

When one has to have recourse to such heroic measures as applications of cold water to an angler, it may be guessed how desperate the situation, how complete the exhaustion.

Further up the line a dozen miles is Leesburg, and near this has been for a good while a private preserve called Harrison's. It is fed from a mammoth spring, and large rainbow trout thrive in the short and sharply descending stream to the Potomac. A couple of years ago a spring freshet flooded its banks, and after it had subsided, dead trout above 3 lbs. in weight were found in an adjoining cornfield over which the flood had poured. President Cleveland was a visitor to this preserve once or twice, and good catches were reported. The place, however, has been recently purchased by a New York gentleman, it is said, for a thoroughbred stock farm, and he may not care for trout.

As it is private, it is of little interest to the general angler, except for the comfort of knowing that trout will thrive and grow above 3 lbs. so close to Washington.

HENRY TALBOTT.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Bullhead and the Miller's Thumb.

THE following is translated from Bulletin de Pêche et de Pisciculture Batique—Paris, September, 1897:

"We, in France, entertain scarcely any doubt that this poor little, despised fish (the bullhead) forms a large part of the fish food supply of Americans, and that in certain parts of the United States it is so abundant that it is considered as injurious. Our confrere in New York, FOREST AND STREAM, in its number of Aug. 21, 1897, and under the signature of Mr. A. N. Cheney, gives to the subject some interesting details.

"In 1895 there were consumed in the State of New York alone 200,000 lbs. of bullheads, which were caught in the State, and four times as many taken outside of the State. Imagine how large a number of these little fish had to be caught to make a total of 1,000,000 lbs. They are so numerous in all the streams that they are caught in large quantities by even the most primitive means, but especially with hook and line. In France, on the other hand, bullheads are very rarely caught with a line, but in America that is the method of self-destruction which they seem to prefer. They seize a line to which are attached several hooks baited with a morsel of meat, and with such eagerness that four, five and even seven are caught at one time.

"Mr. Cheney cites a remarkable example of the bullhead's greed. During a fishing tour which he made to one of the Adirondack lakes, in northern New York, he ran out of bait. It thereupon occurred to one of the fishermen with him to bait the hook with a tiny bit of sponger which served for the purpose of bailing the boat. At once the bullheads seized upon this novel kind of food, which surely could not have been appetizing, with as much apparent pleasure as if the hook had been covered with a worm or bit of meat, and the sport continued, all the time attended with the same good luck, and with that economical sort of bait, so that it was no longer necessary to freshly bait the hook after each catch."

When I got thus far I turned to FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 21, to see if I had actually said anything of the sort, or anything that could be tortured into such a statement in a free translation, for that is more than Hank Wilson would declare as truth—when beyond the influence of a camp-fire. I find that I simply related Hank's experiment of putting a piece of sponge on Commodore Witherbee's hook, but no bullheads were taken on it.

Willing as I am to accept his statement that he killed a Rocky Mountain goat in the mountains of Essex county, New York, not long after an old ram strayed from some farmer's flock, I happened to be present during the sponge episode, and I regret that Hank's joke should have been taken seriously in France through an imperfect translation of what I wrote.

The writer in the French Bulletin, Mr. C. de Lamarche, comments further upon the article in FOREST AND STREAM, and adheres in the remainder of the article to what I really said in his translation from English into French, except that he assumes that the threatened destruction of salmonidae by bullheads is more widespread than the facts narrated would warrant. He concludes: "In France bullheads will never be so abundant as to present the signal inconvenience arising from their numbers on the other side of the Atlantic, and they will not, therefore, cause the trout to disappear from our streams. They will, rather, furnish them an appreciable means of support in their food supply. Let us, then, suffer the Americans to call down the severity of laws upon the bullhead, and let us, when the occasion offers, be content to catch with a line that very ugly, but very interesting little fish, in order that our savory dishes of fried gudgeon may be thereby embellished."

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary for me to point out where I have been misquoted, as my article will speak for itself; but the fish that Mr. de Lamarche writes about forms no part of the fish food of this State or the country. In writing of the bullhead, he means the freshwater sculpies (*Cottus gobio*), Miller's thumb or blob. The bullhead I wrote of belongs to another species, another family and another order, called also horned pout, one of the catfishes, and specifically *Ameiurus nebulosus* (Le Sueur) or *A. catus* (Jordan & Gilbert, 1883). This is an entirely different fish from the Miller's thumb, and grows to 2lbs. or more in weight, and is an excellent food fish when it is in condition. I never even heard of any one eating the Miller's thumb or mufflejaw, except, perhaps, the Ichthyophagous Club members, when they were trying most every thing that swims or crawls or lives in the water. In the first place, the Miller's thumb is not large enough to bother with, as it grows only from 3 to 6 in. in length, and while it is common enough, one never finds them unless they are searched for, and we have so many edible fishes that no one would take the trouble to search for blobs, and I have never known one to take my hook.

Mr. de Lamarche credits me with saying that New York furnishes 200,000lbs. of bullheads in one year and four times that amount was furnished outside of the State. What I did say was that the bullhead product in New York was four times greater than that of any other fish from State waters, except the shad; but it is safe to say that Mr. de Lamarche does not half state the case when he makes the bullhead product in this country 1,000,000lbs., for it is a favorite and cheap food and the fish are very prolific and are easily caught with hook and line, and they are so generally distributed that if a water contains any kind of fish it is pretty sure to contain bullheads.

Mr. Harmsworth's Gift.

The cable informs us that Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, of London, has presented the steamship Windward to Lieut. Peary, to be used for Arctic exploration. Mr. Harmsworth will have the ship thoroughly overhauled and put in order and sent to this country. I have told in this journal how Mr. Harmsworth happened to be in this country tarpon fishing (he afterward wrote of his experience in Florida waters and it was published in FOREST AND STREAM, and while at Naples read in a newspaper that Mr. Jackson wished to undertake a journey toward the pole. He hurried back to London, and told Mr. Jackson to fit out an expedition and send him the bills. Then Mr. Jackson did so, and the bills amounted to \$125,000. It was Jackson who found Dr. Nansen, or Dr. Nansen found Jackson, for I do not quite know how to state the fact that they met, and Dr. Nansen came home in the Windward. When the ship went north for the last time, to bring Jackson home, Mr. Harmsworth wrote me that he was going in her with a party of friends, to be left to explore some trout waters in Siberia. Within a year past Lieut. Peary told me that if we had had a Harmsworth in this country all that could have been known about the North Pole would have been known long ago. One of the New York daily newspapers, in an editorial article, says today: "The thanks of the whole American nation, or that portion of it that appreciates generosity and heroic achievement—and does not that mean the whole?—are due to Mr. Harmsworth."

He could not help doing a generous act like that, for he was born to do such things, and as two of his three hobbies are Arctic exploration and fishing, it is quite natural that his generosity should at this time be directed toward the North Pole hobby. Mr. Harmsworth has promised me some notes for FOREST AND STREAM on his fishing in India when he can take the time to write them.

Fish Protection in 1734.

My friend Mr. Harry S. Brown, of the New York Herald, discovered and sent to me a copy of an interesting ordinance in regard to fish protection in New York city, passed in 1734, which reads as follows: "Ordinance of the Common Council of New York city, 1734. Be it ordained that if any person or persons whatsoever do, from henceforth presume to put, place or cast into the pond, commonly called Fresh Water Pond, belonging to this corporation, any hoop net, draw net, purse net, casting net, cod net, bag net or any other net, or nets whatsoever, and shall take or catch any of the fish within the said pond therewith, or by any other engine, machine arts, ways or means whatsoever than by angling with angle rod, hook and line only, every person so offending against the tenor of this law shall for every offense forfeit and pay the sum of 20 shillings, current money."

Mr. Brown writes me that Fresh Water Pond was filled up about 1800, but it was about midway of the island, or a little to the west of midway, and not far north of Canal street. I was not aware that the fight to exterminate the fish of this country began so early, but the net fishermen must have commenced their work

previous to 1734 to have made it necessary to pass such an ordinance, the language of which shows conclusively that its framers knew just what to pass to reach the root of the trouble. It was not until the comparatively recent codification of our State game laws that angling was again defined to be with rod or hook and line held in the hand; but with such a pattern set for the law-makers it is rather surprising that it was not followed at an earlier date.

A. N. CHENEY.

Sport near Home.

I WAS startled from a sound sleep at 3:30 one morning in October last by a cautious knock at my chamber door. "Who is there?" I growled, thinking to frighten the wits out of the villain who would dare disturb my slumbers at such an unearthly hour. To my surprise the small voice of my twelve-year-old youngster replied: "Get up, pop. I've got a lot of grasshoppers, and know where there are some fine black bass, but we must get after them early."

This was more than I could stand, so I hurried on some old clothes and found downstairs the little fellow had all the fishing tackle in readiness, besides our two bicycles, as we had to ride about a mile and a half. It seemed strange as we left with our wheels, for the night was so dark it was impossible to see the front tire, and it threatened rain. After going about a mile, my boy leading the way, with no serious mishaps except occasionally striking a rock in the darkness and falling off, the rain came on. It seemed to grow even darker, but the rain only dampened our clothes, and not our ardor.

We reached the woods, dark and thick, through which we had to travel by path to the little lake. Shouldering our wheels, we stumbled along, losing the path at every turn, but the little fellow had been there before, and believe, with his sense of location, could have led the way blindfolded. We reached the lake, which we could scarcely see for darkness and heavy mist, and after standing our wheels in some brush, we felt our way along the sloping bank, endeavoring to find an opening through which we might cast our grasshoppers. We soon found a short path. We did not see it, but were conscious of the opening as the foliage brushed from our faces and we felt the hard path under our feet. We groped our way down this path a few feet, and leaning a little over the water, the bushes cleared away for a small distance on each side—just such a place as you always find on the shores of lakes and ponds where the boys and enthusiastic anglers make their frequent stand.

Up to this moment matters had gone on smoothly, considering the difficulties we had to contend with, the rain and the pitch darkness. There was no such thing as "seeing." Our eyes were useless. We were obliged to use our sense of feeling to its utmost capacity. I never thought, when I took my fine bass rod, with its numerous eyes so close together, of the experience there was before me, as it took me exactly three-quarters of an hour to thread the line through the eyes on my rod. It was then about 5 o'clock. Wallace, my son, had gone away into the darkness to cast from some position of his own choice. The rain continued steadily, and I could not see the water less than 5 ft. below me. I cast my line with great difficulty, being guided entirely by the dropping of the grasshopper on the water, then drawing cautiously in and raising my pole straight up in front of me till I could feel the line swing against my outstretched hand, when I would learn if my grasshopper was still well hooked, and carefully cast again.

In this way I must have fished for an hour without a single nibble. The day was dawning very slowly, and the heavy mist was trying hard to raise from the pond. The rain had nearly ceased. I had become somewhat discouraged and reckless, as a fisherman generally does when he has fished for an hour and a half without a bite. I had put two grasshoppers on my hook instead of one, thinking to attract the fish better in the darkness. I could see, through the mist, Wallace sitting on a stone round a turn in the pond. I imagined from his position that he had lost interest, and I called out to him asking if he had caught anything. The only answer I received was a cautious "cis-s-se" between his teeth, which I misunderstood, thinking maybe he had had a bite and did not wish to be disturbed. Casting my eye across on the other side of the lake, I saw that a nice open, grassy bank ran down to the water, giving free space to cast in, and not noticing the excited gesticulation of the youngster, I hastened to the spot and out of sheer desperation put four fresh grasshoppers on my hook. I could now cast freely from 40 to 50 ft., and as I did not get a rise I gave up the idea of catching a fish and continued casting, with the feeling that I was at least getting good practice. A beautiful cast threw the bunch of grasshoppers fully 50 ft., gracefully dropping on the water. They had scarcely disappeared below the surface, when, to my surprise, my pole was almost jerked from my hands. Coming to my senses, and giving a short, quick jerk, I hooked the fish, which soon proved his identity by jumping fully 2 ft. out of the water.

He made a beautiful fight, but was well hooked; so I played him cautiously up and down the shore for exactly fifteen minutes before I conquered and raised him onto the bank. He was a beauty, and curled up on both sides of my reel, being much too large to lie flat on the bottom. It was a large-mouth bass and weighed plump 2½ lbs. after reaching home. I caught two more small ones quickly, and before Wallace had reached me, for he was hurrying around the edge of the pond with suppressed excitement in his face, which I mistook to be caused by his seeing my sport in catching the fish.

The day was now breaking the best it could on so dark and dull a morning. Sounds of the farmers awakening to their early toil filled the air. A lot of chickens were making a great noise, leaving the roost in a barn about 200 ft. up the bank, and several dogs began to bark savagely, and the youngster said: "Pop, we better go now; they don't bite here so late."

Looking at my watch, I saw we would just reach home in nice time for breakfast, so I hurriedly did up my tackle, pulled our wet wheels out of the bushes and hurried home.

The underbrush was wringing wet, likewise ourselves, by the time we emerged from the woods out on to the

main road. Up to that time I was totally innocent of having done any wrong or run any risk, when something prompted me to ask Wallace why it was necessary to get to the place at so early an hour. He laughed as if to split his sides, and replied: "Why, because you have to leave the place early," and added: "Pop, I thought we were done for sure when I heard the dogs bark." Then he pointed up to two large chestnut trees on each side of which were posted signs: "Fishing prohibited under penalty of the law." "You young rascal," I said, but he had mounted his wheel and was going fast toward home, still enjoying the joke. WM. W. HART.

NEW YORK.

Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountains.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The association was chartered under the laws of West Virginia in 1886, and took a fifty-year lease for hunting and fishing on 57,000 acres of land and water, afterward adding 7,000 acres. The property is 3,200 ft. above sea level, in Randolph and Pocahontas counties, West Virginia. It is reached by a beautiful drive of twenty-six miles from Beverly. Sixteen miles is up the charming Tygart Valley to the foot of the mountain, and then for ten miles up and over the Staunton and Parkersburg pike to the club house.

The valley is under more or less cultivation, but the surroundings are immense tracts of timber extending for miles and miles. The club house is of logs, two and a half stories high, 40x60 ft., with outbuilding for the superintendent, his family and the wardens. The house is furnished with all the comfort any sportsman could expect—clean beds and good victuals.

Wild turkeys, pheasants, squirrels and deer are quite numerous, with an occasional bear or wolf thrown in. It is estimated that we have 200 miles of trout stream, all more or less supplied with fine fish. We are not awaiting the depletion of our streams, but have taken time by the forelock and established a hatchery. In a short time I believe we can turn loose 500,000 trout annually.

Last year we tried raising Mongolian and English pheasants, and considering that our superintendent was not an expert, I feel that we did very well. But it was only an experiment, and whether or not we will follow it up I cannot say. Our membership is limited to 200, and, I am pleased to say, is fully taken, and by a lot of men as clever and gentlemanly as can be found. Occasionally some one dies or desires to drop out, in which event the stock must be offered to the club. In case the club declines to purchase, the owner can then dispose of his shares, but the purchaser must be elected a member before the transfer be made.

J. H. STEWART.

Wakeman Holberton.

Mr. Fred Mather writes: "For over ten years Holberton and I planned fishing trips, but they ended with the plans. Yet we enjoyed the planning, which, after all, is no small part of the enjoyment. We ate many a dinner at our favorite restaurant, in order to arrange details, which somehow were never carried out, but he was a man who enjoyed a game dinner, and perhaps we lost nothing by not fishing together. The day might have been plagued with an east wind, filled with fog and rheumatism, or the boatman might have failed us; but, if the fish were or were not on the feed, Holberton and I would have had a good day."

"Comrade Holberton was one of the best known anglers in New York city. For many years he was a salesman in the fishing tackle house of Conroy & Co., and then went with the firm of Abbey & Imbrie. His plate of "Standard flies," which has been lithographed, is a recognized standard, and brought order out of chaos. He was the organizer of the Oratani Snow-shoe Club of New Jersey, secretary of the New York City Association for the Protection of Game, and has contributed articles to FOREST AND STREAM on moose hunting, fishing and other field sports.

"He was an artist, and not only painted trout flies, but trout, bass and other fishes, and some of his pictures sold for good prices.

"Holberton went to the front in 1861 as a volunteer and worked his way up to a first lieutenantancy in the 72d New York Volunteers, and was honorably discharged for disability in '62, and was afterward breveted captain and major for gallant and meritorious conduct. Some three years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and was forced to retire from active work. I was to visit him on Jan. 27 next and arrange for some loach fishing in the Hackensack River next March."

The National Fish Commission.

From the New York Times, Jan. 7.

THERE seems to be something more than rumor in the assertion, not denied at Washington, and likely to be affirmed by an early batch of nominations sent from the White House to the Senate, that the President will name for Fish Commissioner a man who can by no stretch of the imagination or conscience be regarded by the President or by any other man who can read the law as legally qualified to hold that important position.

The law which the President has sworn to execute prescribes that the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries shall be "a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries of the seacoast and inland waters." Senator Elkins has a constituent, not a "person of scientific and practical acquaintance" with anything in particular, but simply acquainted with Mr. Elkins, and having a well-developed desire to have a place with a large salary. This man's acquaintance, such as it is, with fish and fisheries, has been obtained in six months by reading more or less diligent. Senator Elkins has jocularly referred to the fact that he has had his candidate "coached" in order to enable him to comply with the law and get a place.

There are several candidates for this office. None of them is quite so ignorant, in the view of the law, as the candidate of Mr. Elkins. Several of them have been well educated and carefully trained in the service of the United States and with the Fish Commission. They are

properly equipped for the place and for the satisfactory discharge of its duties.

Amazing as the unpalatable report from Washington must be to all men who desire to see the President act courageously and wisely in making such appointments, it seems to be determined beyond the possibility of adverse argument that Senator Elkins shall make this appointment and that a totally unfit man will get the place. President McKinley knows the law. Senator Elkins undoubtedly knows it. So does the man who has been studying six months to become a "person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries of the seacoast and inland waters."

If Senator Elkins's coached candidate shall be appointed by President McKinley, will not that appointment look like a deliberate surrender of his prerogative and his independence to a Senator who is not above contempt for the law? A President who reads the newspapers cannot plead ignorance of the total unfitness of Mr. Elkins's candidate. Under the circumstances the appointment of this West Virginia man at the behest of Mr. Elkins will be about as disgraceful a performance as has been reported from Washington for many years.

And yet it is insisted that there is no chance for anybody except Elkins's man. Will Senator Frye stand calmly by and allow the law which he procured to be put upon the books to be violated by the President?

Anglers' Tournament.

To be held at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 13-22.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

Rule 1.—All contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2.—No one shall be permitted to enter any contest, except those "open to all," who has ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide or has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

Rule 3.—All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee of \$2 for each event, or \$5 for three events, and \$1 for each event in excess of three. No entrance fees will be required in the ladies' and press contests.

Rule 4.—The order in which contestants shall cast shall be determined by the judges. The contestant must be ready when called upon by the judges.

Rule 5.—The leader and fly in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges, and the length and weight of rods must be recorded.

Rule 6.—Arrangements shall be made by the judges to accurately determine the point at which the fly or frog falls.

Rule 7.—Contests shall be called promptly at 3 P. M. and 8 P. M.

Rule 8.—After the contestant has taken his place on the stand his time shall be counted from the moment he says "Ready," and the first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the five minutes succeeding the word "Ready" shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 9.—The rod must be held in one hand, and shall not exceed eleven and one-half (11½) feet in length, except when otherwise specified.

Rule 10.—The barb and point must be removed from all hooks used.

Rule 11.—Trout flies on hooks not smaller than No. 12 shall be used, unless otherwise specified. Leaders, which must be of single gut, shall not be more than nine (9) feet in length, or less than six (6) feet, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 12.—Time will be allowed, in case of accident, to make repairs, at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 13.—The switch, or Pritchard, style of casting will not be allowed, except in the class devoted to that method of casting.

Rule 14.—All difficulties or disputes arising and not provided for in these rules shall be decided by the judges.

DESCRIPTION AND ORDER OF CONTESTS.

Thursday, Jan. 13. Afternoon from 3 o'clock.

No contest. The tank and platform will be open for practice.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class A.—Black bass fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. A No. 4 fly to be used, which will be furnished by the committee. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest.

Friday, Jan. 14.—Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class B.—Fly-casting contest. Accuracy only. Distance 40ft. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any single-handed fly-casting contest. After the contestant has signified his readiness, he shall make five (5) consecutive casts at a buoy. The contestant will then commence to cast with his back to the buoy and at any moment, at his option, shall wheel around and make a single cast at the buoy. Five of these casts shall be made. The distance in feet and inches at which the fly drops from the buoy at each cast shall be noted, and the sum of all these distances, added together and divided by ten, shall constitute the score. The contestant having the lowest average shall be declared the winner.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class C.—Light fly rod contest. Distance only. The rod must not weigh more than 5oz., with an allowance of ½oz. for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest.

Saturday, Jan. 15.—Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class D.—Light fly rod contest. Distance only. The rod must not exceed 4oz. in weight, with an allowance of ½oz. for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class E.—Obstacle fly rod casting. Distance only. Open to all. Rods and length of leaders unrestricted. A horizontal bar, under which the cast must be made, will be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30ft., and 6ft. above the level of the tank.

Monday, Jan. 17. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class F.—Ladies' fly-casting contest. For distance only. Unrestricted. Open to all. No fees will be required in this contest.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class G.—Obstacle fly-casting contest. For delicacy and accuracy. Open to all. There will be placed on the left side of the tank a bush overhanging the water 3ft., and above the surface 3ft., distant from the casting platform 30ft., and on the right side of the tank a similar bush, under like conditions, distant from the platform 40ft. The contestant will be allowed five casts at each bush. The contestant who places the fly most delicately and nearest the side of the tank, under either of the bushes, shall take first award.

Tuesday, Jan. 18. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class H.—Fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class I.—Switch or Pritchard style contest. Open to all. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. An obstacle, 12ft. high, will be placed 15ft. back of the contestants.

Wednesday, Jan. 19. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class J.—The press fly-casting contest. Open only to members of the press. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. No entrance fees will be required in this contest.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class K.—Single-handed bait-casting contest. For distance and accuracy. Open to all. Five casts shall be made with ½oz. rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Free running reel to be used. No limit as to rod or line, but the line must not be leaded or weighted. For accuracy five casts shall be made at a buoy placed 60ft. from the casting point. The casts to be made with the ½oz. rubber frog, and for each foot that the frog falls from the buoy, a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits, divided by five, shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. The average distance cast, added to the percentage for accuracy, shall constitute the score.

Thursday, Jan. 20. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class L.—Black bass fly-casting contest. Open for all. Distance only to count. Flies tied on No. 4 hooks furnished by the committee to be used. Rods and length of leader unrestricted.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class M.—Fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. Open only to those who have never cast over 96ft. in any similar contest.

Friday, Jan. 21. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class N.—Light rod fly-casting contest. Distance only. The rod must not exceed 4oz. in weight, with an allowance to be made of ½oz. for solid reel seat. Length of leader unrestricted.

Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class O.—Fly-casting contest. For accuracy only. Distance 60ft. Open to all. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. After the contestant has signified his readiness he shall make five consecutive casts at the buoy. The distance in feet and inches at which the fly drops from the mark at each cast shall be noted, and the sum of all these distances added together and divided by five shall constitute the score. The contestant having the lowest average shall be declared the winner.

Saturday, Jan. 22. Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Class P.—Light rod fly-casting contest. For distance only. Open to all. Rods must not exceed 5oz. in weight, with an allowance to be made of ½oz. for solid reel seat. Length of leader unrestricted.

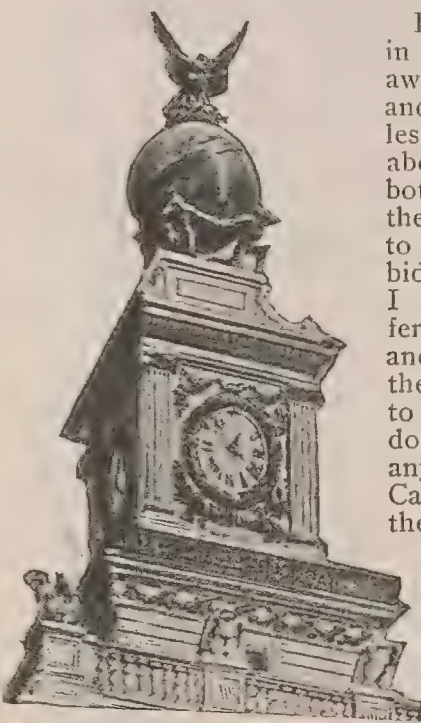
Evening at 8 o'clock.

Class R.—Expert fly-casting contest. Open to all. Distance only. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. The prizes in each contest will be a handsome gold, silver and bronze medal, donated by the National Sportsmen's Association of New York.

Tournament Committee.—Wm. C. Harris, Chairman (American Angler); Robt. B. Lawrence, Gonzalo Poey, Secretary; Frederick Engle, Chas. A. Bryan.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

The High Seas.



FROM my eyrie up here in the Tower I can look away beyond the Narrows and out to sea, that boundless sea the poets sing about. And now what bothers me is to know how the United States is going to enforce the new law forbidding pelagic sealing. As I understand it, seals are *feræ naturæ*, wild animals, and when they are found on the high seas they belong to nobody nor any power, dominion or Government, any more than the Mother Carey's chickens do when they flit over the ocean.

And how, in the name of maritime and international law, is the United States Government going to exercise jurisdiction over you and me when we want to take seals on the high seas? These are questions. We all believe that pelagic sealing ought to be squelched, but why should not Great Britain and Russia and Japan do their part? If the question shall ever come into the courts (mark my words and put me down for a prophet), the Supreme Court will throw out any prosecution of pelagic seal fishermen, on the ground that the United States has no jurisdiction. What is it all to me? Well, one of these days, when they think that perhaps they can run the Tower without my help, I may want to do a little sealing on my own account. Meanwhile, I don't want all the sense ruthlessly legislated out of certain fragments of poetry which linger in one's memory from schoolboy days—that grand apostrophe of Byron's—

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.

And Barry Cornwall, who, though he never went to sea, or at least before he had been to sea, wrote one of the very best sea poems in the language, and knew more about the freedom of the sea than an anti-high-seas fishing Congress appears to, we shall have to revise his couplet:

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

The Buffalo and the Trophy.

I read an editorial in last week's FOREST AND STREAM which, for rasping antithesis, stands by itself alone. Its subject was the killing of a buffalo.

The killing of the buffalo as it was done in the years not long gone as a matter of time, yet long gone as a matter which is somewhat dimmed in the rapid swirl of changing events in the current of time, is set forth in sharp contrast to the killing of a solitary buffalo, bought in the market of the world—a narrow market, exclusive in many ways, and yet a market in that there is something to be sold for a price on the one hand, and the purchaser with the price on the other. The whole order of killing for profit or killing for sport is reversed. In respect to either, one goes forth, captures his game and then settles for it from the standpoint of business or of sport. But the recent debutant makes his beginning where all others end. One may desire to gain possession of the buffalo to preserve it, another may wish to kill it to have the personal gratification of killing a majestic animal, and still another may wish to kill it from the one consideration of the profit to be gained, as he would consider any other business venture. And beyond all the absurdities apparent on the face of this extremely absurd and extremely regrettable affair, is that it is a consequent to certain antecedents distinct in a way, applauded by the world, accepted near and far as a true emblem of sport and also its true incentive; that is to say, not the hunting in itself and the purposes as hunting was understood a few years since, but the hunting for the sake of trophies. In other words, it ceases to be the sport as it was once understood. Personal gratification must be augmented. In addition to the excitement of the sport and the pleasure of success, there must be the further claim to the needs of

vanity in the material and ostentatious parade of a trophy. The latter demands the adulation of all comers, as the sport is a secondary matter when compared to the praises of a lifetime, or the profit of a sale, as the case may be. The sport was but the interest of the individual and the affair of the moment; the trophy was his pride throughout the ages. So in natural order it has come to pass that the pleasure of a moment should give way to the pleasure of a lifetime. Many hunters went forth with a willingness to forego the pleasure of the moment for the greater one of possessing the "trophy" which would bring a lifetime of adulation and envy and glory.

Now, with the most profound respect for all concerned, I maintain that the man who bought his buffalo and had it carted out to a convenient place to kill it in his own way and at his own leisure differed not a whit in kind from the man who has a professional guide to lead him to a moose, or buffalo, or what you please, to kill it to a reasonable certainty. The man who bought his victim and had the killing elaborated to a matter of fixed routine, merely carried further the arrangements of the man with the guide and the moose; the former knows where the guide is, the latter knows where the moose is—the man comes and the moose is killed. There is no question of the unlikeness of kind; it is a question only of degree. The man who killed his buffalo continued the affair where his brother, the moose hunter, left off. The moose was not tethered; the buffalo was. There you have the technical difference.

Before I dismiss this subject, I wish, with a due submission, to pay my respects directly to that class of specialists which has been growing larger as the big game grows costlier and scarcer—that class which strives for all the prestige of the hunter after the hunted no longer exist or are beyond the compass of the individual to personally capture. In my remarks, once for all, I desire to explain that I concede due value to a trophy emblematic of individual prowess, something that represents hardship, courage, novelty, manly fortitude, or one that represents food added to the public supply, etc. But this is a digression.

And these are my reasons: There are only a few considerations which render a trophy valuable. I am speaking now of a trophy in the proper sense. The first is that it may represent a journey into a far country, wherein the hunter may have incurred great danger from ferals, hostile natives, savage beasts, dangerous rivers, etc., conditions all of which imply a struggle with opposing forces. Moreover, such a journey may have cost large sums of money in conducting it and a long time in making it. The trophies from a far country thus being symbolical of hardship, novelty, danger, etc., on the one hand, and contributing to the general fund of scientific information on the other, and thus in a way working a public good, would be indeed a genuine article.

Contrast that with the trophy hunter of to-day nearer home, who does not consider a trophy as a proper incident of the hunt, but as being the purpose of it. Let us suppose that a hunter has a desperate struggle with a grizzly, or buffalo, or moose, or deer, etc., and that he takes home the head or hide to commemorate the event. Here again we have a trophy. It is inseparably associated with the deeds of the individual. In short, it is essentially an emblem of a conquest or a conflict under conditions which dignify and distinguish it above the commonplace. But how different is this in its essence from the common state of things. The idea of a real trophy is almost lost—to the general public it is quite so. The head of a buffalo is, colloquially, quite as likely to be called a trophy as it is a head, the public considering them as equivalent terms. Furthermore, we have trophies because they represent animals which are rare, or because I killed it, or because I wish to have the prestige for a few hundred dollars that my more practical brother sportsman got only by personal effort.

Of course this amiable weakness, to be up to date in appearance, was the source of the keen demand for heads as mural ornaments. And, of course, supplementary to this was the keen desire of a class for "trophies" made while you wait. Here we find the people who give the trophy hunter his inspiration. Would so many men enter the wilderness of Maine, kill a moose, take his hide and head as a "trophy," and leave the meat to rot, if the head did not have such a commercial value? No, surely not. And yet, with the unreasonableness of caste, the head-hunter would scorn his more humble brother who potted the moose illegally for food, although the latter was fulfilling more the true purpose of the public will, as much so as a man could who was doing an illegal act, if it were illegal.

Let us trace the growth of the evil and note how insidiously has been the growth of it. As heads and horns were trophies when taken under the conditions which made them such, we may look to them as first giving employment to taxidermists. There were those who readily saw much of ornament in them, if nothing of the nature of a trophy. The majestic heads, their rarity, the general admiration they excited and the constantly growing scarcity of them, impelled many to possess heads for mural adornment alone. Thus they have now largely lost their original significance of trophies and have become a matter of purchase and sale with fixed market quotations, as are potatoes or cabbages. One can go to any taxidermist of note and purchase any kind of head which he pleases, and the transaction will have not even a remote relation to sport, no more than would a purchase of steak or clams or clothes. And yet nothing is more common than to read that Mr. So-and-so ambushed a deer or a moose, with the aid of his guide, and took the head home for a "trophy." A trophy of what, pray?

Let us wave a farewell to the genuine trophy and welcome the advent of the trade trophy, that which is not a true trophy, but which we will make into a trophy by force of insistence. Let us hail with joyous acclamation the trophy which represents the destruction of immense quantities of valuable food each year or each day, as it may happen.

Any one who has read the columns of FOREST AND STREAM knows that the State owns the game within its boundaries. As a property it is a valuable property. It is a food supply. The most stringent laws are necessary to conserve it. It is a valuable adjunct to the State's

assets. As a matter of public good, men are allowed to partake of it under certain restrictions which are supposed to prevent injury to the general ownership. What, then, are we to think of the men who kill great animals and leave them to rot, taking only the head or skin? There are many hundreds of pounds of food wasted. There is just so much taken from the available food supply. But you say, "sport." I say that sport is not sport which injures the property of our fellows. I may have sport in improving that property, in making it available for public use, or, if you please, in taking pleasure in hunting down the game; but there the sport ends and responsibility begins, for I must take care that my sport is not wanton destruction of the public needs. The basic purpose of game, in the eye of the law, is for food, and the sport is merely an incident of it. It is not the thing itself. To kill wantonly or for ornament, leaving the food part of the animal to spoil, is exalting the pleasure of the accidental individual above the public weal. The legitimate purposes of the game as food supply come first, the pleasure or profit of the individual comes afterward.

There is no game-animal in America to-day which can with good reason be slaughtered wantonly, and such animals as are offered to the sportsman's consideration require no distinguished powers of physique or skill in their capture. Railroads, professional guides, camp comforts which make camping a recreation instead of a hardship, modern rifles and ammunition, etc., make hunting an unmixed pleasure instead of a venture made up of labor, danger and hardship.

The taking of heads is now an industry, as any one can readily learn by going into the markets where such goods are sold. We inveigh against the head-hunters who are robbing the Yellowstone Park or other places where the animals are so few that the eye can witness their rapid extermination. There is that other class which is equally culpable, the trophy hunter who is accessory to the pillager and makes the latter's vocation possible. If there was no market there would be no head-hunters.

The hunter who kills his game legally, takes it home or gives it to his friends, and then preserves the trophies appertaining to the hunt, has done nothing to warrant complaint, but he who kills and wastes is a foe to all true sportsmen.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—Butterly Bench Show Association's show, Grand Rapids, Mich. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

March 1.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show, Chicago. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 9.—St. Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. E. D. Brown, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss. W. S. Bell, Sec'y.

Jan. 17.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual hunt, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

Dogs as Draft Animals.—IV.

Netherlands.

AMSTERDAM.

MR. EDWARD DOWNES, Consul at Amsterdam, reports as follows:

Dogs are used extensively as draft animals in this consular district. There is strong opposition on the part of the various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals to the use of dogs for such a purpose. This opposition was recently manifested by a number of petitions presented by these societies to the Provincial States of North Holland, requesting that the use of dogs as draft animals be prohibited. These petitions were, however, rejected by the Provincial States on three grounds, viz.: (1) Very many people depend for their livelihood on the use of dogs as draft animals, and a prohibition of such use would work a great hardship on the owners and users of the animals. (2) Because, as dogs are the chief means by which these owners and users secure their living, it is only natural that they should take good care of them and avoid all cruel treatment. (3) Because the laws of the country regarding the ill-treatment of dogs are numerous and severe.

In connection herewith it may be stated that occasions do arise which require the intervention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The general Government prohibits cruelty to dogs and punishes all proved violations of the law; further, it does not go. All other regulations fall within the sphere of the provincial and municipal governments.

The general Government prohibits cruelty to dogs and punishes all proved violations of the law; further it does not go. All other regulations fall within the sphere of the provincial and municipal governments.

According to the laws of the Province of North Holland, the use of dogs as draft animals is allowed, but despite this fact a municipality within the Province may prohibit such use. In the city of Amsterdam, dogs can not be used as draft animals. When they reach the city limits, the drivers must detach them and drag or push their carts through the city.

According to Article XXXII. of the regulations of this Province, all dogs used as draft animals must be provided with a suitable muzzle of strong wire. Drivers of dogs must always give the right of way to other vehicles. When a horseman, carriage or wagon approaches from before or behind, the man in charge of

the dog or dogs must drive his cart to the extreme side of the highway, place himself in front of the dog or dogs, and remain there until the other vehicle or vehicles have passed.

In this country little or no attention is paid to the breed of the dog; the strength of the animal is the chief consideration. There is no regular method of training.

The harness consists of a leather collar, which is connected to the cart by ropes; no bit is used. One, two or three dogs are used for one cart; sometimes they are fastened before the cart, but oftener under it. The carts have only two wheels. The Amsterdam Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals informs me that the lack of a regular method of training and the crude method of harnessing the dogs frequently result in abuses, necessitating the society's intervention.

Switzerland.

BERNE.

John E. Hinnen, Vice-Consul, sends the following report:

The use of dogs as draft animals is limited, inasmuch as the local authorities in Switzerland can grant or prohibit such use. The use of dogs for draft purposes is prohibited as follows: To pull persons, children under ten years excepted; hitching by means of the collar; female dogs which are pregnant.

In the canton of Berne their use is permitted, and in the city of Berne the following police regulations exist: (1) Dogs must be at least 65 centimeters high, of strong build, and well fed. (2) They shall be hitched conformably to the purpose, but not in shafts or forks. (3) They shall not be used alone, but only as an aid to pull.

There is no special training; the dog is simply hitched to the cart until he becomes accustomed to the service, which generally takes very little time.

The harness consists of a breast collar, to which the pulling straps are fastened and guarded by another strap around the body.

Two and four-wheeled carts, not too heavy, are in use here. Milkmen generally prefer the former and butchers the latter.

The dogs used are, with a few exceptions, all bastards of the Bernardine race; the pure breed are not employed as draft animals.

HORGEN.

William Streuli, Vice-Consul, reports as follows:

Dogs are not used as draft animals to any extent in this district, except in the cantons of Schwytz and Zurich. In the former canton the dog is employed here and there by messengers from village to village, and by rag and bone gatherers. It is, however, a small, mountainous canton, offering not much occasion for that sort of canine employment, consequently public attention has not been drawn to the matter there sufficiently to furnish evidence of general facts.

In the canton of Zurich, it is the precinct of the capital that shows the largest use of the dog for that service, viz., 213, according to the last official counting. They are employed as draft animals mostly by dairymen, green grocers, gardeners, fruit venders, etc., to carry their products to the city in the morning.

The exceptional large use of dogs for the purpose in this canton has induced its government to draw up a set of regulations, which contain, I believe, nearly everything that may be desirable to know about the subject. The following is a translation:

Professionalism.

WHILE in North Carolina a few weeks ago, Mr. D. E. Rose, in a pleasant way, asked the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM why he assumed such an unfriendly attitude toward professionals. He was laboring under mistaken inferences. After so much explanation of the distinction between professionalism in its true sphere and professionalism which seeks to monopolize all branches of sport, it was rather astonishing that so much concerning it and us was misunderstood.

However, to make our position clearer, a brief explanation is here set forth, although the substance of it, in one form and another, has already been published in our columns.

Let us consider it as it concerns the dog world. Professionalism, as a matter of business in legitimate channels, no one can justly object to. We uphold it. Professionalism, however, is not sport. It is an adjunct to sport, and as such has its proper place and usefulness. The handler trains and boards dogs, handles them in the trials, and, if need be, looks after the making and filling of entries, etc. That is the business side of the matter, and the professional is strictly a man of business. So far he is a useful member.

The clubs are interested in the trials, on the other hand, as a matter of sport. To them belong the arranging of the competition, the selection of judges, the fixing of dates and the securing of grounds, etc., and the giving of a prestige and establishing of an equity which will win the confidence of the public as to the value of the competition. This is the non-professional feature of the field trial interest. Now, when a professional handler invades it, and has a voice in the election of officers, the appointment of judges, the selection of grounds and the value of prizes, he has an advantage over his competitors, is out of place as an interested party, and is entirely out of all harmony with the equity of a competition.

Some professionals would be content with a more or less silent club membership, while others would be content with nothing less than full dictation in all the interests that concerned them as professionals. The professional club member who talks sport or business on occasion, he who resolutely gives advice as a club member and profits by it as a competitor, soon causes a falling off in club membership.

When a club member is subjected to annoyances, and is shorn of all privileges but the one of paying his dues, he has no reason to be a member longer. He does not enjoy his sport by proxy. It has been the history of all field trial clubs that, when professionalism gained power and became dominant, they declined or ceased to exist.

It is a favorite retort among professionals that field trials could not exist without them. Granted, but what

of the results? The club member has lost a few days' pleasure when the trials are out of existence, and the professional has lost a large chunk of bread and butter. If field trials ceased to exist, the men who profited by the business features of the competition are the ones who are the real losers.

In pointing out these truths, we always thought that we were conferring a kindness on those who might be gainers by it. All our policy is in favor of legitimate business interests, but we maintain the rights of sport apart from the monopoly of professionalism. In one case it is a legitimate occupation; in the other it is a harmful parasite.

Unskilled professionalism we have always felt free to criticize, and to that we feel sure that those who really are skillful will not demur. Loud shouting, senseless whistling and tricks which are unwarranted, etc., have no support from this journal.

In the bench show world a case in point is the contemplated organization for the giving of bench shows, considered at the recent Brooklyn show. It enters into the matter on a basis of pure professionalism.

Professionalism in sport soon degenerates into cliqueism, which guards its own interests to the exclusion of others. When, years ago, shows were held as a matter of business or speculation, the whole substantial kennel world opposed such so emphatically that the speculative show was suppressed. The industry of organizing a show that a few might have a job and a profit proved distasteful to the fanciers at large. The sportsmen have not yet been schooled to a point at which they can take their pleasures vicariously. They are becoming schooled to a point whereat they object to making their pleasure tributary to a business which is masquerading as a part of their sport.

Westminster Kennel Club.

THE judges at the forthcoming New York show will be: St. Bernards, Newfoundland dogs and pups—Miss A. H. Whitney. Great Danes—J. Blackburn Miller. American foxhounds—Dr. A. C. Heflinger. Pointers—Charles Heath. English setters—William Tallman. Irish and Gordon setters—George Jarvis. Sporting spaniels—Andrew Laidlaw. Collies—Robert McEwen. Poodles—Charles D. Bernheimer. Bull dogs—not certain. French bull dogs—E. D. Faulkner. Boston terriers—Arthur Mulvey. Beagles—H. F. Schellhass. Bloodhounds, mastiffs, wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, Old English sheep dogs, dachshunde, all terriers (except Boston terriers), whippets, Italian greyhounds, toy spaniels, schipperkes, Pomeranians and miscellaneous—George Roper, England.

The special prizes make a list of larger and more valuable rewards than have ever been given at an American show. The Westminster Kennel Club will give a special prize of \$20 each for the best exhibit of four of the following breed, entered and owned by one exhibitor, namely, English bloodhounds, mastiffs, rough and smooth coated St. Bernards, Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, poodles, bull dogs, bull terriers, Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, smooth and wire-haired fox terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, black and tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs and toy spaniels.

There will be winners' classes at this show for bloodhounds, mastiffs, rough St. Bernards, smooth St. Bernards, Great Danes, wolfhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, curly-coated poodles, bull dogs, bull terriers, Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, smooth fox terriers, wire-haired fox terriers, Irish terriers, Scotch terriers, Black and Tan terriers and pugs.

Club trophies and medals are given by the English Bloodhound Club of America, American Mastiff Club, Old English Mastiff Club, Great Dane Club of America, National Greyhound Club, Pointer Club of America, Gordon Setter Club of America, American Spaniel Club, Collie Club of America, Poodle Club of America, Bull Dog Club of America, French Bull Dog Club of America, Boston Terrier Club, American Dachshunde Club, National Beagle Club, American Fox Terrier Club, Irish Terrier Club of America, American Scottish Terrier Club, Bull Terrier Club of America, Irish Setter Club of America.

There is a generous list of premiums for 233 classes. In important breeds the divisions run like this:

English bloodhounds, novice, dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5 and medal; junior dogs, \$20, \$10, medal; bitches, same; free for all dogs, same; bitches, same. Mastiffs, like classes, same awards. Rough St. Bernards, dogs, puppy, \$10, \$5, medal; novice, same; junior, \$20, \$10, \$5; free for all, same. Bitches, like classes and awards. Smooth St. Bernards, same.

Great Danes, same. Newfoundlands, free for all dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal. Russian wolfhounds, novice dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal; dogs, junior, \$15, \$10, \$5; free for all, same; bitches, same. Deerhounds, free for all, dogs, \$15, \$10, \$5; bitches, same. Greyhounds, novice dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal; junior dogs, \$15, \$10, \$5; free for all, dogs, \$15, \$10, \$5; bitches, junior, \$15, \$10, \$5; free for all, the same.

Pointers, puppies, dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal; novice dogs and bitches, same; junior dogs under 55lbs., \$20, \$10, \$5; over 55lbs., same; free for all, dogs, \$20, \$10, \$5; junior bitches, under 50lbs., same; over 50lbs., same; free for all, bitches, same; field trial class, dogs and bitches, \$15, \$10, \$5.

English setters are divided into puppies, dogs and bitches, novice dogs and bitches, junior dogs, free for all dogs, junior bitches, free for all bitches and field trial class of dogs and bitches, with awards as in corresponding pointer divisions. Irish setters, same. Gordon setters, same.

Spaniels—Irish water, junior dogs and bitches, \$15, \$10 and \$5; free for all, dogs and bitches, the same. Chambers, same classification and prizes. Field spaniels, puppies, dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal; novice dogs and bitches, same; junior dogs, black, \$15, \$10, \$5; other color, same; free for all dogs, same; junior bitches, black, same; other color, same; free for all, same. Cockers,

puppies, dogs and bitches, \$10, \$5, medal; novice, same; junior dogs, black, \$15, \$10 and \$5; red or liver, same. For full premium list write to Superintendent James Mortimer, Room 310, Townsend Building, No. 1123 Broadway, New York.

United States Field Trial Club.

TRENTON, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries to the third annual championship trials are as follows:

E. A. Burdette's English setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

Same owner's English setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie).

Charles B. Pineo's pointed dog Yy Rip-Rap (Rip-Rap—Pear's Dot).

H. B. Ledbetter's English setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

Charlottesville F. T. Kennel's English setter bitch Pin Money (Ct. Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

Charlottesville F. T. Kennel's pointer dog Tippo (Rip Rap—Monterey).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, English setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

Del Monte Kennel's English setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

Eldred Kennel's English setter dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.).

Ashford & Odom's pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V. Croxteth).

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

The International Trials.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have this only to say, in answer to Mr. Davidson's article. It is too personal to merit more than passing notice. The Club's investigation as to the reasons that prompted the awards will prove or disprove his assertions.

I thank you most heartily for your article on "Field Trial Transitions," as well as your exposition of the substance and meaning of my criticism of the judges' awards.

W. W. McCART.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The field-trial prospects for such trials as are fixed to be held at New Albany, Miss., are not at all promising in respect to the number of birds to be found there. The subjoined extract from a letter, under date of Jan. 2, written us by Mr. J. H. Johnson, Guyton, Miss., explains the matter more in detail: "I fear our trials will be a failure this year, on account of scarcity of birds. Mr. Buckle had to move from his training grounds at Grand Junction because of no birds. Mr. Mayfield writes me from Mooresville that three small coveys in a day's tramp is his luck. I am only finding about two coveys to the brace where formerly I found seven or eight. Mr. Bell wrote me to investigate the grounds at New Albany, but I learned on the 22d inst., while en route for this place, that there were very few birds there."

Yachting.

IN discussing the new Yacht Racing Union of North America, all of the British journals lay stress upon the fact that two American clubs, the New York and the Eastern, are not in accord with the movement, and they seem to consider that this disposes of the whole matter. If these journals were in any way posted in American yachting, they would understand that neither of the two clubs named has any material influence to-day on yacht building or racing, and that their attitude toward the many racing clubs of the country is a matter of very little importance. While their co-operation is desired, and would be fully appreciated, it is in no way necessary or essential to the success of the new organization. The Union was formed for the purpose of promoting yacht racing on the broadest possible basis, of inter-club and open events, instead of closed club racing, and of improving the racing rules. The New York Y. C. has nothing whatever to do with open races or with the smaller classes, which are practically the only ones which race at present; the few races which it holds are open only to the larger yachts enrolled in its own fleet. These races are limited to two regattas each year and the cruise runs, with a few extra events for private cups. The "annual regatta" brings out upward of a dozen yachts of various rigs and sizes, one or two in a class. The "fall regatta" is represented by a circular sent out to owners each year announcing the event, and asking for entries, the race not coming off in consequence of no responses being received. The cruising runs of the club in August usually bring out a fair fleet, with three to six boats in each of a number of classes, and for the first three or four days, possibly until the Vineyard is reached, there is fairly good racing. The races for special cups, in racing trim, have dwindled to mere perfunctory affairs, as witness the Goelet cup race in both divisions last year.

In yachting legislation the New York Y. C. has never taken a prominent part. The best of the rules on its books to-day have only been placed there long after they have been adopted and tested by smaller clubs. Apart from special legislation relating to the America's Cup, the only racing rules originated by the New York Y. C. for many years are the two relating to maneuvering for the start and limiting draft, both of which have been generally condemned by yachtsmen.

The New York Y. C. was formally invited to take the lead in establishing a national organization, such as has since been formed without it, and after full deliberation it accepted the report of its special committee in the matter, and refused to have anything to do with the scheme. In this report the committee brought out most emphatically the point we have made above—that the New York Y. C. is not a racing club, but devoted to other branches of yachting, such as cruising, conveyancing, etc.

The Eastern Y. C. is, to a certain extent, in Boston waters what the New York Y. C. is in New York, the premier club, the largest, wealthiest and most distinguished, but it also has little to do with yacht racing. Since the disappearance of the larger racing yachts, it has lost the prominent position which it assumed through its splendid work in 1885, 1886 and 1887 in the production of Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, with other noted yachts, such as Sachem, Pappoose, Baboon, all distinctively Eastern Y. C. craft. To-day it enjoys a good membership and a comfortable house and station; but, so far as yacht racing or racing legislation is concerned, it has no influence at all. The power in the East has passed into the hands of the union of many small clubs. It makes the rules, builds the yachts, gives the prizes and manages the races, just as the Sound Y. R. A. does about New York.

On general principles it would be a good thing if both of these clubs were in the new Union, but at the same time it is not plain that they would be of any direct benefit. The present racing rules, under which at least 80 per cent. of the races in the United States and Canada are sailed, have been made practically without the aid of either club, and presumably the work of improving these rules can go on in the same way. There are already, both in Boston and New York, enough clubs to more than fill the fixture list each season, so that nothing would be gained if both of these clubs joined the Union and opened their races to all neighboring clubs. The advantage, as we see it, is entirely the other way. The yacht racing and the rule making are now in the hands of the different associations and of the Union, and if individual clubs wish to share in either they must needs join. The functions of these large clubs are materially different from those of the numerous smaller ones. There is a place in New York yachting for the New York Y. C. as the oldest, richest and largest of American clubs, and a similar place for one club in Eastern waters, well filled by the Eastern Y. C. They do their work in yachting, and the Union and local associations each does its work; there is no reason why any antagonism should exist, but at the same time it is absurd to ignore the real life and activity of American yachting to-day simply because it is outside of any two clubs.

It evidently has not occurred to the British journals that their argument applies very close to home. As a matter of fact, the relations of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the British Y. R. A. are not widely different from those of the New York Y. C. and the new Y. R. U. The Squadron recognizes and tolerates the Y. R. A. It could not well do less, considering the age and power of the latter, but it does little more. Like the New York Y. C., it declines any too intimate connection with the many smaller clubs. It makes its own rules and holds its close regattas under handicaps of its own peculiar kind. It has never cordially co-operated to make the Y. R. A. a success; but the latter seems to have worried along for over twenty years without it, and we have little doubt that the Y. R. U. of North America will be able to follow its older prototype to a successful majority.

If the plans already published of the new Bath steam yacht are really correct, and not cooked over from old pictures of the Eleanor, our surmise of last week will prove only too true. These plans show an enlarged Eleanor, just as Eleanor was an enlarged Sagamore. All the objectionable features of the latter's design, so far as appearance goes, were increased in proportion in the enlargement from 160ft. lwl. to 208ft., and the same dire result is likely to follow the enlargement of Eleanor's design to 258ft. lwl. The drawings, so far as they go, show the same unfair and shapeless sheer, round amidships and straight at the ends, and the characteristic "dishpan" stern of the Bath boats. If the yacht were only intended to potter around home, like Electra, Anita, Alicia, Dungeness and Columbia, it would not matter so much; but, on the other hand, she is intended for foreign cruising, and will cruise next summer in European waters as the latest and finest effort of American yacht designers. No doubt she will be big and comfortable, like Eleanor, with ample light and ventilation below, and a good seaboard, but these are only the requirements of a commercial vessel. To be worthy of the name of yacht, she should have the externals that are commonly associated with that class of vessel.

Through the Sound in an Oyster Sloop.

By the time Faulkner's Island was abeam matters had assumed an interesting aspect. Whitecaps were the rule, not the exception. The wind had steadily increased, and though Susie yawned at a great rate, yet she made excellent weather of it. We wondered if the wind would come much stronger, but concluded it had about reached its height; that was where we made a monumental mistake. Many a boat of Susie's size would have had at least one reef in the mainsail, but we kept on full mainsail and jib. In this manner we sailed until Corn Field Point Lightship was sighted. We then decided that the time had certainly arrived to reef.

Sam watched his chance, and at the proper time he shoved the tiller hard down. Like a swallow on the wing Susie circled on a huge roller until her bowsprit pointed into the wind. Stanley and I trimmed the mainsheet until the boom was plumb amidships. Susie's bow rose until the bowsprit pointed heavenward at an angle half way between the western horizon and the zenith. Then down, down she plunged, burying her bowsprit as far up as the cutwater. Her stern soared high on a rolling billow until it was at an angle the same as the bow had been. The sails slatted and banged viciously, ropes hissed and snapped, and the wind shook the flying jibboom as a terrier does a rat. Sheets of spray doused us from head to foot. Stanley and I quickly lowered the mainsail. Sam shoved the tiller hard up, the jib was trimmed to windward long enough to drive the bows around to our course, and Susie commenced to fly on her way once more.

Now that we were headed on our course, Stanley and I took our time about reefing. As the wind was undoubtedly increasing in strength we tied in two reefs. When our task was finished we hoisted the double-reefed sail and went tearing on our way again.

Bub now came on deck, and selecting a spot forward of the cabin house he laid down. Here the motion of the boat was less severe than in the bows or stern; Bub, therefore, was soon feeling well enough to ask questions. Said he:

"I say, Sam, was you ever out when it was as rough as this before?"

"Why, Bub, this isn't rough."

"Well, if this isn't rough then I don't know what you call rough. Just see how it used me. Why, I haven't had malaria for over a year before!"

Everybody laughed at this, and Stanley said: "Queer kind of 'malaria,' Bub; looked a good deal more like seasickness to me than anything else."

"Ah, what you giving us? Seasickness your granny! Why I

was never seasick in my life," sneered Bub in disgust. He and Stanley then argued the scientific difference between malaria and seasickness for fully an hour. The argument might have lasted indefinitely had not there been something of greater importance to occupy the attention of all hands.

The wind had now reached a really dangerous height, and the sea had a wild, angry look. While the sun shone bright and clear and no cloud could be seen, still there was a cold glare about him that was entirely unnatural. Gust after gust the wind came howling over the water. It wrenched the crests from the angry seas and hurled them in misty cloud patches through the air. When one of the gusts would strike Susie the boom and flying jibboom would lift high in the air and the mast would bend like a reed. The seas—huge, rolling, white-crested monsters—came seething, lashing and foaming astern in countless numbers. At times they would appear on the point of toppling over the stern and of overwhelming our gallant little ship, but, buoyant as a cork, she would lift high on the tops of their broken crests, only to sink again into the blue, briny valleys down their furthest sides. The clear, sharply-defined sand cliffs of Long Island, with their green crests, were rapidly lifting to view, for we were overhauling Rocky Point at a good ten-knot clip despite our shortened sail. I could tell by the expressions on their faces that Sam and Stanley were anxious; I felt nervous, but said nothing.

We were almost off Rocky Point when we saw a large keel catboat standing across the Sound toward the Long Island shore. She was close-reefed, and every time she fell into a hollow of the seas she disappeared so that but half of her sail showed above the waves. She crossed our stern half a mile to windward, and we could see that every one of her crew of five was stripped and ready to swim. As they did not signal or show signs of distress we kept on our way.

With the exception of two schooners under reefed sails, this yacht was the only sailing craft of any description we saw from the Thimble Islands to Plum Gut. Soon after passing her we reefed the jib and slacked the peaks of the mainsail. We then lashed the skiff more securely, saw that the hatches were battened down tightly, dropped the companion slide into place, and made everything as snug and tight as possible. We were very anxious as to what our reception would be in Plum Gut.

When our precautionary preparations are finished we notice that Susie seems to be making better weather of it; although the seas are unenlivened by increasing in size. The wind, however, appears to have reached its final height. We are congratulating one another on this fact when our ears are greeted by an ominous, hissing, sweeping sound. We glance fearfully over the starboard quarter and behold an immense wave moving down with irresistible force upon us. It appears fully twice the size of any we have yet met. As it advances, lofty and white-maned, it roars like a sullen lion and hisses like ten thousand serpents. We are filled with apprehension as to whether Susie will be able to withstand its mighty force. On, on it sweeps, until it is but a few yards away. Now we sink to the bottom of a valley of liquid blue, a snow-crested mountain of blue frowns pitilessly down upon us; it topples, falls, and roaring like Niagara it buries our gallant little ship in a hissing, boiling cauldron of yeasty foam. Staggered, Susie pauses as though to gain strength; then, like a maddened Amazon, she shakes herself, and with a tremendous heave she bursts through the foaming sea. With streaming decks she soars up, up, up to the topmost height of the huge, rolling mountain of blue. As she sinks into the next indigo valley she meets a reception somewhat similar to the first, though not quite so harsh.

Three times were our decks swept fore and aft by monster waves within a distance of a mile. Then the seas became smaller, and, although they yet ran very high, they were as pigmies compared to giants when measured by the tremendous ones that had boarded us.

Sam has spent eighteen years of his life on the Sound, yet he declared the seas we met that day to be the largest he had ever seen. One of the pictures accompanying this yarn is that of a wave snapped with the camera by Bub. It was taken before we met the largest waves. We would have tried a shot at one of the latter but for the fact that our plates had all been exposed. Nobody seemed to care about filling the plate-holders again just then. We had more serious matters to engage our attention about that time than taking pictures. In Sam's opinion, the giant waves we met for a mile were those of a tide rip. He also thinks we were lucky in having the tide in our favor, otherwise we might have swamped.

Much to our surprise and gratification we found the sea in Plum Gut smooth in comparison to what we had already met. The wind seemed not to blow so hard, so we shook out the reefs in the mainsail and jib, and Susie raced through the water like a runaway horse.

We were half way through Plum Gut when we met a large steam yacht. Her launch, with a party of fishermen aboard, was plunging into the waves on Midway Shoal. We thought we saw a number of fish taken, but were not sure. The little vessel seemed to have all the sea she needed. She would be exposed to full view on the crest of a wave for a moment, then she would drop completely out of sight into the hollow of a sea. We voted unanimously that she would surely have broached to and sunk had she been compelled to have faced the tremendous seas with which Susie had successfully coped.

Once through Plum Gut, we found the water comparatively smooth. True, it was choppy, and as Susie tore on her way with lifted saucer her lee rail was awash and her shapely bows smashed the snappy waves into snowy atoms. The westerling sun had lost its stony glare of the morning, and it shone with a warm, mellow light. The sea showed not the faintest tinge of green, but it was of the deepest indigo, and all a tremble with millions of flashes and sparks, as though strewn with countless diamonds, pearls and emeralds.

We were half way to Gardiner's Point when we met a large, handsome naphtha launch. She was pure white and fully 50ft. in length. Her bright, polished brasswork glowed and flashed radiantly as she jumped a full third of her length out of water upon meeting the advancing waves. Bareheaded and in spotless white duck, a man lolled in exquisite ease on the launch's stern. He indolently waved his right hand as we passed. The reason he waved his right hand instead of his left one was plainly evident. The left arm encircled the waist of a lady, who, also clad in spotless white, lounged by his side.

Stanley was so overcome by this sight that he immediately started in to devour all the canned goods aboard. Before meeting the launch he had complained of a feeling of qualmsiness. The sight of that blissful couple, however, completely cured him. Even Bub forgot his malaria, and he voraciously devoured half a can of baked beans, half a loaf of bread, enough butter for three men, and a can of apricots. He had just begun on his second can of condensed milk when Sam and I entered a protest. We wanted another square meal ourselves; so, while Sam steered, I went below and passed out part of the cargo to him.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Eastern Plain Point was abeam. From here we headed the boat for what we took to be the entrance to Napeague Harbor. After sailing half way across from the point to Long Island we became convinced that what we had taken for Napeague Harbor was Fort Pond Bay. We then hauled close on the wind, and engaged in a snappy beat to windward until we sighted the fish factory on Hicks Island, near the entrance to Napeague Harbor. After passing the outer red buoy and the inner red and black one, the lead-line was brought on deck and we kept the lead going until we had safely entered the harbor.

The fishermen have stuck cedar poles along the edge of the crooked channel that leads into the harbor. These must be left on the port hand when entering. Boats drawing less than 8ft. of water can safely enter the harbor when the water is not too rough. The bottom can plainly be seen, and it seems not more than 5ft. below the surface; but on account of the extreme clearness of the water the true depth is very deceiving.

Upon entering the harbor we found the water as smooth as a mill pond. After passing three or four fishing sloops, which were moored to stakes driven in the mud, we hugged the east shore of the harbor close, and sailed well down to its southeast end. We anchored off the end of a wrecked pier in 14ft. of water. Susie had made the run from New Haven in a trifle over eight hours.

It was eight bells when sails were furled and everything was made snug. The sun was still so high that all hands voted to take a ramble ashore. A person had told Stanley fabulous stories of certain flocks of yellowlegs to be found along the beaches and in the marshes that border the harbor. Therefore Stanley decided to carry along with him his new Winchester pump-gun.

We pulled the skiff well up on the beach and started off along the shore. We were surprised and pleased to find such a peculiar-looking country. Indeed everything was so strange and interesting that it almost seemed as though we were in a foreign land. We could hardly realize that the mightiest city of the Western Hemisphere was but a hundred miles or so away. It was strange to see vegetation growing profusely out of pure white sand. Stunted trees, mostly beach plum, flourished to such an extent as to be almost impenetrable in places. Under foot the ground was carpeted thickly with diminutive cedars, short grasses and running vines. Creeping plants, bearing yellow, daisy-like flowers, and dwarfed poison ivy, were also very plentiful. In many places the sandy hills bore no vegetation, however, but stood mute monu-

ments to the mighty force of the winds which sometimes sweep over that almost desolate country. These piles of sand resemble huge drifts of snow in their pure whiteness. Here and there the wind had scooped out immense hollows in the sides of some of the hills. This caused their upper edges to curl over and to resemble the crests of huge rollers about to topple on the beach. Sparsely scattered here and there could be seen the rude, unpainted shanties of fishermen. Some of the roofs of these shanties were thatched with salt meadow grass.

It is but half a mile across the narrow neck of land that separates Napeague Bay from the ocean. We could plainly see the flagpole on the roof of the life-saving station, so started to walk in that direction. After walking a third of the distance to the beach we made out a road ahead. On the further side of the road we could see the railroad track which skirts the line of low sandhills. We knew that by gaining the top of one of the sandhills we would be able to look down upon the ocean, for we could plainly hear the rumble of the surf from where we then were.

Why Stanley should clothe himself in a heavy black sweater and wear a thick skull cap with a tassel attached to a cord leading from the crown of the cap, so that the tassel dangled up and down near the center of his back or swung crazily to and fro as he walked, is entirely beyond my comprehension. However, clad in this outlandish manner and carrying a Winchester shotgun, he resembled more a wild and bloodthirsty pirate than a civilized oysterman from Greenwich. He no sooner heard the roar of the surf than away he went, gun in hand, on a dead run in the direction of the sandhills. He had almost reached the road when we beheld a horse and open carriage approaching along the road. Suddenly the horse stopped, pricked up its ears, snorted, jerked its head around with a snap, and fastened its inquiring eyes on the white-capped driver who occupied the carriage seat. After gazing at its driver in a "what-the-devil-do-you-call-that-thing?" manner for a while, the animal jerked its head around again and stared with wild eyes at the long-legged, long-armed apparition that was sailing over the landscape ahead. He then snorted twice, and, much to the consternation of his scared driver, he tried to turn a back handspring into the carriage. Not succeeding in this, he tried his utmost to turn the whole combination around in a 3ft. circle. While the frightened animal was engaging in these interesting contortions, it was plainly evident that his driver too was half scared out of his wits. He probably mistook Stanley for the advance guard of a gang of highway robbers who entertained questionable designs against him and his outfit. Be this as it may, he heaved a mighty sigh of relief when Stanley sailed across the road ahead of his horse at a Star Pointer clip. As the man drove by we saw that he was one of the crew of the life-saving station.

After gaining the top of the nearest sandhill, Stanley rested the butt of his gun on the ground and struck a remarkably ungraceful attitude. A fisherman's shanty stood a short distance away, and we saw a man come to the door and level a pair of marine glasses at the black scarecrow on top of the hill. Like a flash he suddenly disappeared in the shanty. Probably he had gone after a gun.

After reaching the side of Stanley we also stopped, and struck attitudes of wonderment if not of grace. Further than the eye could see the blue summer ocean basked beneath the summer sun. A dazzling sandy beach extended from the base of the sandhills to the water's edge and stretched away for miles on either hand. Tremendous ocean surges ceaselessly rolled landward in blue, swelling hills. When on the point of striking the shore they reared themselves in stupendous, snowy-crested combers, which paused and threateningly shook their white manes in the air, then fell thundering on the beach. Away to the left and to the right the sands were smothered in floods of pearly foam, which swept seething far up on the beach, only to retire again. Filled with the softest rainbow tints, a gauzy curtain of mist drifted away to seaward from the breaker's edge. Thrilled and awed, we gazed enraptured upon the grand, majestic sight for a long time, and no one spoke. Then a flock of gulls flew by and mingled their plaintive cries with the solemn roar of the surf; this broke the spell. Stanley ran down the hill to the water's edge, and the rest of us followed him.

We strolled along the beach a ways, and picked up shells and stones. Some of the stones had been worn into curious shapes by the continuous action of the water upon them. We also saw a number of flocks of snipe and plover. Stanley tried in vain to get a shot at some of them; they were very wild, and it was utterly impossible to get within shooting distance of them.

After walking along the beach for half a mile or so we came to a fisherman's shanty. It was one story high, and built of plain boards which had never known paint. There were two doors. One faced the ocean, and from the other one could look across the sandy hills and see Napeague Harbor and the glittering blue waters of Gardiner's Bay.

Two dories were drawn well up on the beach near the shanty, and a number of nets were stretched on the sand to dry. We were examining the dories when a fisherman appeared in the door of the shanty and we engaged him in conversation. He invited us to seats on a bench in the shade of the shanty, and we accepted. We found this to be the home of four surf fishermen; and after a half hour's conversation with them we concluded they must earn a good living. They told us that they iced their fish as soon as the day's catch was landed, and always shipped them to New York city by the first train. This they could easily do, as the railroad was but a stone's throw from their dwelling, and they had but to flag a train when they had any fish to send away. They fished on the sandy bars, which could be plainly located by the brownish appearance of the water a short distance outside the surf. They were very intelligent men, and kept themselves in daily touch with the world's doings through the New York papers, which they received regularly.

"If you had only been here this morning you could have seen us go out through the surf," said the man who appeared to be the generally recognized spokesman of the fishermen. "We didn't find the fish in any numbers, so came in early. We thought some of going out again this afternoon, but backed out. Too much surf, you see."

"You don't always have so much surf then?" I asked.

"No; it don't often run so high unless there's a storm. We always have plenty of surf, though, even in the quietest weather. Take it in an old southeaster, and you won't find an uglier stretch of lee shore from Maine to Florida than Napeague Beach."

Besides two or three kittens, the fishermen had a couple of handsome water spaniel puppies for company. While making ourselves acquainted with the puppies we were surprised to hear a colt whinny, under our feet it seemed. He was stabled in the cellar under the shanty.

We talked a while longer with our new acquaintances, then I arranged to run over in the morning and snap them with the camera while going out through the surf in their boat. Stanley and I then started off along the beach in the direction of the life-saving station. We left Bub and Sam talking with the fishermen, they having decided to return to the sloop by the route we had taken to reach the shore.

The Dismasting of Republic.

THE following interesting story of the dismasting of the schooner Republic is told by Mr. Stinson Jarvis in the Tribune:

The schooner Republic, owned by George Matthews, of New York, which arrived last week at Manning's slips, in the Erie Basin, has experienced one of the most curious kinds of wrecking that ever happened to a yacht or any other kind of vessel. The story of the voyage, a record of disagreement, dismay and disaster, makes good reading, though the wrecking was of a kind which no yachting novelist would dare to use in his fiction, because the facts are almost too strange to be believed. The appearance of the hulk as it floats beside the wharf, with its huge bowsprit on deck and its broken masts lashed on each side of the skylights and companionway, tells a great deal without words. At the bow the planking of the bulwarks and the timbers of the rails have been pulled out of her. Not a sign of a bobstay appears on the stem. Long strips of sheet lead are closely nailed down the whole length of the stem, where the butts of the forward planking pulled away from it. Amidships the starboard bulwarks are smashed flat to the deck. Huge bits of galvanized ironwork, 3in. in diameter, that were once crossstrees and davits, lie twisted and curled up as if the steam hammer of a rolling mill had been used on them. The jury rig still stands on her, as it was set up while at sea off Cape Fear—an interesting piece of work for a yachtsman, and evidently set up by sailors and men who knew their business. A sailor on board told this story of the cruise:

"It was the curiousest kind of a trip I ever made. We went out here last summer, and they gave us quite a send-off as we listed our hook at the Atlantic Yacht Club and dropped down the bay. The yacht had been chartered from the owner, Mr. Matthews, by some people who had bought mahogany-growin' lands in South America. They say there was English money in the thing, and, as near as I can recollect, the name of the firm that sent their agent aboard was Kean, Van Cortlandt & Co. Our old man at that time was Capt. Whittier; but, Lord love ye, we've had enough captains

aboard this craft to sail her by themselves, if they could be all put to work at once. Whittier was great for discipline, and a mighty good sailor, too, and he didn't want no back talk from the agent. He was kind of sot in his ways of runnin' the vessel, and I guess the agent was sot in his ways of thinkin', so, the first thing we knew, old man Whittier left the vessel when we put into Kingston, Jamaica.

"Well, we had two or three more captains before we got through in the South. The agent had to go ashore and inspect the mahogany lands to make his report to the firm, as we supposed. I forget the name of the skipper that come into Mobile with us, on the way home, but at that port Capt. Randelet took charge, and on the way up the coast we got some breezes that 'ud frighten you. Some of the squalls was great. And they would shift round and change their grip quicker than a trained terrier. Gee! they would blow the shingles off the lee side of a barn! Of course, the only canvas we showed was close-reefed, and we was staggerin' along, rippin' the horn through the head seas, and about every third wave we was blue water to the foremast.

"Capt. Randelet was keepin' a pretty close watch all round, and after awhile made out that the vessel was straining at the stem. The bobstays showed signs of pullin' out of her altogether, and the skipper ran in under Cape Fear to try to get some shelter, while the whole crew worked at settin' up some riggin' forward to hold the masts in. This was to be in case the bobstays pulled out. Well, we dropped the big hook, and it held her all right, though we didn't get much shelter, and there was a devil of a sea runnin' all the time. And you'll know what a sea there was when I tell you what happened.

"We didn't have time to set up more stays to the foremast, and then a big pitch aft pulled the whole front out of her, as you may say. The bobstays came up, and both masts jerked aft. The bowsprit rose straight up in the air, turned a somersault on its heel, and swung inboard after the falling masts. Do you see that big stick there? Now, that boysprit, 3ft. in diameter, fell just where you see it, with its small end p'intin' for the stern. We just lashed it where it fell, and that tells of the turn it took in the air. Why, talk about miracles! There was ten of us on deck at the time, and not a man was hurt! How do you account for that? You will know the amount of heavy steel rigging and ironwork that came flying inboard with the bowsprit. Then there was the shrouds on both sides of both masts. Any one of them would kill you if it caught you in-falling.

"And here's one more thing that none of us can explain. The mainmast fell and smashed into three pieces, the piece still in the step, this middle part that is lashed to these skylights, and the masthead is overboard. Now you can't find a spot on the decks or rail where that mast could have fallen. The cabin top, just aft of it, hasn't been even scratched. Here's a line of skylights between the two masts, and not a single pane of glass was broken or a brass rod turned out of place. That long Spanish cedar gig hanging there in the davits was not touched. She used to belong to W. K. Vanderbilt's Alva, the steam yacht that got run into and sunk in the night. The other two, the longboat and the dinghy—well, there they are, and you can't find a mark on them. That break in the starboard bulwarks was not made by the foremast, because this big stick fell where you see it now, close to the skylights and along the deck.

"We fellers in the fo'e'sle has been puzzlin' out this thing all the way home, and, though we was all on deck at the time, there ain't one of us that knows how them tons of timber dropped and smashed up without breaking a boat or leaving a mark.

"While we were clearing away the wreckage and trying to get some of the raffle on the decks cleared up a bit, the schooner Florence and Lillian saw us, and hove up to speak to our old man. They wanted us to go aboard and leave the yacht where she was. But our skipper only asked the schooner to send out a tug as soon as it could weather the sea, and then we set up a jury rig. To the 8ft. stump of the foremast we lashed the boom of the foresail, as you see it standing there, and we gave it four rope shrouds on each side and a forestay. But the jury mainmast was not so easy, because the big stick had cropped off exactly at the deck. Here we had to lash the broken spars to each side of the skylights, and then put a cross-timber between them, to which the foot of the jury mainmast could be lashed. We used the foregaff as a mainmast. Afterward two trysails were hoisted and a sort of a forestayvial forward. Under this canvas we were sailing into Southport, N. C., when the tug met us and towed us to Wilmington.

"But the damage did not stop there. When Capt. Randelet delivered over the vessel, a new captain came aboard and made a fire in the saloon fireplace, the day bein' extra cold. But the stovepipe had got knocked out of place down South, and the first thing he knew the inside staterooms was all ablaze. He called a passing tug that had her fire hose handy, and she put out the fire. But everything in the staterooms is spoiled with fire and water.

"As to the wreckage, the experts have been here and made their report. She will want new sticks everywhere; booms, gaffs, topmasts and jibboom, as well as new canvas from end to end. The talk in the yards is that it will cost \$10,000 to put her as she was before, and I'm told that the charterers have to pay for it all, because the agreement was wrote out that way."

Around the yards it is said that a nice point in marine law may come up. It is said that the defense may be that the Republic was not in a reasonably fit condition to perform her work; that her mainmast was in a bad condition, and that she was too old for the service of that long voyage. The Republic is sixteen or seventeen years old. In 1885 she was lengthened 15ft. by Mumm, and in 1893 she received a new stern from the same builder. She is 112ft. long over all, with a water-line of 98ft. and a 23ft. beam. Her model is a very powerful one, and since her drydocking here the experts have reported her oak hull to be now in excellent condition.

Cythera.

IN a letter to the Marine Journal, in which, by the way, he pays the highest compliment to the yachts designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, Capt. F. F. Norton writes as follows concerning the very doubtful yarn of the loss of the yawl Cythera in the March blizzard, which we noted a few weeks ago. Capt. Norton's statements confirm our impression of the story of the alleged survivor:

I noticed in your columns a recent editorial article in regard to the loss of the yacht Cythera in the blizzard of March, 1888. I was at that time in command of the yacht Iroquois, owned by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, and sailed from New York in company with the Cythera, bound for Savannah, Ga. The wind being from the eastward, we beat out by the Hook and stood away down the beach on the port tack. We parted company during the night, and I never saw Cythera again. The gale struck us about 10 o'clock the following night, but being warned by the movements of my barometer and all the appearances of the weather, of the coming of the usual revolving storm, which happens off this coast at that season, I was all prepared for it.

The wind had gradually worked around from the east by way of the south to southwest during the day (Sunday), and I was, when the northwest wind came, forty miles southwest by south from Barnegat. I immediately hove the yacht to on the starboard tack under storm trysail set on the mainmast. We were not far from the western edge of the Gulf Stream, and drifted into it in a short time. By 2 A. M. on Monday the wind was blowing very hard and a tremendous sea was working up. I attempted to use oil bags in the usual way, but could not make them work satisfactorily and gave it up. I then thought of the fore-castle closet, and taking a 5gal. can of oil which we had on board for that purpose, I made a small hole in it and let it run into the bowl and kept a man there to pump it out every few moments. The oil coming up under the stem and spreading out to windward, formed a most perfect protection.

When daylight came on Monday morning the wind was blowing fearfully. The top of the ocean was as white as a snowdrift, and the Iroquois was the only speck on it. She was lying lee rail under most of the time, but doing most beautiful work. The wind increased, if possible, all Monday and Monday night. Tuesday morning it had got around to about north-northwest, and at times seemed to moderate. About 10 A. M. I kept off before the wind and set fore-trysail, and scudded for seventeen hours, averaging eleven knots under the two trysails. I finally ran out of the storm and got fine weather and arrived at Tybee in less than six days from New York.

Now, my opinion in regard to this story you mention, that the sailor Engleson tells, is that it is all a yarn. I think your idea in regard to the loss of the yawl is about right, and I have always advanced the theory that, as Cythera was bound to Bermuda, and the wind, when it struck from the northwest on Sunday night, was a fair wind for her port of destination, they kept her off and undertook to run head into the southeast sea still running from the wind of Saturday. The northwest wind coming so heavy, and probably no preparations having been made to heave the vessel to, she ran under, and washing off skylights or companionways, foundered. And as to a man floating on a cabin door, even for an hour, when the whole surface of the ocean was being blown away like smoke, as it seemed, is an improbable story.

The New Steam Yacht for Col. Payne.

THE steel steam yacht just contracted for by Col. Oliver H. Payne with the Bath Iron Works is described as follows by the New York Herald:

The yacht will have an extreme length of 300ft. 6in.; l.w.l., 258ft.; beam, 35ft.; depth of hold, 20ft. 6in.; mean draft, 15ft. Triple expansion engines giving 3,000 I. H. P. will drive the yacht, which will have a single screw, and she will be constructed to withstand the pounding of the heaviest seas.

The contract calls for a minimum speed of fifteen knots under natural draft. This is expected to result in an actual speed of sixteen knots, which can be increased by forced draft. Her bunkers will carry 480 tons of coal, or a ten days' supply. Col. Payne was so much pleased with the bark rigging of the steam yacht Eleanor, in which he took a party of friends last summer on a three months' cruise about European waters and to the North Cape, that he has adopted a similar rig for his new craft. The sails give steadiness when the boat is under steam, and in emergency would enable her to make fair speed under canvas alone.

A bachelor and a lover of blue water, Col. Payne has not provided for any big salon on his boat, and his idea seems to be to secure ample deck space and freedom at sea rather than large rooms in which to entertain. Unlike Mr. Goelet's and other yachts in which the salon extends the whole width of the ship, making an apartment as large as that of a country house, Col. Payne's vessel will have a deck space of 6ft. in the clear between the rail and the housings on either side. This somewhat narrows the rooms, but on the other hand, when one stands on the quarter-deck and looks forward, instead of being confronted with the side of a house extending across from rail to rail, he will have an unobstructed view of the entire length of the ship and an unbroken promenade from stem to stern.

In the interior arrangements the officers and entire ship's company are located forward, while the apartments of the owner and his guests are in the after part of the vessel. The housing structure, which extends about 160ft., leaves a quarter-deck of 60ft. long and the full width of the ship, and an ample fore-castle deck forward, the two, as noted, being united by a clear space of 6ft., along either side the entire length. Occupying the extreme forward part of the structure is the dining room, 30ft. long by 17ft. wide, and in the extreme after part are the owners' room, 16ft. square, and two guest rooms, each 16ft. by 10ft. Each of these has separate toilet room, with bath. Between the dining room and these staterooms, along amidships, stretch the engine room galley, laundry and drying rooms and pantries. Communication between all without exposure in bad weather is secured by an inside passage traversing the entire length on the starboard side. A stairway adjoining the dining room gives access to a smoking room 16ft. square in an upper structure 22ft. long, the rest of which is devoted to use as a chart room and the room of the captain, who is thus placed in the eye of the ship.

From the owner's and guests' quarters aft, a broad staircase leads down to handsome apartments on the main deck. Here are six staterooms for guests, four of the rooms being 14ft. square and two of them 14ft. by 10ft., each having a private bathroom attached. Aft of these apartments are servants' rooms. Just forward of this portion of the ship assigned to guests is the engine room. Here is the steering engine, appliances for evaporating salt water, the plant by which the vessel is lighted with electricity and the apparatus for making ice for the tables. For cold storage there is an arrangement in the forward hold, with rooms for preserving fish, flesh and fowl. Sticking to the main deck, however, one passes forward from the engine room between two coal bunkers, holding 280 tons, into the fire room, equipped with four tubular boilers of Scotch iron, and still forward of this another coal bunker, with 140 tons capacity. All the rest of the space on this deck forward is occupied with the officers' mess room and the rooms of the captain and engineer and their subordinate officers, space for the crew and petty officers' quarters. The ship is amply protected with water-tight compartments, and in the stem and stern are trimming tanks by which she can be lifted or depressed fore and aft. From davits above the main deck swing six boats. Two of these, on either side astern, are 28ft. lifeboats; two forward are 28ft. launches—one of them steam—and the two amidships are an 18ft. dinghy on the port side and a 28ft. gig on the starboard.

Capt. C. W. Scott, who sailed the Eleanor, and who superintended the construction of that vessel, will command Col. Payne's new yacht. He and the chief engineer will live at Bath while the yacht is being built under supervision of her designer, Mr. Ridgeway Hanscom, and remain until its completion, which, under the terms of the contract, will be March 1, 1899. The handsome cabinet work, upholstery and general finishing will be done in New York. The new vessel will be fully equipped in time to join in the New York Yacht Club cruise of next year, after which Col. Payne will take some of his friends across the ocean on her and make a prolonged trip in foreign waters.

The Foundering of Vineta.

THE following account of the loss of a well-known German racing yacht is from the Field. We cannot agree with the Field's conclusion, that the overhangs caused the garboards to open; but, considering the construction of the yacht, it seems more probable that the plank fastenings gave way generally about the waist and bilge. The yacht was of composite construction, with steel frames and only single skin, caulked, as we understand, in the usual manner. As mentioned by the Field, she was badly strained in her first season in racing in a heavy sea, as then reported, the screw bolts that held the planking to the frames giving way. She was very thoroughly repaired and has since been in regular service.

It will be remembered that, prior to building the second Meteor, his present racing craft, the German Emperor owned a twenty-rater, a vessel of thirty "sail units," called Vineta, which was constructed at Kiel from designs by Mr. G. L. Watson. In one of her first races on the Fjord of Kiel, Vineta was severely strained in the short, choppy seas, off the Stollergrund, a bank at the mouth of the Fjord of Kiel. No subsequent patching seems to have done her any good, though she was raced with great skill in the regattas on the Solent two years ago, under the command of Cant. Arenhold.

When the present Meteor was being built on the Clyde, his Imperial Majesty presented Vineta to his brother-in-law, Prince Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg. Vineta was launched in the year 1895, when there was an exceptionally strong class of twenties at Kiel. In addition to Mr. Robert E. Loesener's Elisabeth, built at Hamburg from designs by William Fife, Jr.; Count Douglas's Ellen, constructed on the Clyde, and Lord Lonsdale's Dragon, there was an importation from America which made her debut that season—the late Baron von Zedtwitz's ill-starred Isolda, built by Herreshoff, which subsequently caused her owner's death on the Solent, in a collision with the Meteor.

At the close of last season Vineta was given in exchange by Prince Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg for Mr. Robt. E. Loesener's schooner Elisabeth, *nee* Pelican. After laying up Vineta for several months at Messrs. Oertz and Harder's yard on the Elbe, her new owner decided to send the vessel to the Mediterranean in order to compete at the regattas there. Leaving the Elbe in tow of one of Messrs. Sloman's steamers, bad weather was encountered off the Dutch coast, and Vineta, though battened down and made tight, foundered in the North Sea, after parting the hawser by which she was towed. No lives were lost, and the vessel was fully insured. It is possible that while pounding in the heavy seas, the overhangs caused Vineta to open her garboards.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Crescent Iron Works has contracted to build a steel steam yacht for a New York yachtsman from designs by Lewis Nixon. She will be similar to the steam yacht Josephine, of 150ft. over all and 19ft. beam.

The 20-footer Shark has been sold by Messrs. Rouse and Hoyt to F. M. Hoyt, owner of Syce, who will take her to Bermuda.

The Yachting World, in addition to its regular weekly issue, publishes a handsome special "Xmas and Mediterranean Number." It opens with an interesting summary of the origin and growth of steam yachting by Mr. Dixon Kemp; Miss Edith E. Hughes, one of the "Solent sailoresses," has an article, "Yachting Reminiscences," and Mr. C. N. Boyn writes on the "Coupe de France," the French international yachting trophy. There are other interesting articles on the Mediterranean and various yachting subjects, and many excellent illustrations.

We have received from the Thomas Laughlin Co., of Portland, Me., its large and complete catalogue of marine hardware, blocks and fittings. The company manufactures or deals in everything connected with the construction of ships, yachts and boats, for which purposes it has an extensive plant in Portland.

Yampa, schr., arrived at Southampton on Jan. 10, after a rough passage of nineteen days from New York.

Canoeing.

Phil-o-rum's Canoe.

We are indebted to Mr. R. Easton Burns for the following, written by Dr. William Henry Drummond for the annual dinner of the Province of Quebec Fish and Game Club. The moral is one that all canoeists should lay to heart.

PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE.

"O ma ole canoe; w'at's matter wit' you, an' w'y was you be so slow?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an' still you don't seem to go—
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for move along?"

"I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sani' as deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare heem mos' off hees min';
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus' mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it's easy git out de way w'en you was a-passin' by"—
I'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day we'n I'm out wit' de ole canoe
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very beeg caribou,
W'en somebody say, "Phil-o-rum, mon vieux, w'at's matter wit' you you'self?"
An' who do you s'pose was talkin' w'y de poor ole canoe shesef!"

O yass, I'm scare w'en I'm sittin' dere, an' she's callin' ma nam' dat way,
Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche, you're off on de head to-day;
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me we're not too young,
An' if I'm looking so ole lak you, I t'ink I will close ma tongue!
You should feel ashame! for you're alway blame, w'en it isn't ma fault at all,
For I'm trying to do bes' I can for you on summer-tam-spring and fall.
How offen you drown on de reever if I'm not lookin' out for you
When you're takin' too moche on de w'isky some night comin' down de Soo!

De frise tam we go on de Wessoneau, no feller can beat us den,
For you're purty strong man wit' de paddle, but dat's long ago, ma frien'
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an' tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening. You know dat was true, Phil-o-rum!

An' who's your horse too, but your ole canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet,
Who was your house w'en I'm upside down an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain runnin' down ma back, Bapteme, till I'm gettin' de rheumatecz,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-meme, but let you do jus' you please!

You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night on reever side down below.
An' even "Bon Soir" you was never say, but off on de camp you go,
Lefin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere on de groun'
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat flyin' all aroun'!

O dat's lonesome t'ing hear de gray owl sing up on de beeg pine tree,
An' many long night she kip me awake till sun on de eas' I see,
An' den you come down on de morning for start on some more voyage,
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry me on portage.

Dat's way Phil-o-rum rheumatecz she come, wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side,
Wan little hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat not'ing can never hide.
Don't do any good fee me up agen, no matter how moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she's done, bote man an' canoe mus' die!

Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day till we'er passin' some beaver dam,
An' wan de young beaver he's mak' hees tail come down on de water flam!
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly two, t'ree feet.
I t'ink she was goin' for ronnc away, an' she shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear, an' I'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ouse'f arrive over dere on de noder shore
I tak' dat canoe lak' de lady an' carry her off wit' me,
I'or I'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat's smart canoe, an' I know it's true, w'at she's spikin' wit' me dat day.
I'm not de young feller I use' to be w'en work she was only play,
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere I mus' tak' care,
W'ere de mos' worse currents de las' wan too, de current of Dead Riviere!

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit' wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch you'self, mebbe reever won't seem so wide,
An' frise t'ing you know you'll ronnc ashore, safe on de noder side!

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division.

Abbott S. Mitchell, Boston C. C., Boston.

Atlantic Division.

James F. Varick, Yonkers, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Riflemen.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.—Yesterday wound up the shooting year of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. Some of the contests produced hot competition. This club has developed fine work in several lines of marksmanship, and is probably the only one in existence which fosters all-round shooting. The club has several challenges out, but no one seems willing to accept its "defi."

At the close of the official shooting the members present were divided into two squads, and shot with pistol—5 shots—and rifle—5 shots—for a supper. Capt. Bushnell's team won, with a good margin to spare. Capt. Siebe, proprietor of the Park, had a fine spread laid in an adjoining room, to which the hungry shooters retired at 5 o'clock. At the close of the feast President Rodgers distributed the medals and other prizes to the winners, and, after much speech-making, the festivities closed at 9 o'clock.

Resume of 1897: Columbia target, pistol, and military rifles at 200yds.; in open air; target and military rifles at 200yds.;

Pistol, ten-shot scores, only one allowed each month; best five scores to count; champion class: J. E. Gorman—38, 42, 45, 48, 48—221. First class—M. J. White—37, 43, 49, 50, 52—231. Second class—G. M. Barley—50, 59, 63, 72, 72—316. Third class—A. Hintermann—64, 70, 74, 85, 107—400.

Rifle, ten-shot scores; only one allowed each month; best five scores to count; champion class: A. H. Pape—56, 58, 48, 49, 53—262. First class—E. Jacobson—62, 49, 71, 78, 59—319. Second class

—J. E. Gorman—66, 71, 74, 81, 61—353. Third class—A. Hintermann—111, 70, 80, 111, 86—453.

F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$5; ten best three-shot scores: F. O. Young—4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 8, 9—72 (medal); A. H. Pape—6, 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 8, 9—73 (\$25); Dr. L. O. Rodgers—10, 10, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 12—114 (\$20); O. Bremer—10, 10, 11, 11, 12, 13, 15, 15, 18, 19—134 (\$15); A. B. Dorrell—11, 15, 16, 16, 17, 18, 18, 19, 16—161 (\$10); F. Kuhnle—10, 16, 17, 20, 21, 21, 21, 21, 18, 22—187 (\$5).

William Glindemann military medal and \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5, best ten scores of ten shots, military count on the Columbia target: E. Jacobson—50, 49, 49, 49, 48, 48, 48, 47, 47—481 (medal); F. O. Young—49, 49, 48, 48, 48, 48, 47, 47, 47—479 (\$20); Ed. Hovey—49, 48, 48, 48, 48, 48, 47, 47, 47—478 (\$15); F. H. Bushnell—48, 48, 48, 48, 47, 47, 47, 47—475 (\$10); A. H. Pape—49, 48, 47, 47, 47, 46, 46, 46, 46—468 (\$5).

Gordon Blanding pistol medal and \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5, three shots, best ten scores: J. E. Gorman—5, 5, 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8—65 (medal); C. M. Daiss—7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 8, 7, 7—69 (\$25); F. O. Young—8, 5, 8, 7, 9, 9, 8, 8, 8—78 (\$20); F. H. Bushnell—11, 15, 14, 13, 15, 15, 13, 11, 14, 14—135 (\$15); A. B. Dorrell—10, 7, 8, 9, 10, 10, 10, 9, 11—94 (\$10); F. E. Mason—17, 18, 15, 15, 12, 14, 7, 8, 13, 17—135 (\$5).

Howard Carr revolver medal and \$15, \$10 and \$5, six shots, best ten scores: J. E. Gorman—26, 20, 29, 25, 26, 28, 30, 28, 23—263 (medal); A. B. Dorrell—27, 30, 31, 29, 24, 28, 31, 28, 30, 30—288 (\$15); F. O. Young—32, 35, 29, 23, 31, 26, 31, 34, 35—310 (\$10); C. Roberts—40, 36, 35, 27, 36, 30, 32, 40, 38—347 (\$5).

F. O. Young rifle record medal and \$6 and \$4, best single ten-shot scores: Dr. L. O. Rodgers—7, 3, 4, 2, 4, 11, 1, 5, 4, 3—44 (medal); A. H. Pape—6, 2, 4, 3, 2, 6, 4, 6, 7, 4—44 (\$4); D. W. McLaughlin—7, 5, 4, 4, 7, 1, 2, 7, 7, 4—48 (\$4).

Diamond pistol record medal, ten shots, best single score for the year, and two cash prizes, \$6 and \$4: C. M. Daiss—1, 2, 2, 2, 7, 6, 2, 1, 3, 3—29 (medal); J. E. Gorman—3, 5, 4, 2, 3, 3, 3, 1—30 (\$6); F. O. Young—1, 9, 5, 3, 2, 5, 4, 2, 5, 2—38 (\$4).

Capt. L. Siebe's all-comers, all-round medal, best three scores on musket and best ten three-shot scores on fine rifle and pistol: F. O. Young—Scores: Rifle, 72; pistol, 78; musket, 170.

Achille Roos .22-caliber rifle, medal and two ladies' medals and three cash prizes, ten best ten-shot scores: E. Jacobson—9, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 9, 9, 9—83 (medal); A. B. Dorrell—7, 8, 8, 9, 9, 9, 9, 10, 10—89 (\$15); Ed. Hovey—7, 10, 10, 11, 11, 12, 12, 12, 12—109 (\$10); Mrs. C. F. Waltham—9, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 12, 12, 12—112 (\$5 and medal); Mrs. L. J. Crane—9, 11, 11, 11, 12, 13, 14, 14, 14—124 (second ladies' medal).

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 26.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was held to-day on the Association's range, Four-Mile House, Reading road. Mr. C. Wellinger was declared king for the day. Conditions: Strictly off-hand, 200yds. range, German ring target. Scores below:

Gindele	24	21	25	19	21	23	21	24	25	25	228
Drube	22	25	23	23	20	23	25	23	23	20	227
	17	18	20	19	24	19	23	25	20	23	208
Topf	23	25	20	22	13	19	13	19	20	23	212
	24	15	14	20	20	19	20	17	24	23	192
Uckotter	16	20	18	20	18	15	18	24	12	11	173
	21	14	17	17	16	23	17	16	18	17	189
Wellinger	17	22	20	24	19	14	17	15	16	19	183
	22	21	24	22	25	16	20	24	23	20	217
Trounstine	23	23	20	23	24	21	20	20	16	22	212
	21	16	19	12	24	11	17	20	24	22	186
Strickmeier	16	14	24	21	22	20	11	15	23	17	183
	21	22	25	21	22	23	18	20	19	20	211
	22	23	24	23	22	25	21	16	24	20	220

King target:	22	23	22	23	21	21	20	22	21	20	22
Gindele	16	18	24	21	24	21	22	23	24	23	216
Drube	19	23	17	21	24	24	18	22	24	11	203
Topf	14	14	20	11	23	16	16	22	14	5	155
Uckotter	8	17	21	17	22	21	18	23	20	23	190
Wellinger	21	23	25	23	24	19	22	21	22	22	221
Trounstine	15	17	9	23	19	19	21	16	10	13	162
Strickmeier	23	21	19	25	21	24	20	22	18	18	210
Union target:											
Gindele	24	21	22	67	Wellinger	16	20	24	60		
Drube	19	13	19	56	Trounstine	20	11	15	46		
Topf	18	10	19	47	Strickmeier	24	19	21	64		
Uckotter	17	19	18	54							
Rapid-fire:											
Gindele	23	21	24	25	25	118	Uckotter	13	6	16	20
Drube	24	18	20	24	14	100	Wellinger	21	20	16	22
Topf	20	21	17	22	23	105	Strickmeier	22	23	24	23

Revolver Shooting in England.

Mr. Walter Winans has been elected a vice-president of the North London Rifle Club, in the place of the late Sir Henry Halford. Mr. Winans is already a vice-president of the South London Rifle Club.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 18-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Grand Canadian Handicap. Live birds; \$1,000 guaranteed. For full information write secretary, H. Graham, American Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Jan. 26-27.—Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y.—Tournament at Pine Point. Open to all. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluebirds thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

Those subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM who read Drivers and Twisters will learn with regret that Noel E. Money is not going to return to this country in his capacity as secretary to the Ameri-

can E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Limited. In fact, he's not going to return to this country at all; he has resigned the secretaryship referred to, and has become connected with a business enterprise that will occupy his time fully, that will fill his pocket, and that will keep him on the other side of the North Atlantic Ocean. Noel E. Money has been engaged in business for the American E. C. Powder Co. at Oakland, N. J., for about six years, and during that time he has traveled all over the continent and made many friends for himself and the business he represented. At one time, particularly at Knoxville in '95, Noel Money was one of the best and most successful target shots in the country; latterly he has been devoting himself more to the business of powder making than that of powder burning, with the natural result that his work at the traps was more ragged and irregular than it would otherwise have been. As a live-bird shot, he was at times very good, but he never approached the skill of his father, Capt. A. W. Money (Blue Rock), at this style of shooting, either in precision or regularity. It is no exaggeration, neither is it any flattery, to say that Noel Money's departure from the United States is a distinct loss to the trap-shooting fraternity, who knew and liked him so well.

A certain Milwaukee, Wis., newspaper has been gloating over the fact that none of Chicago's shooters have taken up the challenge issued on behalf of Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee. The tone of the article printed in its issue of Dec. 24 does not, we feel sure, reflect the sentiments of Dr. Williamson, who is too good a sportsman to countenance any such "blowing." It should be remembered, too, that the challenge emanating from Milwaukee was by no means wide open, as all good challenges should be; its terms demanded that the Chicago man accepting the challenge should come to Milwaukee and tackle the doctor on his own grounds and among his own friends. The part of the article of Dec. 24 that touches upon challenges to Elliott and Gilbert reads very funny, and shows how very little the writer of the item really knew. It runs as follows: "The challenge will remain open until Jan. 2, and then if no acceptances are received, Dr. Williamson may challenge J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, for the Du Pont trophy, and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the Cast-Iron medal he won from Elliott last fall." In the first place, Gilbert had at that time a challenge in for the Du Pont trophy; and in the next place, Gilbert has never shot for the Cast-Iron medal, neither has Elliott ever held it. (Since writing the above, we learn that Dr. Williamson has offered to go to Chicago and shoot any Chicagoan. Bravo! Doctor.)

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., tried a new sort of handicap at its annual New Year's Day shoot. The system was as follows: Each man shot at 50 targets; the number of breaks was subtracted from the total shot at, giving the number of misses; allowances were then apportioned thus: Each man shot at as many targets as he had missed out of the 50, plus one for every five of those misses. Thus, if a man missed 10 out of 50, he shot at 10 plus 2 for his allowance. The trouble with this system is that it is hardly equitable where the calibers of the shooters differ materially. For instance, according to the allowance (and each one receives extra targets in the same proportion), a man has to break over 83 per cent. of such allowance to enable him to reach a highest possible; that is, a man with 10 losses, or 15 or 20, must break 10 out of 12, 15 out of 18, or 20 out of 24, or 83.3 per cent., to reach the highest possible. Thus a man who averages anything over 83.3 per cent. has a distinct advantage over the man that doesn't.

The secretaryship of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association is now in the hands of T. H. Keller, the late secretary, W. H. Huck, having resigned owing to pressure of business. Mr. Huck took hold of the association's affairs when it was first attempted last year to resuscitate trap-shooting interests in the State of New Jersey. He leaves the post of secretary with the knowledge that the association is now in a satisfactory condition as regards its financial status, and also with the knowledge that he has left a worthy successor in his stead.

As will be noticed elsewhere, the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association claims the dates of May 17-20 for its annual tournament. The location where the shoot will be held is not decided upon as yet; in fact, the Executive Committee of the association has a hard nut to crack in deciding that point. It will also be noticed that a change has been made in the by-laws regarding the make-up of teams for trophy contests, viz.: Each member of a team must be a resident of the county where the club holds its shooting meetings, or of the counties adjoining that county.

Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has been spending the holidays in his old home at Memphis. Of course, he has been having a good time, what with trap-shooting and some hunts after ducks. In a recent letter he states that "returns from different clubs in Mississippi and Arkansas are encouraging. I had three friends at Wapanoca yesterday, all of whom killed their limit—50 ducks. I am going to take a try at the ducks again this week, and expect to have fine sport, as the flight is now fine."

The annual meeting of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, was held on Thursday night, Jan. 6. The following officers were elected for 1898: President, A. C. Bage; Vice-President, W. Cashau; Secretary-Treasurer, George W. Thompson, Jr.; Captain, Grant Nichols; Lieutenant, Fred Kerker; Directors, D. M. Van Cott, P. F. Ferrigan, P. F. McKean and J. Elliott. The club will hold its monthly live-bird shoots as usual at Baychester on the first Thursday of every month.

Rolla Heikes is not allowed to remain long in undisputed possession of the Cast-Iron badge. Charlie Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., will now try (on Feb. 22, it is said) to carry back that emblem of a championship to Iowa, a State that recently held all three of the live-bird championships, but which at this date holds only one, viz., the Kansas City Star's cup. Well, the race on Feb. 22 will be quite a warm one, and it is to be hoped that the day will be more propitious than was Jan. 1.

We understand that a proposition will be made to Gilbert by some Philadelphians to shoot a race, or a series of races, with J. L. Brewer. We know that there is an intense desire on the part of many people in that city and in the vicinity of this city to see these two men matched. There is no intention of running a bluff on Gilbert, but if he or his friends evince the slightest desire for such a match or series of matches, they can most surely get one.

Lou Erhardt announces that the "Manufacturers' Fourth Annual Tournament" will be held at Atchison, Kan., April 13-15, under the management of Jack Parker. All communications regarding same should be addressed to Lou Erhardt, Atchison, Kan. Mr. Erhardt also states that the Atchison Gun Club will hold a tournament at live birds and targets on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

Owing to the late hour at which it was started, and also owing to the large number of entries in the event, the 20-bird handicap at pigeons, held on the Keystone Shooting League's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Jan. 1, was continued on Monday, Jan. 2. The shoot finally ended in a victory for J. H. Vandergrift, who scored all his twenty pigeons from the 30yds. mark. He won first money, \$75; second money, \$50, went to I. W. Budd, with 19.

John Wright, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has been persuaded by his friends to take under his wing the running of an invitation live-bird shoot, professionals barred, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Feb. 3. Admission to the grounds for shooting purposes on that date will be by invitation only; if you want to be in it, you had better see Mr. Wright and secure an invitation. The programmes will be out in less than a week from this date.

The shooting season of the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., has just closed, and the class prizes were distributed as follows: Class A medal, Renick; Class B, Hartz; Class C, Weber. The medals are awarded to the man in each class who makes the best 15 scores in the club shoots during the year. All three of the above shooters used Peters' cartridges loaded with King's Smokeless.

A correspondent from "way out West" asks us for the address of Jack Fanning. We thought that Jack had gone home to the Pacific Slope for a short vacation, but here he has been winning second average at the annual New Year's Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club in Buffalo. Letters for Jack should be addressed to him at Batavia, N. Y.

C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., was in the city the latter part of last week. He found time on Saturday afternoon to run over to Brooklyn and break a few targets over the Brooklyn Gun Club's magatrap. Notwithstanding the puzzling background, a particularly hard one for a newcomer, he smashed enough to show that hand and eye were working well together.

The New Year's shoot of the Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club was a very pleasant affair from what we can learn. In addition to the scores on sparrows and pigeons given elsewhere, a 25-target event was shot. The scores show that pigeon and sparrow loads are not the best for targets. Keller and Sanders were high with 20, while O. R. Dickey couldn't get above 19.

Elliott defeated "One-Barrel" Murphy at Gloucester, N. J., on Saturday last, Jan. 8, by the score of 88 to 82. Ferd Van Dyke, who witnessed the match, says that the first 50 birds trapped, i. e., the first 25 for each man, were as fast as any he ever saw. After that the birds were nothing more than moderate. The score of this match appears elsewhere.

C. E. Teel, who has been identified with the sales department of the Hunter bicycle, at 310 Broadway, under W. Fred Quimby, is now with Tom Keller, at 88 Chambers street, the interests of the Peters Cartridge and the King Powder companies being his especial care.

Fred Gilbert did some practice work on live birds on Saturday last, Jan. 8, at John Watson's Park. He shot at 35 birds, scoring all but one. If he can do as well as that at Dexter Park on Saturday of this week, he'll come very close to taking the Du Pont trophy home with him.

Ferd Van Dyke has left Philadelphia temporarily, and will be found on exhibition at the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s space in the Sportsmen's Exposition, as one of Mr. D. Daggett's lieutenants.

C. C. Beveridge, of Newark, N. J., sometimes called "The Dominic" by his friends, is shooting rather better than ever. He has bought a Remington gun, and is "breaking 'em outer sight." Result: A chip on his shoulder.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers for 1898: President, James Wolstencroft; Vice-President, W. M. Pack; Secretary-Treasurer, George Pack.

In connection with the Wolstencroft-Bartlett match at the Keystone Shooting Club's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Saturday, Jan. 15, there will be an all-day open shoot at targets.

On Wednesday, Jan. 5, Rolla Heikes and Charlie Young shot a friendly race at 100 live birds per man, Heikes winning by 90 to 84.

EDWARD BANKS.

JAN. 11.

Reading Notes.

Koch versus Kurtz.

A shooting match took place at the Kurtz House shooting grounds, Dec. 29, 1897, between J. W. Kurtz and George Koch, for \$5 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Ten birds were shot at, the distance being 27yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Mr. John Ganter acted as referee. The score was as follows:

Koch.....1102000202 5 Kurtz.....0002010011-4
Following the Koch and Kurtz match, three sweeps were shot at 10 targets each.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Coldren.....	8	8	10	Kurtz.....	5	7	6
Shultz.....	8	8	8	East.....	3	5	3
Bossler.....	7	6	6				

New Ringgold, Pa.

The second tournament under the auspices of the New Ringgold Gun Club, which was organized in November, was held Dec. 29 and was a success and attracted the sportsmen in the coal region to New Ringgold. The following events were shot at 25 live birds:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 2.
H G Kimmel.....	15	J G Sallade.....	15
Boyer.....	10	Daniel Gerber.....	8
Rock.....	2	H S Leiser.....	13
Reichelderfer.....	15	Keefer.....	16
Geo W Gerber.....	15	W C Leiser.....	13
H W Sallade.....	16	Eckert.....	9

Nettles Defeats Hawkins.

The second live-bird match between Frank Nettles, of Royersford, and Charles G. Hawkins, of Pottstown, took place Dec. 28, 1897, on the grounds of the Twin City Gun Club at Royersford, Pa. The match was won by Nettles, with the score of 16 to 6. The conditions were 20 live pigeons per man, 5 unknown traps, A. S. A. rules.

Keystone Gun Club.

The Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., has elected the following officers: President, F. H. Reineohl; Vice-President, J. A. Bollman; Secretary, Al G. Reizenstein; Treasurer, Ed Risser; Captain, A. C. Smith; House Committee, John A. Bollman, Morris High, Peter Atkins; Steward, Wilson Wentzel. The club is in a flourishing condition, having 150 members.

Boyetown, Pa.

The Boyetown Gun Club held a shoot on its grounds Dec. 30, with the following scores. All events, either targets or live birds, were at 10 each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Benner.....	10	7	5	5	H Wein.....	5	6	4	4
Trumbour.....	8	7	5	7	Nuss.....	5	6	6	6
Schealer.....	8	7	3	4	Nettles.....	1	5	5	6
Wm Wein.....	6	4	4	4					

Events Nos. 1 and 2 were at targets; Nos. 3 and 4 at live birds.

Topton, Pa.

The first annual live-bird tournament of the Climax Gun Club, of Topton, Pa., was held on the club's shooting grounds at the Dryville Hotel. Shooters were present from Reading, Topton, Hancock, Temple and Allentown.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Geo B Yoder.....	10211-4	0	10201-3
Shearer.....	10202-3		02022-3
Miller.....	20211-4	0	02021-3
L Wertz.....	12212-5	1	22112-5
Brentzenhoff.....	11212-5		
F M Wertz.....	11110-4	2	22110-4
Schurtz.....	00100-1		
J Wertz.....	02220-3	2	

Nos. 1 and 4 were at 5 birds, \$1.50; No. 2, \$1 miss-and-out; No. 3, match for \$5 a side.

Lebanon versus Pottstown.

The fourth match between the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, and the Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown, came off on Jan. 1 on the beautiful grounds of the Shuler Club, and resulted in a victory for the visitors. The high winds made good shooting out of the question, and many birds that were hit hard dropped dead out of bounds that would under ordinary circumstances have counted. Each team was composed of 12 men, who shot at 10 live birds each. Trumbauer carried off the honors of the day by killing 10 straight. A return match will take place at Lebanon, probably on Feb. 22.

Mr. Smith, of the Lebanon team, stated that the Lebanon Club was organized two years ago, and has shot six matches, winning four and losing two, one with the Shuler Club and one with the Williamstown Club. The members are all well-known and popular citizens of Lebanon. The score of the match was as follows:

Lebanon Gun Club.	Shuler Gun Club.
Bollman.....	2022002222-7
Ropp.....	0122002222-7
Zellers.....	2110212121-9
Reineohl.....	1022211122-9
Schools.....	2021001011-6
Langdon.....	2011010121-8
Gruber.....	0222200112-7
Traford.....	0221010102-7
Gust.....	1202012201-7
Hippensteel.....	0210212222-8
Withers.....	1210100202-6
Smith.....	2201122012-8
	8 89

South End Gun Club.

Twenty shooters participated in the New Year's Day shoot of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., an unusually large number for a cold day. A high wind was blowing right in the faces of the shooters, making high scoring difficult. The programme consisted of 15 events, all at targets, with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
P. Tetter.....	8	8	8	7	15	6	6	8							5
Miles.....	3	7	5	15	6	6	8								
F. Yost.....	7	5	2	20	6	5	4	7	3						
Esheleman.....	7	4	10	7	14	6				5	10	7	5	6	
Knabb.....	1	2	1			3									
Grossman.....	2	3			2										
Schrader.....			5			4									
Larkin.....			5	13		7									
Bitting.....			5	5		6									
Williams.....			1	3		5	7								
G. Miller.....			12	6		5									
A. Yeager.....			12	6	4	5	5	6							
Farr.....			5	5	5	4	5	4	3						
Hunsberger.....				5		2									
Brown.....			4	8		1	2	8	5						
Laird.....				4		4		4	2						
Shultz.....						3		3	2						
Saylor.....						6			6						
Geshart.....						4			4						
Haus.....						4			4						

A. FINK.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Dec. 28.—The Hell Gate Gun Club closed its season of 1897 to-day, twenty-five members putting in an appearance at Dexter Park for the last club shoot. Conrad Weber was in the lead for first prize by one point prior to the commencement of to-day's shoot; his nearest competitor was Henry Forster with one point less. As the scores given below will show, Forster made one more point to-day than Weber did, thus tying him for first prize. After the conclusion of the club shoot, the two shot off for first prize. They shot at 10 birds, each killing 7. Then they went at it miss-and-out, and Weber won in the fifth round. Scores were:

Thirty yards, 7 points:	Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:
Eugene Doenck.....	220*12*111-7
P Woelfel.....	0211121222-9
Fred Frostel.....	2102011111-8
Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:	
Emil Steffens.....	1102111012-8
Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:	
Ernest Metz.....	1122122222-10
A J Belden.....	1112021111-9
Henry Forster.....	0211222212-9
Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:	
J P Dannefer.....	0210102112-7
Emil Peterson.....	1120100210-6
J Himmelsbach.....	0120*21102-6
Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:	
Chris Lang.....	2011210122-8
Twenty-six yards, 4½ points:	
Joseph Newman.....	1102101002-6
Twenty-six yards, 4 points:	
Henry Koch.....	0110212012-7
W J Brennan.....	2021100221-7
J C Hoffman.....	0000001000-5

Jan. 4.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its annual meeting this evening at 1998 First avenue, New York city. The club entered upon its sixth year to-night, having been organized on Jan. 4, 1892. The chief business before the meeting was, of course, the election of officers and the distribution of prizes. The club was originally organized with nine members, but has now reached the limit according to its constitution, which only allows a membership of fifty. The monthly shoots at live birds are held at Dexter Park. The average attendance at the monthly shoots during the past season was a fraction over thirty, 3,180 birds having been trapped in the contests for yearly prizes. The club uses the point system of handicapping, a system that gives the poorer shots as good or even a better chance than the good shots. The prizes were twenty-three in number and were an elaborate lot; they were mostly donated. Among them were a smoking and poker set donated by William Sands; a porcelain clock, donated by the president of the club; a set of silverware, donated by Mr. Lipnack, of Dexter Park; \$25 cash, donated by the club; cartridge boxes, gun cases, etc. There were so many prizes that only a few of those present—all prize winners, of course, showed up—failed to get something. Nearly all those who got prizes this year promised to donate to the prize list next year.

The following officers were elected for 1898: President, John H. Voss; Vice-President, P. Woelfel; Treasurer, C. Weber; Financial Secretary, J. Schlicht; Recording Secretary, E. Doenck. Messrs. Voss, Weber and Doenck were all re-elected unanimously for their sixth term.

Below are the club records for the year:

Handicap, yds.	Birds, points, shot at.	Birds killed.	Points made.	Per cent.	Prize.
E Doenck.....	30	100	81	81	12 or 13
Gus Nowak.....	30	7	80	51	5
F Frostel.....	28	7	100	87	17
John H Voss.....	28	7	110	94	17
Wm Sands.....	28	7	90	71	11
Edw Payntar.....	28	7	100	69	6
P Woelfel.....	28	7	110	72	5
John Schlicht.....	28	6½	100	73	18½
E Steffens.....	28	6	100	75	17
L T Muench.....	28	6	100	65	8
Dan Valenti.....	28	6	60	34	3
Henry Forster.....	28	6	110	89	25
E Metz.....	28	6	110	85	19
C Weber.....	28	6	110	91	25
J P Dannefer.....	28	6	70	51	10
Peter Garms.....	28	6	60	43	7
J Himmelsbach.....	28	5½	110	67	9
Ch Schaefer.....	28	5½	60	39	6½
Dr Bauer.....	28	5½	20	10	
John Kreeb.....	28	5½	90	50	6½
R Regan.....	28	5½	100	65	10½
E Petersen.....	28	5½	110	78	18½
H Seaman.....	28	5½	30	19	3
Ch G Rieger.....	28	5	10	8	3
Ch Lang.....	28	5	110	75	20
John Furboter.....	28	5	20	8	
L Stelze.....	28	5	110	78	24
M H Smith.....	28	5	50	30	7
C Rabenstein.....	28	5	50	37	13
A Knodel.....	28	4½	110	50	8½
Jos Newman.....	28	4½	110	61	13½
E Marquard.....	28	4½	100	47	8½
F W Richter.....	28	4½	80	46	10½
J Linck.....	28	4½	40	25	7½
Geo Breil.....	28	4½	80	44	8½
J Kessler.....	28	4½	80	44	8½
H Gunther.....	28	4	20	12	4
C Schaeffer.....	28	4	20	8	2
F Guy.....	28	4	20	9	2
C Wigger.....	28	4	30	12	1
H Koch.....	28	4	20	10	3
J A Belden.....	28	7	20	15	2
P Brennan.....	28	5	20	12	2
J Hermann.....	28	4	10	2	
Ch Hoffman.....	28	4	10	1	
P Geipel.....	28	5	10	7	2

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Jan. 1.—The Brooklyn Gun Club had no special shoot announced to-day, but six members got together and had a quiet shoot on the club's grounds. The weather was extremely cold and the wind high. Woods did the best work, breaking 77 out of 90 shot at. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	20	20	20	Targets:	10	10	10	20	20	20
Woods.....	8	8	10	17	18	15	Wright.....	6	6	7	13	14	14
Paterson.....	7	9	7	15	16	14	Lane.....	6	5	5	8	8	
Smith.....	7	8	7	15	18	15	Skidmore.....	7	7	7	15	14	

Jan. 8.—To-day was the last shoot for the monthly cup offered by the club for competition during the year. Up to to-day only one man, C. W. Billings, had two wins for the cup. The conditions were that the cup should go to the man winning it the greatest number of times during the year. There were 13 entries in to-day's event, and five men tied on highest possible.

The weather was all that could be desired for good scores, there being no wind and quite a fair light; but the air itself was very raw and penetrating. As a result of the favorable conditions, everything was in favor of the men with good handicaps, and it is noticeable that of the five ties for the cup not one needed all his targets to carry him up to the mark. J. S. S. Remsen shot in much improved form, scoring 22 and 24 out of his two 25s, while Dominic Beveridge scored two 23s. Dutcher, who had to break 14 out of his 20 extra targets, just failed to do the trick, losing his last target and going out with 49.

Below are the totals for each 25:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Handicap.	Total.
* C C Beveridge, 7.....	23	23	4	50
* T Baron, 8.....	20	23	7	50
* J Swan, 10.....	22	22	6	50
* C W Billings, 12.....	23	18	9	50
* H Nelson,				

IN NEW JERSEY.

Walsrode Gun Club.

Dec. 25.—The Walsrode Gun Club, of Newark, had a big day on this date, this being the club's regular Christmas shoot. The grounds are at Wiedenmayer's park, Newark. Several events were shot at targets, the scores made being as given in the table below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Schraft	7	4	5	5	5	5	Wagner	6	2	2	2	2	2
Perment	9	9	7	9	9	9	Knodel	5	5	5	5	5	5
Hebeler	4	4	4	4	4	4	Braun	4	4	4	4	4	4
Baar	9	10	9	9	9	9	Pidgeon	5	7	7	7	7	7
Schilling	1	4	4	4	4	4	Laubenstein	2	2	2	2	2	2
Schleicher	0	0	0	0	0	0	Walter	6	6	6	6	6	6
Farrelly	4	4	4	4	4	4	Schoenweis	4	4	4	4	4	4
Luedecke	8	8	8	8	8	8	Buskirk	6	6	6	6	6	6
Kienle	3	3	3	3	3	3	Hepsoerfer	3	3	3	3	3	3
Benesik	7	7	7	7	7	7	Gelbke	7	7	7	7	7	7
Geissler	1	1	1	1	1	1							

A sweep at 10 live birds was also shot, Heinrich and Baar being high with 9 each. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
J. Then	0001100002	3					J. Hepsoerfer	0111122210	8				
H. Heinrich	111211021	9					P. Schilling	1010010002	4				
G. Buskirk	0211121000	6					R. Schraft	1121102110	8				
F. Farrelly	1112102000	6					E. Pidgeon	1122110200	7				
M. Schoenweis	0000002112	4					J. Schilling	0201000021	4				
F. Kienle	2110112100	7					J. Fahner	0000100222	4				
R. Reinhardt	0002010100	3					W. Neader	1220120220	7				
W. Braun	0211012100	6					J. Geissler	2001100010	4				
E. Lisk	0002010110	4					J. Knodel	0101001200	4				
H. Gelbke	0000100111	4					O. Schleicher	0001001010	3				
E. Young	0012012111	7					O. Luedecke	0111010210	6				
J. Benesik	1102000102	5					F. Perment	1121022220	8				
C. Walter	2001200000	3					A. Miller	1122020110	7				
C. Hebeler	0012201010	5					P. Schork	0212022110	7				
R. Baar	1021122111	9											

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day saw a few members of the Walsrode Club at Wiedenmayer's park. Four events at live birds were shot, and also three at targets. The scores in the table below show the records made. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at live birds, No. 2 being at 7 birds; the other three were at 10 live birds. No. 5 was at 10 targets, "walking match"; Nos. 6 and 7 were at 10 targets, known traps and angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Schraft	7	7	10	3	5	5	Hebeler	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Reinhardt	8	4	5	5	7	6	Hepsoerfer	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Pidgeon	7	6	5	5	5	5	Farrelly	6	8	8	8	8	8	8
Buskirk	8	5	5	5	5	5	Kienle	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Heinrichs	9	5	5	5	7	7	Schoenweis	3	3	3	3	3	3	3

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Jan. 1.—The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to-day on the club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J. Fifteen shooters took part in the club event, a 50-target handicap. Dr. De Wolfe was high with 48 out of 53, Billings coming next with 47 out of 60. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Huck	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hebeler	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Hall	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hepsoerfer	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Billings	10	1	1	1	1	1	Farrelly	6	8	8	8	8	8	8
Asmus	8	1	1	1	1	1	Kienle	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Black	0	0	0	0	0	0	Schoenweis	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Nelson	15	1	1	1	1	1								
Pearson	14	0	0	0	0	0								
Adams	10	0	0	0	0	0								
Lewis	16	0	0	0	0	0								
De Wolfe	3	1	1	1	1	1								
Harding	9	1	1	1	1	1								
James	8	1	1	1	1	1								
Hatfield	20	0	0	0	0	0								
Baker	8	1	1	1	1	1								
Roemer	1	1	1	1	1	1								

Sweeps were shot as below, all events being at 10 targets, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
De Wolfe	9	8	7	10	9	9	Hyde	6	8	9	9	9	9	9
Huck	10	9	9	10	8	10	Adams	6	5	7	4	6	6	6
Billings	8	6	5	6	3	2	Nelson	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Harding	9	8	7	9	9	9	Pearson	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Shallar	4	3	3	3	3	3	Baker	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Franks	6	6	6	6	6	6	Lewis	4	5	7	5	5	5	5
Asmus	6	7	4	7	5	8	Black	6	3	3	3	3	3	3
Hatfield	3	4	4	4	4	4								

Jan. 5.—This afternoon the Boiling Springs Gun Club held the first of four bi-weekly shoots for a gold watch, the dates for these shoots being the first and third Wednesdays in January and February. The event is at 50 targets, unknown angles, \$1.25 entrance, handicaps being readjusted every two weeks. To-day's event had 15 entries, the winner being Capt. Money, who broke 49 out of 57. Beveridge, with 7 extras, and Chris Wright, with 6 extras, both had a chance to tie him, but failed by one break. Below are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
T. H. Keller	7	1	1	1	1	1	Hyde	6	8	9	9	9	9	9
Spiegel	15	1	1	1	1	1	Adams	6	5	7	4	6	6	6
B. James	12	1	1	1	1	1	Nelson	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Dutcher	20	1	1	1	1	1	Pearson	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
T. C. Wright	7	1	1	1	1	1	Baker	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
G. E. Greiff	6	1	1	1	1	1	Lewis	4	5	7	5	5	5	5
C. Beveridge	7	1	1	1	1	1	Black	6	3	3	3	3	3	3
Nelson	12	1	1	1	1	1								
W. H. Huck	6	1	1	1	1	1								
G. Piercy	6	1	1	1	1	1								
C. R. Wise	7	1	1	1	1	1								
Capt. Money	7	1	1	1	1	1								
C. W. Billings	8	1	1	1	1	1								
E. Banks	2	1	1	1	1	1								
E. Jeanneret	12	1	1	1	1	1								
Hatfield	17	1	1	1	1	1								

Dutcher, Wright and Beveridge were the only ones to shoot their handicap besides Capt. Money, no one else being able to total 49; Dutcher had to break 20 straight, but retired on missing his second target.

Several sweeps were shot during the afternoon, all being at unknown angles, Sergeant system, with the exception of No. 8, which was at five pairs:

was at five pairs.																
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10						
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25						
Banks.....	9	9	10	10	9	5	..	8	9	..						
Keller.....	9	9	9	8	8						
Wright.....	9	6	9	9	9	..	9	6	16	1						
Money.....	9	7	6	9	8	10	8	6	23	2						
Beveridge.....	9	7	7	9	9	10	6	7						
Billings.....	8	8	8	5	5	..	6	5						
Greiff.....	5	8	9	7	8	..	10	9						
Huck.....	10	9	7	8	8	5	20	17						
James.....	8	9	7						
Piercy.....	7	8	5	6	..	18	1						
Nelson.....	9	5	7	8	6						
Dutcher.....	5	5	..	4						
Spiegel.....	5	..	6						
Wise.....	7	6	8	6						
Hatfield.....	3	4						
Harthun.....	4	3						
Jeanneret.....	6						

The South Side's New Year's Gathering.

Jan. 1.—The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has for many years in succession kept open house on New Year's Day. To-day was no exception to the rule, and the result was a very pleasant shoot in spite of the weather. The air was very cold indeed, and the wind blew strongly from the northwest. Among the shooters who turned out to try their skill was Col. R. H. Breintnall, who at one time was a most familiar figure at the traps anywhere in New Jersey. To-day he started in badly, but pulled himself together when it came to unknown angles in the handicap, and ran 35 out of 37 at that style. This excellent finish gave a total of 51, one more than was needed for a highest possible. He

was chased well up by Warren Smith with 49, Asa Whitehead and Ike Terrill with 48, and J. Fleming with 47.

The system of handicapping was somewhat novel, and is well worth describing, judging from the results in the matter of scores. Each man shot at 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown. The totals were all figured up, and then each man was awarded as many extra targets as he missed, plus one extra target for every five or portion of five that he missed. Thus Breintnall and Warren Smith each broke 40 out of 50; they received 10 targets for those that they lost and one extra for each five of the 10, or 12 in all. The shoot was for a gun, and as shown below, Breintnall won the prize:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Breintnall	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
W. Smith	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Whitehead	19	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
I. H. Terrill	22	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
J. Fleming	18	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
W. M. Smith	17	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
T. Dukes	20	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dawson	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
L. Thomas	36	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
*C. M. Hedden	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

*Withdrawn without shooting his allowance of 24. Ten sweeps, all at 15 targets, were also shot during the day, the results of which are shown in the following table:

Events:

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Stove-Lid Badge.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—The low, steady sizzle recently heard over a portion of this section of the country, gentle reader, is caused by Rolla O. Heikes, who is still frying eggs on the Cast-Iron badge at his own fireside at Dayton, O. Charlie Budd wishes to transfer the cookery from Dayton, O., to Des Moines, Ia., and on Feb. 22 will go to Dayton to see Mr. Heikes about it. It is not yet permitted to know which one of them will secure the further culinary rights, but it is interesting to see another Richmond in the field now and then. Let us put the Cast-Iron badge into circulation, if this be possible.

Chicago Is Scared.

The plain truth about the challenge of Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee, to shoot any Chicago man, 100 birds, \$100, is that all Chicago is scared. The tall doctor from Milwaukee has agreed to modify the challenge so that he shall shoot here and not in Milwaukee; but even on that basis we are unable to find a man who will come out of the hole and do battle for his own, his native land. There is no Bozarris in this neck of woods to coax the boys to strike for their altars and their fires, or for anything else that is usually considered valuable. They are all scared. Elmer Neal, the young crack of the Garfield Club, has been out of the city for a few weeks, but is expected here to-day for at least a short stay. Great pressure will be brought to bear upon him to induce him to do something for the honor of Chicago, but at this writing nothing definite has been done to warrant the hope of a race. This is pretty bad, but we can't help it. Winter is just coming on, and we need our money for coal.

The New Reporter.

The new reporter covered the intercity team contest at Denver, Jan. 3, between Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in the local papers in the following way, which gives some news, but leaves us in doubt whether the shooting was done at targets or live birds, and whether the contestants used rifles or shotguns, all or part of the time. He states:

Denver Won—Easily Captured the Shotgun Match from Colorado Springs, Jan. 1.—The special shotgun match shot off at Sedan Park, Saturday, was won handily by the Denver team, the team from Colorado Springs being beaten by a score of 57 to 50. After the conclusion of the contest, which lasted all day, Bryan Haywood tendered the marksmen a banquet at the D. A. C.

Score of the team shoot: A cipher means a miss, the figure 1 that the target was shattered with the first barrel, and figure 2 with the second barrel.

Denver.	Colorado Springs.
A B Daniels . . .2122122122—10	A J Lawton . . .2010111111—8
J S Sedan . . .1121212221—10	C L Funk . . .121100210—7
S Adams . . .111120121—9	A D Mermod . . .111011220—8
B Haywood . . .222202222—9	W R Mason . . .2121012212—9
D L Mechling . . .0111212211—9	I W Garrett . . .0221122202—8
E F Thomas . . .2111222112—10—57	P Bergemer . . .1111221111—10—50

Denver Won—Crack Rifle Shots Contested at Sedan Park Yesterday, Jan. 3.—The intercity pigeon shoot at Sedan Park closed yesterday, Denver winning the contest by the close margin of one point from Pueblo.

Haywood and Daniels composed the Denver team, while Funk and Mermod represented Pueblo. The shoot was for a wager of \$1,000, but before the commencement the wager was doubled. Bryan Haywood saved the day by making a score of 96. The score in full was as follows:

Denver Team.—Haywood 96, Daniels 81; total 177.

Pueblo Team.—Funk 88, Mermod 88; total 176.

No race can be shot for less than \$1,000, in the eyes of the new reporter.

Olathe Team Shoot.

The team shoot of the Olathe, Kan., Gun Club and the ensuing banquet New Year's eve were both pretty big affairs. Sixty men were present and shot in the team contest, under Capt. Frank Hodge and Will Walker, 30 men on a side. The race was at targets, and the Hodge team won by 19 birds. At the New Year's banquet 100 guests were seated, and toasts followed the banquet until the ringing in of the new year.

Cold at Duluth.

New Year's Day at Duluth, Minn., was very cold, and the team race between Duluth and Superior was deferred on that account, the Superior men not appearing. A few of the faithful gathered at the grounds of the Central Gun Club and shot in spite of the weather. Scores:

- No. 1.—Warren 10, Loud 9, Nelson 7, Hart 6, Greener, Jr., 5.
- No. 2.—Nelson 8, Hart, Loud, Warren and Greener, Jr., 7 each.
- No. 3.—Bowstring 9, Warren and Nelson 8 each, Hart and Loud 6 each, Greener, Jr., 5.
- No. 4.—Loud 8, Nelson and Hart 7 each, Warren and Bowstring 6 each.
- No. 5.—Hart 9, Nelson 8, Loud and Bowstring 7 each, Warren and Bowstring 6 each.
- No. 6.—Loud 9, Nelson and Bowstring 8 each, Warren 7.

New Year's at Findlay.

The Findlay, O., Gun Club held their New Year's shoot with the following scores, made in ten 10-target events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Livingston	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Robinson	7	8	8	7	6	6	10	9	7	4
Derr	5	6	4	5	4	6	3	5	5	5
Ritter	5	6	7	7	6	6	6	6	6	6
Askam	5	5	7	5	2	4	5	5	5	5
Barton	4	2	8	5	4	5	5	9	6	6
Blue	4	5	5	5	6	4	3	5	5	5
Hodge	3	4	1	2	7	5	3	2	3	5
Lang	4	6	8	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
Clark	3	2	6	4	3	5	5	5	5	5
Baxter	7	5	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
Drake	6	6	8	7	9	5	9	8	5	5
Gray	5	5	5	7	2	5	5	5	5	5
Young	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Morgan	1	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Trece	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Shafer	2	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Funk	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Salina New Year's Shoot.

The Salina, Kan., Shooting Club met New Year's Day for a little shoot, and among the scores were the following, at 20 birds:

Fred Eberhardt 13, Mart Stevenson 11, Charles Brown 9, John Gates 7, Joe Ollinger 10, Mack Stevenson 8, W. J. Hughes 5.

Del Norte Annual.

Del Norte Gun Club, of Colorado, met in annual meeting Dec. 31, and chose the following officers: J. H. Collins, President; W. H. Cochran, Vice-President; E. E. Dorsey, Treasurer and Secretary. Cash prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 were arranged for the New Year's shoot.

Holidays at Frisco.

A little trap-shooting enthusiasm was stirred up at San Francisco during the holidays. On New Year's Day Otto Feudner, of the E. T. Allen Co., accepted the challenge of Henry Stelling, of Davisville, for a 100-bird race at live birds. Stelling lately defeated H. Ruhstaller, of Sacramento, in a similar race. At this season of the year the duck shooting is good not far from Frisco, and this fact militates against the sport of trap-shooting.

Fine Weather at Chicago.

It is unsafe to say anything about Chicago weather, but just at present we are having the finest winter weather imaginable, and the lovers of the trap never had a better winter season for their purposes. The air is cool, but clear, and the temperature just low enough to make the birds fly without freezing a shooter to death. It may be remarked, in passing, that this would be fine weather for some one to shoot a race with D—r. J. L. W—n, of Milwaukee.

E. C. Challenge Cup.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—The challenge race between Old Hoss Stannard and A. C. Paterson, for the Cook County Trap-Shooting League E. C. challenge cup, was shot this morning on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind. The day was cool and bright, with a strong, driving wind from the left quarter. The traps at Calumet Heights Club are situated on the beach at the extreme southern end of Lake Michigan, and throw the targets over the waters of the lake. At this season of the year ice mounds, varying from 10 to 25 ft. high, raise above the water; these, together with the background of water and sky, tend to make a deceptive background for a shooter not accustomed to similar surroundings. The targets thrown to the left quarter, heading across the wind, would shoot up high, and were largely undershot, while those thrown to the right quarter would duck toward the ground, and were often overshot. All of the

targets thrown were unknown angles except those in the shoot of reverse pull. It was expected that better scores would have been made, especially by Mr. Stannard, but owing to the background, together with the fact that he has had a severe cold for the past few days, he was possibly not at his best, though the shooting was by no means easy.

Following are detailed scores of the contest:

Forty targets, unknown traps and angles, one man up:

F P Stannard . . .01111 01111 11100 0111—15
11011 11011 01011 01111—35—30

Twenty pairs, expert:

10 00 10 00 00 00 10 00 11 10—6
10 10 10 10 10 00 10 10 11—10—16

Twenty targets, reversed order:

01110 11010 01111 11110 —14
—60

Forty targets, unknown traps and angles, one man up:

A C Paterson . . .11111 10101 01111 1111—17
00101 10111 01111 11001—13—30

Twenty pairs, expert:

10 00 10 00 10 10 10 10 00 01—8
11 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 00 11—14—22

Twenty targets, reversed order:

10111 11110 11110 01110 —15
—67

Von Lengerke versus A. Kleinman.

About one year ago several shooters of our city, who were returning by train from a live-bird shoot which was held at Watson's Park, got into a discussion as to the advantages or disadvantages of a person shooting live birds standing at 30yds. or 10yds. from the traps. The result was that a forfeit was posted, which was subsequently withdrawn, with the understanding that a race was made between O. von Lengerke and Abe Kleinmann, to shoot a race of 25 live birds for the price of the birds and something better. O. von Lengerke was to stand at 10yds. and Abe Kleinman was to stand at 30yds., both from the center trap of five traps. The race to be shot on Watson's grounds, and Abe Kleinman was to select the day. It is said that he desires a day when the wind blows strong in the face of the shooter at the score, possibly figuring that most birds trapped in such a wind will prove incomers and hence handicap his opponent. It would seem that during the past year we might have had several such winds, but if we did not, we hope such conditions may prevail and that the race will be shot soon.

Dwight, Ill.

A grand shooting tournament is announced to be held at Dwight, Ill., on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 27 and 28, and is to be at live birds and targets; American Association modified rules to govern; no bang, no bird; any shooter on a tie has the privilege of drawing his part of money won. In all events of 12 entries or over, moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Warm meals will be served on the grounds.

Elgin Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—The Elgin Gun Club held its regular New Year's shoot to-day on its grounds at Elgin, Ill. There was a good crowd in attendance to enjoy the occasion, in spite of the cold weather. Several of the boys from Chicago—namely, R. Kuss, F. E., I. R. and E. S. Graham and John Ruble—were well entertained by the club's members.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	12	10	20	10	10
Bennett	8	9	13	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Kuss	7	14	13	14	15	10	10	7	14	10	6
W. Dannel	7	13	18	14	18	13	11	10	15	8	7
A. Vance	8	15	19	12	15	12	11	9	15	7	9
Siegel Cooper	11	13	13	10	10	8	7	12	6	5	5
J R Graham	7	13	14	14	17	14	11	8	19	8	9
Richert	9	12	17	13	14	12	9	14	8	8	8
Brunemyer	11	13	13	17	14	8	6	13	8	10	8
Ruble	9	14	15	18	13	11	8	7	5	5	5
N Pitzen	7	11	15	9	16	14	9	7	17	9	9
B Stilling	8	14	19	13	19	11	11	8	18	7	9
E S Graham	9	11	16	13	13	12	8	15	10	10	10
T E Graham	5	16	13	13	8	5	5	5	5	5	5
S M Adams	11	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Lee	9	15	11	11	7	5	5	5	5	5	5
L Freeman	10	10	10	10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
C Goodridge	8	12	10	10	10	7	7	7	7	7	7
Tanner	11	15	9	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Nish	13	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Appar	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Sowers	10	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
E S Graham	9	11	16	13	13	12	8	15	10	10	10

A. C. PATERSON.

Some Ideas for Pigeon Shooters.

St. Louis, Jan. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: I want to make a few remarks about trap-shooting, and if you will give the following a space in your paper I shall consider it a great favor.

If one goes back about twenty-five years, what improvements have been made since that time! The artificial bird trap, from the glass ball to the bluerock, has improved greatly. Now we throw them in the air with electric traps. Why can't we make an improvement on the live-bird trap? I am against the ground trap and its rules. The trap is filled, the shooter steps out and says "Pull!" and throws the gun to his shoulder; the trap opens, and very frequently the bird doesn't fly. The shooter covers the bird, and as soon as it opens its wings it is killed. Now then, sometimes the bird flies up 2 ft. and drops down again; the man shoots; overshoots the bird; never touches it; then he takes the other barrel and kills it on the ground. I don't call that scientific shooting. Any eight-year-old boy, with a little practice, can do that. That is no credit to a professional.

I have a different plan. Dig a ditch, 20 or 30 ft. long, 2 ft. wide and 2½ ft. deep. Put a cellar frame around it and make two trap-doors, 3½ ft. high, out of hard wood, 1 in. thick, and fasten them with hinges to the frame just like we have them now for artificial birds. Then take a coop of birds behind the trap-door, and it takes only a man and boy to do the work. When the shooter is ready, he gives the man the signal and he will throw up the bird in the air; "unknown birds" from different places. If the shooter hits the bird and it falls behind the trap, but is not dead, and is apt to fly again, the trapper will inform the referee, and the shooter can catch his bird. No man to be allowed to shoot a bird on the ground.

Then there is another advantage. Two men can do the work in half the time it takes four men to tend to ground traps. Here is another thing. For instance, you want to shoot "double birds." From ground traps they seldom fly together. By my plan they are forced to fly. One thing more I want to mention. I think all shooters ought to hold the gun below the elbow and shoot unknown traps, as it would give them more practice in handling a gun when hunting than to have it ready at the shoulder. I have handled shotgun and rifle for about fifty years, and am at it yet, so I thought I would send you some of my ideas gotten through much experience. I wish some club would take hold of these ideas and give them a trial. I think they would give satisfaction and become universal.

AUG. JUNGE.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Jan. 5.—For the first time since the game season opened on Sept. 1, the members of the Catchpole Gun Club faced the traps to-day. For some unknown reason the attendance was very small, but every member of the club loves the sport, so that from now on a much better attendance is expected at the club's weekly shoots, which are held every Wednesday. Following are the records for the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	10	20	20
Seaman	9	7	10	9	9	9
Wadsworth	11	8	7	7	14	14
Valty	11	8	7	7	14	14
Cosad	6	8	10	10	10	10
Gillett	10	10	10	10	10	10
Egnor	10	10	10	10	10	10

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

The Executive Committee of the Interstate Association will meet on Monday, Jan. 17, in Madison Square Garden, to receive a report of the Tournament Committee outlining its plan of action as regards target tournaments for the season of 1898. So far, nothing is known as to what that plan will be, and consequently no contracts for target tournaments have as yet been closed with any of the many clubs that have made application to the manager of the association for tournaments this year. The action of the Interstate Association's Executive Committee is, therefore, awaited with much anxiety by very many shooters in the States.

Trap Around Buffalo.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The Audubons spent this afternoon after the manner of other Saturday afternoons, viz., by holding their regular weekly shoot at Audubon Park. In the club badge event, No. 3 in the table below, C. S. Burkhardt won in Class A, B. Tolma in Class B and W. R. Eaton in Class C.

Nos. 6 and 7 were at live birds. In No. 6, 10 live birds, C. S. Burkhardt again carried off first honors. No. 7 was at three pairs of live birds. In this event Edwards and R. H. Hebard divided the honors.

Below are the scores:															
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	6	Targets:	10	15	25	15	20	10	6
Edwards ...	7	9	16	12	15	6	5	E Winch'r...	13
B Talsma	22	Mack	3	10	13
J J Reid ...	5	8	13	5	13	8	..	Wheeler	12
W R Eaton..	14	9	9	Dr Carol	14	14
J E Lodge...	7	9	10	4	W E Garbe...	5
C S Burk'ht	20	21	0	4	4	R H Hebard..	16	8	6

Jan. 8.—Several of the old reliables were out to the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club to-day at Audubon Park, Norris and E. C. Burkhardt tied for first place in the shoot (Event No. 3) for Class A badge, but the former won on the shoot-off. Talsma and Jacobs tied for Class B, which Talsma won in the shoot-off. Norris was in good form yesterday, and he made a clean score of the shoot at five pairs. In the last event, at seven birds, C. S. Burkhardt and Fanning divided the money, each making a clean score.

Following are the scores at the club shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	7	Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	7
C S Burkhardt...	6	11	12	6	9	7	Norris.....	11	22	10	10	6	7
E C Burkhardt...	7	10	22	7	12	6	George McArthur...	10	17	5	...
Fanning.....	8	13	19	8	12	7	Jacobs.....	13
O'Brien.....	4	7	10	3	10	4	A Kennedy.....	11	4	...
J J Reid.....	9	9	11	7	11	6	E P Reynolds...	14	7	6	6	6	...
Winchester.....	8	9	18	5	L W Bennett...	14	6	6	...
B Talsma.....	9	9	18							

No. 4 was at 5 pairs; No. 6 at 7 live birds.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The annual New Year's Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was a success, notwithstanding the extremely cold weather, thirty-eight shooters taking part in the ten events decided during the day. Among those from a distance were: Jack Fanning and W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), of Batavia, N. Y.; B. A. Bartlett, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Dr. Overholt and Wingate, of Hamilton, Ont.; L. V. Byer, Wride and Simon Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.

Glover won first average with 124 out of 140 shot at; Fanning was second with 1

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 4.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

WILDERNESS HOMES.

We all like to go into camp, and imagine that health and joy may be found in sleeping on the balsam twigs of the forest or even on the hard ground of the arid plains. So it is that a camp always possesses a great attraction for those who are fond of outdoor life. People bring back from their outing photographs of their camps, if of nothing else, and when a new tent or a new camping outfit of any description appears, it is sure to excite interest.

It is naturally enough therefore that at an exhibition such as is now being held at the Madison Square Garden there should be seen many forms of camps and shelters. There are log cabins, open log camps, canvas tents and shelters and two Indian wigwams or lodges of birch bark. These conical tents of the form commonly called tipi were the universal movable dwellings of the North American Indian at the time when the white man came, and have often been spoken of as the warmest, dryest and most comfortable movable shelter known. Those here shown are of the form employed by the Algonquin people, and should therefore be called wigwams, an Algonquin word, while tipi is the Dakota name for the dwelling of the same type, but skin-covered instead of roofed with bark.

It will be remembered that at the last Sportsmen's Exposition the FOREST AND STREAM showed a complete Blackfoot Indian camp of the old buffalo days, and following out this idea the Maine Central Railroad and the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad have set up the conical lodges of the forest Indians, covered with sheets of birch bark. An appearance of realism is given to one of the lodges by a fire in it and a kettle hanging on a tripod over the fire. The sheets of bark which cover the lodge poles of these wigwams appear to be laid on the frame individually and fastened in place, so that the tents, while having this appearance of the ancient shelters, are not made in the old way. Wigwams as put up here with nails and tacks are of course permanent structures.

Shelters such as these are still used by the Algonquin people of the North—of Minnesota and Wisconsin, for example—where the covering is made in long rolls, which are conveniently done up for transportation in canoes. "The largest and longest when unrolled reaches around the lodge poles at the ground from one side of the door to the other; the next one in length fits around the lodge poles above the lower strip, lapping a little over it, so as to shed the rain. One still shorter goes on above this and so on to top of cone. At both ends of each strip there is a lath-like stick of wood to keep the bark from splitting and fraying. The pieces of which these strips are composed are neatly sewed together with tamarack roots."

This description, although written of the Ojibwas of the North, applies precisely to the methods employed by the Penobscot Indians, whose descendants, now present at the Garden, have constructed the wigwam shown there. None of the present generation of Penobscots have used these birch bark homes, yet they know how to make them, and if time had been given them would have constructed these wigwams in the old way, using no pieces of iron in putting them together, but only birch bark, sewn with roots and tied with cedar strings. These Penobscot Indians from the Moosehead Lake are intelligent, English-speaking people, who seem quite well qualified to hold their own with their white brethren.

Of the various tents and shelters of canvas which are on exhibition here an interesting one is a double tent

with a vestibule entrance, which is said to be water and insect proof, two features which, if justified by practical working, should be of very great value in many localities in this land of ours.

While it is easily possible for the young and enthusiastic to go into camp without shelters of any kind, yet there are many older men whose advancing years warn them to take all the comfort possible while they are camping. Such observers at the Madison Square Garden will feel an especial interest in all these outdoor homes.

SNAP SHOTS.

The combination of twenty corporations controlling the fisheries of the Great Lakes into one gigantic trust representing a capital of \$5,000,000 will, we are assured, result in great benefit to the Government, which will be saved hundreds of thousands of dollars annually now spent in replenishing and preserving the fisheries. This means, if it means anything, either that the trust will so restrict the catch that the stock will replenish itself naturally, or that the fishing combination will undertake the task of restocking on its own account and relieve the Government of the expense. This is interesting, but not exceedingly plausible. Corporations do not as a rule willingly assume the expense of doing what they can get the public to do for them. No fishing combination made up of men of the species which now inhabits the earth will ever stock the public waters so long as they can induce legislatures to make appropriations for the purpose. Theoretically, however, if the accepted economic principles of fish stocking be well founded, it would be a good business investment, for a concern controlling the Great Lakes, to prosecute at its own expense the work of restocking; and doubtless if a fishing corporation having actual control of the waters, and an actual investment of \$5,000,000, were brought face to face with the necessity of replenishing the fisheries supplies, its directors would undertake the enterprise.

There are two classes of people upon whom injunctions and exhortations are vain and void. One is of the folk who shoot at human beings for game in the woods. The other is of those who send money to publishers and neglect to give name and address. It is always a safe rule when ordering FOREST AND STREAM for a year to specify the person to whom it is to be sent, adding also his post-office address.

Mr. Van Name's proposed system of Government game reservations has a suggestive illustration in a paragraph of the Massachusetts Fisheries and Game Commissioners' report, which has just come to hand. Mr. Van Name's scheme contemplates the acquisition by the National Government of a series of tracts of wild land, in such States as may be selected, to be set apart and protected as game refuges, where the birds or mammals might breed in security, unmolested by man. The overflow from such breeding grounds, and the passing of increased numbers of birds to and from a reservation on their migrations, would restore and maintain the game supply. That this is an actual fact and not theory has been demonstrated in the Yellowstone National Park and the wonderful game supply of the Park and adjacent territory. It is illustrated anew by the Cape Ann experience of Massachusetts.

The Cape was by an act of the last Legislature exempted from the law permitting shooting during an open season. On the Cape the birds are protected the year around. The result of one year's experience is such a replenishing of the game supply as to win warmest support, even among those persons who were at first opposed to the protection. Mr. J. Loring Woodfall writes the Commissioners that never was a law enacted that has received more respect than the one making the Cape a reservation; and he adds: "It is working wonders; we have seen more birds this year than for many years—so much so that one would almost believe that the birds themselves knew of the restrictive law. I attribute the increase to the discontinuance of shooting and consequent taming of the birds, which is particularly noticeable. When the law was enacted I was frequently told that it would amount to nothing; that the Italians and Finns—workmen in the quarries—would

continue shooting Sundays, as they were in the habit of doing. The selectmen had some large notices printed on cloth, which were posted through the woods, warning violators, and wonderful have been the results. So well has this law succeeded here that I sincerely hope that some other sections of the State will ask for the same protection this winter. I believe that in this way we can finally accomplish what the market-men have prevented in other ways."

Whether a game reservation be a national or a State institution matters not, so that it shall be a refuge and efficiently protected. We would rejoice to see States take the initiative without awaiting action by Congress. The beneficent results of the Massachusetts and Montana reserves would just as surely follow from like expedients in Michigan and Minnesota and elsewhere. In the two States named, as in most others, there are vast tracts of wild land, practically worthless for any other purpose, which might be acquired and dedicated to the public in this way. When we reflect upon the increased multitude of shooters and the inadequate, halting, inefficient and insufficient precautions taken to conserve the supply, we may begin to realize our monumental and continental folly as a nation in having failed to have done already just this thing. Why should game reserves be enterprises of individual and club initiative only? Now that the system of withholding vast territories from general public shooting is growing with such tremendous bounds, why should not the people, as represented by their Legislatures, take a hand in the withholding on public account?

The Montana game wardens for the western part of the State need looking after, according to the Anaconda Standard. It is said that shortly before Christmas some one killed a buffalo not far from Livingston, Mont., and shipped the carcass into Butte. The person who owned it tried to sell it to several restaurant keepers, but these, having the fear of the law before their eyes, declined to purchase, and the carcass was finally sold to a wholesale butcher living on Park street. The Montana law extends protection to the buffalo for a period of ten years, and provides that any one killing one of these animals is subject to a fine of not less than \$200 or more than \$500, or may be imprisoned in the county jail for not less than two or more than six months, or may be both fined or imprisoned. The law further provides that the possession of the skin or the meat shall be prima facie evidence that persons having it killed the animal. There seems, therefore, an opportunity for the local game wardens to bring to book both the man who killed and him who purchased this buffalo, which, it may be assumed, has wandered from the National Park. A couple of years ago there was a lot of fine indignation manifested in Montana because some Red River half-breeds got into and almost exterminated a small bunch of buffalo ranging south of the Missouri River on Dry Fork, which for a number of years had been looked after, and so far as possible protected, by the cowboys who worked that range. We believe that the killing of this buffalo was the moving cause which led to the deportation by United States troops of a lot of Crees and half-breeds who were settled and farming in Montana. Most of us will sympathize with the punishment of men who kill buffalo in contravention of the law, but they should not save up all their indignation for Indians and half-breeds, when white men, who understand the law and the real magnitude of such an offense, are guilty of the same misdemeanor.

A young Briton, named Crosbie, residing in Mexico, had an insurance policy for \$10,000 in a California accident insurance company. He went out hunting one day with two companions, and during the hunt was discovered by one of them, wounded with a rifle ball through his breast. He explained that he had shot himself accidentally; and died. The company successfully contested payment of the policy, on the claim that Crosbie had willfully gone into danger, and that there was no proof that his death was accidental. The last contention may have been a good one, but unless Mexican hunting grounds are as full of thought-it-was-a-deer man killers as our own Maine, Michigan and Minnesota, the claim that a man who goes hunting willfully puts himself in peril of his life is most extraordinary and foolish.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—II.

WHEN Saturday came I went to the dam, equipped for fishing. The boy was there ahead of me, and had already seined a lot of his favorite red horse minnows, and was keeping them alive in a little pond he had built where the waters from a spring trickled down the hill.

"Hello. You're on time 'n' I'm all ready. Got lots of bait for both of us. Got a new pole, too. What d'ye think of her?" he asked, without giving me time to get a word in edgeways.

I took the pole, a stout lancewood, and examined it. It was perfect in every particular except weight, and I told him it was a trifle heavy, I thought, otherwise all right. "Well, you see; I kinder thought I might bust a little one 'fore I got ust to it, so I got this one. Could 'a' got a littler one, but I was a little leery about it. Reckon she'll do. Hain't half so heavy as my old cane, anyhow," he sagely remarked, as he fondled the new rod and tested the spring of its bending length.

"Here, put some of these in your hat," he continued, scooping up a double handful of fine minnows. I pushed my bait box around and he dumped them in, but put his own in his hat, because they were handier there according to his notion. The minnow net he stuck through his belt, letting it dangle without any brails. He could cut the latter anywhere along the stream, so he did not bother himself with the extra weight.

"Ready?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, and we started into the stream, shoes, trousers and all, for he had his on this time perforce, as there were houses on each side of the stream. We waded out to a bar that reached partly across the river below the dam, and then the boy showed his knowledge. "Here, you wade about four steps straight toward the dam, and you'll find a big flat rock there, where the water is waist deep. Get up on the rock, and it will only come half-way to your knees. When you get there, throw your bait right where those two little currents meet, an' you'll get a Balaam, for they's a place where they stay down in amongst the rocks there. I know, 'cause I've dove down there and been all over the bottom. You must throw right ed-zackly where I tell you, or you'll get fast, for they's a big old cottonwood stump jammed in among the rocks on this side about 2ft., and the rock bottom goes down in a straight step-off on the other side, and they's only about 3ft. of clear water between the two. It's about 9 or 10ft. deep, and they's a current at the bottom that goes up stream toward the dam, 'cause the water falls and makes sort of an undertow. Go ahead."

I did as directed, and found the rock as described, and caught some fine fish of 6 or 7lbs. weight before the boy shouted to "Come on, this is petered out." By questioning I found that the boy had actually been all over the bottom of the river, right up to the very falls of the dam, unmindful of a strong undertow that had drowned several men.

He seemed to think nothing of the danger he exposed himself to by taking chances among those currents.

"It's easy to swim in there if you know how," he said. "All you got to do when you want to get out is just come up to the top quick, then turn on your back and float out with the top current, that's going downstream all the time, 'cept right up by the fall, and there the top current goes upstream and the undertow goes down. You can feel the difference soon as you strike it; so, if you are close to the fall, dive and stay down till you meet the undertow comin' back, then shoot to the top 'n' turn on your back, and you're all right. I mighty near got caught once, though, 'fore I found out about the currents," he added reflectively. "I got shoved down and yanked back up five or six times, but I just held my breath and reckoned I could keep it up till I got into the right current. Had a purty close call, though."

We were slowly wading along down stream as we talked, and each picked up a good fish here and there among the eddies until we got near the foot of the rapid, half a mile from the dam. "Now come here 'n' I'll show you another place," said the boy. "Throw right over there, just above that old maple on the bank. They's a deep place just below there, and the current has cut away back under the roots. Some day the maple is going to tumble in and spoil that hole. I come down through here one day and didn't get a bite from the dam clear here nen I got a three-pounder out of this hole, nen I got a nother, 'n' a nother, till I stood here and caught twenty-nine of 'em, all about the same size and 'bout three pounds weight. I didn't know they was a hole there then, but I found it out afterwards, and I always catch about the same size fish there, 'bout 3lbs."

I had cast into the place indicated, and almost before the minnow struck I had a fish which, when landed, was sure enough "bout a three-pounder." We caught several more there, and they ran just about the same size, and I found that the hole could be depended on for "three-pounders" almost every time.

"Now, less get out and walk down to the big walnut trees," said the boy. "They ain't any use fishing in this still water below here. Might get a few, but it's too slow. I like swift water, so the fish will run when you get a holt of 'em. 'Tain't no fun to fish in still water."

I thought the boy spoke more wisely than he knew, for he had the true sportsman's instinct, and only needed a few hints properly administered to show him that he was really enjoying life just about in the right way.

We climbed the bank wet and dripping, walked down stream along a path that the boy seemed to know would come to the river again at about the right place.

"Mighty good place for quails and rabbits up there about three miles," the boy remarked, as we crossed a little creek. "If you are here this winter I'll show you some fun. I know right where to find 'em, 'n' without a dog too. Don't like a dog to hunt with anyhow," continued the young savage. "Makes too much noise, nen they always run ahead and scare everything up before you get close enough. Best way is to trail 'em."

"How can you trail quail?" I asked.

"Easy. They leave lots of signs, even if they hain't any snow on the ground. They kind of flutter in the dust like a chicken does in the middle of the day, and they always come to about the same place at the same time every day, if they hain't hunted too much so's to scare 'em away, nen they go to some other place and begin all over again."

This was news to me, but I found out that the boy was a regular Indian in his ways of hunting, and whatever he said about game or fish of that section I learned to depend on as accurate, for he knew the habits of wild creatures as few people do. He loved them, and only killed what he could use, and later I have seen him pass a covey of quail after he had all he wanted and never pay any more attention to them than he would to a tame chicken, except to remark, "I'll see you later, my beauties," and he generally did it too.

When we reached the lower riffles we waded in again and fished to the island before lunch time, then I suggested that we climb out and have a little lunch, a proposition that suited him exactly.

"We'll go to my camp here and have as good a feed as though we was home," he said, as we tied our fish in a shady spot and climbed upon the island. "You see I fish here a good deal, and I've fixed up a kind of a camp, so I'm at home like. 'Tain't much, but we can get a bite to eat all right," he said, as he led the way toward the center of the island, where the bushes seemed so thick that one could scarcely get through them. To my surprise the boy twisted and turned about, always with a clear path under our feet and easy traveling until we reached a little open space where three giant cottonwood trees grew close together. "You see I cut a trail in here so I could get in without much trouble. Had to wind around to make it blind. If I'd cut it straight everybody would come right into camp, but it winds around so that you can't see any trail at all unless you know where to go."

That, I thought, was certainly an Indian way of hiding camp and leaving the front door open, trusting to the blindness so common among civilized people for protection.

"Now we'll have a feed right," said the boy, as we reached his "camp," which appeared to be only a snug little opening in the middle of the thicket; but as he began to brush aside innocent looking little bunches of leaves and twigs I saw the same Indian methods displayed again, for under each pile reposed some essential camp article, and no two in a place. A coffee pot appeared, then a frying-pan, tin plates, spoons, knives, forks, and last, but not least, he scattered a few bits of bark and revealed a hollow space dug under the base of one of the cottonwoods, and in this hole a wooden box. Opening the box he brought forth a bag of oiled canvas, and this in turn produced coffee, sugar, salt and a generous slab of bacon, each tied up in a separate oiled bag.

"Hain't got any bread just now," he remarked; "got to bring some down too. Eat the last up a few days ago."

I had plenty of lunch in my basket, and with fresh fish fried with the bacon and hot black coffee we made a meal that was fit for kings.

"I got a little tent over yonder too, so I'm pretty much at home down here rain or shine. Got another outfit cached up the river too. Got a stove up there and a shovel, besides a little tent and plenty of grub. You see I don't like to pack stuff with me, so I pack it out and hide it, and then I'm fixed." Truly the boy was a half wild person in those days, and his soft step wandered through all the byways of his domain and he was king.

After our lunch he stowed things away, and deftly hid them by making the surroundings appear perfectly natural, and I would never have suspected the existence of a camp there when he got through.

"Now less go home. I've got all the fishing I want if you have," he said, after we had rested and talked an hour after dinner. "You go ahead 'n' I'll kind o' kick the leaves over your trail," he said, as we were ready to leave. I went down the windings of the trail and then discovered that he had cut the bushes about half off on one side and bent them down over the cut to hide it and show only an ordinary broken bush, perfectly natural in the woods, and thus had cut his trail into camp.

When we got back to town I invited him up to the house, to come in just whenever he felt like it or wanted company on a trip, and that is how we came to be close friends and travel "pardners" in all these after years, for the boy came in often and was always ready for a trip somewhere. Of these trips I must tell you another time.

EL COMANCHO.

The Camp at Hopkins'.

INTO our lives each summer comes a blissful period of oblivion from business, when we congregate at the place where, ten years ago, we landed one summer evening and lay ourselves down under the light of the full moon, with the sand for a bed and the sky for a blanket. Each year we have renewed the acquaintance with the spot which, on that summer evening, we seized in the name of the O. C. C.

But it was not until the last year that we obtained permission to build a cabin there; and, once having obtained that permission, it was not long before, standing about 20ft. from the bluff, there could be seen a small camp, painted a dark red, resembling a peanut stand or a night-lunch car. But, notwithstanding its unpromising exterior, the interior affords a cozy, comfortable, substantial place in which to spend our idle moments.

The spot itself is beautiful. A creek, barred across its mouth by sand, filled with weeds and rushes, its banks lined with fine groves of chestnut trees. Now and then a gloomy pine or hemlock stands along its margin; the bend shows a small grove of birches, rising white and cool against the high, brown bank, their delicate foliage faithfully reflected in the murky water.

Westward, a half mile or more, a long point of land, green and brown by day, violet at evening, stretches into the lake until it stands black against the sunset sky; eastward, the shore seemingly ends in a clump of graceful willows. Veritable flirts are these willows, flinging

their favors to every passing zephyr, wooing the evening land breeze, throwing kisses to the lake.

Sometimes a stray duck enters the creek. Perhaps the woodcock will greet you on a warm summer day with his scornful whistle, as you disturb his noonday siesta. The rattle of the kingfisher is a constant sound; anon he entertains you by poising gracefully over the lake, moving not an inch, but, with rapidly fluttering wings, seems a toy suspended on a string. Old Daddy Longlegs, the great blue heron, is a frequent visitor, and woe unto the unwary, goggle-eyed frog who comes within reach of his long beak. Between Daddy Longlegs and Mr. Pickerel, Goggle-eye leads a much-disturbed and precarious life; indeed, although there may be a goodly number of frogs in the early summer, they soon disappear, and it would perhaps be impertinent to ask Mr. Heron or Mr. Pickerel what becomes of them.

Of the shy, small bird-life of the woods, one may see quite a little. He may greet the scarlet tanager in the spring, and watch him as he reverses the procedure of the trees, and turns from red to green as the season advances. He may catch the pewee's plaintive whistle, the clattering of the woodpeckers, the lisp of small warblers, and spend a pleasant and profitable afternoon with the birds in the woods.

As one strolls cautiously along, the shrill squeak of the hilarious chipmunk may be heard on every side. The red squirrel ceases his pressing labors and chatters and scolds in wicked squirrel language at the intruder. Both of these animals are more friendly, however, upon a more intimate acquaintance, and the chipmunk makes himself very much at home in the vicinity of our camp. The red squirrel is more shy, but even he passes part of his time speculating on the nature of the cabin and its inmates from a nearby stump. Mr. Chipmunk sits for a half hour at a time on the fence, watching every move with his bright black eye, seemingly a very interested spectator. The chipmunk is very aristocratic, and prefers the best brand of building paper for making his nest, and helps himself without asking permission.

In this respect, as well as in many others, Chipmunk differs from the wood-mouse, who disdains building paper, and goes in for quilts and blankets. Of course, from the standpoint of two-legged, indolent monsters who put up the paper and furnish the quilts, it is an unremunerative task to keep Messrs. Chipmunk and Mouse supplied with building material, but undoubtedly the little fellows do not take that fact into consideration. But, with all their faults, we love them still.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse live in a luxurious home under the bottom rail of the old fence in front of the cabin. Sometimes, when friend Bink's supper is placed outside upon the ground, Mr. Mouse, all uninvited, scurries out and helps himself. Bink, although a most good-natured dog, dislikes to share his supper with any one, and with snap and growl sends Mr. Mouse back into his stronghold in great haste. Mouse cannot stand the temptation, however, and shortly he is back again, and with much fear and trembling and many short and hasty journeys, each time taking a little food in his mouth, he finally gets enough for his supper, and perhaps also for breakfast-to-morrow.

Should one prefer, he may take the canoe and paddle silently along the rushes. Here he may become acquainted with the saucy, flippant marsh wren, and watch him as he describes his short arc above the rushes and pours out his little, tinkling, bubbling song. If you explore the rushes for his home, you will find perhaps five or six nests, but of these but one is used. How the wren scolds and chatters as you approach an unused nest! And how strangely silent when the real nest is in danger! His home, shaped like a cocoanut, containing the five or six eggs of so brown a color as to appear almost black, is really a work of art. It is surely a snug retreat for the children when the raindrops patter and the wind sings through the sedges.

Then you may watch the sora rails, those long-legged, long-billed, wedge-shaped birds, running about among the rushes. Perhaps after a search you will find, snugly built in the bottom of a clump of sedges, the nest, containing ten to thirteen eggs of a light coffee color, speckled with reddish brown. How that little bird covers the big nestful of eggs is a mystery, but cover it she does, and well, too. The eggs of the Virginia rail, about the same in number and of the same size, are of a light flesh tint, speckled with the same reddish brown. If one would test the expertness of the grebe, he may amuse himself by frightening him with puffs of smoke from his pipe. He dives before the shot reaches him!

Jim Crow and his ally, the bluejay, make the woods their home, and every night and morning Jim makes a meal upon the dead fish along the beach. In the course of a season the crow cleans up a great deal of filth, and in this he is ably seconded by the snapping turtle. Large snappers are found in the creek, which is an ideal place for them, and frequently they are seen upon the beach, dining on the dead fish. All in all, the snapping turtle is not a nice fellow. Aside from his diet, which is extremely disgusting, he has an ugly bite and an atrocious smell of musk. One which we caught on the beach one day would bite so hard as to leave deep marks in a hardwood stick; and when we let him go the pail in which we kept him went with him. We had no further use for it.

A careful search among the pines will reveal the nest of the bluejay, with its complement of four or five dark brown eggs, spotted with red. The jay is a handsome fellow, and he knows it; but he will insist upon spoiling the good impression created by his fine coat with his harsh squalling.

In the twilight the screech owl comes forth and moans his ditty. It has been said the cry of the owl resembles the wail of a lost spirit. We have never heard a lost spirit wail, and consequently cannot say as to the truthfulness of this statement; but we will say that he sounds as though he were bothered by mosquitoes.

It is said that there is no great loss without some small gain, and upon the same principle it may truthfully be said that there can be no great pleasure without some small pain. This is so in the case with life at camp, although there is nothing worse to mar the pleasure than that small bit of animated cussedness, the mosquito. We have tried, individually and collectively, to express our contempt for the mosquito, but it was a failure. Whence

comes the mosquito we know not; as to where he goes we are positive. He can only exist in a warm climate.

Rise from the supper table, take a paddle from the rack, and off for a canoe trip on the lake. The lispings, gurgling waves impart a restful motion to your boat. Paddle slowly toward the sunset. A streak of red, shading into orange and light yellow; an expanse of pale blue, deepening toward the zenith, the water faithfully reflecting the warmer tints, and to the northward tossing a cold green against a purple sky. When you are far enough out, the lighthouse, two miles away to the east, flashes a red gleam across a violet expanse of dancing water; then the glorious full moon looks over the woods and sends you a bar of molten silver. Watch the western colors fade, and the woods take on a dusky hue, and presently you will catch a gleam of light from among the trees. When you would return, point your prow toward that light, and there you will find the boys, talking low from behind huge clouds of fragrant smoke, rolled from the restful bowls.

As the season advances, what a change occurs! Perchance, as you glance from the cabin door some cold fall morning, the lake lies still and gray and sullen beneath a burden of purple mist. At night the sun sets, red and angry, behind the point. The wind comes singing, fresh and strong, across a tumbling waste of steel blue breakers. The trees wave leafless branches, and mutter and groan, and the surf pounds incessantly upon the beach. The little bunch of ducks, hanging limp and lifeless from the white birch in front of the cabin, sways in the rising wind.

Inside there is a smell of clam chowder and coffee. As the darkness falls, this is succeeded by the fragrance of tobacco. The guns are cleaned and put away; then comes the tinkle of guitar and the song. Soon the fire snaps and roars unaccompanied; the flicker of the light upon the wall of the cabin ceases, and the camp is wrapped in slumber.

Natural History.

Muffins and Ragamuffins.

We call our sparrow pensioners ragamuffins, though really having a very good opinion of them, and we give them muffins as often as we can, since discovering their preference for this form of bread.

Once there appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* a story of a "Feathered Foundling," and as this closed with a discouraging outlook for the foundling's love affair, a further report may be acceptable.

They are quite well, those same two sparrows, and now the summer is dead and buried beneath autumn leaves and wintry snowflakes, it amuses us to recall incidents connected with a big three-story cage.

To begin with, we were, by a visit to Europe and by other matters, separated from our birds for eleven months, an indulgent friend taking charge of them. To our surprise we found this period was insignificant in the memory of the sparrows, for restored to this room they at once resumed their familiar ways, and, on the cage being opened, flew to perch on former favorite places. The Foundling went straight to the shoulder of the Philosopher who had, three years before, rescued him from a Brooklyn cat, nestled there a moment, then hopped to his beard and insisted on receiving bread from between his lips, just as of old. Within one hour we became convinced the birds had forgotten nothing during an absence of nearly a year from our study.

In the spring of 1897, after two years' courtship, Dick won his suit, as we had assured him he would do, in the fullness of time. The honeymoon was sentimental, spiced with occasional tiffs, in which Loulou generally came off victor because Dick suffered with palpitation of the heart, due, possibly, to the anxiety he endured while urging his suit. Melancholy and sentimental Dick irritated the gay, matter-of-fact bride, who sometimes relieved her mind by suspending him in mid-air. There were three degrees of this chastisement. When we saw Dick hanging plumb, held in his mate's beak by the tip of his tail or a wing, we knew her temper was ruffled; if Loulou dangled him to and fro, a more advanced stage of wrath was indicated; but if she jerked him up and down this expressed severe displeasure. After a fight in which feathers were made to fly, regardless of decorum or chivalry, friendly relations were re-established through Dick's humble repentance and adoration of the arrogant little beauty who, while gently scolding him, preened her wings, those satin-smooth, glossy wings, which were the despair of poor, amorous Dick! She was on the perch; he, beneath it, softly pecked at her tail while whispering his flatteries, and she liked him to thus kiss the hem of her garment. Contrary to the reputation of female birds, this one developed a good voice, and sang, does sing, sweeter melodies than birds of her feather are supposed to attempt. She likes to show off before visitors, and on certain occasions has sung by request. One afternoon when a friend was taking coffee with us and Loulou was picking crumbs from the carpet, I said: "Come here, pretty Loulou, and sing to me." She flew to the table at which I sat, perched on a book and warbled her sweetest notes; then away she went. Again I invited her and once more she came to my side and repeated her song. It is very funny when this little songster scolds her own throat because it does not quite respond to her ambitious intentions.

This birdie, believed to be the prettiest sparrow in Brooklyn, has had many admirers, but is not a flirt. She and Dick each have favorites among the numerous visitors that flock around their cage at the window, but their liking does not seem to be influenced by sex. Friendship exists among all creatures. When Loulou's admirers are in sight we know it by Dick's attitude of haughty contempt and defiance, expressing "Vagabonds, what care I for you? You can't come in here! This is my house, she is my wife." On one occasion he was loudly scolding a would-be rival, but seeing this had no effect, he took in his beak one end of his paper carpet, raised it slightly and gave it a rattling shake. At the

noise, away flew the obnoxious party, but soon returned. Dick at once repeated his former effective action, and off went the intruder. Within an hour we saw the Foundling repeat this several times with various birds, proving that he was observant and calculating.

We have been much interested in the diversity of character shown by birds that flock to our window, and are obliged to acknowledge that, as in the human family, those lacking self-confidence and persistence fare badly and appear depressed and shabby, while the plucky, stick-to-it sparrows are fat and sleek.

As soon as we scatter bread for their visitors, our birds summon them with shrill calls, but some pensioners have a fixed idea that whatever is in the cage is better than the portion served to them, and all have decided they prefer muffins to any other bread. On this point Dick and Loulou agree with them and therefore resent the determined efforts of certain acquaintances to possess themselves of large pieces placed in the cage bars. The exhibition of ill-nature on the part of the feathered urchins, called forth by one particular puffy kind of muffin, is sometimes positively disgraceful and heart-rending. In the absence of muffins the tribe is better mannered, and having summoned his guests Dick keeps his back toward them, that they may feel quite free to feast, also encouraging them with cheerful remarks, which, with Dick's patient assistance, I have endeavored to learn so as to reduce the expression to English spelling. The nearest we can get to it is "wickoo-too-choo," and this we interpret as "Pray help yourselves!" But on muffin days this cordiality is tinged with reserve.

Dick's original wooden house in which he was brought up by the Philosopher forms the third story of the cage, and notwithstanding his tender infatuation he has never been willing to give up that cozy corner to his lady-love; but she, having a will of her own, entered again and again. Furthermore, she had an eye to the future, so her mate scolded and coaxed in vain when she chose to make herself at home in his old bachelor chambers. Then he resorted to tricks. A favorite one was to tear from his carpet a scrap of paper, and, with this in his beak, enter the door with a great pretension of wanting to stuff up some chink. If his spouse did not then vacate the premises a pitched battle ensued. Generally she humored Dick by hurrying out; but as the spring advanced she showed such eagerness to occupy the nest that I carefully explained to her her right to it, and suggested the expulsion of her mate if he would not listen to reason. That night Loulou slept in the nest, as if she had really grasped the sense of our words. She now began to take life seriously and arrange Dick's old nest to her fancy. He, too, gave himself great importance. On one occasion I carried to the cage some muffin wrapped in a piece of old white china silk; the silk I kept in my hand and put the muffin between the bars. Dick pushed it out, went to the nest and brought from it a small scrap of the same kind of silk I held, uplifting his beak that I might see just what he had. Clear language, this—he preferred silk to bread, even muffin, at that moment. I cut the silk to pieces and put it in the cage bars, and within ten minutes every piece was in the nest. Next day, while Loulou was eating cuttlefish and seeds, Dick dashed into the nest and brought down to the basement of the cage one of Loulou's new silk sheets. He had seen a pretty feather-girl outside, and, with the sheet in his beak as an offering, began that love-dance in which his wings and tail become so suggestive of a butterfly that we call it "doing the butterfly." In the midst of the performance Loulou came upon the scene. Instantly Dick dropped the silk and ran to the seed-box as if very hungry. Such dissimulation!

By way of studying their perception of color we gave the young couple pieces of black and of white muslin, mixed. Not one black thread was carried to the nest; in like manner all other colors were despised when white could be had. The male bird did most of the work, and frequently brought to his mate, for approbation, the morsel of stuff he proposed adding to the pile. If she ignored his approach, he went on with his work; but if she snapped her beak angrily, he let his offering drop to the ground and did not venture to place it in the nest.

On the 27th of May Loulou kept her wings in a state of agitation, as chicks do when begging to be fed. Oh, the little fluttering wings!—messengers of some one coming. And next morning a great event occurred, coupled with calamity. At peep of day Loulou's first creation was dropped by her on the floor of the cage, she being on the perch while the bad Dicky was cozy in his nest, which he had insisted upon occupying—the monster! Here was a domestic tragedy! The Philosopher showed his Foundling the broken shell and told him such hard truths that the culprit kept himself in a corner while his mate moped on a perch. We put the broken shell in the nest, as an indicator of what should be. Dick threw it out, but passed the day stuffing the nest and conciliating his companion.

At exactly the same hour on the following morning there was a repetition of the scene, with like results, and again on the third day, but this egg remained intact because we had padded the floor. We placed it in the nest, and the little mother, in a burning fever, went there to comply with her duty. Presently Dick coaxed her out, and remained in her place. Soon she returned, and discovered he had broken the egg. Out she came, her large, expressive eyes full of sadness, and all day she remained in a corner, her feathers bristling, her head under one wing; and Dick's blandishments found no response.

Just one month later Loulou laid three more eggs, on consecutive days, this time in the nest; and now the Foundling proved himself a wicked infanticide, for he deliberately broke the eggs, one by one, and threw them out. Why? He did not tell us; and whatever reasons he gave to the little mother proved unsatisfactory, for she subjected him to several prolonged hangings and jerked him up and down so violently that he screamed for mercy; she also scolded him fiercely every time he had the audacity to declare his unalterable affection for her; and not for three or four weeks did we hear her sing a note.

When the days grew long and warm, many birds brought their chicks to this window, sure of a meal, and we were greatly interested in seeing our couple show

more consideration for the weak than for the strong. They never objected to a bird's taking food from their cage to feed its young, and any adult that had been maimed, or appeared ill, was treated with equal consideration. As for the young birds themselves, Dick pushed bread out of the cage to them, as he used to do when only a year old. Seeing his great liking for chicks, we felt at liberty to remind him that he alone was to blame for having none of his own.

Sparrows do not, like men, worry over their offspring to the day of their death; in fact, they quickly abandon them to their own resources, and many perish in consequence. Only the strong survive. The weaklings seek a sheltered corner, pick up the crumbs more easily reached, and are beaten back into eternity by the first heavy rain which breaks over them. Early one morning two little feathery heads peeped up above the sill to look through a window-pane. The pretty things begged for food—could any one resist? We threw up the window and the chicks flew from our reach; but while pretending to pick up something in the distance, they watched us as we crumbled soft bread in front of the three-story cage, and as soon as we withdrew the small strangers came to enjoy the offering. These twins were not robust, and soon they came within the room, on the bench where the cage rested, and there, with their heads tucked under their wings, stood napping, propped against each other, now and then waking to pick up the crumbs strewn for their benefit. It would have been easy to catch them while they slept, but such an abuse of confidence would have been unpardonable.

Alas for the twins! After they had spent five days with us, always flying away at dusk to some favorite night corner of their own, a heavy rain caught them in transit, and never again did the little fluffy balls prop each other up close to the Foundling's cage.

A lone chick came next, and was so tame after three days that it alighted on the sofa cushions and on the table at which I was writing. This birdie also perished, appearing no more after a heavy rain-storm.

The Foundling had taken a great fancy to the chicks; their fate, perhaps coupled with remorse for his crime, affected his health and temper; he grew very thin, gave up singing and took to habitual fretting, even scolding us when we reproved him. A few days ago I caught hold of his tail, sticking out through the bars. He immediately turned and pulled the lace on my dress. Here was retaliation in kind.

Sparrows cannot be induced to eat fruit of any description, but have a strong liking for lettuce. The charming, docile Loulou, whom every one loves, will peck at a lettuce leaf for ten minutes at a time, while Dick prefers to rub himself against it to moisten his feathers. Possibly he has read on his newspaper carpet, "Use lettuce cream," and desires to improve his complexion by polishing himself on the unadulterated article.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.

Game Bag and Gun.

Shots Across the Snow.

WITH the closing of the year the hunting season in New Brunswick came to a close also, and now the shy capricious caribou and the reminiscent moose are safe for many moons to come from the pursuit of honest men.

While out hunting on the Gaspereaux barrens with the Indian guide Jim Paul during Christmas week I had a chance to test the .30-30 on a herd of caribou. I picked out for the experiment the two best specimens, one of them a bull with a fair set of antlers. Each of these caribou was hit within 6 in. of the shoulder. They were doubtless fatally wounded, but failed to succumb until they had received one of them two, the other three additional shots, all placed in vital parts of the body. None of the bullets went through the body, but mushroomed as soon as they struck the flesh, and being so light in weight showed very limited penetration. The experience confirmed me in my belief that while the .30-30 is about as sure a hitter as any rifle I ever handled, it is not as sure a killer as the larger calibers. On the 29th ult. we found a very large freshly shed moose horn, which shows that old bulls are apt to drop their horns at a somewhat earlier date than has generally been supposed.

The Provincial Government has been engaged during the past four or five years in procuring specimens of the game animals and birds of the Province, until now there is to be seen in the Crown Land office a very complete collection. Until recently they had not secured a suitable specimen of a bull moose to be mounted whole and placed on exhibition. On the 21st ult. the famous guide Henry Braithwaite was commissioned to find a large moose for this purpose. He was accompanied on the trip by the well-known local sportsman William Chestnut. I have just received a letter from Billy, dated at Richey's Camp, Little Sou'west Lake, Dec. 27, in which he states that the moose has been secured and is a remarkably fine specimen; also that they would haul it out as soon as there was sufficient snow.

Many of our American friends who made their headquarters at Edmundston during the past hunting season will have a lively recollection of the genial proprietor of the leading hotel at that place, Felix Herbert. Felix, with Dave Bates as guide, has just returned from an extended moose hunt on the headwaters of Green River. They brought in one moose and two caribou. The moose, after being wounded, gave Felix a chase of eight miles before he was finally brought down. There were several feet of snow in the country where they hunted, yet they climbed a mountain the top of which was entirely bare, apparently the result of subterranean heat.

E. W. Forbes, Robert Walcott and R. C. Storey, three sportsmen from Massachusetts, returned from Doaktown the other day after a brief stay upon the barrens. They shot two caribou, one of them a fairly good specimen of a bull.

Mr. Charles S. Bird, of East Walpole, Mass., who has

been hunting on the Tobique, failed to secure his moose, owing to deep snow and shortness of the trip. He had as guide George E. Armstrong, of Perth Centre, who writes me that he has been cruising out new ground for next year's operations, and that "the country we was in was nothing but moose tracks!" Mr. Armstrong is a most efficient and reliable guide, whom I can recommend without reserve to visiting hunters. He has been for some years a guide in Maine, but will henceforth hunt in New Brunswick.

Mr. C. C. Hills, of Cleveland, having shed upon us the light of his countenance for a season, has flickered away to his Southern home. Mr. Hills manufactured three caribou into venison, and hit a bull moose in the neck, but the moose is still at large. Mr. Hills will look him up next fall.

The New Brunswick Legislature meets in annual session next month. I look for the following changes to be made in the game law: Each hunter to be allowed a maximum of one moose, two caribou and three deer; non-resident guides to pay a license of \$20. A map of convenient size for sportsmen is shortly to be issued and the Government have in contemplation publishing a hand book, which will give full and accurate information as to all the various game resorts. An effort is also being made by local sportsmen to induce the Dominion Government to remove the prohibition upon the export of game so far as to permit venison to be shipped when accompanied by the sportsman who owns it.

FRANK H. RISTERN.

FREDERICTON, Jan. 6.

Maine Commissioners' Report.

An Abstract as furnished to "Forest and Stream" by the Commission.

THE Commissioners say in their annual report just presented to the Governor that never before in the history of the State have inland fish and game interests been so much discussed by the people and the press as during the year just closed. The laws for the protection of fish and game have always been difficult of enforcement, and those charged with their enforcement have never escaped severe criticism.

It is a fact, however, that there has been less violation of the game laws this year than ever before since fish and game became abundant.

The State has four well-equipped hatcheries and feeding stations, viz., at Edes Falls, Caribou, Auburn and Monmouth.

At Auburn a cottage has been built during the year for a residence for the superintendent and a hatching house erected at Caribou, and new dams have been built at these places.

Two hundred and thirty-five thousand trout were raised; 450,000 land-locked salmon, and 146,000 Penobscot River salmon, which were planted in 121 different bodies of water in the State; besides, several hundred thousand trout and salmon were raised and planted by private enterprise, the State having furnished the eggs for hatching.

The catch of fish, land-locked salmon, white perch, pickerel and black bass has been exceptionally large. The guides report that those fishermen whom they have guided have caught more than fifty tons of trout and salmon. The outlook for future fishing was never so good in recent years as to-day.

The law for the registration of guides has worked well, and is held in great favor by the Commissioners and a large majority of the guides and true sportsmen; 1,316 guides have been registered since the law went into effect, July 1.

From the annual report of the guides the following facts appear:

Total number of days guides have been employed, 51,918.

At \$3 per day the usual price would amount to \$155,754 paid in wages to the guides; \$50,000 has been paid to the taxidermists of the State.

Number of residents guided.....3,384

Number of non-residents guided.....7,125

Total number of moose killed.....250

Total number of caribou killed.....239

Total number of deer killed.....8,947

Total number of bears killed.....160

Non-residents who have employed guides have spent in the State at least \$2,000,000.

Residents of the State who employed guides expended at least \$175,000.

This is a matter for congratulation, that more than 3,000 of our own citizens have preferred to spend their vacation and money in the State instead of other States or countries.

The guides report their other occupations besides guiding as follows:

Three hundred farmers, 35 woodsmen, 1 express agent, 1 engineer, 3 game wardens, 18 hunters, 1 harness maker, 1 hostler, 3 hotel proprietors, 7 jack-at-all-trades, 2 jewelers, 74 lumberers, 9 merchants, 16 millmen, 2 mechanical engineers, 1 pension attorney, 4 painters, 1 professional loafer, 1 postal clerk, 42 river drivers, 2 reporters, 10 surveyors, 8 spool makers, 2 students, 5 gum pickers, 8 steamboat proprietors, 10 taxidermists, 9 teamsters, 27 trappers, 1 trial justice, 1 farmer and postmaster, 1 bushwhacker, 1 bottoming chairs, 7 blacksmiths, 8 mechanics.

One thousand and nineteen were born in this State. Three have died—two by drowning.

The youngest is fourteen years of age and the oldest seventy-eight, who has been a guide for more than half a century.

They are registered from fourteen of the sixteen counties, as follows:

Two Androscoggin, 173 Aroostook, 10 Cumberland, 175 Franklin, 11 Hancock, 18 Kennebec, 1 Knox, 52 Oxford, 340 Penobscot, 270 Piscataquis, 136 Somerset, 5 Waldo, 108 Washington, 2 York, 13 Lake Umbagog Association guides.

In the several fatal shootings of persons while hunting, no registered guide has been connected. Five have been caught poaching, and one surrendered his certificate.

The Commissioners have held monthly meetings at

the State House, and have attended forty-one hearings on petitions of taxpayers to close certain lakes, ponds and streams.

From the foregoing abstract it will be seen that Maine has a marvelous industry in her inland fish and game, which should be well cared for.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Off for the Far Gold Country.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 6.—My old trout fishing companion and snowshoe chum Charlie Norris starts next week for the gold country of the far Northwest, and goes by what many would consider the most risky route at the dead of winter, the back door trail overland from Edmonton. His party will not go to Dawson City, but will adopt the far more sensible plan of keeping as far away from that crowded point as possible, and doing some prospecting in the country at the head of the Pelly River and its tributaries. This region has been aimed for by many men out of Dawson, who have been driven back down the Yukon by the failure of their supplies. The objective point of this party will be Lake Frances, about 400 miles from Dawson City. This will keep them in a field as yet practically new, and in the heart of a range for which it is as safe to predict gold now as it was for the Klondike three years ago.

The party, of which Mr. Norris and Mr. Alex. Dierks are the organizers, will number about a dozen, nearly all of whom are carpenters or mechanics. They take a prospecting drill and material for a light saw mill (a shaft and circular saws and belting). Emil Karatowski, C. J. Johnson, Chas. Youngberg, Gus Anderson, Otto Baggely, Frederick Howson and Chas. Parker, members of this party, left last night for Edmonton. Mr. Norris and Mr. Dierks will leave next Tuesday. The party will buy their provisions at Edmonton, Alberta, the end of railway travel, and will there purchase toboggans for horse use. Each man will buy four horses, and with this equipment they think they can take in a year's supplies.

All this sounds grotesquely impractical in view of all that we read about the deep snows and the awful cold of the Yukon region, but there are many reasons for thinking it not so unwise after all. The fact is there is a lot of country between Edmonton and the Klondike which is very little known to most of us, but which is very well known to a lot of other men, and has been so known for fifty years or such matter. They have been washing gold along the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers for about thirty years, and the maps are dotted with the significant letters "H. B. P." (Hudson's Bay Port), showing that the trader and trapper has already taken the brunt of the first trail. Mr. Norris and his party will be governed somewhat by Mr. Ogilvy's government report, he having made this same trip and declared it perfectly feasible. It is very much shorter than the Mackenzie River trail, and over a more practicable country. There is a post at every hundred miles or so, the snow rarely lies more than a foot to 2 ft. in the lower reaches, and the thermometer rarely goes below 45 degrees below. Most of the road is by river, and of course winter is far the best time for such a trip, as any one will know who has experienced the delight of crossing lake, stream and swamp by snowshoe, where by foot he would have been hopelessly lost.

The route of the Norris party from Edmonton is to Little Slave Lake, thence to the Peace River. Part of this is farming country, though most of us didn't know that. They go up the Peace River to Halfway River, and up that stream for some distance to the crossing to the Nelson River. The Nelson River runs into the Liard, and the Liard into the Mackenzie, but the Liard runs far back into the mountains, near to the headwaters of the Pelly. Hence the party after getting on the Nelson will descend the Nelson to the Liard, and go up the Liard into the mountains. Here they will have the hardest part of the whole journey, fifty miles of mountain travel to the Frances Lake and the head of the Pelly. They are told that over much of this country there is winter range for horses, and expect that their stock can paw snow for grass over a good part of the trail. The total distance from Edmonton to the head of the Pelly is only about 900 miles, and the party hope to make it by April. It sounds a long way, 900 miles, but it is only ten miles a day for three months, or fifteen miles a day for two months. It all depends on the condition of the ice and the depth of the snow. Rivers should freeze smooth, but they don't, and snow should follow the average of precipitation, but it doesn't. Of course this means snowshoeing all the way, and the men must camp out, do their own cooking and their own packing—no light proposition for bad winter weather. I do not believe they will get to the head of the Liard with all their horses, but they may get part way with all, or quite through with a few. Unless the horses can find food along the trail the project will not do, for a horse cannot pull enough feed besides a man's outfit to go very far into a snow-bound region. Dogs cost \$25 each at Edmonton, I understand, or \$125 for a team of four with sledge, and the Norris party decided upon horses on the understanding that over this country they were more practical.

The route above mentioned is one that may be patronized more after this year. Should Mr. Norris and his friends find themselves in possession of a good saw mill at the head of the Pelly, and should there be a demand for boat lumber there as there has been at the east side of the Dyea trails, they would not need to dig gold, because they could saw it out. The head of the Pelly is about 200 miles or so east of the mouth of the Hootalinka, where Mr. Burnham wrote he might possibly winter. There is a lot of geography lying around loose up in that country.

Last September a Mr. Warmolts and a party of eight started for the Klondike via Edmonton and the Mackenzie River route. They got frozen in at Ft. Resolution, some hundreds of miles north of Edmonton. Mr. Warmolts and one friend came back and are now in town, intending to go back in the spring and finish the trip.

Mr. Warmolts says they got a lot of fur-lined clothes and things which they had to throw away. He said the cold was not so dreadful. He and others say that some of the Klondike outfits sold by certain firms are weirdly useless. The Norris party, outfitting at Edmonton, will have the advantage of being in the country of men who know the land and the life and its necessities. Charlie Norris I know to be a good woodsman and snowshoer, and excellent in a canoe or boat. The party has much to argue for its success in the undertaking before it, and many will envy them the trip, whether they strike gold or not.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another year has been added to the record of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and while it has not been a particularly exciting one, considerable routine work has been done, and much good has been accomplished in educating public sentiment to a better understanding of the laws and their proper enforcement in the interest of fish and game protection. The annual meeting was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Wednesday, 12th inst., and was largely attended. Col. Horace T. Rockwell, the president, was in the chair, and Secretary Kimball was as usual at his accustomed place. The meeting was notable for the presence of many of the older and still active members, including ex-presidents Benjamin C. Clark, E. A. Samuels and George W. Wiggin, gentlemen who are always foremost in extending and aiding the work of the Association. William D. Wright and George B. James, Jr., were elected to membership, and several proposals were referred to the membership committee. The report of Treasurer Kimball showed the finances to be in good condition. The receipts were \$1,937.54, and the expenditures \$1,348.48, leaving a balance more than sufficient to cover bills unpaid when the accounts were made up. The permanent invested funds amount to \$2,635.70, an increase of \$150 over last year. This report of the treasurer was considered to be a very gratifying one, and met the hearty approval of the members. A committee was appointed to conduct the ballot for the officers for the ensuing year, and they subsequently reported the following elected: President, Horace T. Rockwell; Vice-Presidents: Edward A. Samuels, Benjamin C. Clark, Heber Bishop, George W. Wiggin, C. J. H. Woodbury, Robert S. Gray, J. R. Reed; Treasurer and Secretary, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian, Edward H. Branigan; Executive Committee: John T. Stetson, A. R. Brown, Charles Stewart, William B. Smart, Rollin Jones, J. S. Duncklee, John N. Roberts, Sidney Chase, Charles G. Gibson, Edward E. Small, Loring Crocker, A. C. Risteen; Membership Committee: Arthur W. Robinson, W. B. Hastings, Thomas H. Hall; Fund Committee: Warren Hapgood, George O. Sears, Charles C. Williams. President Rockwell thanked his associates for the compliment paid him, and briefly outlined what he believed to be the policy of the Association. This was to continue the work of educating public sentiment to the observance of the laws already on the statute books, and while not attempting any new work the Association should always be ready to resist any encroachments upon the laws as they now exist. While we all admit there may be room for improvement in the direction of further protection of fish and game, the laws are fairly good as they are, and it is for the public interest to retain what we already have.

Brief addresses were made by Mr. Charles F. Chamberlayne, ex-President Clark, Arthur J. Selfridge and Judge Bolster upon matters connected with fish and game protection. President Rockwell announced that the annual dinner—the event of the year—would take place at the Copley Square Hotel on Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, and that as usual an attractive programme would be offered for the entertainment of the members and their guests.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

The Boys and the Cow Moose.

BOSTON, Jan. 17.—It seems that after all the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners are being blamed a good deal for not having brought the boys who shot the cow moose in the Moosehead region last summer to justice. It will be remembered by those who read the report of the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, that the chairman of the Commission, the Hon. L. T. Carleton, defended the course of the Commissioners in letting the boys escape on the ground of their youth. He had not the heart to send mere boys to jail. The Hon. J. F. Sprague, of Monson, attacked the Commission, and claimed that the case would not be dropped. A special dispatch to the Boston Herald from Augusta says that County Attorney Hayes, of Piscataquis county, who belongs to the Sprague faction, has given notice that at the meeting of the Governor and council, Jan. 25, he will apply for extradition papers for Stanton W. A. Forsman and Walter G. Merritt, the two students who shot the cow moose at Cauquogomac last July.

I have a letter from an Augusta, Me., gentleman of prominence in fish and game and legal circles which says that there is a feeling that Mr. Carleton has taken the enforcement of the law too much into his own hands; that the statute is plain enough; does not provide for the excusing of boys who shoot cow moose in close time and then conceal their deed by sinking the carcass in a lake. The letter suggests that if the sons of rich men—students—are to escape imprisonment for illegal moose shooting, then the law is of no use anyway. It will be interesting to see if Gov. Powers will ask for requisition papers from the State where the boys belong.

I have another letter from a Maine lumber camp, well into the woods, the home of many deer, which says that these animals are wintering well thus far. There is not yet snow enough to prevent their roaming where they please. The observer thinks that the number left is large, ten times as many as were killed in that section during the open season.

SPECIAL.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

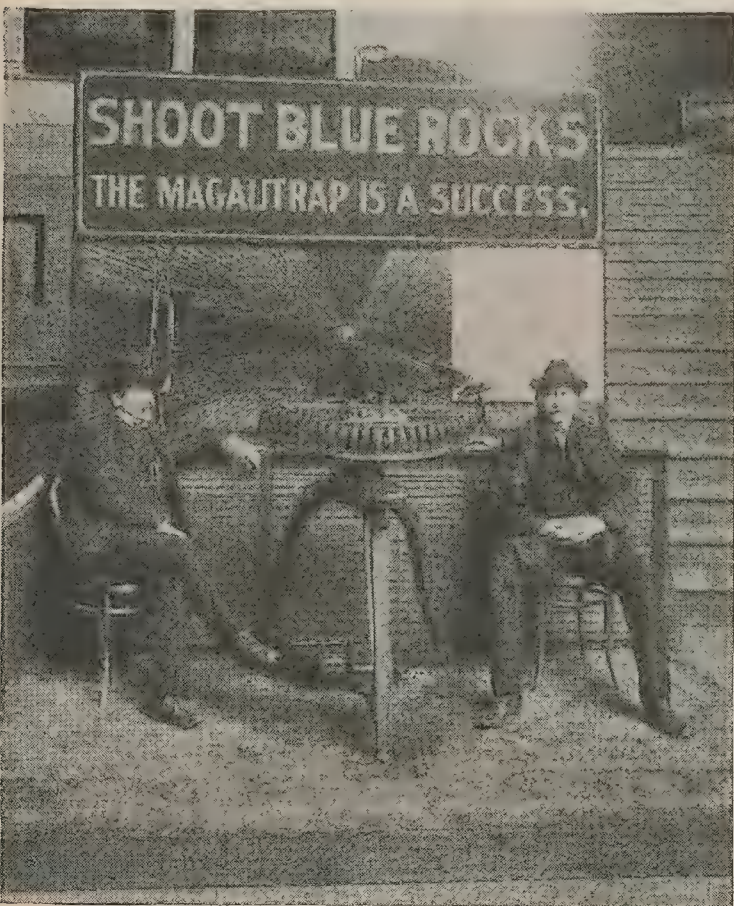
THE fourth annual exposition of the National Sportsmen's Association, in progress in the Madison Square Garden as these pages go to press, is of all spectacles now delighting Greater New York the most brilliant and crowded. The vast amphitheater of the Garden is filled with a bewildering collection of displays to delight the sportsman's eye, excite his enthusiasm and empty his pocketbook. The trade exhibits cover the entire range of field and camp equipment, and represent most effectively the excellence, variety and completeness of up-to-date arms, ammunition and sporting appliances, as is shown in the following detailed notices of all the principal exhibits.

The show this year is in perhaps larger degree than ever before a trade display, and the commercial features of it are those which are most conspicuous and insistent, being intended to receive and receiving chief attention. Nature is on view, but sparingly, and nature chiefly in effigy. Even the Maine and Adirondack camps, which give a grateful woodsy flavor to the show, have their disillusion for the visitor, when it is perceived that they are stuffed full of railway folders and the business cards of hotels.

One pleasant feature of the Exposition this year, as always, is the meeting and greeting of town sportsman and woods guide. The friendships formed in camp are likely to be enduring, and one has but to linger in the Maine or Adirondack quarters to hear many an effusive welcome and many a hearty word of pleasure at the meeting once again.

The Cleveland Target Company.

Just to the left of the main entrance, under the boxes, is the exhibit of the Cleveland Target Company, the manufacturers of the bluerock target, the bluerock expert trap and the magautrap. The latter machine is the main portion of the Cleveland Target Company's exhibit this year. Paul North says that it's the only thing, barring his expert traps, to throw bluerocks from, and that therefore that's the thing he wants to show the public, the expert traps being already so well known to those interested in such matters. As in past exhibitions, so in this one, the space occupied by the exhibit



Cleveland Target Company.

is upholstered in the bluerock colors—orange and black—colors that readily catch the eye and that light up well in the evening. The magautrap and Paul North are of course one of the centers of attraction. Seated on the bicycle saddle that is a part of the machine, Mr. North pedals away and explains the workings of this automatic trap for throwing flocks of bluerocks into the air at one and the same time. To show the evolution of this machine from the first model made by the inventor, A. W. Jenkins, of Norristown, Pa., the first model itself, the one the company bought from Mr. Jenkins, is also on exhibition. A comparison of the two models will show how many improvements experience, skill and mechanical ingenuity can suggest on what appears to be a first-rate working model.

Another article that Mr. North is showing is the paper target for patterning guns on, a sample of which is put in each barrel of bluerocks sent out from the factory after this date. This paper target will be found to be very popular with gun clubs, and there is no question but what quite a demand will be created for them as soon as the shooting public becomes aware of their existence.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company are to be found at their old stand, just inside the main entrance on the left of the hall. The background for the exhibit is a handsome cabinet of white wood work picked out with gold. The firm's name appears in a scroll over the cabinet, the gold letters standing out well against the white background. Underneath the scroll are the words "Wilmington, Delaware," the home of the company, while the age of the firm is shown by the figures "1802-1898," also in gilt. The two halves of this cabinet are filled with sample kegs of the firm's products tastefully arranged, the colors of the different kegs harmonizing far better than one might have supposed. In the center of the cabinet is a pyramid of powder kegs,

monsters at the bottom, but growing "beautifully less" as the top of the cabinet is reached.

In a glass showcase in front of the exhibit are arranged all the raw materials that go to make up the different kinds of powder manufactured by the firm. There are the saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal of black powders,



E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

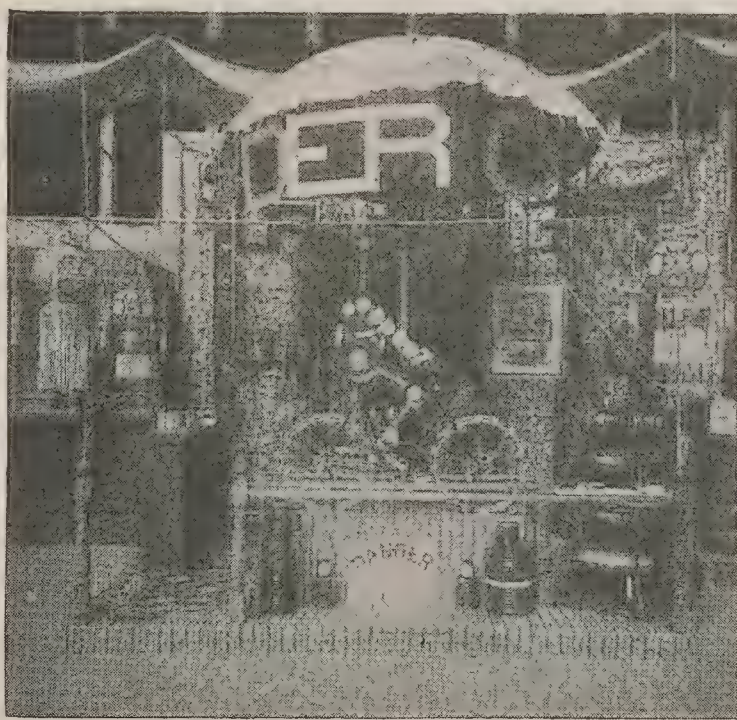
with samples of the finished products. There also are the raw materials for the manufacture of gun cotton and the Du Pont Smokeless shotgun powders, now so well known to all shooters. The prismatic powder, both "army" and "navy size," as well as the spherohexagonal and other curiously shaped pieces of powder, will attract more than ordinary attention, being something that one does not often meet with, and which at the same time speak volumes for the care and chemical skill that has been expended in bringing the finished product to the excellence now conceded for it.

M. Pierre Gentieu is once more in charge of the exhibit, and most courteously exhibits no trace of annoyance when called upon to answer the same old question fifty times an hour while the Exposition is in session.

The Hazard Powder Company.

The Hazard Powder Company has secured a position where they are bound to be among the first to catch the visitor's eye. The space occupied by this firm's exhibit is on the right as you enter the Garden. The revolving Japanese umbrella, a veritable family umbrella in size, lit up underneath with numerous electric lights, and with the name of the company in huge gilt letters hanging from the brim, cannot fail to capture the eyes of the visitor to the Exposition as soon as he gets fairly inside. The lanterns swinging from bamboo poles at each corner of the exhibit also add much to the picturesqueness of the whole. The background for the exhibit is some gorgeous Japanese tapestry hangings, the oriental features of the exhibit being thus well carried out.

But right here that oriental business ends, and American inventiveness in the shape of something really novel steps in. The *piece de resistance* of the whole exhibit is a bicyclist, built out of kegs that ordinarily contain the powders manufactured by this company, mounted on a bicycle, and actually reeling off mile after mile on the machine, to the intense satisfaction of the beholders. This idea is fathered by Mr. Jno. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Company, who evolved the plan without the least effort. Speaking seriously this "man-



Hazard Powder Company.

of-kegs-on-a-wheel" is one of the very best things in the show, and is most distinctly a novelty. The rims of the wheel, we should add, are not surrounded by rubber tires. For this occasion the tires have been removed, and in their place are tires of curved tubes of glass, sectionalized and filled with samples of the various black powders manufactured by the firm, and also with samples

of its well-known Blue Ribbon brand of smokeless powders.

The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Lequin, assisted by Messrs. B. H. Norton and E. S. Lentilhon, the assistant secretary of the company.

Lafin & Rand Powder Company.

The exhibit of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co. is under the charge of Mr. E. A. Armstrong, assisted by Mr. Ed Taylor and his son, E. H. Taylor.

The chief feature of interest in the exhibit, to ordinary spectators at least, is the working model of the company's mills at Wayne, N. J., known as the Passaic Mills. This model was designed and built by Mr. George Lyon, the master mechanic of the Wayne works, and is a perfect specimen of a working model. With the aid of a small electric engine, every piece of machinery in the little houses on the model is kept moving, the wheels in the mills revolving slowly, as in actual powder making. It is an easy matter, by looking at this model and listening to the explanation of the different processes through which the raw materials—charcoal, saltpeter and sulphur—pass before becoming the finished article known as black powder, to grasp the use of every building in the model of the mills.

The exhibit of the company is divided into two sections. One half is occupied by the model above referred to; the other half is office-like, with three cases of quartered oak bounding it on three sides. In these cases are shown the different varieties of powders, black and smokeless, manufactured by the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., as well as the raw materials used in such manufacture. One case holds the saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal of the black powders. Another case shows samples of the blasting powders and black sporting powders manufactured by the company. The third is of perhaps more interest, as it contains samples of the smokeless powders for which Lafin & Rand are noted. Some of them are: For the .22cal. rifle; for the .30cal. U. S. rifles, '96 and '97 models; .45cal. Government rifles; No. 1 and No. 2 W-A smokeless for sporting purposes; 6-pounder rapid-fire gun; 3.2in. rapid-fire gun, and powder for use in mortars. The powders for the rapid-fire and mortars are more like badly discolored macaroni than "grains" of gunpowder. As a matter of interest it might be well to state that a "grain" of smokeless powder manufactured by Lafin & Rand for the Government's 10in. gun is a hollow stick of a semi-transparent material 30in. long and about 1in. in diameter, with a hole down the center about 1-3in. in diameter!

Adorning the rear wall of the exhibit is the diploma awarded to the company at the recent exposition in Nashville for gunpowder, and Mr. Armstrong pointed



Lafin & Rand Powder Company.

out with pride that with that diploma went the only gold medal awarded for gunpowder at that exposition.

Also on the walls are nine panels of oak; on each of these panels, and in letters of gold, are the names of the nine mills owned and operated by the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., together with the date of the foundation of each. The nine are as follows, in order of "birth": Orange Mills, near Newburgh, N. Y., 1808; Schaghticoke Mills, Schaghticoke, N. Y., 1813; Moosic Falls, Moosic, Pa., 1849; Platteville, Wis., 1855; Empire Mills, Kingston, N. Y., 1855; Rushdale Mills, Jermy, Pa., 1865; Passaic Mills, Wayne, N. J., 1875; Cherokee Mills, Turck, Kan., 1888; American Mills, Pompton, N. J., 1895.

In addition to the above, a large number and variety of kegs and cans adorn the exhibit, and show the manner in which the different products of the firm are put on the market.

Tatham & Brothers.

Messrs. Tatham & Bros. have gotten up in a most tasteful manner a pretty exhibit of the article manufactured by the firm. It may be hard to realize that such a prosaic article as shot can be arranged in such a manner as to appear artistic; but really the exhibit placed in charge of Messrs. Frank M. Foye, Joseph McGraw and other employees of the firm of Tatham & Bros. is more than pleasing to the eye.

A curiosity in the shot line is exhibited by the firm in the shape of the smallest shot ever made. This shot is so fine that it looks very much like particles of fine black sand; but on closer inspection, and with the aid of a pair of good eyes, it can be seen that this apparent dust is a conglomeration of perfectly made and perfectly round particles of lead. In fact, it is shot, just as much as No. 6 or No. 7. The size of this shot may be grasped in a measure by the following figures: It takes 162,304 pellets to weigh 1oz. This shot is not made for sale, but is simply a curiosity.

The "Extra Fine Dust Shot," 24,256 pellets of which weigh only 1oz., is another curiosity, but it suffers in comparison with the above-mentioned specimen of shot-making. "Fine Dust," a brand of shot that runs 7,568 pellets to the ounce, is manufactured and sold by the

firm for the use of taxidermists. From "Dust" and No. 12 shot up to BBB, TT, FF and OOO, every size of shot is shown, while for the vast majority of the shots known by numerals the firm also has a half size, such as 6½, 7½, 8½, and so on.

The model of the shot tower, filled with specimens of different kinds of shot and mirrors, adds much to the neatness and attractiveness of Messrs. Tatham & Bros.' display.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

Mr. David Daggett, who has charge of the exhibit of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has a large staff of assistants, but he needs them all. The company's space is full of attractions for the crowd of sightseers who visit the Exposition, and Messrs. Ferd Van Dyke, W. Maynard, B. A. Bartlett, J. A. R. Elliott and L. J. Alston, Mr. Daggett's assistants, are kept very busy. A willing and able volunteer is also always on hand in the shape of Mr. W. R. Clark, from the factory at New Haven, Conn. Mr. Irby Bennett has also been in attendance this week, having arrived from Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 17.

About the newest thing in the whole exhibit is a 16-gauge repeating shotgun, model '97, the first of the kind ever made. The "Winchester Brush Gun," a repeating shotgun, model '97, and the "trap" and "pigeon" guns, all model '97, of course, for the older models are no longer made, are also on exhibition, and attract much notice.

The development of the repeating rifle is shown in a stand of old-time weapons. The first form of a repeating rifle ever made in this country was the "multiple charge" rifle, made in 1825. This rifle held ten loads, placed one on top of the other, and was loaded from the muzzle. The next repeating rifle to come before the public was the "volley rifle"; this was the first rifle ever made with a tubular magazine under the barrel. The cartridges for this rifle were wrapped in consuming envelopes, and were the first of their kind. The next step was the "volcanic rifle," built by Smith & Wesson in 1854. Then came the Henry rifle, manufactured by the New Haven Arms Co. in 1864. This rifle differed from the "volcanic rifle" in that it had the Henry extractor and that its magazine was loaded at the muzzle. This rifle was followed by the Winchester of 1866, which has been so improved upon that the model '95 rifle now shown, with all its improvements, is something entirely different and far more serviceable.

Specimens of the gunsmith's art are shown in the many different cases that stand upon the space occupied by the W. R. A. Co. The Lee sporting rifle, .236cal., and the Lee musket are always sources of interest to lovers of small-caliber weapons. Then there are light-weight arms of the models '86 and '94, and a specimen of a rifle specially designed for use by boys. In the show-cases can also be found a single-shot Winchester weighing 5½lbs.; sectional rifles of the '86 and '95 models, showing the mechanism of the locks, breech action, etc., and also a sectional rifle of the model '73. These latter specimens are of more than ordinary interest, and are well worth examining. As a novelty, also, a rifle with an aluminum stock is shown, the metal making the weapon much lighter than it would otherwise be if made of wood.

In a case that stands at one corner of the company's exhibit are some highly finished arms, the workmanship being of a very superior quality, while the tracery of the engraving and the finish in gold, silver and platinum is beautifully executed. Close by is a stand of guns with barrels twisted and bulged out of shape, the idea of this portion of the exhibit being to show what immense strain may be put upon the barrels of the repeating shotgun without actually bursting the barrels itself. In mentioning the various makes of rifle shown by this firm, it will not do to pass over the specimens of schuetzen rifles on exhibition; these guns are worthy of the name they have won for the firm that makes them.

Another small glass case shows working models of the "trap" gun and a repeating rifle, the mechanism and manner of working the gun being automatically shown by means of an electric motor. Next to this case is the mutoscope, showing Rolla O. Heikes in his act of rapid firing and rapid smashing of bluerock targets. This mutoscope is always in use, and is certainly a feature of the Winchester exhibit.

In the glass case around the base of the main portion of the exhibit are shown many things of interest, chief among them being the samples of bullets showing the different results obtained by firing into sand and wood; the bullets themselves are transformed into fantastical shapes by the operation, and a good idea may be gained of the crushing force of a soft-nosed bullet in the body

of a moose, deer or bear, by examining the specimens on view. Long blocks of solid-heart pine and oak show the penetrating powers of the small-caliber army and navy rifles now in use.

There is no denying that the exhibit of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. is full of interest.

Remington Arms Company.

The space occupied by the Remington Arms Co. is well taken up by a full line of exhibits of the guns and rifles manufactured at Ilion, N. Y., the company's headquarters. Mr. W. H. Grimshaw is in charge, and he is assisted by Mr. G. E. Humphrey, both of them hailing from Ilion.

Some remarkably pretty and cheap specimens of guns



Remington Arms Company.

are shown, particularly the 16-gauge hammerless guns now on the market. These guns are light and easily handled, and are bound to become favorites for field shooting and in the brush. These guns, like all the others now made by the firm, are built with either straight or pistol grips, and will shortly be brought out in all three grades now made by the firm—Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

In hammerless ejectors, the exhibit contains some capital specimens. One case of specially fine guns will draw much favorable comment from those who know what a good gun should look like, and what it should be. The "ordnance steel" barrels, blued, make the guns very racy-looking, if such a term can be used about gun barrels. The guns in this case are not just specimen guns; they are merely samples of the work turned out by the Remington Arms Co. at its factory in Ilion, N. Y.

Another case contains specimens of sporting and schuetzen rifles, some of the latter being worthy of special mention, owing to the exquisite finish imparted to them by the company's experts. Along with these fine rifles is displayed another of the firm's specialties, the wicked-looking derringers, "compact and reliable." These are .41cal., rim-fire, have a chequered rubber stock, and weigh 11oz. only. As a Western man said when looking at them: "They're small, but, oh! my."

In the same case with the derringers and rifles are some samples of the auxiliary rifle barrels. These barrels extend the entire length of the shotgun barrel, and are held firmly in place by a thumb nut at the muzzle. They shoot accurately up to 500yds., and can be inserted into any shotgun barrel, and taken out again with perfect ease, thus turning a shotgun into a rifle at almost a moment's notice. The auxiliary rifle barrels weigh about 2lbs.; thus a 7¼lb. gun becomes only a 9¼lb. rifle.

When ordering these auxiliary rifle barrels, it is only necessary to state caliber and grain of cartridge required.

Hovering around the exhibit of the Remington Arms Co. may be found its popular traveling salesman, A. G. Courtney, who has much to say about the goods he represents. He is also talking about the single-trigger, double-barreled gun soon to be brought out by the firm.

Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., better known as the U. M. C. Co., occupies a prominent place immediately to the left of the main entrance. In the center of the exhibit rises a vast pyramid of original packages of paper shot shells, a total of 201,000 empty shells in original packages being needed to make the pyramid com-

plete. Each step in the pyramid is marked by a 1-pounder shell, the whole being surmounted by some 6-pounders. At each end stands a 4in. shell, looking fully as powerful as it is said to be. The base of the pyramid is covered with royal purple cloth, on which appears the firm's name in gold letters. At each corner of the base are boxes of gun wads, topped with glass bowls containing the gun wads that are special features among the many manufactured articles produced by the U. M. C. Co. at its works in Bridgeport, Conn.

The space occupied by the firm is square on two sides, the third side being circular, so as to conform to the contour of the Garden. The pointed end is toward the main entrance, and here are grouped four showcases and a pedestal that carries specimens of 1-pounder, 6-pounder, 4in. and 5in. shells; the polished drawn brass cases and the bright steel points of the shells show off to good advantage. In the four showcases are displayed other products of the U. M. C. Co. One case contains primers and caps of all kinds now in use, either in this country or in very many of the foreign countries, for America sends such articles all over the world. Another case contains boxes of a vast number of varieties of ammunition for pistols and small caliber rifles. Still another case shows every variety of sporting or military rifle ammunition manufactured by the U. M. C. Company; and very deadly and effective do the .303 and .236 ammunition look. The fourth case is an interesting one, particularly to the shotgun enthusiast. In this case are displayed many kinds of ammunition for the shotgun. Sectionalized loaded paper shells are shown with the powder and method of wadding clearly seen through celluloid sides that have displaced the paper of the case for this purpose. To punctuate the three corners of the space occupied by the U. M. C. Co. are three palms, while two very pretty standards of white and gold woodwork support four electric lights on each, the light being soft and diffused by reason of the opal globes that cover the lights themselves. On either side of the pyramid stand two rapid-fire guns, a Driggs one-pounder and a Hotchkiss of the same caliber.

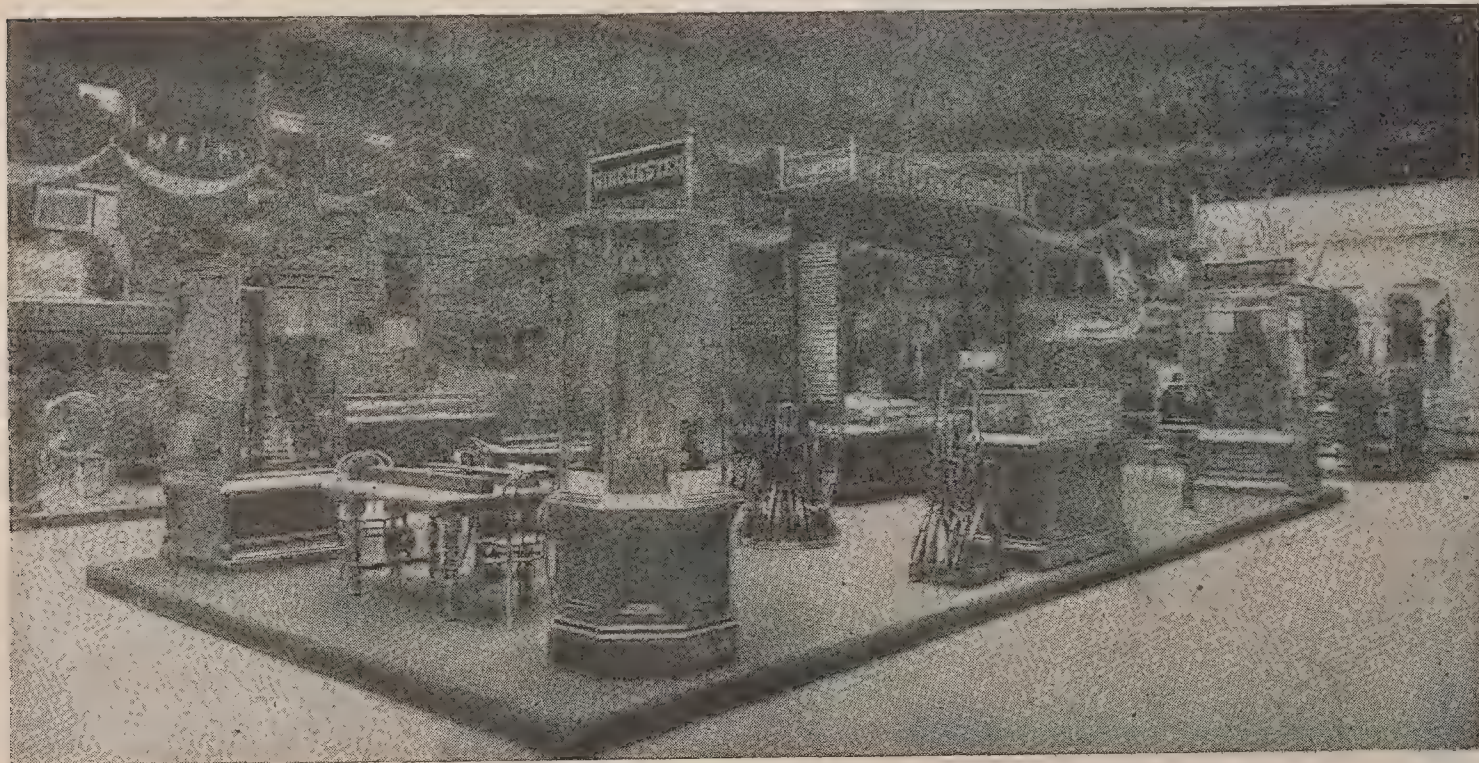
Of course, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association, is nominally in charge of the exhibit, but he is far too busy a man to be always on hand. Thus the main portion of taking charge of the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit is under the direct control of "U. M. C." Thomas, the company's ballistic expert, and his assistant, John J. Halliwell, a budding ballistic expert under Mr. Thomas's care, but a full-blown expert with the shotgun and the company's factory-loaded ammunition.

Von Lengerke & Detmold.

The exhibit of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold is a very varied one. Guns, fishing tackle, bicycles, and sporting goods of all kinds, go to make up a list of articles that is so large that the firm require all the space it has taken to display them to the best advantage.

Attention is easily attracted to the exhibit by the signs of E. C. and Schultze powders in large letters of gold, electric tracery being used at night to bring out the above letters prominently. Below these letters are to be found the members of the firm and its numerous employees, busily engaged in showing various portions of the exhibit to the many spectators who gather around the space occupied by the firm.

On each side of that space is a glass case, lined with



Winchester Repeating Arms Company.



Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

satin of a golden hue, on which are laid out specimens of the fishing tackle maker's art that would drive Izaak Walton nearly crazy. The rods alone are something special in their line. There are salmon and grilse rods of wood, and split-bamboo rods for trout and bass. The short, heavy rod for tarpon fishing is also in evidence. The newest thing in rods, something that is really only "just out," is a rod of split-bamboo, called the Imperial rod. John S. Wright, who has charge of this part of the exhibit, will be pleased to show this rod to anybody who loves a good rod and knows what such a thing is. In leaders Mr. Wright says that he won't take a back seat from anybody, and we believe him, for the specimens he has on exhibition are beauties. The reels, artificial baits and such make a good showing in the cases, the reels especially being something to examine well. Another novelty in these cases are the butterflies, artificial, yet true to life, made for fly-fishing purposes.

In bicycles Carl von Lengerke, who has charge of this part of the exhibit, has his hands full. He shows a long line of '98 model Crescents, Tigers and Wolff-Americans. The variety of wheels is rather bewildering, but the wheelman cannot fail to find plenty to interest him in this part of the exhibit. There are tandems, sociables, roadsters for men, women and children, and racing machines; plenty to choose from, and plenty to examine, with Carl von Lengerke to explain the different makes and their own particular specialties.

The gun exhibit, designed by Justus von Lengerke, is under the direction of Gus E. Greiff, who knows how to handle one of those articles himself. The firm's specialty in this line, the imported Francotte, is shown in this exhibit in all its beauty and perfection of workmanship. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold show samples of all the different grades of these guns that they are agents for in this country. There are the cheaper grades up to the gun worth anywhere from \$400 to \$500. In this latter class are some perfect specimens of the gunsmith's art. Highly finished, with the most delicate engraving on the locks and breech mechanism, and with stocks of walnut that for figuring can be equaled, but never beaten, these guns are bound to call forth admiration from even the most superficial observer. But when the expert handles them, although he notes these special features, his eye is most attracted by the skill with which all the parts have been fitted together, each part meeting the other and locking so closely that only a minute inspection can disclose their meeting place. The single-trigger double-barreled Francottes will be found to be of special interest.

The letters in gilt and electric tracery—E. C. and

Schultze—tell plainly enough that the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold handles those standard powders. As a matter of fact, the firm is the United States agent for these brands of smokeless, and exhibit samples of the same at its space at Madison Square Garden.

In sporting outfits Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold show a great variety: gun cases, shell boxes, etc. In hunting boots they have a goodly show, two glass cases holding hunting footgear of all kinds. Chief among these are the Smith horse-hide hunting boots and shoes,



Peters Cartridge Company and King Powder Company.

manufactured by M. A. Smith, of Philadelphia, and which are practically indestructible. The live-bird trap patented by C. Allen, of New Brunswick, N. J., exhibited V. L. & D., is one of the simplest and best we have ever seen.

As assistants to the above-named gentlemen will be found Theodore Baron and Eddie Morehouse. Notwithstanding this large staff of helpers, there is very little time for idleness on the part of any of the employees of the firm while the Exposition is open.

Bridgeport Gun Implement Company.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. does not make any display this year of the vast variety of gun implements manufactured by it, and from which it takes its name. Mr. H. B. Cannon, who has charge of the exhibit, has made a decided change this year, and exhibits only golf clubs of all varieties, manufactured by his company under the direct instruction of John D. Dunn, the celebrated golf expert, who is too well known in golfing circles to need any introduction, and who is now regularly employed by the B. G. I. Co. to look after its interests in the matter of making golf clubs.

The space occupied by the B. G. I. Co. is turned for the nonce into a sort of arbor, with birch trees at each corner, a small hedge and rustic fence around it. Inside on a lawn-like piece of green cloth are some rustic chairs and benches. On the green cloth lie a few golf balls, and leaning against the fence are golf clubs of every description. Judging from the manner in which these clubs are taken up and examined, swung in the air, and apparently scientifically tested, there are a great many golfing enthusiasts patronizing the Sportsmen's Exhibition. In this line of goods the B. G. I. Co. has no competitors this year; no other line of golf clubs is to be found in Madison Square Garden.

The chief specialty is the "one-piece" club, a club

made entirely of one piece of wood, handle and head. It is built from a model designed and patented by Mr. Dunn himself. The mashies, brassys, etc., should be seen to be understood, for FOREST AND STREAM cannot enter intelligently into a full description of all the many good points attributed to them, and described by Mr. Dunn and Mr. G. B. Matthewson, who have charge of the exhibit under Mr. Cannon's direction.

Peters Cartridge Company and King Powder Company

The two Cincinnati firms, the Peters Cartridge Company and the King Powder Company, have an exhibit in the shape of a neat little reception room. They also exhibit their New York agent, Tom Keller, and his assistant, C. E. Teel, late of the Hunter bicycle. Messrs. Keller and Teel are always ready to tell what they know about the goods they represent, and find plenty of listeners, for both the goods and the agents are popular quantities in this part of the country.

There is one part of this exhibit which is missing, and which was always popular with New York and New Jersey sportsmen. We refer to the absence of Milt Lindsley and his wife, Mrs. Lindsley, both of whom would have been more than welcome at Madison Square Garden; but we understand that the duties of manufacturing King's Smokeless have a prior call, so New York and New Jersey get left.

Three-in-One.

G. W. Cole & Co., as usual, are prominent in the Garden with their mystic sign of "3 in 1," the catchy title given to a most excellent compound for preventing and removing rust, manufactured and sold by the above firm.

An abundance of sample bottles of this oil are given out daily, and no pains are spared to bring "3-in-1" before the public. For guns it is claimed to have no superior, particularly for such guns as are being used or are likely to be used for shooting on or near salt water. Among other properties claimed for it is the one of a good bicycle lubricant. It is clean to handle, and by no means offensive to the nostrils. "3-in-1" has apparently come to stay.

Leroy Shot and Lead Works.

The Leroy Shot and Lead Works makes a good display of its products. A pagoda of ebony and gold, lighted well from the top with electric lights, holds the specimens of every kind of shot manufactured and put upon the market by this well-known firm. From OOO down to No. 12 and Dust shot, every imaginable size and make of shot is exhibited. The variety of sizes of the shot may be gathered from the fact that OOO run eighty-five to the pound, while No. 12 has 1,963 pellets to the ounce! Dust shot is made and sold for taxidermists' use. The size of a pellet of OOO is .38in.; of a pellet of No. 12, .04in.

The name under which the different kinds of shot manufactured by the Leroy Shot and Lead Works are known to consumers is the Eagle brand, a name that has become well known from the excellence of the quality of the article made by the company.

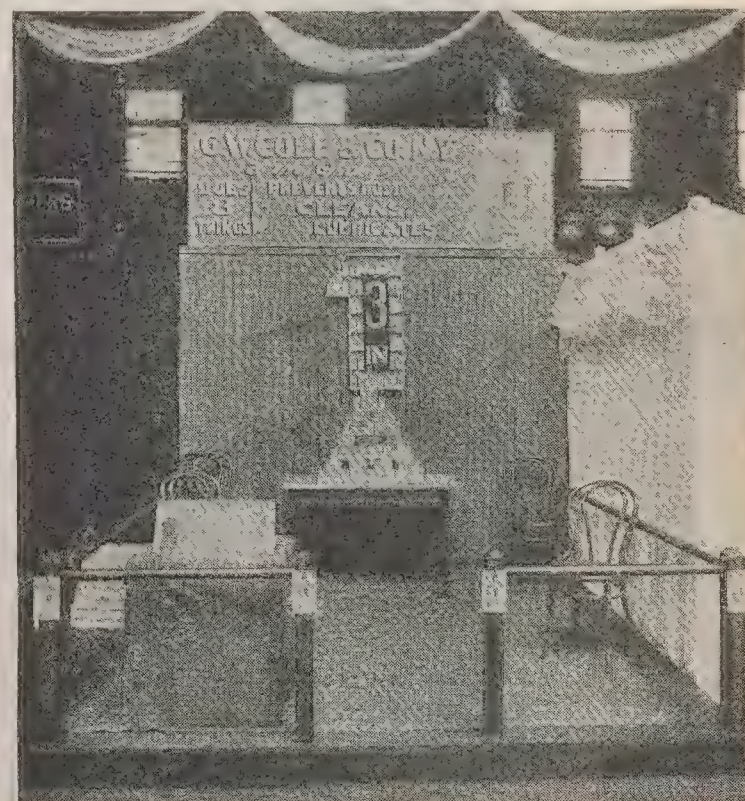
Taxidermy.

Scattered about through the Garden, and cheek by jowl with booths containing shoes, jewelry, preserves, soda water, beer tea, pianos and lemonade, are a great variety of examples of the taxidermist's art, many of which have done duty at previous expositions. In the same space that C. & G. Gunther's Sons occupied once before they exhibit this year a large collection of skins, robes and fur clothing, while ranged about the interior of the pavilion that they occupy, and so high above the ground that no satisfactory view of them can be had, is a row of heads of deer, caribou, mountain sheep and other animals. These are perhaps of some value for decorative purposes, but are too far away from the spectator to give the big-game hunter any great amount of satisfaction.

The exhibit of W. W. Hart & Co. is easily the largest in the Garden. Most of the pieces are already familiar to those who have attended previous shows, but the pair of tigers quarreling over an antelope, to which we called special attention two years ago, deserves mention as still being far the most effective group in taxidermy on exhibition here. The calling moose in a space near the Madison avenue entrance is also more than a year old, as is the roaring lion, but both are artistic in pose and in modeling. A new group, also showing excellent work, consists of a tigress and cub in a cage. The mother is lying partly on her side, with her head resting



Wm. W. Hart & Co.



G. W. Cole & Co.

on outstretched paws, while the cub, sitting on its haunches, is staring out at the front of the cage. In both figures the anatomy is well worked out, and the expression excellent. The face of the tigress especially shows a repressed viciousness that is quite remarkable. True artistic feeling is expressed in this work.



Bridgeport Gun Implement Company.

In the space of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., manufacturers of billiard tables, are to be seen a number of fine tusks of ivory, as well as a cleaned elephant skull, in which the tusks are still in place. Some of these tusks are long and heavy.

The Fly-Casting Tournaments.

If the number of people who sat on the hard seats which rose above the fly-casting platform, and who waited each day until the fatiguing detail of enrolling and assembling the contestants was gone through, represented the patience of the angler, as pictured by Walton, it should serve to illustrate to the world that those who love the sport of angling are patient people—for the delays were many and long. Mr. Gonzalo Poey was there, as active as a flea, in assisting the contestants, but even he could not hurry some men.

There was a zinc-lined tank in the gallery filled with water. It was about 8ft. wide, a few inches deep, and from the caster's stand reached out to 115ft., the stand being about 1ft. above the floor. So far all was good, but back of the stand was a coarse wooden floor, into which several hooks caught, and we saw Reuben Leonard smash the tip of his rod by being thus caught on the back cast.

The rules and regulations were printed last week, and

in accordance with those the first contest took place on Jan. 13, at 8 P. M.

Class A.—Black bass fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. A No. 4 fly to be used which will be furnished by the committee. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest. Judges, D. P. Kennedy, Lody Smith; Referee, John G. Landman.

W. N. Goddard, 86ft. 9in.; N. C. Thorne, 77ft.; W. H. Hammett, 70ft. 6in.; Eddie Mills, 68ft.; Daubeney Brandeth, 65ft.; Victor R. Grimwood, 51ft. 6in.

The casting of Eddie Mills was a surprise. Here was a bright-eyed boy of fourteen, in knickerbockers, who was erroneously reported in some of the daily papers as only ten, who exceeded the records of Reuben Wood in his first trials in Central Park in New York city. In this, as in all his subsequent casts, the lad received rounds of applause.

Friday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.

Class B.—Fly-casting contest. Accuracy only. Distance 40ft. Open to all. After the contestant has signified his readiness, he shall make five consecutive casts at a buoy. The contestant will then commence to cast with his back to the buoy, and at any moment, at his option, shall wheel around and make a single cast at a buoy. Five of these casts shall be made. The distance in feet and inches at which the fly drops from the buoy at each cast shall be noted, and the sum of all these distances, added together and divided by ten, shall constitute the score. The contestant having the lowest average shall be declared the winner. Judges, I. B. Stewart, Fred Mather; Referee, H. C. de Rham.

P. C. Hewitt, 189in., 18.9 per cent.; E. R. Hewitt, 204in., 20.4 per cent.; D. Brandeth, 210in., 21 per cent.; W. N. Goddard, 219in., 21.9 per cent.; R. C. Leonard, 231in., 23.1 per cent.; C. M. Roof, 246in., 24.6 per cent.; W. H. Hammett, 285in., 28.5 per cent.

This was a very pretty contest, and all the casters showed some delicacy while casting, although that was not a condition required by the rules. Mr. Hewitt, the winner, and Mr. Roof are especially graceful casters, and the accuracy of the former was uniform. Mr. Roof made one wild cast of 5ft., which injured his otherwise good score. Similar stray casts of 3ft. spoiled the chances of Mr. Brandeth, and they all made one or two wild casts, Mr. Hewitt having one of 4ft.

Friday, Jan. 14, at 8 P. M.

Class C.—Light fly rod contest. Distance only. The rod must not weigh more than 5oz., with an allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest. Judges, R. N. Parish, Lody Smith; Referee, C. G. Levison.

W. N. Goddard, 83ft.; Eddie Mills, 74ft. 6in.; C. M. Roof, 74ft.; W. H. Hammett, 67ft. 6in.

Here little Eddie Mills came out second, and beat his record of the day before by over 6ft., but did not appear half as proud of it as his father did.

Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3 P. M.

Class D.—Light fly rod contest. Distance only. The rod must not exceed 4oz. in weight, with an allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest. Judges, I. B. Stewart, R. B. Lawrence; Referee, Fred Mather.

P. C. Hewitt, 88ft. 6in.; W. N. Goddard, 86ft.; F. N. Peet, 79ft.; Eddie Mills, 69ft.

As there had never been a similar contest the rule barred none except those who are excluded by Rule 2, which says: "No one shall be permitted to enter any contest, except those 'open to all,' who have ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide or has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle."

Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8 P. M.

Class E.—Obstacle fly rod casting. Distance only. Open to all. Rods and length of leaders unrestricted. A horizontal bar, under which the cast must be made, will be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30ft., and 6ft. above the level of the tank.

Judges, Joseph Wilcox, R. N. Parish. Referee, Hon. Daniel O'Reilly.

R. C. Leonard, 71ft.; P. C. Hewitt, 69ft.; E. R. Hewitt, 62ft.; C. M. Roof, 61ft.; F. N. Peet, 59ft.; W. N. Goddard, 54ft.

This is a remarkable record of distance under the difficult conditions. Some of the contestants dropped on one knee, others on both knees, and they assumed various postures. To their right were deer heads and horns on a level with their feet, part of an exhibit on the main floor below, and this prevented swinging the rod low down to make the back cast upward and the forward one with a horizontal, rising swing, and so there was an obstacle not provided for in the rules. The platform had been removed or there would have been more lines and leaders festooned on the bar than we saw, for this was not infrequent.

An incident of Saturday was the appearance of a lady who practiced for the contest on Monday afternoon, but the hour of going to press forbids a report of the work of the ladies.

The Camps.

Maine is represented this year by two camps. One is of the Maine Central Railroad, in charge of Miss Fly-Rod Crosby and Capt. F. C. Barker; with them are Russell Spinney, Ben Guild, James Wilcox and Will Douglas. The other exhibit is of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, in charge of G. M. Gray, of Oldtown, with whom are William Atkins, of Oxbow; Jo Francis, of Oldtown; Clarence Morris, of Kineo; Charles Nicklus and wife, of Kineo; B. J. Woodward, of Dover.

The Adirondack representation is headed by Sec'y E. E. Sumner, of the Adirondack Guides' Association, from Saranac Lake; and with him are Fremont Smith and W. L. Ring, of Loon Lake; A. H. Billings, of Lake Placid; Warren Cole, of Long Lake; Chester McCaffrey, of Paul Smith's; E. J. Chase, of Newcomb, and Chris Goodsell, of Fulton Chain.

The Indian Belle at the Sportsmen's Show.

We have received from a contributor, whom diffidence has prompted to withhold his name, the following lines, evoked by a visit to one of the Maine camps. Though somewhat lame in measure, they are marked by a true and poetic, not to say tender, feeling which entitles them to place here:

Hair like the wing of a raven;
Eyes twin diamonds of coal,
Burning brightly, yet tender,
Piercing the innermost soul.

Lips of the color of rubies,
Hiding those pearly teeth,
Unable to utter a falsehood,
True as the heart beneath.

Called by thy tribe "The Beauty,"
Well dost thou bear thy name;
From Maine's evergreen forest
Widely has spread thy fame.

Famed alike for thy skill in dancing
The "Mimac," with its intricate whirled,
And the work of thy nimble fingers—
Thou fairest of Indian girls.

By thy ways, so winning and graceful,
Thou hast captured the high and the low;
And most surely none will deny
That thou art the belle of the show.

Noble maid of the forest,
Child of an Indian chief,
Though thy race has heavily suffered,
Mayest thou never know grief!

Illinois Protective Interests.

Warden Loveday, of Illinois, is back from his trip in the southern part of the State. His deputy, J. E. Slocum, has commenced thirty-five prosecutions at Mt. Vernon, mostly for illegal shipping of quail. They found the birds shipped in egg cases under a layer of eggs, found them shipped in butter tubs, in barrels of dried apples, barrels of hickory nuts, and even, as I stated last week, sewed up in the carcasses of rabbits. The country dealer would seem to be not without his canniness.

At Staples, Minn., last week a warden seized 2,200lbs. of illegal partridges. Agent Fullerton seized still another shipment at the same point, this consignment of three boxes of venison, one which contained ten saddles, another eleven saddles, and a third five saddles, besides twenty-five partridges. The number of illegal partridges seized by the Minnesota Commission now runs into the thousands. More than a ton of confiscated game has been received at St. Paul after seizure at the single town of Staples.

The Ohio trespass law was put into effect last week at Tiffin, when Dr. J. W. Hayford was arrested on a warrant sworn out by W. H. Davidson, charging him with hunting on lands of another person. The farmers of that locality are in arms against shooters, and are urging their arrest. Dr. Hayford was bound over in the sum of \$100.

The Banner Record.

The report of Warden Chase S. Osborne, of Michigan, for 1897, shows a total of 579 cases brought under the game and fish laws. This record is thought to exceed that of any warden in the United States.

The Banner Seizure.

The heaviest seizure of illegal game recorded for this year, or perhaps for many previous years, was made by Agent Fullerton at St. Paul on the morning of Jan. 9. Mr. Fullerton and his assistant made a midnight search in the railroad yards, and ordered opened a sealed car which they had reason to believe contained illicit game. The yardmaster accommodated them, and they discovered that their biggest expectations were more than realized, for the shipment was found to contain more than 100 dozen ducks, billed out to Chicago. Fifteen boxes were opened, and each was found to hold seven dozen birds. At \$10 a bird the figures would run up to some \$10,000 on this take.



"Forest and Stream."

Sea and River Fishing.

Men I Have Fished With.

LXI.—Dr. Bashford Dean, Ph.D.

The Lakes of Long Island.

THERE are charming lakes on that terminal moraine which is called Long Island, but they have never been written up to any extent outside of the dry reports of the Fish Commission, although they abound with a variety of fishes to entice the angler. The trout fishing in historic Massapequa is about gone since the city of Brooklyn included it in its water supply, and now permits are issued to more men to take trout in its waters than there are fish in the lake. Those of us who fished in it when it was the private property of the Floyd-Jones family will do so no more.

I had been running the State hatchery on the island for a little over three years when a young man about nineteen years old presented his card and an order from Commissioner Blackford to me to give him every possible facility for his work. He was Prof. Bashford Dean, instructor in biology in Columbia College. He distilled the salt water of Cold Spring Harbor and worked up the deposit, weighed and treated it to all manner of things which had never been done to it before; made microphotographs of the food of the oyster and pried open their shells and into their internal economy regardless of their feelings, and actually made enlarged drawings of their gills, hearts, livers and other organs to publish to a world whose main interest in an oyster is to first know if it is in season, and then to dispute whether lemon is superior to vinegar on Rockaways, Blue Points, East Rivers and Shrewsburies.

I hold a decided opinion on this last question, and waited long for the young professor to intimate a preference for lemon, or for black pepper over red, when I would arise and kindly suggest that when his palate was a few years older and had reached a proper age to discriminate he would not adhere to such heresies. But he never referred to these subjects, and stuck to his photographs and microscope. He showed me that the mouth of an oyster is back at the hinge of the shells; how its four rows of gills lay under the mantle, and how the beating of its heart could be seen just above the adductor muscle, which closes the shells. Also how the motion of the gills and hair-like appendages sent currents of water and food back to the mouth, and then traced out the digestive organs, as if an elephant had been under the scalpel. These things are interesting to know, and evidently this unassuming young man knew a lot about the anatomy of the oyster, but I soon found that an oyster to him was like the noted primrose on the river bank, only this and nothing more, and he couldn't distinguish a Shrewsbury from a mill pond or a Blue Point. I could do it, and this illustrates the fact that we each have a little bit of knowledge that all the world has not.

His investigations were continued during 1886 and 1887, at the hatchery, when a broader field was opened for him. Mr. John D. Jones, who gave the State the ground for the hatchery, erected a laboratory on the harbor for biological study, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, of which Mr. Blackford was treasurer, and Prof. Dean took charge of it for the first year, and it was a surprising treat to me to see him draw on the blackboard any symmetrical animal like one of the crabs, with chalk in each hand while he talked of its nervous and digestive apparatus.

He had to give this work up and go to Europe to study the methods of oyster culture there for the U. S. Fish Commission, and his reports were published.

In July, 1889, Mr. Blackford wanted an examination made of the two principal lakes of Long Island. It was to be a complete examination into the flora, fauna, depth, temperatures and areas, with a report on the needs of each lake in the way of vegetation and animal life. Prof. Dean, now an A.M., volunteered to work the botany and invertebrates, while I did the fishes, and we both took a whack at the depth, temperatures and areas.

The work was most congenial. Several weeks' outing, with something to be learned and perhaps added to human knowledge. Not only this, but I rejoiced to know that while my companion in the investigation was to be a man high up in his specialties he was one who was really companionable, for I once spent a fortnight in the wilderness with a man who was entirely destitute of humor and insisted on talking on dry subjects in which he alone took interest. I knew that outside his studies Dr. Dean never alluded to them, never "talked shop," and that he had a keen sense of humor, without which no man is companionable to me, and the prospect was pleasing.

We were not to camp, but what was nearly the same were to stop in hotels among strangers, and spend evenings together, and a life spent in angling and fishculture, with its necessary reports on the latter, has put all fish talk in the category of "shop," and in camp I love the song, the joke, and anything except a discussion on fish. Dr. Dean was my ideal man, for I never talk about fish if I can help it. Outside his classes he never referred to the vermiform appendix of the oyster, nor the alimentary canal of the lobster; he shut up on these subjects when he put up his scalpels, thus following that most excellent advice, "put up or shut up."

If a man happens to be engaged in an occupation in which other people are interested they are apt to think that he knows nothing else, and they think they do him a favor by talking to him on the subject. As a fishcultivist of several years' experience, I will candidly say that there are about six men in America with whom I can profitably talk on fishculture; that is all. In camp I want to leave business behind and enjoy life untrammelled by it, and I don't want a companion whose talk is of politics, religion, science nor fish, and Dr. Dean filled the bill.

There was Lake Ronkonkoma, an Indian name said to mean white sand, situated in the middle of Long

Island, something over fifty miles from either end, and on the top of an extended gravelly ridge which projects eastward from the high land on the north side of the island. The lake is oblong, its greatest length being north and south, and it covers more than a square mile. It is fed by bottom springs, and has something like an inlet in the shape of a broad, irregular arm, which projects to the northwest. There is no outlet, evaporation and filtration taking all the water. Perhaps it may feed some of the numerous trout streams on the south side of the island.

The lake is in the wild, unsettled part of the island, where the deer still range, and no portion of "the island of shells," Seewanhacka, as the aborigines called it, contains more fables and traditions than Lake Ronkonkoma. There was no bottom to this lake, and a tide rose and fell once in seven years. I had picked up this information from various sources, and on the way down imparted it to my companion.

"That's very curious," said he, "for one would hardly expect deep ponds on the island, because in all glacial drifts small ponds hollowed out in the soft clays and gravels are not apt to be deep, for no matter how powerful may have been the eroding force of the waters, the shifting nature of the drift gravels would in time fill up any deep pockets that might have been formed. Surely would this be the case on Long Island, where the gravels, boulders and clays which were deposited by the melting ice mountains from the north were not merely reground, washed out and sifted by the glacial torrents, but were continually smoothed over by the pounding sweep of the ocean."

"Your reasoning seems correct," I replied, "but Long Island is singular in one thing: ten times more water flows from it than falls on it, and the query is, where does it come from?"

"Are you certain about this statement?"

"Positive. I've been all around the island and tested the temperature of every stream of importance that flows from it. It has an area of 1,682 square miles, and the average rainfall is from 40 to 55 in. Take a medium of 47 in., figure it into gallons, and the Nissequoque on the north, and the Conetquot on the south will more than carry it all. Then on the south side there are about three good trout streams to the mile from Valley Stream to Patchogue, a distance of over thirty miles, not to mention the minor streams. I don't know of an equal area in America which contains more large trout streams than Long Island. Mark me, I don't mean trout waters, for in the Adirondacks and in other parts of the country there are more trout waters within the area named, but they are lakes, and I only mean flowing brooks and rivers. I am prepared to assert that there is at least ten times the amount of water flowing from the island than can be accounted for by the annual rainfall."

"Then it must come from the north and pass under the Sound in crevices of the rock."

"No doubt of it, for there are fresh-water springs in Long Island Sound," and so we argued the time away until the railroad dumped us at a station called Ronkonkoma, and a stage took us through the sand and scrub oaks to The Towers, a hotel on the lake which has since been burned.

Our first work was to find the depth of this lake which "had no bottom." I had known of such lakes in Vermont and New Hampshire, where the hills are higher and the lakes are proportionally deep; but I also knew that when prying Fish Commissioners carefully sounded them they seldom found over roof of water. I had 200 ft. of thin linen codfish line, thin so as to better resist currents and the drift of the boat, and this was carefully marked with white cord at every fathom, and blue at every five fathoms for ready reckoning. In the morning a few ignorant natives winked and grinned at the idea of two duffers coming to their lake to find out what they had never been able to find, but some more sensible ones saw us off and were willing to withhold their verdict. The water at this time was up to the shrubbery on the shores, although my men, who had planted fish in the lake a few months before, reported the existence of a sandy beach of some 20 to 30 ft. all around the lake. It was now near the last week in July, and Dr. Dean remarked: "The seven years' tide seems to have come in a few weeks this year."

"Yes, but we must reserve that question until after we sound the lake. These people here don't see how two strangers propose to find out more about this water in a week than they have learned in a lifetime, and they half resent our intrusion of their domain. They don't realize that they have been satisfied to catch fish in the depths and shallows, and where their fish lines found no bottom they were content with the tradition that there was no bottom. I have no faith in the tide theory, but we must not jump on them with both feet. If we don't find bottom at 200 ft. we'll get more line."

The Doctor; I call him Doctor here because that is one of his titles, never mind what I call him on the lakes, but I have seen him in print as Dr. Bashford, Dean of Columbia College; that's the penalty of bearing a surname which is also a title. Said he: "This is glorious! To get down among these musty old myths and traditions and bust 'em."

"Will you please give me the correct orthography of 'bust,' and also please parse 'bust 'em'?"

"With pleasure; the orthography and parts of speech are closely allied to the phrase which you used a moment ago, when you wanted the oars, and said: 'Gi' me um.' You will see that the boomerang can be used for other purposes than to kill a rabbit behind a bush."

On a similar occasion Falstaff said: "No more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me." We were not even, for there was a balance against me.

We went around the lake and put flags at every roof, in order to sound at the intersecting lines. This took a whole day, and at night our troubles began. Time and again we explained that we had made no soundings, and as often we saw significant glances exchanged. The duffers had toiled all day and done nothing. That was very satisfactory to a few, but among those interested, who lived on the lake, were Mr. W. H. Warner, a maker of metal tubes for scientific instruments, and Hon. James R. Ferguson, a lawyer. To these gentlemen we explained our day's work.

The next day we began by guessing our distance at roof, from the shore and sounding around the lake; and then, getting our ranges from north and east, sounded the lake at the intersection of all the lines until we came to a deep hole, which we worked out two days later. Two pounds of lead and a registering thermometer, weighing almost as much, told us that the lake then had a depth averaging 15 ft. all over, with the exception of a deep hole in the southwestern part. This is about 50 ft. from the shore, opposite the residence of Mr. H. B. Kirk, and the sides are shelving. This hole was probably 200 ft. long by 50 ft. wide. I say probably because our boat was not anchored, but drifted with the wind. The bottom was of clay, and was not deeper than 65 ft., and the bottom temperature was 38 degrees Fahrenheit. The surface water was 88; the air nearly the same, while at the bottom of the sandy plain which formed the main body of the lake the thermometer registered 78.

The next day we were to fish and to look up the other animal life before going into a hunt for aquatic vegetation and the water-breeding insects, but just as we were about to put off for our work Judge Ferguson and some friends stopped us. Said the Judge: "Would you object to our using your sounding line in the deep hole while you are fishing?"

"Glad to have you do it, Judge. We are only after facts and have no theories to sustain. We will be glad to have you use our sounding line, and when you get the deepest water just buoy the line and note the depth. We are satisfied with our soundings."

There was a crowd at the landing when we came in before sundown. They looked the line over and talked, while we went up to the hotel. Then came Ferguson and others. The Judge said: "I don't doubt your measures, but the boys here can't believe 'em. They say they've put out over 300 ft. of line and never touched bottom, and as I sounded with your line and took your measured fathoms as a standard I wish to ask if there is any objection to letting our boys measure your line?"

Dean said: "We will only be too glad to have you do it. It will help us much. We have no other object than to get at the truth. You have the number of fathoms marked on our line, but I would prefer that you measure them with your own tape."

We sat in the hotel when the party came back. "Your measure is all right," said Ferguson, "65 ft. is the deepest water we could find."

And then arose the bartender. I had not seen him before. Said he: "This lake is over 500 ft. deep, an' I know it. What's the use of you two fellers comin' down here for a few days an' tellin' us how deep it is. I guess we know our own country better 'n you do. Why I killed three deer here last fall, an' if I hadn't been busy all summer I'd 'a' caught more fish than all of these fancy fishermen that come down here. But about that deep water; 65 ft. ain't half the depth of that hole, an' I'll bet \$10 it ain't."

We had mapped out the hole and sounded every square yard of it; obtained specimens of the clay from it, and recorded the temperature, and these things may be found in Eighteenth Report of the New York Fish Commission for the year ending Sept. 30, 1889. I replied: "I don't care to bet, but if there is deeper water than we have found we want to know it, and I will give you \$10 per foot for each foot you can show me above 70."

"Golly, but I'll make about \$50 offen you to-morrow," he said, but he never demanded any money. The fact was that they had used 1/2 oz. sinkers and paid out line as the boat drifted, and there was "no bottom." The next thing to investigate was the mysterious seven-year tide. Our soundings had caused a commotion, and the billiard room was visited nightly to hear the news; we brought up the subject, and the argument ran along after this fashion:

No. 1—"You see it's this way: the tide rises for seven years, and then it takes just as long to fall, you see—"

No. 2—"No, you ain't got it right. I've allers heard that it took seven years to rise and fall, while in your way it 'ud be fourteen years. It's just seven years since I rented my farm, an' the water was high then an' it's high now."

No. 3—"That's so, Jo; I remember we went a-fishin' that year, an' you reached over to haul in a big bass an' plumped overboard, an' had to swim where we can wade at low water."

To help along I remarked: "Last spring my men reported low water here, and they had to wade out to get into the boat."

"You're right," said the bartender, "I helped 'em carry the cans." And then they waxed warm over it. No one had kept a record, but they resented my friend's suggestion that the annual rainfall could influence the "tide" in any way, and they did not relish our doubts about the ancient tradition any more than they did our finding less than 70 ft. of water in a bottomless lake.

We heard it night after night, and listened respectfully, leaving them to fight it out, which they may be doing yet. We fished with flies, bait, trolling spoon and gill nets, and recorded the following species: Sunfish; both species of black bass; the small pike-perch, for which we have no popular name unless it is sauger, which I have read, but never heard spoken, it is *S. canadense*; bullheads; rock bass; yellow perch and mummichogs, or killies. Not a pike, pickerel nor a shiner. The latter would be a good fish for the others to feed upon. Our dredge brought us many mollusks, crustaceans and insects, which the Doctor recorded. These and the water plants amused those of the natives who had been annoyed at our discoveries, and they "didn't see the use o' huntin' up little no-count things like them." But we had a record of every bit of animal or vegetable life in the lake which was large enough to be held by the bolting cloth with which the miller sifts flour.

Then we went to Riverhead to look into Great Pond. This is some miles from the village, but Mr. J. H. Perkins not only put a boat on it for us, but loaned us a horse and buggy each day. If they will stock this lake with black bass it will be a better lake for an angler than Ronkonkoma. It is much deeper and colder, the bottom springs being sufficient to sustain brook trout.*

Here we found the fresh-water mussel (*Unio*) the usual Long Island crustaceans and insects. Of plants

there were a variety, some not found in Ronkonkoma—the most interesting to me being the wild celery and water soldier, both in bloom on the last days of July. Of fishes we took pickerel, sunfish, golden shiner, yellow perch, bullheads, suckers, eels and "mummies." If the two lakes could exchange black bass for golden shiners (*Notemigonus*) it would be of mutual benefit.

As scientists in search for information we used dredges of bolting cloth for top and bottom, gill nets and angling appliances. The pond has no houses near it. There is a shed and picnic ground labeled Hunter's Camp, but no one fished the lake while we were there, and we had the only boat on it. Our gill nets were drying on the bushes one morning as we got out of the buggy, and I saw a man dodge in the brush. He evidently knew Mr. Perkins's rig, and when we returned at night he was at the hotel and took me on one side.

"What luck on the pond to-day?"

"About thirty suckers, all of one kind, though; I don't think there's but one species in the pond; some sunfish, perch and five pickerel. We kept one pickerel for our breakfast and sent the other edible fish down to Mr. Nat Foster and Mr. Perkins. We were quite successful in capturing insect larvae and crustaceans."

"What's them?"

"The worms which turn into water beetles; crawlers that grow to be devil's darning needles, and other little things."

"I see; that's a nice song and dance you're givin' me, but I see a gill net on the bushes and another in the water. I'm a town constable, and mistrusted that them bags o' your'n had nets in 'em when they was throw'd outen the baggage car, an' I've had an eye on you to see that you didn't get away afore I got evidence ag'in ye, an' I got it to-day, an' can put ye in the lock-up to-night an' get yer nets in the morning. O, I've got ye an' ye can't squirm out of it. Now you come along o' me peaceably an' then I'll come back an' get the other feller, who's sick up stairs. Somehow you got to windward of John H. Perkins, but you can't fool me."

This was charming; it was an adventure, and I was a criminal. Dean had returned with some trifling ailment and retired. Supper would not be called for an hour. I was in the custody of a man whom I admired for doing his duty, but it was plain that explanations to him would be useless. Mr. Perkins was the treasurer of Suffolk county, and there was fun ahead. He had gone home to supper, and after making the constable think that I was trying to bribe him with all sorts of entertainments, including supper, he relented so far as to take me to see Mr. Perkins before locking me up for the night. I did not sleep in the jail, and that vigilant constable, whose name is unfortunately forgotten, never troubled us more. I hope his zeal led him to protect his district against all violators of the game laws as it did when he arrested me. The only question is: Would he take the same course with his neighbor or friend?

Around the lake the huckleberries grew in profusion. We were approaching the Hunter's Camp and picking a few when the Doctor saw a boy eating berries near the landing. The boy said: "These berries ain't got no taste."

One glance and my scientific friend called out: "Don't eat any more of those berries; they're not huckleberries, they're poison."

The boy stopped eating and the Doctor added: "These are what they call 'kill calf' berries, and may be known by—" and here I fail to get the essence of his botanical lecture on the differences of leaf and stem, but the boy was dangerously sick for three days and recovered. Dr. Dean missed these fishing days while watching him, but I rowed my own boat, trolled a spoon and took several pickerel of fair size and gave my new friend, the constable, six fish which aggregated nearly 19lbs. He no longer looked at such gifts as an attempt to bribe him, and did not offer to arrest my partner.

We were just in time for the annual darky camp meeting, some miles from Riverhead, and we got there. To tell of the fun that we outsiders had on one night would fill a book. Religion is not a thing to be ridiculed, but there are people who do things in its name that "make the judicious grieve." Just why we enjoyed this darky camp meeting may be questioned by others. To the two "duffers" who were exploring the inland waters of Long Island it laid over any of the "coon" songs of May Irwin.

White visitors chipped in the most of the money collected, and it was worth our dollar to hear them sing:

"Go tell yo' mother an' all her kin,
They'll never cross Jordan with all their sin;
Sing, sweet Christian, an' let me in.

"You can dig my grave with a silver spade,
But I'll rise in the coming day;
You can fasten my coffin with chains of gold,
But I'll rise in the coming day.

"For hell is deep an' hell is wide,
It ain't got no bottom an' ain't got no side,
An' none can shun it but the sanctified,
But I'll rise in the coming day."

Dr. Dean came on earth in 1867, and was educated at the New York City College, Columbia College and in Munich, graduating in '86, second youngest in fifty, and in '91 was instructor in biology in Columbia, and professor of biology six years later. He has visited every country in Europe except some of the smaller principalities, and while he was investigating oyster culture in Europe for the U. S. F. C. he wrote me the most genial letters, filled with humorous descriptions of men and things, often illustrated with his pen. He could, probably tell more stories of men he has fished with than I can; for it would include Arabs, Turks, Portuguese, Italians, Swedes, Frisians, Russians, Chinese, and a lot of other men with salient points of character. Just how he found time to write me so much while he was studying at the same time and writing a book on "Fishes, Living and Fossil," delving into the embryology of *Amia* and *Chimera*, which he was the first to describe, I can only guess. Perhaps it was a relief for him to think in a different direction.

*For all these data those who are interested may consult the report mentioned.

While we were fishing in Ronkonkoma I made some trifling remark about a catfish having nine lives, when the Doctor said: "You can kill them easily if you know how. In the brain of all vertebrates there is a structure of unknown utility known as the pineal gland. In the fishes and other so-called lower forms it is connected with a cavity between the parietal bones, and in the sturgeon and catfish it is easily found under the skin. A pin or a splint inserted there will kill the fish instantly. Herbert Spencer demonstrated that it is the vestige of a third eye, and he found in some lizards a lens, pigment and traces of a nerve in this pineal gland."

Some weeks ago Mr. Hough referred to killing a catfish in this way with a broom straw, but did not enter into the anatomical reasons for the hole, which probably exists in all fishes, and no doubt an eel could be killed in this manner.

We had talked of eating a Chinese dinner for several years, and on Dec. 11 last I piloted the Professor through Chinatown and up stairs in a Pell street restaurant, within rifle shot of FOREST AND STREAM office. There we partook of bird's nest soup, chicken with lychees, shop-suy, yung to (canned fruit), canned lychees (something like muskmelon), guck yin (I don't know what that is) and souchong tea. There was enough for a dozen laboring men, and the bill was proportionately large. The "shop suy" was a delicious stew, and the tea was fine.

Before the dinner the Professor said in his purest Chinese, "John, you catchee cocktail?"

"No gottee cocktail."

"Well, you catchee Chinese wines, some sid-lee or some mow-jen?"

John was suspicious; we were strangers, and he had no license. He said: "No gottee wine." But after the bill was paid, with a little trinkgeld, backsheesh, pour boire, or whatever it is in Chinese, he said: "Good-by, when you come again I catchee Chinese wine and cocktail." And then the curtain fell to slow music.

FRED MATHER.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Quantico.

In colonial days Quantico River was a great commercial highway, and Dumfries a metropolis with mansions and churches of brick imported from Great Britain and landed at its doors. Its tobacco warehouses and its trade in the domestic staples, as well as foreign necessities and luxuries, were among the most important in the country.

To-day Dumfries is 'way up on Quantico Creek, and an occasional longboat for pulpwood or cross-ties, or a sand barge is nearly the extent of its business as a port. Lines of travel and traffic have changed and left it to one side, that is all.

The old Telegraph Road to Richmond, sometimes called Washington's Road, probably because he could have taken no other, is little more than a memory, since the double threads of steel rails have fastened Richmond into the pattern of our commercial network, and gone all round Dumfries.

At the mouth of the Quantico, on a fine beach, well above the Potomac, stands a little village of a dozen or two houses, the northern terminus of the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, and its junction with the Washington Southern to Washington. If you write to this place, you must address Potomac City, for so Uncle Sam has named the post-office, but the railroads do not recognize this name, and your ticket reads to Quantico, and the telegraph office will refuse your message unless so addressed.

Ruins of extensive wharves on the south bank of the mouth of the creek bear silent witness to the former value and extent of its transfer business, for here schooners and steamers took all the freight and passengers from the South destined for the West, North and East. Quantico was a busy, thriving trading point and a pleasure resort. A railroad reached it from Washington, and its occupation was gone.

Millions of tons more traffic, and thousands more passengers than ever, pass through it, but stop only long enough to change engines, while Quantico sleeps.

Its site is now mostly owned by a Baltimore capitalist, as is the very large hotel, almost unused. The railroad company, to secure a reliable supply of water for its engines, sunk an artesian well about 1,000 ft. and secured a fine flow of very clear, palatable water, said to have valuable medicinal properties. Some day Quantico may again become a trade center. Stranger things have happened. Fifty feet of water in its Potomac channel, 150 miles of water carriage nearer than Norfolk to the great West. Why not this the coaling point for the world? At least one man has dreamed he saw from out of nothing this greatness rise. A sanitarium and a port, it needs but one thing more, and that a little matter of capital.

A few miles up the creek, on the north side, is a mine of pyrites, from which a baby engine, on a narrow-gauge road, brings the glittering sand and dumps it on the rude wharf for boats, or on a platform near the railroad, to be conveyed to distant works and there used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

During the war Quantico was a fortified point, and on the hill overlooking the town are the remains of earthworks and a dismantled Confederate cannon. Its carriage has long since disappeared, and the inhabitants tell of some man who long after the war attempted to break up the gun for old iron. He put in a bursting charge of powder, drove a wooden plug into the bore, and then drove stakes into the solid ground in front of the muzzle. It went off all right, but did not burst according to programme. By a fatal coincidence, as it pointed toward the town, his own house was just in range, and that wooden dummy shell went screaming over the startled village and tore out one end of his house, fortunately with no damage to its occupants. But his enthusiasm was gone. Besides, his neighbors had had enough of the war, and objected to any further bombardment of the place, so his project was abandoned, and the old gun lies there

yet, still pointing its empty muzzle over the town, and out to that water which now needs no guard.

At the mouth of the stream, on the south side, just at the point of the low bluff, the tide runs swiftly in and out, and here the white perch are plenty, except at lowest tide, and many evenings we have found good sport here with the fly, within 3 ft. of the rocks. The white perch do not run large at this point, but, without moving, one may cast to the left toward the decayed piles of the old wharf, where the water is still, and a sunken fly or a bait of any kind will take very large yellow perch.

Two hundred yards out, in 30 ft. of water, is a spot known locally as the Perch Ground, where the record catches for the lower river have been made.

One warm day in midsummer Mr. Jesse Middleton and a friend took here 550, averaging above ½ lb. in weight, and quit, tired of the monotonous slaughter, at 2 o'clock. This with rods and bait, principally crab.

Among the piles mentioned, or anywhere up the beach, around the cove and beyond the railroad bridge, are sunfish and perch of both kinds; not always plenty, but always some.

Across the mouth of the stream, on the north side, at the pyrites, or so-called new wharf, though it is old now and little used, is one of the best places on the Potomac for white perch. They are taken under the wharf in five or six fathoms of water, and the fly is, of course, useless. These perch are of the largest, toward 1 lb. in weight, and wonderful catches have been made here with hand-lines. To those who care for bait fishing, there is no place on the river known to the writer or any of his friends, where one runs a better chance of getting a good string of perch every day in the fishing year. Of course the Little Falls country is better during the spring run.

On the north side of Quantico Creek, just inside the railroad bridge, a sandspit pushes out into the channel, and over this the tide at times runs like a mill-tail, and here the rockfish and white perch love to feed.

The rockfish, like the very large perch, are very shy, and mostly frequent deep or swift water, and there are few places where they can be found near enough the surface to take the fly. These places, and the right conditions of water and weather, are so far apart on the Potomac that not many are caught in this way, though they are as gamy as can be, and take the fly in a way to glad the heart of an angler, when they come at all. But they are so coy.

A school of a dozen will start for the fly at once, and catching sight of the angler, disappear as if by magic, and no efforts of his will induce them to show again. This, to be sure, is only an admission of a lack of skill, for the perfect angler would have kept out of sight. There is but one answer to such a suggestion—"Try it."

But at this sandy point just mentioned, one does not need to keep out of sight for the white perch, for the writer and his chum have stood here almost in touch, and casting across the current, one with three flies and the other with four (on No. 10 hooks), and taken a perch on each fly, almost with every cast, varied occasionally with a rockfish somewhere in the procession.

If the dropper, next in hand, be taken first, an instant's delay will secure, almost with fail, a fish for each of the other flies. The school, seeing the captive being hurried and the loose flies dangling behind, make a rush for part of the feast. If the tail fly is taken first, this is not so likely to happen, as the school do not get ahead of the victim, who is being assisted ashore, and the unoccupied flies on the now rigid line do not have so tempting a movement as when trailing on the loose end of the cast.

Further up the creek, where the channel runs at the base of a rocky bluff, there are many of the long-eared sunfish, large and lively, which have their homes in the little caves and under the big rocks. Here, too, are a good many white perch. Across the channel on the marsh side, where the grass is tall, with little runways through, and pools of clear water and a mud bottom, there are swarms of yellow perch, and a boat may be anchored at patches of the grass beds within reach of the deeper water, and yellow perch taken all day long with bait.

Further up the creek, where the pools are shallower, and spatterdocks and cattails afford a quiet shelter, may be found a good many chain pike, or jack, as they are called here, a name borrowed from our English cousins, who call any pike under 5 lbs. a jack; and these are only 22 in., and lack a good deal of weighing 5 lbs. They afford first-rate sport in the early spring and late fall, but disappear as effectually in midsummer as if they had migrated. It is said that one weighing 8 lbs. was caught with a seine lately, nearly opposite this place, in a Maryland stream flowing into the Potomac; but this has not been verified.

In the shallows of the upper marsh above Quantico, where there is plenty of nice, rich mud, the prying carp have feeding grounds which they keep creamy in the longest drought. To those who know how to catch carp—for that is a science by itself—there is good sport to be had here, but no better than at other points on the Potomac. It is full of this fish, which, valuable as it is, is of no use to the subscriber except to feed bass. In seining for bass and other native fish for distribution in the Illinois River bottoms, the United States Fish Commission secure large quantities of carp, which are usually destroyed. The Commission one year reported that these carp sold readily in the Chicago market for 8 cents a pound, nearly double what any other native fish would bring at that time. A comparatively late report of the Illinois Fish Commission, giving an account of the fish handled by four large firms at a point on the Illinois River, showed that nearly half were carp, above 150,000 lbs. in one year.

He is a plucky enough fighter when hooked or struck, but his refusal to take ordinary baits at all, and his shy way of taking even his own favorite boiled potato, or cornmeal paste and garlic, tied up in mosquito netting, has ruined the patience of many a good still-fisher, and sportsmen are pretty generally prejudiced against him. Besides he has bones, and no fish has a right to bones but the shad.

There is a fair fishing shore at Quantico, and many shad and herring are taken here in good seasons, but these are of little interest to the angler, save as a curi-

osity or a meal, as they do not seem to feed while in fresh water. At any rate, no lure we know will tempt them to take the hook, though their cousin, the tailor, will sometimes show great fondness for the fly. Years ago, before the Potomac was overfished, and the shad weighed 14lbs. instead of 5lbs., as now, shad were frequently taken with the fly—it is said. Since we found within the last year such interesting sport with the pickarel and the fly we have renewed hopes of the shad, and mean to teach them something new this season, if we can.

HENRY TALBOTT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Florida Congress.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 8.—Mr. August Hirth, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., the first delegate appointed by the Governor of Illinois to the Florida Congress of Fisheries, will start for Florida the latter part of next week. Commissioners Bartlett and Cohen, also appointed, will hardly both go, or at least did not so intend at last accounts. Should the three be present, Illinois would certainly have cause to feel confidence in her delegation.

Big Haul for Protection.

I often speak of the long-continued fight between the wardens and the illegal net fishermen of Lake Winnebago, Wis.—a war which has lasted for years and been fought with the utmost stubbornness in spite of changes in the statutes of the State and all sorts of efforts to avoid or evade the law. Yesterday the wardens made a big haul for protection on Winnebago, Capt. Johnson, with a posse of twenty wardens, succeeding in capturing twenty miles of nets in different parts of the lake. All these nets were destroyed, and the fish taken from them were confiscated. Arrests of more than twenty fishermen will follow. This coup, in face of the determined and at times murderous resistance of these lawless men, is certainly encouraging to any one who has watched this long struggle, and who has had the principle of law-abiding citizenship at heart. It is thought that the blow will be so severe for the market fishermen that they will not make much trouble after this.

Market Fishers' Trust.

The market fisheries of the Great Lakes each year market over 100,000,000lbs. of fish. Now they have formed a trust, following the trend of the times, and henceforth will combine for the systematic handling of this watery wealth. W. Vernon Booth, son of the old-time fish dealer of national reputation, A. Booth, is to be the head of the trust, although he is reticent about the whole transaction. He did say, however, that the object of the new combine will be not to defy, but to assist, the State fish wardens in their work, and to encourage the annual planting of fish, especially whitefish, in the Great Lakes, which otherwise will soon be barren. Mr. Booth thinks the combine will be a benefit and not a detriment to the small local fisherman, as he can thus always have a market for his catch. He thinks the yearly catch of the combine, with improved methods, may perhaps run as high as 150,000,000lbs. of fish.

There is no doubt that this trust will be a beneficent and amiable influence in the land, so long as it is allowed to do just what it likes in regard to netting fish. It will no doubt encourage the State hatching and planting of fish. No doubt it will also continue to buy brook trout netted all along the shores of Lake Superior by the Indians and the "small fishermen," who will thus indeed find a regular market. If the sportsmen of the country were one-half as well organized as the marketmen, there would be more brook trout for the rod and less for the net.

Hatchery Moved.

The State Fish Commission of Wisconsin, at their annual meeting at Madison, Jan. 5, voted to move the branch hatchery from Milwaukee to Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago. The hatchery at the latter point will be devoted principally to the raising of wall-eyed pike, the finest table fish native to Western waters.

Deputy Goetter, of Chicago, caused the arrest of F. T. Evers, a fish dealer, at 1000 West Madison street, this city, and the latter was, on Jan. 3, fined \$25 for having in possession under-sized perch.

Deputy Wardens Stone and Johnstone last week arrested Adolph Beauregard at Shell Lake, Wis., for illegal fishing in Long Lake, where he was spearing. He got thirty days in jail, and his spears and outfit were destroyed and his fish confiscated.

At Warsaw, Ind., Josiah Wysong was arrested some time ago for illegal fishing, and was fined \$25. He appealed, on the advice of his lawyer, W. H. Dennis. The case recently came up in the Circuit Court, and Wysong got fined \$75. I advise him to take it to the Supreme Court.

Deputy Warden Ratto, of this city, yesterday caused the arrest and conviction of E. Mallett, a fish peddler, who was selling black bass less than 11in. in length. Mallett was fined \$25 in the court of Justice Quinn, of Hyde Park.

Winter Fishing.

Hand-line and tip-up fishing is in progress in great shape on Lake Minnetonka, Minn., this week, and the law is being violated to some extent. Warden Mann has pursued some of the illegal fishers across the ice, and though he cannot catch them, he has managed to get a lot of their outfits and their fish.

At Day's Ford, on the Kankakee, Indiana, the carp are so thick that the farmers are driving them along to the open places in the ice, and there spearing them with pitchforks by the wagon-load.

Illinois Commission Explains.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—The Peoria Star, of Peoria, Ill., came out last week with an accusation charging the Illinois Fish Commission with deliberate unfairness in the administration of the law. The Star stated that Bartson & Hurley, a market-fishing firm, of Peoria, were directly under the protection of the Fish Commission,

who had instructed their warden, Brassfield, not to meddle with Bartson & Hurley's nets. The latter are the heaviest market-fishermen of the Illinois River. The Journal, of Quincy, Ill., interviewed Commissioner Bartlett on this matter and secured from him the following statement:

The commission is not in the least trying to aid a monopoly, but is simply protecting a highly important industry with a fair and proper interpretation of the law.

Messrs. Bartson & Hurley are taking carp and buffalo out of the Illinois River for the Peoria market, into which, during the heaviest season, as much as about a carload of such fish daily is sent on an average.

Mr. Brassfield, the deputy warden, found that Messrs. Bartson & Hurley's seine measured but 1 1/4 in., whereas the law forbids the use of a mesh of less than 2in. Apparently Mr. Brassfield was right in thinking that the use of such seine was violation of the law, but in fact it has been the practice of the commission and experienced wardens to allow 1/4 in. for the tarring of and shrinkage of the meshes, and the Commissioners did not wish to have the important industry of Bartson & Hurley interfered with, where to do so would have simply been to stop their work without just cause. Hence the orders of the Commissioners to Brassfield to confine his work to his own county.

In doing this the Commissioners did not mean any reflections on Mr. Brassfield, for they knew that his intentions were good. They simply knew that he had not yet become familiar with the just interpretation of the law.

Fish Dealers get Concessions.

It seems that not only the fish dealers of the Illinois River, but also of the city of Chicago, are up in arms against the new law, and since they don't like it of course they will have to be accommodated. The wholesale dealers held a little convention here Jan. 12, meeting Commissioners Bartlett, of Quincy; Nat H. Cohen, of Urbana, and A. Lenk, of Chicago. At this meeting the dealers claimed that the wardens have been entirely too active in enforcing the law, and have prosecuted a number of dealers for having in possession under-sized fish. The dealers said they could not always prevent the shipment of such fish to them. The market men then passed the following resolutions as being the sense of their meeting:

Resolved, By the wholesale fish dealers of Chicago, assembled in conference with the Fish Commissioners of Illinois, that all of said wholesale fish dealers will use every means in their power for the purpose of preventing fish sold in this State of the size prescribed by the laws of the State of Illinois, and that said fish dealers will co-operate with the Fish Commissioners in every possible way that will tend to perpetuate and protect the fishes in the waters of Illinois.

Resolved, That the said Fish Commissioners shall instruct their fish wardens that there shall be no prosecutions under the present law against fish dealers for having fish in their possession under the size prescribed by the statute when said wardens are satisfied that said fish dealers came into possession of said fish inadvertently, and without knowing that they were of unlawful size, or where there is no intention of selling said fish or offering the same for sale or in any manner of violating the law.

Resolved, That the said Fish Commissioners instruct their wardens that in all cases where fish under the statutory size shall be found in the possession of fish dealers for the first time, that there shall be no prosecution for such offense, and that said fish dealers advise the dealer of his liability to fine and imprisonment for having said fish in his possession.

Mr. Bartlett advised the dealers that the State Fish Commission did not wish to make the law a hardship, and did not wish to interfere with trade, but wished only to enforce the spirit of the law. Thereafter, he said, the deputies would be instructed not to prosecute dealers for first offenses.

This is concession No. 2 to the market interests this week, and I must confess that I am a trifle puzzled about indorsing the wisdom of my friends of the Fish Commission in these matters. It is much a case of loophole again, and if you give a dealer an inch he will take a mile. It seems to me that if one dealer is allowed to use a net, tarred or untarred, whose meshes measure 1 1/4 in. instead of 2in., he is breaking the law, and so may all others break the law in the same way. If a dealer may be allowed to have short-sized fish in possession one time, it is the same as allowing him to have them in possession all the time. While no man of sanity would claim that the fish laws of Illinois are made for the sportsmen alone, it is no less true that the sportsmen of this State could say a word or two about the concessions wanted by South Water street. We members of the Illinois State Association have met in conference with the game dealers of South Water street, just as the members of the Fish Commission have met the fish dealers. We found, as the Fish Commission has found, that these market-men were entirely willing to let the law alone so long as it was administered to suit themselves. Barring concessions of this sort, they threatened all sorts of things at Springfield. Maybe I am wrong about this, but it seems to me that if we have a law intended for the protection of fish, that law ought to be enforced. If a deputy warden's hands are tied by some restriction or construction of the law, he will certainly grow less diligent in making his arrests, and hence the whole executive machinery of the law comes to a standstill. I modestly venture the prediction that the Illinois State Fish Commission will regret its treaty with the dealers. I venture also to say that we shall now hear no more about the recent numerous arrests and fines for illegal fish selling.

E. HOUGH.

The Florida Congress.

THE Florida Fishery Congress convened on Wednesday of this week. A full report of the proceedings will be given in our columns.

The following persons have announced their intention of presenting papers to the congress. Others who have papers in preparation are asked to send the titles to Dr. H. M. Smith, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.:

Dr. Herman C. Bumpus, Brown University, Providence, R. I., "The Importance of Extended Scientific Investigation."

Mr. A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls, N. Y., "The Hudson as a Salmon Stream."

Mr. John N. Cobb, Washington, D. C., "The Undeveloped Fishery Resources of Florida."

Prof. B. W. Evermann, Washington, D. C., "The Fish Fauna of Florida."

Dr. James A. Henshall, Bozeman, Mont., "The Fisheries of Florida."

Dr. Bushrod W. James, Philadelphia, Pa., "International Protection for the Denizens of the Seas and Waterways."

Mr. Geo. F. Kunz, New York, N. Y., "A Brief His-

tory of the Finding of Fresh-water Pearls in the United States."

Prof. Edwin Linton, Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., "Parasitism among Fishes Considered from an Economic Standpoint."

Mr. William E. Meehan, Philadelphia, Pa., "The Relations of the State Fish Commissions to the Commercial Fishermen."

Dr. H. F. Moore, Washington, D. C., "Some Factors in the Oyster Problem."

Dr. J. Percy Moore, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., "The Utility and Methods of Mackerel Propagation."

Hon. Fred'k S. Morse, Miami, Fla., "The Florida Manatee, its Habits, Uses and Protection."

Mr. Ralph M. Munroe, Coconut Grove, Fla., "The Green Turtle and the Possibilities of its Protection and Consequent Increase on the Florida Coast."

Prof. Jacob Reighard, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., "The Biology of Our Fresh Waters in its Relation to Practical Problems."

Mr. John G. Ruge, Apalachicola, Fla., "The Oysters and Oyster Grounds of Florida."

Mr. George W. Scobie, Titusville, Fla., "The Pompano and Other Fishes of the East Florida Coast."

Dr. Charles P. Sigerfoos, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn., "Notes on the Ship-Worms."

Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Washington, D. C., "Our Native Economic Sponges; their Nature, Protection and Cultivation."

Mr. Charles H. Stevenson, Washington, D. C., "The Present Inland Range of Shad Compared with Former Times."

Mr. Livingston Stone, Cape Vincent, N. Y.

Lieut. Franklin Swift, U. S. N., "The Oyster Grounds of the West Florida Coast: Their Extent, Condition and Peculiarities."

Mr. W. Edgar Taylor, Louisiana Industrial Institute, Ruston, La., "The Establishment of a Marine Biological Station on the Gulf of Mexico."

Mr. Charles H. Townsend, Washington, D. C., "The World's Seal Fisheries, with Special Reference to the American Fur Seal"; illustrated by lantern slides.

Mr. A. F. Warren, Pensacola, Fla., "The Past, Present and Future of the Red Snapper Fishery in the Gulf of Mexico."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

March 9.—St. Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. E. D. Brown, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 21.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal. J. M. Kilgarriff, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—Champion Field Trial Association's Champion Stake, Tupelo, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

The U. S. F. T. C. Trials.

THE trials were run on the club's preserve at West Point, Miss., beginning on Jan. 10. Prolonged rains had fallen for some time previous, so that the grounds were very muddy. However, more rain fell during the week, as is related in its place, and added much to the labor and discomfort of the running. It was an unfortunate condition so far as the comfort of the running was concerned, but it did not mar the work noticeably.

There was an excellent attendance of visiting sportsmen, better than has favored the club in years. The president of the club, Mr. Norvin T. Harris, of Lyndon, Ky., was present, looking well after his long sojourn in Europe and Africa, and full of most pleasing reminiscence of his hunting experiences in those lands. Mr. Edward Dexter, or Uncle Ned, as the boys endearingly call him, was there, and also there were Messrs. H. E. Smith, J. J. Odom, C. F. Eastman and Dr. Geo. Eubank, of Birmingham; Dr. L. C. Bacon, of St. Paul; Messrs. Jas. S. Crane and F. J. Patterson, Dayton, O., who became club members; Mr. Edward A. Burdett, Philadelphia; Mr. Flagg, of Boston; Mr. Ballard, Louisville; Messrs. John L. Barker, Racine, Wis.; R. B. Morgan, Gibson's Well, Tenn.; J. B. Stoddard, Thomasville, N. C., and a number of local sportsmen.

The judges were Capt. Joseph H. Dew, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. W. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss., and W. W. Titus, of Sparta, Miss. They were most painstakingly careful in establishing the equity of the competition, and diligent and patient in conducting it. Their decisions were well received, and they deserved to be so. As a whole, the stake was well managed, though there was more hurry than was pleasing, as there always is when the handlers ride on horseback, a privilege which was accorded them after the first day, in consequence of the muddy condition of the grounds.

The club held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening. It was exceptionally well attended. The officers elected are: President, Norvin T. Harris; First Vice-President, Edward Dexter; Second Vice-President, H. B. Duryea; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Stafford; Board of Governors; N. T. Harris, Edward Dexter, F. R. Hutonk, E. A. Burdette, H. B. Duryea, J. M. Essig, C. I. Shoop, J. N. Seale, W. B. Stafford, H. S. Smith, P. Lorillard, Jr., J. A. McIlhenny, George Crocker, Hobart Ames, St. Mark M. Mundy. The club decided to hold but one field trial next year, the winter trial in January, at West Point, Miss. There will be a pointer and setter Derby respectively, one all-age stake for setters and pointers, and a members' stake, the prize of which will be the Hurstbourne cup. The finances of the club were put in good condition, and it was said that the professional handlers who were members had resigned.

The Pointer Derby.

Rarely has there been a Derby, whether pointer or setter, or both combined, in which was displayed so high and so uniform workmanlike qualities and excellence of competition. There were two or three dogs which showed a lack of finish in training, though possessing much merit in a natural way. These very properly were dropped from the competition.

The competition for first honors was very clean and very sound. Each dog's work was remarkably accurate, quick and free from awkwardness and errors. While there was very little of the ranging which consists mostly of going very wide, regardless of much good intermediate ground left unworked, there was a lot of good, useful ranging to the gun, such range as would be of first-class service in actual field work, such range and work as evoke the comment that such field trial dogs would be the ideal dogs to shoot over. There was no loafing, very little pottering, and as to the handling it is but just praise to mention that there was never a professional stake freer from noisy handling and rushing than was this one. It was a pleasure to follow it. It was a stake as stakes should be, fair in its competition, skillfully handled and ably managed.

The winners were: First, Chisholm; second, Young Jingo; third, Doctor Tassie.

The competition between first and second was very close. Both were very accurate and quick in locating and pointing under all circumstances. They ranged usefully wide and with judgment. They were industrious and speedy, but Young Jingo's work had a shade or two more finish to it.

Doctor Tassie's work was round and consistent. He located and pointed intelligently, and his work was uniformly reliable. He worked nicely to the gun and he was obedient.

The handling too was noticeable for its improvement. There was but little noise, there was no friction or scrambling; in short, it was very much as a competition should be. Professional handling in the past has as a rule been noisy and hurried, if furious scrambling at times could be included in that term. It is a pleasure to record a change for the better.

Sepoy also ran a most excellent race, very close to third. Sam's Bow showed high capabilities, and with more experience should be an excellent performer.

There were nine pointers, run as follows:

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick Boy, Jr. (Tick Boy—Jilt —), Frank Richardson, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Sepoy (Rip Rap—Queen III.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

J. S. Crane's l. and w. dog Shotmaster (Chum II.—Bar Maid), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Dr. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Chisholm (Von Gull—Croxie), D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Ghourka (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's l. and w. dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), owner, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. bitch Fury (Tick Boy—Topsy Kent), Frank Richards, handler, with Dr. J. R. Daniels's l. and w. dog Sam's Bow (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.), Geo. Richards, handler.

Wm. Elliott's l. and w. dog Doctor Tassie (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), a bye, Geo. Richards, handler.

The Derby was for all pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. The prizes were: First, \$250; second, \$200; third, \$150.

Monday.

The grounds were wet alike on hill and vale, the flat and bottom lands being tiresomely muddy and heavy. The mud in many places was so soft that it made the going laborious for the dogs and horses, and still more for the handlers afoot. In some of the later heats they rode horseback.

The sky was heavily and darkly clouded, shutting off every gleam of sunshine during the day. Birds were reported scarce, and the party started with the expectation of so finding them, but about twenty-three bevs were found, which was fairly sufficient for the purposes of the trials.

A smart shower delayed the competition a few minutes toward the close of the afternoon.

First Round.

Tick Boy, Jr., and Sepoy began at 8:39. The latter soon pointed, then roaded on, and a bevy was seen to flush; both dogs were out of sight for the moment. Neither was successful in scoring a point on the scattered birds. On some marked birds of another bevy flushed by horses, Sepoy made three points in the woods on bare leaves. Tick stole one point, and flushed to another made by Sepoy. Tick showed a lack of finish. Up at 9:55. Sepoy's work on birds was clean and accurate. Both ranged well, though Sepoy's range was much better to the gun.

Shotmaster and Chisholm were cast off at 10:03. Chisholm found a bevy by good judgment, and pointed it nicely in a cornfield. Shotmaster refused to back, but dropped to wing when the bevy flushed. Chisholm made three good points on the scattered birds in cottonfield and ground unfavorable for pointing, and Shotmaster backed one point. Up at 10:35. Chisholm showed good range, speed, judgment and work on birds. His range was of the useful kind, beating out the likely ground within a proper scope.

Ghourka and Young Jingo began at 10:47. Jingo pointed a bevy nicely in open sedge, and Ghourka backed. In searching for the scattered birds a bevy flushed near Ghourka in the open sedge. Afterward Ghourka flushed a single. Up at 11:30. They ranged with good judgment, Jingo the better.

Fury and Sam's Bow were started at 11:35. Bow pointed a bevy about 150 yds. away and held his point nicely. He next pointed some scattered birds, and Fury chased. He next pointed a single. His range was good. He ran a very meritorious race. Fury was lawless. Up at 12:12.

Doctor Tassie ran a bye with the setter Harwick. They began at 12:21 and ran 30 minutes. Doc flushed a bevy in woods. He backed Harwick's point on a single. He next pointed in woods and nothing was found. He

pointed a single. Harwick pointed a bevy, and Doctor, called up to back, pointed or backed. Both were steady. Up at 12:50. Doctor worked sensibly and cheerfully to the gun. Much of the heat was run in unfavorable ground. The work done was not indicative of Doctor's real merit.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in the running, which was resumed after lunch.

Young Jingo and Sepoy were cast off at 1:44. Soon Jingo made a good point on a bevy, and Sepoy backed nicely. Sepoy pointed a single, and Jingo backed; both were nicely steady to shot. Jingo pointed a bevy on the side of a steep bank and was backed. Each made a point on singles. Sepoy next pointed, and nothing was found. Up at 2:30. They ran a very sound race, Jingo having the better of the heat.

Chisholm and Sam's Bow were started at 2:36. Chisholm secured a point on a single and was nicely backed. They were ordered up at 3:33. They worked well, but were unfortunate in striking a stretch of ground which had few birds apparently.

Doctor Tassie and Tick Boy, Jr., were cast off at 3:31. A dense black cloud, rapidly chasing across an already darkened sky, so portended rain that in three minutes the dogs were ordered up and the party scurried to some negro cabins for shelter, thereby escaping a sharp shower. The heat was resumed at 4:05. Tick made game, but roaded away from the bevy. Doctor quickly located and pointed it, something he had no right to do while the other dog was roading. On the scattered birds Tick flushed a single and pointed one, stanchness being secured by a certain degree of coercion. Doctor then rolled up quite a score of work. On scattered birds he made four points, one of which was on a bird in thick grass, and which he nearly caught when it flushed close to his nose, and also he made one point on a bevy. Tick pointed a single, next a bevy, which he broke in on and flushed, thereby spoiling a good piece of work. His unsteadiness somewhat demoralized Doctor. Up at 4:45, with all the work in favor of the latter.

Chisholm and Young Jingo ran 8 minutes, beginning at 4:52. On a marked bevy each secured two points, though there was no special merit in this, the birds lying close-bunched and favorable. Next Chisholm pointed a bevy, and Jingo to one side was drawing on it when it flushed wild. Both showed finished work. They made but little display of range, the work being mostly close.

The Setter Derby.

There were twelve starters in this stake, run as follows: W. G. Graham's b. and w. dog Dick Bland (Sam Gross—Maud Rogers), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Dr. L. C. Bacon's b., w. and t. bitch Alice K. (Anto Gladstone—Speckle Gown), Geo. Richards, handler.

Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. bitch Hurstbourne Joel (Tony Boy—Bonnie Bell II.), S. J. McCartney, handler, with J. A. McLeod's lem. and w. bitch Spot's Girl (Spot Cash—Nannie B.), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Tobasco Kennels' lem. and w. bitch Tobasco Butterfly (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. J. McCartney, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. dog Wise Child (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler.

Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez), D. E. Rose, handler, with H. K. Devereaux's lem. and w. bitch Gleam (Spot Cash—Mattie Berwyn), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. bitch Sport's Belle (Marie's Sport—West Wind), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. bitch Lena Belle (Sam—Mamie B.), C. Tucker, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), Frank Richards, handler, with J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. dog Sport McA. (Tony Boy—Blue), D. E. Rose, handler.

The prizes and conditions were the same as those of the Pointer Derby, save that they applied to setters.

The winners were: First, Sport McA.; second, Sport's Belle; third, Dick Bland and Minnie's Girl.

Sport McA. has improved much on the form displayed in his previous competitions at Morris and Newton. His competition had excellent features and some faults. He pointed his birds sharply and accurately, and showed capabilities as a finding dog, but he marred his point work by paying too much attention to larks and false scents. While he ranged wide enough, he did not work out his ground with the best of judgment, and at times he was disobedient, or rather it was at times difficult to keep him to the course. He is a very promising dog, however, and if he will but train on experience and age will correct these faults.

Sport's Belle made a good showing, her work on birds being above the average in quality. Her range was about middling, and she made quite a consistent race throughout.

Dick Bland ran a well-sustained race, quite as good or better than Sport's Belle's. He was diligent, and his bird work was commendably good. His range was on an average about middling.

Minnie's Girl sustained her class of work, showing a fair meritorious performance.

As a whole, the competition was weak. There was but little really good work done, a few spurts under favorable conditions being about all. There was no master workman to handle skillfully and easily all the circumstances of the competition, whether the same were hard or easy. The work as a whole was mediocre, and some of it was rank bad, that of Hurstbourne Joel and Tobasco Butterfly being noticeably so from apparent lack of experience and palpable lack of training.

As compared with the Pointer Derby, the Setter Derby was far away inferior in the quality of the competition—the finished work, the ease with which the stake was managed, and the better showing made by the handlers in working dogs which were better schooled.

Tuesday.

The weather was distinctly different from that of the preceding day, better overhead and worse under foot. A heavy rainfall during the night refilled every puddle and stream, and made still muddier mud everywhere. It

added much to the difficulty of the work. There was an oppressive humidity, and the temperature was uncomfortably warm. Birds were found in sufficient numbers in most of the heats.

First Round.

Dick Bland and Alice K. were cast off at 9:02. Dick pointed a bevy nicely in a thicket. Alice roaded in and took the point independently; both were steady to shot. On singles each secured a good point. Dick found and pointed a bevy nicely. This was in a thicket. Alice ran into the bevy and flushed it. Up at 9:42. Dick ran a commendably good heat. He handled his birds intelligently, had industry and enthusiasm, and was pleasingly obedient. His range was a useful one. Johnson handled him quietly, a commendable departure from his previous style. Alice followed Dick a great deal of the time, and her point work was ordinary.

Hurstbourne Joel and Spot's Girl started at 9:50. Joel from the beginning showed certain feverish symptoms of being convinced that her own pleasure governed the purposes of the competition. She pointed a bevy, then chased it. Seeking the scattered birds in woods, she wheeled to a point prettily; no birds were found; McCartney insisted that the point was on a roost, but Joel took the scent and roaded on pleasingly well about 40 yds. to a point on a bevy. McCartney fired both barrels, but it is a matter of doubt whether the dog ever heard the reports. There were two tiny puffs of smoke, with flat, muffled sounds which could hardly be heard. McCartney explained that it was nitro powder without shot. He might have added, without sound. The dog was steady to shot, such as it was. Spot next pointed a bevy; about 30 yds. away Joel pointed, probably on the footscents of the same birds; McCartney, in hurrying to Joel, flushed Spot's bevy awkwardly, but unintentionally; no harm was done. Joel pointed a single, then moved on and flushed it. Sent on, she pointed a few times; nothing found. Spot was lost for a few minutes. Up at 10:34. The heat was run mostly in a thicket, and was rather ragged in character. Joel showed a good deal of ability, but also a lack of proper discipline and experience to the gun; in short, she was very imperfectly trained. Spot pointed well, was steady, but was difficult at times to handle.

Tobasco Butterfly and Wise Child were started at 10:40. Butterfly pointed a single and chased it. Child pointed in woods, Butterfly backed and broke back; nothing found. Butterfly pointed a single in woods and chased it. Child pointed a bevy in woods; sent on, she was drawing on and steadying to a point on a single when a horseman flushed it. Up at 11:31. Butterfly showed but little training, whether in respect to her manner of seeking or in respect to work on birds. Wise Child ran an ordinary heat.

Pearl R. and Gleam ran from 11:40 to 12:47. Gleam showed a disposition to point on false scents. Pearl, after a long run, pointed a bevy, being close on to it, then drew through it, and the bevy was flushed by the handler as he walked up after her. She was lucky in not flushing; it was rather an inferior piece of work. Seeking the scattered birds, each pointed; nothing found. Gleam pointed a single. On scattered birds flushed by horsemen, Pearl made two points, the last one faulty, as she moved out and flushed the bird. Gleam pointed once, Pearl refused to back; nothing found. Sent on, Pearl next roaded to a point on a bevy in a thicket. Gleam at the same time was roading to the left. The dogs were ordered up after Pearl had made her point. Gleam pointed the birds she was roading a moment after the dogs were ordered up. Pearl showed ability to find birds, but her point work was inferior. Also she was disobedient. She had a pretty way of going, and was spirited on point. Gleam showed much indecision.

Sport's Belle and Lena Bell were cast off after lunch at 1:44. Sport's Belle pointed a bevy and Lena pointed on the trail of it. Lena made a point to which there was nothing. Next she pointed scattered birds in a thicket. Sport's Belle pointed or backed. Lena next flushed and was a bit unsteady. Next she pointed, roaded and pointed; Sport's Belle, going down wind, flushed the bird. Up at 2:25. Lena loafed a lot during the heat, and her work on birds was of a weak character. Sport's Belle ranged middling well.

Minnie's Girl and Sport McA. began at 2:30. Sport marred his work in the beginning by fiddling and pointing on larks. His third point, however, was a good one on a bevy. Sent on the single birds, Minnie got two points and Sport got three, his point work being notably sharp and accurate at this stage. Sent on. In woods Sport pointed a bevy; Minnie was lost for a while. She pointed on footscents. Sport backed nicely. Up at 3:07. Sport was fast, covered sufficient ground. His point work was very sharp and accurate, and his style was good. He also found well. Minnie showed useful abilities.

Second Round.

Six were kept in the second round as follows:

Dick Bland and Lena Bell started at 3:31. The latter was treated most liberally in having another opportunity. Dick pointed a bevy and Lena backed. Dick next pointed twice on singles. Lena pointed, drew on and her handler flushed the birds which she had passed. Sent on. Dick was roading nicely on the trail of a bevy when Lena happened to strike the bevy on the side hill and pointed it. Each next made separate points on singles. The birds were scattered about in the open, in a good place apparently, yet neither could secure points on them. Dick made three flushes, Lena one. Up at 4:16. Dick's work was the better in every respect.

Pearl R. and Minnie's Girl began at 4:34. Minnie flushed part of a bevy and pointed the remainder of it. Seeking for the scattered birds, Pearl pointed another covey. Minnie backed. Pearl made three points in succession, one of which was on larks. Minnie pointed up wind of a single bird; Pearl, several yards below, pointed on the same single. Moved on. Minnie stopped to a flush. Each secured a point on scattered birds. Minnie made a point to which nothing was found, and Pearl backed under caution from her handler. On back Pearl seemed very untrustworthy when left to her own will. Up at 5:10. Both showed a fair range.

Wednesday.

There was mud everywhere, and surface water on every level, little and great. Scattered clouds floating overhead in somber heaviness portended more rain, but it did not set in until afternoon. Soon after lunch when Albert Lang and Neb B. were running, a heavy rain set in, lasting about an hour. After that it rained lightly, with a few short intermissions, till near the time the running ended. Birds were found in sufficient numbers for good competition, notwithstanding the bad weather.

Sport McA. and Sport's Belle were cast off at 9:04. Soon Belle pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. On the scattered birds Sport made two sharp points in a cotton field. Belle roaded quite a distance in the cotton field and pointed scattered birds. Sent on, Belle made a point on a bevy in cotton—a good piece of work. Sport pointed; nothing found. A long stretch of country was worked out then without finding. Sport pointed a few times and nothing was found.

This heat ended the stake. Up at 9:50.

The Members' Stake.

This stake was for dogs of members which had never run in a field trial, and owned by amateurs and handled by owners. The prize was the Tobasco cup. Entrance, \$10.

There were but two starters.

Edward A. Burdette's b., w. and t. setter dog Bolero (Cincinnati Pride—Gossip) and Dr. George Eubanks's b., w. and t. setter dog Landseer were started at 10:22. Bolero flushed a bevy. The scattered birds were followed. Bolero flushed a single, then backed. Sent on. Soon Landseer flushed a single bird of a bevy, then pointed the bevy. Sent on. Landseer pointed near the edge of woods, roaded on about 80yds., and the birds flushed wild. Sent on. Landseer in the open drew quickly about on a trail, but failed to locate the bevy. Bolero flushed it, after which he flushed a single. Landseer had the better of the competition in every respect. Up at 11:11.

Landseer won. He showed much merit.

The All-Age Stake.

There were twenty-two dogs which qualified to start, and they were drawn to run as follows:

Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Dr. J. Spencer Brown's l. and w. pointer dog Ned B. (Rap—Lady Grace), George Richards, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with A. L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Leo Noble (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnati Pride (Cincinnati—Albert's Nellie), Geo. Richards, handler, with T. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog Moerlin (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), Frank Richards, handler.

Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler, with F. W. Dunham's l. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Roland (Eugene T.—Lou), with Dr. Geo. Eubanks's b., w. and t. setter dog Landseer (— — —), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler, with H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter dog Harwick (Topsy's Rod—Opal), Geo. Gray, handler.

Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter bitch Anne of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), Geo. Richards, handler, with P. T. Madison's b., w. and t. setter dog Rodfield's Boy (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone).

Pontotoc Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent, Thayer & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter bitch Tory Luna (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler.

Charles B. Pineo's blk. and w. pointer dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. setter bitch Belle of Hard Bargain (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

This stake was for all pointers and setters which had never won first in an all-age stake at any recognized field trial. The prizes were \$250, \$200, \$150, first, second and third respectively.

The work as a whole was not up to what one might reasonably expect from the reputation of many of the contestants. The handling, too, was not up to the standard, there being excitement and rushing at times. No doubt but that the privilege of riding on horseback, accorded the handlers in consequence of the heavy mud, contributed to a frequent separation of the handlers, and greater haste than was correct. However, much of the competition in this stake was somewhat disorganized, in consequence, and was far from the smoothness observable in the running of the Pointer Derby.

The winners were, first, Cincinnati Pride; second, Tony Gale. Harwick and Pin Money divided third.

Cincinnati Pride proved that his previous honors were well merited. His victory at Newton last fall is still fresh in the memory of field trial supporters. Excellent as was his performance then, he surpassed it in this competition. At no time was he pressed for first honors by any competitor. His competition had no weak places in it—it was uniformly excellent from start to finish. He displayed rare skill, accuracy and finish in all the details of his work. His range was pleasingly con-

ducted, being of a sufficient width to cover all the ground necessary for either field trial or field purposes; he is that sterling article, a field trial dog, and at the same time a field dog. He never went so wide as to leave the sport stranded, and he beat out his ground so intelligently that he always found birds.

Tony Gale ran a very good race; his point work, though, was marred a bit by inaccuracy a few times. He ranged fast, covered a sufficient area of ground, and was successful in finding.

Harwick was fast, his range was quite wide and his point work pleasingly sharp and accurate.

Pin Money had a merry way of going, and she covered a deal of ground. Her point work was fairly good. Her ranging could be conducted with better judgment at times.

Albert Lang and Ned B. were cast off at 12:38, and were ordered up in nine minutes on account of rain. At 1:55 the heat was resumed in the rain, which was then much lighter. Ned pointed, and Albert backed when cautioned. A rabbit was said to be the cause of the point. Sent on. Albert made game, drawing about to and fro, then pointed, but in a few moments moved on, he being some distance away at the time. Ned pointed a bevy in a thicket and Albert backed. Next working on the scattered birds, Albert pointed, then moved on to locate better, and the horsemen following up, flushed the birds. Next in cotton, Albert made two points, Ned one. Albert next pointed a bevy in plum bushes. On scattered birds, both pointed; Ned drew out in bare field a few yards and had the birds accurately pointed. Albert backed. Both were steady to shot. They ranged well, found well and pointed quite accurately. Up at 3:12.

Count Gloster and Leo Noble started at 3:16. Leo made a good pointer on a bevy scattered about in the grass; Gloster backed. Leo pointed a single nicely; Gloster stole the point, flushed and dropped instantly. Gloster pointed a single in sedge. He made a long cast and soon the heat ended. Leo had a moderate range. His point work was good. Gloster's range was irregular. His speed was good and he pointed accurately. Up at 3:43.

Cincinnati Pride and Moerlein started at 3:58. The ditches and streams were full to overflowing. The fields were so soft that the horses would sink in them knee deep, and flounder; therefore the riders were forced to keep to the turn rows and paths. The surface of the ground was so covered or saturated with water that the horses' feet made splashes of mud and water at every step. Ditches and creeks which were ankle deep in the morning were more or less over their banks, and when waded would reach to the girths or higher. A black sky, mud and water everywhere, rain falling and a leaden aspect were conditions far from favorable. Still, birds were found in good numbers. Pride began working with great spirit, range and judgment at once. He found a bevy and pointed it nicely. The birds were not followed. Sent on. Pride cast about at high speed. He caught scent on a high ridge about 200yds. away, cast rapidly about, hit off the direction of the trail and went swiftly to the birds, about 100yds. away, pointed them accurately and held his point till his handler and the judge went to him. He was steady to wing when Richards flushed the birds. Soon Nesbitt called point, but it was in such a bad place the judge could not reach him to observe it. Pride next pointed a rabbit. Moerlein seemed to be entirely disgusted with the cold swims of ditches and creeks, and mud and wet grass, and he beat out a small scope of ground in a listless way. Up at 4:43. Pride's work was a sterling exhibition of high-class work, a term so much abused that it may mean something else than the genuine article. He ranged fast, but according to the character of the grounds, covering all that he should cover as to width, and his bird work was of the highest excellence.

B. WATERS.

Summary of Running.

First Round.

Saragossa Belle and Sam T., Elgin's Dash and Dave Earl, Ang of Abbottsford and Landseer, Harwick and Tony Gale, Sister Sue and Pin Money, Tory Luna and Hurstbourne Zip, Young Rip Rap and Belle of Hard Bargain.

Second Round.

Cincinnati Pride and Gloster, Albert Lang and Harwick, Sam T. and Tony Gale, Sister Sue and Tory Luna, Hurstbourne Zip and Pin Money.

Third Round.

Cincinnati Pride and Tony Gale, Harwick and Sister Sue.

Absolute.

Chisholm and Sport McA. Sport bolted and could not be found until evening, when he was discovered on point. The next day down again, and Sport bolted and was lost an hour. Chisholm won.

Dogs and Sheep.

THE subject of sheep-killing by dogs arouses the resentment of all good dog owners; that is to say, of the reputable owners who exercise care in respect to their neighbors' rights as well as in respect to their own. It is rare indeed when any marauding on sheep is brought home to a well-bred dog. The latter is better schooled, better fed and housed, and is restricted in his liberty in so far as to prevent him from acquiring vagrant habits; therefore he is better kept. He is also better tempered than the vagrants or curs. He also has a high monetary value, and is too valuable to be subjected to the same neglect as the worthless curs whose depredations bring the whole race of dogs into more or less disrepute. If the laws could be so framed that the curs, which in particular abound so plentifully in the country communities, could be legally destroyed, it would be an invaluable gain to the owners both of dogs and of sheep.

The license requirements, while they mitigate the cur nuisance, do not abate it. Until such time as the people require by statutory laws that a dog must have pure race characteristics, as shown by authentic pedigree, or

by other good evidence of race properties, or that he has a monetary value as a practical worker for draft, field or other purposes, in order to have a right to live, the laws will be slow to recognize any very important property rights in dogs. It is true that in a few places the dog is legally considered as being property, but this law is imperfectly supported by public sentiment. Any litigation on the point of property in the dog is more expensive, dilatory and unsatisfactory than any litigation in respect to any other property.

So long as the cur dog is so much identified with conspicuous evil, so long will the well-bred dog suffer from the misdeeds of the cur. The Sun, in a recent issue, treats of some census statistics concerning damages by dogs as follows:

"The dogs in the United States kill nearly 2 per cent. of the sheep in the country every year. They killed more than 600,000 sheep in the year ending June 1, 1890, when the last statistics in regard to the flocks were gathered. The damage done by them is greater than that from any other cause except unexpected storms, in which whole flocks of sheep are killed, and disease. In six States more damage was done to the flocks of sheep than by anything else. In Florida 9,833 sheep were killed by dogs, and only 4,750 by the weather and disease. The number killed by dogs was about 9 per cent. of the total number of sheep in the State. The Florida sheep are not exposed to such changes in temperature as those on the farms in Nevada, where 128,850 died of cold and disease. Only 7,372 sheep were killed by dogs in Nevada in the census year. The enormous number of deaths from changes in the weather was due to unprecedented storms, which caught the breeders unprepared and almost halved their flocks.

"In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas dogs do more damage to the sheep than anything else, and more than weather conditions and disease combined. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut the number of deaths in the flocks due to dogs is almost the same as that due to disease and the weather. This is true in Mississippi, too. In this State, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Arizona and the Dakotas one-fifth as much damage is charged to dogs as to the other chief causes of loss.

"The dogs make the best showing in Vermont, where they killed 3,000 sheep, against 28,000 which died from disease and exposure in an average winter. The Ohio and Michigan dogs have good records, too, for they killed only one-sixth as many sheep as storms and disease. North Carolina and Tennessee dogs are red with the blood of sheep. They killed four-fifths as many as the other causes of death combined. In Kentucky, Texas, West Virginia, Indiana, Minnesota and Iowa the dogs did one-half as much damage as other causes combined; in Virginia, Missouri and Oklahoma, two-thirds as much; in Illinois and Wisconsin, one-third as much, and in Delaware, Maryland, Kansas, California and New Hampshire, one-quarter as much.

"If the winter of 1889-90 had not been a bad one for sheep in Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, the dogs would make a worse showing in the census tables than they do. In these States whole flocks on certain ranges were exterminated, and thus the percentage of deaths due to exposure and disease was raised to 6.95 for the whole country. The dogs killed nearly 2 per cent. of the total sheep population.

"The sheep raisers don't like dogs as a general thing. Many States use the money received from dog taxes to pay for the damage they do. In these States some of the farmers are not unfriendly to the dogs. If a sheep dies or is killed by a wildcat or falls from a ledge of rocks, the thrifty farmer returns it to the proper officers as a sheep killed by dogs. Then he gets paid for it. Sometimes a New England farmer, when he loses a sheep, will collect the value of it from the county and from the owner of the dog that killed it. Sheep-killing dogs become well known in the community where their masters live. Sometimes the dogs are such good hunters that their masters refuse to allow them to be killed, and try to keep them from doing any damage. Such a dog-owner is an easy mark for the unscrupulous sheep breeders. Every time a sheep is killed, dies or disappears, the owner will go to the dog's master and demand pay for the dead animal, threatening to have the dog killed if its owner does not pay up. The dog may be innocent, but because it bears a bad reputation its owner submits. If there are more owners of sheep killers than one, the farmer may collect from each and make a good thing of his sheep. He may collect from the county, too.

"Most dogs that kill sheep are bad dogs all the way through, and sportsmen and farmers unite in trying to get rid of them. A sheep-killing dog is usually a tramp, untrainable, and worthless for hunting. Many of the dogs that kill sheep are ownerless. The farmers shoot them when they can, and sportsmen, anxious that their dogs shall not be accounted bad because of the misdeeds of ownerless curs, help them. Some farmers set traps for sheep killers. The traps are like wolf traps, and are set where a sheep is killed, the body of the sheep being used for bait. Sheep-killing dogs usually visit the scenes of their depredations, as a murderer is said to haunt the spot where he commits a crime. The farmers and breeders count on this, and set their traps accordingly. Sometimes they put arsenic in the carcass, to make sure that the guilty dog shall not escape.

"When a real sheep-killing dog gets into a flock of sheep he kills as many as he can. He does not kill for food, but for fun, apparently, and he finds his prey easy, for the sheep can't fight back, and don't know enough to run. They can't run fast enough to escape, anyway, and their only hope of salvation lies in scattering. This the sheep won't do, but persist obstinately in following the bell wether while the dog kills them."

No Chicago Show.

THE Mascontah Kennel Club last week, in formal meeting, decided upon an indefinite postponement of the mooted bench show.

Dogs as Draft Animals.—V.

RULES REGARDING THE USE OF DOGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS IN THE CITY OF ZURICH.

The use of dogs as draft animals is subject to the permission of the local police, given at the production of a certificate from the district veterinary, stating the qualifications of the respective dog for the respective load. The license is valid for one year only; its renewal must then be supported by a new certificate of qualification. Such a paper must contain a detailed description of the animal, the denomination of the wagon type and the weight of the load. The driver must be ready at any time to produce the license upon request of a policeman.

In order to be qualified for the purpose the animal must be at least two years old, have a normal, strong frame and be well fed. Dogs big with young or giving suck are not qualified.

The weight of a load shall not exceed 240lbs. per dog, inclusive of the wagon. Where the road is ascending or presenting other difficulties, the said maximum load must be reduced or the driver must assist the dog in pulling. Assistance by the driver is presumed or the driver must assist the dog in pulling. Assistance by the driver is presumed for all emergencies.

The harness must be made so as not to aggravate the work of the animal. The use of the "horse collar" is not tolerated; it must be substituted by the so-called "breast-plate." The leather straps must be smooth and shall not be narrower than 5 centimeters (2in.). Harnesses which vary from these prescriptions are confiscated if their make defies correction. To hitch the dog in by the dog collar is not allowed.

The wagon must bear the name and address of the owner. The driver must be over the age of fourteen years. The use of the whip or stick is prohibited. The driver may seat himself upon the wagon, if his weight does not increase the load beyond the allowed maximum, and if it does not endanger public safety.

Dog teams shall not be left without care on public streets and thoroughfares. In towns the local police will indicate special stopping places, and may demand that every dog be provided with a muzzle. If a prolonged stop is intended anywhere, the dog must be unharnessed for the time, and in warm weather the team must be placed in the shade. Thirsty or exhausted animals must be watered. In winter, covers and couch mats must be provided.

Besides imposing an adequate fine for non-observance of these prescriptions, the permission for using a dog as a draft animal may be altogether withdrawn from an obstinate offender.

The dog does not wear any curb or snaffle in the mouth; the guiding strap or line is attached to the collar. The wagon employed is generally a diminutive copy of the common four-wheeled tray wagon.

With regard to the animal, I may add that there is, among a great variety of dogs seen here, a number of big, fine dogs of the size of the Bernardiner, the Newfoundland, the wolf-hound and the mastiff. It is a pity that, as a rule, they are mongrels. The short-haired specimens seem to be preferred by drivers.

Large-sized dogs have ever been used in this part of the country to protect isolated farms and yards. The abundance of these strong animals, mostly idle during the day, and often seen in the streets without their masters, may have led to the habit here of employing them as draft animals to carry milk and other farm products to town.

The use of the so-called butcher's dog for driving cattle to the shambles, is abolished by law, since it is termed "cruelty to animals" by the animal protection societies of this country.

LUCERNE.

Ernest Williams, Consular Agent, reports as follows:

Dogs are used for draft in this part of the Horgen consular district, principally by the men collecting milk from the small farms for the dairies or for the cheese factories. These dogs do not draw the carts themselves, but are used to assist the men, who are themselves between the shafts, the dogs being harnessed to the carts on the outside of the shafts.

The dogs used are of no particular breed, the only requisites being strength and weight. They are probably a cross between the short-haired St. Bernard, the mastiff and boar hound, the color preferred being red or orange tawny mixed with white. They are clever and docile with their masters, but rather savage in disposition. They begin to work at about the age of eight months, and at that age ought to be 56 centimeters (about 22in.) high at the shoulder. They are strong and enduring, and can pull a load of 300 or 400lbs. and work for seven or eight hours a day.

The values of the dogs range from 70 to 150 francs (\$13.51 to \$28.95), but a good dog can generally be obtained for 100 francs.

They do not require any special training. They are simply harnessed to the cart, and in two or three lessons understand what is expected of them.

The harness consists of a leather breast strap, the sides of which are supported in a horizontal position by two leather straps passing over the back, and a bellyband starting from between the two back straps. The traces, which are a continuation of the breast strap, are usually made of iron chains fastened to an iron singletree, which is itself hooked on to the cart. The dogs wear a collar with a chain which is fastened to the shaft close to one of the handles, so as to be more under the control of the master. Sometimes two dogs are harnessed to the cart, one on each side of the shafts, but generally one dog is considered sufficient to drag a cart containing two cans, each holding about 50 or 60 gallons of milk.

The cart consists of two rather high wheels, between which and at a convenient distance above their naves are two long shafts connected to the axletree by springs and terminating in front by handles, as in a wheelbarrow. From the shafts between the wheels hangs, by chains or iron rods, a platform or tray which is only a few inches from the ground, and on which stand the two milk cans in front and rear of the axletree, and maintained in their position by a leather strap passing round them and through staples in the shafts.

Yachting.

THE Yachtsman of Dec. 30 quotes and comments on some of our remarks as follows:

The FOREST AND STREAM appreciates the deputation of Mr. Jarvis to the Y. R. A. as merely an informal mission to exchange general views, and points out that it could be nothing else because no rule in America is settled as yet. It says: "On the other side the whole matter (measurement) is in a very uncertain state; so much so that there would be nothing to gain here by the adoption of the existing Y. R. A. rule."

We cannot just follow this, for our rule would in our opinion just fit what the Americans want. The sail factor might be omitted from the formula, and in that case we think that the hulls would tend to become identical on both sides of the water, for larger sail spreads are demanded by the weather conditions on the other side of the Atlantic. British boats competing in America would then be canvased up to suit, and a close similarity of hull would tend to equal racing.

At any rate, seeing that America has no good rule and wants one, surely it would be well to follow the lead of the Y. R. A., and if it changes to change with it. Of course there would be opposition to this, but what rule will ever be free from opposition? There has never been a rule that has given universal satisfaction, and there will never be one. Would it not be as well then for our cousins to have their struggle over the formidable-looking British formula as over one of their own? It would save such a lot of initial formula making, and it would be an earnest of their desire for a common rating rule.

But we regret to say that we believe yachting in America lacks the very solid foundation of love that keeps it going in our waters, and it will require more, even, than a new rule, no matter how good it may be, to make the sport a national one in the States. We believe there is more love of yachting inherent in the French than in the Americans. What strikes us as being a significant indication of this is the apparent apathy with which the proposal to make a new measurement rule has been received in America. Such a suggestion here would flood our columns with formulae and controversies lasting many weeks each, the death of one merely heralding the birth of another. Tiresome as this is very apt to become, it at all events shows a spirit of keen interest in the subject, which is absolutely lacking in America. One of the first symptoms of decadence in yachting would be the reception of any proposal for a change of rule with indifference.

Without stopping to argue the first point raised by the Yachtsman, we are painfully constrained to admit that there is an unpalatable amount of truth in its final remarks. The utter apathy of the majority of American yachtsmen in matters that concern the vital interests of the sport is most discouraging. There is apparently an entire absence of that deep and widespread interest in the sport which would seek to extend it and to improve all of its details. While the whole country is swept at intervals by a wild wave of yachting enthusiasm awakened by some international event, in the long intervening periods it is impossible to stir up any interest whatever in the plain practical matters which are the foundation of yacht racing. The movements which come up from time to time for the improvement of the rules are the work of a small number of men; they receive no recognition from the great body of yachtsmen, and with a certain set they furnish a subject for sneers and derision. We have been impressed times without number with the marked contrast in this respect between Great Britain and America. There any proposal for a change of the measurement rule, however slight, brings out instantly a lengthy and often heated correspondence in all the yachting journals. Here a similar proposal is passed over with utter indifference by the very ones most deeply concerned in it—the practical yacht owners—and it is a rare thing for one of them to pass an opinion in print.

If proof of this be needed it may be had in the next two weeks in all the journals, both lay and technical, which publish yachting news. The report of the race committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., which appears in our columns this week, has never been equaled as a thesis for the practical and profitable discussion of the measurement question as it stands to-day. The report of the same committee for 1896, with its broad and practical treatment of the active questions in yachting, was a wide departure from the usual perfunctory committee report, but excellent as it was the present one is a decided improvement. Last year the committee was working largely in the conventional lines, with due and proper regard for the sacred fetish of "vested interests," and looking mainly to immediate results in the shape of a general revival of racing on the part of existing yachts. This year it has gone a great way further; it has boldly deposed the holy idol from the place it has so long held to the detriment of yachting, and has declared that measurement legislation to be at all effective must deal exclusively with the future and not with the past; that it must consider the possible yachts which will be built under a new rule, and not the old yachts which cannot be forced to race under any rule, however favorable to them.

While the committee has stopped short of actual factors and formulae, modestly admitting its inability to handle this part of the subject, it has not failed to set forth boldly and positively, and in a manner to challenge controversy, its opinions as to the general object and character of a new and satisfactory measurement rule. The propositions set forth in the report are in no way limited or local, but they relate to the measurement question as it affects every yacht owner and every American club. Published in an English paper, they would simply deluge it with correspondence, to the probable exclusion of other matter for some weeks. Does any one suppose for a moment that they will bring out more than one or two chance letters from American yachtsmen?

WHILE we have omitted the details of the practical trial of the Cox formula in the club last year, as given

in the report, the result is very frankly set forth by the committee, and it should be conclusive as to the possible repetition of such an experiment in the future. The formula was the result of considerable labor on the part of Mr. Cox and a few others, and was put forward in good faith as likely to produce some good results, even though it might not take the place of a new and permanent rule. The result unfortunately has justified the opinion we held when it was first proposed, that it was an absolute waste of time, if for no other reason, because the existing yachts have done with racing. At the same time the work of Mr. Cox and the committee has produced incidentally a good result in that it has led to the abandonment of the attempt to cater to the old boats and to a positive declaration in favor of a different line of action: the search for a rule under which new yachts of more desirable type will be built.

So far as the race committee is concerned, in advancing the matter to the present point it has discharged faithfully a self-assumed task, and disposed of the burden very gracefully; but we are sorry for the new special committee appointed to continue the work.

THE American Y. C. has met with very poor success in its proposed 25ft. class, as of the many yachtsmen present at the preliminary meetings, only two have signed the contract. Mr. B. Frank Wood, of City Island, agreed to build the yachts for \$1,650 each providing at least six were ordered. Messrs. J. R. Maxwell, Jr., and W. H. McCord were the only ones who signed the contract, so the project has been abandoned.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club was held at the town club house on Jan. 11. Com. Rouse, who has been dangerously ill during the fall and early winter, is now absent in Europe, and Capt. William Trotter occupied the chair. The usual reports of officers and committees were read, the trustees announcing the election of a number of new members, bringing the membership up to the limit of 400. In view of the applicants now on the waiting list, an amendment to the constitution extending the limit to 500 was adopted.

The following officers and committees were elected:

Commodore, Henry Clark Rouse; Vice-Commodore, S. Van Rensselaer Cruger; Rear Commodore, Henry A. Van Liew; Secretary, Charles J. Stevens; Treasurer, R. C. Wetmore; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Valentine Mott, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D. D.; Race Committee, Oliver E. Cromwell, D. Le Roy Dresser, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman and C. W. Wetmore; Committee on Lectures and Entertainments, Frank S. Hastings, Herbert L. Satterlee and Jacob Wendell, Jr.; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens; Law Committee, Wilmot T. Cox, Alfred Ely and W. Kintzing Post.

Trustees—E. C. Benedict, D. Le Roy Dresser, Frederic de P. Foster, Charles J. Stevens, J. Frederic Tams and C. W. Wetmore.

The most important feature of the evening's business was the report of the race committee, a lengthy document covering the entire work of the committee for the past year. Omitting the detailed reports of races, prizes, etc., we give as follows those portions of the report of the race committee which are of general interest to yachtsmen.

Match for 1898.—By agreement between this club and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, the Declaration of Trust governing the challenge cup was so amended as to provide that no challenge should be accepted until after the expiration of thirty days next succeeding the date of the conclusion of any match, and that the challenged club should be at full liberty to accept any one of the challenges received during this period without regard to a priority of the date of its receipt. After the expiration of this period, the challenge first received is entitled to acceptance as originally provided in the Declaration of Trust.

The match with the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club was concluded on Aug. 18, 1897, and the thirty days expired on Sept. 17; on Sept. 16 your committee, on behalf of the club, duly challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for a match to be sailed during the season of 1898, with yachts not exceeding 25ft. racing length. This challenge was duly ratified at the last meeting of the club, and after some delay, resulting from the consideration of an informal challenge from Mr. J. Arthur Brand, of London, Eng., has been accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for the 20ft. class. Negotiations have been carried on between your committee and the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club during the last two months, which have resulted in the execution of an agreement to govern the match for 1898, a copy of which is annexed hereto. This agreement does not differ essentially from that governing the last match, the only change of importance being that the total weight of crew permitted is limited to 600lbs., and the total number of the crew is limited to four instead of three.

A controversy arose last year as to the interpretation of Article X. of the Declaration of Trust, requiring the helmsmen of the representative yachts to be named in advance of the races. The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club insisted that but one helmsman could be named, and the point was finally conceded for the match of 1897 only. Under the agreement governing the coming match, the construction of Article X., which has been insisted on by your committee, has been accepted, and more than one helmsman may therefore be named, and a change of helmsmen be permitted at will. It is probable that the match will be fixed for about the same date as that of last year, namely, about the middle of August, and that the trial races will be held early in July. Due announcement will be made at an early date concerning these events.

Your committee earnestly invites the co-operation of the club in a determined effort to regain the cup. Mr. Clinton H. Crane has volunteered to return from Glasgow, Scotland, where he is now pursuing his professional studies, and to devote his services to the undertaking, and we hope that the financial support necessary will be promptly assured.

Knockabout Class.—For the past two years your committee, impressed by the conspicuous success of the racing in the special 30ft. class, and in other one-design classes in England and here, has had in contemplation the establishment of a one-design racing class under the auspices of the club. This idea took practical form in August last, and negotiations were entered into with designers and builders for the preparation of plans and estimates of cost; and at a meeting held at the Oyster Bay Club house on Sept. 4 last, commitments were secured for the construction of ten boats under the plans, and specifications and bid submitted by Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead. The interest thus initiated rapidly developed, and has resulted in placing through your committee with Mr. Stearns orders for twenty-two boats, which are contracted to be delivered at Oyster Bay on or before April 15 next, at a base price of \$775 a boat, with certain optional extras not affecting their speed or general character. Several of these boats are already substantially finished, and the work on all is so far advanced as to promise completion well within the contract time. Mr. H. M. Crane, of Boston, has kindly consented to act as inspector for the owners under the contracts, and reports that so far materials and workmanship are highly satisfactory. The class will be known as the Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabout Class, and the owners of the boats ordered through your committee are as follows: William E. Iselin, Leonard J. Busby, R. C. Wetmore, E. Hope Norton, George Trotter, John Murray Mitchell, John T. Sherman, W. H. Russell, Daniel Bacon, F. S. Hastings, Nelson E. Burr, F. G. Bourne, H. C. Rouse, Frank W. Boyer, George Bullock, W. R. Garrison, John Sherman Hoyt, Kenneth Otis Rouse, Charles Osborne, John C. Scott, E. C. Benedict, C. K. J. Billings.

Through Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., orders for nine additional boats have been placed with Mr. Stearns by members of the Country Club, of Westchester, to be built according to the same plans and specifications as the others, and under the same form of contract as that proposed by your committee. There will, therefore, be thirty-one boats of this one-design class during the coming summer on the waters of Long Island Sound, from Westchester to Oyster Bay and Stamford.

Your committee is also informed that six boats from the same plans have been ordered in Philadelphia, and are building by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. In outlining the design for these boats, your committee has sought to combine satisfactory speed qualities with a high degree of comfort for day sailing and adequate accommodations for cruising, and while allowing variations in finish, has been very careful to prevent all differences in qualities affecting speed. The committee has every reason to expect, therefore, that as far as careful design and superintendence can secure such a result, the speed of the boats will be equal. The number of boats ordered and other evidences of widespread sympathy in the objects sought for, lead your committee to anticipate that there will be the liveliest interest in this class during the coming season.

It is the purpose of the committee to organize this interest, and to devote special attention to the racing of these boats. To that end we propose to establish two regular races a week at Oyster Bay, one for Saturday and one for, say, Tuesday or Wednesday: to lay out special courses, and to award not only the usual prizes for first, second and third boats, but also for the best record on points, either for the season or for series of races on some carefully devised system; and for helmsmanship and seamanship. We shall offer facilities for and encourage sweepstake races and interclub matches. While two men could undoubtedly race one of these boats under ordinary conditions, the rules permit a crew of four, and it will thus be seen that there will be ample opportunity for our B class members to serve in the racing crews, and, indeed, probably a most active demand for their services. We cannot imagine a better chance for young lovers of the sport to cultivate their taste and develop their skill as Corinthians than will be offered in this class next season. Before the season opens we shall endeavor to lay this matter before them in more definite form.

Measurement Rules.—In our last annual report attention was called to the importance of undertaking a revision of the present rules of measurement, and the action of your committee there taken and then in contemplation was explained; and it was announced to be "our intention to formulate a rule for practical trial" in the next annual race, and possibly in some special events, which, if found to be satisfactory, "might then be proposed for general adoption." The conference and correspondence with designers and others on this general subject, which had been begun before the last annual meeting, were therefore continued. On Jan. 30, 1897, the following letter was sent on behalf of your committee to several experts in designing, professional and amateur:

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1897.—My Dear Sir: Referring to the recent conferences which have taken place on the question of the rule of yacht measurement, the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is very anxious to follow up the matter and accomplish some definite result. With this in view, I wrote, at the request of the committee, to ask if you will not be good enough to give us your views in writing, covering the following points:

1. In contriving a new rule of measurement, what should be the purposes aimed at; that is to say, should the rule tend to the encouragement or development of a so-called "wholesome type" of boat, or should racing qualities mainly be considered and the effort be restricted to such regulations as will insure the development of these qualities along fair lines, without special reference to cruising qualities?
2. Should the purpose be recommended of encouraging a "wholesome type" of boat, what constitutes, in your opinion, such a type?
3. Is it correct in principle, or desirable, to fix arbitrary limits upon any element of speed, as, for example, sail or draft?
4. What elements of speed should be taxed?
5. What cognizance should be taken of the difference between centerboard and keel types?

At a meeting of the race committee held this week, specially to consider this subject, it seemed to be the general view that a new rule should tax L.W.L., sail area and draft, and possibly beam, either separately or associated with draft; and that perhaps displacement should be introduced for what may be called "inverse taxation" or premium; also, that lightness of construction, or factors dependent thereon, such as the ratio of ballast to displacement, might also be considered.

If you will sufficiently interest yourself to answer these inquiries, and especially to formulate for our benefit a definite rule of measurement embodying your own ideas, it will be very much appreciated by the committee. We are inviting expressions of views from several of those who have shown the greatest interest in the subject, and as soon as possible after we receive them, we shall endeavor to make some proposal for final consideration. Yours very truly,
(Signed)

C. W. WETMORE,
For the Race Committee.

Replies were received from Messrs. A. Cary Smith, John Hyslop, W. P. Stephens, A. Cass Canfield and G. H. Duggan. These, together with communications from Commodore Rouse and Mr. Irving Cox (to which particular reference was made on the last report), and from Mr. Gerard Beekman, and some correspondence with Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, were made the subject of full discussion and consideration, which continued into the spring of this year. In view of the pains taken in the preparation of these papers, and their value, full copies of the replies referred to are annexed hereto, in order that they may be preserved on the files of the club for future reference.

In inviting this discussion, your committee had in view not only the formulating of a rule to govern future constructions, but also the end, proposed by Com. Rouse in his letter of Sept. 17, 1896 (annexed to the last annual report), "of promoting a greater interest among yacht owners generally to race their vessels"; that is to say, of enabling the older yachts to compete against the modern with some chance of success. The only formula submitted to us which gave much promise of accomplishing the last-named object was that proposed by Mr. Irving Cox, which is given below. Your committee therefore decided to give this formula a practical trial in the annual race, and special prizes therefor, already referred to, were offered by the commodore.

We omit the details of the race, which are set forth in full, with the efforts of the committee, by direct appeals to individual owners to race their boats. The report continues:

Thus it appears that Iroquois, Uvira and Queen Mab were the only yachts of the older types which availed themselves of the opportunity offered, to which, however, Bedouin would have been added had her class filled.

The result of this effort to arouse interest in the racing of vessels of the older type against the new was profoundly discouraging, and your committee has reached the conclusion that further efforts in this direction are useless, and should be abandoned. In considering the problem of measurement, we think that we should look to the future only, and that a rule should be framed as nearly as practicable on scientific principles, having strict regard to the definite purpose in view, and without consideration for so-called "vested interests." Indeed, in the larger classes there may almost be said to be no vested interests. Racing among such vessels is dead, and a frank recognition of this fact is the first condition of success in devising measures to revive it. To revert to the definite proposals that have been made for a new rule, or the principles that should govern in deciding upon one, we summarize certain deductions that we have drawn from the oral discussions and the papers submitted:

1. There is entire unanimity of opinion that the present rule of measurement is inadequate, and must either be wholly changed or supplemented by detailed restrictions.
2. There is also substantial unanimity of opinion that the end to be attained in the larger classes, say over 30ft. racing measurement, is not speed alone, but seaworthiness and comfort; in other words, the development of a "wholesome type."
3. As to what constitutes a "wholesome type," there seems to be some difference of opinion, but a concurrence in this, that such a boat must be able, if not "to keep the open sea," at least to sail under all except extraordinary weather conditions in safety and with reasonable comfort.
4. As to the specific details of a rule, there is the widest difference of opinion. One proposes to add to the present rule a tax upon over-all length and draft over an assumed normal of these dimensions; another to tax beam and draft in addition to L.W.L. and sail area; another, not to tax beam and draft specifically, but to provide that, if the sum of these two dimensions shall exceed three and one-third times the square root of the area of immersed midship section, the excess shall be added to the racing length, and the converse; another, to leave the present rule unchanged, except by adding certain arbitrary limitations of form, as, for example, that the extreme draft shall be placed at the intersection of the sternpost and keel, that the sternpost shall be straight and the rudder be hung from the sternpost; another, that the ratio or relation of displacement, used as a divisor to sail area, shall be the governing principle in formulating a rule, and that all dimensions shall be neglected; and another, that the L.W.L. shall be multiplied by the square root of the sail area and the product be divided by the cube root of the displacement or tonnage, or by the square root of the area either of the immersed or full midship section, the quotients being the racing measurement and certain constants being used as multipliers to reduce the quotients to conform to the existing classification.
5. A preponderance of opinion favors the idea of placing, in one way or another, a premium upon the increase of the area of the midship section or displacement or bulk, while preserving the tax on sail and waterline length.

6. There is a tendency to favor a system of restrictions upon scantling, at least in wood construction.

7. There is substantial unanimity in the opinion that the restrictions upon the smaller classes, perhaps those under 30ft. racing length, should be different from, and less severe than, those imposed upon the larger classes.

Your committee has reached the following conclusions:

1. That there is pressing need and urgent demand for a change of the rule of measurement at the earliest practicable moment.
2. That an essential element in the rule of measurement to be formulated will be full recognition of the factor of displacement or area of immersed or full midship section, so treated and guarded as that it must produce vessels of moderate dimensions and adequate displacement, while preserving the tax on sail.
3. That in formulating the rule distinction should be made between the larger and smaller classes, dividing them perhaps at 30ft. racing length and leaving the smaller classes comparatively unrestricted.
4. That a scientific system of scantling restrictions for each class should be devised.
5. That a rule, when adopted, should prevail unchanged at least for a certain minimum period.
6. That the material collected is of so excellent a character as to warrant confidence that a satisfactory solution of the problem can be reached.

In advancing the discussions to the present stage, your committee feels that it has done, as a committee, as much as it should undertake with due regard to its other duties, and, moreover, that it is not particularly well qualified to prosecute the work further. The subject is, however, so important and interesting, and the progress made so substantial, that they desire to recommend that a special committee of experts be appointed to take up the further consideration of the problem, with the request that such committee shall make a definite report to the club at the May meeting. While independent action by this club in the adoption of a rule would not be desirable, yet we think the object in view can best be forwarded by independent action to the point of a definite recommendation, before conferences with other organizations are sought.

It is fortunate that, pending the adoption of a new rule, the one-design classes are likely to do so much to stimulate the spirit of racing.

Yacht Racing Association.—The club has continued its membership in the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and to cultivate its friendly relations with the other members of the union. Still further progress has been made in systematizing the machinery of racing.

On Oct. 30, 1897, the North American Yacht Racing Union was formed at a meeting, held in New York, of the representatives from a large number of the yacht clubs and associations of the United States and Canada, at which the chairman of your committee presided. The objects of the association are declared to be "to encourage yacht racing and to promote the adoption of uniform racing rules throughout the United States and Canada," and its articles of association provide that "Any yacht club in North America, having a regular membership of over fifty members and over fifteen yachts of upward of 15ft. racing measurement enrolled in its fleet, or any association of yacht clubs, shall be eligible for membership in the union."

The Union has adopted racing rules substantially identical with those now in force among clubs of the Long Island Sound Union. The latter will change its name to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and will adopt the racing rules of the National Union.

The powers of the Union, like those of the Sound Association, are advisory merely, and its action is not binding on any constituent club until ratified. A committee of the Union has been abroad and has conferred with members of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain upon the subject of common rules to govern measurement and racing, but no definite results have been accomplished. Until the New York Yacht Club has allied itself with the Union, it is not likely that international negotiation on these subjects will make much progress. We understand that the Union contemplates some definite action on the measurement question next autumn, and this furnished an additional reason why we should pursue the subject actively in order that our influence and co-operation may then be effective.

Your committee is in entire sympathy with the underlying purposes of these unions and associations, so long as they are conducted on the present lines, and recommends that they shall continue to receive the active support of the club.

General Remarks.—Dissatisfaction is an essential condition of progress, and it is in the spirit of this apothegm rather than that of fault-finding that your committee confesses that it has not been contented with the record of the past season. The Corinthian spirit of the club has not yet been awakened as it should be. In our B class we have now sixty-nine members, of perhaps from eighteen to twenty-nine years of age, among whom there must be many ready to avail themselves to the full of the opportunities for sport and instruction that the club has in its power to afford; and these should naturally draw to themselves friends of their own age and similar tastes. Without organization, however, progress will be slow: with it, the club should develop rapidly in numbers and in enthusiasm. Believing that, while much remains to be done, the conditions are most favorable for rapid advancement, we approach the coming season with enthusiasm and confidence.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman,
D. LEROY DRESSER,
WALTER C. KERR,
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Sec'y,
CHARLES W. WETMORE.

Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

Agreement covering the special conditions of the match for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, to be sailed by the representative yachts of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal,

Canada, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, during the yachting season of 1898:

In pursuance of the provisions of Article XI. of the Declaration of Trust executed by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, dated June 1, 1896, and containing the terms and conditions governing the tenure of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, and the competition therefor, it is hereby mutually agreed between the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, Canada, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, that the following special terms and conditions shall govern the match to be sailed during the yachting season of 1898, namely:

Article I.—The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third miles in length, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be two nautical miles to each leg, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles.

Article II.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with preparatory signal.

Article III.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article IV.—Yachts must not exceed 20ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement). The formula for determining racing length measurement under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{L \times W \times L + \sqrt{S \times A}}{2} = \text{Racing Measurement.}$$

Article V.—A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article VI.—Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a dead weight of 450lbs. shall be carried amidships, approximately at the center of buoyancy, during measurement. The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during any race, shall not exceed 600lbs.

Article VII.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article VIII.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article IX.—The factor of sail area, used in determining racing measurement, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore-triangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured shall be plainly marked on the mast, and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars used to set sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore-triangle shall be determined by the following factors: 1. The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. 2. The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit of hull. Any jib when set must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore-triangle shall not exceed 500sq. ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its outer end when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the fore side of the mast to the spinnaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore-triangle.

Article X.—The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

Article XI.—The helmsman or helmsmen and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to four. The helmsman may be changed at will, and as often as may be desired in any race provided that such helmsman shall have been named in writing, as required by the provisions of Article X. of the Declaration of Trust.

Article XII.—The provisions of the Declaration of Trust, so far as differing from, or inconsistent with, the foregoing articles, are hereby waived.

Dated Jan. 10, 1898.

(Signed) ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., of Montreal, Canada.
By G. H. Duggan, Chairman Sailing Committee.

(Signed) SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C., of New York.
By the Race Committee, by C. W. Wetmore,
Acting Chairman.

At the close of the meeting the fleet chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D. D., at the request of the chair, spoke on the subject of the young Corinthians and the B class members. The chair named as a committee on measurement Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens.

The Marine Exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

As a representative display of American yachting, there is little to be said of the marine portion of the exhibit this year, there being nothing outside of the trade displays of different firms of launch builders. There is a field for a most interesting and attractive exhibit that would bring numbers to the Garden in a collection of yachting models, trophies and practical appliances on such a scale as to show exactly what the yacht building market affords, but nothing of the kind has been attempted. The joint firm of C. L. Seabury & Co. and the Gas Engine and Power Co. has a prominent space on the center aisle, where it shows a mahogany yacht tender of good model and very handsome finish, also a small Seabury boiler, with sections cut away to show the interior construction. There are also several models of steam yachts, but unnamed, and a handsomely built model yacht.

In connection with its exhibit of auto-motiles and stationary engines, the Daimler Motor Co. shows two of its marine engines of 16 and 4 H. P., and a plain open launch. The Pennsylvania Iron Works, manufacturing the Globe Vapor engines, shows several engines in operation and a very shipshape cabin launch, with a moderate overhang to the bow and a well shaped yachtcounter that is a great relief from the standard round stern of all small power craft. Some small half models are also shown, but with nothing to tell what they represent. The Marine Vapor Engine Co., maker of the Alco-Vapor launch, shows an open mahogany launch of elaborate finish, and also one of its hunting "launches," with cabin house, and rigged with a cat mainsail. One of the engines is shown running by compressed air, to display the operation of the valves. The Truscott Boat Mfg. Co., of St. Joseph, Mich., shows a couple of its marine engines, but no boats. The engines are fitted with propellers in which the blades reverse. The Empire Marine Motor, C. C. Riette & Co., New York, is shown in two sizes: 8 H. P. and 1 H. P., a compact engine with the weight low.

In the Adirondack exhibit are two specimens of the typical "Adirondack boat" by different builders, very light craft, with smooth lap skin and sawn ribs spaced close together. In the Maine exhibit B. N. Morris, of Veazie, Me., shows a handsomely finished canoe of his standard build, with wide, flat ribs like the birch bark, and a light wooden skin covered with canvas, the latter showing a very hard and smooth surface. The construction gives both strength and lightness, with no possibility of leakage. Two similar canoes are shown by Gould Bros., of Bangor, and E. M. White, of Old Town. The Durand Pedal Motor is a new device, built on a different principle from the usual crank mechanism, and from its appearance should be quite effective. It is designed specially for canoes and boats driving a propeller. The motion is oscillating and not rotary, the man being seated abaft and not over the motor.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The issue of the Yachtsman for Dec. 23 forms the Christmas number, and is considerably larger than usual. In addition to many handsome plates of yachts and an extra amount of interesting matter, it has several excellent designs. One of these, the work of F. Shepherd, is a handsome single-hand yawl, of 21ft. l.w.l. Another is a model sloop, of 10-rating, by J. Gordon Kelly. H. J. Dartnell has a design for a 300-ton steam yacht, and Harley Mead has contributed the complete plans of a fast cruiser, of 28ft. l.w.l. The arrangement plans of the steam yacht Anemone, designed by Alfred H. Brown, are given. The cover, in black and red, is the result of a special prize competition; the work of other competitors, in black and on a small scale, being shown elsewhere in the book. The Yachtsman announces that on Jan. 27 it will issue the first number of a monthly magazine, the Yachting Monthly, a supplementary publication, as the weekly Yachtsman will be continued as usual. We congratulate our contemporary upon the success that this new venture indicates.

The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 8 at the Parker House, Boston, the following officers being elected: Com., Harry B. Torrey, cutter King Philip; Vice-Com., Winthrop Thayer, steamer Zuleika; Rear-Com., Louis M. Clark, knockabout Spinsters; Sec'y, William Avery Cary; Treas., John L. Amory; Meas., William E. Sherriffs; executive committee, J. Winthrop Dutton, Edward D. Ver Planck; membership committee, Paul F. Folsom, George A. Dill; regatta committee, Charles Howard Smith.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Y. C. was held at the Rowe's Wharf Club house, Boston, on Jan. 7, the following officers being elected: Com., Edwin P. Boggs; Vice-Com., E. P. Boynton; Rear-Com., Louis M. Clark; Sec'y, John S. Clark, Jr.; Treas., Charles G. Cutter; Directors, Henry W. Savage, Robert C. McQuillen, John Shaw, Jacob A. Barbery, Jr.; Meas., Charles H. Dodd; race committee, William S. Crosby; C. Edwin Backus, Jr.; William E. Robinson, Duncan Robinson, T. W. King; committee on admissions, E. M. Dennie, C. L. D. Parkhill, Francis Gray, A. W. Randall, Walter A. Underwood, John Dearborn, J. D. Snell; house committee, William Haskins, E. H. R. Revere, H. S. Potter, S. P. Perrin, Charles H. Cross, 2d.

Louis M. Clark was elected a delegate to the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

The Hudson River Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 11, the following officers being elected: Com., E. Langerfeldt; Vice-Com., C. W. Shutte; Sec'y, A. Y. Buckholtz, and Treas., Charles Grover.

The Columbia Y. C., of South Boston, held its annual election on Jan. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., Edward J. Powers; Vice-Com., Charles E. O'Donnell; Rear-Com., George H. Lloyd; Sec'y, Wm. C. Lepetrie; Treas., Albert E. Justice; Meas., Frederick Pfund; Trustees, Charles J. Rushton, Joseph E. Doherty, Frank H. Graham.

The annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C. was held on Jan. 5 at the United States Hotel, Boston, the following members being elected: Com., E. H. Lansing; Vice-Com., S. Gordon Sawyer; Rear-Com., M. R. Peterson; Sec'y, Daniel F. Carew; Treas., Thomas Christian; Meas., James Bertram; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Thomas S. Reed; Trustees for one year, C. McKenna and Alvin Wright; for two years, William H. Godfrey, John C. Merry; for three years, Arthur Fuller and Newton B. Stone; regatta committee, Newton B. Stone, Frank Williams, E. B. Walbridge, Vincent B. Johnson, Theo. C. Nicholson; house committee, C. J. Chance, Henry J. Schreiver, P. H. Dacey, W. Wallace Kee, Charles W. Nodwell. The secretary's report showed 259 members, as follows: 215 active, 21 life, 6 honorary and 7 non-resident. Three life members, Benjamin Dean, H. P. Helmer and Robert Bibber, have died during the year. The treasurer reported a balance of \$2,736.77 in the treasury.

The following resolution, offered by W. H. Alderton, was adopted: "Whereas, The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has repudiated its promises and obligations by raising the limits of its racing classes, and refusing 'time allowance' in compensation, and that the South Boston Y. C. desires its delegates to present this resolve before said association and report the same to this club."

In our mention of the yacht built by Fred Medart, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 1, the design was described as the work of the owner, Mr. Rawlinson. We are informed that it was made by Mr. Young, of New York.

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held on Jan. 12, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles T. Wills; Vice-Com., George G. Tyson; Rear-Com., Robert B. Carpenter; Sec'y, Charles F. Stewart; Meas., Frank Bowne Jones; Treas., Richard Outwater; Trustees to serve for three years, Louis R. Alberger, D. Malcolm Winne; regatta committee, Frank Bowne Jones, Chairman; Charles P. Tower, D. Willis Merritt, Charles E. McManus, E. Burton Hart, Jr. The club voted to encourage the new schooner class, and Vice-Com. Tyson offered a silver cup for the first race of the class.

Egret, steam yacht, H. W. Cannon, has been sold to J. F. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia.

The Shackamaxon Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 4, the following officers being elected: Com., John Engle, Sr.; Vice-Com., Edward Campbell; Rec. Sec'y, Henry S. Anderson; Fin. Sec'y, Rollins B. Murphy; Treas., William Gaun; Fleet Capt., Fred Anderson; board of directors, John Engle, William Gaun, Henry S. Anderson, Max Schladersky, S. B. Edwards; regatta committee, James Stiemmer, Egbert Morrison, Robert G. Morgan, S. B. Edwards, William Jones; Measurers, William Cravin, William Wuest, George Le Sage; Steward, William Jones. The annual meeting of the club was changed from March to the first Tuesday in January.

We learn from the January issue of Land and Water that Eastern yachtsmen are falling over each other in their hurry to vote for the continuance of time allowance at the meeting of Dec. 31 last. There was something dropped, with a thud, at that meeting, but hardly what Land and Water predicts.

Canoeing.

Holyoke C. C.

THE Holyoke C. C. has taken a new lease of life. A movement is on foot to build a new and larger club house, to increase its membership from 45 to 150, and to stir up more interest in canoeing. With this end in view, a large and enthusiastic meeting was recently held. All were in favor of the plan, and committees to further the project were appointed as follows:

House.—F. H. Metcalf, E. F. Horton, F. B. Towne.
Land.—E. S. Towne, F. A. Smith, E. B. Piske.
Membership.—L. F. Hayward, H. M. Chase, W. C. Brown.
Boats and Canoes.—T. W. Morrow, C. F. Schuster, C. A. Chase.
The new club house will probably be located near Kenilworth Castle, the Connecticut River at this point being one of the finest places in New England for good rowing and canoeing. The club hopes to have a house costing about \$3,000, and fitted up with all the latest improvements and conveniences.
The officers of the club are as follows: Capt., Henry L. Russell; First Lieut., Edw. T. Newton; Second Lieut., J. M. Ramage; Treas., C. A. Chase; Sec'y, Philip A. Twing; Trustees, C. M. Brown, C. Schuster, R. Wyckoff.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division.

Percy L. Fish, Taunton, Mass.
Henry H. Fish, Taunton, Mass.
Frank E. Gibbs, Jr., Taunton, Mass.
Henry C. Warnock, Wish-ton-wish C. C., Northampton, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Exposition Rifle Tournament.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—It is as yet far too early to say much about the scores in the rifle tournament at the Madison Square Garden, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, which is now holding its annual Exposition in that immense building.

The tournament is under practically the same management as last year, and that is a guarantee that everything has been done to make the running of the tournament a success in every respect. G. W. Plaisted acts again as cashier and official scorer, having for his assistant, W. Wussow. Between them this pair keeps things moving along easily, and there is no delay, save that caused by there being only six ranges and occasionally eight or ten people waiting to shoot at the same time. H. D. Muller, chairman of the tournament committee, is also always on hand to render assistance where it may be necessary. Messrs. Zettler Bros., aided by a corps of assistants, have charge of the gallery, and attend generally to the work at the ranges.

M. Dorrier has recorded a 75 and a 74 so far in the Continuous Match, although the tournament has been running only four days. This competition is always a popular one, but it is never out until the last shot has been fired. Surprises are likely to come any day, and judging from the quality of the shooting material furnished by rifle clubs from far distant cities, the local marksmen are not going to have it all their own way, by any means.

On the Target of Honor, Louis Flach, one of the crack shots of the Zettler Rifle Club, has recorded a score of 75, a highest possible. Still, it is by no means certain that he will not be tied for first prize in this contest, 75s being something that may be looked for from such men as F. C. Ross, Mike Dorrier and Gus Zimmerman. It must be remembered, however, that only one entry is allowed in this competition, and 74s and 73s are easier to make than 75! C. E. Gensch has secured a 73 on this target with a 25 and two 24s, while J. G. Dillin and G. Schlicht each have a 71 to their credit. H. Kraus made three 23s, totaling 69.

In the Bull's-eye contest, another exceedingly popular affair, many targets have been shot, but H. D. Muller is ahead with a bull that measures 11½.

The Individual Championship Match is the contest around which the greatest amount of interest centers. The result of the 100 shots is to designate the champion. Last year Mike Dorrier, the present champion under the Sportsmen's Association's auspices, did not complete his winning total of 2,421 until the last night. This total has already been equaled by R. J. Young, secretary of the New York Rifle Club, an organization that holds its weekly competitions during the winter at Zettler's gallery. Louis Flach has also finished with 2,403. Others have made a very good start and Mr. Young, although sure of a good place on the list, can by no means rest easy until Saturday night comes. Neither Ross nor Dorrier has finished his total, and the result of their efforts is eagerly awaited.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 9.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association took place to-day. The weather conditions were very poor for good shooting, as it rained all day, and was very foggy at times, all of which made the sighting very difficult. The conditions of the shoots were as usual, viz., strictly off-hand, 200yds. range, German ring target. Scores:

	King Target.	Union Target.
Gindele	23 24 21 22 22 18 22 25 20—217	25 21 24—70
Uckotter	21 12 22 12 19 19 22 14 19 19—180	21 21 19—61
Roberts	17 13 22 21 23 17 23 17 18 24—200	21 19 24—64
Drube	17 20 17 11 23 21 20 25 19 23—196	23 18 17—58
Weinheimer	20 16 20 23 17 17 19 20 20 21—193	20 16 13—49
Nestler	21 17 13 25 20 20 22 16 24 20—198	20 17 13—50
Wellinger	23 13 23 20 17 20 23 20 25 20—204	17 23 20—60
Hasenzahl	23 16 21 19 22 20 21 17 20 21—204	21 22 21—64
Trounstone	12 17 19 20 15 18 9 9 19 13—151	16 16 13—45
Strickmeier	22 20 20 17 23 23 21 13 11 20—190	20 24 20—64
	Rapid Fire.	Special Scores.
Gindele	25 16 23 19 23—106	219 214
Uckotter	20 13 16 15 24—88	184 181
Roberts	20 15 21 20 18—94	205 204
Drube		208 187
Weinheimer	12 19 24 6 20—81	204 190
Nestler	20 18 24 20 9—91	210 197
Wellinger		219 208
Hasenzahl	22 11 20 24 15—92	209 207
Trounstone		191 182
Strickmeier	15 21 20 20 21—97	214 213

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 26-27.—Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y.—Tournament at Pine Point. Open to all. First day, targets; second day, live birds.
Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.
Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Tournament of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.
March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.
March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.
 April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.
 April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.
 April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Tournament of the Peru Gun Club. J. L. Head, Sec'y.
 May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.
 May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
 June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.
 June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluebirds thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.
 June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.
 Jan. 26-27.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Immediately after the conclusion of the Elliott-Gilbert match on Saturday last, Brewer approached Gilbert with the idea of arranging a match with him. Gilbert very quietly and very nicely told him that if he wanted to shoot a match with him (Gilbert), all that he had to do was to post a forfeit and challenge for one of the trophies now held by him. Brewer at once said that he didn't want to shoot for any cup, but that he wanted to shoot for a good, big sum in cash. Gilbert's reply was that he was not shooting any matches for money; that he never bet a cent on any of his matches, and that Brewer knew it. This fact is, indeed, very well known. Then Lou Erhardt stepped in and made the following proposition: He promised to post \$250 as a forfeit to bind a side bet of \$1,000 a side that Brewer could not defeat Gilbert in a 100-bird match—that is to say, if Brewer will challenge for either the Du Pont or the Star trophy, Brewer's backers would be accommodated to the extent of a side bet of \$1,000 that their man (Brewer) could not win the trophy. As a sure way to stop all talk, the best plan would be for Mr. Erhardt, or some other backer of Gilbert, to post a forfeit of \$250 to bind such a side bet, making the bet conditional that Brewer challenged Gilbert for one of the trophies. It would not be necessary to leave the forfeit up longer than a couple of weeks, as in that time it could easily be ascertained whether Brewer's backers wanted the match or not. As a matter of course, the match would be shot in Chicago. Our idea in suggesting the above method is to do away with all possible talk on the part of Brewer and his backers in the following line: "If we challenge Gilbert for the cup, we put up \$100 against the cup, and will have to go to Chicago for the match. We also run the chance of not getting a single side bet to help pay expenses if we win." If, on the other hand, Mr. Erhardt or somebody else posts the forfeit, conditionally as above, all chance of such talk is done away with. We might also remark that Chicago is not so much nearer to Spirit Lake, Ia., than it is to New York; and that on John Watson's grounds every man gets a fair shake and good birds to shoot at. Put up or do the other thing. (This applies to everybody, and the shoes fit a whole lot of people).

To "An Old Shooter."—"This slurring remark can be the result only of ignorance regarding the history of this championship emblem, or, perhaps, of indifference to the facts. The Cast-Iron medal is the only trap-shooters' emblem of the American live-bird championship before the public. It was projected by an assemblage of the best trap shots in America, was manufactured for them, has been shot for by them, etc. * * * We reply that, if you are really "an old shooter," will you please look over your back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM (all "old shooters," as well as young ones, read FOREST AND STREAM), and turn to the issue of Oct. 2, 1897, not quite four months ago. In that issue you will find an article headed "Authorized by Grimm;" and in that article you will find what we take to be the full, true and particular account of the birth of the Cast-Iron medal, and its subsequent history up to that time. In another issue, some six weeks later, viz., Nov. 13, you will find a letter signed B. Waters, entitled "On Championships, Historical or Otherwise." You will there find another short resume of the career of the Stove-Lid, as Mr. Hough has styled it. If either we or our friend Mr. Waters are wrong in any particular regarding the history of this trophy, it would be kindness, indeed, to make us acquainted with our error. Awaiting your early reply, we remain, etc. * * * [N. B.—We can supply the above numbers at the usual rate!]

The Boston, Mass., Gun Club, with grounds at Wellington, near the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, started last week a new series of prize shoots, the series lasting until April 20, shoots taking place every Wednesday, except Feb. 23, until the above date. The conditions governing the "individual shoot" are: Best six scores out of the fourteen shoots to count for prizes; each shoot to be at 21 targets, viz., 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs. For the team match the conditions read: "Each team to consist of two shooters, and each contest of 10 known and 10 unknown; 40 targets to constitute a team score. Any number of teams can enter. In case of absence or sickness, one man can be substituted who is not a member of any other team, but not more than two changes of original team can be used during the entire fourteen shoots, the five best scores to be taken for the prize score. Teams selected before the first shoot. Proxy shooters not allowed when original members of team are present. Team match shot at the handicap distances. In case of ties, preference will be given to persons attending the greatest number of shoots. Final ties decided by shooting one complete score.

C. S. Guthrie, a member of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and also of the Carteret Club, shot a match on Tuesday last, Jan. 11, with Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultz Powder Co. The conditions were both men at 30yds., 100 birds per man, Carteret boundary. This boundary is 30yds. and is a wire fence about 18in. high, but the back boundary is an open one and is only about 28yds. from the traps. This makes quite a small space in which to kill fast birds. The scores were 88 to 86 in favor of Guthrie, Capt. Money having to shoot an uphill race from the very start, as he lost his fourth, fifth and seventh birds in quick succession. They were tied two or three times after that, and were still tied at the end of the seventy-eighth round. Then Capt. Money again lost three birds very quickly, his seventy-ninth, eighty-first and eighty-fourth getting away from him. Neither man shot in his best form, but still the birds were very good, although there was no wind to help them.

Most flattering reports come from Hot Springs, Ark., where John J. Sumpter, Jr., is going to hold his big five days' shoot, Feb. 15-19. The first four days are to be devoted to targets, the last day to pigeons. The promoter of this tournament, the Arkansas Traveler—in fact, Sumpter himself—will add \$1,100 in cash to the purses. The \$1,100 will be spread around through the programme in such a manner that it will draw a whole host of shooters to this popular resort. To insure the satisfactory running of this tournament, Mr. Sumpter has secured the services of Jack Parker, the popular tournament manager, and the representative of the Peters Cartridge Co. and King's Smokeless Powder Co. With the "Two Johns," Parker and Sumpter, in double harness, there ought to be nothing lacking to make the tournament run smoothly from start to finish.

The match between Elliott and Gilbert for the Du Pont trophy came off on schedule time, 12:30 P. M., Jan. 15, at Dexter Park, L. I. The match was rather a disappointment, Elliott falling off in his shooting very much in the last 34 birds of the match. At the end of the sixty-sixth round the two men were tied with 63 killed out of the 66. It had been a neck-and-neck race all the way, and it looked likely to finish in a close and exciting manner. Then came a break, and Elliott lost 6 out of his last 34 birds, being ultimately defeated with ease by the score of 96 to 91. Gilbert shot a magnificent race throughout, and finished strongly, often calling forth loud applause by the skillful way in which he handled his hard birds. He bore his newly won honors with a grace that was really refreshing, and he was just the same Fred after the race that he was before he fired a shot on the Dexter Park grounds.

The result of the deliberations of the Interstate Association regarding plans for its target tournaments in 1898, are given elsewhere and will be found full of meat. The barring of paid men and manufacturers' agents from the tournaments of the association will be received with mixed feelings; but we are satisfied that the association is working for the best, and that its action will meet with very general approval. Its recommendations to clubs giving tournaments under its auspices, to vary the monotony of events at unknown angles or at known traps and angles, by introducing a few expert rules events, or some events under the Novelty system, will also, we hope, bear good fruit. We earnestly commend these suggestions of the Interstate Association to the consideration of such clubs as may be chosen by the association for its circuit in 1898.

Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Co., made his appearance in this city on Monday morning, Jan. 17, after a long holiday spent in his old stamping ground, Memphis, Tenn. He came to attend a meeting of the tournament committee of the Interstate Association, and also the general meeting of that association called for the above date. Had it not been for these two important meetings, Irby might have been down South yet; and we wouldn't have blamed him a bit, for Memphis isn't half a bad place at any time of the year; just now it's all right. They've no snow there, and they don't have to shovel half a ton of coal a day into the furnace to keep the water pipes from freezing; neither do they have to push the snow off the sidewalks. All of which, etc.

A recent issue of the Albany Evening Journal has the following item in regard to the incorporation of a club that purposes to establish a game preserve in Georgia: "The Sapelo, of New York city, filed a certificate of incorporation with the Secretary of State to-day. The club proposes to establish game preserves in the county of McIntosh, Georgia. One of the directors is Congressman James J. Belden, of Syracuse. The other directors are: Howard S. Robbins, Frederick E. Haight, George Clinton Batcheller and George C. Miller, of New York city; Morris P. Ferris, of Yonkers; James A. Walter, of Darien, Ga.; J. Harper Poor, of Chicago, Ill.; William Armstrong Halsey, of Newark, N. J.; John B. Lord and William H. Nichols, of Brooklyn."

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., announces that it will hold a shoot on Saturday, Feb. 12, for a silver cup donated by the president of the club, Mr. George P. Griffiths. The conditions of the cup race will be as follows: Open to all, no handicap, 50 targets, unknown angles; entrance \$1.50—that is, \$1. for the targets, and 50 cents to go to form a fund for the second, third and fourth high guns, the high man of all taking the cup. The purse thus formed will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. In connection with the cup shoot there will be a programme of other merchandise and sweepstake events provided. In fact, there will be a good all-day shoot at Hackensack on Feb. 12, and it will be managed by E. G. Horton.

Capt. B. A. Bartlett did not make a long stay in this city, returning to his home in Jamestown, N. Y., immediately after the Elliott-Gilbert match. By the way, Capt. Bartlett is quite a second-sight man, fortune-teller and what not; or else he's a good guesser. He can predict the result of a prize-fight accurately, and has given the results of all the big matches at live birds, shot recently, actually naming the correct scores in the second Heikes-Grimm match. Kolla has now written to Bartlett asking for a hint as to the outcome of the Budd-Heikes match for the "stove-lid."

Dr. H. E. Colvin, a prominent member of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., was a spectator at the match for the Du Pont trophy on Saturday last. He had come all the way from Burlington, so he said, to see "some one who can shoot better than I can. I've got to leave home if I want to see such a person!" And he laughed as he said it. How badly Dr. Colvin wanted to see this match may be guessed from the fact that, without an umbrella to shield him, he trusted his silk hat to the Long Island rain, rather than miss the shoot.

The Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana is making preparations for its campaign in 1898. The annual tournament of the league will be held on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club, at Indianapolis, June 14-15. The league has also granted permission to the Peru, Ind., Gun Club to hold a tournament April 27-28, and to the Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club to hold a tournament on May 18-19. On looking over the above dates, it will be found that the dates for the annual league shoot, June 14-15, clash somewhat with those arranged for the Cleveland Target Co.'s shoot, June 15-17.

Several friends of E. A. Jackson, of Hackensack, N. J., who was for some time last year secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, of that place, tendered him a farewell dinner on Saturday night last, Jan. 15. The attendance at the dinner was a proof of the popularity of Mr. Jackson, some seventy-five persons taking part in it. The occasion of the dinner was Mr. Jackson's departure in the near future for the Klondike gold fields, and many hearty good wishes were offered him for his future success in the pursuit of virgin gold in its native haunts.

Secretary P. H. Willey, of the newly organized Danville, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us, under date Jan. 13, as follows: "The Danville Gun Club was organized last evening in the office of Mr. F. Hoffman, by a few congenial spirits who wish to perfect themselves in the art of wing-shooting. The officers elected were: President, J. Bryant; Vice-President, H. Miller; Secretary-Treasurer, P. H. Willey; Capt., E. Frazier. It was decided to hold weekly practice shoots, the first to be held on Jan. 14."

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co., is to be found just now somewhere in the vicinity of that company's exhibit in Madison Square Garden. Courtney has not found the winter so far at all uncomfortable; in fact, he says that he's kept so busy taking orders for his company's guns that he's not had time to feel the cold at all up to date. He also stated that the warmth of his greeting in Providence, R. I., about ten days ago, was enough to take the chill off a Dakota blizzard.

Airy Lou Hardt, or Lou Erhardt, who hails from Atchison, Kan., was in Philadelphia on business the latter part of last week. He ran over from that city on Saturday last to witness the race for the Du Pont trophy at Dexter Park. The opinion the boys have of Airy Lou is best shown by the fact that he had to go outside the club house and stand in the rain and pull the traps for just two hours and thirteen minutes! He says that his tournament, April 13-15, will be as good as, if not better than, ever.

The Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, otherwise known as "The Cuckoos," held its annual meeting Jan. 12, and elected the following list of officers for 1898: President, L. H. Schortemeier; Vice-President, Gay Sterr; Secretary, John H. W. Fleming; Treasurer, Edward F. Bourke; House Committee, William Wagner, Frank Coleman and J. H. W. Fleming. The members will celebrate their tenth anniversary on Feb. 19 next at the club house, Rockaway Park, L. I.

It will not do to forget that the benefit shoot tendered to Neaf Appar by his Newburgh friends is booming along, nor will it do to forget that it will be held at Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 26-27. Ship your shells for both targets and live birds to Neaf Appar, Newburgh, N. Y., and you will find them at Pine Point when you want them, if you ship them soon enough. The list of merchandise prizes for the target shoot on Jan. 26 is growing rapidly, and it begins to look as if there would be plunder for all.

Chief among the events scheduled for John S. Dright's live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, Thursday, Feb. 3, are a 10-bird and a 15-bird handicap. The first is an allowance handicap, the latter an ordinary allowance handicap. We have not the time nor the space now to give the programme a full review; but we may add that, as the shoot is an invitation one, all those who are invited will receive a programme in good time, and will be able to see what Mr. Wright has provided for them.

John L. Winston advises us that he has severed his connection with the Austin Powder Co., of Cleveland, O. It will seem rather strange, at coming tournaments, not to find one's self tripping over shells arranged in cabalistic forms and shapes that forcibly draw attention to the excellence of "Load 147!" In his brief note Mr. Winston does not say what his future course in life is to be, but it is hardly likely that he will quit shooting until his breath leaves his body.

An officer of the Humane Society was present at the match between Gilbert and Elliott on Saturday. Prior to the match he spoke to Elliott in regard to a possible arrest in case he was not a member of an organized gun club. On Elliott's assuring that he was such a member, the match proceeded, and we understand from Mr. Lippack, proprietor of the grounds at Elkwood Park, that the society's agent expressed himself as fully satisfied with the way in which the match was conducted.

W. F. Parker, of Parker Bros., and L. J. Gaines, of the same company, were in town on Monday for the double purpose of attending the meeting of the Interstate Association and viewing the Sportsmen's Exposition. As it is not the football season just now, Mr. Parker's wealth of hair drew down many favorable comments. Mr. Gaines, we are told, has not been in New York for so many years that he had to stick close to the other representative of Parker Bros. to prevent getting lost.

The Pa. Ring, N. Y., Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

The coming tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, April 5-8, will be given as usual on the grounds of the association, on the Pimlico road. The tournament will be under the sole management of James B. Malone, the club's manager. Two sets of traps will be used, as in the past, bluebird targets being thrown in all the target events. The programmes are being prepared, and it will not be long before they will be in the hands of the shooters.

The Cleveland Gun Club held a shoot on New Year's Day, with turkeys and ducks as the prizes. A local daily, in speaking of the affair, says: "Most of the members straggled home at night with a big load of winnings. This was notably the case with Mr. Upson, who wended his way homeward with two turkeys and six ducks."

Mr. Ed O. Bower, secretary of the Sistersville, W. Va., Rod and Gun Club, writes as follows: "Because of the very disagreeable weather here on New Year's Day, which interfered very materially with the success of our tournament, we have decided to hold another all-day sweepstake shoot on Feb. 22, and programmes for our Washington's Birthday shoot will be out in a short time."

Mr. H. P. Collins, the representative of the Du Pont Powder Co. in Baltimore, Md., was the referee appointed by the company for the Elliott-Gilbert match on Saturday last. Mr. Collins stood out in the rain, twirled the indicator, watched the result of each shot, and gave his decisions promptly and in a clear voice. As a referee he was a decided success.

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was another who had come a long way from home to take in the Sportsmen's Association's Exposition and the Elliott-Gilbert match. Mr. Bush says that they've had a good season's trap-shooting out in Michigan, more targets having been thrown and more powder burned at the traps in 1897 than in any previous year.

Elmer Shaner has come to town, and will go back happy in the knowledge that he now knows what he has got to do in the tournament line this year. Although he is, as he says, "over a month behind time now," he'll soon pick that up again, and never know that it took any extra hustling to get ready for the target season of 1898.

Elliott protested against shooting the match with Gilbert on Saturday last, Jan. 15, on the plea of "bad weather." We did not think at first that he had made the protest seriously, but we now learn that he did lodge one with Mr. Collins, the referee, and we suppose the Du Pont Powder Co. will have to act upon it.

Paul North, of course, is here, and is talking magautrap and bluebirds to beat the band. He is chipper, however, over the action of the Interstate Association in barring paid men and manufacturers' agents from taking part in the sweepstakes at any tournaments held under its auspices.

Eddie Bingham and Fred Gilbert left for Chicago on Monday afternoon, but promised to be back again in two months to take part in the Great American Handicap. "And there'll be others with us, too," said Eddie. That's good news, and we feel that it is fitting to add: "The more, the merrier."

The Canajoharie Gun Club, of Canajoharie, N. Y., will hold a tournament at targets on May 30, Decoration Day. This Decoration Day shoot has become an annual affair at Canajoharie, and Secretary Charles Weeks writes us that the club will do in 1898 what it did in 1897.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament at target and live birds, Jan. 26-27. The first day there will be target sweeps under the management of the club. On the second day there will be live-bird shooting, this part of the tournament being under the management of Eddie Earl.

The forfeits put up by B. A. Bartlett and W. H. Wolstencroft for the match set to come off on Saturday last, Jan. 15, at Holmesburg, Pa., were drawn down by mutual consent, and the match postponed to some future time.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold an invitation all-day shoot at targets on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Secretary Mack, of that club, is now busy with the programme for that shoot.

A. H. King, Bessemer and Wood, all members of the Herroil Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., tied on 22 each out of 25 live birds, in the second shoot for the club trophy on Jan. 12. On the shoot-off A. H. King won with five straight.

The New York Commercial Advertiser was away ahead of all the other New York dailies in the way in which it handled the Sportsmen's Exposition in its daily reports.

John J. Hollowell will be one of the Northern contingent who will journey to Hot Springs, Ark., to take part in John J. Sumpter's target and live-bird shoot, Feb. 15-19.

Thanks to our Western cotemporary, we now know what "usual form" is not. Being naturally a little modest, we had not looked upon it in that light before.

JAN. 18.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Interstate Association.

Plans for 1898.

The Interstate Association held a meeting of considerable importance on Monday last, Jan. 17, in Madison Square Garden, the meeting being called for that place owing to the Sportsmen's Association bringing all the members of the association together, thus two birds were killed with one stone.

There was a full attendance of members when President Dressel called the meeting to order. Among the subscribers represented were: U. M. C. Co., J. A. H. Dressel; W. R. A. Co., Irby Bennett; Hazard Powder Co., John L. Lequin, secretary of the association; Du Pont Powder Co., E. S. Lenthilhon; American E. C. & Schultz Powder Co., Capt. A. W. Money; Laffin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins; Tatham & Bros., Charles Tatham; Cleveland Target Co., Paul North; Parker Bros., W. F. Parker. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the association, was also present, as also were Ed Taylor, of Laffin & Rand; L. J. Gaines, of Parker Bros., and John J. Hollowell, of the U. M. C. Co.

The meeting was called for the purpose of receiving the report of the tournament committee, embodying the views of that committee as to what the association should do in regard to target tournaments during the coming season. There was considerable discussion over the report handed in, but the association finally decided, as recommended, to hold eight or ten target tournaments during the season of 1898, much upon the same lines adopted by it in 1897. There was, however, one important change, a change that we most heartily favor, and which we think will do much to make the tournaments of the association a thorough success, and accomplish the aim of the association, viz., the popularizing of the sport of trap-shooting.

Tournaments for Amateurs Only.

This change is the barring of paid men, manufacturers' agents, or anybody connected with a firm that manufactures powder, guns, shells, ammunition, targets or traps, from taking part in the sweepstakes. All such shooters as are comprised in the foregoing list will be welcome at all times to take part in the tournament, entering any or all events "for birds only." By this means any amateur can come to a shoot, put up his money and shoot against his own kind, but will also have the privilege of shooting at precisely the same kind of targets that his brother expert shoots at, and can thus measure his skill with that of the more expert.

It was also decided to leave the matter of division of purses to the choice of the club holding the tournament, and to urge clubs to embrace in their programmes some variations from unknown angles and known traps and angles, by introducing a sweep or two at expert rules or under the Novelty rule. The latter rule is that where there are five traps as usual, but an additional three traps are also put out in the field, 35yds. beyond the other five traps throwing incomers, everybody will shoot at eight unknown traps, but novices will be placed at 14yds., semi-experts at 16yds., and experts at 18yds. This style of shooting is always very popular with both spectators and shooters, and it bids fair to be one of the features in the coming tournaments of the Interstate Association during the season of 1898. Expert rules are also interesting to watch, and we certainly hope that some of the clubs which propose holding tournaments during 1898 will adopt the suggestions of the Interstate Association in respect to varying the styles of shooting.

A Cordial Invitation to Western Shooters.

At this meeting it was also agreed to issue a cordial written invitation to all the Western shooters who took part in last year's Grand American Handicap, inviting them to come to the Grand American Handicap of 1898 at Elkwood Park, March 22-24, and to bring a friend along with them, promising them at the same time a hearty welcome and a good shoot. It was the sense of the meeting that much of the success of the Grand American Handicap of 1897 was due to the thirty-three shooters who came from beyond the western bank of the Ohio River, and it was felt that their services in this respect should be recognized.

It should be stated that the restrictions placed upon paid men and manufacturers' agents, etc., do not extend to the Grand American Handicap, being intended only for the association's target tournaments.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Hot Springs Midwinter.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Mr. John J. Sumpter, manager of the Hot Springs, Ark., midwinter tournament, writes me very confidently of the success of his shoot, Feb. 15-19. "I am receiving letters from all over the country asking for information," he says, "and you may tell the boys I will stake my reputation on this tournament, and will guarantee that we will have no such weather as was encountered in San Antonio last winter. We never have any real cold weather here, and one or two days are our longest bad spells. For the live-bird handicap I will be able to get enough birds here and at nearby points, so they are bound to be good, not having to be shipped in choked-up coops. Programmes will be out Saturday. Our first event will have 125 entries, sure."

Heikes Wins Again.

At Dayton, O., Jan. 5, Rolla Heikes defeated C. A. Young, of Springfield, O., with a score of 90-84, 100 live birds. During the day some 500 live birds were shot.

Such is Fame.

The Dayton, O., Journal offers its readers the following bit of authentic history while commenting on the victory of its popular Dayton citizen: "To fully appreciate Rolla Heikes's great victory over Grimm, Saturday, it should be remembered that Grimm won the World's Fair championship and big stake with a score of 98 birds, entrance fee \$125, and Bogardus and a dozen others in it. Capt. Bogardus said at that time that Grimm was the hardest man to beat that he had ever shot against."

The New Reporter Vindicated.

I must reconstruct my opinion of the new reporter who covered the tournament, two weeks ago, engineered by the Denver Rifle Club, and participated in by the shooters from Pueblo and other Colorado cities. It seems that members of the local club sought to evade the hostility of the Humane Society by handing out press reports which spoke of the live birds as "targets." In spite of this shrewd, though rather confusing subterfuge, the members of the Humane Society have secured evidence and will prosecute a number of those who took part in the New Year's shoot. This accounts for the "shattering" of the targets by the second barrel in the course of the "rifle" contest. The members of the gun club will fight the case, claiming that at the last session of the Legislature the State law was amended in such a way as to permit the shooting of live birds by a regularly incorporated gun club. The Humane Society claims that this clause is unconstitutional and technically irregular.

Affairs at Kansas City.

Every other man in Kansas City is a pigeon shooter, and the latest thing in gun clubs there is the Veterans' Twelve-Gauge Gun Club, whose early organization is on the list of probabilities. There will be a charter membership of fifteen old-timers, who will continue to be the governing council of the club. The membership outside of this fifteen will be esteemed honorary membership, and will be allowed to shoot, but not to vote. There will be no monthly dues, but monthly shoots will be held, at 25 live birds per man.

The monthly medal shoot of the Stock Yards Gun Club, of Kansas City, was held Jan. 8, handicap shooting. James Frey won the medal with a score of 12 and a favorable handicap, although Stockwell and Kelley were high guns. Score:

G W Stockwell.....111911*2121211-14	E Fletcher.....111101022111011 12
R P Barse.....110111201*21202-11	J W Olander.....200100012100220-7
R Kelley.....110112211121222-14	O Isaacson.....022222120121202 12
C J Mustion.....022221010221222-12	J Frey.....012121222102210 12
M Steele.....2220201**210210-9	Lon Nutter.....200012200222000-7
H Hendley.....02102*0*2112220-9	

In Town.

Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan., was in town this week, and has left for New York to see the Gilbert-Elliott race and to attend the Sportsmen's Exposition.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12.—Pine Bluff Gun Club, of Arkansas, held a little live-bird shoot last week on the grounds near the water works, the weather not being very favorable. At 25 birds the scores were: Lloyd 24, Speers 22, Ely 22, Williams 17, Coles 16. At 10 birds, Lloyd and Ely tied on 6, Speers 5, Coles 4. The Clements-Sumpter match for the State medal will be shot on the 19th of this month.

Black River Falls.

On Jan. 5 the Black River Falls Gun Club, of Wisconsin, was organized with the following officers: Dr. J. W. Boisil, President; F. B. Dell, Vice-President; J. G. Forbes, Secretary-Treasurer. All members joining before Jan. 15 will be considered charter members. It is expected that the young club will stir up things a bit in that section of the State.

Milan, Ill.

The Rock Island Gun Club, of Milan, Ill., closed a two days' sweepstake tournament last week. Entry ran as high as 35, among the visitors being George Summerville, of Coal Valley; Will Cropper, of Black Hawk; Messrs. Kelly and Paterson, of Edgington; Brown, Schneider and Day, of Prophetstown, and Albert Miller, of New Boston. High guns for the shoot were: J. O. Paddock, first; A. Henry, second; Lewis, of Davenport, third. The attendance from various river towns was so good that the local men contemplate giving other shoots and pushing their own club contests.

Coal City Shoot.

Coal City Gun Club, of Illinois, gave a little live-bird shoot New Year's Day. Scores: Seven live birds: Sharp 6, Henry Williamson 5, John Shelly 5, D. H. Wilson 5, William Anderson 4, Robert Whorrie 4, John Robinson 3, Charles Barsdorff 1.

Peoria Shoot.

A few of the Peoria cracks got together New Year's Day, with the following scores:

Twenty targets: Charles Doubet 18, C. H. Edwards 9, G. Patton 20, William Sneden 2, Charles Kingsbury 3, Thomas Patton 19, William Kingsbury 12, Owen King 8, Mike Cusack 13, W. P. King 5, H. Edwards 15, Charles Colter 4, F. Stagans 3, J. Draper 12.

Seven live birds: Charles Doubet 3, G. Patton 3, Charles Kingsbury 7, Mike Cusack 5, H. Daly 3.

Sedgwick Shoot.

The Gun Club of Sedgwick, Kan., on Jan. 5 held a little tournament and pulled off a team shoot, in which Sedgwick, Newton and Putnam competed. Visitors from Newton to Sedgwick were Frank Hannum, George Dougan and son, Floyd Hoyt, Charles Swope, Goodwyn Brown, John Greeley, John Hickens, Will Thompson, Amos Graybill and James Fenter, all of whom were so well pleased that they wish to visit Sedgwick again, even if they do get beaten. Newton Gun Club will in all probability hold a shoot Washington's Birthday, and will have the Sedgwick boys as guests, as well as others from Hutchinson, Emporia, Wichita, Cottonwood Falls and other neighboring points. Kansas is a good shooting State, and has a number of cracking good shots. Following were the scores in the town team shoot at Sedgwick, at eight targets per man, for a silver trophy:

Sedgwick—Wiley 8, Elliott 8, Gretcher 7, Giffin 6, Bruce 6, Glover 5, Burgess 4, Kemper 4; total, 48.
Newton—Swope 6, Hoyt 6, Dougan 6, Hickens 5, Hannum 5, Fenter 4, Thompson 2, Greeley 1; total, 35.
Putnam—Lowman 7, Kinzer 7, Moore 6, Brown 6, Milne 4, Brumington 4, Schermerhorn 0; total, 34.

Alpena Election.

The Chase Benjamin Gun Club, of Alpena, Mich., at its annual meeting, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, D. D. Hanover; Vice-President, A. T. Kinney; Treasurer, Dr. Blake; Secretary, Will Blackburn.

Live Birds at Wheaton Golf Grounds.

Jan. 14.—There will be a live-bird shoot to-morrow at the grounds of the Chicago Golf Club, at Wheaton, some thirty miles west of the city. The links of the golf club at this pleasant suburb are among the best known in the West, and the country club at Wheaton is the scene of many interesting amateur contests of different sorts. A tidy shooting box has been erected and a full set of King's automatic traps put in place. It is expected that a good, stiff live-bird team will be made up from the membership of the golf players. Among those interested in the shooting are Messrs. Joseph Leiter, J. A. Grier, Watson F. Blair, A. M. Wilson, E. S. Worthington, B. M. Wilson, C. B. Macdonald, E. S. Leiter, Mark Cummings, Fred Keep, William Borden, Arthur Caton, G. A. Schwartz, John A. Logan, Jr.

The talk about holding the Grand American Handicap for 1899 in Chicago has temporarily brought into prominence the grounds of the golf club at Wheaton, which are suggested as being suitable for the purposes of the great tournament. It would not seem in the least likely that the grounds could be secured for this purpose, as the golf club is purely private and amateur in its purposes. Much the same objection, though perhaps not so strenuously

urged, would obtain in the question of the Washington Park Club, whose large and beautiful grounds are located well within the city limits. Watson's Park would hardly offer sufficient accommodations. But Chicago never had anything so big yet that she couldn't swing it.

Chandlerville Shoot.

The Gun Club of Chandlerville, Ill., held a little live-bird shoot last Thursday afternoon. Score, seven live birds: W. W. Dick 6, Harve Hurd 6, L. Spielman 6, Joe Bair 4, J. Feilden 2, J. Metzmaker 5, C. Morgan 3, Ance Baker 5, K. McNeill 2, D. McNeil 3.

Waukegan Club Shoot.

Bad weather made bad attendance at the club shoot of Waukegan, Ill., Gun Club, Jan. 11. Score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Freezer.....	8	7	8	7	8	8	Barton.....	6	10	10	8	10	10
Bangs.....	4	5	4	5	7	7	J Graves.....	5	9	9	8	7	
Kennedy.....	7	6	8	10	7	9							

Nos. 1 to 3 were at unknown angles; Nos. 4 to 6 were at unknown angles.

Keokuk Annual.

At the annual shoot of the Keokuk, Ia., Gun Club, the following scores were made:

No. 1, 10 targets: Leizy 4, Woodbury 10, Hess 6, Brown 5, Raber 8, Greaves 3, Leindecker 5, Borne 6, Meister 5.

No. 2: Leizy 2, Brown 6, Woodbury 7, Hess 9, Meister 8, Raber 7, Leindecker 5, Greaves 5, Borne 8, Griffey 7.

No. 3, at 10 birds: Brown 8, Woodbury 7, Hess 9, Meister 5, Leizy 3, Greaves 2, Griffey 9, Leindecker 2, Borne 9, Winnard 8.

In the medal shoot, at 20 targets: Brown 16, Woodbury 17, Hess 17, Meister 7, Roos 12, Leindecker 11, Winnard 11, Griffey 12, Borne 16, Raber 10, Leizy 10, Greaves 8. In shoot-off Woodbury broke 5 and Hess 4. This is the third time Woodbury has won the medal, and it is now his own personal property.

Belleville will Join.

At the election of officers of the Independent Gun Club, of Belleville, Ill., the following were chosen: Richard White, President; Gust. Thebus, Vice-President; Jul. Heinemann, Treasurer; Fred Rodenmeyer, Secretary; John Rodenmeyer, John A. Loos, Philip Stroh, Julius Heinemann, Richard White and Fred Rodenmeyer, Executive Board; Bunk Baldwin, First Field Captain; Otto Heinemann, Second Field Captain; John B. Sauerwein, Custodian. The club has decided to join the State Association.

Wisconsin Gun Club.

Wisconsin Gun Club, of Milwaukee, met Jan. 6, with the following scores:

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles: Himmelstein 19, Fisher 19, Farber 21, A. Klabunde 20, Klapinski 16, L. Paul 19, Horlick 12, Fiebrantz 16.

South Side Gun Club.

The prosperous South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, held its eighteenth annual meeting Jan. 4, and elected the following officers: President, William C. Holtz; Secretary, F. J. Holtz; Treasurer, C. W. Milbreth; Director for three years, Thos. N. Draught. A special meeting of the club will be held Jan. 25, at which time disposition will be made of about \$2,000 in season prizes for the ensuing year.

Piqua Shoot.

Piqua, O., has no gun club, but is anxious to organize one. A number of the local sportsmen held a live-bird shoot New Year's Day, making the following scores:

Total birds.	Killed.	Total birds.	Killed.		
W C Wooten.....	20	14	W H Grapes.....	10	7
G W Lorimer.....	21	13	H Hallock.....	10	7
J H Lorimer.....	20	10	J Brookhart.....	20	10
J Schomaker.....	18	6	C Grosch.....	20	8
G Kearns.....	12	2	G Haverman.....	10	5
R Hartley.....	10	3	Dr Funderburg.....	20	11
J Purcell.....	15	10	W Peters.....	8	5
E S Lorimer.....	10	4			

Oxford Gun Club.

Oxford Gun Club, of Kansas, held a live-bird shoot Jan. 5, and the entertainment being somewhat novel for that locality, attracted considerable attention. Scores:

Dave Miller 10, Cooley 12, Norris 6, D. B. Miller 6, Collins 9, E. Miller 8, Maggard 8, Bussard 7, Reed 6, Kelsey 7, Alley 5.

Sumner-Leeman at Galena.

At Galena, Kan., on Jan. 6, C. M. Sumner defeated H. D. Leeman with a score of 45 to 41 out of 50 targets, for the Wollgast medal, representing the target championship of southeast Kansas and southwest Missouri.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Waukegan, Ill.

The Waukegan Gun Club held its regular New Year's Day contests on the club grounds at Waukegan, Ill., Jan. 1, 1898, and while the attendance was not large, a general satisfaction prevailed among those present.

The weather was quite cold and snow covered the ground, though notwithstanding these elements they were kept warm in their work at the traps.

The best average of the day was won by C. Hoffman, with G. Thayer second, and H. A. Bangs only one point behind for third average.

Following are the scores, which were all 10-target events, known angles:

	Per cent		Per cent
Thayer... 10 7 8 .. 9 9 ..	56	Bangs.... 8 6 .. 10 ..	10 85
Kennedy. 8 7 7 6 8 5 7 63		Barton... .. 9 9 ..	8 6 80
Shults... 6 2 .. 3 ..	36	Smith... .. 3 5 5 5 45	
Effenger. 6 2 .. 4 5 ..	42	Stadfeldt. 1 ..	5 7 6 62
Frazier... 6 5 8 10 8 8 77		Graves... .. 7 ..	8 .. 75
Hofmann. 7 .. 9 9 9 10 ..	88		

Audubon Gun Club's December Shoot.

Through some mistake the scores made by the members of the Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, at its December shoot, were not sent out correctly to the papers. In order that all errors may be rectified, the following accurate report of the scores made on that occasion are given below:

Club event:
Gillespie, 2.....100022122111122-12-2-14
Felton, 2.....022121120222212-13-2-15
Bissell, 2.....1202222222222-14-2-15
Frothingham, 0.....12122202222122-14-0-14
Rice, 3.....22200211212102-12-3-15
Amberg, 2.....01121212222222-12-2-15
Morris, 4.....210221221220002-11-4-15
Hollester, 2.....2111101211111-14-2-15

Morris and Hollester being tied for the November shoot, they shot off that tie, as well as the tie in the above shoot, in the following shoot-off:

Morris, 4.....212210200012221-11-4-15
Hollester, 2.....111212220121111-14-2-15
Felton, 2.....012221212221020-12-2-14
Bissell, 2.....200220
Rice, 3.....0221100
Amberg, 2.....012010

Second tie:
Morris, 4.....121101021201220-11-4-15
Hollester, 2.....2111101211111-14-2-15

Third tie:
Morris, 4.....002222200202121-9-4-13
Hollester, 2.....1112112011111-14-2-15

Thus Hollester wins both the November and December shoots.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—The Nottor Gun Club held its weekly shoot on the club grounds, corner Archer and Kedzie avenues, Chicago, on the 9th inst., and it was attended by a fair number, considering the day, which was misty in atmosphere and wet under foot.

The club announces that it will give a grand prize masquerade and ball, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, at Farking's Hall, 3012 Archer ave., and extends invitation to all members of Cook county clubs.

The next regular shoot of the club will be held on the 23d of this month.

Following are the scores. The race is 25 targets for Du Pont prize:

Wm Wharrie.....	111010011110111101011110-18
G Nottor, Jr.....	1111010111111111111111011-21
A Pugh.....	1111110101111101001111-20
M J Auer.....	110101101111111111110111-20
L Cooper.....	011101110001110101011-17
W Pugh.....	001101110010100001011-14
L Williams.....	01110001010101000110000-11
G Nottor, Sr.....	11101010011100011101111-18
F Nottor.....	1010111100011111111111-20
C Vorkeller.....	100000101000111001100-12
W Skillin.....	0111101101110000011101-16

Jan. 8.—There was a good attendance of shooters at Watson's Park to-day. Among the number were Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia. The day was fairly warm, with a soft sunlight, while the breeze was from the right quarter.

The ladies, De Maris and Neta, are availing themselves of every opportunity to become proficient with the shotgun, and are to be seen at the park with their guns and shells nearly every week. Neta seems to do better work at live-bird shooting than her husband, who taught her how to shoot. The records for to-day are:

Shot at.	Scored.	Shot at.	Scored.		
F H Carson.....	41	34	Neta.....	20	11
H Brunt.....	41	29	C M Grimm.....	15	14
F S Rice.....	37	21	Dr Shaw.....	15	12
F Gilbert.....	35	34	Comley.....	10	10
Abbott.....	32	21	Goodrich.....	10	7
Hollester.....	30	21	Fish.....	10	7
Dr Miller.....	25	20	De Maris.....	10	5
E Bingham.....	20	18	Dr Carson.....	10	4
R B Carson.....	20	16	Shilling.....	6	2

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—The following are scores of practice shoot at live birds held at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Jan. 10:

Shot at.	Killed.	Shot at.	Killed.		
Fred Gilbert.....	50	49	Glover.....	25	22
Goodwin.....	27	10			
Jan. 11:					
Ed Fox.....	50	39	Goodwin.....	25	16
Ed Bingham.....	50	28	Dr Shaw.....	38	33
Fred Gilbert.....	50	49	Neta.....	12	5
Jan. 12:					
John Glover.....	30	21	Goodwin.....	25	22
R W Wright.....	50	39	Lee.....	20	11
Amberg.....	25	22	Hunt.....	20	9

Friday, Jan. 14:
T. Harrison.....22020021110122110221012221222121012221021210120-54
Leader.....2212221212122111112221211011021222221112122202-47
Ed Fox.....2121212121101121212220123012222212122011021-15
E Mark.....20110002110021002010122221202-19

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular monthly live-bird contest for medals at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Saturday, Jan. 15. The day opened with a continuous fall of light rain, with snow, and it was generally expected that the attendance would be light on this account, but all were agreeably disappointed and surprised to find the number of participants equal in average with those on days of shoots formerly held, when the conditions were more favorable.

The ground was covered with snow, the sky overcast with slight quartering wind; consequently light-colored birds were at times difficult to find in sighting over the gun barrels, but while the birds of to-day were more mixed and were not as hard as in the previous shoot, some good kills were made. Among those who participated as our guests were Jessie Pumphrey, of Columbus, O., and Lou Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Dr. Shaw and De Maris, of this city.

The following are detailed scores of the classified medal contest. 10 live birds, 30yds. rise:

Hoyt.....	2220111111-9	I. H. Goodrich.....	2222220022-8
E S Rice.....	22212220-8	C Antoine.....	2122201221-9
F P Lord.....	12121222-10	J Glover.....	1222212122-10
Ed Steck.....	202122221-9	Neta.....	12020220-6
A C Patterson.....	2112201212-9	L Willard.....	10112101-8
C C Hess.....	2222202120-8	F Smith.....	121122212-10
Dr Miller.....	121021222-9	Gas Houston.....	222022122-9
*Pumphrey.....	222101211-9	G W Prickett.....	200122222-8
R B Carson.....	021202202-7	Mrs Dr Shaw.....	122100000-4
Dr C W Carson.....	0111010122-7	*E S Rice.....	121022222-9
*Hoyt.....	0220221220-7	Darlington.....	112110122-9
F P Stannard.....	210222202-7	Geo Airey.....	2102221221-9

* Indicates back score shot. † Indicates visitor.

Watson's Park.

John Watson announces that he will open his park at Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Jan. 22, 1898, to sweepstake and practice shooting, and any person attending may shoot in sweeps or for the price of birds.

He has been and will continue trapping birds in all practice and club shoots, at 15 cents per bird.

Stony Island Gun Club.

Jan. 15.—The Stony Island Gun Club, with grounds at Ninety-fifth street and Stony Island avenue, held its medal shoot to-day. The conditions were 25 targets, handicap allowance of misses as breaks. J. Porter won the medal with 19 breaks and 4 allowance, a total of 23

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 5.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONGRESS AND THE GAME.

SENATOR TELLER last week introduced his game measure to regulate the transportation of game. It is in effect the bill which was commented upon in our issue of Oct. 23, when we pointed out that as then worded it appeared to be based upon a mistaken premise that the individual States were powerless, because lacking constitutional authority, to enact and enforce non-export game laws. Doubtless Senator Teller has given careful consideration to this phase of the question, and has concluded that his bill comes within the jurisdiction of Congress. We are led to infer as much from the altered text. If it shall be demonstrated that Congress may thus give into the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission the regulation of traffic in game between the States, Senator Teller's measure will have a far-reaching influence in supplementing the non-export laws now on the statute books. Its enforcement will do more for game preservation than almost any other practicable expedient conceivable, for it will mean carrying out the principle of stopping the sale of game; and it will cut off from the New York, Boston and other markets their illicit supplies of deer, grouse and quail which are now transported in such tremendous volume, in violation of the laws of the States where the game is killed. We trust that Congress may take early action in the matter. The existence of such a law would give heart to the workers in the cause the country over. The full text of the measure follows:

S. 3257. In the Senate of the United States, Jan. 18, 1898, Mr. Teller introduced the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce: A Bill to regulate the shipment of wild game from one State to another:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company or other common carrier, or its officers, agents or servants, to receive for shipment or transportation, or for any person or corporation to ship or offer to any common carrier for shipment, from any place within any of the States or Territories of the United States or District of Columbia, to any place without any of the States or Territories of the United States or District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, for sale, for market, or for storage, any moose, elk, deer, buffalo or bison, caribou, antelope, mountain sheep or mountain goats, or any parts thereof, or any wild turkey, prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, sage hen, Mongolian or ring-neck pheasant, grouse, pheasant or partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, brant, swan, woodcock, snipe, rail, plover or other water-fowl; provided, that nothing herein contained shall prohibit the shipment of any wild game, animals or birds, or parts of the same, that may be expressly authorized or permitted by the laws of the State in and from which the shipment is made, if the same is conspicuously labeled "wild game," on which label shall be stated the kind and quantity of said wild game, animals or parts of the same, and the date and place of shipment, and the name or names of both the consignor and the consignee, a copy of which label shall be kept on file by the common carrier at the place from which said wild game, animals or birds, or parts of same, are shipped.

Sec. 2. That any person or corporation guilty of violating the provision of this section shall, upon conviction, be punished as provided in section 10 of the act to regulate interstate commerce; and the Interstate Commerce Commission is hereby given jurisdiction in the matter of the transportation of game as in other matters affecting traffic between the States.

FADS AND FIELD SPORTS.

TO THOSE creatures of spare money, idle moments, originality and energy called fads, some wise and useful, others silly and worthless, much credit is due for useful improvement in the wholesome diversions and recreations of social life, and in the improvement of the mechanics and arts, though there are people who consider all fads as being of idle purpose, frivolous things on which energy is frittered away, or on which both time and money are idly expended if the fads be expensive.

Nevertheless the restless genius of the faddist has done much for the progress of the world in general and for the sporting world in particular. He is often a pioneer in social or mechanical progress. He investigates and experiments and practices the fad which appeals to his peculiar bent of mind, though as in all other interests of life there will be a large part whimsical, or freakish, or useless, so far as public benefit is concerned.

Things novel and peculiar are generally considered as being fads, though they may possess genuine merit, and having it the public may be slow to give it recognition and approval; on the other hand, the public may go to an extreme in its enthusiasm and use of what at first was considered a fad, for it is a plodding world, one so from necessity and habit, moving in conventional channels and acting in set forms, so that it has but little time

for entertaining novelties which are not tried and proved useful; if the novelty is so proved, public approbation may go to excess.

The public, once it adopts a fad, makes a general use and application of it regardless of its special value in a limited field, and this is none the less true of the sporting world, in which fads flourish notably well. The use of full-choke guns, for instance, a few years since for all kinds of shooting, whether of open or covert, became general, and indeed has not yet entirely passed away, though the special fitness of the choke-bore and cylinder-bore guns in their special fields of usefulness are now better understood and recognized.

The swift and wide-ranging dog, of stylish dash, whose speed was at the highest whether working in open or covert, was a popular public fad for many years, and fashion decreed that such dogs, if setters, must be black, white and tan, and it happened that many well-bred setter puppies were killed for the one reason that they were not of that color. The back-wash of that silly fad still lingers. There are a few men who still believe or affect to believe that great pace is the proper thing for every kind of field shooting, regardless of conditions and intelligent adaptation of means to ends, and that black, white and tan constitute the only true and useful color.

To enumerate all the fads of the sporting world would be to make a minute criticism on the transformation stages of progress, yet out of all the fads something of permanent value has been contributed by each. However much a thing of true merit may be misapplied for a time, there is always a tendency to a recovery of sensible application and a resulting and lasting benefit from the thorough investigation and experience.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE German expression "What's loose?" has point now as to the business management of New York's fish and game interests. The Legislature has spent the sum of \$41,858.48 on the first annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forestry Commission, issued last year as the most expensive single volume ever published by the State, and probably by any State. And while the fortunate recipients of this \$42,000 work of art have been admiring its colored pictures, the Commission has been suspending from duty some of its most efficient game protectors, because there is no money in the treasury to pay them. Suits have been abandoned, perfectly good cases have been thrown up, law violators have been granted immunity, and breaking of the game laws goes on unchecked, because the money which the Legislature should have devoted to protective purposes has been squandered in needless expenditures. If the reports which are to follow are to be kept up to the expansive and expensive character of the last one, there will come a time when it will cost so much to report what has been done that there will be nothing left with which to do anything to be reported.

The deferring of action by the President as to the appointment of the individual who the other day sat himself down in the chair of the Commissioner, to see how the promised place would suit him, prompts indulgence of a hope that Mr. McKinley may have reconsidered his intention of delivering the United States Fish Commission over to an unworthy because ignorant and legally disqualified political appointee. This is to say that we trust that the President may yet resolve in this matter to take the only course which is open to him with honor and name for the place a person fitted by knowledge, acquirements and training to fill it. In such a momentous concern as this the Chief Executive should comply with the letter and the spirit of the statute. The law expressly says that the Commissioner shall be "a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries." It has been given out by Senator Elkins that his man has been for several months studying up on fishculture, and that he is bright and will soon learn; and therefore is qualified as the law directs. To have kept silence would have been a more decent course. Senator Elkins knows that studying up on fishculture in no way qualifies within the meaning of the law; he knows that the President knows this; and he knows that the President knows that the public knows it. To talk as he does about "reading up" is an insult to the President and an affront to the people. It is an insult to the President because its effect is to make the President a party

with him to the contemptuous derision and flouting of the law. Mr. McKinley may have made an injudicious promise of the Fish Commissionership to the West Virginia Senator, as Herod promised to the daughter of Herodias the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and like Herod, although regretting his oath, he may consider himself bound to fulfill it. He may feel himself under obligations, for personal reasons, to deliver over the Commission as spoils, but it is inconceivable that he should share the impudent flippancy exhibited by Mr. Elkins, and willingly be made to pose with him in any such biting of the thumb at the public.

When we have at Washington in the highest departments of the Government such examples of flagrant disregard of law and the people's rights in connection with fishing interests, we should not expect a high code of morals to govern mere private citizens who are prompted by greed to defy the game laws. There is really little distinction in morals between the Fish Commission grabbing by a United States Senator and the Jackson's Hole elk grabbing by a New York speculator in live game. The only remedy in either case is the arousing of a public sentiment which shall protest so vigorously that the grabbers may be frightened into dropping their plunder, and those in authority may be frightened into doing their plain duty. In letters just received from Jackson's Hole correspondents tell us that prompted by the protests the FOREST AND STREAM has made against the unlawful capture and shipping of elk from the valley, petitions have been circulated, public sentiment expressed, and such agitation made as promises to put an end to the illicit traffic. It appears that Manager Glidden of the Moose Head Ranch, in addition to having secured from the authorities special permission to violate the laws of the State, succeeded in some way in having himself appointed a deputy game warden—a delightful modern instance of the fox made gooseherd. This was too much for the Jackson people, who united in a petition to the Governor, praying that the Glidden special permits to violate the anti-elk-shipping law might be revoked and his commission as deputy game warden rescinded. It was pointed out that he was not a resident of the State, and that a person who was engaged in the capture of live game for export might be assumed under the ordinary processes of the human composition to administer his office in a way more useful to him and his game enterprises than to the people of Wyoming. Protest and petition have done their work. It was currently reported at the Sportsmen's Exposition last week that papers were served upon Mr. Glidden in the Madison Square Garden, canceling both his warden commission and his special permit to violate the Wyoming game law. Whether the papers were served is immaterial, since a sentiment has been aroused in Jackson's Hole which is not likely to permit further illegal export of game.

When one comes to think of it, what a travesty it is that the Governor of Wyoming should be among the signers of a call for a national sportsmen's association, with headquarters in far-away New York. Here is the executive of a Western State, by whose consent or in contempt of whose authority a live game speculator succeeds in open, advertised and boastfully heralded violation of the laws; here is an executive who cannot or does not protect the game in his own State, assuming to shoulder with others the easier task of protecting the game of the entire continent.

We print elsewhere Secretary Arthur F. Rice's report of the formation of a League of American Sportsmen. The programme calls for a national organization, with State divisions, game wardens, secretary-treasurers and deputy wardens in every county of every State, who are to be awarded \$10 for every conviction secured, the funds for this purpose to come presumably from the membership fee of a dollar, exacted of everybody except ministers and teachers. Estimates have been published that the organization will have \$100,000 in the treasury the first year. The scheme is a beautiful one on paper. There is perennial glamour about this visionary plan of a national sportsmen's association. But no practical accomplishment has ever been achieved by any of the movements of this kind, further than to promote personal interests of individuals connected with them. There is no reason to believe that in this respect the new organization will differ from the others.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Idyl of the Marsh.

FAR as the vision extends the widespread marsh stretches outward, Level, without any break, and dotted thickly with tule.

Sometimes, so quiet and calm, a peaceful scene it is truly:
Cattle are grazing about, all eating succulent rushes;
Wildfowl now cleaving the air on swiftly vibrating pinions,
Now, with their sturdy wings set, they quickly drop to the water
Shining below them in ponds, where lush the smart-weed is grow-
ing.

Naught to be heard save the call a flock of geese in the distance
Give, as they wheel through the air, in slowly narrowing circles.

Then, when the wild tempest howls, and strident Boreas blusters,
Scurrying clouds overhead, and sending cattle to shelter,
Over the noise of the storm the flute-like call of the widgeon
Causes a thrill of delight, and warms the heart of the gunner
Who, in his blind by the pond, is snug and warily hidden,
Chafing his hands to keep warm (the sun has newly but risen).

Out on the water close by, as though but quietly feeding,
Floats there the flock of decoys, all painted, hollow, unheeding;
Though they bring death to their kind, who, trust the fine old drake
leading,

Swing in too close to the blind. Alas! for drake and his fellow.
Sharp cracks the nitro; and then, with paddles franticly fanning,
There, on their backs, lie the drakes, with green heads limp on the
water.

Happy the fowler is then, and softly smooths out the feathers;
Watching, alert all the while, lest, haply, others are passing.

Lone there he is with his dog, a brave brown spaniel so faithful,
Stanch, and a true little friend, who loves the voice of his master.

Note now the hoot of the owl; the distant whistle of widgeon;
Raucous the voice of the crane; the trump of swan passing over.
Hoarse is the voice of the fowl; their gabble loud and unceasing;
Eerie the voice of the marsh, yet dear to every fowler.

CULPEPPER.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

How the Doctor Shot his Deer.

"ISN'T that a beauty!" exclaimed the Doctor, as he pulled the expensive new repeater from its case and laid it across his knee. "I bought this for the express purpose of killing a deer this trip. I've been coming up to this country every fall for three years, and while you fellows invariably get your mutton, the only real good shot I've had, the darned old rifle you loaned me to shoot with wouldn't work. Just give me a glimpse of a deer, and if it's a fair show, Paul, the gun's yours if I don't get my meat."

Paul Tebo, the half-blood Chippewa Indian to whom this was principally addressed, had been cook and guide for our regular fall outing party for several years, and his eyes sparkled as he handled the costly firearm. "You see, you get chance this time sure! Deer plenty this fall; you want more give me gun if you get deer than if you don't," he replied, as he laced up his cruiser boots preparatory to starting out on the day's hunt. As Paul had said, the deer were plenty, but the Doctor's luck was against him, as usual, for the deer seldom took the run-way he was stationed on, and although he caught occasional glimpses of their white flags flitting over the clearings or through the woods, they disappeared before he could get a shot. He heard his companions' rifles speak many times, often followed by an exultant shout, but not once did that new rifle come into use. The last day of our stay was at hand. Seven deer had been killed by the party, and the Doctor swore a good, round oath that he would never, never come to Wisconsin on a hunting trip again.

"You want deer bad, I get you one sure," said Paul. "How in thunder can I when we break camp at day-break!" roared the man of pills. "Here you've put me on the best runways and given me every possible chance. I tell you I'm hoodooed. A deer won't come within a thousand rods of me, no use talking; I'll shoot porcupines after this, even if I know a deer is coming toward me."

"Never mind; come with me after supper, and I show you," said Paul, as he placed a partridge stew on the table. Accordingly, about 7 o'clock, with our heavy coats, as it grew dark early this time of the year and the nights were cold, the Doctor, Tebo and myself set off through the woods back of the camp. We were rather mystified, as Tebo carried no headlight and was very noncommittal—a habit of his when his mind was set on a fixed purpose.

Across a deep ravine, through an old chopping and over a small hill, we followed the trail with only the dim outlines of Tebo to guide us along—the Doctor, with his 220lbs. avoirdupois, stumbling heavily every few rods; as he would catch his feet in the tangled underbrush, grunting and occasionally muttering his regrets at having started on such an unheard of expedition. At last, panting with the brisk pace set by the guide, we arrived at a small clearing of about one acre. Here our suspense as to the modus operandi of getting the Doctor a deer was ended. Strong cleats nailed for a ladder on a large pine were to be seen, and enabled us with mighty hauling and boosting to get the Doctor to a small platform built on three projecting branches about 20ft. from the ground. The Doctor rubbed his barked shins and carefully tested the platform before daring to squat down between Tebo and myself, and rest his broad back against the main trunk of the tree.

A short distance in the clearing from our station an old log, bored with many holes, was soon revealed to us by the moon, which now was rising in silent splendor over the black foliage, and lit up the near surroundings with its mellow light.

The black earth around the log was disturbed, showing the deer lick was well patronized, and that the salt from the log having been exhausted, the deer had torn up the dirt with their sharp feet to get at that which had been washed by the rains into the ground. Our silent vigil

began. An occasional whisper passed between us, but that was all.

Afar off a whippoorwill unceasingly called its mate. An hour passed—it seemed like five—my limbs were stiff—when, hark! the snap of a twig is heard, an animal makes its presence known. The Doctor reaches for the rifle, Tebo whispers something to him, and pulling back the trigger before he cocks the piece, so it will give forth no warning sound, hands it to the Doctor. Again the snap of a twig is heard, and this time near at hand. Although familiar with most kinds of hunting, this waiting in suspense so long after dark in the stillness of the forest has such an effect upon me that every pulsation of my heart, it seems, must alarm the approaching, unsuspecting deer. A low, guttural word is heard from Tebo, as what in the moonlight appears a bear, but in reality is a large porcupine, ambles across the clearing. The Doctor gives vent to a heavy sigh as he lowers the hammer of his rifle, and we settle ourselves for another long period of waiting.

I count the whippoorwill's repetition, to pass away the time. The last of my fingers is ready to register the hundredth tally making a thousand, when, again—hark! Was it a twig broken, or only my imagination? Tebo shifts the rifle to a handy position, and I knew it was animal life. The Doctor's chance must come soon, as the tall pines on the west of the clearing are commencing to throw their shadows toward the center, and soon the lick will be in darkness. Patience has its reward, and amply was I repaid for keeping such a cramped position for hours, by the sight that soon met my eyes. Something was moving in the undergrowth to the east, for it swayed a trifle as into the clearing and bright moonlight stepped a magnificent buck. Nature's bravest liar, the moon, may have been responsible for part of the deception, for I would have sworn it was an elk. Broad, spreading antlers, head erect and ears pushed forward he hesitated a moment and gave a whistle that was startling in the deathlike stillness. Had he scented us? Evidently not, or his craving for salt overcame any misgivings he may have had, for he worked his way toward the lick, halting every few steps and looking back for—yes, more. A sleek doe and half-grown fawn were timidly following. A family complete! The doe, with her dainty steps, and a caress of her offspring, showing her heart to be as tender as her haunch. Magnificent scenery and works of art sink into insignificance as I recall so vividly to my mind the scene as it appeared to me then. With wide-open eyes and mouth I had gazed, hardly daring to breathe, and utterly forgetful of my companions. The movement of Tebo, as he again noiselessly cocked the rifle and handed it to the Doctor, recalled me to my surroundings. I realized that mine was a passive part, and a quick feeling of gratitude filled me, that I was not expected to send a messenger of death into that noble family now ranged before the lick, side by side. Every smallest detail was apparent to me. The utter absence of fear in the deer, the gleam of triumph or anticipation in Tebo's face, the tremor of the Doctor's hand as he raised to his shoulder the new rifle that was now to fulfill its mission! His muscles were contracted and his arm now steady, when, slowly drawing the rifle back over his shoulder until the hammer was close to his eye, with a superhuman effort he cast it from him toward the deer and shouted at the top of his voice, "Bang!"

The rifle belongs to the Chippewa.

AUGUSTUS D. CURTIS.

Just About a Boy.—III.

"SAY, want to go 'n' git some wile honey?" said the boy one day in the fall, as he rode up to the barn door. "Know where they's a dandy tree juss full of honey. Found it up river yesterday when I was tinkerin' round there with the boat. Lots of squirrels up there too, 'n' we can have a reg'lar picnic if we start early. I'll go home and hitch up, 'n' you get ready, will yeh?"

"Yes, I guess I can fix it," I answered. "You get your things together and be back in an hour, and I will be ready."

"All right," he said, and was away like the wind on his black pony, a little beast that seemed to enjoy the boy's company as well as I did, by the way.

In an hour he drove up to the gate, and a drive of eight miles brought us to the creek a half mile west of the river and opposite the point we wished to reach on the main road.

Here we stopped, and began to get ready for our walk. I was busy putting together what we wanted, and did not notice the boy for a few minutes, during which time he had unhitched the pony and dragged the pony up by the fence, out of the way of passing teams. Then the pony was stripped and a halter with a picket line attached put on him and the other end anchored to the fence, so he could feed without reaching the road.

Then I saw a queer proceeding. The boy took the buggy cushion, whip, harness and everything movable out of the buggy and piled them in a heap. Next he took his big belt knife and went to a thick patch of sumac bushes that grew about waist high on the other side of the road. Carefully he cut away these bushes in spots, cutting the stems close to the ground and piling the bushes carefully at one side. When he had several little clearings made in the thicket, he brought the harness and other things over and deposited them, a few in each place that he had cleared.

I stood silently watching him, and he turned and saw me.

"Got to hide this truck," he remarked. "If I didn't, somebody 'd steal it while we wuz gone; so I juss fix it so they never know it's here."

While he said this he was dropping the bushes back where they had stood before, each one upright as it had grown, and looking as though it had never been disturbed. Where they showed an inclination to lop over, he stuck one or two into the ground and let them support the others.

"Come on," he said, when he had finished. "Less get some squirrels." I glanced back at the little thicket now growing as it had been before, apparently, and I could

not but admire the young mind that had figured out so easily that no one would ever think of looking under a growing thicket for plunder.

His protection and reliance were in nature, and he knew nature's features so well that he counterfeited naturalness, and knew the human animals who might pass that way would never know the difference, that his cut-off bushes would not wilt before we got back, and that he would find his property just as safe as though under lock and key.

We climbed the fence and wandered among a growth of oak and "pig nut" trees until a squirrel scurried up a big oak, and then something else happened.

I had always circled a tree when two were hunting squirrels in company, but the boy said: "Hol' on, I'll show you how I get 'em when I'm alone."

He picked up a piece of a broken limb and walked to within 30 or 40ft. of the tree, then cocked his shotgun and held it in his left hand. With the other he hurled the stick as far as he could on the opposite side of the tree, and before it struck the ground he had his gun at his shoulder waiting for the squirrel.

When the limb struck the dead leaves it made a racket on the ground, and the squirrel swung around the trunk on our side. Instantly there was a flash, and down he came, dead as a mackerel.

"Yeh see, the squirrel gets scared at the noise 'n' pops around the tree, watchin' back, 'n' never stops to think about th' man 'at he saw comin' when he run up there," said the boy as he gathered up his kill and put up its head through a loop of string on his belt. "They ain't got a lick o' sense, anyhow," he continued. "Now you see that bunch o' leaves over 'n' that little oak with the grapevine in? Well, that's a summer's nest, 'n' most likely we'll find a squirrel there. He ain't got sense enough to run when he hears the gun. Less go 'n' get him."

We went to the tree indicated, and the boy said: "Now you get ready 'n' I'll get him up."

I stood back, and the boy walked to the vine, jerked it sharply two or three times, and, sure enough, out popped a squirrel, which fell to my gun.

We wandered through the woods until late in the afternoon, killing several squirrels and some quail, but I saw no sign of bees or a bee tree, so I finally asked him where his bees were.

"O, 'cros't the river. We won't bother 'em till dark, 'cause we don't want to kill 'em, and they'd sting us plenty in daylight," he answered. "I'll show you how I work the trick when it gets dark, so less go back to the wagon 'n' get the things 'n' a bite to eat. Won't take long to get the honey when the time comes, 'n' we got to take the axe 'n' pails when we go, 'n' we'll leave our game at the wagon."

When darkness came we got the honey—but that is another story for another day.

EL COMANCHO.

Newfoundland.

Man hath no power in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells; and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For the magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rivals the constellations!

—W. C. Bryant.

SOME of the great dailies of the American continent have lately got into the habit of referring to our island as the "sportsman's paradise." This is a very appropriate title, as nowhere is there greater sport to be had for either rod or rifle, and for many years to come it will be the favorite resort of those sportsmen who are fast learning of our advantages in this respect.

Here we have a large island (the tenth largest on the globe), about 42,000 square miles in extent, and from the nature of its soil and climate affording food and cover for numberless herds of caribou and other large game, not to talk of the countless flocks of birds, both indigenous and migratory, including ptarmigan or wood partridge, plover, curlew, snipe, wild geese, black duck, and an endless variety of sea birds.

If it be considered that it is only very recently that the interior of the island has been opened up, and that our small population has lived along the waterline since the settlement of the country—over 300 years ago—and that up to very lately there was not a single village five miles from the salt water, the reason that our game has gone on increasing and multiplying will be very apparent. The great bulk of our people by the very nature of their occupation were debarred from taking any part in the pleasures of the chase, and further the man who had killed a hundred or two quintals of codfish and caught many of them by hand, or who had "trode the bloody pans" and fought dog-hoods and old harp seals, with an occasional polar bear, lost his relish for the smaller and milder game that the sportsmen effect. Hence it is that up to very recently generations of caribou, reindeer and other game lived within a few miles of man's habitation, fulfilled the laws of their existence and passed away without ever having seen a human being.

But all this has of late been changed. The last few years we have seen in St. Johns—the chief town of the island—choice venison selling for a few cents per pound. It has been so plentiful at times during late years that it could not be disposed of at any price, till it was unfit for human food and was then thrown over the wharves. A celebrated case happened a year or two ago when a man up the west coast of the island was prosecuted by the authorities for selling venison to the French for bait for the carrying on of the codfishery. Fortunately this indiscriminate slaughter took place near the sea coast and not in the interior of the island, and it only took place at the season when the herds were on their annual migrations north or south, so that it is safe to assume that while the immense deer parks in the interior have as yet remained undisturbed, on the whole the great bulk of the caribou and reindeer have come to no harm. Now that the railway runs through the interior and opens up miles of country till now inaccessible, the Legislature has enacted the necessary

legislation prohibiting the wholesale slaughter of our game.

For years this has been a "close preserve" for a few English naval officers and their friends, and while they enjoyed first-class sport the country reaped very little benefit, and in one notable instance the country, its climate, resources and even the very game that afforded such sport year after year were all basely libelled in the leading English newspapers by one who had received nothing but the warmest hospitality from our people. Just now the eyes of the outside world are being opened to our magnificent resources, and during the next few years we will certainly have increasing numbers of tourists visiting our shores.

The great trouble heretofore has been the expense of visiting the island, added to which was the uncertainty of the means of transit and the dreaded sea voyage, with its accompaniments of danger from fog and ice. These difficulties are completely obviated, or at least minimized, by the splendid facilities now at hand. With a tri-weekly connection with the neighboring continent—the palace steamship Bruce covering the distance in about five hours—and with railway accommodations of the latest and most approved style, including Pullman palace, dining and sleeping cars, and all this at very reasonable rates, a great influx of the wealthy and leisure classes, both of America and Great Britain, will certainly take place during the next few years.

The climate in summer when tempered by the balmy sea breezes is bracing and health-giving, and when compared with the torrid heat of countries in the same latitude in America and Europe, the wonder is that thousands of health and pleasure-seekers have not sought it long ago. The scenery is such as the poet sings of in our opening quotation, and nowhere will you find a nobler or a lovelier scene than this.

Vast deer parks there are in the interior as yet untrod-den by the foot of man. The rivers and lakes teem with the gamiest salmon and large mud and salt-water trout, and visitors invariably testify that the people are kind and hospitable. The rate of living is comparatively low. And "when the wind sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime, as when some master hand exulting sweeps the keys of some great organ," and "the trees give forth the music of the woodland depths, a hymn of gladness and of thanks," then may Newfoundland be not inaptly styled the "sportsman's paradise." W. J. CARROLL.

Evening on the James.

LIGHT air, barely sufficient to give steerage way, wafts the yacht over the waters.

Wing-and-wing, she glides smoothly onward, the main sheet just skimming the surface, shattering the clear-cut reflection of boom and sail into crinkling fragments as it trails.

At intervals comes a puff of renewed energy, to which the canvas responds, swinging the boom ponderously forward, to bring up suddenly with heavy jar and rattle of tackle, as it snaps the trailing ropes from the water.

For an instant I catch the glisten of bright drops flung from the now tense and rigid sheet. Anon it is sagging, the boom swings slowly back, till presently a soft purling tells me it is trailing again.

We are slipping quietly along to our anchorage, within a stone's throw of the ruins of the old church at Jamestown.

No one speaks, the scene is too lovely for word-disturbance.

Cap leaves the wheel to join me at the rail, where together we watch the sunset.

The western sky is aflame with color, the farther shore, with its heavy fringe of cypress, standing out inky black below.

Abreast of us the island is bathed in a flood of mellow orange that touches and glows here and there upon the huge trunks of the forest trees. Somewhere among the tangled vines that hang above the quiet graves near the ruins a cardinal lingers to flute a vesper hymn.

His clear notes, crisp and true, ring on the still air, and lend such exquisite charm to the evening stillness that when they cease our breathing seems to have insensibly deepened.

"Forward there?" Cap's voice startles me with its sudden inquiry.

"Ready, sir!" comes the response.

A pause as the echoes die—

"Let go!" and the anchor plunges to rest.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Natural History.

Gift to Yale University.

At a meeting of the corporation of Yale University, held Jan. 13, Prof. O. C. Marsh formally presented to the University the valuable scientific collections belonging to him, and now and for a long time in the Peabody Museum. The collections thus presented—six in number—are described by Prof. Marsh in his letter to the corporation as follows:

"These various collections, now deposited in the Peabody Museum in New Haven, include six of special importance, which may be briefly described as follows:

"(1) The Collection of Vertebrate Fossils.—This is the most important and valuable of all, as it is very extensive, contains a very large number of type specimens, many of them unique, and is widely known from the descriptions already published. In extinct mammals, birds and reptiles of North America this series stands pre-eminent.

"This collection was pronounced by Huxley, who examined it with care in 1876, to be surpassed by no other in the world. Darwin, in 1878, expressed a strong desire to visit America for the sole purpose of seeing this collection. Since then it has been more than doubled in size and value, and still holds first rank. The bulk of this collection has been secured in my Western explorations, which have extended over a period of nearly

thirty years, during which I have crossed the Rocky Mountains twenty-seven times.

"(2) The Collection of Fossil Footprints.—These specimens are mainly from the Connecticut Valley, and thus have a special local interest. They also form one of the most extensive and complete collections of the kind in this country, if not the most valuable of all.

"(3) The Collection of Invertebrate Fossils.—This includes a large number of interesting specimens from many formations and localities, both in this country and in Europe. Some of these fossils I collected myself, but the greater number were secured by purchase. Among the series of specimens especially valuable may be mentioned several thousand from the famous Mazon Creek locality in Illinois; a very extensive collection of crinoids from Crawfordsville in Indiana; the largest collection of nearly entire trilobites yet discovered, and one of the rarest series of Silurian sponges known, including important type specimens.

"(4) The Collection of Recent Osteology.—This is believed to be the most complete collection in this country for purposes of study. I have made special efforts for many years to secure the skeletons of rare existing vertebrates from every part of the world, particularly of mammals, birds and reptiles. The collection is especially rich in anthropoid apes, the gorillas being represented by no less than thirteen individuals, and the other genera by rare characteristic specimens.

"(5) The Collection of American Archeology and Ethnology.—This collection is the best in the country in several branches of the science, being particularly rich in Central American antiquities, several thousand specimens in number and many of them unique. Some of these I obtained myself in Central America, and among the others is the famous de Zeltner collection, rich in gold ornaments, which I secured by purchase. The specimens from Mexico are also of great interest, and the series is a representative one. It includes the well-known Skilton collection.

"(6) The Collection of Minerals.—This is a limited collection, but contains many valuable specimens, among them probably the most interesting series known of Nova Scotian zeolites. These were mainly collected by myself before I graduated at Yale during six expeditions to Nova Scotia.

"The three principal collections in the above series, numbered 1, 4 and 5, have practically no other representatives at Yale, and hence their importance to this institution.

"Besides the six main collections named, I have several others of less value, which include fossil plants, casts of fossils, geological specimens, and recent zoological material. There also are deposited in the Peabody Museum, and are covered by the present deed of gift."

It has long been known that it was Prof. Marsh's intention ultimately to present these invaluable collections to the University, and this has now been done, subject only to certain conditions, of which the most important are these:

"(1) The scientific collections I now give to Yale University shall be kept in the Peabody Museum building or in additions thereto equally safe from fire.

"(2) During my life these collections shall remain as now under my supervision and control, available for my own investigation and description, or for the work of others designated by me.

"(3) At my decease, and forever after, these collections shall be under the charge of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum and their successors, and in the special custody of curators recommended by them and appointed by the corporation of Yale University.

"(4) The type specimens and others of special importance in these collections shall not be removed from the museum building. Less valuable specimens, however, especially duplicates, may be so removed by vote of the trustees of the museum."

There is probably nowhere in the world any collection of vertebrate fossils which is so rich as that which Prof. Marsh has brought together in thirty years of work and at a cost of a sum of money that is to be reckoned not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Among the forms best known may be mentioned the series of fossils illustrating the genealogy of the horse, as made out by Prof. Marsh and accepted by Prof. Huxley, who used it as the basis of his New York lectures; (2) the birds with teeth, nearly 200 individuals, described in Prof. Marsh's monograph "Odontornithes"; (3) the gigantic dinocerata, several hundred in number; eocene mammals described in his monograph on this group; (4) the brontotheriidae, huge miocene mammals, some two hundred in number; (5) pterodactyles, over 600 in number; (6) the mosasaurs or cretaceous sea serpents, represented by more than 1,500 individuals; (7) a large number of dinosaurian reptiles, some of gigantic size. Besides these are various other groups of mammals, birds and reptiles, most of them including unique specimens.

It is well known that to Prof. Marsh Yale University owes its Peabody Museum, the gift of George Peabody, Marsh's uncle, as well as thirty years of enthusiastic unpaid service as Professor of Paleontology, and it is natural that a man who has done so much for the University should now do still more. It was Prof. Marsh who thirty years ago had the genius to discover, to grasp the full meaning of and to thoroughly exploit the rich fossil-bearing fields of the trans-Missouri region, and the vertebrate fossils now given to Yale University have come in large measure from these fields.

New Southwestern Mammals.

IN Vol. XX. of the "Proceedings of the United States National Museum" Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, of the U. S. Army, publishes two papers giving preliminary descriptions of the new mammals collected during the recent survey of the boundaries between United States and Mexico. The advance sheets of the first of these papers were issued Jan. 12, 1897, and of the second Feb. 11, 1897. In the first paper are described two new subspecies of *Lynx rufus* under the names respectively *eremicus* and *californicus*. The former of these inhabits the eastern and western desert tracts on the Mexican line, the latter

the Pacific coast tract of California and lower California. Two subspecies of gray fox are also described, a new species of skunk (*Spilogale ambigua*) and a new subspecies (*Mephitis occidentalis holzneri*) conclude the first paper.

The second opens with a description of a new species of skunk (*Mephitis milleri*) from Arizona. *Dorcaphus crooki* is a new species of blacktail deer, which, from the description, one would imagine to be nearly related to *D. columbianus*. Dr. Mearns regards the animal as showing a compromise between the characteristics of the whitetail and the mule deer. A new subspecies of mule deer (*D. h. eremicus*) is described from the most arid portion of Sonora, Mexico. It is remarkable for its size and for the heavy and divergent beams of its antlers. A new subspecies of peccary (*D. a. sonoriensis*) is described from Sonora, Mexico.

Menagerie Notes.

IT is learned with great regret by all interested in menageries that the Zoological Garden Co., of Cincinnati, has failed and gone into the hands of a receiver. These gardens have been well known for a good many years, and were long managed with remarkable success by our correspondent Mr. Frank Thompson, eminent as a collector of wild animals, and as a field naturalist. Under Mr. Thompson's administration the gardens, viewed from the naturalist's standpoint, were strikingly successful, but since he left them things have been going from bad to worse, until the present climax has been reached.

Mr. Thompson's interesting contributions to FOREST AND STREAM on the capture of wild animals in Africa and the adventures which he met with while engaged in this pursuit are no doubt still remembered by many of our readers. His sketches were always graphic and full of interest.

The last week or ten days have been notable in two menageries in and near New York for the birth of wild animals. In the collection in Central Park two tiny grizzly bears were born about the 15th of this month, but unfortunately neither survived. It was different with four lion cubs born in Mr. Starin's menagerie in Glen Island, which at last accounts were said to be doing well.

Game Bag and Gun.

Megantic Club Banquet.

THE Megantic Fish and Game Club and their guests filled the dining hall of the Copley Square Hotel last Saturday evening to repletion. The occasion was the annual banquet of the club, which the sportsmen of Boston, and in fact many other localities, have been looking forward to with anticipation for a long time. The company marched into the banquet hall at 7:30 P. M., and very soon after were engaged in an attack on the appetizing solids and dainties before them. Daggett's orchestra played all the popular songs, and the company were not slow in joining an excellent quartette in the choruses. Myron W. Whitney, the well-known basso, sang the "Three Fishers," which was received with thundering encore. The decorations were very pretty and suggestive. Back of President Arthur W. Robinson were draped two beautiful flags, with a magnificent elk head, and a giant eagle did guard duty. Around the hall suspended from the walls were thirty or forty pairs of caribou antlers. At the lower end of the room a great moose head stared at the company and listened to the proceedings with apparent interest.

The invited guests of the club were: Col. H. A. Thomas, postmaster of the city of Boston; Hon. John L. Bates, speaker of the Massachusetts House; Col. Benj. S. Lovell, Mr. Horace G. Rockwell, Mr. Godfrey Morse, Mr. E. Noyes Whitcomb, president of the Englewood Fish and Game Club; Rev. E. C. Butler, of Quincy, and Mr. E. W. Gleason, of New York city.

At 9:30 o'clock the dinner was over, chairs were pushed back, cigars lighted, and the company prepared to do homage to the feast of oratory which was to follow. President Robinson complimented the club on its prosperity during the past years, stating that the result of good management and economy had reduced the club indebtedness to the amount of \$1,700; the full limit of 300 members had been reached a long time ago. He also mentioned the success which has attended the hatching of fish at Big Island Pond, saying that 85,000 trout and 50,000 salmon had been liberated during 1897. Over 200 members and guests had visited the preserve last year. After reading letters of regret from the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, he introduced Postmaster Thomas, who put the company in good humor by several amusing stories. The postmaster took advantage of the opportunity to speak of the proposed reduction of the force of letter-carriers, and spoke in condemnation of such a course. He congratulated the club on its success, and regretted that he was not a sportsman himself.

Speaker Bates followed with an eloquent speech, referring to the great area of the club's preserve, its game and fish, and excellent membership. He also spoke of the game and fish laws of Massachusetts, the introduction of the Mongolian pheasants, and touched on many subjects which seemed to interest the assembled sportsmen greatly.

After a "sleight of hand" performance by one of the actors of Keith's Theater, President Robinson introduced the Hon. Godfrey Morse, who was followed by Col. Benj. S. Lovell, Mr. Martine, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Rev. E. C. Butler. The last speaker of the evening was E. W. Gleason, of New York city. This gentleman was a favorite at last year's dinner, when he made a very eloquent speech. His remarks were therefore awaited with interest, and proved that the silver tongue was still equal to an occasion of the kind, for his descriptions of experiences in the woods, what he had learned there, and the benefits of a life of that kind were realistic in the extreme.

Mr. Gleason's speech ended the evening's ceremonies in fitting style, and shortly after the club members and their guests adjourned not to meet again around the banquet board until another annual dinner and its accompanying features were ready to be enjoyed.

MEGANTIC.

Maine and Non-Residents.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 15 is the report of the annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, and as I was born in good old Oxford county, State of Maine, and spent many years of my life there, and for the past thirty-one years I have never failed to visit my native State, I have kept in touch with its changes, its prosperities and its adversities, and certainly there is not a member of the Maine Sportsmen's Association who is more interested in the action, the arguments and the final outcome of its recommendations than I am. I have no selfish nor pecuniary motives which actuate me, and as I am already on the "down-hill of life," I cannot expect long to be benefited or injured by whatever legislation these law-makers see fit to make; but I must offer a protest to some of the remarks and to some of the propositions put forth by some members of the Association. They are unbecoming Maine sportsmen.

First.—The secretary, Mr. Farrington, suggests a tax on a non-resident hunter. If he only hunts in Blanchard, his native town, he pays nothing, but if he goes up to Monson and shoots a partridge he must go and find a game warden somewhere (perhaps down to Bangor) and give him \$1. Then perchance if it is open season and he runs on to a deer and by a lucky shot kills it he must go and find the warden again and pay another tax of \$2.

Second.—Hon. A. M. Spear has got a scheme by which he is going to soak us poor non-resident sportsmen and cover us not with "immortal glory," but with licenses, and is not content until he insults the carcass of the poor dead deer by covering them also. Neither Mr. Farrington nor Mr. Spear say whether it will cost \$1.25 for every \$1 they collect by these licenses, but that will come near it.

When I read Senator Engel's speech I wanted to shake him by the hand, for there is a man who has got Maine's game interest at heart.

There must in all contracts be at least two parties involved. Here is the State of Maine on one side and the non-resident sportsmen on the other. Which party is the most interested the State of Maine or the sportsmen? Which can get along without the other best?

The State of Maine has a Klondike within her forests and streams, which exacts not \$1 of its capital in its working.

The sum of \$8,000,000, Senator Engel tells you, there was turned into the State broadcast, and every town, village, yea household, was benefited by it, and yet Mr. Spear thinks "York and Cumberland counties should not be taxed for the game appropriation, as they receive no benefit."

I have a neighbor who has spent nearly six months of every year for the past eighteen years in his camps on the shore of Richardson Lake, and who has spent thousands of dollars in the State of Maine while fishing and gunning, and whose camps and outfits cost him \$3,000. He says "when he is obliged to go and ask for a license, be the fee ever so small, he will go to his Maine camps but once more, and then to sell or burn them."

I have sent to Maine during the thirty-one years I have lived here in Massachusetts perhaps fifty men, and some have taken their wives with them. They go for the scenery and its fish and game, more especially perhaps fish and game; but when there is a license to be obtained, with the bother and necessary red tape attached, the scenery loses its charm, and they naturally say, "Good-by, old Maine; there are other places on this earth, perhaps not quite as good as Maine, but we'll risk it anyway."

Mr. Carlton advocates that every non-resident should "be obliged to hire a licensed guide." Then Mr. Carlton would oblige me if I wished to take my rifle and go up in the woods and sit down on my favorite log and watch for a possible shot, to have guide A, who when out fishing with me, and I suggested that a certain cove and inlet would be a good place in warm weather, volunteered the information that "that was the place where he got his deer for the house in the summer," and I must have him, for he was the only licensed guide, although there were from twelve to twenty hunters there, and he would rather go with me because I always sit down.

I think Mr. Carlton right when he says that the "guides hold the game question in the palms of their hands." They are all human, Mr. Carlton, and don't tempt them.

I spent nearly three weeks of September and October of 1897 at my favorite "place of rest," with my wife, and it cost me 120 good, hard-earned dollars, and I had a licensed guide only when I wanted one. I caught less than ten trout, I shot three partridges, and I fired two shots at an enormous buck (but didn't start a hair), yet I came home perfectly satisfied, and shall go again next year (provided I can do so without paying a license, I care not how small or how large it may be), then I am done; and I am authorized by my friends who went with me—and they cannot be counted on the fingers of both hands—to say that they too want no more of Maine's great gifts to her sportsmen on such terms.

Don't kill the fat goose which is laying you golden eggs, and insult the poor old bird by exacting of her a license fee for the privilege of laying those eggs, but look at this matter from a business standpoint.

If you have got to have money to protect your fish and game (and you surely have), which is the best way to raise it, by imposing a tax which will amount to less than 10 mills per capita on your residents, or exact a license fee from non-residents and drive your guests away?

If you have not got game and fish enough, cut down the limit, play your game according to your means, but don't imagine you can bluff the sportsmen; they will raise you every time and take the pot.

MILL.

Arkansas and the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 19.—Owing to this being an off year with us from a duck shooter's standpoint, several parties have recently gone from here to the Texas coast. Mr. E. B. Jett, Assistant Secretary of the State, was one of a party, with J. C. Jones, of Arkansas; J. N. Cummings, of Texas, and another Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Cox, of Chicago. The party went by the Pittsburg & Gulf road to Beaumont, Tex., and from there to Winne, on the Interstate and Gulf, to Anahuac, on Galveston Bay, a distance of eighteen miles. As they were driving over the country they saw thousands of snow geese feeding on the prairie—in such large numbers as to make it appear that snow had fallen there recently. They also found some chickens en route, and bagged five along the road. On Galveston Bay they found the shooting superb. In six days they bagged about 1,500 ducks, principally bluebills, with a fair sprinkling of red-heads and canvasbacks. The shooting here is all over decoys from blinds, the easiest and pleasantest mode of duck shooting. There were also plenty of snipe on the marshes in the vicinity of Beaumont, and on the day that this party passed through there several local hunters bagged five dozen in a few hours almost within the corporate limits of the city.

The glowing accounts Mr. Jett brought back of the fine shooting he had in this section was instrumental in sending another and much larger party, comprising Mayor J. A. Woodson, L. W. Cherry, John M. Pemberton, J. W. Irwin, Nal. Williams, George M. Heard, J. W. Blackwood, James Keatts, Dr. J. H. Lenow, Dr. G. M. D. Cantrell, Col. Ben. W. Johnson, June Ingram (the champion tarpon catcher) and Nick Trulock. They were joined by Messrs. Ward, Clark and Taylor, of Hope. They left here Jan. 9, going over the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad to Texarkana, and from there to Beaumont, and then over to High Island. Here it was found, much to the disappointment of Mr. Irwin, that the party was too large to be properly taken care of, there not being enough guides and horses to go around. The shooting is done at the fresh water ponds back from the coast, and the only mode of travel practical there at this season of the year is on horseback. This was particularly hard on the heavy weights, as there were several who could not get astride of a horse. Mayor Woodson tried wading in the marsh, but after several attempts he had to quit in disgust, as his 250lbs. avoirdupois proved too great a handicap for him. In describing the adhesive quality of the mud he said that it would bog a saddle blanket anywhere. They found plenty of game, but got only ordinary shooting. The truth of the matter being that they did not remain long enough to get the lay of the country, only hunting four days. Mr. Irwin was informed by the guide that there had been no mallards in that section since November, but that he had noticed from the window of the car many bunches of these ducks five or six miles back from the coast. So he decided to go back and endeavor to locate their feeding grounds. As he anticipated, he found all the ponds back there full of mallards. Here he, Pemberton and Keatts had some very good sport, but he afterward ascertained that he had not gone quite far enough, as a mile further back is what is known as a tank in Texas, and here the ducks flocked in countless numbers. The shooting here was also over decoys, each of the party being provided with collapsible decoys and waders, the latter very essential for this kind of shooting, as the ponds being shallow good stands can be secured by the means of these among the rushes and grass. Mr. Irwin also noticed many Canada geese back here, while close to the coast only the snow goose or white-fronted brant was to be seen, these being there in countless thousands. The ducks found near the coast are principally bluebills, teal, widgeons and pintails.

Snipe were plentiful and were to be found only a short distance from the hotel. On the day the party started for home there was an extraordinary flight of these birds. The party did not slaughter any large quantities of game, but all returned delighted with their trip. The weather was favorable for shooting throughout their stay, though exceedingly mild, making it possible to hunt only in the lightest of garments.

Arkansas.

No kinds of shooting have been up to the usual high standard this season. Deer are not reported plentiful in any section, and venison never maintained so high a price, and has been scarce in the market at that. Of the many parties that went out from here after deer only a few met with any kind of success. Turkeys are more numerous and in some localities they are reported plentiful.

The duck shooting was a disappointment to all of us, as from the favorable reports sent out from the Dakotas and Minnesota we were expecting a large flight of mallards. But the long and protracted droughts obviated this, as there were few of our marshes and lakes that contained any water. Many places where in former years I have had good shooting were dry as late as November. Only at one time did I find the shooting fair, and that was the first part of December. My companion on this trip was John Sumpter, of Hot Springs. We arrived at the lake in the afternoon, and in a few hours bagged fifteen mallards, but that night it turned very cold, so that the lake froze and the ducks departed for the South. Had we been twenty-four hours earlier we would probably have got the limit.

From all other parts of the State the reports have been universally the same. Even on the famous sunk lands in the northeastern part of the State the shooting was poor compared with that of former seasons. This seems in a great measure to apply to the South in general. With the exception of the coast shooting I have heard of but one other point where the duck shooting was reported good. In the vicinity of Alexandria, La., the shooting should have been fine for quite a while.

Quail that usually afford us so much sport during December, January and February are really scarce this season. Fair bags have been the exceptions, while good ones are unusual; only one or two really good ones have

come to my knowledge. The drought may have had something to do with this, as very few small birds were seen at the opening of the season. It is possible that the extreme hot dry spell may have prevented the hatching of the last brood, or that the young perished from lack of water.

In Louisiana the quail crop should be a large one, and this is the only section where I have had really good shooting. I have heard of one party who boasted of bagging 103 birds in three hours' shooting in the northern part of this State.

John Sumpter, who went to Oklahoma after quail, reports the birds numerous there and the shooting very easy, as they hunted on the prairie, the birds being found in the draws, and when flushed would fly to the open prairie, where long straight kills could easily be made. In one day he and two others bagged 124 birds without any special effort. Sixty-eight of these John says fell to his gun, his companion not making any effort, as they wanted him to get all the shooting he desired. He stated that in the vicinity of Shawnee it is possible to put up forty bevies a day.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The League of American Sportsmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

FOREST AND STREAM has so long and so consistently preached the gospel of game protection that its readers are, I think, deeply interested in anything bearing upon this good work. I therefore deem it my pleasant task to briefly describe the plans of the League of American Sportsmen, an organization which took definite form at a convention held on the 18th inst., at Hardman Hall, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, pursuant to a call issued by nearly 100 men, many of whom are known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and all of whom are thoroughly committed to the principle of game protection. Perhaps I cannot better express the objects of the League than to quote verbatim the prospectus which accompanied the call.

The League of American Sportsmen is organized for the purpose of protecting the game and game fishes; the song, insectivorous and other innocent birds, not classed as game birds.

Its prime object is to enforce game laws, where such exist, and to secure and enforce such laws where not now in existence.

It aims to promote good fellowship among sportsmen; to foster in the minds of the people a love of nature and of nature's works; to encourage the propagation of game and game fishes, and the restocking of game fields and public waters. To these ends it will act in unison with State, county and municipal authorities who aim at similar ends.

The League of American Sportsmen will not compete with any other organization that has similar objects in view. On the contrary, it desires to enlist the sympathies of, and to co-operate with, all such.

The League of American Sportsmen is opposed to excessive slaughter of game and fish, under the name of sport. We are opposed to the killing of any innocent bird or animal, which is not game, in the name of sport or in wantonness.

We are opposed to the sale of game and game fishes at all times and under all circumstances.

We believe in reasonable bags. We believe the killing of game and the taking of fish should be limited by law, not only as to seasons, but that the bag for any one man, for a day and for a season, should be defined by law.

We believe in a gun-license law, with severe penalties for violations thereof.

We, as individual members of this League, pledge ourselves to work for the education of the public, and especially of our boys, on the lines indicated above; to co-operate with our officers, and with State or municipal officers, in the enforcement of game laws, whenever an opportunity offers.

The convention was a most enthusiastic one, and the hearty support given to the proposed plan by the 140 men present argued well for its success. Fifteen States were represented, and among those present were the chief game wardens of Utah, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Letters were read from prominent men in various States of the Union promising their hearty coöperation and volunteering to establish State divisions. Permanent officers were chosen as follows: President, G. O. Shields, New York; First Vice-President, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D. C.; Second Vice-President, Ernest Seton Thompson, New York; Third Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, Governor of Wyoming; Fourth Vice-President, Prof. W. T. Hornaday, New York; Fifth Vice-President, A. A. Anderson, New York; Secretary, Arthur F. Rice, Passaic, N. J.; Treasurer, F. S. Hyatt, Clinton Bank, New York.

The League of American Sportsmen, like the League of American Wheelmen, is to be a national organization, with State divisions, chief wardens, secretary-treasurers, and deputy wardens in every county of every State. The membership fee is \$1 per annum, excepting for ministers and teachers, who may become honorary members. Membership is open to males over fifteen years of age, and women may be made associate members.

The committee on constitution and by-laws made its report, and after some discussion of details the same were adopted. It is of course impossible to go minutely into the substance of the constitution and by-laws, which are now in the hands of the printer, but in addition to what has already been stated it may be said that the deputy wardens are to be appointed by the chief warden of each State division and to hold office during his pleasure. They are to seek violators of the game laws and aid the regular authorities in prosecuting offenders, receiving as a reward \$10 for each conviction they are instrumental in securing. It is confidently believed the State authorities will ultimately delegate legal powers to the L. A. S. wardens, and that their efficiency will thus be greatly augmented, as has been the case with the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Twenty-five members may constitute a State organization, with chief and assistant wardens as officers, and in several States the membership is already sufficient for the organization of divisions.

The League of American Sportsmen has not been organized without a due appreciation of the difficulties that must be met and overcome. It will arouse the hostility of game dealers, cold storage men and market-hunters. It will stir up enmity, criticism and ridicule among those who think their sport is to be interfered with or who have in times past been interested in similar movements that have failed. Time, money and strenuous effort will be required to accomplish the ends desired, and possibly some of them may never be entirely realized; but as the League of American Sportsmen makes war on no one

save the real sportsman's worst enemies it is hoped and believed that these are the only enemies, open or hidden, that the League will have. As the aims of the League are all on the lines of game protection and true sport, it seems to me that every sportsman will feel inclined to lend his aid and support to an organization that will strive mightily to check the extermination of game birds, animals and fishes in the woods and fields and waters of our land; that will fight the market-hunter and the game hog with all the forces it can bring to its aid; that will assist in sustaining good laws and in substituting others for those that are not good, and that in every reasonable way will endeavor to create a wide and general sentiment in favor of broad and humane sportsmanship. If these principles are worth fighting for, then I can see no reason why the great army of men who love the song of the robin and the thrush, who delight to see the leaping trout or salmon, who feel their blood stir at the rise of the quail or grouse, and who hope for many years to come to find the deer and moose in the forest, should not extend the hand of good fellowship to the League of American Sportsmen. ARTHUR F. RICE.

The Plumed Knight of the Forest.

FOR MY LITTLE HUNTRESS FRIEND, ALICE.*

FOR a Christmas present I send you the caudal appendage of the Plumed Knight of the Virginia forest—the ruffed grouse—with us, the pheasant. He is a proud and lordly fellow, indeed.

Let's go to see him in his winter home. Well, the earth has been covered for a long while with a deep snow, but the sun has been shining warm all day, and he is out hunting his 4 o'clock dinner. He has been making his home during the storm in yon dense laurel thicket at the foot of the mountain, just across the creek. It hasn't been cold enough to freeze over the channel of the creek, but it is trickling along its icy banks, and the laurel boughs have icicles frozen on them and are bent, dipping into the water, tipping, tipping, glistening in the current as it flows. High over this knight's somber tenting ground stands thick the hemlock, its branches drooping with the weight of snow; a bunch of feathery white now falls, and the boughs spring to their wonted places. A red bird sits on the lithe, green limbs, amid the snow, swinging and shaking it off for fun.

On this side of the brook there stands a thick clump of grapevines, matted with green briars; high up, here and there, hang sparse bunches of wild grapes, sweetened by the frost; a great, round holly bush is standing near by, full of red berries creeping out through the fleecy snow, among the green leaves which mantle the graceful little tree.

The sun has been shining full on a fallen tree, stretched on the ground near by, and has left bare the moss, grown just a little green under the snow. Long winter ferns are clinging round about the mossy trunk.

Something like an old "frog stool" on the log suddenly gets alive. It dresses at once in gaudy habiliments. By magic its graceful neck now takes on a gorgeous ruff, sleek and glossy; his helmet crest is high; proudly his tail spreads; see how lordly he steps, his head twisting from side to side to look at us with both eyes, and as he steps his tail dips, expands and lessens. Suddenly he folds back his ruff, closes his tail, ducks his head, and as quick as a flash he thunders through the hemlock boughs, scattering a storm of snow as he bolts a hole through them, to his home in the jungle. This is the "plumed knight" of the mountain and mossy dell, a weird, wild, phantom bird.

Though he flew, still he is a brave, game little forester, fearing no mortal enemy of his ilk; but he has heard the rattle of shot. This time he was mistaken, Alice; we just went to see him dine, as we did the pretty birds on Indian River.

But, Alice, even boys are sometimes cruel enough to shoot this haughty little lord of the woods. See yon thick-timbered ridge? About the top of that he often makes his autumn home.

It is October, and Jack Frost has been painting landscape scenes. With one stroke of his brush he has made the beech leaves beautifully golden; the shapely gum, burning scarlet; the oak, green and golden. He has left untouched, as an ornate frame, the glistening green of the laurel and the serpentine arms of the arbutus creeping about the cliffs. The silken, oily leaves of the hickory cover the ground, save the few that linger to play with the breezes; then, growing weary, float twisting to rest forever upon the earth. The shades of the evening are stealing darkly eastward over the ravines; the very stillness is appalling.

This plumed commander of the flock has wandered away from his comrades in search of nuts and red dogwood berries; he is lost and lonely, and he wishes to marshal his clan. A bare old chestnut log lies yonder. With what strutting pride he mounts this rustic platform and begins his drum-beat.

There is a boy hunter who has been lazily basking in the sunshine, lounging on the moss and leaves, dreaming and musing in the glorious autumn silence, building just such air castles as only a boy can build. Beside him lies harmlessly the single-barrel shotgun, which he has been even too lazy to load. He now hears the drum-beat of the little commander. Pulling his cap closely about his head, the boy hunter is alert, and like a shadow disappears in the forest. Now he waits to again hear the beat, and he steals to near the little drummer. He, too, is on the watch; his ruff is on, his wings are ready; he croaks a little and darts along the log; again he stops. Mortally shot, he pitches from the log into a heap of tight leaves hard by, and fighting death as bravely as he lived, he dies in the circle which he has made bare by the beating of his wings.

This, dear Alice, is the deed of the innocent boy who a moment ago was dreaming like an angel.

But, little girl, men are only grown-up boys, especially those who linger much about the fields and forests. They, too, must play in turn the poet and the savage.

* The above was written to the little daughter of a Florida hunting chum of mine, she herself having often bravely ridden with us deer hunting. I thought maybe some other little hunters might wish to read it.

It is now late in November. The pictures of Jack Frost have been defaced by the driving rain and sleet, and the giants of the forest have stripped their tawdry garments to fight the winter storms. How defiant is the stalwart oak and poplar! How ghostly white are the bleached cliffs!

There is a calm day, damp and the fog swings about the ravines. Yonder, above the first brushy foothills of the mountain, there is some level ground, cushioned with the parlor carpet of the forest (leaves and ferns and moss), through which is peeping the red "mountain tea" berry. The plumed knight of the forest has assembled his neighbors to dine there to-day, and the uninvited guest must array himself in the dress suit of the hunter to meet them. Brown corduroy trousers; canvas leggings, buckled from the close-fitting gaiter to the knee; new, neat-fitting canvas hunting coat, allowing to be seen but little of the plaid blouse shirt waist beneath; soft, light hat; the double-barreled shotgun his only ornament; his sole companion is a pointer, clean-muscled, as sinewy and as eager as a racehorse. With a high and cautious head, this unerring dog leads his master among the unsuspecting revelers of the berry patch; thundering, the plumed knight leads the way toward the jungle, but smokeless and vicious cracks the ornament of this intruder, and the brave leader falls, helplessly beating the earth; shrouds himself in his own gaudy plumes, and dies. Alice, dear, I plead guilty to all this, both as man and boy.

SAMUEL CECIL GRAHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 22.—The bill introduced in the U. S. Senate on Jan. 18 by Senator Teller, regulating interstate traffic in wild game, is the second measure of the kind emanating from the West, the other having received mention in these columns some months ago, when it was placed in the hands of Congressman White, of Chicago. The Teller bill originally included in its purposes only three Western States, but seems now to have been enlarged and extended. It proposes practically the same course as that earlier mentioned, to make it unlawful for any common carrier to ship game from one State to another contrary to the laws of the State from which shipped, all such traffic being put in the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This would make the law-breaking game handlers fight the strong U. S. laws instead of the weak State laws, which thus far have never been found successful in checking illegal game shipping to any serious extent. What will be the success of the bill in Congress remains to be seen.

Another old and much mooted question comes up again in Colorado in the current court records in the case of hotel-keeper F. W. Bailey, of Denver, earlier mentioned. Mr. Bailey is about to test the constitutionality of the law which forbids hotels to sell game in the close season. Mr. Bailey gracefully admits that the State may establish a close season for the killing of its own game, but claims that it has no jurisdiction over game brought in from outside the State. Let me hasten to say to Mr. Bailey that he is quite right in his independent and manly position that any law which doesn't suit him must be unconstitutional. Yet it is too bad for him that several other supreme courts have already passed on this very question, and have had the audacity to declare that a law with a loop-hole wider than itself would not be very much of a law.

In the matter of additional rabbits I note that the farmers of Calloway county, Mo., got out their guns one day last week and killed 1,637 cottontail rabbits for charity. The Alton road carried the rabbits free to the St. Louis Provident Association; the local organized charities and transfer companies also gave their services free. The worthy poor may have rabbits at St. Louis for the asking. The rabbit has proved to be a great game bird this winter. Thus I observe that Sumner county, Kan., has repealed its 3 cents bounty on jack rabbit scalps, after paying for 187,000 scalps. It was suspected that some of these came from other counties. Such are the possibilities of the jack rabbit industry that even the judges on the bench forsake judicial honors for the commerce of the gun. At least Judge Hedge, of Hoxie, Kan., has resigned his office. He said he could make more hunting rabbits. But then his salary was only \$25 a year, and he couldn't live on that.

How they are beginning to shake things up in game law circles. Last week I noted the big seizure made in St. Paul of game boxed f. o. b. for Chicago. Now the American Express Co. is made defendant in a suit brought at Shell Lake, Wis., for carrying game to St. Paul last November, where said game was seized by Warden Fullerton. It looks as though a poor express company couldn't get a place to lay its head. With the individual violator it sometimes fares likewise. Witness the case of Allen Ferris, of Christian county, Ill., who was last week fined \$3,000 on 500 counts in a case of illegal quail.

They are in trouble over their game law out in Nebraska, one construction having it that a common carrier may not handle game even within the confines of that State, and another holding that the penalties applies only to game received for shipment to points outside of the State. The attorney-general holds the latter opinion.

The decision of the Nebraska attorney-general brings to mind the comment made in these columns last week on the concessions made by the Illinois State Fish Commission to the market fishers of this city and of the Illinois River. Members of that board are friends of mine, and FOREST AND STREAM could certainly never be accused of hostility to the Illinois Commission. What I would like to ask is therefore put in a friendly way, and it is this: Why was not the ruling on the construction of the Illinois fish law handed down by our State's attorney and not by the Fish Commission? And if a State's attorney were asked whether a 1 3/4 in. mesh were a 2 in. mesh, what could he say? If he were asked if a short-sized fish illegally sold would be illegal on Tuesday and not illegal on Monday, what could he say? And if the State's attorney could only give one answer, how can the Fish Commission give a different one? I wish some one would explain this to me, but I will admit it

might be difficult for me to see it. There is only one uniform game law, and that is a law which sits on rich and poor alike, and which has no loop-hole wider than itself. Let me suggest that the construction of this law be carried to its proper branch, and that the deputy wardens be turned loose to look for cases, and plenty of them. So shall it rain upon the just and the unjust.

Speaking of uniform game laws, the matter of the convention of wardens here, Feb. 7, still progresses. Michigan will send to this convention four commissioners: Senator John L. Beston, of Columbiaville; Representative F. B. Chamberlain, of Ironton; State Warden Chase S. Osborne and Commissioner Horace L. Davis, of Grand Rapids.

Among doings of Western sportsmen's organizations this week may be chronicled the proposal of the Huntington, Ind., sportsmen to stock adjacent farm lands with the Mongolian pheasant. I observe that the stockholders of the Pekin and Spring Lake Hunting and Fishing Club are going to lose their club grounds to the bondholders of the project. The club was in debt \$10,000, but held some 6,000 acres of land, which is worth perhaps \$30,000 to \$45,000—a very ample security. I have shot over that country. It was once a notable sporting region, and has many attractions still.

The game bird, the fish and the dog are all objects of the care of the strong protective association at Grand Rapids, Mich. This week it held a banquet at which many prominent State officials attended. A bench show and an occasional trip of investigation into illegal fishing and shooting are among other good deeds of this useful body.

At the annual election of the Duck Island Gun Club held at Peoria, Jan. 18, the following officers were elected: President, W. H. Shaw; Vice-President, J. B. Mosby; Secretary, D. W. Voorhees; Treasurer, W. C. Bush; Directors chosen were: John B. Mosby, Cincinnati; W. L. Shepherd, Chicago; W. C. Bush, Peoria; D. W. Voorhees, Peoria, and W. H. Shaw, Canton.

At this meeting the Duck Island Gun Club took action on one point alone which would stamp them sportsmen. It resolved to prohibit the sale of game killed on the Duck Island Club marshes. No club which allows the sale of game by any of its members or any of its servants can be called abreast with modern sportsmanship. The affairs of this representative shooting body are in fine condition. The grounds are among the best in the State for duck shooting. The stage of water on the marsh is regulated by a ditch which leads from the main river above Copperas Creek Dam. The marshes along the Illinois River were once among the famous wildfowl countries of the West, but long ago it became apparent that the only way of retaining any of this shooting was by means of establishing preserves. The Duck Island Club has its cake, with peaches and cream on the side, and it does not mean to eat it all at once.

The weather in this part of the world continues exceptionally mild. It is snowing hard to-day, but we have had no winter to speak of in Chicago thus far, and if the present open weather continues we shall hear of the spring shooters beginning their pleasant occupation inside of thirty days. It is the provincial fashion of a great many Northern men, some of them very good business men, to imagine that the sporting season closes when winter shuts down in the North. In reality there is no stoppage of the sporting year in the United States. Just now they are having the finest sort of duck shooting on the marshes of the San Francisco gun clubs out in California. Points near Mt. Eden and Alviso, the grounds of the Empire Club, the Ferris marshes and the Suisun sloughs are all spoken of as offering good sport. In southern California the season for snipe and ducks is in full swing. In Texas the snipe and duck shooting is at its best, and the same may be said of Louisiana. In both the latter States, and in Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and indeed the whole group of Southern States the quail season is at its height. Yet sometimes a dealer in sporting goods says to me that he thinks he will not advertise after the "close of the season." Does such a dealer think that the shooters of all these warmer regions do not need outfitting as well as those of the North? Or does he suppose that all these shooters do not include FOREST AND STREAM as a part of their outfit? A fish line sold at \$1 is sold as well in the winter as in the summer if the dealer gets his \$1, and the man who wants it will buy it then just as quickly as though he lived north of the Ohio River. It pays to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM, and to advertise there all the time.

Club Organizations.

The Evansville, Ind., Hunting and Fishing Club has been organized with capital stock of \$5,000 and the following officers: President, Henry Stockfleth; Vice-President, Charles Melzer; Secretary and Treasurer, Alfred Greene.

The Reelfoot Outing Club, of Louisville, Ky., was organized Jan. 10, with a capital stock of \$10,000. The incorporators are Messrs. Llewellyn Smith, M. E. Taylor, Charles T. Ballard and W. E. Chess. The club will buy land around Reelfoot Lake, in Tennessee, and maintain hunting and fishing headquarters.

Elk and Oxen.

Mr. J. B. Mathers, of Glenboro, Manitoba, recently purchased a magnificent elk's head from a farmer, who killed it near the Riding Mountains. The farmer heard his oxen bellowing in the night, and going out, found that they were attacked by this big elk, which he promptly shot. The elk was apparently feeling proud over the fact that oxen did not have horns as long as his own. As usual, pride went before a fall.

Chippewa Wolf Drive.

The Chippewa tribe of Wisconsin held its annual wolf drive New Year's Day, and the drive is said to have cleaned up eighty-nine wolves and four lynxes.

English Partridges.

Henry Moore, of Corinth, Miss., has brought with him from England a number of English partridges, which he has turned down on his farm near Corinth. He

succeeded in bringing over thirty-five of the birds alive. Should they receive proper protection, they might increase, and should flourish in the mild climate of Mississippi.

Tolleston Damages.

On Jan. 11 the Circuit Court at Valparaiso, Ind., awarded Theodore Prowl \$5,000 damages in his suit against the Tolleston Gun Club for injuries received at the hands of the club wardens. Prowl claims to have been injured in the imbroglio last spring, where a number of farmers attacked four of the keepers of the club. The club will appeal this case. E. HOUGH.
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

"Trail and Camp-Fire."

THE third volume of the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club has just been issued; the two earlier ones, "American Big-Game Hunting" and "Hunting in Many Lands," having been published in 1893 and 1895 respectively, the purpose of the club, we are told, being to issue one such volume every two years.

"Trail and Camp-Fire" we are inclined to regard the best of the three volumes. It is quite as entertaining as any of its predecessors, covers as wide a range of subjects, and at the same time it has in it more material of permanent value than either of the other two. We are quite in agreement with the remarks in the editors' preface, when they say: "The two earlier volumes of the club's publications, though devoted chiefly to accounts of hunting adventure, contain also considerable matter bearing on the natural history of North American game and forest preservation. In the present volume an effort is made to devote more space to the natural history side of our large animals, for the publications of the club should contain material of permanent value. Of course, any book, whether on hunting or science, should be interesting, but it should be something else too. Hunting stories should be more than merely pleasant reading. The purposes of the club are serious, and its published papers should be of a lasting character."

* * * The big-game hunter is a man who travels about with his eyes open, and the more familiar he is with the habits of game, the greater will be his success. The best hunters owe their success less to their skill with the rifle than to the knowledge which they have acquired of the game that they pursue, and the closer a man's habits of observation, the more speedily will he become a hunter."

This handsome volume of more than 350 pages is made up of a dozen contributions by different members of the Boone and Crockett Club, to which are added a list of books written by members, the constitution of the Boone and Crockett Club, together with a list of the officers and members.

At the annual meeting of the club held in January, 1897, Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey, talked in most interesting fashion, taking for his subject the Peninsula of Labrador, which he treated from the point of view most likely to interest sportsmen. An abstract of this paper, treating of the history, topography, human inhabitants, game and fish of Labrador, occupies the first thirty-five pages of the book, and these are full of interest, for there is no one who can speak so authoritatively on this country as Mr. Low. He it was who first crossed it from one coast to the other, and his explorations of it have continued up to the present day.

The interesting and amusing character sketch of a

conducted on a scale so entirely different from anything that we know about that we can only accept the statements of travelers without trying to understand them. The illustrations of African big game found in this chapter are especially good.

The piece in this book which is most attractive is the sketch of Canadian winter hunting, by Mr. C. Grant La Farge, called "Sintamaskin." This sketch possesses far more literary quality than any other found in the book. The reader sees what is being written about, not because the writer laboriously strives to make him see it, but because the writer is so saturated with deep feeling for the scenes that he is describing that, unconsciously and without effort, he brings their salient points before

death its president, Gen. Benjamin H. Bristow. An admirable portrait of Gen. Bristow forms the frontispiece of the present volume, and a brief tribute to the worth of this accomplished lawyer, soldier and statesman appears just before the first article in the volume.

Elsinore.

ELSINORE, Cal., Jan. 12.—Nestling amid mountains is pretty Elsinore Lake, thirty miles from Riverside, the orange garden of southern California. Pleasantly situated on the north bank is Elsinore, a city of 300 souls, containing a good hotel and bathhouse, numerous hot sulphur springs, and a straggly main street. The re-



THE FIRST RHINOCEROS.
From "Trail and Camp-Fire."

his reader's eyes. A paper by Mr. Grinnell, on "Wolves and Wolf Nature," gives much recondite information about Western wolves large and small, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in a paper entitled "On the Little Missouri," tells in a capably spirited way about the hunting there in modern days.

From the naturalist's standpoint, the composite chapter entitled "Bear Traits" is one of the most interesting in the book. It has to do very little with killing bears, but gives the observations of four members on two species of bears. The sections by Dr. Merriam, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stimson are extremely interesting.

The Hon. W. Carey Sanger's article on "The Adirondack Deer Law," and Mr. Madison Grant's on "The Ori-

mainder of the assets of the town consists of memories of the "boom." In fact, all southern California now dates, not from the war, but from the boom. The town is scattered in an astonishing fashion, for land in "boom" days was too valuable to build upon, and the Elsinore limits could easily contain a population of 50,000 people. The hunter, while following the lively quail in the foothills, two or three miles from town, stumbles frequently over town lot stakes, firmly imbedded in the adobe soil.

But in these degenerate days the chief excuse for the existence of the little city is the curative powers of the hot springs, the waters of which are efficacious in cases of gout and rheumatism and all diseases of the skin.

The lake, which is three miles wide and five in length, swarms with wild fowl, and despite the efforts of the small boy and him of larger growth, who pepper away incessantly from the shores, and of two or three market hunters and a few murderous night shooters, the birds refuse to be driven out. Spoonbills are the most numerous of the ducks, although there is a fair sprinkling of canvasbacks, sprigs, redheads, butterballs and black-jacks, with now and then a few mallard or teal. Wild geese and brant are plentiful, and the empty spaces are filled in with mudhens, loons and divers innumerable. The market hunters crouch in small, flat-bottomed boats and use a pair of very short paddles, which they work like a pair of flippers, the hands being under water. By this means it is easy to sneak near enough to a flock for a pot shot, and they manage to bag two or three dozen ducks and an occasional goose in a day's work.

The night shooters, with their jacklights, do much more execution, and although against the law, no effort is made to bring the offenders to book.

Although "blinds" are common enough, decoys and calls seem to be little used, the shooters generally being out for meat, not sport, and preferring to take pot shots at the unwary fowl feeding in too close to shore.

I am of the opinion that fair bags could be made from good blinds by the use of goose and duck decoys and calls.

Quail are found in good numbers in the adjacent foothills and cañons, but cannot well be hunted with dogs on account of the cactus. The most ambitious dog is apt to lose his ardor after one or two encounters with this savage plant. One hunter came back to the hotel a day or two since with his knee well studded with the tiny spines, and though he has worked industriously with tweezers, some of the spears still remain under the skin to torment him. The valley quail at this season are of a bluish drab color conforming closely to the color of the bushes. Their flight is something startling in its swiftness, and I have seldom seen a countenance more eloquent of disgust than that of an Eastern shooter on his return from his first morning's hunt, with two birds out of fifteen acknowledged chances.

After a couple of trials, however, he began to catch on, and is now having good success. The birds are marvelous runners, and the Eastern man finds chasing them up the steep sides of cañons and over precipitous hills, waist high with grease wood or sage brush, a very different matter from following a well-trained dog over a level, open field at home. However, if one does not get as much game out here, he at least gets the exhilaration of deep lungs full of superb mountain air and magnificent vistas of snow-clad ranges on every hand, and in view of this and the robustious appetite thus acquired, he may console himself with the reflection that "Not all of hunting is in game."

L. J. M.



THE BIG ELEPHANT.
From Wm. Lord Smith's "African Hunting Trip," in "Trail and Camp-Fire."

Western mountain man, from the pen of Mr. Lewis S. Thompson, was recently printed in FOREST AND STREAM. East Africa is a region so far away that for most American sportsmen it has an exceeding interest. For this reason Dr. William Lord Smith's narrative of his hunting trip into the interior from Aden will be eagerly read. It is hard for an American to comprehend these great expeditions, where the men are often numbered by the hundreds and camels by fifties. African hunting is

gin of the New York Zoological Society," are chiefly historical, and of special interest to members of the club as showing the work which it has done.

Mr. Pierce's tale of "A Newfoundland Caribou Hunt" is told with spirit, but there seems to have been more than enough killing by the members of this party.

The Boone and Crockett Club is doing a good work in striving to raise the standard of sportsmanship in America. It does not claim perfection for all its members, yet it is striving always to improve matters, and its books ought to be in the hands of all hunters of large game.

It will be remembered that in 1896 the club lost by

* Trail and Camp-Fire. The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors, George Bird Grinnell, Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Illustrated. Price \$2.50.

A Night Watch in the Adirondacks.

(N. B.—Not in violation of the game law.)

WE were in camp in the depths of the forest, and several small ponds were easily accessible. They were good places to watch for afternoon and morning shots. We had some. So did the deer. Among the party of hunters was one who had been West, and claimed to have killed much and various big game there. This trip was but incidental, yet he was anxious to kill a deer. He had some opportunities, one as follows: In the arrangements for one night and morning watching, it was his turn to stay in camp alone for a while, as the others were going to remote ponds—some to stay over night and watch in the morning, others to watch as long as they could see that night, and then return to camp by lantern light. Crossing the trail, those last would travel over several big runways. Some of them intersected in a ravine. Near the junction grew a large beech tree. It was suggested to the to-be-lonesome man that he take a position in that beech tree and watch for a passing deer. Just the thing, and a shotgun would do the business! Accordingly, while en route to the pond, the party helped him into the tree and enjoined his absolute silence until he saw a deer—or the returning camp lantern. He promised faithfully to observe all instructions. He had ample time to think over and digest them. The limbs supporting him grew tired. Limbs of beech or of flesh—it makes no difference—both were used in supporting him, and both were tired. He climbed higher. The limbs changed, but did not rest much. Darkness came, but no deer. At noonday that ravine was dark—at midnight it was black. Had a buck stopped under that very tree,

frosty morning, or strung for a half mile along some stake-and-rider fence. Indeed, I had hopes that game would be so abundant in the coming years that shooters of meager abilities, such as Mr. Farmer and myself, might expect to bag an occasional bird. To have these hopes dashed to earth by the strong right arm I had been leaning on for support and comfort was a sad blow. My grief was of course assuaged in a great measure on being assured that Mr. Loveday is an exceptionally fine field shot, and did the work up in a neat, sportsmanlike manner. It would have been almost too much to bear, to know it had been done after the manner of the ordinary butcher.

Mr. Harbaugh, veteran sportsman of this county, and father of the Genesee Sportsmen's Club, tells me that he was out with Mr. Loveday's party on the first of the two days put in on the Allerton farm, and that five of them bagged just eleven chickens, and he don't think those staying for the second day did any better. He thinks there must be some mistake, and that perhaps a misplaced cipher has done the mischief, and that Mr. Loveday will rise and explain as soon as he can stop laughing. Will Mr. Farmer investigate this matter, and report later?

E. P. JAKES.

Nantucket Rabbits.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 14.—A party of old sportsmen took a sail the other day to Nantucket on a rabbit shooting expedition. The party was composed of Messrs. Fred Tripp, N. E. McCully and C. T. Brownell, the veteran Gordon setter breeder of New Bedford. Arriving at Nantucket, we were taken for a seven-mile



IN CAMP AFTER THE LEOPARD HUNT.
From "Trail and Camp-Fire."

the man could not have killed it, unless by accident. Will those fellows ever return? They are in no hurry—of course, he is having a good time—and besides, they must not interfere with his shot by returning too soon. He has promised to await their coming—he cannot well do otherwise, for he cannot get down in the dark nor travel if he could. About five or six hours he waited. Did he have fun? We did the next day, for he had learned how it is sometimes done in the Adirondacks. JUVENAL.

Henry County Prairie Chickens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. George T. Farmer, seems to have got things a little mixed in his communication in your issue of Jan. 15. He says those martyred seventy prairie chickens of which I wrote some time ago were not killed by one, but by four men. Now, in rebuttal, I will quote the game warden's own statement in regard to those chickens:

"Mr. Loveday, in his talk with me, said that in Bureau, Wayne, Henry, Clay and Kankakee counties, the chickens were abundant this year. In two days' shoot in Henry county he bagged seventy birds himself, a bag greater than I have heard of to one gun in any part of the West this fall."—E. Hough, in "Chicago and the West," FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 16, 1897.

Brother Farmer will see from this that he is not only barking at a knot, but that even the knot is on another tree. If the warden, in company with others, killed seventy other chickens, then those other chickens must have come in from adjacent counties, as I am very sure of the original seventy. In fact, I challenge Mr. Farmer to prove there were more than seventy chickens in Henry county on Sept. 1, 1897, and if he succeeds, I will agree to plead guilty of neglect, and resign my position as statistician. But my letter concerning those Henry county chickens was not intended to call attention to my work as chicken counter. Neither did it have any reference to the time when the game warden, in company with others, shot seventy or any other number of chickens in two days, but were some reflections that came to me on reading the account of the time when the warden got seventy chickens in two days to his own gun. This tale, coupled with the disappearance of my wards, brought a train of reflections that were somewhat tinged with sadness. I had watched the increase of the chickens in this county with much joy, and when it was announced that at last we had an efficient warden I began to have visions of an old-time chicken crop, such as when we used to see them clustered in the trees of a

drive by Mr. Sidney B. Folger, a hunter of high standing, to his home at Siasconset Village, where we were cared for by his kind wife, who knows just how to cater for a hungry hunting party. We put in twenty-eight hours rabbit hunting, and with Mr. Folger and Mr. Al Pitman as backers captured seventy-two cottontails and two jack rabbits.

Who says there is no game in Massachusetts?

C. T. B.

Fraudulent Scalps.

J. T. Mackintosh was arrested at Council Bluffs, Ia., last week for importing wolf scalps from Wyoming and collecting bounty on same in various parts of the State of Iowa, where bounties are offered of a size making the operation a profitable one. The defendant was taken to Winterset, Madison county, where he has been producing a good many wolf scalps in a practically wolfless country. Mackintosh was in camp on the Coon River, and fifty-eight wolf scalps were found about his camp when search was made, to say nothing of a box of scalps which was found at the express office addressed to him from a point in Wyoming. Mackintosh is one of a party of men who are alleged to have regularly worked the western counties of Iowa with their fraudulent scalp game, and have escaped detection until lately, when their luck seemed altogether too good to be true.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

North Carolina Ducks, Geese and Brant.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Jan. 11.—Advices from Bogue Sound state that the waters down there are swarming with "thousands and tens of thousands of ducks, geese and brant." The weather was never more favorable for both the sportsman and the fowl. It is just cold enough to keep the birds moving, and warm enough to be comfortable for the gunners. There will be legitimate shooting on the Sound until March 1. Besides ducks there are deer and quail to one's content.

J. J. W.

Florida Quail.

BROOKSVILLE, Hernando County, Fla., Jan. 16.—Col. H. T. Holliday, of Virginia, and the Rev. Dr. Watkins, of South Carolina, have been spending two weeks hunting in Hernando county, bagging about twenty-five birds a day. Hunting season in Florida is from October to March 15.

J. W. L.

Mongolian Pheasants.

THE Massachusetts Commission makes report as follows of the work of breeding and distributing Mongolian pheasants during 1897:

The rearing and distribution of these birds during the past year has been fairly successful, the only drawback being the unprecedented wet and cold weather during the early part of the breeding season, which proved fatal not only to the early broods of pheasants, but all ground birds appear to have suffered from it.

As the Mongolian pheasants have come to stay, whatever information may tend to facilitate their introduction is important. We have therefore spared neither time nor expense to find the simplest and most effective way of breeding them.

As has been heretofore stated, great numbers of English or ordinary ring-neck pheasants are annually bred in Europe. According to the best publications on this subject, and confirmed by breeders with whom we have personally conferred, the young of this variety are fed on hard-boiled eggs or custard mixed more or less with chopped vegetables. A well-known English breeder states that he raises from 40 to 60 per cent. Not only in our own experience, but in that of all others of whom we know who have attempted to raise the Mongolian pheasant, this food has proved a failure, and it was not until the introduction of maggots as food that they were successfully bred in confinement. So pronounced is this, that it is only necessary to know what a breeder is feeding his chicks to know what variety he has.

Not only is the feeding of larvae necessary, but it is much cheaper than the eggs and custard. Six sheep's plucks a day, costing from 3 to 5 cents each (according to locality), will provide food for 300 chicks until old enough to feed on scalded grain.

Larvae for Food.

It is necessary, throughout the breeding season, to provide a good stock of breeding flies, for they lay their eggs and die. If their increase is not provided for the whole neighborhood will become exhausted of them. The varieties we most encourage are the blue-bottle fly and the flesh fly, the latter being the most desirable. In the beginning we had only the blue-bottle; now more than one-third are the flesh fly. As the larvae of the latter are much larger, it is easy to separate them with suitable screens, allow them to change into the pupa state and hatch as many as may be required. Six plucks will give from six to eight quarts of maggots. Placed in pans in a refrigerator, at from 40 to 45 degrees, development is arrested and they may be kept for weeks. We usually have from one to two bushels on hand, to provide against stormy or cold weather when flies are not out.

In our early experiments we found the stench from decaying meat almost unbearable, and we were liable to be complained of as a nuisance. We tried deodorizing, with no effect. Either the plant must be abandoned or moved to some other locality (neither of which could be done, and carry out the contemplated work), or some other method of raising larvae must be devised. We were therefore compelled to a scientific study of the nature and habits of the fly. It was soon discovered that flies do not lay their eggs on tainted meat. They are clean feeders from choice, and thrive better on fresh meat. Giving the flies fresh meat, and feeding the maggots on thinly sliced fresh meat twice a day, giving them no more than they will eat up clean, the disagreeable odor can be almost entirely overcome. Without entering further into detail of this laboratory, which has attracted the attention of several scientists, we append the statement of Mr. Kirkland, of the State Board of Agriculture, as showing the possible results of such an establishment. Mr. Kirkland writes:

"In fulfillment of my promise to furnish you some notes on the common blow-flies, I send you the following:

"The species which furnish the greater part of the insect food of your birds are the blue-bottle fly (*Lucilia caesar*), the flesh fly (*Sarcophaga carnaria*), and in small numbers the blue-tail fly (*Calliphora vomitoria*). All of these species commonly breed in animal matter. The females hibernate in sheltered places, and emerge with the warm weather of early spring to deposit their eggs.

The flesh fly is responsible for the largest maggots. According to Packard, the females of this species, after being fertilized, retain the eggs until they have hatched. They deposit large numbers of living larvae on exposed meat and animal refuse. Prof. Lugger states that single females of this species may give birth to 20,000 of these larvae. Pieces of meat which I exposed Aug. 1 were soon infested by the larvae of this fly. The maggots were fully grown Aug. 6 and pupated Aug. 7 and 8; the flies emerged Aug. 24 and 25, thus showing that about twenty-four days are required at this time of the year for the transformations of a brood. This period of time will be found to vary, I believe, according to the prevailing temperature, hot weather hastening, and cold weather retarding, the development of the insects. If we should allow an average of twenty-one days for each brood, seven broods would be possible in the five months of May, June, July, August and September. Owing to the variation in the length of the larval stage, where food is continually supplied, as at your establishment, there are no well marked broods, but a continual succession of maggots and flies.

"The blue-bottle fly in point of numbers is the most common species at your place. Unlike the flesh fly, this insect deposits eggs instead of larvae, and, as you pointed out to me, exposed meat is soon covered with masses of the eggs of this insect. In a short time the eggs hatch and give rise to maggots, somewhat smaller than those of the preceding species. Single females confined July 31 laid respectively 74,143,223 eggs, but under normal conditions the numbers doubtless would have been larger. These eggs yielded imagoes Aug. 14 and 15, making the period required for the transformation of this species about fourteen days. This would allow ten broods during the months previously mentioned. As

As a matter of interest, I have computed the unrestricted increase of a single fertilized female during ten generations, allowing but 100 eggs per female and considering half of these to yield males—conditions purely arbitrary and hardly possible in nature, but giving somewhat surprising results. The first generation would have 100 larvae, developing to fifty males and fifty females; the second generation would have 5,000 larvae, and so on to the tenth generation, which would be represented by 195,312,500,000,000,000 mature flies. Should we consider, for the purpose of illustration, that nine of these flies would require one square inch standing room, the tenth generation would make a belt of flies over 200 miles in width around the entire globe. While the conditions that would afford such an unrestricted increase are entirely inconceivable, yet the figures show the possibilities of the reproductive powers of this insect. What wonder is it then that these blow flies speedily destroy the carcasses of our largest animals? The third species mentioned (*Calliphora vomitoria*) was not very abundant, and I was unable to make any notes on its development. The life history of this insect, however, is known to be similar to that of the blue-bottle fly.

"I might add that the excellent arrangements which you have devised for the rearing of dipterous maggots with which to feed your birds are of more than ordinary interest, and seem in every way adapted to obtain the desired results."

Incubators.

In our last report attention was called to the probable results from the use of incubators. Everyone who has ever had any considerable number of hens under his care must realize the vexation and disappointment which constantly comes from their waywardness; and, what is even worse, treat them as you may, they are never entirely free from vermin. These pests get on the young pheasants and destroy many of them before they are old enough to keep themselves clean by dusting. So annoying were all these things that we determined to get rid of them if possible, and notwithstanding the assertion of pheasant breeders that it was impossible to raise these birds with incubator and brooder we bought of Mr. Rankin a small incubator, capable of carrying about 200 eggs, a plain, farmer-like machine, but too bulky and heavy for pheasant eggs. We subsequently built two smaller incubators, which we liked much better for the work. From the last one we obtained a hatch of 95 per cent., and, notwithstanding our inexperience, the entire hatch was from 10 to 15 per cent. higher than from the average hens.

It is easy enough to hatch pheasant eggs in any good machine that will hatch hens' eggs, with this exception: the shell of the pheasant egg is much closer grain and not so porous as hens' eggs, and the moisture necessary to the latter proves fatal to the former. Acting on the rule to put pans of water in the egg chamber, we lost many pheasant eggs in the first hatch. The chicks were so crowded in the shells that they could not get out.

Brooders.

There is no difficulty in hatching the eggs in any good incubator, but the rearing of the young pheasants, either in the brooder or under a hen, is not so easy. We made many and some interesting experiments in raising them in brooders, using mostly the Foster brooder. In the hands of so skillful a man as Mr. Foster this can be used successfully with a limited number of birds, but for extensive breeding of pheasants the heat should be evenly distributed throughout the chamber of the brooder and be self-regulating, as, if there is not sufficient heat, or if any part is warmer than another, they will crowd together and smother.

Outdoor brooders are not desirable for this work, as the sudden changes of weather render it impossible to maintain an even temperature; and it is inconvenient and almost impossible to give the chicks proper care in stormy weather, while the high winds that often occur are liable to disarrange things and in some cases set fire to the brooder.

The result of the exhaustive investigations made during the past season have led to the construction of a brooder house, partly covered with glass for the protection of very young birds in cold and wet weather, and equipped with brooders that are self-regulating and even in temperature. There is no guess-work about it; the temperature, once established, can be sustained with very little care. Our experience warrants the conclusion that with proper incubators and brooders nine-tenths of the cost and labor in rearing pheasants may be saved.

Experiments in this direction, but varying in methods, were made by Mr. Ames, of North Easton, and by Mr. Foster, of Ashby (for the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club). Mr. Ames hatched all the eggs in an incubator, to avoid vermin. All the chicks were reared in brooders. Both gentlemen acted in consultation with this board, and both were anxious to obtain as many birds as possible from their limited stock of breeders, and neither felt disposed to run the risk of extended experiments in what is now proved to be a new and important departure in rearing pheasants.

NORTH EASTON, Mass., Oct. 16.—In answer to your letter, let me say that I have had this year a little better success in raising pheasants than I did last. I have now about 100 young birds, all of which were raised with the incubator and brooder. I have kept an accurate account of all the eggs my hens have laid, the percentage of their fertility, proportion of birds raised, etc., which I should be glad to show you at any time. From a comparison of this account with the one which I kept two years ago, I have proved, to my own satisfaction, that by the employment of the incubator, and brooder I have been able to raise more birds, with less labor, than I could have done by setting the eggs under hens. My first hatch, of sixty-seven, all died within the first week. The cause of this mortality was, I found when too late, that the temperature of the brooder had been kept too high. The cause of most of my subsequent losses was cold and wet weather.

I shall keep all my young birds until spring, and then turn some of them loose, reserving enough for future experiments. Unfortunately, a large proportion of my birds are cocks. Two or three wild broods have been seen about here, which goes to show that the birds I turned loose two years ago have been able to withstand our winters. I think that pheasants, in their wild state, must lay earlier in the season than they do when in captivity; for one was brought in by a cat which was at least two weeks older than any young birds I had. HOBART AMES.

ASHBY, Mass., Sept. 22.—Replying to your request, would say that the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club continued their efforts to rear Mongolian pheasants, and I have again had the care of them.

Of the birds raised last year, only one was trapped for breeding. During the season five pairs have been received from your yards. They were bred in trios, and the two extra cocks were liberated in spring, that they might breed with the hens that are known to have lived over from last year's breeding. Of the six hens at the start, three died about June 1. The first egg was laid April 12; the last, Aug. 4; total number of eggs, 217. Of this number the two hens in yard No. 1 laid 110. All the eggs were set under hens, and 154 chicks were hatched; 66 of these are now alive and doing well. The rearing has been done entirely with the brooder mentioned in your report last year. The successful bill of fare has been a liberal supply of tender lettuce, clean maggots and custard, carefully fed. All have been kept yarded, and the hens (about 30) will be kept and bred from next year. H. R. FOSTER.

The distribution of Mongolian pheasants to parties who were willing to take care of their breeding and turn out the young birds in their respective localities has not proved as successful as was anticipated. Although careful directions as to care and breeding were given, a majority either lost their old birds or failed to raise young ones. So far as stocking the State is concerned, it would in most cases have been better to have set them at liberty.

Two years ago we sent a trio of birds to Pittsfield, which were placed with a man to breed them. When we visited him in the fall we found his coops too high, and, having neglected to clip the wings, one of the females had flown up against the wire and was killed. At Mr. Stevenson's request we sent him another bird, but for the two years he has failed to raise any. The same experience is reported by others. To our inquiries Mr. Stevenson sends the following letter. The statement that the hens laid but nineteen eggs seems to us a mistake; it is far more likely that they were eaten by the birds.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Nov. 6.—I find about a dozen birds have been seen this season in Dalton, near where the birds were first put out, and one hen with a large brood of young just over the line in Pittsfield. Evidently the pheasants will live here if let alone. They seem to stay around and near cultivated lands, rather than go back on the hills.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Zenas Crane has, within a short time turned out near his residence in Dalton two dozen pheasants. They were purchased of Mr. Woodward in New York, and are said to be Mongolians.

I am sorry to say we have again had no success in raising chicks from the two you sent us. The hens laid but nineteen eggs, and from these only five chicks were hatched, which lived but a few days. With your permission, we will let the three out next spring, and shall hope they will improve on our experiment.

The woodcock and partridge do not seem to have been as plentiful as usual this year, but trout have done well for us, so that fishing has been better than the past few seasons. J. M. STEVENSON.

Nine pairs have been liberated in Winchester, besides a number of surplus cocks, some of which, having no mates, have wandered away. In the last two years a number of broods have been reported in the vicinity within a mile or so of where they were let out, and there is not a week that we do not hear of one or more being seen. We regret to say that several have been killed by gunners. During the early part of November four persons were arrested and each fined \$20 and costs of court for killing pheasants. Other cases are known, and investigation may lead to evidence to convict.

Through the kindness of Mr. S. Forehand, of Worcester, the Mongolian pheasants were placed in the hands of the Commissioners for the purpose of stocking the State; and the fact that we were the first to establish a successful method of artificially breeding them has led to an extensive correspondence throughout the United States, not excepting Oregon, from whence our birds were obtained. Not being permitted to send them out of the State, we have sometimes referred parties to the State game warden of Oregon, who, as will be seen by the appended letter, seems to appreciate the flooding of his office with correspondence:

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 3.—The Mongolian pheasant continues to thrive and increase in this State, where they were first introduced as a game bird on the American Continent. This increase is the more remarkable because of the failure of the Legislature to provide adequate laws and funds for their protection. They have become the favorite market bird in this city, over 10,000 having been sold here last year during the one month that market sales are permitted by law—Oct. 15 to Nov. 15.

There is a great demand for these birds, for stocking purposes, from nearly every State in the Union, scores of letters being received at this office every week, making inquiries as to their habits, and how they can be obtained. The demand has now become greater than the supply, as only birds bred and raised in confinement can be legally shipped out of the State, and then only upon affidavit of the shipper that the birds are such as to entitle them to shipment.

I have no doubt that the effort made by your Commission and other enterprising citizens, to stock your State with this, the greatest game bird on earth, will prove successful. All that is necessary is wise protective laws, strictly enforced, prohibiting their killing for five or six years, to thoroughly establish them.

Your climate is colder than ours, and the environment in your State not as favorable for their rapid increase; but they are a hardy, prolific bird, and I feel confident that they will gain a foothold if given a fair chance. HOLLISTER D. MCGUIRE, State Fish and Game Protector, Oregon.

Believing that the introduction of these birds is of great importance to both farmer and sportsman, we have given considerable space to recording, in part, what has been done in the care and breeding of them.

For assistance in this work the State is under obligations to Mr. Hobart Ames, of North Easton; Dr. White, of Sandwich; the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, the Milford-Gun Club, Senator Woodfall and many others, who have freely given time and money for the public good.

News from the Yukon.

A note just received from Mr. J. B. Burnham, written at Fort Selkirk, Nov. 6, reports further progress toward Dawson City checked by the ice; and it was Mr. Burnham's intention to winter on Selwyn Creek, thirty miles below Fort Selkirk, and to hunt. Indians were, at the time of writing, coming into Fort Selkirk with caribou and moose meat.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The First Lock.

THE Chesapeake and Ohio Canal comes into Georgetown about 36ft. above the Potomac at this point. This level runs west nearly parallel with the river on the Maryland side for five miles to the First Lock, one of the nearby popular fishing resorts for Washington anglers.

The Lock may be reached by electric car now, necessitating only a short walk down the steep bluff; or one may walk up the towpath, or take a little launch which plies on the canal in the summer months. We have nearly always driven up, keeping close to the canal on the land side, with a first-rate macadamized roadway as far as historic Chain Bridge, and then taking to a woods road with a single track for a mile and a half further to the Lock-house.

This is as far as a road is visible, the Potomac Heights rising so sheer from the back of the house that one may almost step out of the second-story window.

It is a delightful drive before sun-up on a July morning, when the dew is on the grass and the air is full of mist, if you are not subject to rheumatic troubles.

Half-way up the woods road we reach one of the few genuine springs on this side the river to Great Falls. This one has a short run across the road to the canal, and its crooked bed is hidden under a mass of delicious water cress, which we value nearly as highly, and gather with nearly as much care and satisfaction as we do the bass.

Other springs there are in plenty up this side of the river, trickling their inviting but deceptive streams from the foot of the Palisades, but they are mostly a disappointment.

The Conduit, which supplies Washington with water from the dam at the Great Falls of the Potomac, runs for fifteen miles along the top of the ridge, and it is supposed to be little leaks from this which furnish these pseudo springs, of which there are scores along the bluff.

At any rate, when the river water is warm, so are they, and when it is long muddy they, too, become discolored. However, their water is somewhat cooled and partially filtered by its passage through the crevices of the rock, so they are always to be preferred for drinking purposes, though with not much advantage to boast of.

Just before reaching the end of our ride, we cross a turbulent little brook, the waste overflow from the Delacaria, or Receiving Reservoir. This noisy stream in its course has a good many first-rate pools, which are sometimes filled with bass, but they don't stay long. A few old-time fishermen, who have known it for nearly a score of years, keep tab on it, and if an imprisoned bass happens anywhere along its line, all sorts of inducements are offered him to change his quarters.

Last fall a neighbor who has fished it many seasons, and occasionally had great sport after a spate, as the English call a freshet, spent an afternoon here. He had been fishing all the morning in the river for bass, without a rise, and was driven to "try something else." With bob and worm he took a basket of the gamy, long-eared sunfish with which the pools seemed to be filled, and was nearly as proud of his catch as if they had been better fish. "Better" here means only larger, for there are no better in any other sense.

Arriving at the house, we turn the horse over to the boys—sons of the Lock-keeper—put on our wading costumes in the unused lower story, and cross the canal over the gate of the Lock, always trying first for a bass in the tail of the flume or waste race, which carries the surplus water from the upper level around the Lock.

As is well known, the canal has lots of good bass in it, and many a stray one is picked up at the discharges of these flumes in the lower level, where the bass come to feed on the boat refuse which comes from above, or on the smaller fish which gather here for the same purpose.

On the writer's first visit to this place, his first cast in the mouth of the waste was rewarded with a fine bass so hungry it seemed to meet the fly almost half-way, and he has never been able to pass the place since without trying for another that does not come. Maybe next time. A story is told of a man who, on his way to work, accompanied by a favorite terrier, jumped a hare, which the terrier would have caught, only the hare went through a hole in a nearby wall. For five years the man and his pet passed this place twice a day, and never once that the terrier did not investigate the hole in the wall, evidently with the expectation of finding that or another rabbit. So strong are association and memory and hope in all of us.

The procession of canal-boats that all day "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," at intervals sends a lazy tub into the Lock to be lifted up or dropped down, loaded with coal from Cumberland, or grain or hay, and usually going back light. Life on a house-boat has always an attraction for the fisherman, and with the curiosity natural to all of us we linger while one is passing, looking for something odd about the boat, its cargo or its people, and not always disappointed. Sometimes in the season we get a melon or two, for our noon rest, of some captain enterprising enough to have risked part of his capital in garden truck. Occasionally a boat happens along having a baby with a strap around its waist, with a couple of yards of rope fastened to a staple in the roof of the cabin that gives the young one a certain freedom of movement, and fresh air, without the risk of tumbling into the raging canal. After seeing several hundreds of these boats whose general style of architecture tends to monotony, one becomes so nearly indifferent that the announcement that another is approaching will hardly meet with a response, if the fishers are already on their way to the water. But "here's a kid on this one" has never been known to fail of securing an audience.

It is half a mile to the principal channel of the river from the towpath, across a stony flat with great shallow pools in which freshets usually leave some fish imprisoned. Two years ago there were hundreds of fine

bass here, which gave us sport the whole summer long. Last year there was not a single good bass in any of them, but instead three or four schools of carp of 8 or 10 lbs., usually shy enough to keep well out of our way; but one morning when we were there at daylight we had an interesting hour following them about, fifteen or twenty in a school, and not disturbed when we were stooping over them, wishing for a spear or a gun.

A feeder comes into the canal at the Lock from the level of the river above the dam, and many bass are taken at the feeder lock, some fifty rods away. Just above this feeder lock a retaining wall for the feeder serves as a waste discharge called a tumbling dam, and at its foot is a little pool 3 or 4 ft. wide. Walking over this wall one day, the writer saw several bass, frightened by his shadow, scurrying under the rocks. Returning a couple of hours later, and approaching quietly, a fly, dropped down 10 ft. below, was seized at once by the largest fish in the pool, and after a sharp struggle at some disadvantage, with light tackle directly over the fish, it floated quietly long enough to allow him to clamber down and net it. By giving the scared fish a rest after each effort, five were thus taken. Last year a friend found one good one in this same pool, and secured it in the same way. These could only have reached this place by washing over in a flood.

There are several shallow channels, some quite rapid, between this and the main bed of the river, and these are full of bass, but hard to get. They can only be reached by wading, but the angler is hard to please if he cannot find here some attractive water which he will be ambitious to fish. Shallow ripples and deep pools; overhanging willows and big rocks; grassy mats and foaming eddies; hoping with every cast for a 5 lb. bass, but they do not often run here over half that weight.

There may be nothing in it, but we have always thought that it was too close to the head of the Little Falls to be comfortable for the big bass.

Our experience has been that they much prefer the foot of strong water to its head, and the first rush of the Falls begins just opposite the Lock.

But we find enough always to make the day here a happy one, for, with the author of "Random Casts," we feel that "It is not the number of fish he captures that makes the angler contented, for the true angler can enjoy the mere casting of the fly, if he has only an occasional fish to reward his efforts."

HENRY TALBOTT.

The Hudson River as a Salmon Stream.

BY A. NELSON CHENEY.

(Read at National Fisheries Congress, Tampa, Fla.)

FROM time to time, during the past twenty-five years, to my personal knowledge, and probably for a longer period, there have appeared in various publications articles describing the Hudson River as an original salmon stream. Some of them have merely made the broad statement that the river once contained *Salmo salar*, and others in more explicit language described the great quantities of the fish that once inhabited the stream, and deplored the fact that they had become extinct in the river. Almost without exception, the sole foundation for the statement that the Hudson was once a natural salmon river rests upon an extract from the log of Henry Hudson, of the Halfmoon, who records that in 1609 he saw a "great store of salmons in the river" which now bears his name.

Within the past fifteen years a gentleman wrote to a newspaper published in a city on the bank of the Hudson, declaring that his grandfather caught large numbers of salmon in the Hudson, and for this reason it was a proper water to be restocked with the king of fresh-water fishes. That old, old story which originated in England or Scotland one or two hundred years ago, that apprentices and servants provided, when indentured to their masters, that they should not be required to eat salmon oftener than twice a week, has been transplanted to the banks of the Connecticut, and has even been applied to the Hudson and its alleged salmon. Nevertheless, I maintain, and will show in this paper, as I believe, conclusively, that the Hudson was not originally a salmon stream, and that no salmon were ever found in it, except possibly an astray from the Connecticut, until it was planted by the United States Fish Commission and the Fisheries Commission of the State of New York. As to Hudson's declaration—or, to be exact, the declaration of Robert Juet, the master's mate of the Halfmoon, for he it was who wrote the journal—under date of Sept. 3, 1609, he writes: "So wee weighed and went in and rode in five fathoms, oze ground, and saw many Salmons, and Mulletts and Rays very great. The hight is 40 degrees 30 minutes." Under date of the 15th: "Wee ran up into the river, twentie leagues, passing by high mountains. Wee had a very good depth as thirteene fathoms, and great store of salmons in the river." A boat was sent out, and with a net "ten great mullets of a foot and a half long apiece, and a ray as great as four men could hale into the ship" were taken. Not a single salmon was captured at any time while the ship was in the river. The Halfmoon entered the mouth of the river Sept. 3, and anchored inside Sandy Hook, and the next day, the fourth, was when the fishing was done. The ship ascended to the present site of the city of Hudson, and a boat's crew was sent up the stream to about where Waterford now stands, or a little north of the present city of Albany. The ship and its master returned and set sail for Europe on Sept. 23, so that, all told, Hudson was in the river twenty days in the month of September. Had there been salmon in the river, he must have seen them between Sandy Hook and Waterford, and they would not have been in that portion of the river at that time, as their spawning habits would have taken them fifty miles further up the river than Waterford, to Baker's Falls, where shad ran until stopped by the building of the Troy dam in 1825. In some of the Canadian rivers there is a late run of salmon, the fish running as late as October, but this was not true of the Connecticut or other New England salmon streams, nor has it proven true of the Hudson since it was stocked by artificial means.

Hudson being an Englishman, and possibly more or less familiar with salmon in the rivers of his own country, and Juet being born at Limehouse, on the river Thames, where salmon were then common, it is perhaps fair to assume that, seeing schools of large fish of some sort, one or the other associated them with the fish of his home waters and called them salmon in the log.

In a description of New Netherland, printed in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1671, occurs this paragraph: "The streams and lakes, rich with fishes, furnish sturgeon, salmon, carp, bass, pike, roach, bleak, all sorts of eel, sunfish which resemble the bullhead in taste, and codfish which are caught near waterfalls." It will be observed that European common names are applied to the fishes, and doubtless the writer was familiar with the fishes of the old country, and applied their names to the fishes in the new country that to him resembled those of the old. To this day codfish are not caught near waterfalls, and it is more than doubtful if salmon existed in the lakes and streams any more than bleak and roach. New Netherland is bounded "on the south by Virginia, north-east by New England, north washed by the river Canada, and on the coast by the ocean." Besides codfish at the waterfalls and salmon in the streams and lakes, the writer found that "New Netherland hath, moreover, a wonderful little bird scarcely an inch long, quite brilliant in plumage, and sucking flowers like the bee; it is so delicate that a dash of water instantly kills it. When dried it is preserved as a curiosity." The hummingbird is a little larger now, and more hardy, but the description is perhaps as near of the bird as of codfish being taken at waterfalls and salmon in lakes within the boundaries as given of New Netherland.

In 1680 Jasper Danker and Peter Sluyter, members of the Society of Labadists in Holland, visited this country, and they record of the Mohawk, a tributary of the Hudson: "There are no fish in it, except trout, sunfish and other kinds peculiar to rivers, because the cahoos stop the ascent of others."

They dined in state with "Madam Rentslaer at Albany, and had to eat exceedingly good pike, perch and other fish," but no salmon.

New York had salmon streams on the north flowing into the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario, for I have found laws for their protection enacted in 1801 and later, and mentioning the Oswego, Grass, Racket, St. Regis rivers and Fish and Wood creeks, as well as other streams. A law enacted in 1801 provided that no dams should be erected on streams flowing in Lakes Ontario, Erie or Champlain, to prevent salmon from following their usual course up said streams, and when dams were erected, they must be provided with what are now called fishways, to enable fish to pass over the obstruction. There is every indication that the law-makers of the last of the last century and the first of this understood fully the value of the fish in the waters of the State as food, and threw every possible safeguard around them, but there is no record of a law protecting salmon in the Hudson until 1771, when it was enacted:

"Whereas, It is thought that the fish called salmon, which are very plenty in some of the rivers and lakes in this and the neighboring colonies, were brought into Hudson's River, they would, by spawning there, soon become numerous, to the great advantage of the Public:

"And whereas, A Number of Persons in the county of Albany propose to make the experiment, and defray the expense attending the same; in order that the good design may be more effectually carried into execution, it is conceived necessary that a law should be passed for prohibiting the taking and destroying the Fish for a term of years."

This act was signed by John, Earl of Dunmore, and in less than a month after, viz., April 2, 1771, the Common Council of Albany passed the following resolution:

"Resolved by this Board, That a letter be sent to William Penturp for to come down & agree with the corporation, if he can undertake to bring live Salmons into Hudson's River."

There is no record, however, that anything was actually done, under this resolution, to stock the Hudson with salmon. Samuel L. Mitchell, Professor of Natural History in the University of New York, wrote in the "Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York," in 1815: "There is no steady migration of salmon to this river. Though pains have been taken to cherish the breed, salmon has never frequented the Hudson in any other manner than as a stray." In 1857 Robert L. Pell, of Pelham, Ulster county, petitioned the Legislature to construct fishways in the Hudson, and offered to stock the river with salmon without expense to the State. There is no evidence that the State accepted the proposal of Mr. Pell to stock the river with salmon at private expense, and certainly the fishways were not built.

I believe it unnecessary to quote further from old records and laws to prove that the Hudson River was not originally a natural salmon stream. The evidence is chiefly of a negative character, but I am of the opinion that it is conclusive.

What has been done to make the Hudson a salmon stream has been done within the past twenty-five years, and I will rehearse the operations of the National and State Fish Commissions to this end as briefly as possible.

Beginning with 1873, and continuing for three years after, the Fish Commission of New York planted in the tributaries of the Hudson a quantity of fry of the Pacific salmon, hatched from eggs furnished by the United States Fish Commission. Several hundred thousand fry were planted, but so far as known, after going to sea as smolts, not a single fish returned to the river, and this is true also of other plantings of this species of salmon in other Atlantic coast rivers.

In 1801 the late Col. Marshall McDonald, then United States Commissioner of Fisheries, requested me to make an examination of some tributaries of the upper Hudson, with a view to making a plant of yearling quinnat salmon. He was thoroughly convinced that the attempt to stock the Atlantic rivers with the fry of this fish was an abject failure, but at the Wytheville station of the Commission, in Virginia, rainbow trout from California had been established in the hatchery stream by planting fingerling fish after plantings of fry of this species of fish had failed, and he desired to try a like experiment with the salmon

also from the Pacific Coast. I selected several streams in Vermont, tributary to the Battenkill River, which in turn flows into the Hudson. The streams were free from everything injurious to young salmon, and there were no natural or artificial obstructions in them. Later I went to Vermont with one of the United States Fish Commission cars, and planted several thousand yearling California salmon in the streams selected for the purpose. Not one of them has ever been heard of since they went down to the sea.

The experiment of stocking the Hudson with Atlantic salmon (*salar*) was begun in 1882, at which time 225,000 fry were planted in small streams tributary to the head of the river about 260 miles above Sandy Hook. Nothing was heard from this plant until 1886, or four years after, when adult fish returned to the river, fish weighing from 9 to 16 lbs., and ascended to Troy, where they were stopped by the State dam. Every year since, with one exception, plants of salmon fry or yearlings have been made in the river, and every year adult fish have been captured in the lower river by the net fishermen.

One thing has been proven to my satisfaction, beyond peradventure, by these experiments. The young of the *Salmo salar*, when planted in the Hudson, do not go to the sea until they are two years old, and they return from the sea when they are four years old.

If I should make this statement before a European audience, I would be accused of rank heresy, and possibly here in Tampa delegates to the National Fisheries Congress will desire to know what proof I have of this assertion. I planted salmon fry in a trout stream tributary to the Hudson which had never contained salmon, and it was two years before they arrived at the smelt stage and took their departure for the sea in silvery livery. Selecting another stream, I made a like plant, and it was two years before the pair put on the smolt dress, and turning their tails to the sea, drifted down with the current. During the past fourteen years I have planted *salar* fry in various streams, and always when in a new stream where they could be watched, that no mistake would be made, they have remained for two years before going to sea. Since the first plant of *salar* fry, a total of 3,486,000 have been planted in the Hudson River, this number including 12,000 yearlings. All the eggs were furnished by the United States Fish Commission, and came from the Penobscot River in Maine. For a number of years after the initial plant the United States paid all the expenses of hatching and distributing the young fish, but later the Government furnished the eggs, and the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York hatched and planted the fish at the expense of the State.

It is of record that in one year over 300 adult salmon, fish from 10 to 38 lbs. each, were taken in nets in the lower Hudson, every fish taken contrary to law. It is true that some salmon taken in nets are released by the fishermen, but the high price offered for Hudson River salmon in the New York markets sorely tempts a fisherman to kill such salmon as may be taken in his net, instead of releasing them uninjured, as the law directs. Fishways have been erected in the Hudson by the State at Troy, Mechanicsville and Thomson's Mills, but other fishways must be built before the river is open to the fish from the sea to the pure water of the upper river, where the salmon would naturally go to find spawning grounds.

The Cohoes Falls, on the Mohawk, is to-day as much of a bar to the upward migration of salmon as when Jasper Dunker made the entry in his journal in 1680, which I have quoted.

Baker's Falls, on the main river, has been supposed to be one of the causes why salmon never frequented the river at the times they ran into the Connecticut. These falls stopped the shad, and it has been said that they would stop salmon. Possibly they would, but I visited the falls with the late Commissioner McDonald, and we were both of the opinion that it was possible for salmon to surmount them on the proper stage of water. Why the Hudson was not originally a salmon stream when the Connecticut, a neighboring river, was, I shall not attempt to explain. It may have been that Cohoes, and other falls on the main river and its tributaries, operated as a bar to keep them from proper spawning grounds, but one thing has been demonstrated most fully: The Hudson River of to-day, with its sewage from towns, and poisons from mills and factories, does not deter salmon from entering from the sea, once the fry are planted in its headwaters, and with fishways in all the obstructions, natural and artificial, it could be made a self-sustaining salmon river, if the millers would obey the law, while the State Fisheries Commission aided nature in keeping up the supply of young fish by artificially hatching the eggs. Col. McDonald told me on more than one occasion that if the Hudson was open to the salmon, and proper efforts were made to keep up the supply of young fish, and netting regulations were enforced, the river would from its salmon add \$100,000 a year of profit to the State financially, while largely augmenting the food supply.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The San Francisco Fly-Casting Club is making preparations for an open-to-the-world tournament, to be held in San Francisco on Sept. 9 and 10, 1898, in which fly-casting and lure-casting events will be programmed.

Our club has taken this matter up in earnest, and will make the tournament a most attractive one, both in number, character and value of the medals and prizes, and as an interesting event to the angling fraternity.

It is hoped that competitors from the East and abroad will enter the contests, and with this object in view we should be much pleased if you would notice in your columns the fact and date of the tournament, and assure a most hearty welcome to all who can arrange to be with us.

HORACE SMYTH, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Fly-Casting Tournaments.

DURING the last week the interest in the fly-casting seemed to increase, and on several occasions the tiers of benches were crowded by ladies as well as gentlemen, and all were enthusiastic when a particularly long cast was made or a record broken. It was a reunion of anglers who seldom meet, and many old friendships were renewed. The number of old friends we met—men whom we had not seen for years—would require a column to record, and the hearty hand-shakings with new as well as with old friends was felt for days afterward. All distance records are given in feet and inches.

Monday, Jan. 17, at 3 P. M.

Class F.—Ladies' fly-casting contest. For distance only. Unrestricted. Open to all. No fees will be required in this contest. Judges, Fred Engle, Fred Mather. Referee, T. B. Stewart.

Miss Cora Leonard73.0 Miss Helen Stoddard62.0

Both ladies made graceful as well as long casts. Miss Leonard showed the style of those famous casters H. W. Hawes and R. C. Leonard in hardly allowing her line to touch the water before retrieving it, thereby lessening the strain in lifting the line, but at the same time risking a chance that the leader might straighten out. Miss Stoddard was handicapped by a blistered hand and a sore biceps from practice the day before, but her casting was much admired, and she promises to become an expert.

Monday, Jan. 17, at 8 P. M.

Class G.—Obstacle fly-casting contest. For delicacy and accuracy. Open to all. There will be placed on the left side of the bank a bush overhanging the water 3ft. and above the surface 3ft., distant from the casting platform 30ft., and on the right side of the tank a similar bush, under like conditions, distant from the platform 40ft. The contestant will be allowed five casts at each bush. The contestant who places the fly most delicately and nearest the side of the tank, under either of the bushes, shall take first award. The score is given in inches and tenths, but the record of the ten casts is omitted. Judges, T. B. Stewart, H. R. Harris. Referee, Lody Smith.

E R Hewitt228 22.8 F N Peet346 34.6
G Poe242 24.2 D Brandeth372 37.2
C M Roof244 24.4 P C Hewitt411 41.1
B W Goodsell297 29.7 D T Kennedy501 55.6
Geo Landman310 31.0

This was a cumbersome way of reckoning, and it took some time to figure it up. Mr. Kennedy withdrew after the ninth cast, hence his score was divided by 9. There was great skill required in this cast, and the winner, Mr. E. R. Hewitt, showed that he could dodge his fly under a bush as well as cast it far in other contests. There was no applause because none but the judges knew what the caster was doing, and even they have no record to compare it with until they figure it out. In this and in all other contests we give the names in the order of their record and not in the order in which they may have cast.

Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 3 P. M.

Class H.—Fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any similar contest. Judges, Fred Engle, Fred Mather. Referee, T. B. Stewart.

D Brandeth81.0 W K Park68.0
W N Goddard79.6 L Taylor61.0

This brought in some new men, and while such a contest does not interest the public like a struggle between the champions, it encourages beginners.

Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8 P. M.

Class I.—Switch or Pritchard style contest. Distance only. Open to all. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. An obstacle, 12ft. high, will be placed 15ft. back of the contestants. Judges B. W. Goodsell, E. S. Osgood. Referee, S. P. Kellogg.

H W Hawes99.0 P C Hewitt91.6
R C Leonard95.6

This was a fine contest in that most useful of all styles of getting out a fly. As Harry Pritchard was the one who introduced it in our tournaments the committee honored him by calling it after him. The "obstacle" was a painted canvas screen representing trees and was 20ft. high instead of 12. The record of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt was gratifying to those who hope to see the "amateurs" come up with the two who are looked up to as experts or "professionals" because they are rod-makers and who contested with him.

Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 3 P. M.

Class J.—The Press fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open only to members of the press. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. No entrance fees will be required in this contest. Judges, T. B. Stewart, H. W. Martin. Referee, R. B. Lawrence.

C H Mowry73.0 E C Stokes59.0
W K Park68.0 Fred Mather55.0
H R Harris60.6

This class is really intended to encourage young and struggling journalists, but several of them declined to enter against Mowry, who has a record. A well-known angling writer entered to cast against Mr. Mather. He withdrew and so did Mr. Mather after a few casts, using only a small portion of his time in order not to make a record, giving as a reason that he only wanted to beat Mr. W. C. H. and no other.

Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8 P. M.

Class K.—Single-handed bait-casting contest. For distance and accuracy. Open to all. Five casts shall be made with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Free running reel to be used. No limit as to rod or line, but the line must not be leaded or weighted. For accuracy five casts shall be made at a buoy placed 60ft. from the casting point. The casts to be made with the $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits, divided by five, shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. The average distance cast, added to the percentage of accuracy, shall constitute the score.

This was the most complicated bit of mathematics that the committee evolved. It is possible that they understood it, but it is a positive fact that few others did. We merely give the list of winners, which were: R. C. Leonard, C. G. Levison, J. H. Bellows, F. N. Peet and B. W. Goodsell. It was a most unsatisfactory class and should never be repeated in the same way, *i. e.*, adding the percentage of accuracy to the average distance cast.

Thursday, Jan. 20, at 3 P. M.

Class M.—Fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. Open only to those who have never cast over 96ft. in any similar contest. Judges, T. B. Stewart, E. S. Osgood. Referee, Fred Mather.

R C Leonard110.6 I W Bellows92.6
H W Hawes100.6 G W Goodsell92.0
P C Hewitt98.0 Geo Landman86.0
T B Mills97.6

This was an exciting contest, because of the privilege of every man to enter who had never cast over 96ft. As we go to press we cannot search the records, but we

think that some of the contestants have records of over 96ft., unless the rule of "Rod and leader unrestricted" should be construed to show that there had been no "similar contest." Here again Mr. Hewitt crowded the champions. The contest was remarkable in the fact that Mr. Goodsell cast his five minutes without asking for time for repairs, and that Leonard's record last year in a similar contest was 101.6. A sliver on the side of the tank cut the leader of Hawes's and made him call for time.

Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8 P. M.

Class N.—Fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. Open only to those who have never cast over 96ft. in any similar contest. Judges, C. M. Roof, S. P. Kellogg. Referee, F. D. Devine.

B W Goodsell92.6 E R Hewitt85.0
Geo Landman92.0 I W Bellows82.6
F N Peet90.6 D Brandeth80.0

In this contest Mr. Brandeth cast 94ft., which would have made him the winner, but he had several inches of the butt of his rod inside his cuff, and there was a protest against that style of casting. There was a nice question involved, but the judges left it to the referee, and he decided against Mr. Brandeth. The fact that these contests are entirely in the interest of fly-casting as an art, and therefore diametrically opposed to mug-hunting, makes it obligatory on the protestant to show that the judges have been unfair, and this is difficult, because they volunteer to do the work *con amore*.

Friday, Jan. 21, at 3 P. M.

Class O.—Light rod fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. The rod must not exceed 4oz. in weight, with an allowance to be made of $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for solid reel seat. Length of leader unrestricted. Judges, Fred Engle, T. B. Stewart. Referee, Fred Mather.

R C Leonard90.6 I M Bellows81.0
P C Hewitt92.0 B W Goodsell76.0
H W Hawes88.6

Here Mr. Hewitt again crowded the champions, and received the plaudits of his friends. The records of all the contestants are remarkable when the weight of the rod is considered, and a few years ago such a record would have been thought to be impossible.

Friday, Jan. 21, at 8 P. M.

Class P.—Fly-casting contest. For accuracy only. Distance 60ft. Open to all. Rod and length of leader unrestricted. After the contestant has signified his readiness he shall make five consecutive casts at the buoy. The distance in feet and inches at which the fly drops from the mark at each cast shall be noted, and the sum of these distances added together and divided by five shall constitute the score. The contestant having the lowest average shall be declared the winner. Judges, S. P. Kellogg, H. R. Harris. Referee, M. H. Smith.

C M Roof18.0 3.7 1-5 B W Goodsell12.6 2.6
F N Peet17.6 3.5 D Brandeth10.8 2.1 3-5
P C Hewitt14.0 2.9 1-2 Geo Landman5.6 1.3 1-5
G Poe13.6 2.8 2-5 J H BellowsWithdrawn.
H E Robbins13.0 2.7 1-5

Mr. Landman was remarkably accurate at the 60ft. mark; his five casts measured as follows: 6, 14, 14, 14, 18in. from the buoy.

Saturday, Jan. 22, at 3 P. M.

Class Q.—Light rod fly-casting contest. For distance only. Open to all. Rods must not exceed 5oz. in weight, with an allowance to be made of $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for solid reel seat. Length of leader unrestricted. Judges, G. Poe, W. C. Harris.

R C Leonard101.6 H W Hawes93.6
P C Hewitt95.0 B W Goodsell87.0

It will be noted that this contest was like that of the day before, except that the rods might be an ounce heavier, and the contestants were the same. Each man exceeded his record of yesterday by many feet. Goodsell by 11, Leonard by 9, and Hewitt and Hawes by 5 each.

Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8 P. M.

Class R.—Expert fly-casting contest. Open to all. Distance only. Rods and length of leader unrestricted. Judges, T. B. Stewart, R. B. Lawrence. Referee, J. L. Livingston.

R C Leonard120.0 P C Hewitt95.6
H W Hawes104.9 I W Bellows89.0
B W Goodsell98.0 Geo Landman84.6

Leonard cast last, and the cheers which came from the lower end of the pool told that all records with a single-handed fly-rod had been broken. Then came a call for a tape-line, to measure the distance he had cast beyond the tank, which was 110ft. from the stand. Then the Garden rang with cheers when 120ft. was announced. Reuben had not cast his allotted five minutes, but he stepped from the stand saying, "That will do for to-day." This beats his former record of 106, and also that of Mansfield of 111.3, made in Chicago. Twenty years ago a man who could cast 60ft. was thought to be a wonderful caster. Mr. Leonard's great cast closed the tournament, which had been interesting throughout.

FRED MATHER.

[Next week Mr. Fred Mather will make some personal comments on the incidents and accidents observed during the contests.]

Senator Quay's Snappers.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find by a scrap in the Tatler that Senator Quay and his party caught 800 red snappers from 10 to 40lbs. each in one day at Juniper Inlet. Now all agree that the Senator is an able politician, but this case proves that outside of politics he's as thoughtless as a boy. He's too sensible not to know that there is no sport in hauling in fish by the hundred. No one will object to his catching tarpon, but the snapper is too valuable a fish to waste.

When a Waltonite goes on a record-breaking excursion and boasts of so many hundred trout to his individual hook we may appropriately dub him a "trout hog," but when a respectable United States Senator runs his snapper score into the hundreds we hesitate to call him a snapper animal of any kind, though I would like to ask him how long he thinks such sport will last if this record business is kept up. He may say it will make no perceptible diminution in their numbers, but St. Augustine can tell another story. The waters around here are so persistently fished with hook and net that no one but a very patient angler cares to waste his time in trying to catch a fish of any kind. This record-breaking business I find is kept up at the different hotels along the coast and published as one of the chief attractions, but when they find the attraction oozing away they'll come to the conclusion that they've acted about as wisely as the man who killed that famous Klondike goose.

DIDYMUS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Lobsters Spawn Annually.

PROF. E. E. PRINCE, Commissioner of Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, has sent me a copy of his paper on the "Natural History of the Lobster," in which he takes the ground that the lobster spawns annually, and possibly twice in one year. The belief has heretofore prevailed that the lobster was a biennial spawner, but the observations of Prof. Prince refute that belief. He says: "A very erroneous opinion was in circulation some years ago that the female lobster spawns once in two years. * * * Prof. Garman, and more recently Prof. Herrick, have favored the idea, and Dr. Fullerton has also adopted it in his recent Scottish paper on 'Lobster Development,' though the evidence when analyzed, instead of establishing biennial spawning, all points the other way. * * *

"We have, indeed, available the fullest scientific proof that a decapod, closely allied to the lobster, spawns not once in two years, but twice in one year. Thus the shrimp (*Crangon vulgaris*) spawns in April and May, as well as in early November. A valid inference would be that the lobster spawns not less frequently than once a year. * * * My own observations, for which Canada offers opportunities incomparably greater than those of any other country, lead me to the view that lobsters as a rule spawn annually, and that a female lobster which has hatched her brood early in the season does in many cases produce a second crop of eggs later in the fall, which are carried all winter. The details of my examination of a large number of specimens supporting this view cannot be given here, but will be published in due course elsewhere."

The entire paper from which I have quoted is one of great interest, but I cannot quote at greater length from it in a note, not even what is said of the author's embryological studies of the lobster, which go to support his view that they spawn annually, particularly as he promises fuller details later. Investigators doubtless make errors in their investigations of natural history subjects through lack of proper material or opportunity, or for other reasons over which they have no control, but they seek only the truth, and are quite ready to acknowledge any possible error when it is shown to be an error by one who has had greater opportunities for investigating any particular subject.

Prof. Herrick's paper on the "Habits and Development of the American Lobster" is most exhaustive, and I have assumed it to be the surest guide to the life history of the lobster, as probably it is, and in it he says that he has demonstrated on the ground of anatomy that the lobster did not and could not breed annually, as commonly supposed. Although such authorities disagree on this point, there is no reason to believe that they will not ultimately agree, when all the evidence is produced.

An Explanation.

A friend, writing me in regard to my photograph, reproduced in this paper of the Christmas issue, says:

"The photograph of you is good, for I have seen you in a similar situation, with one exception, on a number of occasions—although your clothes look better than usual. But where under the sun did you get that arm-chair that you are sitting in? It looks like a property of a photographic studio. The balance of the picture is real enough, even to the inevitable cigar between your fingers; but you will have to explain that chair."

My friend is not the only one who has wondered about that chair, for I wondered about it myself when I first saw it. The photograph was taken on the shore of Big Crooked Lake, Township 43, Herkimer county, a portion of what is known as the "Webb purchase," as it belongs to a tract of nearly 100,000 acres purchased of Dr. W. Seward Webb by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission to add to the State's holdings in the Adirondack Park. The lake is one of the Red Horse Chain of lakes, and the one most remote from Beaver River and railroad communication. I took the capital photographer, Mr. Severance, up there with me to get some photographs for the annual report of the Commission, and with three guides and two boats we made rather a hurried trip through the chain of lakes and over the connecting trails. It was our intention to camp on Clear Lake, but when we got to that lake we found the camp in possession of Dr. Spruce M. Nash, of New York, and Prof. Richards, of Yale University, and we pushed on over the trail and across Summit Lake to Big Crooked. We found the camp practically as shown in the photograph, and it was nearly dark when we reached it, and it was raining. It was against the law to peel the trees, and, very naturally, I did not propose to break the law, even to make a dry place to sleep; and we fixed up the roof of the lean-to with such bark as we could find at the sides and on the ground. It was the first trip that Mr. Severance had made into any wilderness, and he was not as happy as he might have been. At the outset I told the guides that, while I was in a hurry, I was a heavy man and would go first over the trails, and I would not expect them to go faster than I did. Mr. Severance landed at the camp with two badly blistered heels, and the guides swearing that they had no idea that a heavy man with short legs could get over a trail like a jack rabbit, and would not stop long enough to eat decently.

That chair was in the camp when we reached it, and I learned by inquiry that it was made by one of Dr. Webb's game wardens who spent a winter on the shore of the lake, and had nothing else to do but watch for poachers, keep warm and make chairs. I am prepared to testify that he made good, strong, comfortable chairs, and I heard that he preserved the fish, too, for the lakes afforded good fishing when they were guarded by a private owner, but as soon as they came into possession of the State the fishing was not as good. There was no time to try the fishing, and I had no fishing tackle with me, but I heard from the campers and guides that the fishing had fallen off in a most mysterious manner after the tract became a part of the State Park. With the small number of game protectors that the State has at command, it is quite impossible to guard all the lakes against netters. Dr. Webb preserved the fish because he had guardians living on the tract, and on his preserve alone he had

as many special protectors and game keepers as the State has to protect the fish and game in the entire State.

In spite of the shower and the broken roof to the lean-to, we passed a very comfortable night in the camp represented in the photograph. I say "we" when really I should except Mr. Severance. Some time in the night a young northern hare came into the camp, entering from the side where I was sleeping, and as soon as it jumped on to me it gave a frightened jump on to Severance, whereupon Severance arose, hastily started up the fire, and sat in that chair until morning. Had he told me what had alarmed him, I would have explained what it was, but he kept his own counsel until we got out of the woods, and at the time I was too sleepy to more than realize that a hare had jumped on to me and that Severance had left the camp for the fire.

Late Spawning Trout.

Some time after the men had ceased taking trout spawn at the Sunapee Lake, N. H., hatchery last fall—or, to be exact, on Dec. 19—it was discovered that trout were running up the inlet brooks. The hatchery is on a brook called Pike Brook, which is closed to fishing, and the breeding fish—trout and ouananiche—are netted at its mouth as the fish leave the lake and attempt to ascend the stream to spawn. When the egg-taking season is over, the nets are removed from the mouth of the brook. The trout observed in the brook above the hatchery on Dec. 19 were all large fish weighing, it was estimated, from 3 to 4 lbs. or over each. Last year I was there during the egg-taking season, and after the ouananiche had been taken and placed in the breeding pens, a number of big salmon were found in the stream above and below the hatchery. The men were there on the ground, and the salmon were netted and the spawn taken and placed in the hatchery troughs.

Land-locked Salmon in Ontario.

During a recent railway journey I had a chat in the smoking car with Mr. F. W. Myers, of the Custom House at Rouse's Point, and he told me that last season he went over the railroad from Ottawa and Parry Sound with Paul Smith. The railroad runs for 250 or 300 miles through an unbroken wilderness, the whole region abounding in lakes and streams that were filled with fish of all kinds. In speaking of the different kinds of fish, Mr. Myers mentioned land-locked salmon as inhabiting some of the lakes. Questioned to know if he was absolutely sure that the fish were land-locked salmon, Mr. Myers said that he caught none himself, but he was informed by the engineers who surveyed the road, and who were familiar with the Lake St. John ouananiche, that the fish were land-locked salmon and not lake trout or other species of trout. In this State the lake trout has been called salmon without prefix or suffix on other occasions and places than bills of fare at summer hotels, and perhaps I am over-suspicious about the identity of the fish in Ontario. Chambers, in his book on the ouananiche, does not include Ontario within the boundaries of the geographical distribution of the ouananiche. Creighton quotes Hallock as saying that the ouananiche is found in the Stony Lakes of Peterborough county, Ontario, some 150 miles or so south of the region where Mr. Myers and Paul Smith heard that land-locked salmon were found. If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM has actually caught land-locked salmon in any of the lakes referred to, will he not make it known in this paper?

Monsters.

A few weeks ago I wrote a note about monsters of the salmon family, concerning which Dr. Seligman, of St. Thomas Hospital, London, is preparing an exhaustive paper, or series of papers. Dr. Seligman writes me that he has had to abandon his work on the monsters for a time, as he has arranged to go as botanist and zoölogist with Prof. Haddon's expedition to Torres Straits and Borneo, to be gone sixteen months. He promises to resume his work on his return, and he has sent me some observations on a trout caught by Mr. Frederic M. Halford, with a supplementary dorsal fin.

A. N. CHENEY.

Rainbow Trout for New Jersey.

THE December report of State Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner, of New Jersey, records the distribution of 32,000 brook trout fry from 2 to 5½ in. in length. Sixteen hundred rainbow trout, received through the courtesy of the Flat Brook Club, of Sussex county, were divided between the Pequest at Andover in Sussex county on application of Frank Straly, and the Musconetcong, near Hackettstown in Warren county. The report continues:

"The rainbow trout is a new fish for the waters of New Jersey. Although several lots have been sent to this State by the United States Fish Commissioner in years past, no successful results have attended the transplanting of the fish, due in most cases to the fact that they were placed in water not suited to them. Although slightly inferior, both for the angler and the table, to the native wild trout, they are admirably adapted to streams the temperature of which at times rises too high to support the life of the indigenous trout. Rainbow trout have been known to thrive in water frequently reaching a temperature as high as 72 degrees, and there are instances recorded where they did not succumb to a temperature of 85 kept up for several days. A number of streams in New Jersey have been rendered unsuitable for our own trout by reason of the cutting down of forests along the banks; in such there is every reason to expect that the rainbow trout will do well. In appearance they very much resemble the indigenous trout, but are of stouter build; they increase in weight far more rapidly and grow to a considerably larger size. Although their introduction into good trout streams is not generally advocated by fishculturists, nevertheless there are a number of streams in New Jersey deserted by the indigenous trout where the California variety may be expected to do well. Unfortunately for the more extended trial of their introduction into this State, the arrangements made by the Commission for the purchase of a

considerable number of these trout fell through, to the chagrin of a number of citizens who were ready to extend a welcome to the Western immigrant.

"The netting of indigenous fresh-water fish out of the Delaware and Raritan Canal has not been very successful so far, owing to the fact that the water was not drawn off at the time anticipated. The result of the netting so far has been ninety-six black bass, thirty-two pickerel, sixty yellow perch and sixty white perch. These fish were nearly all adults, some of considerable size; the entire lot was divided between the Fitzhugh Stream at Husted station and the Tumbling Dam Pond, near Bridgeton; both these waters are located in Cumberland county.

"A consignment of 200 black bass received from the United States Fish Commissioner for Lake Hopatcong were placed in the sheet of water indicated.

"For the purpose of supplying more food for the fish in Culver's Pond, 20,000 bait-fish were placed in that pond."

Indulging his Privilege.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I indulge in the privilege allowed sick persons and do a little grumbling. I think it will do me good even if I bore the readers.

Government Economy.

Last spring and summer the association of which I am a member had correspondence through our representative Hon. O. H. Underwood with the Secretary of the Navy in regard to putting fishways in the lock dams of the Warrior River at Tuscaloosa. After considerable correspondence he informed us that we should have a petition signed by not less than twenty-five reputable citizens asking for the fishways to be put in. This was soon done, and after a good many more yards of red tape had been bound around the subject we were informed that the engineer in charge of the locks had sent in his estimate of the cost of fishways at \$8,000, and considering this expense the Government did not see fit to put in the work. I suppose the estimate was made for ways constructed of granite and cement, the same as the locks, but this I do know, the ways can be built of heart pine for an eighth of that estimate and would serve the purpose and last for years. I don't know what it cost the Government to stock this stream with shad; not much less, I should judge, than the estimate given for the ways. I cannot see any good judgment or economy in not putting the ways in at that figure. The shad is doomed in this stream unless it is done. The locks too destroy the other fish, as all are shut off from their spawning grounds. To what extent this will affect the streams above dependent on this one so far as the supply of bass is concerned I am not competent to say. I would like to ask some of the authorities if the bass is enough migratory in his habits for this to seriously affect their welfare in these streams.

The Texas Flea.

I don't know that this is the proper title to address this pestiferous and murderous insect. I know he has added another howl to swell the chorus, and I would like some information from some one who is acquainted with him. I never heard of him until two years back, and never formed his acquaintance until this winter, when I was further south at my old home in search of health. I did not find health, but I found this pest to add to the ills I had to bear. In appearance this flea (or whatever he is) looks in size like the fleas found on cats, with the body some longer. He seems to be of a very sluggish nature, as you can pick him up easily, and I have laid them on a piece of paper where they would be for some time; then he would seem to think of something in the next county that he wanted to see about and depart so rapidly the eye could not follow him. They do not confine themselves to animals; in fact, I believe the fowls suffer the most from them. Their favorite part to attack on both fowl and beast is around the eyes, where they congregate until they are in great lumps; then they bury their heads in the flesh and remain like a tick or red bug. Nothing seems to remove them effectually but scraping them off with a knife.

Fisheries Congress.

If there has been a representative for this State appointed I do not know it. I understand the Governor said he would appoint any one who wished to go. I hate to think that our Governor has not the interest at heart of the subject in general or the State in particular and have appointed a competent person to represent us, but such seems to be the case.

Jumping Carp.

I notice in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM what Mr. Hough has to say on this subject, and until a few days ago I thought like him, that the carp never aired himself. We have about six miles from this city an artificial pond covering thirty or forty acres. It was built ten or twelve years back, and shortly after some one put some carp in. May he never do the like again. On Jan. 1, my brother and I went out to get some bass for our Sunday breakfast. It was a very warm day, even for this latitude, and the bass bit well, and in a short while we had four nice ones; and as we were drifting around lazily with the wind a large fish broke water with a splash close behind the boat. We both thought it a big bass and turned to cast back. As we did so another fish left the water, and we saw that it was a carp that would weigh 30 lbs. at least. They were soon jumping in all parts of the pond. The fish were of different sizes and seemed to be having a lively time generally, as they were stirring the mud up from the bottom. They kept this up all the afternoon, and not another bass did we get. How little did those who introduced the carp into this country dream of the harm they were doing by handling something they knew nothing about.

A Gun Story.

I will tell you a short story from life. I knew a young

man who had the means and capacity of enjoying himself in everything this world can give. His chief pleasure was sports of field and stream; he was a thorough sportsman, and his implements were dear to him as to every true sportsman from memories that cling to them. The pride of his heart was a costly gun—one of the highest productions of the makers, and could have been treasured for a work of art if no other. Alas! when this young man died, a friend, one of the judges of the State, who was considered a sportsman, assisted the young widow to settle up her affairs and was of great help to her in her troubles. Thinking nothing she could do would be more acceptable as an acknowledgment of her gratitude than to present him her husband's gun, she did so. The other day this man drove up to where I was standing; he was on his way to shoot quail. I looked for the gun. At last I found it—the idol of his friend's heart. There it lay in the bottom of the buggy covered with mud and sand, battered and rusty, of no value to its present owner more than that it would shoot and kill a bird. A \$15 gun would have filled the bill for him. "Why is it that a \$600 work of art, requiring days of work of brain and hand to produce, should have for its guardian and keeper a \$15 soul?"

ALABAMA.

Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19.—The Association will hold its annual meeting Feb. 9, at the armory of the Washington Light Infantry. Its roster will soon contain 500 names. The bill H. R. 6161 for the protection of fish in the District, prepared by the National Fish Commission, approved by the District Commissioners, and by the Association, has passed the House and will pass the Senate at an early day. The annual meeting promises to be interesting, the committee having arranged a programme of papers, addresses, etc.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION. H. R. 6161.
A BILL

For the protection of fish in the District of Columbia, for the maintenance of a permanent spawning ground in the Potomac River in said District, and for other purposes.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that from and after the date of the passage of this act no person shall fish with fyke net, pound net, stake net, weir, float net, gill net, haul seine, dip net, or any other contrivance, stationary or floating, in the waters of the Potomac River and its tributaries within the District of Columbia. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the use of barrel nets or pots for the catching or killing of eels, or prevent the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, or his agents, from taking from said waters in any manner desired fish of any kind for scientific purposes or for purposes of propagation, and that none of the provisions of this act shall apply to persons employed in catching young catfish, smelt, chub, bull minnows, and crayfish for use as bait in fishing with hook and line; provided further, that any person engaged in taking such catfish, smelt, chub, bull minnows and crayfish shall first have procured a written permit from the said Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to take such bait for hook-and-line fishing.

Sec. 2. That no person shall catch or kill in the waters of the Potomac River or its tributaries within the District of Columbia any black bass (otherwise known as green bass and chub), crappie (otherwise known as calico bass and strawberry bass), or striped bass (otherwise known as rockfish) between April 15 and June 1 of each year; nor have in possession nor expose for sale any of said species between the dates aforesaid, nor catch or kill any of said species of fish at any other time during the year except by angling, which shall not include the taking of fish by what are known as out lines or trot lines.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person to have in possession or expose for sale in the District of Columbia after June 10 in any year any fresh fish of the shad or herring species.

Sec. 4. That it shall be unlawful for any person to expose for sale in the District of Columbia at any time during the year any striped bass or rockfish or black bass having a length of less than 9 in.

Sec. 5. That it shall be unlawful for any person to catch or kill in the waters of the Potomac River or its tributaries within the District of Columbia any fish by means of explosives, drugs or poisons.

Sec. 6. That no person shall allow any tar, oil, ammoniacal liquor, or other waste products of any gas works or works engaged in using such products, or any waste product whatever of any mechanical, chemical, manufacturing or refining establishment, to flow into or be deposited in Rock Creek or the Potomac River or any of its tributaries within the District of Columbia, or into any pine or conduit leading to the same.

Sec. 7. That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction therefor before the police court or any other court of the District of Columbia shall be fined for each and every offense not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, and in default of payment of fine shall be imprisoned in the workhouse for a period not exceeding six months; and any officer or other person securing such conviction before the police court of the District of Columbia shall be entitled to and receive one-half of any fine or fines imposed upon and paid by the party or parties adjudged guilty.

Sec. 8. That all nets, boats or other contrivances, the property of any person convicted under the provisions of this act, shall be returned to the property clerk of the Metropolitan Police Department, to be delivered to the owner upon the order of the judge of the police or other court, and if not called for within six months by the claimant the same shall be treated as other abandoned property coming into the hands of the police.

Sec. 9. That all acts or parts of acts not in harmony with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

The International Fishery Congress.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of fish commissioners and others interested in fish and fisheries gathered at Tampa, Fla., on Wednesday of last week, in attendance upon the first annual convention of the International Fishery Congress. More than one hundred names were registered from various parts of the United States, while an international character was given to the affair by the presence of accredited representatives of Germany, Spain and China, the last being Second Secretary Chow Tsz-Chi of the Chinese Legation.

The visitors were welcomed in a glowing speech by Governor W. D. Bloxham, to which happy response was made by Mr. A. N. Cheney.

Thursday a permanent organization was formed, with Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., as President; Thos. H. Watts, of Alabama; Eugene G. Blackford, of New York; Geo. F. Peabody, of Wisconsin; P. J. Berkman, of Georgia, and D. P. Corwin, of Pennsylvania, Vice-Presidents, and Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, as Secretary.

Thursday and Friday were devoted to the reading of papers; and on Saturday excursions were made to the Mullet Key fishing grounds and the Manatee River on board the United States steamer Fish Hawk.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.
Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.
March 9.—St. Louis Kennel Club's third annual show, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

The U. S. Field Trials.

(Concluded from page 78.)

Thursday.

THE weather was clear and cool. As the day advanced the sun and wind did much toward drying out the ground. In the afternoon the mud was much less troublesome. Wire fences cramped the competition a great deal, and there was much working at cross purposes. There was some old-fashioned hustling betimes. The work of the dogs as a whole was not up to expectations, though there was a part of the work which was really high class.

Saragossa Belle and Sam T. began at 8:30. A bevy was seen to flush near where one dog was working, quite a distance away. In woods on the scattered birds Sam pointed and moved on; some birds were flushed near the place. Sam made three good points on singles, and Belle made two. She refused to back. Sent on, Sam pointed in woods, and in roading to locate he showed reluctance. Up at 9:00. Both ranged fast and wide. The heat as a whole was not notable for any special excellence.

Elgin's Dash and Dave Earl began at 9:11. Dave flushed a bird of a bevy wilfully and showed lawlessness. On a marked bevy in thicket Dash made a good point and Dave backed. Earl, going down wind, flushed a bevy in weeds. The birds were marked down in the open where there was sufficient cover for them to hide in and where there should have been good point work, but the handlers got into a scrambling mood and flushed the birds. Beating about, each dog secured a single-bird point. Up at 9:40. The heat was rather ragged and hurried, and fell far short of equaling the opportunities. Dash ranged with ordinary judgment and was over-attentive in nosing out likely corners. Dave Earl had much the better range and speed.

Ann of Abbottsford and Landseer began at 10:01. Landseer was to have run with Roland, but the latter being withdrawn on account of illness, and Rodfield's Boy also not running, Ann and Landseer were braced together. After ranging about ten minutes Landseer was lost. A diligent search failing to find him the next heat was begun. It had been in progress some minutes when Landseer appeared. After that heat was ended this heat was resumed. They were cast off at 11:05. They pointed near each other independently. Landseer first, then began roading; Landseer pointed the bevy, and Ann backed indifferently. In ranging Landseer was out of bounds much of the time, and strained the resources of his trainer to handle him. Ann had a useful range, but the class of her range was rather ordinary. Up at 11:45.

Harwick and Tony Gale were cast off at 10:27. Tony pointed a bevy and made another point on the scattered birds. Harwick in a thicket pointed, moved on to locate better, and flushed the single; he again pointed and drew on, and the bird was flushed afterward. Tony pointed stanchly in a plum thicket; nothing found. The ranging of the dogs was much interrupted by stretches of wire fences obstructing them. There was nothing notable in the quality of their bird work. Both ranged fast and wide enough.

Sister Sue and Pin Money were cast off at 11:57. They soon started in a straightaway run out of sight and staved out of bounds quite a while. Sue was inclined to follow her leader. They neglected working to the gun for some minutes. When they were got in hand they settled down to better work. Pin Money pointed a bevy nicely and was commendably stanch. Sue at this juncture came in and commenced working for her handler. The birds took a long flight. Pin pointed them in weeds, but she drew on to locate better and Sue made game and began roading on the same birds, which flushed before they were again pointed. They were again followed. Pin pointed them well and Sue backed; then Sue got a good point on a single and the heat ended. Pin Money showed much the better abilities, though she impaired her work by wild running part of the time and she was not properly obedient. Up at 12:20.

Tory Luna and Hurstbourne Zip began at 1:24, after lunch. Zip pointed in woods, moved on to locate; Tory roaded and pointed the bevy. Tory next pointed two remaining birds. Zip made one good point on a single and a point to which nothing was found. Both were speedy and had good range, Zip going the wider at times, though he was very irregular in his casts and sometimes went too wide. Up at 1:54.

Young Rip Rap and Belle of Hard Bargain were cast off at 2:03. Rip ranged lawlessly out of bounds most of the time. Belle was fast and kept within more reasonable limits, but she was disobedient and difficult to hold properly to the course. Up at 2:37. She was a merry, industrious worker nevertheless.

Second Round.

Ten were kept in. Of these Sister Sue was rather fortunate in having the preference over Ned B., a dog which in my opinion outclassed her in every respect. The heats in this series were one hour long.

Cincinnatus Pride and Count Gloster began at 3:18. Pride pointed on larks and was backed. Next he located a single bird skillfully, then pointed it. Pride next pointed some scattered birds in woods. Sent on. Count dropped to a point in a cottonfield; Pride backed; nothing found. Count made two of three false points in suc-

cession. Next he made a good point on three birds. Sent on. Pride made game and roaded in a masterful manner to a point on a bevy in woods. It was an excellent piece of work under difficult conditions, the ground being bare. It was accurate, quick and skillful work. Sent on. Pride took up the trail of a single bird and followed it very accurately quite a distance on the bare ground. He pointed occasionally. As he had it nearly located Count cut in ahead and took the point, but the real credit was Pride's. Count then roaded about and pointed, but failed to locate. In the open on the scattered birds Pride made two points and two flushes. He had much the better of the heat.

Albert Lang and Harwick were cast off at 4:23. Albert made two points and Harwick one; nothing found. Albert pointed a bevy well on dry leaves. He next pointed a single and was backed. Harwick pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Both dogs feathered and roaded about for some minutes in an open field, but failed to find. The birds had probably flown to roost. Sent on. Harwick pointed a bevy by a hedge; Albert backed. Both dogs ranged well considering the unfavorable ground, and were fast and diligent. Both showed good bird work.

Friday.

Rain fell heavily during the night, and the muddy conditions again prevailed. A dark, overcast sky promised a stormy day. After waiting a while, there being a remote prospect that no rain would fall, a start was made. Birds were not found in such numbers as in previous days. There were but few spectators present, nearly everyone having left for their homes. There were a few light falls of rain during the forenoon.

Sam T. and Tony Gale were cast off at 10:21. Sam pointed a bevy in heavy weeds in bottom. Sent on. Tony pointed a bevy in open sedge, and Sam, coming about 30yds. ahead, pointed the same bevy independently. On the scattered birds Tony got three good points, the birds lying very close. Sam coming in pointed on one of Tony's singles. Next Sam made game, drawing about and pointing now and then, but failed to locate. Sent on. Sam pointed in weeds; nothing found. Tony made three points on singles, two of the points being made while the dogs were separated. Sam again roaded about, pointing at times; Tony backed; nothing found. Tony was lost for a few minutes and was found pointing a bevy. Sam backed. The birds were marked down in heavy weeds and both pointed on them; the birds flushed in twos and threes, the dogs still pointing and drawing slowly as the birds flushed. Sam next made a point on two outlying birds. Tony had much the better of the heat. The conditions were very favorable for good scent. Both dogs were fast and ranged well. Sam showed timidity on scent and avoided following it to a conclusion several times.

Sister Sue and Tony Luna were cast off at 11:33. Sue pointed some birds and Luna backed; Sue flushed. On the scattered birds Sue made three points on singles, one of which was flushed by Luna; the latter pointed a single. Sent on. Sue roaded to a point on a bevy, roaded on to locate better and Luna cut in and took the point. Sue made two good points on singles. Luna next pointed a bevy and Sue made a point to which there was nothing found. Sue had much the better of this heat.

Hurstbourne Zip and Pin Money started at 1:20, after lunch. Zip's work was of an inferior grade. They backed each other soon after starting. Zip got two uncertain points and one good one on birds. He backed well. Pin made one point on a lark and three on running birds.

Third Round.

Cincinnatus Pride and Tony Gale were cast off at 2:52, and ran about ten minutes. Pride found and pointed a bevy nicely; as Tony ran in toward him from the front, the bevy flushed. The heat then ended.

Harwick and Sister Sue ran nine minutes, beginning at 3:06. They were worked on scattered birds. Harwick dropped to a point on them in leaves in woods; a good piece of work. Sue was headstrong, and could not be controlled sufficiently to work on the scattered birds. Sent on after the scattered birds in woods. Harwick again pointed them well. Sue made one point to which nothing was found, and one point on a rabbit. Harwick had the better of the heat in every respect.

The Absolute.

Chisholm and Sport McA. were cast off at 3:21. It would be difficult to imagine a more total collapse of a competition than that which soon took place. Sport bolted after a few minutes and was not seen again during the heat, which ended in about a half hour's time. His tracks were found where he had crossed the highway into large fields on the opposite side of it. In the meantime Chisholm had been working alone, had flushed a bevy and a single bird, and was running in poor form. It was a heat in which all competition had vanished. A long search failed to find Sport after the heat was ended.

Saturday.

There was a heavy downpour of rain during the night. Great, dark clouds sailed across the sky at the time of starting, but the rain had ceased. The three judges, two reporters and a small boy constituted the party following the one handler and two dogs. The latter were cast off at 8:57, and the unfinished heat was resumed. It may be mentioned in passing that Sport was found on point the evening before, after a good deal of searching. A heavy rain set in as the heat began, and lasted till the dogs were ordered up. Soon after they were cast off Sport bolted and was lost for nearly an hour. Riders searched about for him. He found himself at last and came to the party from a point of woods some distance away. In the meantime Chisholm had been out in the wagon. Cast off again, Sport was kept in bounds only by the most constant whistling and shouting, and while it kept him in uncertain check in a way, it entirely deterred Chisholm from making any serviceable effort at all. The latter showed repugnance toward the water, the rain and the wet grass, and tried to com-

promise by leaping over the tops of the sedge now and then. On two running birds which one of the judges had seen running in the grass, and which the dogs had been previously worked upon without finding, Chisholm secured a loose kind of point. Sport, after the birds were flushed, pointed a few yards ahead, probably on foot-scent. The heat then ended, lasting something over an hour. The misbehavior of sport would have disqualified him in any event, and while Chisholm ran a very weak heat, he won, with something to spare. This heat proves that Sport needs a great deal of good discipline and work to make him a worker to the gun. As for Chisholm, the cold rain and wet ground effectually put a damper on his performance.

B. WATERS.

The Continental Field Trial Club's Trials.

THE trials of the C. F. T. C. were run at New Albany, Miss., beginning on Monday, Jan. 17. The entries in the stake were light, a loss being suffered from following the U. S. trials in the next week after they were run, as all clubs suffer under similar circumstances.

The grounds were favorable for good work, and the birds were in sufficient numbers to decide a competition, though not so plentiful, nor were they distributed so uniformly as could be desired throughout the grounds. For these reasons a longer time was required in running the heats than otherwise would be necessary.

The judges were: Messrs. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburgh, and E. H. Osthaus, of Toledo. They officiated very well in every respect, and they arrived at accurate decisions. Mr. N. Wallace, the third judge engaged, sent his excuses at the last moment, thus disappointing the club. The decisions were approved by all who were not chronic kickers in whole or in part. No judges could be more painstaking, patient, attentive and considerate than were the two under consideration.

The visitors were: Mr. Hobart Ames and wife, Boston; Dr. B. C. Russell and wife, Keene, N. H.; W. H. Joiner, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. W. G. Graham, Grand Junction, Tenn.; Capt. J. R. Horton, Holly Springs, Miss., and others.

The Derby.

This stake was for all setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. There were four prizes, namely, first, \$250; second, \$200; third, \$150; fourth, \$100.

There were eight starters, as follows:

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter bitch Sport's Belle (Marie's Sport—West Wind), Geo. Gray, handler, with Dr. J. R. Daniels's l. and w. pointer dog Sam's Bow (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.), Geo. Richards, handler.

J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McA. (Tony Boy—Blue), D. E. Rose, handler, with W. G. Graham's b. and w. setter dog Dick Bland (Sam Gross—Madie R.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez), D. E. Rose, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's (agt.) l. and w. Sport's Girl (Spot Cash—Mamie B.), agent, handler.

Wm. Elliott's l. and w. pointer dog Doctor Tassie (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), Geo. Richards, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), agent, handler.

There was a dearth of birds in some of the heats. None of the competition was secured without the most diligent searching.

The winners were: Sport's Girl first, Young Jingo second, Pearl R. third, Dick Bland fourth.

Sport's Girl ranged well and at good speed, and she exercised good judgment. Her point work was commendably accurate both on bevs and on singles. She showed some puppyish traits occasionally, more in her manner than in the work itself. She remained out at her work and conducted it without coaching.

Young Jingo ran a very close race for first, but he was not entirely independent in his ranging, and he made some bad errors at the finish, which set him back undoubtedly. Still no dog in the stake equaled him in finished training, honest work to the gun and bird sense. Taking his point work into consideration, apart from the errors, his bevy work was excellent, and he could be handled with ease in working for singles; and in this and the prompt obedience he gave to whistle he was not approached by any dog in the stake.

Pearl R. was not reliable at all times either on point or back, and she was handled with much difficulty and a deal of noise. She received a great deal of coaching also. While she was fast and diligent, her range was not conducted with the best of judgment.

Dick Bland's competition was weak in its ranging features. His point work was fairly good. Toward the close of the competition he was running with less spirit than in the earlier part.

Monday.

The morning was raw and cloudy, but gradually the temperature became higher, the clouds passed away and the afternoon was quite pleasant. Birds were not in abundance. There were twelve or thirteen bevs found, which gave a fair test of the dogs by hard searching, through heats longer than the average, hence the tests were quite thorough. There was industrious work displayed throughout the stake, and the class of the work was above the average, taking into consideration the limited opportunities.

First Round.

Sport's Belle and Sam's Bow were cast off at 10:11. Belle pointed a rabbit and Bow backed. Again cast off for a search of bevs. Bow pointed, moved on, making game, but failed to locate. The birds were afterward flushed by the riders. Next Bow in the open pointed a bevy and made two points on the scattered birds. Sent on. Belle pointed a bevy in woods, and on the birds marked down in the open, Belle flushed a single, and next she made a point near where some birds had flushed. Bow was the better in range and speed. Down 1 hour and 2 minutes.

Sport McA. and Dick Bland ran 1 hour and 12 min-

utes, beginning at 11:22. Soon after starting Sport bolted. The judges held Dick in check for a while, allowing a reasonable time to find Sport and get him in hand. Failing this, Dick was ordered on, working alone. As a matter of courtesy, one of the judges assisted in the search. Dick flushed a single across wind. Next he pointed some scattered birds quite well. Sent on again, and the riders flushed a bevy, and Dick was headed for the scattered birds when Sport came in. He was watched by some of the horse men till his handler came in from a distance, where he was searching, and the competition was again resumed. Dick made a good point on a single at the edge of woods. Sport roaded and pointed alternately about 100 yds.; Dick swinging in ahead on the same trail pointed; both drew on and failed to locate. Sent on. Sport pointed in scrubs, and Dick about 30 yds. ahead flushed or pointed. He held his point, and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. In woods, working on the scattered birds, Dick made two points. Dick was badly handicapped running against Sport. The latter was constantly disposed to bolt, and it required a deal of loud ordering and whistling to keep him under any control. He could not be kept to the course. He was flagrantly disobedient when working to the gun, and most of the time he was self-hunting.

Pearl R. and Sport's Girl started at 2:16. Pearl made game and flushed a single excusably. Sent on. Pearl pointed a bevy in heavy cover. Sent on. Girl pointed a bevy in the open; Pearl backed prettily for a moment, then broke her back, and was stanch on back only to order. On the scattered birds Pearl made two good points; Girl made one. Their range averaged about middling. Girl was puppyish at times, but she showed a great deal of merit. Pearl ran prettily, but in her work she received a deal of coaching from her handler. Up at 3:36.

Doctor Tassie and Young Jingo began at 3:43 and ran 1 hour and 31 minutes. The former injured his tail near its end on a barbed wire, and his sides were red with blood from lashing his sides with it as he ran. He also injured a toe-nail severely, in consequence running with a shortened stride and range throughout the heat. He ran pluckily nevertheless, and made a very creditable showing. A bevy was marked down in heavy weeds in shallow water. Doc pointed two of the birds and Jingo backed nicely. Jingo made two points on the scattered birds. Worked on and a bird or two flushed near him. It was a very unfavorable place, and flushes were excusable. Sent on. Jingo made a good point on a bevy, and in woods on the scattered birds he made three points; Doc made one. Up at 5:14. Jingo had the better of the heat in every respect, though Doc kept diligently at work and made a good showing. Had it not been for his injuries he undoubtedly would have displayed a higher class of competition.

Tuesday.

The weather was cloudy, frosty, damp and raw. The clouds showed signs of breaking away in the forenoon, and the sun made a feeble attempt at shining, but the favorable weather signs lasted but a few minutes. Birds were hard to find, and this prolonged the heats much longer than otherwise would have been necessary.

Second Round.

Dick Bland and Sport's Belle started at 8:27. The dogs worked diligently over three-quarters of an hour before finding. Dick pointed a bevy and Belle backed, and on the scattered birds Dick secured a point in sedge. Belle flushed a single on bare ground. Up at 9:22, and Dick had the better of the heat.

Sport's Girl and Sam's Bow were started at 9:59. Girl pointed two birds, moved on and flushed the birds. In woods Sam made a point on singles. Next he roaded to a flush on a single after having pointed it. Girl made two good points on scattered birds. Up at 10:53. The pointer ranged well, but his bird work was weak. Girl far surpassed him in locating and pointing, and she ranged well besides.

Pearl R. and Young Jingo were cast off at 11:00. Each made a point on a bevy, Jingo's being marked by quick following of the scent to the birds and accurate pointing; Jingo backed Pearl's point. Sent on, and both pointed a bevy independently at about the same instant. Jingo pointed a single and Pearl backed. Next she pointed a single. Jingo pointed some scattered birds; Pearl broke her back and flushed the birds. Up at 11:50. The pointer ranged with the most judgment, and his work on birds was much better. He worked more on his own judgment than did Pearl, the latter having a great deal of coaching.

Third Round.

Pearl R. and Dick Bland were started at 1:58. Dick pointed some scattered birds, and at the same time Pearl pointed a bevy; next she pointed a single, and sent on again she found and pointed a bevy. Up at 2:24. Dick backed well and was industrious.

Young Jingo and Sport's Girl began at 2:29. Girl pointed a bevy and Jingo backed nicely. Sent on. In some bottom land he flushed it again. Girl pointed on the footscent. The last errors of Jingo undoubtedly lowered his standing seriously.

This ended the stake.

The All-Age Stake.

There were thirteen starters, all of which had competed in previous trials.

This stake was for all setters and pointers which had not won first in any recognized trial in America. The prizes were \$200, \$150, \$100, and \$50, first, second, third and fourth respectively.

The winners were: First, Cincinnatus Pride; second, Albert Lang; third, Young Rip Rap; fourth, Elgin's Dash.

The stake as a whole was weakly contested. Pride was the only dog which showed class work. He maintained his good reputation as an excellent performer, and the description of his qualities as put forth in recent reports in FOREST AND STREAM is equally applicable to his competition in this trial.

Of the others it may be said that they made a weak competition, and won not so much on their own high merit as the demerits of their competitors.

Edw. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), George Richards, handler, with A. N. Schoenfield's b., w. and t. setter dog Noble Leo (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, with Edw. A. Burdett's b., w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), George Richards, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' lem. and w. setter bitch Belle of Hard Bargain (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Elared Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler.

Bar Harbor Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), George Gray, handler, with Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog Albert Lang (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

H. R. Edward's b., w. and t. setter dog Harwick (Top-sy's Rod—Opal), George Gray, handler, a bye.

First Round.

Ann of Abbottsford and Noble Leo began at 3:22. Leo made a point to which nothing was found. Next he made a good find and point on a bevy in sedge. Working on the scattered birds Ann roaded a single and flushed it willfully in open sedge. She steadied down, and in a few moments afterward pointed a single nicely. Leo made four points in quick succession on singles. Ann pointed one and Leo flushed one. Up at 4:30. The heat was not marked by any good ranging or special superiority aside from the points on scattered birds.

Cincinnatus Pride and Elgin's Dash were started at 4:34 and were ordered up at 5:06 without finding, although a few moments after being ordered up a point was claimed for Pride. He had the better of the ranging.

Thursday.

Wednesday was a day of heavy rain and high winds. No attempt was made to start the competition. Thursday was cloudy and cool. There was a while toward midday when the sun broke through the clouds in places, raising hopes of a clearing up of the weather; it lasted but a short time. The sky again became heavily overcast. Still the day as a whole was favorable for bird work if the birds had been moving. They, however, seemed to be huddled most of the time. Some of the heats were short of birds, as in previous days. Owing to the dark sky and muddy ground a late start was made.

Belle of Hard Bargain and Tony Gale were cast off at 10:35. Tony pointed. Soon Tony pointed a bevy in the open sedge at the edge of woods, and was backed. Working on the scattered birds, Tony made a point to which nothing was found and two good ones on singles. Again searching for beves, Tony pointed and Belle took a circle around him from behind, keeping about 50 yds. away from him, cut in ahead and pointed. Again no birds were found. Both dogs moved on, roading, Tony being much assisted by Belle in keeping to the trail. She pointed the bevy some 200 yds. from where Tony first pointed. He showed a very low order of ability in following this trail. Again searching for beves, Tony found and pointed one in open sedge, Belle backing him to order. Both were steady to shot. Up at 11:11. Tony had the better of the heat in every way, save in the matter of roading and locating the running bevy.

Sister Sue and Hurstbourne Zip began at 11:16. A bevy was flushed by the horses. The dogs had passed close by it. Sue took a cast and pointed a bevy. The dogs were separated some minutes at this juncture. Zip made game and pointed twice and nothing was found other than small birds. Sue flushed part of a bevy which both dogs passed near. Zip flushed a single awkwardly. Up at 12:36. The heat was a poor one. Sue ranged very irregularly, came in to her handler unnecessarily, and worked her ground without any judgment.

Young Rip Rap and Albert Lang ran one minute over an hour, commencing at 2:23. Albert pointed a bevy in woods, locating it poorly. Next he pointed a single. Searching for beves again, he found and pointed a bevy; Rip coming in and going down wind flushed some outlying birds of it. Rip pointed a single and Albert backed. The latter during the heat made three points to which nothing was found. Up at 3:24. Rip was out of sight too much. Neither showed good judgment in ranging, and they ran together betimes for company in searching for beves.

Ned B. and Dave Earl started at 3:30. Dave pointed a bevy nicely in open ground; Ned stole the point in the most brazen manner, running directly to Dave and stopping close in front of him. Dave stood stanchly. It may be said by way of explanation that Mr. Gray handled Ned, Mr. Richards, his regular handler being ill. Moved on, roading, Dave pointed a bevy and Ned refused to back. He backed once well when Dave pointed on footscent. The pointer showed speed, fair range and displayed good point work. Neither worked with proper independence. Up at 4:23.

Harwick, the bye dog, ran from 4:30 to 5:16 without finding. He made a point to which nothing was found and his range was lacking in judgment.

Friday.

The weather was delightfully pleasant. A balmy atmosphere, a clear sky and bright sun favored good work in the competition and a pleasant day for those in attendance. The ground had dried out so well in the high places that the footing was good, and the low places were passable. The work was partially good and the rest indifferent or bad. The final heats were not contested so closely as was anticipated from the work done in the previous ones. There were not so many birds found as were desirable. In the afternoon the grounds were exceedingly difficult to work. There was too much wet

bottom land, thickets and bare cottonfields for consecutive good competition.

Second Round.

Elgin's Dash and Noble Leo were cast off at 9:39. The heat was a poor one. Dash pointed a bevy at the edge of woods; Leo flushed an outlying single and refused to back, and on the scattered birds he made a flush and a point. Next Leo pointed a single and Dash stole the point. Up at 10:10. Leo ranged close and his work was ordinary. Dash ranged without much judgment, though he was diligently at work and covered a reasonable scope of ground. He paid too much attention to nooks and corners at times in nosing them out, and carried a low nose when on scent.

Cincinnatus Pride and Rip Rap started at 10:22. Pride going down wind flushed two outlying birds of a bevy then pointed it. Rip pointed a single which was in a tree. Pride made two good finds and points on beves. Rip Rap also found and pointed a bevy accurately. Both ranged fast and wide, and showed good judgment. Their point work was commendably good. Up at 11:05.

Tony Gale and Albert Lang started at 11:11. Lang pointed two beves and Tony made a spectacular back about 50 yds. behind, and to the point on the first bevy. Tony made four firm false points at different times during the heat. Lang showed very superior ability in locating his second bevy. He made one point on a single. He far excelled his competitor in finding and pointing. Up at 11:55.

Sister Sue and Dave Earl began at 1:59 and ran one hour. The heat was marked by a very low grade of work. Sue flushed two beves and Dave false-pointed repeatedly. They were both out of the running then beyond question.

Young Rip Rap and Elgin's Dash started at 3:10. Both were fast and diligent. Some uncertain work was done on singles, though the last point of each on singles was true and good. Rip found and pointed a bevy, and Dash flushed a single and pointed one. Up at 4:11. Rip was the superior in every respect.

Cincinnatus Pride and Albert Lang started at 4:15. Lang pointed; nothing found. Pride was lost, and when found was back on the course in weeds pointing a bevy. A run with heavy cover had cut off the view from him and the party had passed by him. He showed good range, speed and judgment, although the grounds were unfavorable for the best display of those qualities. Lang worked diligently, but found nothing. Up at 4:56. This concluded the trials.

B. WATERS.

The Rights of Dog Owners.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the disadvantages which the owners of valuable dogs encounter in establishing property rights in them, a marked legal advance is made occasionally toward the desired recognition. On Jan. 6 the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York decided that the act of the Legislature passed in 1896, authorizing the Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society to tax dogs in Albany and vicinity, and to kill any and all dogs which did not bear the dog tax tag, was illegal. Justice Landon, who delivered the Court's decision, conceded the power of the Legislature to establish license laws applying to the ownership and harboring of dogs, but he questioned the soundness of the law which imposed a penalty of confiscation on such dogs as were not licensed. He supported the point of law so often raised in similar cases; that is to say, that an owner cannot be deprived of his property without due process of law. He further held that the defendant, being a corporation, was not eligible to hold public office, the one reason alone that it could not take the oath of office rendering it ineligible, and that therefore the plaintiff had ground for action in the illegality of the act vesting the execution of certain police powers of the State in a private corporation, and thus in a way giving an ineligible party a public office.

Of course, the last point turns more on the unconstitutionality of the act in question than on the rights of ownership, but it is pleasing to know that a dog owner as such is gaining consideration from any legal point of view, in this respect differing from that wherein the dog was considered wholly as being *ferae naturae*, and entitled to no serious legal consideration whatever.

The New York Show.

The following additional special prizes are offered for competition at our coming show, namely: F. G. Goodridge offers \$10 for best American-bred Irish setter bitch and \$10 for best Irish setter puppy.

The Bull Terrier Club offers a challenge cup, value \$100, for the best exhibit of four bull terriers entered and owned by a member. The cup to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, and to be won three times by the same exhibitor before becoming his absolute property.

Mrs. J. R. M. Grosvenor offers \$10 each for the best heavy weight, medium weight and light weight poodle exhibited by a member of the Poodle Club.

A class will be made for Airedale terriers, as a number of entries have been guaranteed. Class 233, Italian greyhounds, should read: "Free for all dogs and bitches."

We take this opportunity of notifying exhibitors that in all cases the date of birth of the exhibit must be given on the entry form.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

Alabama Field Trials.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 20.—The Alabama Field Trials Club will hold their second annual trials on the club's reserve, at Madison, Madison county, Ala., beginning Feb. 7. The regular stakes will consist of a derby, open to dogs born on or after Jan. 1, 1896, and an all-age stake for dogs of any age.

The derby entries closed with twenty nominations, full list to be printed in your next issue. Entries to the champion and puppy stakes are coming in freely, although entries do not close until night before the running. All railroads in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, except the M. & O. and K. C. M. & B., will sell tickets to Madison on Feb. 5, 6 and 7, good for return to Feb. 17, at one and one-third fare for round trip, on the certificate plan.

H. K. MILNER, Sec'y.

Champion Stakes.

NEW ALBANY, Miss., Jan. 24.—Special to Forest and Stream: Eight starters in the Champion Stakes—Cincinnatus Pride, Pin Money, Ann of Abbottsford, Marie's Sport, Tony Gale, Tippoo, Young Rip Rap, Von Gull. If weather is good, stake will be finished Wednesday. Judges are Messrs. Bradley and Osthaus.

B. WATERS.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE annual meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Barre, Mass., on Jan. 17, 1898, Vice-President Dennison in the chair.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. O. W. Bennett, R. S. Cook and Porter Cleveland were elected to honorary membership and J. H. Van Dorn to active membership.

The election of officers for 1898 resulted in the choice of O. F. Joslin, President; L. C. Dennison, A. B. F. Kinney, C. L. Wellington, Vice-Presidents; A. B. McGregor, M. F. H. Bradford S. Turpin, Secretary; W. A. Bragdon, Treasurer; A. F. Joslin, Dr. A. C. Heffenger, L. E. Conant, L. H. Parsons, George E. Carr, Executive Committee; J. H. Van Dorn, Delegate to the A. K. C.

It was voted to give a special prize of \$10 at the New York and Boston shows for the best American foxhound. It was voted to hold the field trials during the week of Oct. 17, and it was announced that Dr. Heffenger would give a hunting medal, Mr. Parsons a Derby medal and Mr. Joslin a speed and driving medal, as special prizes at the trials.

The following committees were appointed: On Field Trial Grounds, R. D. Perry, S. Decatur and Solomon Bennett; On Field Trial Judges, W. A. Bragdon, A. B. F. Kinney, H. A. Stetson; On Membership, H. J. Given, George E. Carr, Adjourned. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The famous pointer bitch Maid of Kent, owned by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, died recently from an attack of brain trouble, the symptoms being those of violent insanity. The attack came on suddenly when Mr. Buckle was returning with her from field work. Death soon followed. Fortunately as anything could be where there was so much loss, two puppies were saved from her last litter by Tippoo. She was about eight or nine years old. In her field trial days she was one of the best pointers that ever entered a competition or a day's work to the gun. She gave Antonio a close contest for first in the four-hour stake at Lexington, N. C., some years ago, and there were several witnesses who thought her work the better. All in all, she contributed much toward gaining the esteem of the public for the modern pointer, and was a living testimonial of the skill of the breeders.

Secretary James L. Little, of the N. E. Kennel Club, writes: "Will you please, through the columns of your paper, suggest to dogmen that we should like photos of some of their best dogs for publication in Boston dailies, at the same time calling attention to the fact that name of owner, name of dog, registered number, if any, and winnings should accompany same. Mr. H. W. Lacy, of Boston, has been decided upon as the judge for black and tan terriers at our coming show."

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson gives information of the serious loss which he has suffered in his kennel interests, and for which he has our sympathies: "You will be sorry to hear that poor old Pitti Sing was suffocated with two others yesterday. My kennelman put a number of dogs together the evening previous in their kennel boxes, and the night being extremely cold he placed sacks over the apertures to keep the dogs warm. The consequence was they were stifled and three were found dead. One was my best young black setter. The other was a very promising young pointer, the result of a cross from Alberta Joe and a blood sister of Mr. Dexter's celebrated India. Mr. Dexter was with me, anxious to cross Alberta Joe on old Rip Rap stock, so kindly presented me with Indiana, above mentioned. I was also looking forward with much interest to rearing another litter the coming summer from old Sing. This seems rather visionary when you remember that her daughter won the Irish Field Trials eleven years ago, and second in the National trials the same year. Old Sing's achievements are now almost ancient history, yet the day before her death she was more sprightly than lots of dogs three years old, but *nil desperandum*."

Mr. Vero Shaw, in his pleasant reminiscences of his recent visit to America, published in the Stock-Keeper (Eng.), has this to say concerning the benching of dogs in America, his criticism being evoked by observing the manner of benching at the Brooklyn show: "I can offer no opinion upon the open black cockers and some other classes, as, owing to an abominable custom which prevails in America, all the dogs of each owner can be benched together, and in the case of these dogs they were so completely jumbled up when I went round to take final notes, that I could make nothing of them. Surely, if only for the sake of the public, who pay dollars at the doors, and who naturally desire to be able to distinguish the dogs, this selfish system, which is unworthy of good sportsmen like the Americans, should be abolished. I am told it is the usual custom; if so, it is a blot upon the management of dog shows in such an enlightened country."

Yachting.

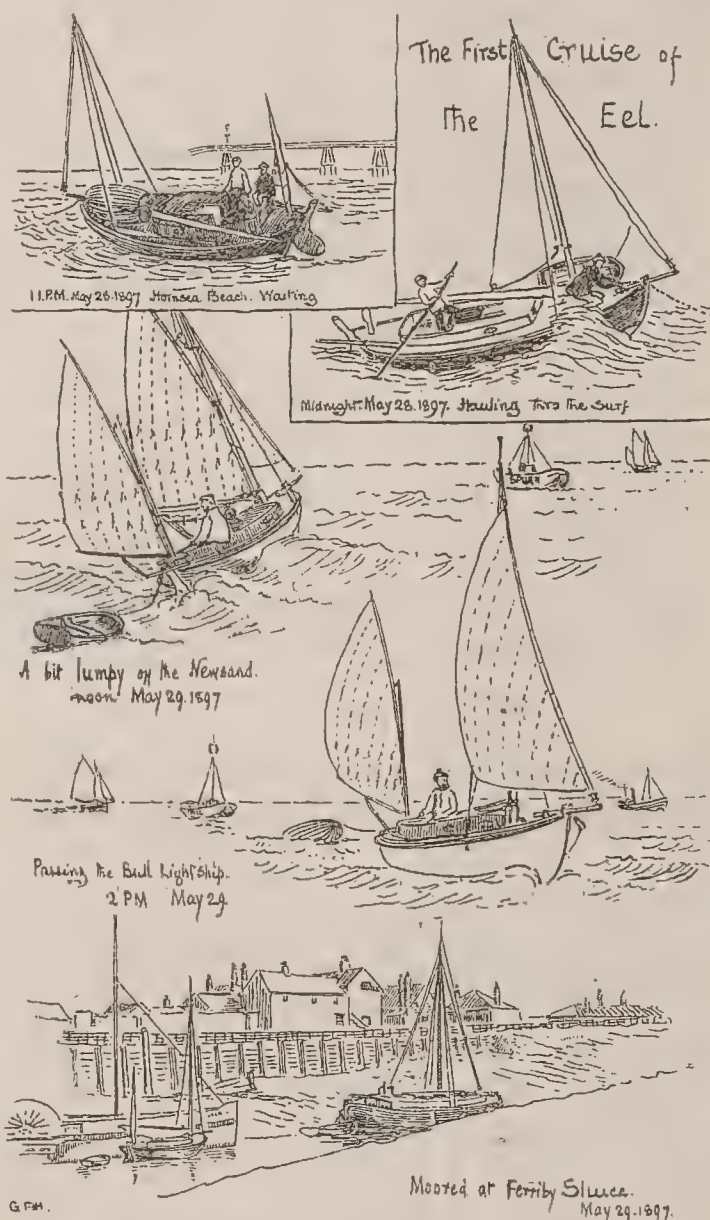
The Canoe-Yacht Eel.

THE little ship here illustrated, the canoe-yacht Eel, is one of the later and largest of the peculiar type of cruising craft developed by that unique organization, the Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, Eng. The club, which has a membership of seventy-five and a fleet of fifty boats, mainly canoe-yawls and canoe-yachts of from 13 to 23 ft., has its headquarters on the Humber, with the stormy North Sea but twenty miles away to the eastward; and on the west a network of small rivers—the Trent, Ouse, Derwent, Foss, Aire, Hull and Witham, with their many connecting canals. The cruising for which the club is noted is done both on the North Sea and the inland rivers, so that the larger boats of the fleet, in spite of very light draft, are necessarily very stanch and sturdy craft. A day's trip by steamer from Hull to Rotterdam or other of the Dutch or German ports opens up hundreds of miles of canoeable waters, the Dutch and German rivers and canals; and not a season passes without a squadron cruise of the H. Y. C. on these waters. The members of the club hail from Hull, Scarborough, Grimsby and other North Sea ports. The club has a station on Hornsea Mere, a lake barely a mile in diameter, and situated at Hornsea, almost on the sea, though not directly connected with it. Many of the yachts are built and raced here, being transferred by cart to the beach and launched in the sea, or in the other direction to the Humber. Eel was designed by her owner, Mr. George F. Holmes, mate of the club, in 1896, and built for him by J. A. Akester, at Hornsea. Mr. Holmes has

designed many canoe-yawls and canoe-yachts, some of which he has built himself; and he has cruised for years both on inland and open waters. For the former use, his canoe-yawls Cassy and Ethel, with others illustrated in the past in the FOREST AND STREAM, have proved very successful, and from them he has developed the larger type of canoe-yacht called for by longer cruises on open waters.

Eel was launched on Hornsea Mere just before Easter of 1897, and after some preliminary sailing there she was carted to the beach and re-launched on the night of May 28, after waiting for a favorable slant of weather following a hard blow. We reproduce from the H. Y. C. book of 1897 some sketches of her launching and first cruise. Between that date and her laying up, on Oct. 30, she was used regularly for "week-end" cruises and on holidays, and for a vacation cruise on German waters, as well as for some races with others of her class. She covered during the season some 500 miles on the Humber, Trent, Ouse and other rivers, and about the same distance on the Elbe and Baltic. What was of more importance to her skipper than the mere distance sailed was the opportunity to fill four sketch-books during the season. Single-handed or with a congenial companion, the Eel was started on Saturday afternoons for some quiet spot, up or down, according to the tide. Sunday was spent in idle sailing and sketching, and the night or early morning tide brought her skipper back to business. The following description was written for the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Albert Strange, of Scarborough, another canoe-yawler and single-hander, owner of the two canoe-yachts Cherub I. and II. Mr. Strange made the German cruise with Mr. Holmes.

A great number of small boat sailors in England still prefer to use craft in which they can—however small the ship may be—enjoy the pleasurable adventures of cruising. Many too prefer to do their cruising in small boats of the canoe type, as being on the whole more suitable to the waters of the larger estuaries, where strong tides, shallow harbors, and large shoal patches abound. And as their wanderings are not confined to the waters of their own island, but are extended to the nearer rivers and seas of Northern Europe—Belgium, Holland, Denmark, etc.—their craft being transported on a steamer's deck for the over-sea passage, the question of convenience of handling by crane or steam winch



operates strongly toward keeping the boats of a reasonable size, and extremely moderate displacement for their dimensions.

Eel is the latest outcome of a series of experiments carried on by various members of the Humber Yawl Club during many years. The first yawls of this club were very small shallow craft, with small sails, small centerplate, and 100lbs. or more of ballast. By and by these little ships grew larger, developing iron outside keels, larger and heavier centerplates, and larger sails, but still depending for shelter and sleeping accommodations upon the tent, which was of course only used when at anchor or in port.

Whether the men became less hardy, or whether the weather of these islands has grown colder or wetter, is not for the writer to say, but at any rate cruising in company with small cutters and other cabinied craft developed in some of the members of the H. Y. C. a taste for comfort and for an atmosphere of refinement that could only be satisfied by some sort of a cabin and a petroleum stove, and Viking, 18 ft. x 5, was the forerunner of the type craft which, with Cherub, 20 ft. x 5 ft. 10 in., as an intermediate size, has culminated in Eel.

English yachtsmen have always had a lingering regard for comparatively easy beam, although the fishermen and coast boatmen have never departed from the 3-beam standard of beauty; and I confess that when I first saw Eel under the builder's shed she looked strangely wide for a pleasure craft, even for a canoe-yawl; and I told her owner that he had perhaps bitten off a bigger lump of boat than he would be able to swallow, at any rate single-handed. My subsequent experiences in racing and cruising in Eel lead me to modify this opinion. She can be just about managed single-handed by a smart man under most circumstances short of extremes, but she is a sight nicer with two; and the fortunate "deckie" who sails with her genial owner is rarely liable to be called away from the galley to help in the navigation, while the spacious cabin always there, at all times a snug, warm home at night, makes the hardships sometimes felt in cruising, even in these latitudes, very easy indeed.

The displacement, of about 40 cwt., is no bar to her being carried on deck by most coasting steamers; her length, of 21 ft. (and all boat at that), is not difficult to stow or sling aboard, even on a very small vessel. Although the beam is large, this in itself is no hindrance, and as I dare say my cousins across the pond will not consider it at all out of the way after their own catboats. It doesn't seem to stop her in sailing, and is a very necessary factor in enabling her to carry her rather large sails (for this side) as well as she does.

The designed draft of water of 2 ft. renders her quite independent of the centerplate, although the addition of so valuable an assistance in getting to windward is very appreciable. The sharp rise of floor, however, gives very great weatherliness, and should any accident prevent the plate from being lowered the boat handles with perfect surety under all circumstances. This in itself is a great element of safety, as nothing is much more helpless than the shallow type of centerboarder when the board mutinies, breaks, or is lost.

I had the pleasure of an extended cruise this summer in Eel. She was taken on a steamer from Hull to Hamburg, and at that port put overboard. We voyaged up the Elbe far beyond the influence of the tidal current and then down past Hamburg some 50 miles to the mouth of the river. Here we went through the new North Sea canal to Kiel, and from thence cruised for some time in the open Baltic, meeting all conditions of weather. The boat behaved splendidly under all circumstances. We found that

no local craft, even of much greater rig, could hold their own with us, excepting of course racing yachts. The fishing craft of twice her size were as a rule hopelessly beaten, and I don't remember any time that we were beaten in windward work by any craft smaller than a 50-ton schooner, and it took her some time to dispose of us, so slippery a customer is Eel in a bout to windward.

It is in the hope that such a handy and compact little ship will interest the cruising readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that her owner has drawn the lines, and I have written this short description of the boat and her capabilities. There may be perhaps an opening in America for some such type of really useful little cruiser. Anyway, we have both derived so much profit and pleasure from the accounts of craft on your side, and from the numberless plans and lines which enrich your pages, that we offer these in grateful recognition of favors past and to come.

The rig, it will be observed, includes that very useful contrivance the roller jib; which does not seem to have caught on in America to the extent its merits deserve. Indeed it is not too much to say that it is the one thing above all others that makes the boat so easy to handle, as any amount of headsail can be given her, from the full amount to the complete stowage of the sail, without leaving the well. The jib itself is well cut, and stands as long as any sail in the boat. Moreover, it drives better than any other sail, and was made by Perry, of Birkenhead, who seems specially good at making this particular sail. The principle on which it works is very simple; a pull on the jib sheet unrolls the sail, which is seized to a hollow wooden roller which revolves on a wire stay, passing through its axis, and at the same time rolls up the roller line on the flanged ferrule at the tack. When the sail is fully sheeted the ferrule is filled by the roller line. To take sail off, slack jib sheet and pull on the roller line. This pull rotates the roller and winds up the sail. It never seems to get out of order, and in sails say up to 100 ft., or 120 ft., could not well be bettered. For larger sizes its use is not so desirable.

The construction of Eel is strong, but quite light enough for cruising purposes. The keel is of mahogany, 2 in. thick and about 16 in. wide amidships. There are five grown oak frames 1 1/2 in. square. Between each of these frames are three bent timbers of American elm 1 1/2 in. x 3/4 in.; these are joggled into the keel. The planking is of larch, 3/4 in. thick, fifteen planks a side, carvel built. The gunwale is outside and extra large for strength when being hoisted or lying alongside piers; it is 3 in. x 1 1/2 in., with a protecting band of galvanized iron all around 3/4 in. thick.

The deck is double, pine and redwood forming the under skin. Under the fore deck the pine is 1/4 in. thick, laid diagonally; aft it is 1/2 in. Over all is 3/8 in. teak; between the two a thick coat of paint on calico, giving a light but very tight deck. The sectional drawings show very clearly the general arrangements and the somewhat unusual form of centerplate, which is easily raised by the Spanish Burton shown in the deck plan.

The Seawanhaka Knockabouts.

THE Seawanhaka fleet is now so far advanced at Stearns's yard, Marblehead, that the boats will probably be finished, excepting the rigging, by some time next month. The work of duplicating so often by a definite system has proved very satisfactory, there having been few delays; and the boats of the series have followed each other quickly and smoothly. Two more orders have been taken recently, making up the original number of twenty-four, for Messrs. J. R. Maxwell, Jr., and George Milne. In addition to the nine boats of the same design building under a sub-contract at Gloucester for the Westchester Country Club, and the six at Harlan & Hollingsworth's, Wilmington, for the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, Mr. Stearns has just signed contracts for eight of similar model for the Cohasset Y. C., to be 33 ft. over all, 8 ft. 6 in. beam, and 3 ft. 6 in. draft, with centerboards as in the S. C. Y. C. boats. It is probable that more will be ordered for the same class. The 21-footer Verona, designed and built by Mr. Stearns last year, has recently been sold to Charles Osborne, of the S. C. Y. C.; she is practically the original of the new one-design class, but is a keel boat and rather elaborately fitted up. Mr. Stearns has also orders for designs for several yachts of 21 to 30 ft. l.w.l.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens; Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Atlantic Division Smoker.

THE Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association entertained the Central, Eastern and Northern Divisions at an informal smoker on Saturday evening, Jan. 15. The attendance of about 125 members and friends was a source of gratification, and the committee of arrangements, composed of Rear-Com. Pinkney, Mr. John C. Mowbray and Mr. Paul B. Rossire, furnished a right royal programme for the occasion. Chief "Big Foot" Seavey stalked around with a 8 ft. churchwarden clasped in his prehensile hands, and assisted some of the newer and smaller members to connect their large-sized pipes with the gas. Dunnie, our commodore-elect—in the words of the good Mr. Bennett—was in his usually amiable mood, and spoke briefly of the 1898 meet, the plans and work of the various committees, and his words were listened to with the greatest of interest.

It was a pleasure to watch the reception of the men, as they came in, by those already there. The greetings were most hearty, and every one was in the best of spirits. Capt. Forbush, Dad Thorne, Willy Williams and Mr. Skissenhoefer (it is easier done than said) came all the way from Buffalo to attend the smoker. Last year they were represented at camp for the first time, having about ten men present; this year they expect an attendance of twenty-five from their club. Dad Thorne has been appointed chairman of the 1898 camp site committee, and Willy is on the regatta committee, with the Right-Hon. Hogan, J. K., H. R.; Tassit Southgate, of Worcester, Mass.; Messrs. Lawrence and Packer, from Trenton, and others from the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia. Men from Sing Sing, Newark, Yonkers, Brooklyn and other suburbs of New York talked canoe, sang, ate, drank, watched a light-fingered gentleman hatch eggs from the ether, laughed at the antics of a trio of colored "coonists," and contributed in every way to a most enjoyable evening. The committee is certainly to be congratulated on the result of its efforts. Over here Com. Dunnell and ex-Vice-Com. Quick had their noses together over some argument, and as I passed the former was saying: "We had to do it, farmer, for how can a \$700 meet be run on \$400?" Presumably they were discussing the \$5 per clubita act recently promulgated by the commodore for prizes. Over in that corner the genial commodore of the Brooklyn C. C., Judge Dater, and a bevy of admirers were discussing theories, pipes, etc., and our Bob, ex-Com. Dorland, Lin Palmer, ex-Rear-Com. Billy Barlow and some of the smaller fry were laughing and joking, while the rest of those present were lost in merry-contemplation of the Only Ho, "the like of ye which is not yette." Jack Mowbray, the brothers Douglass, "Mrs." Peebles, One-Legged Pinney, Com. Paul B. Rossire, Sec'y-Treas. Schuyler and Tommy Hale were among the lights which glittered so profusely in the "vast amphitheater," and all, from beginning to end, without exception, were most enthusiastic, verbally and otherwise, in manifesting the pleasure this initial meet of 1898 had given them,

Rifle Range and Gallery.

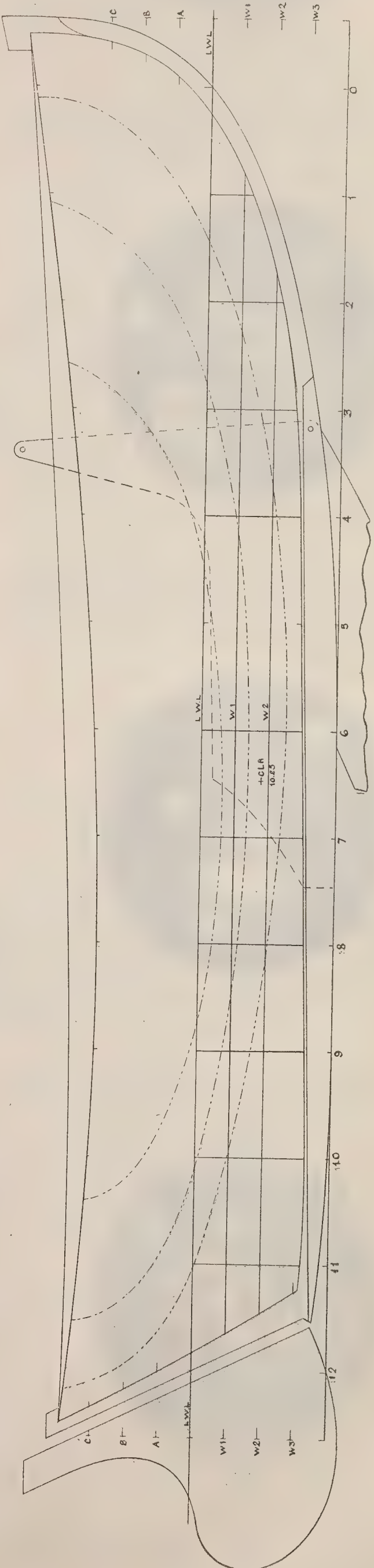
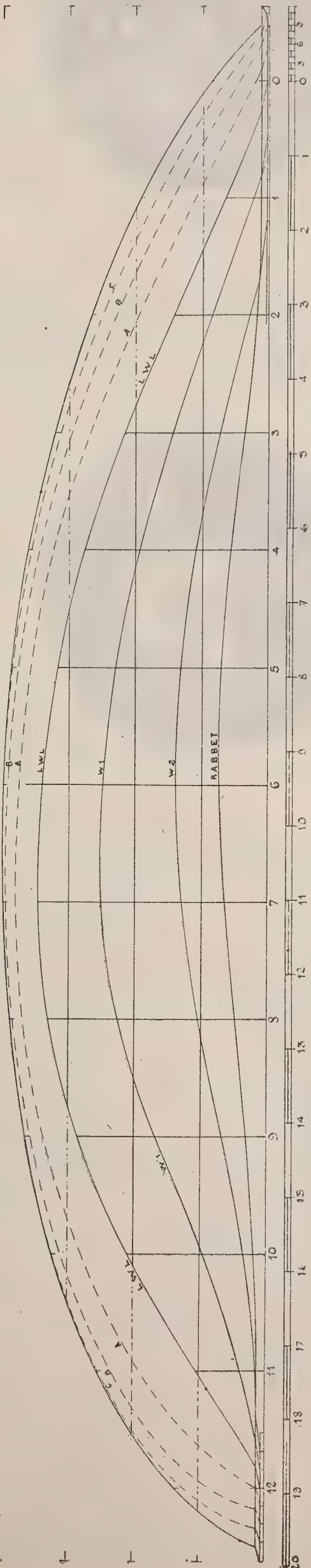
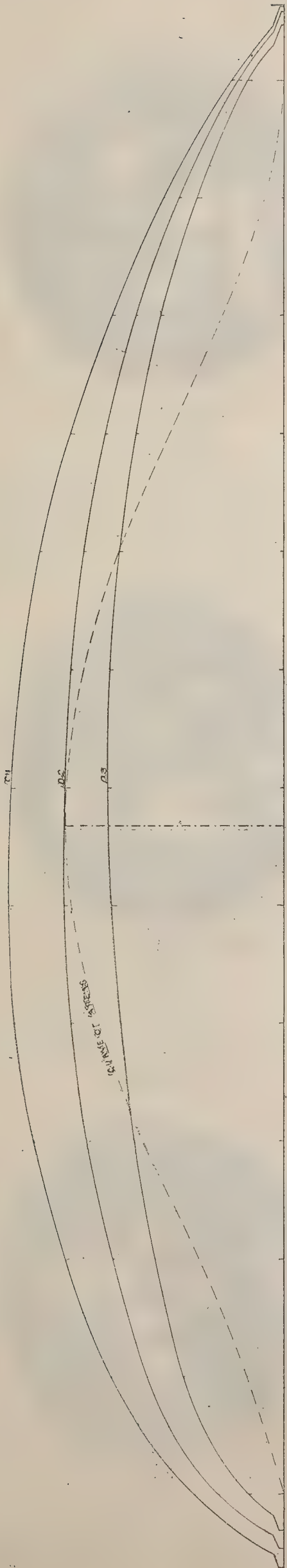
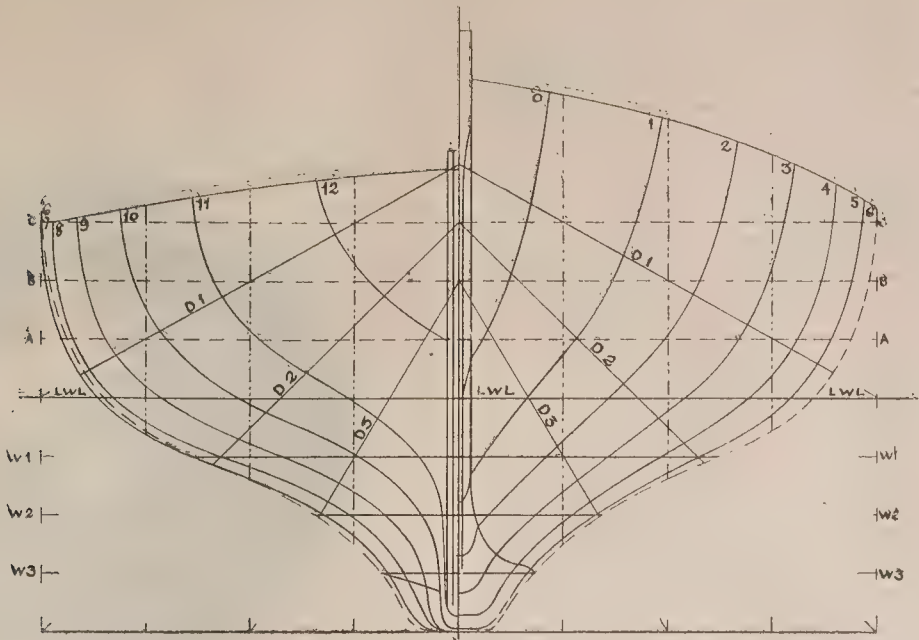
The Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

AFTER nine days of shooting, the rifle tournament in Madison Square Garden, held under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, was brought to a close on Saturday night, Jan. 22. The post of honor as champion, captured last year by M. Dorrier with a score of 2,421, was taken this year by Harry M. Spencer, of Dunmore, Pa., with a total of 2,424, three points higher than Dorrier's winning score of 1897. Mr. Spencer also figured conspicuously in the other contests.

The tournament was under practically the same management as last year. The cashier's and official scorer's office was very ably run by George W. Plaisted, assisted by W. von Wussow, the latter gentleman furnishing excellent matter every day for the benefit of the daily press. Mr. Plaisted's intimate knowledge with the rifle shooters of this country stood him in good stead when it came to taking entries for the various contests.

The tournament committee had for its chairman H. D. Müller, who worked hard to make the tournament the success that it was. Messrs. Zettler Bros. had charge of the ranges, and furnished all kinds of .22 short rifle and .22 long rifle cartridges, having also a stock of rifles on hand for those who did not bring their own guns with them. Gus Zimmerman aided materially in the running of the tournament, counting targets and checking them off prior to their being handed into the cashier's office for the recording of the same.

As usual, the chief interest centered in the individual match, the



Designed by George F. Holmes, Esq., Humber Yawl Club, 1896.

100-shot contest that decides the Sportsmen's Association championship for 1898. In this contest R. J. Young early gave the boys a taste of what they had to beat to take the post of honor from him. On Friday evening he commenced his string of 100 shots, shooting three scores of 10 shots each. He started with 244, then he made a 235 and a 233. At this point he quit for the

first target was 247. Then he had a 241, 240, 240 and another 241 for his first five strings; this gave him an average of 241 4-5; not enough to win unless he could improve in his last five strings. Then came 243, 244, 243 and 241 in quick succession. This left him with a 241 to make to tie and 242 to beat Young's total. Not feeling in the best of form, Spencer did not shoot his last score until the following day, when he totaled another 244 and landed 3 points ahead of Young. Here were two scores of 2,424 and 2,421 for the others to go on against; and the task proved too severe, Spencer and Young being respectively first and second at the end of the tournament.

M. Dorrier was third with 2,413, his second string and fifth target putting him behind the leaders. Much interest centered in the work of L. P. Ittel, the crack from the Pittsburg, Pa., Rifle Club. Mr. Ittel has come to the front very rapidly, and has made his mark indeed, landing a tie for fourth place with Fred C. Ross, one of the best shots around here, or, for the matter of that, anywhere else. Mr. Ittel arrived in the city on Monday morning, and, rather unwisely, did not give himself a night's rest before commencing his string of 100 shots. The result is shown in his third and fourth targets, after which he quit for the day. The next day he shot a great gait, but failed to raise anything but a 236 in his last target. Curiously enough, Fred Ross made the same finish in his string of 100 shots, 236 being the best he could do in his last 10 shots.

Louis Flach, of Brooklyn, was the sixth in order of merit, and he was also the only other contestant out of the 43 entries to total 2,400 or better. Next to him came Dr. A. A. Stillman, another rising shot, from Syracuse, N. Y., his total of 2,396 this year comparing very favorably with his 2,337 last year. His last 10

L Buss, New York city.....	237	229	237	233	241	
	242	241	244	240	243	—2387
Dr W G Hudson, New York city.....	244	234	240	233	244	
	235	235	240	241	240	—2386
W Rosenbaum, Jersey City, N J.....	241	237	240	247	236	
	239	241	233	236	235	—2385



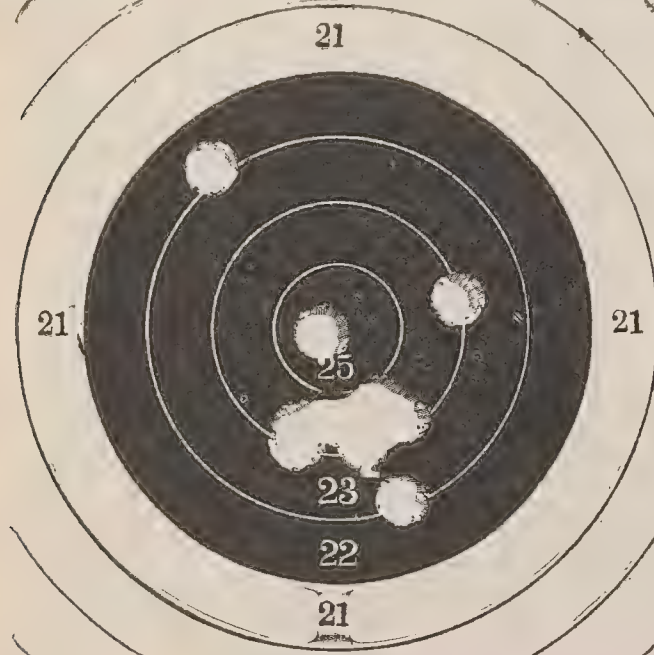
No. 1. 247.

day, feeling that he was not in trim to finish his string. He came back on Saturday night and quickly showed the wisdom of his move on the previous night. His seven last scores averaged



No. 2. 240.

243 3-7 as against 239 for three scores on Friday night. His total when figured up showed 2,421, the same total that Dorrier won with in 1897.



No. 3. 241.

The total of 2,421 at this style of shooting was a big one to go up against, and its being made so early in the game had something to do with keeping the total number of entries in this



No. 4. 241.

match down to 43, or 3 less than in 1897, when Dorrier's total was not made until the last night of the match, up to which time 2,383 was the highest recorded. Harry Spencer showed that he was going to put up a big score when he got to work. His



No. 5. 240.

shots netted him 247, a total that was never beaten in this contest for any string of 10 consecutive shots.

E. S. Pillard, of New Britain, Conn., is another rifleman who will be found near the top in future contests of this kind. He rolled up a total of 2,390, finishing his 100 shots with a string of 10 that netted him 244, his highest score in the 10 targets. L.



No. 6. 243.

Buss, of New York, was ninth on the list; his last five targets averaged 242 but his first five had put him out of the race for first place, and his full total was only 2,387, 4 points more than Ross's score last year that won him second place. Dr. W. G. Hudson, of New York city, came within 1 of tying Buss's total, while W. Rosenbaum and L. P. Hansen scored respectively 2,385 and 2,384. Thus in this year's contest twelve men beat the second highest total made last year, while two, Spencer and Young, beat the highest score.

The highest individual score for any string of 10 shots was 247, five men sharing the honors in this respect—Spencer, Young, Ross, Stillman and Rosenbaum; Ittel scored a 246.

Below is a list of the rifles and ammunition of 12 out of the first 13 shooters, Dr. Hudson's gun and ammunition being unknown to us, as we were unable to see him personally and find out what he was using:

Name.	Club.	Rifle.	Ammunition.
H M Spencer.	Penna. State.	Winchester barrel.	Peters long rifle.
	Rifle Ass'n.	Ballard action	
R J Young.	New York	Ballard.	U. M. C. long rifle.
	Rifle Club		
M Dorrier.	Zettler R. C.	Stevens.	Peters short, semi-smokeless.
L P Ittel.	Pittsburg R. C.	Stevens.	U. M. C. long rifle.
F C Ross.	Zettler R. C.	Ballard.	Peters short, semi-smokeless.
L Flach.	Zettler R. C.	Ballard.	W. R. A. short rifle.
Dr A Stillman.	Syracuse R. C.	Zischang.	U. M. C. long rifle.
E S Pillard.	New Britain R. C.	Stevens W. H.	Peters long rifle.
I Buss.	Empire R. C.	Ballard.	Peters long rifle.
L P Hansen.	Zettler R. C.	Stevens.	U. M. C. long rifle.
H M Pope.	Hartford R. C.	Stevens.	U. M. C. long rifle.
W Rosenbaum.	Empire R. C.	Ballard.	Peters long rifle.

Individual Championship Match.

The detailed scores in the individual championship match follow, the list of shooters being arranged in order of merit according to the official score kept by Messrs. Plaisted and Von Wussow:

Individual championship match; 100 shots, strictly off-hand, 100ft., 25-ring target; any .22cal. rifle allowed:	
H M Spencer, Dunmore, Pa.....	247 240 241 241 240
	213 244 243 241 244—2424
R J Young, Montclair, N J.....	244 235 238 242 240
	247 244 244 244 243—2421
M Dorrier, Jersey City, N J.....	240 237 242 243 238
	242 244 244 241 242—2413
L P Ittel, Pittsburg, Pa.....	241 240 238 239 243
	246 241 244 240 236—2408
F C Ross, Brooklyn, N Y.....	238 241 247 240 245
	236 243 238 244 236—2408
L Flach, Brooklyn, N Y.....	244 242 241 237 245
	237 238 243 236 240—2403
Dr A A Stillman, Syracuse, N Y.....	240 235 238 238 240
	241 240 240 237 247—2396
E S Pillard, New Britain, Conn.....	239 238 240 241 236
	237 237 237 241 244—2390



No. 7. 244.

L P Hansen, Jersey, N J.....	238	241	239	232	240	
	233	237	239	243	239	—2384
H M Pope, Hartford, Conn.....	239	235	239	232	241	
	240	238	238	241	239	—2382



No. 8. 243.

J A Dietz, New York city.....	231	235	243	242	241	
	233	235	241	241	236	—2375
G Schlicht, Guttenberg, N J.....	234	238	243	238	245	
	239	240	232	233	235	—2377



No. 9. 241.

P J O'Hare, Jersey City, N J.....	237	234	233	240	237	
	243	232	238	234	240	—2368
G D Wiegmann, Newark, N J.....	237	230	236	237	231	
	239	239	241	238	235	—2363



No. 10. 244.

S Kohn, New York city.....	232	242	242	232	236	
	239	227	237	235	235	—2357
W A Tewes, Jersey City, N J.....	240	230	241	236	253	
	235	234	232	242	234	—2357

G Worn, Brooklyn, N Y.....	238	239	237	232	231
G P Williams, Newark, N J.....	237	238	234	239	236-2356
R Busse, New York city.....	239	234	228	235	239
C S Dietrich, Munich, Bav.....	234	229	236	241	238-2353
H W Hawes, Central Valley, N Y.....	237	234	240	232	232
P Selvaggi, New York city.....	238	233	235	238	233-2352
G N Oberst, Newark, N J.....	230	230	237	237	239
E Minervini, New York city.....	236	225	240	240	233-2352
H D Müller, New York city.....	239	241	224	231	238
W A Hicks, New York city.....	229	239	240	235	232-2348
W P Uhler, New York city.....	226	235	234	233	237
J Bodensab, New York city.....	237	236	229	211	238-2346
W C Daniron, Brooklyn, N Y.....	229	233	227	239	229
L Maurer, New York city.....	237	236	236	232	235-2338
C H Meyer, Brooklyn, N Y.....	237	222	225	235	236
J Facklamm, New York city.....	235	232	237	236	230-2325
C Rein, Richmond Hill, L I.....	230	241	225	234	229
Dr W A May, New York city.....	223	235	237	233	239-2321
S W Burton, Brooklyn, N Y.....	238	235	228	229	229
H Kronsberg, New York city.....	231	233	240	229	221-2213
G E Morris, Somerville, N J.....	221	216	234	239	228
F Fabarius, New York city.....	231	230	238	233	235-2305
C W Horney, New York city.....	219	230	227	231	234
J G Dillin, Radnor, Pa.....	231	237	232	237	227-2305
	224	218	232	234	239
	234	220	222	237	236-2296
	221	223	236	223	220
	227	227	227	228	229-2271
	229	225	230	226	226
	228	225	223	225	218-2255
	223	218	225	237	231
	221	221	217	230	221-2254
	230	217	236	229	215
	228	226	230	226	213-2250
	223	223	223	228	230
	219	220	219	219	229-2233
	222	219	226	218	232
	210	227	226	224	221-2225
	211	208	209	227	221
	240	220	232	220	236-2224
	217	220	209	213	208
	193	209	212	213	205-2099
	203	193	200	184	211
	207	209	209	205	200-2021
	237	231	234	230	242
	237	(total 6 scores)			-1411
	230	223	229	233	

Continuous Match.
Messrs. Spencer, Dorrier and L. Buss tied for the first three places in the Continuous Match with 149 each out of a possible 150. There was no 148 made, but Messrs. H. D. Muller, J. G. Dillin, L. P. Ittel and R. J. Young tied on 147 for the next four positions. The thirty-two prize winners in the competition, together with their scores, are given below:
Continuous Match.—Entries unlimited; best two tickets to count; possible 150:
H M Spencer.....75 74-149 G D Wiegmann.....73 71-144
M Dorrier.....75 74-149 J A Dietz.....73 71-144
L Buss.....75 74-149 Dr A A Stillman.....73 70-143
H D Muller.....74 73-147 H M Pope.....72 71-143
J G Dillin.....74 73-147 C S Dietrich.....72 71-143
L P Ittel.....74 73-147 G I Williams.....72 69-141
R J Young.....75 72-147 J Bodensab.....71 70-141
E S Pillard.....73 73-146 H Kraus.....71 70-141
H Mahlenbrock.....74 72-146 W A Tewes.....73 68-141
S W Burton.....75 71-146 C F Gensch.....69 69-138
W Rosenbaum.....75 71-146 S Kohn.....68 70-138
F C Ross.....73 72-145 W A Hicks.....69 69-138
L Flach.....73 72-145 S J Lyon.....69 69-138
L P Hansen.....73 72-145 P J O'Hare.....71 67-138
G N Oberst.....73 71-144 A C Neumann.....68 70-138
R Busse.....73 71-144 J Facklamm.....69 69-138

Premiums for five best tickets:
M Dorrier.....75 74 73 78 72-367 L P Ittel.....74 73 73 73 73-366
H M Spencer.....75 74 73 78 72-367

Bull's-eye Target.
Repeating his performance of last year, Mike Dorrier again went to the front on the bull's-eye target on the last night of the tournament. Up to within a few hours of the close of the shoot, 10 degrees was high. Then came C. S. Dietrich with 8½, closely followed by Dorrier's 8 degrees, which took the prize for the best bull. Below are the winners in order of merit, the figures after the shooter's name representing the number of degrees:
M. Dorrier 8, C. H. Dietrich 8½, P. Kossek 10, H. M. Spencer 10, Dr. A. A. Stillman 10½, H. D. Muller 11½, E. S. Pillard 12, J. Facklamm 12½, Dr. W. A. May 12½, C. W. Horney, Jr., 13, G. D. Wiegmann 13, F. C. Ross 14, J. F. Smith 14, S. Buzzini 14½, R. Busse 15, H. Mahlenbrock 15.

The Target of Honor.
On the Target of Honor there were two highest possibles—75—one credited to Louis Flach, of the Zettler Rifle Club, and the other to E. S. Pillard, of the New Britain, Conn., Rifle Club. Next to them came M. Dorrier with a 74, while there were three 73s, viz., Dr. A. A. Stillman, C. E. Gensch and O. King.
The list of prizes for this competition were as follows: Gold medal by August Ludwig; .22cal. schutzen rifle by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; fruit dish by William Armbruster; pair of statuettes by Zettler Bros.; order for 5,000 Peters Carttridges for .22cal. rifles; set of rifle sights by Lyman A. Mills; shooting blouse and jacket by Harry Thurman; loading machine by F. Fabarius; three prizes of Troisdroit powder by F. Groos, agent for this powder in the United States; a case of imported Niersteiner by Lemcke & Doscher, and \$120 in cash prizes.
The winners and their scores were as below:
E S Pillard.....25 25 25-75 G D Wiegmann.....24 24 23 71
L Flach.....25 25 25-75 J G Dillin.....24 24 22-71
M Dorrier.....25 25 24-74 C W Horney, Jr.....25 24 22-71
Dr A A Stillman.....25 25 23-73 R J Young.....25 24 22-71
C E Gensch.....25 24 24-73 P J O'Hare.....24 24 22-70
O Hinz.....25 24 24 73 C Rein.....24 22 23-70
H M Spencer.....24 24 24-72 J Bodensab.....25 23 22 70
H M Pope.....25 23 23 72 J Dietz.....24 23 23-70
I Martin.....25 24 23-72 F C Ross.....25 23 22-70
G Worn.....24 24 24-72 H D Muller.....24 23 22 69
L Buss.....25 24 23-72 H Kraus.....23 23 22-69
W A Tewes.....25 24 23-72 R Busse.....24 23 22 69
H Bookman.....24 24 23-71 C T Schukraft.....24 23 22 69
L P Hansen.....25 23 23-71 P Kessek.....24 22 22 69
C Bayer.....25 24 22-71 W Rosenbaum.....24 23 22 69
W A Hicks.....25 23 23 71 S Kohn.....25 21 68
G Schlicht.....24 24 23-71 G N Oberst.....24 23 21 68
L P Ittel.....24 24 23-71 C Dietrich.....24 24 19-67
EDWARD BANKS.

Shell Mound.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held an annual meeting on Jan. 7 for election of officers and adoption of shooting programme for 1898. Twenty-six members were present, and a spirited meeting was held. The officers chosen were: Dr. L. O. Rodgers, President (fourth year); F. H. Bushnell, Vice-President; F. O. Young, Secretary-Treasurer (fourth year); C. M. Daiss, First, and A. H. Cady, Second Shooting Master; Trustees, J. E. Gorman, E. Jacobsen and D. W. McLaughlin. The shooting programme will be completed at an adjourned meeting to be held next Friday evening. Among the veteran riflemen present were A. Strecker, Howard Carr, Capt. J. E. Klein and Ed Hovey. Medals and cash prizes to the value of about \$500 will be put up by the club for 1898. Yesterday the initial shoot of the year was held; also first shoot of the Germania Club. Scores were:
Columbia Club, Columbia target:
Open rifle shoot at 200yds. for the Bushnell medal: The score was: F. O. Young, 52, 55, 59; J. E. Gorman, 57; F. E. Mason, 61, 57; Dr. Rodgers, 66, 71; A. B. Dorrell, 68; D. W. McLaughlin, 67; A. Strecker, 75, 75; A. Gehret, 80; E. Jacobsen, 74. In the championship class the score was: Dr. Rodgers, 57; F. E. Mason, 59; D. W. McLaughlin, 61; F. O. Young, 62; W. Strecker, 72; E. Jacobsen, 94. First class—A. B. Dorrell, 74; J. E. Gorman, 77; A. Gehret, 86; G. A. Schultz, 96. Second class—A. H. Cady, 115; A. Hinterman, 135. Third class—E. Woenne, 110; Mrs. M. J. White, 125; C. F. Waltham, 136; W. F. Unfried, 150. In the pistol shoot, 50yds., the following scores were made: Champion class—J. E. Gorman, 41; Dr. Rodgers, 45; C. M. Daiss, 74; M. J. White, 49; A. B. Dorrell, 50; F. O. Young, 64; E. Hovey, 67. First class—D. W. McLaughlin, 54; F. E. Mason, 60; E. P. Jacobson, 76. Second class—Mrs. M. J. White, 64; A. Hinterman, 74. Third class—A. H. Cady, 77; B. P. Jonas, 125; W. F. Unfried, 126; A. Doria, 225. Ten-shot scores

for Blanding medal—C. M. Daiss, 37, 40; J. E. Gorman, 41, 42; A. B. Dorrell, 49; F. O. Young, 56.
Germania Club, ¾in. ring target, 20 shots only allowed:
First prize of the first champion class to John Utschig, 433, and second to Dr. L. Rodgers, 432. In the second champion class the first prize went to L. Bendel, 412, and the second to H. Heilberg, 398. In the first class, first prize went to F. Rust, 391, and second to J. E. Klein, 373. In the second class the first prize was earned by E. H. Goetze, 398, and the second by John Tiedemann, 380. In the third class D. Salfeld won first with 328, and J. F. Daly second with 315. The prize for the best first shot went to R. B. Schuster, 24, and for best last shot to Dr. Rodgers, 25. The first shoot of this year's series for the \$75 diamond medal and cash prizes was also shot, with the following score—only one entry of 10 shots allowed: F. P. Schuster, 210; J. Utschig, 215; L. Bendel, 213; D. B. Faktor, 212; Dr. Rodgers, 221; A. Strecker, 208; D. McLaughlin, 221; E. Goetz, 155; F. E. Mason, 215.
ROELL.

Rifle and Revolver Competitions at Boston.

The New England Sportsmen's Association will hold a series of rifle and revolver competitions during the two weeks that its show will be open in the Mechanics' Building, Boston, March 14-26. These competitions will be held under the direction of separate committees, one for each branch. The revolver competitions will be under the direction of the following committee: F. B. Crowninshield, chairman; John B. Paine, Louis Bell, E. E. Patridge and Butler Ames. The rifle committee is: F. B. Crowninshield, chairman; C. W. Hinman, John T. Humphrey, Charles H. Eastman and J. E. Kelly.
For revolver and pistols there are three championships competitions—the "Any" revolver championship, "Military" revolver championship and the pistol championship. In each one of these competitions there will be three prizes, silver cups of the actual value of \$50, \$25 and \$10. For rifles (any .22cal. rifles) there is a 50-shot championship competition, 100 measured feet, 25-ring target; any sights except telescopes; off-hand; any .22cal. rim fire ammunition allowed. Prizes, three silver cups of the actual value of \$50, \$25 and \$10.
In addition to the above four competitions there are re-entry matches for the "Any" revolver, "Military" revolver, Pistol and "German Ring" re-entry for rifles; there will also be a "Standard American" re-entry for rifles, with a Standard American target reduced to 100ft., 7-ring black.

The prizes in each of the re-entry matches, with the exception of the "Standard American," consist of twelve cash prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, twelve prizes, dividing \$100 as follows: \$20, \$15, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8, twelve prizes, dividing \$100, as follows: \$20, \$15, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3 and \$2. A total of \$600 in cash and twelve cups of the aggregate actual value of \$340 will thus be distributed in prizes at this tournament.

The programme is a neat one, in book form, and can doubtless be obtained from F. B. Crowninshield, Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, Mass., on application for the same. It contains the details of all the matches and a full set of rules to govern the contests.

Rifle Notes.

L. P. Ittel, of the Pittsburg Rifle Club, and M. Dorrier, of the Zettler Rifle Club, shot a friendly race on Saturday last, Jan. 22, on a 200yds. range in the vicinity of this city. Mr. Dorrier was not in the best of trim for such a match, as he left the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden quite late on Friday night, and then spent the best part of the night loading shells for himself and Ittel to shoot the next day. Whatever shape Dorrier was in, there can be no two ways about it. Ittel was in wonderful trim and shot a great race. His average was quite high, and Mr. Harry Spencer, who witnessed the match, came back to Madison Square Garden full of Ittel's shooting, and gave it as his opinion that the Pittsburg rifleman was going to be bad medicine at future schutzenfesten.

Tom Keller is not unknown among riflemen, it seems. Among shotgun cranks Tom has a big following, but we were somewhat surprised to see how well everybody at the rifle ranges in the basement of the Garden knew Tee Kay. And, say, perhaps Tom wasn't feeling good over the showing made at this tournament by Peters's long rifle and Peters's short, semi-smokeless!

Harry Spencer shoots a Winchester barrel, octagon, with a 16in. twist. The action is a Ballard, the stock being a Zettler stock. It weighs about 11½lbs.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 10-11.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; second day, handicap race at targets; handicaps 100 to 110; \$10 entrance, targets extra.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Tournament of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Feb. 22-23.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Second annual midwinter tournament at Audubon Park, under the management of E. W. Garbe. Targets. \$500 added.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 19-22.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 17-20.———.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the 500 Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Blue-locks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Jan. 26-27.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Under the head of Western Trap will be found a note from our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, relative to the coming sparrow and target tournament at Indianapolis, Feb. 10-11. Another correspondent, Gaucha, elsewhere has also something to say in regard to the Limited Gun Club and its tournaments. Hence there is nothing left for us to do but to give the bare schedule of events arranged for the above two days. On Feb. 10 there will be five events at 20 sparrows each, \$6 entrance in each event, birds included. Ten per cent. of the net purses will be deducted to form a fund for average money to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 to the five high guns that shoot through the sparrow programme. All events class shooting; 28yds. everybody; four moneys; arbitrary boundary. On Feb. 11 the programme calls for a 100-target race, handicaps from 100 to 110, \$10 entrance, targets extra; optional sweeps of \$2.50 on each string of 25 targets. In the optional sweeps it will be class shooting, five moneys. The purse in the main event will be divided "high guns." If 20 or less entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6; if 30 or less entries, ten moneys, 20, 17, 14, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4; if 40, more or less, entries, fourteen moneys, 15, 13, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6½, 6, 5½, 5, 4½, 4, 3½, 3. An important note is the following: "No allowance shooter can beat a scratch man who breaks 94 or better. If scratch man does not break 94, allowance shooters will tie at 94. The entries on this day will close for the handicap when the first squad have shot their first string, and for the optional sweep on the firing of the first gun."

Regarding the talked-of match between Brewer and Gilbert, we received a letter the other day from a well-known shooter in Philadelphia, prominent in amateur circles, who, *inter alia*, had this to say as to Brewer's backing: "In regard to Brewer's match against Gilbert or Elliott, I feel that a match can be arranged for a considerable sum, if either of these gentlemen will shoot in the vicinity of Philadelphia or New York. The matter was in discussion in my office one day this week, and several gentlemen expressed their willingness to put up Brewer's stake if the match was to take place where they could see it. It is out of the question to arrange a match for Chicago. Rather than have the match fall through on account of a disagreement as to the grounds, they would be willing to allow either Gilbert or Elliott a reasonable sum for expenses if either of them will shoot in the East." Knowing the writer of the above as well as we do, we can say that his words have the weight of authority. But, as we pointed out last week, we understand that Gilbert is under contract to shoot no matches for money—only for trophies—and that as long as this contract is in force it is hopeless to expect to see him come to Philadelphia or New York to shoot, unless the cup is brought here by some one else. So far as Elliott is concerned, we have heard of no propositions for a match between him and Brewer. A match between either of the parties mentioned would be well worth seeing, and, as it will be noted, the Philadelphians are willing to pay to see one if it can be arranged.

Regarding the article in our issue of Jan. 22, entitled "The Referee's Discretion," a prominent trap-shooter of Philadelphia, Pa., writes us, under date Jan. 21, as follows: "I read your article in the current number of your journal in reference to the rule regulating misfire. The question is a very difficult one to determine, and must, in my opinion, be left to the discretion of the referee. As a member of the rules committee of the Riverton Gun Club, I proposed the following rule, which has not yet been adopted by the club officials, but has received the tacit consent of the members: 'Rule 11, Sec. A—A misfire is no shot unless occasioned by the neglect of the shooter.' 'Sec. C—Should the gun fail to discharge for any reason other than the neglect of the shooter, the referee should declare a no-bird.' I have been trying for the last year or so to get some uniform action by the clubs in reference to this important particular, and as soon as this rule is adopted by the Riverton Gun Club officially efforts will be made to get the other gun clubs to adopt a similar rule."

Mr. John A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, writes us as follows under date of Jan. 22: "The roster of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be ready for distribution about Feb. 1, and there will be sufficient copies to go all around. In doing this work the committee has received little assistance from the clubs forming the association, though ordered to do the work by these same clubs. The book will be a handsome one, 6½x4½in., printed on heavy paper and covered with a flexible leather cover, which will allow of its being used as a book of reference without wearing out easily. The cost of this publication has not been small, and we do not think it wise to take the money from the association to pay for the book, so the committee has decided to furnish the book to those clubs which are not behind in association dues at the rate of 5 cents per copy, for members of the association only. I will be glad to furnish a copy to the secretary of any State association who will send me his address."

Within the next few days the Interstate Association will close contracts for tournaments with a few clubs. The chances are that there will be interstate tournaments at the following places during the coming season: Meadville, Pa.; Portsmouth, Va., and Waterville, Me. Other tournaments will be arranged for in a short time. There will not be an interstate shoot at Sherbrooke, Can., as we had hoped there would be. The Interstate Association, although thinking very favorably of Sherbrooke's claims for such a shoot, feels that the time has hardly come for it to go into Canada while so much ground in the United States remains uncovered. Clubs desiring tournaments should lose no time in writing to the manager of the Association, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa., making application for the same. It should be borne in mind that the Association will not go west of the Pennsylvania western border this year.

Elsewhere we give a letter written to FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, in which he corrects the error made by very many of the daily papers in regard to the Grand American Handicap. As stated in our report of the Association's meeting of Jan. 17, published in our issue of Jan. 22, and as shown by the terms of Mr. Shaner's letter, the Grand American Handicap was specially excepted from the conditions that apply to all the target tournaments held under the auspices of the Association during the year of 1898. Paid representatives, manufacturers' agents and any one connected with firms that manufacture guns, shells, powders, targets or traps will be barred from competing for the purses at any of the target tournaments of the Association, but will be eligible, as in the past, to enter and to shoot in the Grand American Handicap.

E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., and F. D. Kelsey, of Buffalo, N. Y., were the two men who most particularly gave the Canadians object lessons in smashing targets at the Hamilton tournament, Jan. 18-20. According to the newspaper scores, Fulford broke 153 out of 160 shot at in the three days; his score included a 20 straight at reversed order and a 23 out of 25 at 15 singles and 5 pairs. Kelsey shot at 15 targets less than Fulford did, and like Fulford he lost 7 of them, breaking 138 out of 145. Fulford's average was 95.6, Kelsey's 95.1. The 15 targets Kelsey did not shoot at were unknown angles. He broke 18 out of 20 at reversed order, and tied Fulford's score of 23 at the mixed 25. Bartlett broke 18 out of 20 at reversed order, and ran 25 straight in the mixed shooting. His total was 147 out of 160, an average of almost 92 per cent.

In the live-bird shooting at Hamilton, Jack Fanning was, of course, right on top, although there were others, notably Fulford and Bartlett, who chased him hard. Fanning and Fulford were placed on the 32yds. mark, Bartlett at 30yds. During the three days Fanning shot at 51 birds and lost just 1. Fulford also shot at 51 birds and scored 49 of them. Bartlett's total was the same as Fulford's.

On Jan. 23 ten members of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, paid a visit to the Cuckoos at Rockaway Park, L. I. A return visit will be arranged in the near future. There is also some talk among the members of the Hudson Gun Club of paying a visit to the Kearny, N. J., Gun Club on Washington's Birthday, but details have not been fully decided upon as yet.

The dates for the Elizabeth, N. J., shoot have been changed. Originally the intention was to have a two days' shoot, Jan. 26-27. The shoot will now be a one-day affair, and will be held on Feb. 3. The programme will be as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, \$5; No. 3, 10 birds, \$5; No. 4, 25 birds, \$10, birds extra. Only live birds will be shot at, price 20 cents each.

With John S. Wright's invitation live-bird shoot on Feb. 3, and with two other shoots for the same date in this vicinity, at Elizabeth and Singac, N. J., pigeon shooters around here will have plenty to choose from on that date.

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., announces a 25-bird race, \$10, birds extra, for Feb. 3, at 12 sharp. Other events to suit shooters. All events class shooting.

Here is an incident of the Sportsmen's Exposition: On Friday, Jan. 21, a party who had been inspecting the Winchester Co.'s exhibit, and talking shoot with Elliott and Van Dyke, strolled over to the U. M. C. space and corralled Hallowell. With his usual courtesy, John J. U. M. C. Hallowell explained everything very fully, particularly the working of the Driggs 1-pounder. Just before leaving the visitor said: "The Winchester people employ quite a large number of men to shoot around at tournaments, don't they? How many does your firm employ?" Hallowell replied: "None at all." "None at all?" said the stranger: "Why, you and your father are shooting all the time, aren't you?" It is now quite in order to congratulate U. M. C. Thomas on the fine physique of his son!

Charley Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., writes us under date, Jan. 18, as follows: "You will see by the above heading—'Charley Budd's Shoot, April 19-22'—that I am going to hold a little tournament. Please claim the dates for me. The three first days will be devoted to targets, and I will add \$300 to the purses, and will also give \$50 for best averages. On the fourth day there will be a 25-bird race, \$25 entrance, with \$50 added; handicaps 27 to 32yds. I am going to Hot Springs to have a good time with John Sumpter, and from there to Dayton, O., to settle my little difficulty with Rolla. Will see you at the Grand American." All of which goes to show that Chippie Budd is going to have his hands full, shooting and making arrangements for his tournament, between now and April 19, the day on which his four days' shoot commences.

The other evening, while walking on Broadway, near the Broadway Central Hotel, Ed Rike thought he was going to have an experience with some of New York's thugs. As he turned out of a by-street on to the main thoroughfare, within a block of his hotel, he noticed two men putting up their coat collars and pulling their hats down over their eyes, all the while edging over toward him. Instinctively he shifted his umbrella into his left hand as the men got up to him and jostled him. He raised his hand to hit the one on his right, discovering just in time that it was Elmer Shaner and another who were holding him up. Elmer little realizes, says Ed, how near he was to getting laid out by a solid right-hander on the top of his comparatively unprotected cranium.

John Shaaber and Ed Yeager, both prominent members of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, under whose auspices the Pennsylvania State shoot will be held, March 29—April 1, were in the city on Tuesday last, Jan. 18, visiting the Sportsmen's Exposition. While in the city they met Elmer E. Shaner, who will have the management of the State shoot, as in past years, and had a talk with him regarding the programme for that shoot. Mr. Yeager, who is corresponding secretary for the State Association, informed us that the programmes would be ready about the first week of February; he also promises that the Independents will give one of the best State shoots ever held in Pennsylvania.

Crossing Fulton Ferry on Friday afternoon last, Jan. 21, we were rather surprised to meet Dan Loomis, from Burlington, Vt., agent for the Lake George & Lake Champlain Transportation Co. in that city. Mr. Loomis reported all well with the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, and personally gave us a few particulars about the weather in Vermont at this time of the year. We have a distinct recollection of a Vermont blizzard we ran up against, in company with Hen Spear, about two years ago last November.

Mr. Ed O. Bower, secretary-treasurer of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, writes us from Sistersville, W. Va., under date of Jan. 15, as follows: "The second annual trap-shooting tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Parkersburg, June 8-10, under the auspices of the Mountain State Gun Club. Programmes (ready for mailing May 10) will contain the amount of added money and valuable prizes, and will be mailed upon application."

Mr. G. M. Walden, president of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, was one of those present at the Elliott-Gilbert match on Jan. 15 at Dexter Park, L. I. Mr. Walden enjoyed, early in December, the honor of captaining the Kansas City winning team in the Chicago-Kansas City team race. After the team race it will be remembered that he suffered individual defeat at the hands of the Chicago captain, Col. C. E. Felton, in a live-bird race.

W. N. White, of the Portsmouth, Va., Gun Club, was in the city last week, and went home happy in the knowledge that the Interstate Association would hold a tournament on his club's grounds some time during the spring or early summer. Mr. White says that his club will extend a hearty invitation to all to attend the shoot, and promises a first-class time. Of course, at this tournament the Interstate's rule barring paid men, manufacturers' agents and such from taking part in the purses will be strictly enforced.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, "Vanda," is in the East once more, and purposes making a stay in the vicinity of New York for a period of a month or two, at any rate until after the Grand American Handicap. While in New York Mrs. Lindsley's headquarters will, of course, be at 88 Chambers street, the home in this city of the King Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co. Mrs. Lindsley informs us that Milt is flourishing, and that Jerry, the bear, is also in the most robust health.

Ben H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., was one of those who had charge of the Hazard Powder Co.'s exhibit during the Sportsmen's Exposition. Mr. Norton will probably be seen at the Boston show during its first week, but he will be on hand when the time comes for him to open the cashier's office at Elkwood Park, March 22-24, the three days of the Grand American Handicap meeting.

The Sportsmen's Exposition of 1898 has come and gone. With it came a whole host of friends of FOREST AND STREAM, who have also gone away and left us feeling quite lonesome. This annual gathering of sportsmen is always a pleasure to look forward to, and affords an interchange of ideas that prevents our getting rusty.

Mr. C. B. Bristol, one of New Haven's most prominent trapshooters, was in the city last week, and took in the Sportsmen's Exposition. We were unfortunate enough never to be able to make connection with Mr. Bristol's right hand this time, and expect to receive a peremptory summons to come to a shoot at New Haven, Conn., and make up for deficiencies.

Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, managers of Elkwood Park, will arrange full programmes of live-bird events for the Monday, Friday and Saturday of the Grand American Handicap week, Feb. 21 and Feb. 25-26. This will enable any shooter who wishes to do so to put in a full week shooting over the best laid out and most comfortable grounds in this country.

Charlie Mowry, of the Sporting Goods Gazette, Syracuse, N. Y., paid a flying visit to the city last week, spending most of his time in Madison Square Garden, looking up the trade and inspecting the exhibits at the Sportsmen's Exposition. *En passant*, we might say that Mr. Mowry came out on top, as usual, in the fly-casting contest open to members of the press only.

In our report of the Gilbert-Elliott match for the Du Pont trophy, which appeared in our issue of Jan. 22, we omitted to mention that Gilbert's load of Du Pont Smokeless was loaded in a Winchester Leader shell. Gilbert always shoots Winchester factory-loaded ammunition.

Manager Garbe, of Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., announces a target tournament for Feb. 22-23. Elsewhere will be found a brief review of the programme prepared for the occasion. "Manufacturers' experts and paid professionals will be eligible to first and second moneys only."

Will K. Park, of Philadelphia, is a fly-fisherman as well as a journalist and shootist. As the result of his work with rod and line in the fly-casting tournament at the Sportsmen's Exposition, Will can now wear a bronze medal. He says he beat one man, anyway.

The Cleveland Target Co. has written a letter to FOREST AND STREAM regarding the stand it took at its tournament in 1897 in the case of Mr. Chauncey Powers, of Decatur, Ill. The letter, which explains itself, appears elsewhere in our trap columns.

In another column we give the letter written to the Western shooters by Mr. Lequin, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, inviting them to attend the Grand American Handicap of 1898.

T. S. Dando, of Philadelphia, Pa., was the first entry enrolled on the list of Grand American Handicap shooters. Last year Mr. Dando was the last entry, wiring his post entry from Philadelphia on the morning of the shoot.

The West End Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., announces that it will hold a merchandise shoot Feb. 18-20, and that it is sparing no effort to make it a success in every respect.

Jack Parker will manage the fourth annual amateur tournament at Peru, Ind., April 27-28.

EDWARD BANKS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Unknown Gun Club.

Jan. 13.—The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon. There was a good attendance of shooters, twelve taking part in the club event at seven birds per man. E. A. Vroom, W. E. Skidmore and T. B. Potter were the three men who made straight scores. Scores were:

E. A. Vroom, 29212211-7 John Akhurst, 250212210-5

W. E. Skidmore, 261212221-7 W. A. Sands, 26222202*-5

T. B. Potter, 251111211-7 J. B. Voorhies, 291010120-4

Dr. Schwartz, 28111112-6 Dr. Moore, 252020021-4

C. C. Beveridge, 28121211*-6 Ed Hauff, 25*102022-4

Henry von Staden, 23.121*112-6 Gabriel Selig, 230000120-2

Emerald Gun Club.

Jan. 15.—The Emerald Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. There was a good attendance, 26 shooters taking part in the club event. Remsen, O'Connell, Vroom and Hillers made straight scores, six others making 9 each. Below are the scores:

Class A, 28yds., 7 points:

J. S. Remsen.....2222222222-10 Daniel O'Connell.....2222222222-10

Class A, 28yds., 6½ points:

E. A. Vroom.....121211112-10 Wm. Sands.....2101200210-6

Dr. G. V. Hudson.....2001121022-7 Thomas Short.....2001020110-5

F. W. Place.....1021022102-7 J. H. Moore.....2220110020-6

Wm. Amend.....0220221022-7

Class A, 28yds., 6 points:

Geo. B. Hillers.....2222222222-10 B. Amend.....1101102200-6

H. P. Fessenden.....2222222222-9 John Woelfel.....2020202110-6

S. M. Van Allen.....2111211201-9 M. C. Brown.....1010010200-4

Wm. Joerger.....1010202101-6

Class B, 25yds., 6 points:

C. W. Billings.....11211201112-9 Emil Weiss.....2210121211-9

R. Regan.....2112211220-9 Chas. Stuetzle.....1220220220-7

Class B, 25yds., 5 points:

Dr. Richter.....2211122210-9 Dr. J. Ruyl.....0022201200-5

T. F. Cody.....2020222222-7 Dr. Macfarland.....2011020200-5

Geo. K. Briet.....1102200020-5 H. J. Mollenhauer.....1010102200-5

The last shoot for the yearly prizes will be held on the third Tuesday in February, the 15th, the annual distribution of prizes and election of officers taking place in March.

John Wright's Invitation Shoot.

In getting up an invitation shoot at Dexter Park for Thursday, Feb. 3, Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has catered to the popular taste. The idea was not to get up a shoot for shooters, nor for the sake of making money for the club, nor for anybody else to get rich at the expense of the poorer shots. What Mr. Wright and his friends wanted was a good day's sport among themselves. Accordingly invitations have been mailed to those whom it is desired to have at the shoot. It may be that some have been overlooked, but a short conference with Mr. Wright at 318 Broadway, Messrs. von Lengerke & Detmold's store, will probably correct the error. The invitation reads as follows:

"The Brooklyn Gun Club takes pleasure in inviting you to participate in an all-day live-bird tournament, to be held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Feb. 3. The entire affair being an invitation shoot, our friends can count on the exclusiveness of the company." The invitation is signed by J. S. S. Remsen, president of the club; Theo. Baron, secretary, and J. S. Wright, manager.

The schedule of events is as follows:

No. 1.—Wright's introductory. Miss-and-out. \$2 entrance. Re-entry permitted up to end of first round.

No. 2.—Welcome. Five birds. \$5 entrance, birds included. Twelve entries and under, three moneys; over twelve, four moneys. 28yds. rise for all.

No. 3.—Fair for all. Seven birds. \$5 entrance, birds extra. Handicap rise from 26 to 32yds. Moneys as in No. 2.

No. 4.—Brooklyn Club Handicap. Ten birds. Entrance \$7.50, including cost of birds. Handicaps from 26 to 32yds. 28yd. men, 1 miss as a no-bird; 27yd. men, 1 miss as a kill; 26yd. men, 1 miss as a no-bird and 1 miss as a kill. Moneys as in No. 2.

No. 5.—Union Course Handicap. Fifteen birds. \$10 entrance, birds included. Handicaps, 26 to 32yds. Twelve entries and under, three moneys; over twelve, four moneys.

No. 6.—Miss-and-out. \$2 entrance. Re-entry permitted up to close of first round.

If time permits, extra events will be arranged to suit guests. Lunch and hotel accommodations at the grounds. Shooting to commence at 9:30 A. M. sharp. Birds furnished at 25 cents each. Take Union "L" Road, East New York branch, to Cypress Hills. Jamaica avenue trolley direct to grounds.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Jan. 22.—Seven members of the New Utrecht Gun Club took part to-day in the target shoot at Dyker Meadow. In the club shoot, Platt Adams won in Class A with 19 out of 25; Toplitz in Class B had no competitor. In the prize shoot, M. Van Brunt won with 20 out of 26. Scores in these two events were:

P. Adams, A.....11101111111111111111-19

W. H. Thompson, A.....0111101101101101111100-18

M. Van Brunt, A.....11111011001100110110011-17

G. Gaughen, A.....101011010100110001111111-16

F. A. Thompson, A.....011001010101101101010111-15

D. Deacon, A.....1101011110011101010100-15

S. B. Toplitz, B.....01011011011011110001101-16

De Wolf*, B.....100111100110011111111101-18

Prize gun shoot:

Van Brunt.....111110011110101101101111-19+1-20

Deacon.....1011111001111100111110-19+0-19

De Wolf*.....110111001100101111111111-19

Adams.....101110011011010011111111-17

Gaughen.....1100010111101101100110011-16

W. H. Thompson.....11010010111011011010011-16

F. A. Thompson.....001111100001011100101111-15

Toplitz.....011001000110011011100101-13

*Guests.

Sweeps for practice were shot as below, Nos. 1-4 being at unknown angles, No. 5 at 15 singles and five pairs:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5

Targets: 10 10 10 10 25 Targets: 10 10 10 10 25

Adams.....6 6 8 9 17 W. H. Thompson...8 8 7 6 5

Gaughen.....8 6 9 7 14 F. A. Thompson...6 6 7 5 12

Van Brunt.....9 9 3 6 16 De Wolf.....8 8 8 8 8

Deacon.....5 4 4 16 Toplitz.....6 15

G. E. Poor, Sec'y.

The Hamilton Tournament.

BELOW is a brief resume of the chief events shot during the three days of the Hamilton, Can., tournament, Jan. 18-20:

No. 1, introductory, 10 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, \$100 guaranteed, 31 entries: E. D. Fulford, 32, C. S. Burkhardt, 30, C. Ross, 27, S. Corbett, 28, J. S. Fanning, 32, and Jack Parker, 30-10; Brady, 28, E. Smith, 29, B. A. Bartlett, 30, H. Reynolds, 31, H. D. Bates, 30, C. Scane, 29, E. N. McCarney, 28, C. Crew and H. D. McConochie—9; Fick, 29, Hibbard, 28, Decoy, 29, Daniels, 29, Bennett, 30, D. James, 28, L. Norris, 29, D. E. Dunham, 28, T. Crooks and Lyons—8; Wingate, 30, Boyd, 27, C. Wilmot, 30-7; F. D. Kelsey, 30, James Crumb and A. Price—6.

No. 2, Grand Canadian Handicap; 20 birds, \$15, birds included, \$600 guaranteed; 14 moneys to the high guns; \$125 to the high gun: the other 13 in proportion; 50 entries. Fanning, 32, L. W. Bennett, 30, Bartlett, 30, Kelsey, 30, Wayer, 31, Van Vlack, 29, and Norris, 29-20; Wilmot, 30, Burkhardt, 30, A. Peart, 29, King, 29, Fulford, 32, Brady, 28, Reynolds, 31, Forsyth, 30, Bice, 28, Parker, 30, and White, 28-19; Reardon, 31, Graham, 29, Bates, 30, Fletcher, 29, W. Stroud, 28, McCarney, 28, Daniels, 29, Wilson, 29, Brooks, 29, Dunham, 28, Gay, 30, and Scane, 29-18; Briggs, 29, Lyons, 29, I. Crooks, 29, and McConochie, 29-17; R. H. Hebbard, 28, Corbett, 29, Ross, 27, Price, 30, Crew, 30, and G. Stroud, Jr., 27-16; Fick, 29, Smith, 29, and Boyd, 28-15; Grant, 28, and F. Bennett, 28-14; Green, 30, and A. J. Bennett, 28-13; Thomas Crooks, 29, Wingate, 30, and Hooper, 30, retired.

No. 3, same as No. 1; \$100 guaranteed; handicaps same as above; 24 entries: Hibard and Gay, 10; Burkhardt, Fanning, McCarney, Corbett, Wallace, Peart, Bice, Miller, McCann, Fulford, Brady, L. W. Bennett, Bartlett, Crew, Wayer, Wilmot, Brooks and Norris, 9; Kennedy, Bates and George, 8; White, 6; Thomas Crooks, 5.

The prizes were divided as follows: J. T. Fanning, of Batavia, N. Y.; Leo Bennett, B. A. Bartlett and L. Norris, of Buffalo; C. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y.; J. Wayer, of Hesper, and D. L. Van Vlack, of Toronto, all with possibles, took \$63.55 each. A. J. Gay, of Bowmansville; J. Parker, of Detroit; H. Reynolds

and C. T. Wilmot, of Port Hope; E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y.; W. H. Brady, of Detroit; A. Peart, of Burlington; C. S. Burkhardt, of Buffalo, and Messrs. King, Rice and Forsyth, with scores of 19, took \$11.90 each, the remaining prize money.

Following were the scores of the miss-and-out:

Fanning 11, Parker 11, Graham 11, Fletcher 11, Reynolds 11, Fulford 11, Brooks 11, Wingate 11, Bellamy 5, Bartlett 5, Bennett 3, Gay 2, J. Crooks 2, Watson 2, Dunham 1.

Fanning, Parker, Graham, Fletcher, Reynolds, Fulford, Brooks and Wingate divided the money.

Below are the scores in the team race for the championship of Canada and five gold medals; five men to a team, 25 targets per man:

Orangeville.—Williamson 24, Scane 22, Burrell 23, Dick, 24, Brooks 23; total 116.

Mallard Club, Hamilton.—Brigger 20, Oliver 23, H. Lee 21, J. Stuart 23, G. Harrison 23; total 110.

Hamilton Club, No. 1 Team.—Wilson 23, Fletcher 22, Wingate 24, Galloway 21, Crooks 23; total 113.

Hamilton Club, No. 2 Team.—Dynes 21, Clifford 21, Langhorn 15, Graham 17, Reardon 18; total 82.

Toronto Club.—Thomas 21, Decoy 16, Green 19, Crew 22, Bellamy 16; total 94.

Handicap at White Plains, N. Y.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Jan. 22.—The handicap live-bird shoot held to-day at the Sunnyside Kennels, under the management of E. F. Ward, was well attended, considering the low and threatening clouds and the small snow squalls, which undoubtedly kept many away who would otherwise have been on hand. Over twenty had agreed to enter the handicap, but twelve was the actual number of shooters. Among them were Mr. Hyland and his daughter, Miss M. E. Hyland, of Tarrytown, N. Y.; James Thompson and son, of Yonkers; Messrs. Blumbaum and Kelly, of Mt. Vernon; Ed Bartram, of New York; Messrs. Sutton and Sanborn, of Pleasantville, and the Ward brothers, of Elmsford, N. Y. A good number of the home talent turned out also to witness the shoot.

The grounds of the Sunnyside Kennels are of the best, and there is a snug little shooting booth, replete with every convenience. The proprietor, Mr. Moreman, had everything in apple-pie order—including the lunch, which he served at a very moderate price. The club is situated on a table-land. Some 200yds. northeast of the traps there is a swale, thus giving the shooter a good skyline. In fact, these grounds are hard to beat. Mr. Lou Platt acted as referee; E. G. Horton as official scorer. Miss Hyland had more than her share of ill-luck, as she hit every bird she shot at, with the exception of one, but her light load let them get away, although she frequently hit them with both barrels. James Thompson killed his birds well and in quick time, shooting like the veteran that he is. By far the most brilliant kill of the day was made by B. Ward on his 15th bird, a perfect cyclone from No. 3 trap. The birds were strictly first-class, having been taken from the loft on the morning of the shoot. There were only two duffers among them, and it would be hard to find a stronger and quicker lot of birds. The handicapping was done by Messrs. Ward and Thompson. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J. Thompson (30).....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0-16

Tom Ward (30).....0 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1-12

Geo. Thompson (25).....1 2 2 1 2 * 1 1 2 * 1 1 0 2 2-12

E. Halpin (29).....0 2 2 2 1 * 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2-12

Ed Ward (30).....1 0 2 1 1 1 0 2 0 1 * 2 1 1-11

Chas. Sutton (27).....1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 2 0-10

H. Hyland (30).....0 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 1 0-10

W. Ward (30).....0 2 2 0 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2-10

K. E. M. (28).....0 2 0 0 1 2 * 2 1 2 0 2 2 2-9

Jas. Jones (29).....0 1 1 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 1 1-9

Miss M. E. Hyland (25).....0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2-6

Gus Travis (30).....* 0 1 0 0 1 2 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1-8

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Jan. 12.—Miserable weather conditions prevailed at Wellington, Mass., and vicinity to-day; nevertheless close on a dozen shooters visited the Boston Gun Club and successfully inaugurated the new prize series, Jan. 12 to April 30, inclusive. The fog and rain greatly increased the difficulty of shooting, which was unnecessary, seeing that the majority were all out of practice anyway. Eastman, of Phillips-Andover, seemed the only one in his element during the prize match, placing a good 18 that will doubtless be included in his prize total at the end of the series. To-day was the first of fourteen shoots composing the winter series. Following out the line of previous successful programmes, a prize score is shot each afternoon, and the six best selected for prize total. The list of prizes is headed by a B. G. C. gold charm, followed by articles useful to the sportsman. The intention of selecting the six scores is to afford the most faithful attendant the better show of improving his total. A team match is similarly scheduled this series which will doubtless become fully as interesting as the individual contest, and while the scores in to-day's event were not up to standard, it was decided a novel and attractive feature.

Scores as follows:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Targets: 10 10 5 6 10 10 5 6 10 10 10 10

Eastman.....6 8 8 2 8 9 4 5 6 7 6 8

Miskay.....8 7 4 2 6 8 8 3 8 6 4 8 8

Taft.....5 7 1 2 6 7 3 2 5 5 6 6

Benton.....4 2 2 1 4

Nickols.....3 6 0

</

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Has No Shooter.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 22.—It is a notorious fact that Chicago is about the poorest shooting town in the world, except when once in a while she wakes from her deep slumber and does some brief, heroic act, such as getting skinned by Kansas City. The humiliation of Chicago's slackness in trap matters has, however, not for some time been borne in on us so forcibly as it has lately in the case of our inability to select a champion to meet Dr. Williamson, of Milwaukee. It is only just to the latter to say that he has not been trailing his coat at all, and has not taken the position that he could beat everybody in the world. In point of fact, the challenge to the Chicago shooters did not emanate from him, but from a friend or his, and the hard-shooting doctor does not classify himself as a world beater. It is too bad that a race cannot be arranged on this pleasant amateur basis, but the fact remains that such is not apt to be the case. A number of our shooters think that George Kleinman could beat Dr. Williamson at Burnside grounds, especially if he had one or two days of practice beforehand. But no one seems to care enough about the matter to take it in hand, see to the practice and secure the backing, and all that sort of thing which goes with the getting up of this kind of a race. It is not likely that Dr. Williamson would on a hard day here score so many birds to the hundred as he would in Milwaukee, but our folks seem to think that he would score so many that no local man would have sufficient cinch. Jack Winston would like to come up from Washington, Ind., to shoot the Milwaukeean, but Jack doesn't qualify as a Chicago resident, and we have no right to enlist outside talent.

Chicago Surplus.

A personal letter from Col. C. E. Felton, late member of the committee which won general approbation by selecting the Chicago team, states that he does not favor the purchase of an amateur medal with the surplus funds left over from the intercity shoot. Col. Felton does not want to be reminded perpetually of the fact that he was a functionary at the occasion which created the surplus. He suggests that a better way to use this money would be to send back the contributions of those who aided financially, but who returned their tickets. Failing of this, he thinks it would be well to get up one grand handicap shoot for the surplus as a purse, same to be divided into a number of small prizes. All this, however, he advances as late contribution to the many ideas suggested for the distribution of this fund, and aside from its actual disposition in the form of an amateur trophy.

Indianapolis Sparrow Shoot.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, in its tasty programme takes up further the matter of a sparrow tournament for the entertainment of gentlemen who can conveniently pass through Indianapolis on their way to the midwinter tournament held by John J. Sumpter at Hot Springs, Ark. The management announce the dates of Feb. 10 and 11. There will be plenty of sparrows and plenty of targets, the latter shot under target handicap, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$10. A percentage of the net purses will be reserved for the five high guns. The club secretary, Mr. H. T. Hearsey, requests all who can attend to kindly advise him of that fact, and the club adds the following words of invitation and explanation:

"In asking our friends to visit us so soon after our very successful live-bird tournament, we do so with a deep sense of appreciation and hearty good will to those gentlemen who, by their presence and their guns, contributed so much to the success of our first attempt; and we also feel grateful to those friends who gave us the support of their wise counsel and good wishes, although unable to attend.

"The rate to Hot Springs and return for fifteen or more is \$27.20. We hope to have several times fifteen. The special parlor car to St. Louis is 50 cents. Special sleeper St. Louis to Hot Springs, \$3. Same returning. Fifteen-day limit. Owing to the influence of Mr. John J. Sumpter and ourselves, we trust the rate will improve. We can leave here at noon and reach Hot Springs the next noon. Our car will leave Saturday or Sunday; the majority will decide after they reach here.

"Now, if those gentlemen who desire to go to the Springs, but can't spare the time to shoot with us, will just mail their drafts to the management, we will secure tickets, parlor and sleeper, for them with pleasure—just to show we have no hard feelings. * * *

"The management will accept the forfeit and post the conditions for any and all private matches for either day, or any part of either day, that may be suggested. These contentions to be decided by the scores in the regular programme. Here is where you get a run for your money. The complimentary dinners will be on tap at the old stand."

Audubon Club Election.

The Audubon Gun Club, the patriarch of the shooting organizations of Chicago, showed its up-to-date and vigorous condition in its annual meeting, Jan. 20. There is only one vacancy in its membership. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Amberg; Vice-President, C. E. Felton; Second Vice-President, L. M. Hamline; Secretary and Treasurer, W. L. Shepard; Board of Directors, Frank Place, Fred H. Lord, W. P. Mussey, F. R. Bissell and E. S. Rice.

The Audubon Club will send two teams to the State shoot at Peoria next June. Liberal appropriation was made for season prizes, and the individual handicaps will be at once arranged.

Other Elections.

Pekin Gun Club, of Illinois, at their annual meeting elected the following Directors: Herbert Becker, J. M. James, John Reuling, Edward Joerger and Lawrence Hagny.

At Savannah, Ill., last week, a gun club was organized with twenty members and the following officers: D. S. Berry, President; C. E. Miller, Vice-President; W. G. Law, Secretary; B. B. Hyler, Treasurer; Executive Committee, O. A. Manning, F. H. Jenks, R. A. Cassell. The president appointed the following committee on by-laws: B. B. Hyler, A. P. Woodruff, M. W. Dupuis.

The Mississippi Valley Gun Club, of Prairie du Chien, Wis., at its annual meeting last week elected the following officers: Hon. Judge M. B. Hendricks, of Waukon, was chosen President; Vice-President, S. Northcott; Secretary and Treasurer, C. E. Buck; Directors, F. H. Hunting, C. E. Bayliss, E. E. Wright.

The sportsmen of West Duluth, Minn., met last Saturday and organized a gun club, which as yet has no name, although shooting has been begun at the traps, which are located on the ice in the bay. The following officers were chosen: John Isaacson, President; F. R. Holmberg, Vice-President; Charles Kauppi, Treasurer; Charles Johnson, Secretary.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Fulton, Mo., was organized last week with the following officers: Noble B. McKee, President; James A. Leavell, Treasurer, and T. Ed Carter, Secretary.

At the annual meeting of O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, last week the old officials were continued in office. Ed Hickman and Will Herman tied for the new club trophy, 14 out of 15.

The Kansas City Gun Club, at its annual meeting last week, decided to shoot henceforth at 25 birds in each medal shoot. The following officers were elected: J. B. Porter, President; A. H. Glassner, Vice-President; Secretary-Treasurer Fogg was re-elected.

St. Louis-Kansas City.

Mr. G. M. Walden, of Kansas City, made a visit to St. Louis last week. Mr. Bert Taylor, of St. Louis, said to him that if Capt. Walden would bring his men to St. Louis, the mooted St. Louis-Kansas City team race would be shot. The latter said he could hardly bring his men to visit St. Louis for the race, but that if the St. Louis men would come to Kansas City, the race would no doubt be shot there. This latter proposition will be accepted by Mr. Taylor, and it is alleged that he will get together ten men and go up to Kansas City some time in February.

Scattering Shoots.

Painesville Gun Club, of Ohio, shot with the following results in its last weekly shoot, 25 targets: Cain 19, Wasson 18, Hodges 16, Gill 13, Taylor 12, Donaldson 9, Carnegie 8, Hardway 7, Adams 7, Hoose 7, Morgan 6, Fitzgerald 6, Gage 3, Blackmon 1, Hays 24, Savage 11, Pratt 8, Stevenson 7, McLeod 4.

Away out in Pullman, Wash., I hear of Prof. J. A. Balmer, with whom I used to hunt quail in Vincennes, Ind. It seems that there was recently a little town competition between Pullman and Moscow, Wash., and that Moscow carried off most of the honors. The shoots at live birds were miss-and-out, and I am pleased to see that in many of these events Prof. Balmer's name is in the high-gun ranks. In his team shoot Moscow won with 4 birds to the good.

They shot a few live birds last week at North LaGrange, Wis., with the following results: Ten live birds: Hughes 10, Baker and King 9, Lewis, Malcolm, Browall and Eelbeck 8. C. H. Nott was chosen President for the coming year, and E. W. Taylor Secretary.

At St. Louis last week J. S. Morrison defeated F. B. Goodrich at 100 live birds, 75 to 70.

Members of the Bevier, Mo., Gun Club held a team shoot last

week. It was small, but as interesting pro rata and per capita as though it were bigger. The following are the results of the mixed competition, live birds and targets:

Live birds:
Rivers (captain) 5, Williams 7, Chadwell 4; total 16.
Simpson (captain) 7, Rafter 6, Morgan 2; total 15.
Bluerocks:
Simpson (captain) 11, Rafter 10, Morgan 9; total 30.
Rivers (captain) 8, Williams 12, Chadwell 5; total 25.
E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Audubon Gun Club.

Jan. 19.—The Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, held its January shoot to-day at Watson's Park. At the close of the day Amberg, Hollester and Bissell were tied for the club medals, the further shoot-off of the tie being postponed until the February shoot.

Scores:
C S Wilcox, 25 221122121022211-14-2-15
Chas Morris, 30 11210121210010-11-4-15
Frothingham, 30 00221210022210-10-0-10
E S Rice, 28 02212210022201-11-3-14
Amberg, 30 21122210112012-13-2-15
Hollester, 30 21222012221212-14-2-15
F R Bissell, 29 11001211221122-13-2-15

Ties on 15:
Morris, 30 1100121000
Amberg, 30 121222122211212-15-2-15
Hollester, 30 22221011221121-14-2-15
Bissell, 29 20122212022222-13-2-15

In practice the same day the following scores were made, the figures in parentheses after a shooter's name being the number of birds he shot at:
Gilbert (27) 25, Barto (35) 28, Wilcox (25) 19, Barri (25) 10, Simmonetti (16) 8, Andrews (15) 8, Rice (10) 6, Frothingham (10) 6.

Practice at Watson's Park.

Jan. 21.—Practice scores to-day: McGuire (50) 46, O'Donnell (50) 44, and Franklin (50) 42.

Jan. 22.—Practice: Claret (20) 14, Wright (20) 19, Mrs. Dr. Shaw (10) 6, Houston (15) 13, Steckel (10) 8, Wiley (10) 8, Hollester (21) 14, R. B. Carson (15), 10, O'Donnell (21) 17, Gilbert (10) 10, Dr. Shaw (10) 10, Fehrman (10) 6, Dr. Carson (15) 10, Neta (15) 8, Dr. Miller (20) 15, Hess (15) 12, Pumphrey (15) 13, Paterson (10) 9, Wm. Snow (9) 75.

Same day: Sweep at 5 birds: Goodrich, Hollester, Hess, Claret, Gilbert and Barto 5, Fehrman, Sprigg, Miller and Shaw 4, Wiley and Steckel 3, Houston 2, Rice 1.

The Garfield's Shoot on Jan. 29.

The Garfield Gun Club will hold its monthly live-bird contest at Watson's Park, Ill., Jan. 29. Visitors are invited to be present.

Owing to an erroneous statement in a Chicago sporting paper, which stated that Garfield Club's shoot would be held to-day (Jan. 22), several members of that club were present at Watson's Park to-day. The day was a most disagreeable one, on account of the driving snowstorm that prevailed during the day. Some of those who attended to-day will positively be unable to attend again next week, and it is hoped that the Garfield Gun Club will grant them the privilege of shooting an extra score at the February shoot, in view of the fact of the mistake above referred to.

A. C. PATERSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Some Sweeps at Yardville.

Jan. 11.—There were 13 entries to-day in a 15-bird race shot on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J. The entry fee was \$10. The birds were a very good lot, and as a result not a single straight smore was made. F. Warner won first money alone on 14 out of 15, losing his second bird and then killing the last 13 straight. There were four ties on 13 for second money, and curiously enough, as there was no 12 or 11, four men tied for third money on 10 each. A single 9 took fourth money. Scores:

F Warner 10121212122222-14
T Harrison 22201222220222-13
J Bracelin 10102121212112-13
C Davis 02211222102112-13
F Ellis 010122000122212-10
W Ellis 01021121212112-13
C Francis 111200121001022-10

Jan. 13.—A sweep was shot to-day on Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, the conditions being 10 birds per man, 21yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, one barrel only. Scores:

C Britton 110101111-8
C Applegate 101010101-7
H Stewart 011110101-7
G Stewart 101110101-7

YARDVILLE.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Jan. 19.—The semi-monthly series of prize shoots held by the Boiling Springs Gun Club was continued to-day. These shoots are held on the first and third Wednesdays of every month. A gold watch is put up for competition every two months, the party winning it the greatest number of times out of the four shoots to become the owner of the watch. Should there be a tie on wins, such tie will be shot off. As it happens, it does not look as if there was likely to be any tie in this series, as Capt. Money has secured first place on both shoots held to date. With his allowance of seven extra targets to shoot at, he has scored 49 and 50, his highest possible being made in to-day's contest. At the first shoot, held Jan. 5, Wright and Beveridge were close up with 48 each. To-day Wright had another chance of tying Capt. Money, but he lost two out of his allowance of seven extras, and scored 49, one less than a highest possible. Among those present to-day were Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association. Mr. Shaner was persuaded to show his skill with the gun, and pounded out 10 straight and 9 out of 10.

Below are the scores of the prize race in detail, the handicaps being shown in the figures after each shooter's name; where no handicap is given, we have received no notice as to what was allowed that shooter. It will be noticed that Money and Wright were the only ones to shoot their allowances, no one else being able to make a highest possible:

Capt Money, 7, 111111101111111001101111111011111111111-45
Chris Wright, 7, 111111101111101011111011011011111111111-44
E Banks, 2, 1101011111111111111111111111111011111011-46
F Hyde, 01111110111110101111111010110110111111111-41
C Beveridge, 7, 00111110111111111111111000111111111110101-41
C R Wise, 7, 11001011111011011111111111101101011111111011-40
E Jeanneret, 12, 010011111001101101101111101100011110011011-34
W H Huck, 6, 1110100101111110011001101100101110010110110-33
H Money, 1001101111101001111011110011110110001101001110-33
Platt, 1001010011101001101010011101100011111110110111-31
Spiegle, 15, 0100111111101010101011110011101101000100100101-29
Hatfield, 17, 1110101101000010011000011111001010001111001010-25
Palmer, 100110100110001000010101011110011010000111011-25
Dutcher, 20, 00011010011000010011010000101100110001111101010-24
Snyder, 1000001100110001000000001001101001111100101001-21

Sweeps were shot as below, all events being at unknown angles, and all practice sweeps at 10 targets, except Nos. 8, 9 and 10, which were at 25 targets:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Huck 8 8 8 8 7 9 8
Banks 8 9 10 7 8 9 10 21 19 23
Platt 6 7 2 8 9 7
Spiegle 6 4 6 8 3 6
Beveridge 6 6 6 9 9 7 8
A Money 7 8 9 9 8 8 8 28 21 24
Wright 8 6 10 8 10 9 24 21
H Money 4 5 5 9 9 8 7 18 19
Dutcher 4 2 5 3 5 6
Jeanneret 5 8 7
Hatfield 5 7 5 7
Hyde 10 10 8 24
Snyder 5 5 5
Palmer 7 6 7 22
Wise 5 10 8
Shaner 10 9
W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Somerville Gun Club.

Jan. 19.—The Somerville Gun Club held a live-bird shoot to-day on its grounds at Somerville, N. J. Three individual matches were shot, each at 25 birds per man, Hildebrand shooting in each one, and being the loser. Two sweeps were also shot, one a five-bird race with 15 entries, the other a seven-bird race, \$5, with 14 entries. Brewer and Woodruff divided first money in the five-bird race, being the only ones to scores all their birds. In the seven-bird race Woodruff, Brewer and Hovey divided first money on 6. The

birds were acknowledged by all who saw them to be as good a lot as ever left the trap. Scores:

Match.—W. Terry, of Plainfield, N. J., and L. Hildebrand, of Lebanon, N. J.; 25 birds, \$25 a side, loser to pay for birds, A. S. A. rules. Frank Timmons, of Morristown, N. J., referee:
W. Terry, Plainfield, N. J. 22222222002037222200001-17
L. Hildebrand, Lebanon, N. J. 2221202722200200000020-12

When the 22d bird had been shot Hildebrand offered to shoot Terry 25 more birds for another \$25, score to go right on, which resulted as follows:

W. Terry 0110222200202221022000222-17
L. Hildebrand 2110202101001120100000000-11
Sweeps were shot as below. No. 1 was 5 birds, \$3, three moneys; No. 2 was at seven birds, \$5, three moneys:

No. 1. No. 2.
Case 21110-4 0220002-3
Coddington 01021 3 2111200-5
Timmons 20-20-3 2000202-3
Read 10011-3 202012-5
Laire 02112-1 2001122-5
Carmen 00222-3 22102*-4
Hildebrand 00000-0 02000*-1
Lambert 0*-0-2-1
Lister 22000-2
Woodruff 21122-5 *21212-6
Tingley 01012-2
Campbell 02021-3 210*122-5
Brewer 21221-5 12112*2-6
Henzi 02010-2 0022100-3
W. Terry 10220-3
Hovey 222102-6
Henry 2101201-5
Shepard 010000

After the Terry-Hildebrand match J. L. Brewer shot Hildebrand a race at 25 birds for \$25 a side, Brewer giving Hildebrand his first 10 birds scored as kills.

Brewer 2212122211121222212102211-24-1
Hildebrand 111111111220010001222210-19-6
G. W. SQUIER.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Jan. 21.—The Jeannette Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Guttenburg racetrack. The attendance was decidedly good, twenty members taking part in the club race at 10 live birds per man. In Class A, Job Lott, 30, and H. Otten, 28, tied on 9 each, Lott losing his 10th bird. On the shoot-off, Lott won in the third round. This gives the Class A medal to Lott for his own personal property, he having now won it the requisite number of times to become the owner. In Class B, for 25yds. men, H. Rohlfis and F. H. Eilen tied on 7 each; on the shoot-off Rohlfis won in the fifth round. The birds were a really good lot, and were aided by the brisk west wind that swept across the race-track. Scores:

Tie.
Job Lott, 30 2222221220-9 111 -3
H Otten, 28 2122011122-9 110 -2
C Meyer, 28 2102202112-8
C N Brumie, 28 2102012112-8
H Pape, 28 1200111112-8
C Steffens, 32 1001021112-7
J Vagts, 28 2100021121-7
Fred Kastens, 28 1020101112-7
F H Ehlen, 25 1001111120-7 11110-4
M Packard, 28 1020101112-7
H Rohlfis, 25 1200121202-7 11111-5
Chas Offerman, 28 1200011202-6
W P Rottman, 25 2110020021-6
H Gerdes, 25 1020110102-6
C Fehrenbach, 25 2120201200-6
C Bohling, 25 1020201021-6
H Bigelow, 25 2112000012-6
N Crusins, Jr., 25 1100011220-6
C Heilshorn, 25 2010202020-5
T Helmke, 25 2000120020-4
JEANNETTE.

The Hudson Gun Club.

Jan. 15.—The Hudson Gun Club held its second shoot for the month of January this afternoon. A good crowd was present, and some good shooting was done by Pete, Banta, De Long and Bock. The day was fine, but there was a strong wind blowing. Eight events, all at unknown angles, were decided to-day. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Banta 8 10 9 8 7 10 8 9
Altz 3 6 7 4 7
Tommy 7 3 7 1 3
Hughes 5 6 8 5 6 8
Johns 5 2 4
O'Brien 6 5 7
De Long 7 5 9 7 8 7 9
Vogt 1 4 3 4 3 4
Bock 7 8 7 8 6 4
Pete 9 10 9 10 8 8 9
Wright 6
Wilde 6 6 6
Shields 6 2
Whitely 3 6 4
Doran 1 5 3
HUGHES, Sec'y.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

Greenfield Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 14.—Old Hoss and Pills shot a team race to-day against Born and Jake Motz on the grounds of the Greenfield Gun Club. The conditions were 100 targets per man, unknown angles. Old Hoss and Pills won easily, each scoring 88 out of their 100, the team total being 176 against 156 for their opponents. Scores were:

Old Hoss 111111111111111010011011101111111111111111111-44
Pills 110111111111011011001011111111111111111111111-44-SS
Born 111111111011111111111110001111111010101111111-43
Motz 101111111111011100110110011110110111010011010-36
Born 1111100111011110111110111110111111111111111111-43-79
Born 11011111111110111110111001110110111011101101-40
Born 111011111111111011111011111011111011011010001-37-77
156

Hazelwood Gun Club.

Jan. 14.—John Crossland scored 48 out of the 50 live birds he shot at to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. There were two 25-bird races scheduled, and Crossland, with totals of 25 and 23 respectively, carried off first honors in both events. Scores were:

First event, 25 pigeons:
Barlow 202220222221112120212022-21
Wilson 0200221112122112102220201-19
Munson 21112202222211120222110111-22
Crossland 21122222222111122221222-25
Second event, 25 pigeons:
F Barlow 021121221202210222221022-21
N Wilson 1220021220221112100121212-20
Munson 0220222222211202222220222-21
Crossland 1112122200222122212212111-23

Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 12.—The January shoot of the Washington Park Gun Club was held to-day, and the contest for the medal was a hot one. Dave Elliott, Theodore Fernkas and Nelson Jarrett tied for first place on 13 each out of 15. On the shoot-off Dave Elliott was the winner. Scores:

D Elliott 12122011122211-14
N Jarrett 22222212222021-14
T Fernkas 12202122211221-14
J N Nute 1111111102101-13
C Barker 1021201112111-11
A F Rickmers 22102220221101-12
Wright 01202112121202-12
The annual meeting of the club was held to-day. The following list of officers for 1898 was elected: President, Nelson Jarrett; Vice-President, W. A. Laidlaw; Secretary and Treasurer, Walter Burns. The club is in a healthy financial condition, and the following new members were admitted: W. L. Moore, T. C. Bottom, J. D. Dickinson, C. W. Barker, C. P. Fairman, S. W. Bullock, J. N. Nute, W. S. Allen, of Raymore, Mo., and Paul Francke, of St. Joseph.

The club has decided to offer as a trophy a silver cup instead of the usual medal, and has adopted the Riley handicap to govern its monthly shoots. Any member winning the trophy three times in succession will become the permanent owner of the prize.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR; 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 6.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

NUISANCES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

A DISTINCTLY retrograde step has been taken during the past season in the management of the Yellowstone National Park, and this has been done not by the superintendent nor any official directly connected with the Park, but by the Department of the Interior, which appears to have disregarded the reports of the superintendent and to have cared more for the pleadings of paid attorneys of private persons eager to make money out of the Park than for the convenience and comfort of the general public. The matter in question was probably never brought directly to the attention of the Secretary of the Interior, or, if it came before him, it is not to be supposed that he is sufficiently informed as to the conditions prevailing in the Park to be able to determine as to what is or is not desirable. However this may be, it is certain that action was taken in direct opposition to the recommendations of the superintendent of the Park, whose knowledge, judgment and experience may be assumed to be better than that of an official in distant Washington.

Here are the facts. Several years ago one Wylie, known in parts of Montana as "Professor" Wylie, because he is a superintendent of schools, started a cheap transportation route through the Park. His charges were much less than those of the ordinary transportation company. He did not stop at the hotels, but carried with him tents, in which his customers slept at night, cooking out of doors. This was very well, and afforded many persons who might not have felt able to make the trip with the more expensive transportation companies an opportunity to see the Park. After this had gone on for a year or two, Wylie made application for a license to establish permanent camps. This having been granted him, he erected a number of flimsy board outbuildings and later other very temporary shacks, log cabins, or huts, in which his passengers might sleep. The superintendent of the Park declined to allow this, and Wylie appealed to the Interior Department. The superintendent very justly objected that to establish such permanent camps, and above all to allow buildings to be erected by a man who had not secured a lease of ground from the Interior Department, would be altogether unjust and wrong. Moreover, it would practically be impossible to police such permanent camps properly, and the litter which would inevitably collect around them would be an eyesore and an offense to all travelers through the Park, whether riding in private conveyances, or on the wagons of the transportation company, or on horse, or bicycle, or shank's mare.

When Wylie made his appeal to the department he promptly secured the services of an attorney in Washington—Mr. Lamar, of Washington, nephew of the late Secretary Lamar—to represent him before the department. Mr. Lamar is from Mississippi, as is also Mr. Sims, the clerk in the Interior Department who had charge of National Park matters. Smarter still, Wylie came on to New York and hired a lawyer here—James A. Blanchard, a politician—to go to Washington and to argue his case before the department. On the *ex parte* statements of these attorneys the written objections of the superintendent were overruled, and Wylie received permission to establish along the roads in the National Park a series of permanent edifices, which can be compared to nothing so well as to the buildings of the old-fashioned shanty town that once existed on the rocks in New York city in the neighborhood of the Central Park. Such small settlements, surrounded by all the debris of camps ancient and modern, would be

nothing less than a disgrace to the National Park. It is difficult to understand how any official having due regard for the proper care of this wonderland, and the slightest consideration for the convenience of that portion of the public who visit it, could consent to such defacement of the Park.

It may safely be stated that if Col. Young's opinion should be sought in this matter by the Secretary of the Interior, he would be found bitterly opposed to the nuisances which Wylie intends to establish, and of which the Department of the Interior approves.

This winter a number of new transportation-hotel companies, encouraged by Wylie's success, have applied for privileges such as have been granted to him. If these are to be given them; if they are to be allowed permanent occupancy of a piece of ground, whether for camps, shanties or hotels, they should at least be obliged to take out leases and pay for the privileges of holding this ground to the exclusion of other visitors to the Park.

It will be remembered that Secretary John W. Noble took away transportation rights from the hotel company on the ground that a single corporation should not carry on both kinds of business. Now, Wylie is given protection and authority to do both without the payment of rental and without incurring any expense for permanent structures.

The whole matter is one which should be further looked into by the Interior Department. We trust that before the opening of another season in the National Park such permission as has been given to Wylie will be revoked, and that he will be obliged to get along as other people do—either to sleep in tents or to lease ground and erect buildings which will not be offensive either to the eye or the nose of the traveling public.

SNAP SHOTS.

The National Fishery Congress at Tampa, Fla., adjourned on Tuesday of last week, having resolved itself into an International Fishery Association, embracing the whole earth, with officers as follows: President, Dr. Alexander Agassiz, United States; First Vice-President, Mons. Perrier, France; Second Vice-President, A. Nelson Cheney, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Hugh N. Smith, Washington, D. C.; Executive Committee (a few countries have not yet had delegates named for them), W. S. Fish, Commissioner ex-officio; A. A. Adey, Assistant Secretary of State; W. E. Meehan, Pennsylvania; Clarence B. Mitchell, Massachusetts; L. T. Carlton, Maine; Dr. W. R. Capehart, North Carolina; F. C. Zacharie, Louisiana; Dr. Theo. Gill, Washington, D. C.; Eugene Blackford, New York; Prof. Jacob Rigard, Michigan; Prof. S. A. Forbes, Illinois; Prof. D. S. Jordan, California; M. J. Kinny, Oregon; Gov. W. D. Bloxham, Florida; Chow Tsz Chi, China; Capt. E. B. del Arbol, Spain; Adolf Neilson, Newfoundland; R. B. Marston, England; Sir Spencer Walpole, England; S. Jaffe, Germany; Raveret Wattell, France; Alex. Heinz, Finland; B. Oopzoon, Holland; K. Ito, Japan; Anton Dohrn, Italy; Karl Zogt, Switzerland; M. Saville Kent, Australia.

The congress was a most happily successful affair in such respects as it was possible for it to be. The convention gave a welcome opportunity for the fish commissioners of arboreal climes to visit the charming West Coast country of Florida, to pluck the midwinter rose, sail on sunny waters, and listen to the mocking-bird singing o'er the lea. Needless to say that the excursion was a delightful one, and that the delegates enjoyed themselves to the full, even after it had dawned upon them that the congress was likely to be in effect more of a boom for Tampa Bay hotel interests than for fishculture and fish protection. Probably most of the visitors would be quite willing to go again; but now that the national congress has been expanded into an international association we beg leave to suggest to First Vice-President Perrier, of France, that the next meeting should be held in Paris.

The actual product of the conference was a series of valuable papers on fishculture and allied interests. One of these, by Mr. Cheney, on the Hudson River salmon, we printed last week. Next week we shall give Mr. Livingston Stone's reminiscences of the early days of fishculture in America, and other papers will follow.

In our fishing columns is printed a note from the Martinsburg, W. Va., Democrat, reporting a recent night fracas between George M. Bowers and his brother John, in which Brother John came off second best, Brother George inflicting upon him a wound "extending from ear to ear." Mr. Bowers is, the Democrat adds, "the same gentleman" who is a candidate for United States Fish Commissioner. We have been at some pains to verify the truth of the item, which sheds new light on the character of the candidate. Mr. Bowers may not know a red herring from a catfish, but his performance in a night brawl demonstrates that he has executive ability of a high order; and the subordinates in a fish commission with the Martinsburg disciplinarian at the head of it might safely be counted upon to toe the mark lest their own heads should be cut from ear to ear.

The fisticuffs incident is illuminative to the public, which has had scant information of Mr. Bowers, except that he was an ignorant and unfitted candidate for an important Government position. But Senator Elkins cannot be wanting in full and ample knowledge of the man's character. He must know Bowers from A to Z; and what a disgraceful thing it is that he should attempt, through the good offices of President McKinley, to foist such a man upon the country. It is inconceivable that the Senate should consent to such a degradation of the Commission.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association the other day, a memorial was adopted of which the text reads as follows:

To the President of the United States:

The public press has recently announced a contemplated change in the office of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, fully recognizing the usefulness and high state of efficiency to which the work of this department of the Government has been brought, would respectfully ask that in making any appointment due regard should be had to a compliance with the provisions of the statute providing for the proper qualification of such Commissioner. We are, very respectfully,

E. HAGERT, President.
M. G. SELLERS, Secretary.

Copies were forwarded to the President and to Congress, and the memorial has been given large circulation in the press. The example set by the Philadelphia society should be followed by every other association in the country especially interested in this matter. Those Senators who may be depended upon to oppose the nomination of Mr. Bowers should know that there is a widely prevailing sentiment throughout the country indorsing their stand.

The House of Representatives last week considered the new game bill for the District of Columbia, the most important feature of which is a clause forbidding the sale of game in close season, whether the game was killed within the District or elsewhere. The bill passed the House and has gone to the Senate.

The debate on the measure was interesting and illuminative chiefly because it showed that those who spoke in opposition knew little or nothing of the principles involved. At this stage of the world's history it is ridiculous for Congressmen to talk in the vein of Mr. Ray, of New York, or Mr. Fleming, of Georgia. These gentlemen not only betrayed gross ignorance of the legislation of their own States, but of the well-recognized principles of game protection, principles embodied in the existing laws of every State whose Legislature has not been controlled by game dealers' lobbies, and enunciated by numerous decisions of lower courts and by the Supreme Court of the United States. We congratulate the District of Columbia Fish and Game Protective Association upon the progress of the measure. If the Senate shall give its indorsement, the National Capital will be relieved of the odium which now attaches to it as a market for game unlawfully shipped from the several States. We referred last week to Senator Teller's bill to restrict the interstate transportation of game in violation of State prohibitions. The adoption of this new law for the District would be directly in line with the purpose sought to be attained by Mr. Teller.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—IV.

THE sun had painted the western sky in crimson and gold, against which the gnarled cottonwoods and oaks appeared in silhouette, and the elms wove a delicate tracery of drooping limbs. The frosted leaves had nearly all fallen to the ground, leaving only the more hardy or sheltered ones still on the trees to wait the chill touch that would wither and send them fluttering down in zigzag flight as the morning sun rose.

The waiting silence of a fall evening had settled over the land while we were eating our lunch, and as the light faded the boy glanced comprehensively up and around as he said: "Well, I reckon we better hustle if we want to get that honey. I'll juss hide the guns, 'cause we won't need 'em to-night. Hain't no painters nor bears nor things in these woods, so all we need is the axe 'n' pails 'n' lantern 'n' ropes. I'll get things in shape while you fix the basket, nen we'll go."

When he had "fixed things" we shouldered the axe and other plunder and struck out through the woods for the bee tree. Reaching the river, the boy sat down and began unlacing his shoes, remarking, "Got to cross the river here."

I did not fancy a plunge in the icy current of the stream so late in the season, and made some few remarks about a boat and coming up during the next few days.

"Pshaw!" said the boy, "'tain't more'n knee deep all the way over. They's a sandbar here 'at runs kind o' anglin' down stream an' it won't take yeh more'n to yer knees anywhere. I been across here lots o' times an' I know. Your feet 'll get a little cold, but you'll feel better after yeh get out 'n yeh did 'fore yeh went in. C'm on, less git over."

I had seen his intimate knowledge of things natural and local so well displayed before that I too began to strip for the wade, trusting to his guidance, and in a few minutes we were in the stream.

The water was awfully cold for the first few steps, and then our feet became so benumbed that we finished without any inconvenience, and felt as warm as toast a few minutes after we had put our clothing on again.

It was quite dark, and the stars were twinkling like fireflies among the branches when the boy halted, dropped the axe and pails and remarked, "Here she is."

A great elm tree rose into the darkness and its spreading branches ran 40 or 50 ft. from the trunk.

"Now, I'll tell yeh," said the boy, "you stay here an' I'll climb up an' cut off the limb—that big one there," he said, pointing upward.

"We got to chop the end off first, nen put the rope on her 'n' cut it again closer to the tree. Yeh see the bees are pretty well out in a holler place 'n th' limb 'n' hain't in the holler trunk 'tall. I found that out when I was up here before."

While he was talking he had taken a long rope from one of the pails and thrown it up over the limb. Throwing off his coat and shoes, he climbed the double strand like a monkey and swung himself up over the limb. Then I fastened the axe on the line and he hauled it up.

Standing on the fork with one foot and the main trunk of the limb with the other, he began chopping the end off.

"They're wakin' up," he said, laughingly, as the angered bees began to buzz in the hollow under his feet. "It won't hurt 'em 'n' they'll only git mad for nuthin', 'cause they don't sting at night; they juss crawl out an' fall off. Reckon I better keep 'em in, tho', tull I git the limb off," he continued, stooping down and stuffing his handkerchief into the small hole where the bees entered the limb.

Soon the limb fell with a tearing crash down among the bushes on the ground. Then the boy drew the rope up a d fastened it to the stump of the limb, throwing the end over another above him and letting it hang down to the ground.

"Now you take holt of the rope and git a half hitch around something, so'st you can hold her when I cut her off. We don't want to let her fall 'n' mash the honey all up, so keep her stiddy till I c'n help yeh lower her when I git her cut off."

I did as directed, and the blows soon sounded again, echoes in the gloom of the night woods, as the boy swung the axe with a will.

"She's a-goin'; hol' on now!" he said, as an ominous cracking was heard, and then a few more cuts left the limb dangling at the end of the rope.

The boy dropped his axe and scrambled down the tree trunk, and together we lowered the big section of wood to the ground.

"Bring the lantern 'n' pails now," said the boy, as he got his axe, and then listened with his ear against the limb to locate the length of the hollow by the noise of the bees inside. "Guess this'll about git 'em," he said, and began cutting a chip out.

Soon he made an opening in the log, and disclosed great combs of beautiful wild honey, over which the swarm of angry bees were writhing in a dark mass. As soon as the hole was open they began to crawl out, and the boy, by the aid of a splinter, flipped them out of the hollow by the handful.

"Look out now 'n' don't git excited," he said. "They won't sting at night 'nless yeh hurt 'em, 'n' if one crawls on yeh juss flip him off, so'st he won't have a chance. Yeh see—gee! I got it that time!" he said, as he pinched a place on one finger, squeezing it up from underneath until it was white and a tiny globe of amber stood out on the skin.

"'Tain't nothin' though, 'n' won't even swell up 'f yeh squeeze th' poison out juss as quick as yeh git stung, that way. Gee! it always makes a col' chill run up 'n' down my back, anyway, ever' time I git it."

"Hol' still, there's one crawlin' up towards yer neck. There, now yer all right. Yeh see, if yeh move right quick, er slap at 'em er hurt 'em er anything, they'll sock a stinger into yeh even at night, but if you 'member 'n' juss go easy yer all right. Guess I got most of 'em out now, so I'll git a bigger hole so'st we can git that comb out whole."

"Gee! that's nice-lookin', ain't it? Lots of it too! This tree is all right."

The axe rang again, and the hole in the limb grew larger, while the myriads of bees buzzed angrily among the leaves on the ground, helpless in the darkness.

"Guess that's all right now," said the boy, as he took the lantern and peered into the opening. "Gimme the pails."

I handed him the pails and he carefully lifted the great new combs out one by one and deposited them on end in the pails. He had four large ones full of the finest light-colored honey when he had finished, and then called for the fifth.

"They's a lot of old honey here, too," he said, "an' we'll take the clearest of it. 'Tain't as good flavor as the new, but it's good honey all the same. The rest of it I'm goin' to leave till to-morrow night, nen I'll come up 'n' get it 'n' the bees too, 'cause this is a dandy swarm, 'n' they'll stay here till they find a new hive, 'n' lug ever' bit o' this honey to it."

"I'll leave plenty, so they can't take it all away to-morrow, nen to-morrow night I'll come up with the boat 'n' some sacks 'n' a saw, 'n' I'll juss fasten 'em in again while they're asleep, nen I'll saw off the limb, both ends, 'n' take her home 'n' fix 'em up 'n' one o' my hives."

Here was more wisdom of the wild woods that was new to me, though I saw the simple reasoning in it and told the boy that I was glad the swarm would be cared for and not left to die of cold and lack of food after we had taken the fruits of their summer's labor.

In another hour we had forded the river again, and were on our way back to the buggy with our plunder, the boy having made two trips across the river in the darkness to land everything safely. "'Cause I know the bar better 'n' you do, nen I don't mind the cold water, anyhow," he explained.

The horse gave a little whinny as we reached the buggy, and he was soon spinning toward home, where we had to get the folks out of bed at 11 o'clock to sleepily view those beautiful combs and comment on the fruits of our trip.

Two or three days later the boy burst in on me with the information that he had "Got that swarm of bees over at the house, 'n' it's a dandy too."

EL COMANCHO.

Notes from Seminole Land.

THE Seminoles have not forgotten the wars with the whites, and any reference to Osceola or Old Billy Bowlegs is received with contempt. They are genteel in their manners and honorable in their dealings with the white traders, and they are shrewd in driving bargains.

Alligator hunting in the summer and otter hunting in the winter are engaged in by the men when they are not working their fields. An alligator hunt is generally made in parties, which supply themselves with plenty of ammunition and food for a trip to the cypress swamps, where the gator makes his home. The Seminoles use Marlin or Winchester rifles, and when hunting at night they use a bull's-eye lantern, with which they shine the gator's eyes. They are skillful with rifle and 6-shooter, and always shoot the gators in the eyes or at the base of the head, so that the skin will not show any holes.

When a gator's eyes show above the water they make a good target, but if the shot is not fatal a circus begins. The Indians are past masters in the use of the paddle and pole, and their cypress canoes are handled with ease, so by the time the gator gets over his surprise they are out of his way and ready for another shot. When the gators take to their holes or hiding places the Indians pull them out with a long pole, which has a steel hook or harpoon attached to it. When the gator is dead the Indians pull the head and front legs over the stem of the canoe and pole to a landing, where the canoe is tied, and then they proceed to skin the gator. They use a heavy knife which curves at the point, and a few minutes are all they need to have the skin salted and ready for the market. The average lengths of hides from the Everglades run from 4 to 8 ft., but occasionally a skin of 11 ft. is brought in; but these are very rare.

The Seminoles are not like the white hunters, for they do not kill off all the game, but always try to have some for the future. They do not kill any kind of game during the mating or breeding season, and when hunting for the market they do not try to make a record by slaughtering game, but kill only enough for their use or to sell to the traders to buy the few necessary groceries and other articles which they have learned to use. A conservative estimate of the hides shipped from the Everglades would be about 4,000 per year.

The otters are getting scarce, as the white hunters are getting many along the edge of the glades. The Indians trap the otter with a double-spring Sargent trap, and very often they shoot them. The otters, like the beaver, are getting scarcer each year, and soon will be rare.

In the early spring the manatee, or sea cow, come into the rivers to feed, and the Seminole who is fond of sport where a good feast is in sight grinds his harpoon and grains, and goes to the inlet and waits for the flood tide to come in; and when the manatee rises to the surface to blow the harpoon is thrown, and the hunters rarely miss landing the game.

Of late years the manatee have been protected by the laws of the State, and at times large numbers can be seen spouting at the inlet, and very frequently they come up the rivers for miles, where the manatee grass grows on the bottom. The manatee are not dangerous, and will get into the deep water as soon as they can when the hunter tries to approach them.

Of the other game which can be found in the Everglades, among which are panthers, bears and wildcats, there is none which is so hard to find as the panther. A few have been killed by Northern hunters who have been fortunate enough to secure the services of an experienced guide. A huge black bear was killed by Tom Tiger on Cypress Creek last fall, and the hide is at the trading store on New River. A great many bear stories have been told and written, but they cannot be compared to Tom Tiger's story of this bear. It cannot be written to do it justice, but when Tom is in good humor it is a

great entertainment to hear him recite the adventure. Hunting in the Everglades is very dangerous, on account of snakes, of which the rattler and moccasin are most common. The Seminoles do not have any fear of snakes, but hunt barefooted and barelegged, and no fatal cases have been heard of among them.

The hummock islands in the Everglades form a natural refuge for the deer and turkeys, and they are not hunted by the white hunters to any great extent; there are many of them, which is a credit to the unwritten law of the Seminole. The quail are plentiful, but the pot-hunter has scattered them so that they are following the Indians back to the hummock islands in the glades, and the hunter who can stand the walking and wading from island to island is the only hunter who comes in at night with the game.

J. W. S.
FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla., January, 1898.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—IX.

EARLY in the 50s I took a trip West, and brought up in Davenport, Ia., about Dec. 1. I wanted to see the great West and get some shooting at the different varieties of game to be found there. At this time our New England shooting was of the best, but I had enjoyed this for some years, and longed for something different. Obtaining employment in the extensive lumber works of Burrell, Gillett & Co., with the privilege of an occasional day off for shooting, I settled down to learn something of the ways of the people, and to gather what information I could about the game of the country and the best places to visit when I should be ready to go. Tom, the big sawyer, heard me say shoot, and he took to me at once, and as he was the first person that I had met who appeared to have any ideas upon the subject, I took to him, and within the first half hour of our acquaintance we had made an agreement to go deer hunting, the first snow that was suitable. It was not many days before we had a snow that Tom said was just right, and we made preparations to start the next morning.

Tom owned a rifle and was a very good shot, and he persuaded me to leave my shotgun and take a rifle instead. Now, I had never fired a rifle in my life, and knew nothing about it, but not wishing to appear to be behind the times, I said nothing to Tom, but hired a rifle at the gun store, and the next morning we took the stage for Hickory Grove, nearly twenty miles north. I took along my pointer, old Flora, for somehow I hate to go shooting without a dog. There were no other passengers, so we had the whole coach to ourselves. About three miles out of the city a small boy stopped us and bade the driver go up to a house that stood some twenty rods from the road and take in a lady passenger. The driver did not like the looks of the lane that led up to the house, and I heard him say, under his breath, that he would be tetotally something (I could not hear what) if he took the coach up that crooked path; and while he was thinking what to say, I let down the window and told the boy that this was the United States mail, and that it would be violating the law to drive off the regular post road. This settled it, and the boy started for the house, and soon after the lady made her appearance; but she did not like walking through the 5 or 6 in. of snow, and when she reached us her temper was not in its normal condition, if we could judge by the spiteful tone in which she accosted the driver and gave him her destination, which we were very sorry to find would give us the pleasure of her company for nearly the whole of our journey. The driver dismounted and opened the door, and she was about to get in, when she spied old Flora, and starting back, declared that she would not ride with a dog, and demanded that it be put out of the coach. The driver was mad by this time, and he told her that she had better go back to the house and wait until some day when he had no dog aboard, as he did not propose to turn out a passenger that had paid fare. But the lady said that she must go, and with much sniffing and turning up of her nose she finally got in, and seating herself in the corner furthest from the dog, drew her skirts close around her and never said a word nor moved a muscle, so far as we could see, for nearly an hour. Then she unbent so far as to request me to tell the driver to stop at the first house, as her feet were freezing. Upon my stating the case to the driver, he said that there was no house within three miles. This appeared to disturb her very much, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, she declared that her feet would surely be frozen before we could get there. I saw that she was really in distress, and told her that if she would allow the dog to lie in front of her and would use her as a footstool, her feet would soon be warm. But she said that she was afraid of dogs, and very much disliked to have one come near her. I finally prevailed upon her to consent, and calling Flora over I bade her lie down; and with fear and trembling the freezing feet were soon resting upon her, and in a few minutes the lady gratefully acknowledged that they were rapidly getting warm. When we arrived at her stopping place, she gave me her hand and very gracefully apologized for her behavior at the commencement of her journey. Then, turning to Flora, she coaxed her up, and putting her arms around her she kissed her and told her that she would never again have anything but the kindest thoughts and words for any of her race; then, turning to me, she added: "And above all, I will never again object to one riding with me in a coach."

Arriving at our destination some three hours behind time, on account of the bad traveling, a few minutes' walk brought us to the home of Tom's friend, Mr. Allen, who greeted us cordially, and ordering dinner for us, proposed that we go out and try our rifles while it was getting ready. So we went a short distance from the house, and while Mr. Allen nailed a G. D. cap box cover to a tree, Tom and I loaded up. I was a little dubious about loading, as I had never even seen the operation performed; but by closely watching Tom I flattered myself that I passed through the ordeal quite creditably.

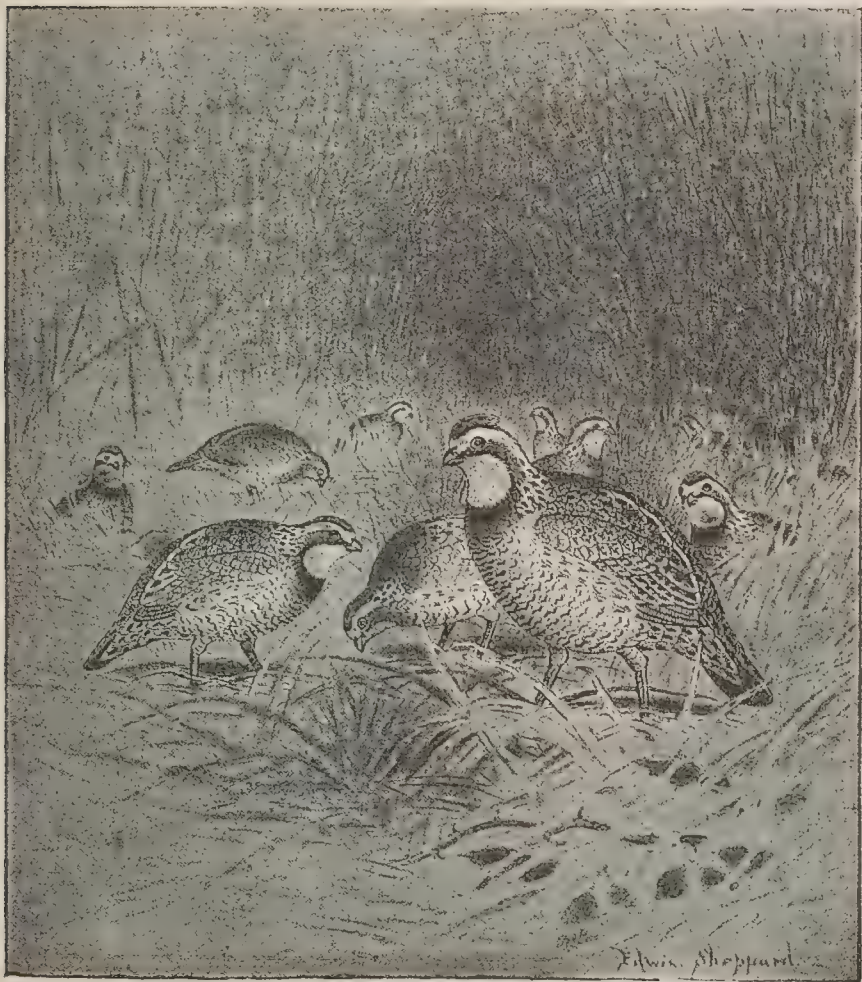
After fixing the target, Mr. Allen stepped off twenty good, long paces, and made a mark in the snow. All was ready, and Tom toed the mark and blazed away, putting his bullet into the lower edge of the target. Mr. Allen then took a shot and made his mark about midway



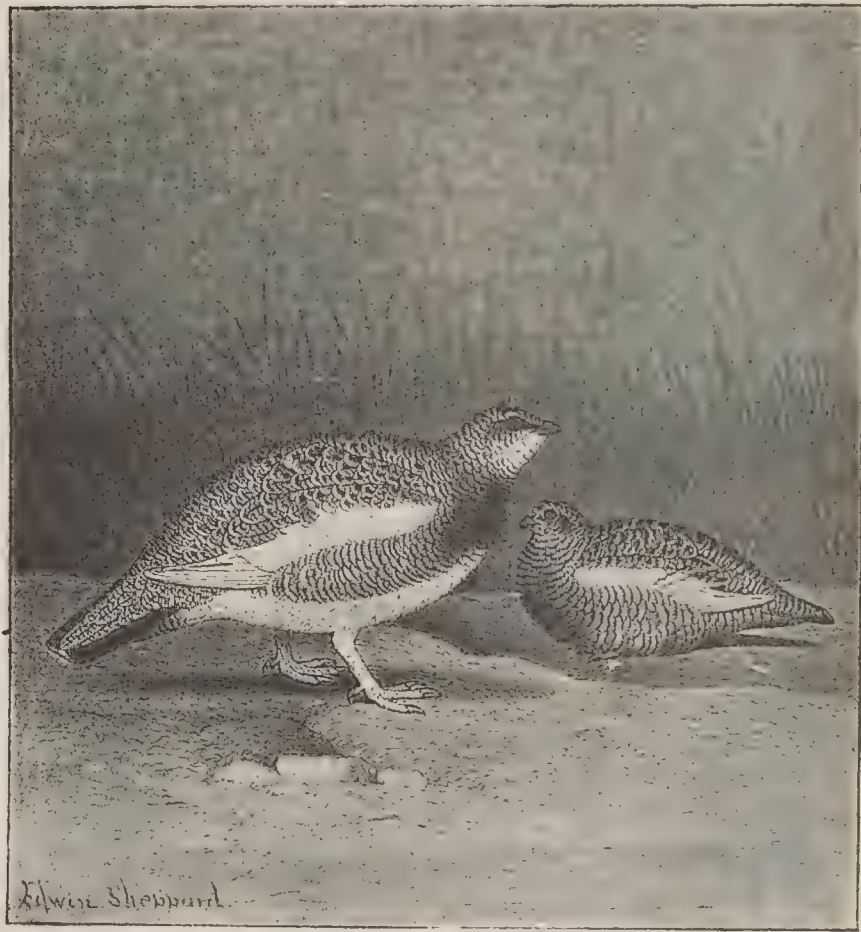
Prairie Hen.



Elliot's Wild Turkey.



Bob White.



Townsend's Ptarmigan.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

From Elliot's "Gallinaceous Game Birds of North America."

between Tom's bullet hole and the center. It was now my turn, and with a confident air, but with inward doubts. I took my position and did my best to comprehend the use of the sight; but it was of no use, so I just guessed at it and pulled trigger. We never found the mark of the ball, for I did not even hit the tree. I was disgusted, and laid the blame to the rifle, but Tom said that the piece was one of the best, and wanted to try it; so he loaded up and came within a hair's breadth of driving the nail. Then he wanted me to try his, which I did, and as I pulled trigger I saw the target drop to the ground; and when we picked it up, there was the hole as squarely in the center as it could be. "There," said I, "that rifle hangs to suit me; I can shoot that one." Whereupon Tom offered to exchange, which I was perfectly willing to do, as one was as good as the other to me. A call from the house that dinner was ready put an end to our practice, much to my relief.

In the evening Mr. Allen's son came home, and two or three of the neighbors came in, and my famous shot was talked up, and the cap-box cover with the bullet holes in it was passed from hand to hand, while I received no little praise for my excellent shot. Tom was pleased; he had quite a liking for me, and I overheard him whisper to one of the visitors that I was one of the best shots in New York. Of course, I could not go back on Tom, and I did nothing to dispel the illusion. Meantime, under pretense of cleaning the rifle, I had furtively examined the sights, and thought I had learned their use and could perhaps line them up to some purpose when I came to try it again. At least I could not fail to hit so large a mark as a deer.

The next morning we started out, with Mr. Allen's son as guide. We had gone but a short distance, when I saw a quail sitting on top of a small pile of brush some ten rods squarely to the left of our course. There was a rise of the ground back of the bird, and I thought it a good opportunity to put to the test my ideas of rifle shooting, as I could find where the bullet struck in the snow, and be able to form an estimate as to where I ought to hold; so I proposed taking a shot at the quail, but they laughed at the idea of shooting so far at so

small a mark. I took careful aim and let go, when the bird jumped off the bush to the ground. Claiming that I had hit it, I went over to see where the bullet had struck, and found that I had shot about 3 ft. too low, and right into a bunch of quail that were huddled under the brush heap, and had killed one and taken the wing of another off close to the body. Pushing the dead bird under the snow, I picked up the wounded one, and as I joined my companions I showed it to them and carelessly remarked: "I thought I held pretty close to that fellow."

To say that they were surprised does not more than half express it. They examined the bird, and it was with no small share of amusement that I noted the reverential air with which they regarded me, as they expressed their wonder and admiration of the very successful shot. As I have before mentioned, in those days I actually thought that the reputation of being a good shot was the next best thing to the reality, so I took in their words of praise and really enjoyed it, and felt quite elated to see my stock booming so high.

We had gone about two miles from the house, when we struck a trail where five deer had recently passed. Allen said that the tracks were fresh, and pointing to a scattered growth of low-growing oak shrubs with the leaves still on, that were on some uneven ground a quarter of a mile to the left, he said that they had gone in there to lie up for the day. He then proposed that while he kept the trail Tom should move some 30 yds. to the right and a little in advance, while I should in the same order keep to the left; and in this manner we proceeded, and had passed some little distance into the shrubby growth, when upon coming to a little knoll that was covered with a dense growth, Allen found that the deer had separated, three going to the right of the knoll, while two branched off in my direction. Silently waving his hand for me to follow the two, he and Tom took the other trail.

Now, I had not experienced any feelings of any nature worth mentioning, having only a hazy and indistinct consciousness that we were hunting deer, with but little prospect, so far as I could see, of even getting sight of the game; but when I found myself all alone with the

two distinct tracks staring me in the face, and remembered the caution and stealthy manner with which my companions faded from sight, there came to me a feeling that I cannot well describe. I distinctly remember the creepy sensation along my spine and that every hair on my head possessed an individuality of its own. I also remember cocking my weapon and gripping it with my best grip, as I pointed it to the front, and in a stealthy manner that put to shame the efforts of my companions, stole along the trail, keeping both eyes wide open. In fact, there is a faint impression that they were bulging out rather more than was consistent with personal beauty. But this did not count just then, as I had waked up at last to the reality of my situation, and realized the possibilities that might come to me.

Following the trail, getting more awake at every step, and crouching still lower, I had gone but a few rods, and was keyed up to the utmost tension of the strings, when out from the snow, not 6 ft. in front of me, something bigger than the whole world beside flashed into sight and was gone. When the apparition first materialized, I was so scared that involuntarily my grip upon the rifle tightened, and as my finger was on the trigger, of course the gun went off. I do not think that I had an attack of "buck ague," as I have read and heard much of this disease; but no published or oral description of the symptoms that accompany the malady fits my case at all. So I think that it must have been something else. Mechanically loading my rifle, I was just putting on the percussion cap, when I heard my companions just in front of me.

By this time I had somewhat recovered, and when I heard Tom shout and excitedly say, "I told you he'd get him," I was in my normal condition, and started toward them. Just then Tom's rifle cracked, and as I stepped into the little opening, there lay the apparition, with Allen just putting his knife into its throat. It was a goodly buck of two years, so Allen said; and as they shook hands with me and patted me on the shoulder, I could not help thinking that so far as I knew this was the first case of the kind that had ever happened, for this deer had actually shot himself; I had no part nor

lot in the matter. It is true that I had the gun in my hands, but I never fired it, and I will stick to it to my dying day that the buck alone was to blame. But I said never a word of my thoughts, and to all appearance I was as cool and collected as though this had been my hundredth deer instead of my first. Upon examination we found that my bullet had entered close behind the ribs and passed out through the opposite shoulder, and that he had taken but a few jumps before he fell. As my companions came up he raised his head, when Tom put a bullet through it, for fear that he might not be mortally hurt. Fastening a bush to the neck of the buck, Allen took charge of the other end, while Tom and I each grasped a horn, and we drew him to the house.

In the evening there were quite a number who came in to see the game and talk over the hunt, and I received quite an ovation, as both my companions had sounded my praise. I tried to appear modest and free from pride, and believe that I succeeded fairly well; but when the crack shot of that section, who was jealous of his reputation, offered to shoot against me at a 3in. target at twenty steps, best two in three, for half a dollar, I abandoned the modest role, and straightening myself up, I took a \$20 gold piece from my pocket, and looking him squarely in the eye, told him that twenty steps was for boys, but if he really wanted a match, that I would shoot him one at the size of the gold piece, at twenty rods, for \$20 a shot; the one nearest the center to take the stakes. This settled his hash, and I came off with flying colors. Two years later, after my return East, I received a letter from a friend who had been up to Hickory Grove shooting, and he said that several times he heard me quoted as the very best shot that had ever been in those parts.

About two weeks after our deer hunt Tom and I took an early start one morning and drove to the banks of the Wapsipinicon River, some four or five miles from its mouth, in pursuit of turkeys. Tom was an old turkey hunter, and had often had lots of sport in this locality. Leaving our team at the only cabin in the vicinity, we started for the timber on the bank of the river and worked our way up stream, looking for fresh sign. We found old tracks in abundance, but nothing that suited Tom until we had traveled nearly two miles, when we found the footprints of a gang of eight or ten that Tom said had not been made an hour; so we turned short to the left and followed them to the edge of the timber, where I saw my first wild turkey; in fact, several of them, but was greatly disappointed to see them all in the air more than twenty rods distant, flying toward some heavy timber that was some quarter of a mile to the right of where we were standing. Tom, however, said that it was all right, and that we would have some fun with them.

Following on their course, we entered the woods and continued on for fifty rods or more, when we found a place that Tom said could not be better. There was quite a large open space, and just beyond us was a narrow strip of hazel that jutted out from the timber some 50ft., and nearly at the end of it was the fallen trunk of a tree 3ft. in diameter that lay in and parallel with the thicket of hazel. Carefully working our way through the thicket at the root of the fallen tree, we took position in front of it, Tom some 20ft. beyond the station he assigned me just at the root, where the growth of hazel in front of me was not nearly so dense, allowing me a very good view of the open ground in front as well as the edge of the timber. Tom had whispered instructions to me before we entered the thicket, and I knew just what to do and what to expect, so I carefully pulled off from the tree a piece of bark and sat down on it with my back to the tree, taking care that my head should not show above it. Tom found a projecting limb that suited his purpose, and sitting astride it with his rifle across his knees he appeared to be taking it easy.

We sat thus about ten minutes, when Tom, putting his turkey call to his mouth, gave two or three faint yelps. Then we had another waiting spell, an hour it seemed to me, but Tom said fifteen minutes, when we heard a single anxious call from the edge of the timber in front of us, not more than ten rods away. Straining my eyes in that direction, I soon saw the stately form of a large gobbler as he slowly passed an open space, coming nearly toward me. Never was I more sorely tempted to shoot, but remembering Tom's instruction that the rifle was to have the first shot somehow by gripping my gun and holding on I managed to keep it from coming to my shoulder. Glancing at Tom, I plainly saw that he was at concert pitch, and every second I expected to hear from him, but he afterward explained that there were too many twigs in the way to risk a shot.

Sitting thus all keyed up for a few seconds, I heard a slight noise to my right, and without moving I turned my eyes in that direction and saw not 15ft. away the head and long neck of a gobbler. Tom's instructions and everything else were all forgotten, and in less than the tenth part of a second the top of that gobbler's head was blown to atoms, and as I heard the swish of wings behind me I whirled and caught sight of another one in the air and gave him the other barrel, and with feelings impossible to describe I saw him pitch heavily to the ground. Just then I heard the crack of Tom's rifle, and glancing in the direction of the big gobbler I saw him 20ft. in the air, evidently mortally hurt, as he was turning and twisting and beating the air with his wings; but I had no time to attend to him, so I tore around the root of the tree and struggled through the dense thicket and found my prize. Picking him up, I carried him to the tree and laid him on it, and then went to gather the first one. When I stooped to pick him up I was never more surprised in my life than I was then, for there close beside him lay another one with his head also riddled with shot. I was about as full as I could hold, and when this was sprung on me I boiled over and gave a yell that Tom said I ought to feel proud of, for he did not think that it could be beaten.

Just as I had laid the three beauties side by side on the log and stood admiring them, Tom came back with the big one over his shoulder, but no sooner did he spy my layout than he dropped his bird and tried his best to beat my yell. Then we joined hands and danced. Tom said I sang, but this I stoutly deny, as I can't sing, so of course he was mistaken. But we had a good time,

even if I did try to sing, and so long as life shall last the memory of my first turkey hunt will remain a perpetual joy.

Natural History.

Elliot's Game Birds.

Most sportsmen will recall with pleasure the volume entitled "North American Shore Birds," by Daniel Giraud Elliot, which was reviewed in these columns about two years since. At that time, or soon after, it was intimated that a companion volume would appear before very long, and we now have from the pen of the same author a work on the "Gallinaceous Game Birds of North America," a book, as the title page tells us, "written for those who love to seek these birds afield with dogs and guns, as well as those who may only desire to learn the ways of such attractive creatures in their haunts."

Mr. Elliot is the author of very many works on birds and mammals, some of them sternly scientific, and others, like the present, popular in their form. He has been the President of the American Ornithologists' Union, and is to-day one of the foremost of our ornithologists. To the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the group of birds which he has chosen for this volume is perhaps the most attractive that could have been selected. In his preface the author says of them: "As articles of food they are of inestimable value, and the birds enter largely into the various accounts of trade. But besides the commercial aspect, which is important enough, the species present other attractions that appeal most strongly to those for whom this book is especially written, the sportsman, viz., the pleasure they yield in the chase and the incentive they provide for action and effort when in the leafy aisles of the whispering forest, or in the thicket, and along the banks of the leafy streams, or on the open, sky-encircled prairie, man in his quest for these game-like creatures, aided by his faithful dog, finds renewed health and strength to wrestle with the toils and troubles of his daily life."

Mr. Elliot's Shore Birds was well received, and he has done a service to sportsmen in constructing the second volume on precisely the same lines. Few sportsmen realize how large is the number of species and subspecies of gallinaceous birds to be found in North America, and not a few will be surprised to learn that in the present volume forty-six different forms of quail, grouse and turkey are described and figured. Of these thirteen are partridges and ten are ptarmigans—some of these latter differing so slightly from their closest relations as scarcely to be distinguishable, except by the trained eye of the ornithologist.

We have said that the present volume is constructed on lines precisely similar to those of the volume on shore birds. In considering any species, first is given the common name of the bird, then follows an account of the habit, dispersion and nesting, a brief life history, and after this follows the Latin name, the geographical distribution and the description of male, female and young.

Each species described is illustrated by a full-page figure, from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Sheppard, an artist long known for his excellent portrayal of birds and bird life.

Quite apart from the high interest and value of this work as an ornithological volume is its especial worth to the sportsman. It is provided with a key to the families, genera and species of the group included in the work, and also with a full color chart, showing precisely what is meant by the various colors which are named in the text. With the aid of this key, and of the color chart, there is no reason why any sportsman should fail to identify any species of gallinaceous game bird which he may find in North America. Besides this, Mr. Elliot has for very many years been a sportsman, and has himself seen and shot most of the species described in the regions which they inhabit. He is therefore able to speak of the pursuit of these species from actual experience, and he does so very entertainingly. We could wish that he had done so at greater length, since the present volume contains only about 220 pages.

As an example of these life histories we quote what the author has to say about Mexican turkey, the progenitor of the domestic fowl. He says:

"From this bird came the domesticated race of turkeys. It is a common species on the table lands of Mexico, and within our borders is found in southern and western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, at an altitude of from 3,000 to 10,000ft. above the sea. It is a bird of the highlands and mountainous regions, and is rather larger and heavier than the wild turkey of the Atlantic States. The light rump, with the broad white borders to the feathers, makes it conspicuously different from all its allies, and is one of the characteristic marks of the domestic bird. I found this species very abundant upon the highlands in southern New Mexico, near the borders of Arizona, and met with them in flocks of considerable size. They had all the habits of the Eastern bird, and were wary and difficult to approach. It was late in the autumn, and the piñon nuts were abundant, and the birds kept closely to the groves of the trees which were covered with these nuts, and apparently fed exclusively upon them. Their flesh was so highly scented by this food that when the turkeys were over the fire they perfumed the camp with a most appetizing odor, and I know no better dish than a roasted Mexican turkey that has been fed on piñon nuts. About three miles from one of our camps was a place where the turkeys were in the habit of roosting, and we visited the spot several times. On the first occasion I left camp about half an hour before sundown, and came near the roosting place just at dark. The turkeys had selected a grove of lofty pines, the first branches of which were too high for any missile to reach and do execution upon so large a bird, save a bullet from a rifle. As my companion and myself quietly sat upon the ground a quarter of a mile away, waiting for the daylight to leave the sky, we heard the turkeys flying into the trees, and gobbling at intervals

as they settled themselves for the night. Soon darkness spread her veil around us and all sounds from the roost ceased, and we commenced cautiously to draw near our objective point.

"Soon we could distinguish the trees in which we knew the birds were, but the branches were so far from the ground that at first nothing could be seen that resembled a turkey. Gradually we drew near until we stood beneath the overspreading limbs and close to the trunk of the tree each had selected. No movement or sound from above indicated that we had been observed by the watchful birds, and now to our eyes, grown more accustomed to the obscurity, some clumps and bunches appeared upon the branches toward the sky. It was almost impossible to tell what these were, whether turkeys squatting on the limbs or masses of moss or foliage. But the only way to find out was to shoot at them, which we did. At the crack of the rifles came numerous pits and a stray gobbler as the aroused birds moved upon their perches and questioned this unusual uproar. Their movements disclosed their forms without mistake, and soon there was added to the noise of the firearms the calls of the now thoroughly startled birds, the crash of the falling turkeys, striking the limbs as they descended, and then the heavy "thump," as the body reached the ground. For a short time confusion reigned. Unharmful birds began to leave the trees, and the whir and beat of their wings sounded above the various cries they uttered, and occasionally one wounded, but not entirely incapacitated from escaping, would drop to the ground, and the rapid "pats" of its swiftly moving feet could be heard upon the dead leaves as it ran quickly from the scene. The roost, however, was very extensive, and continued a long way up the cañon, and the birds not in the immediate vicinity did not desert their posts. Picking up the dead birds, a few of which were quite a heavy enough load for two men, we were glad when we could transfer them from our own backs to those of our horses, which were waiting for us about a half mile away. This turkey is very strong upon the wing, rises without difficulty, and continues its flight for long distances. It alights either upon the ground or in the trees, but, if the former, runs with great speed until a place of concealment is gained. While not uncommon in the districts named within our limits, this species is much more numerous in Mexico, where it goes as far South as Vera Cruz. The hen attends solely to the hatching of the eggs and rearing of the young, hiding them away from the male, who cannot be trusted either with them or a knowledge of their location. The nest is a depression in the ground, lined with grass, weeds and leaves, and carefully concealed among the bushes or grass. The eggs are creamy white, finely and thickly dotted with reddish brown. The food of this bird consists of acorns and various nuts that are found in those southern latitudes, especially those of the piñon tree, also insects of all kinds, and grain when it happens to be grown in the vicinity of their habitat.

"This turkey was carried to some of the West Indies Islands early in the sixteenth century, and then to Europe, especially England and France, and in 1573 had become quite numerous, and was freely used as an article of food. In the days of the Emperors of Mexico Montezuma possessed extensive zoological gardens, and many of these birds were given to the wild beasts for food. Certainly they had no fault to find with the fare served to them. The Mexican turkey, as I have said, is possibly a somewhat larger bird and exhibits a good many of the metallic tints of its Eastern relative, yet it can hardly be regarded as equally beautiful, as the white on the rump detracts from the general brilliancy of its appearance. Still it is a magnificent game bird, and is worthy to be compared with its rivals of the eastern and northern portions of the United States."

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the origin of the turkey named, and one of the explanations given, if not true, has at least a most plausible sound, if all the facts are as stated. It is this:

When this bird was first brought to Spain it was called Indian peacock, or Indian hen, and this name remains in the French words *pauon pavon*, *poule d'inde* and *dinde*. At that time it is said that in Spain the business of dealing in poultry was almost universally in the hands of the Jews, and as they did all the buying and selling of this fowl they naturally came to call it by the Hebrew name for peacock, which is *tukki*. Gradually this name came to be generally adopted, and from its similarity in sound to the name of the land of the Turks the bird came to be called turkey, and the belief grew up that the species had come from that country.

Elliot's Game Birds is likely to prove even more interesting to sportsmen than its predecessor, successful as that was, and we are told that the first edition of the last-named work was exhausted shortly after publication. Besides the usual style of these books, issued at \$2.50, the publishers have printed limited editions of 100 copies each of Shore Birds and Game Birds, numbered and signed by the author, on fine hand-made paper, with illustrations on a special paper, and printed with great care, at \$10 a volume. The less costly edition is handsomely bound in linen, with a fine illustration in colors of the wild turkey as a cover stamp.

Birch Bark Camps.

I NOTICE in your editorial in issue of Jan. 22 an account of building birch bark camps. When a boy I saw dozens at a time of these camps set up, and also when the Indians went away they sometimes left them at my father's for safe-keeping, so that I had a chance to examine them closely. These camps were for summer use, and the Indians carried them in their canoes when they went to "salt water," as they always called going to the bay to shoot seal and porpoise.

They had eight or ten small spruce poles not over 10ft. in length and 1½in. in diameter at the butt. These they set up in a conical form, so as to have a diameter of 10 or 12ft. The bark was cut in rolls, as you describe, for the very good reason that it could never be unrolled without breaking, unless first having been soaked several days. It was in sections some 4ft. long and 2ft. wide, with thin cedar splits on both sides of each end, sewed

into spruce roots, as you describe. These were for the lower tier, and were placed round end to end, so as to form a circle, only leaving room for a doorway. The next tier was shorter and overlapped the lower a little. The third was shorter still, and then a cap completed the whole. This cap was some 2 ft. in diameter at the lower end and a foot at the upper, like the lower part of a cone. This was slipped over the top of the poles, and the hole in the upper end served as an exit for the smoke. The bark used was the thick bark such as is used for canoe building.

The camp was set up when the bark was green, and thus each piece fitted in its place and when dry retained its proper curve. When taken down the pieces rested inside of each other and occupied but little space in the canoes. When set up a deerskin or blanket served for a door. I do not remember certainly how the bark was fastened to the poles, but think it was tied with strings, which were permanently attached to the sticks at the end of each sheet of bark.

M. HARDY.

BREWSTER, Me.

A Captive Eagle.

COUNCIL'S STATION, N. C.—I have a large live gray eagle. I suppose it is either the male or female of the bald eagle, as we caught a bald and a gray one at the same place before we got this one. These birds kill and carry away lambs, kids, pigs, and sometimes kill young calves. They are rarely seen here now, where they were once comparatively plentiful. What are they worth?

We have plenty of deer and wild turkeys now, the result of a five-year close season by common agreement between land owners. We opened up three years ago, and killed about 180 deer up to date. Our territory is about ten miles square and kept posted. Went out turkey hunting with a party of five on Jan. 22. I killed one, Henry Farrier one, Tom Jones one, Louis Maultsby three, T. H. Gillispie two; total, eight.

J. P. COUNCIL, JR.

[There is no market for live bald eagles. One has to find some one who wants such a pet.]

Strutting Woodcock.

IN confirmation of Shadow's story, I can tell a somewhat similar experience. One day when hunting along the banks of the Little Otter Creek and occasionally flushing a woodcock and trying to shoot at him before he had dropped into the impenetrable jungle of hackmatack, or cropper brush, as it is more commonly called here, one of these birds walked out into an open space a few yards before me and went through exactly such a performance as Shadow describes, spreading his tail, drawing in his head, dropping his wings, and in that attitude whirring and strutting as proudly as any turkey cock. I was hunting without a dog, finding birds by chance and then taking snap shots, with a result of frequent misses. If Shadow will only miss now and then it will make us, who did and do so often, feel a little more reconciled to our failures.

A friend who was shooting in a swamp near Little Otter saw a woodcock that he had wounded strut as above described.

I am glad enough to hear again the episodes and pleases of our beloved Old Hickory, and hope for many more.

AWAHSSOOS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fifth annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association was held in the village of Saranac Lake, in the town building, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26, 1898. The large hall was well filled with guides representing Saranac Lake, Paul Smith's, Saranac Inn, Fulton Chain, Blue Mountain Lake, Oswegatchie, Childwold, Tupper Lake, Indian Lake, Lake Placid, Newcomb and other Adirondack sporting resorts. There were many associate members present, some of whom were I. Ludlum, of Red Bank, N. J.; F. G. Paddock, Malone, District Attorney of Franklin county; John Harding, of Algonquin; Dr. Carter McV. Toby, Boston; Chas. H. Kendall, J. C. Little, Esq., A. I. Vosburgh, and many others of Saranac Lake and elsewhere. A goodly number of women also were noticeable in the audience.

The hall was appropriately decorated, and upon the platform were seated the officers of the Association, several representative guides, some of the prominent associate members and the speakers of the evening.

The meeting was called to order by Warren J. Slater, president of the Association. A brief address of welcome was made by Dr. Russell, who then proceeded to read the following letter from Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, who is the honorary president. This letter was listened to attentively, and the reading was followed by hearty applause:

State of New York, Office of State Land Survey, Albany, Jan. 25.—Warren J. Slater, Esq., President Adirondack Guides' Association, Saranac Lake, N. Y.—Dear sir: I have received the polite invitation to be present at the annual meeting, to be held at Saranac Lake, Jan. 26, and regret that my official duties will prevent my absence from Albany at this time. I must beg leave therefore to tender to the guides my kind regards and earnest wishes for their welfare in their field of duty in the great forest preserve of New York.

Your Association is in some respects one of the most remarkable organizations in this country. You and your associates alone, among the similar organizations in America, have chosen as honorary trustees those who are prominent as your employers, proposing to consult with them in regard to your mutual interests in the Adirondack forests.

"In this way, as it were, you have brought about as far as you are personally concerned the preliminary steps toward that combination of capital and labor which has been the dream of some political economists and

the hope of patriots who desire the preservation of free institutions by free men; but you have only made the preliminary steps toward that combination of the two essential forces which can be made so potent for the good and happiness of mankind. That you have made the attempt, however, to march shoulder to shoulder—as far as opportunity offers—with those who are relatively as strong in fortune and high education as you are in woodcraft and physical ability, shows that your minds have been aroused and your intelligence quickened to the advantages which may be derived from such a combination among men. But you ought not to consider merely your own advantage, for such a combination involves reciprocity on your part, as you have responsibilities and cares which I know you feel to be not merely satisfied by physical labor, but involving more or less moral duties.

"You men of the mountains and lakes, almost alone among those who depend upon skilled labor for existence, are associated more intimately with your employers, their families and their friends than any other similar body of men with which I am acquainted. Some of you have not only carried the knapsack of Agassiz and conversed with him relative to the secrets of geology and zoölogy, but have also listened to the poetry of Lowell, of Holmes, of Street, and can recall the voices of those authors, and have harkened to the words of wisdom of world-famous orators, the learned presidents of universities, great clergymen, lawyers, physicians, discoursing at your camp-fires, or seated with you day by day in your boats, or with you following the forest trails, or climbing mountains; you have joked and laughed, fished and hunted, with men whose millions are the marvel of the world; you have shot at targets and at deer and bears side by side with generals who have commanded great armies; you have cooked for them, eaten with them and camped with them, and more than all through many long years you have had the care and custody of their loved ones, their wives, their children and their property, and have been esteemed as their friends. Rarely indeed has any one classed among you as a true guide been found wanting in these great trusts, and you have learned to appreciate the manhood and intelligence of the people with whom you have thus become so closely identified. Your opportunities for intelligent and personal advancement have been great; of those among you who have appreciated these great opportunities many have become wealthy, some have reached affluent circumstances, and all have been more or less benefited by contact with the cultivated people whom it has been your pleasure to know. Thousands of your fellow citizens would have given much to have had the opportunities which have been granted to you, but in saying these words it is my purpose to call your attention to the great advantages which you ought yet to attain from these relationships, and the return which is in your power to make, and to the satisfaction, if not glory, which you can obtain by the development of these kindly relations between the employer and the employed, leading you into a higher and happier life, and those who help you, to the satisfaction and pleasure of feeling that they have been useful and helpful to you.

"A guide traveling with learned and intelligent men, such as those whom I have mentioned, can acquire from them day by day, without effort, great stores of rare and useful knowledge if so disposed. From the naturalist you can learn the history of the rocks, of plants; and in return you can add from your own observations facts which will increase the world's store of knowledge.

"From the business man, even while you fish and hunt with him, you can learn the lessons of thrift and economy and industry which will be important to yourself and the welfare of your family. From the clergyman you can learn the duties of life and the manner in which prophets and sages, saints and martyrs have met the trials and temptations of this world and found the path to a better one. You as guides should know the rocks, trees, the winds and waters scientifically as far as opportunity offers, for you can tell to the young, to the children of your employers, these great truths which you acquire, being in your turn instructors and men esteemed, as you are esteemed, as having more than ordinary intelligence for those in such employment. I have myself learned many things from the guides of what they have observed during their long lives in the forest. It is pleasant to hear from your tongues by the blazing camp-fires stories of what you have seen in remote sections of the forest, the kinds of trees and plants which are to be found on this mountain side, or in that valley; the region where the black sable or the brown sable is found; of the white deer; of the panthers that cry aloud; of panthers that are voiceless; of the great timber wolves that once rendered the forest dangerous, and of the smaller kinds of wolves; of the habits of the fox and the fisher, the beaver, the otter, the mink and ermine, and of the rare birds and their habits—every fact that is in itself absolutely true—is of great value in this world, and it is in your power to add much to the world's knowledge.

"There are many who find in the slaughter of deer and other game, beyond the necessities of camp, a fierce pleasure, which you, as dwellers in the forest, drawing upon them for your store of food, ought to restrain. The slaughter of animals merely for the sake of killing is something upon which you should frown and prevent. The glory and beauty of the forest is its free wild life, which should only be taken when the welfare of humanity is involved, as when food is needed for the camp, for health, for vitality or for purposes of scientific investigation. Slaughter merely for bloodshed is cruelty and should be discountenanced. The majority of people who come to the mountains find more pleasure in the sight of the wild creatures moving before them uninjured and unharmed than in the sight of broken bones, blood, and the glaring eyes of animals unnecessarily killed. People seek in the woods rest, health, recreation, the beautiful pictures of forest landscapes, views of lakes and rivers, grand mountains and rich autumnal foliage. These, with the pure atmosphere, restore life to worried men and women, and lay a foundation for the young of healthful years. To make

the days which your employer passes in camp cheerful and comfortable, with a gain of forest knowledge, with memories of beautiful forest scenery, is more to him and to you than the destruction of the deer of the Adirondacks, upon which your livelihood depends. As to yourselves the cultivation of these kindly relationships between employer and employed, the extension of a helping hand and kindly word to those among you who are less fortunate than yourselves, the extension of financial help to those who are poor or in ill health, the recognition of the branch associations in a broad, generous spirit, whether they be at Saranac Lake or St. Regis, at Keene Valley or the Fulton Chain, on the Sacandaga or the Oswegatchie, is a matter which deserves your earnest and serious attention.

"I am sorry that I cannot be with you at your meeting, but at this season of the year my presence is necessary at the Capitol, so that I can only express my regrets that I cannot shake each of my old guides by the hand and wish him bon voyage on his future journeys. To me in fancy I can almost see your bronzed faces, and cannot but think of you as soldiers of the forest; veterans of the woods and waters; and I hope that you may stand together faithful soldiers of humanity, who though so often isolated from mankind, will ever strive to be both gentle and brave; as thoughtful, true, kind, and considerate to others as you have always been to me.

Very sincerely yours,

"VERPLANCK COLVIN."

The minutes of the third annual meeting were read and accepted, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were listened to and approved. The next thing on the programme proved that the genius of these men sometimes runs into very different channels than that of guiding, for a male quartette rendered the following song, which was composed by Mr. George Garwood, a Saranac Lake guide. This song was followed by two others later in the evening.

A Song of Welcome.

We welcome all, both great and small,
And friends from all about.
We're glad you're here; you bring good cheer;
We greet you with a shout.
From Racquette far, and Paul Smith's near,
Childwold and Tupper Lake;
For once a year we gather here,
To have a good hand-shake.

Chorus:

Welcome to all, welcome to all,
A cordial welcome to all.
And now if you'll wait
While a few facts we state,
You'll be welcome to supper and all.

There's Long Lake and Blue Mountain, too,
Included in the list;
With Fulton Chain and Newcomb boys—
We welcome with the best.
Os-we-gatch-ie, Lake Placid, too,
And boys from Upper Lake,
And friends of all the guides in town,
Come help us celebrate.

In '91 we had a meet,
With Colvin in the chair,
To organize and self secure,
And boom these forests fair.
There's men of wealth and men of fame
Who've joined us in our plans,
To help make laws, protect the game,
Preserve State forests, lands.

Chorus:

But we ought to have hounding again
Through the month of October, I'm sure;
So let's try with our might
To get what is right,
For we ought to have hounding again.

An address by the Rev. Clarence Milner, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this village, was then made. Mr. Miller spoke in a particularly pleasing manner, and told several funny reminiscences of his early life, which kept the crowd in a happy humor. He spoke of the beauty of the mountains and lakes, of the pure air, and said to the men that their mission of guiding tourists and sportsmen through this country of gorgeous scenery, and to places where dwell the graceful deer and handsome trout, giving them pleasure and recreation, in taking the sick and careworn where they may obtain rest and health, is a noble and honorable one, and he wished them every success in their calling.

District Attorney Paddock, of Malone, followed Mr. Miller. He said in a large body like this Association, with its branches reaching out over such a vast territory, it would be strange indeed if some conflicting issues did not arise now and then to mar the serenity of their proceedings, but he wished them to discuss all matters in which there was a difference of opinion calmly, giving due respect to each other's views, so that in the end they could make wise decisions and thus avoid impairing their usefulness. He advised the younger members to strive to become more proficient in the art of entertaining their employers; to be equal to any emergency, so that their sportsmen could place implicit confidence in their ability to arrange and carry out the details of a trip, etc. Mr. Paddock told of some interesting experiences of his in the woods of Canada, and of the remarkable ingenuity of the guides in that country. He also touched upon the law. He spoke of some of the amendments to the game laws that have been presented to the Legislature this year, and in regard to the anti-hounding law he advised the Association that it was unwise to attempt to change any law until it had been on the statute books a sufficient length of time to allow one to judge intelligently of its virtue.

Mr. John Harding, postmaster at Saranac Lake, and proprietor of the Algonquin Hotel, was called upon for remarks and he gladly responded. He explained the value of the recent Adirondack exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden, New York, to this section and to the guides; of the number and extent of the press notices which had been given the guides through this exhibit. Mr. Harding read

an extract on the subject taken from the New York Mail and Express, and said that the amount of advertising they had thus received could not have been purchased for \$1,000 if at all.

The president called on several gentlemen present for remarks, and among those who responded was Mr. I. Ludlam, of Red Bank, N. J., who has been coming to the Adirondacks for years, and who knows the country probably as well as any guide. Mr. Ludlam urged the members to live up to their by-laws and the game laws; to perfect themselves in a knowledge of the country, and to strive to please their employers.

The secretary's report contained some interesting facts and practical suggestions, and was as follows:

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Association:

"Since my report of one year ago, the Adirondack Guides' Association has made rapid strides in the line of advancement. It has become known not only among the protective forest and game associations of the State, but of the United States. The guides and sportsmen of Maine, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and even of the far West, have noticed us, and nearly all of the leading sporting magazines of the country have given us favorable comment. The little money that has been expended for advertising has brought about good returns. It has made the name of our organization familiar to the sporting fraternity throughout the land, and it has made it understood that to be a member of the Adirondack Guides' Association is in itself a credential and a guarantee of competency and trustworthiness. All the localities have been equally advertised, and the names and addresses of all the members have been published frequently in New York and Chicago sporting publications, as well as in the local town and county papers.

"I have received a complaint from some of the branch associations to the effect that they do not feel that they ought to put their annual dues of \$1 into the general treasury, but place it in a local treasury for their own private use and benefit. I can state with authority that each locality receives more than double the amount of advertising, stationery and other benefits that it could possibly obtain did it not belong to the general association, and that in the smaller branches the sum of \$1 for each member does not pay the actual expenses which the Association assumes for them. I believe each branch should have a special local treasury, just as has the Saranac Lake branch, but it would be folly to accept anything less than \$1 per year from each member to help defray the general expenses of the Association. I will add for the benefit of the members of the different localities that none of the money from the treasury of the Association is used by or for the benefit of the Saranac Lake branch, only as it is expended in the interest of all the members generally throughout the Adirondacks, and that each member, no matter where he may reside, has an equal right and privilege with every other member in all that the Association owns or does.

"We have an active membership of 248, a gain of thirty-two from last year, and the associate list has more than doubled, having increased from fifty-two to 107. The largest gains in the active membership have been made at Paul Smith's, Long Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, Fulton Chain, Oswegatchie, with eleven members, is a new branch which entered the Association last season. None of the localities have fallen behind materially, although out of twenty members at Childwold last year only fifteen have asked for the 1897 card.

"I regret to state that one of our members at Long Lake, Mr. Cyrus Palmer, has passed from earth since our last meeting. A request from his friends has come to the Association that it assume the burial expenses, and this matter should receive the attention of the board of directors at this time.

"The financial condition of the Association is even better than last year, although the expenses have been greater. In the first place, stationery, constitutions and by-laws, application blanks, rules and instructions for local committees, and all other matters of like nature had to be purchased this season, while enough was left over to carry us through the previous year. In addition, the board of directors ordered drafts drawn to pay for advertising the Association and the country, and although the expense account was thus largely increased, I believe the money was wisely expended. These items include \$50 to Dr. Tobey for advertising in New England, \$31.95 to Mr. Paddock for preparing and filing in Malone and Albany the papers of incorporation, \$15 for local advertising, and \$80 for space in Madison Square Garden for exhibit during the recent Sportsmen's Exposition held there. All of this of course increased the amount of postage necessary to be used. Notwithstanding these extra items of expense, however, the funds of the Association are greater than they were at the last annual meeting.

"I attended the Exposition in New York in the interest of the general organization, and will state that the Adirondack exhibit was a grand success and attracted much attention. Five hundred folders containing the name and address of each member belonging to the Association were distributed among tourists and sportsmen from all over the United States. I believe that it will be of inestimable value to the Association and to the country, and that it will be the cause of a greater number of sportsmen than usual coming to the mountains next season. I might also incidentally add that neither the Association nor any member will be asked or expected to pay any part of the expenses of my trip.

"I can assure you the work of the Adirondack Guides' Association is being felt throughout the country, and that this organization has already become an instrument for good in the Adirondack wilderness. Respectfully submitted,

E. E. SUMNER, Sec'y."

The meeting was then adjourned to the parlors below, where a sumptuous banquet was served, in which about 150 persons participated. After supper the guides returned to the hall, the meeting again called to order, and the officers elected for the ensuing year. Warren J. Slater was re-elected president, and O. A. Coville treasurer; F. M. Sheldon was chosen secretary; Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, was unanimously chosen honorary president. A vote was taken to hold the sixth annual meeting at Saranac Lake, on Jan. 26, 1899, and the convention adjourned.

SEAFER ASBURY MILLER.

In the Rockies.

A four weeks' hunt in the Rocky Mountains as narrated by Dr. David McReynolds and written by Alfred B. Wingfield.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The other day our hearts were gladdened by the arrival from Boise City, Idaho, of Dr. David McReynolds, accompanied by his good wife. Dr. McReynolds is now a resident of Boise City, Idaho; but four years ago he lived with the writer in Chattanooga, Tenn. Both of us were on a two months' hunt in Jackson's Hole, Wyo., in 1893, and an account of this trip has been published in FOREST AND STREAM. You can imagine how delighted our household was when Mr. and Mrs. McReynolds arrived in Memphis to make us quite an extended visit, before going on a visit to their old home in East Tennessee. There was the recounting of many familiar scenes under the somber shadows of the grand old Teton Mountains, the exchange of experiences since we parted on Snake River, in Jackson's Hole, in the Teton Basin, the thousands of questions, and the examination of the many beautiful photographs which the Doctor has secured in his rambles through the West. But I will leave all these pleasant reminiscences and follow the thread of the story the Doctor is now telling me of his last hunt. In fact, he came right off this hunt and started East, as he got back to Boise City about Nov. 10.

It was on the morning of Oct. 10 that Dr. David McReynolds and Hugh Fulton, of Boise City; Sam Calloway, of Pine Grove, Idaho; William Wilson, of Mouse Creek, Tenn.; John Isbell, of Mouse Creek, and Scott Pierce, of Riceville, Tenn., accompanied by the comical John Ling Chang, a Chinese cook, started on a hunt. The object of the hunt was winter meat for the Idaho men and sport for the Tennesseans. The objective point was the headwaters of Smoky Creek and South Boise River about 150 miles northeast of Boise City.

The first day was without incident, except for the constant importunities of John Ling Chang to "shoot heap jacky labbit." Chang thought the crowd was hunting "jacky labbit," and could see no sense in constant traveling when the whole face of the earth was covered with his favorite meat. Forty-two miles were covered that day, and aside from a few chickens shot just before dark, and a fine string of trout from Cañon Creek,



ON THE TRAIL.

Photo by Dr. David McReynolds.

upon which camp was pitched, no sport was indulged in. John Ling Chang was an excellent cook, and would have served the party well if the boys had not tormented the life out of him. The coyotes annoyed him very much, howling at night, and it was evident at this early stage of the game that Chang was no woodsman.

The second night the party reached Pine Grove, which is a mining camp on the South Boise River. The third day they traveled up the South Boise River until noon, then turned across to Skeleton Creek, a tributary of South Boise; camped on this stream that night, killed many grouse and caught plenty of trout. The rest is told as related by my friend: The fourth day we turned our course northeast to the headwaters of Smoky Creek; traveled a half day up the creek, then turned west over the divide to our hunting ground. We are now in the Saw Tooth Mountains, a short range belonging to the Bitter Root Range of the Rocky Mountains. These mountains are very rugged. One-third of the distance from the top they are granite bluffs, almost inaccessible to man, and the habitation only of goats and sheep. The day is growing old, and we are following up a large creek, looking for a suitable camping place. All at once the outfit halts. Chang sets up an unearthly noise, as with dilated eyes he points to the breaking brush and yells at top of his voice: "Lookee! lookee! bullee! cowee! mulee!" Chang did not know what the animal was; but it soon dawned upon the old hunters that a big bull elk was crashing through the thicket in his frantic efforts to escape. Immediately rifles are snatched from their saddle scabbards, bridles thrown over the horses' heads, men are on the ground. So, as the lordly elk plunges up the hill on the other side of the creek and comes into plain view in passing through an "ash park," he is greeted by a volley, then another, and another. The .50-110s bellow, the .45-90s roar, and the spiteful little .30 barks malignantly. All at once the great beast staggers, then rolls in his gait a few steps further, and comes to earth with a thud, never to rise again.

Up to this stage of the affair no one had paid any attention to Chang; but now the game was down, and the excitement in some measure allayed, all eyes were turned upon him. There he sat on his cayuse, brandishing an ante bellum horse pistol and yelling at the top of his voice: "Me killee! me killee!" Calloway went up to him and jerked the pistol out of his hand, and removing the cylinder, placed it in his pocket, then returned the frame to Chang with the remark that when he got back to Boise he would give him the cylinder. Chang had fired four shots out of the pistol, and two loads were still in the cylinder, as the old caps had failed to explode.

It was a wonder the half crazy celestial had not shot some one in the back. All of Chang's remonstrances and pleadings for his "lebolber" were of no avail, and

finally Calloway threatened to cut his cue off. The threat seemed to paralyze him, and he was as docile as a lamb the balance of the day. Camp was soon put up near the elk, and some attended to erecting tents, gathering wood and unpacking and hobbling the cayuses, while others skinned the elk and dressed the meat. Upon examination it was found that the elk had been struck five times—two .50-110s, two .45-90s, one 30cal. bullet, in more or less vulnerable parts of the body. No wonder he went down in a hurry. It was agreed that, with one exception, every man had hit him, so he was called everybody's elk, and they cast lots for his magnificent head.

That night the cats and beasts of prey feasted off the offal, as the numerous snarls and snaps around the carcass attested. Calloway lay out by the carcass nearly all night, and toward morning we were awakened by the boom of his rifle. In a few moments he came in, dragging a large gray wolf. Chang was now beside himself with fear, as he had lain awake all night, listening to the small animals fight over the remains. He plead still harder for "lebolber"; but Calloway was inexorable. Calloway would laugh at Chang and tell him to pray to his Joss to take care of him. Chang would moan and say he had left his Joss in Boise.

Next morning we packed up early and moved up the creek about three miles until we came to where another creek joined it. Here we made a permanent camp in a beautiful fir forest on the neck of land embraced by the two bold mountain streams. We fixed ourselves up comfortably, and for two days did not get one-quarter of a mile from camp. The horses needed rest and feed, and the men were not averse to like treatment. We soon found that both streams abounded in speckled, or, as they are called in that country, salmon trout. Their meat is of a golden color, and they have scarcely any bones. The fish are as gamy as any I ever caught, and were in fine condition.

Dr. McReynolds on his second day in camp fished three hours and secured 39lbs., or about 13lbs. per hour; or, say, 100lbs. per day. That is what I call excellent fishing with fly rod. It was enough fish for two or three days' use, so the Doctor threw back all under 8 or 10in., for Chang would have thrown them away. The photograph taken of the string of packhorses with their packs on was taken in the foothills some ten miles back on the trail. This is the home of the blue grouse, and our boys bagged about twenty brace while the outfit was resting and having their picture taken.

On the third day in our present camp we decided to leave all the horses at camp, and to hunt on foot, to see if any bulls could be shot near camp. The six men divided in pairs and started in different directions at break of day. When bulls are running and whistling, about sunrise is the best time to locate one, as he is sure to bellow until some cows join company with him, or a rival bull hears him and comes to drive him off. About noon all excepting Wilson and Calloway returned empty-handed. Dr. McReynolds and Hugh Fulton reported having tracked a band of elk some distance, but finally lost the trail in one of those terrible pieces of down timber, where the ground was hard and the travel exceedingly difficult. In about an hour Calloway came striding into camp with his long, moose-like gait. He sat down and began to eat, as lunch was being served by the faithful Ling Chang. He evaded all questions until he had finished his repast, then acknowledged that he had a big bull down about one mile from camp. Calloway is very reticent, and we did not receive an authentic account of the kill until we repaired to the spot with the camera, to take the old fellow's picture. Then Wilson told us how it was. Calloway was the guide of the party, and the trade made with him was that he was to have all the meat taken home, excepting what the others wanted for immediate use. In addition to this, Calloway received a small compensation, and of course the supplies were furnished by the others. This accounts for his hunting so hard. William Wilson, of Tennessee, the next best hunter in the party, now gave us the story.

Calloway and he hunted along, carefully looking for sign, and making as little noise as possible. About 8:30 A. M. they came to a piece of fallen timber which lay across their line of travel. They plunged into it, and after proceeding about a quarter of a mile came to a marshy place all grown up with willows, and matted with the fallen trees. They could not penetrate this thicket, but were glad to note numerous and recently made tracks of both elk and deer. They sat down on a log to rest and listen, and in a few moments heard a bull elk whistle on the other side of the thicket, apparently not over 400 or 500yds. from them. Calloway got up, and directing Wilson to go to the right, he turned to the left, so that the man who started the game would be apt to drive it to the other. They both had to go around the edge of the marsh, and neither knew how far it extended. Wilson says it seemed to him that the marsh was as big as the Dismal Swamp, in which he has hunted in years gone by. He could hear the elk, every now and then, give his harmonious notes, sounding exactly like a bugle at long distance. Wilson almost ran over a bull that had a very good head, but paid no attention to it. The bull dived into the thicket and was gone. He was now nearing the end of his journey, and could hear the elk very distinctly. What a disappointment it was to him when he heard Calloway's old .50-110 roar once. Then followed a moment of silence, while the echoes played hide-and-seek in the cañons below. Then—boom!—again the echo reverberated and bounded from bluff to bluff, and finally died in the distant pines. Wilson's heart sank, for he knew the deed was done. When he reached the point he found Calloway sitting on a log, smoking, and the great elk stretched out dead.

Calloway said he shot him at about 150yds., while he was in the act of whistling, with his neck extended and mouth open. He said it was a grand sight; but he was afraid to wait on Wilson, as he doubted if he could kill the beast after it started to run, at that distance. Thus the second bull was killed. I will tell you more about this hunt in next issue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

H. W. MERRILL, of New Smyrna, Fla., caught a few days ago with hook and line a bass weighing 32lbs.

Game Protection in Congress.

THE new game law measure (H. R. 2,524), amending the present law of the District of Columbia, was discussed in the House on Monday of last week. The most important change is one forbidding possession or sale of game in the close season. A clause forbidding the possession of any unlawful "trap, snare, net or illuminating device" for the purpose of taking game was in debate cut out. We give the discussion of the clause relative to sale and possession of game in close season, as reported in the Congressional Record:

Mr. Ray, of New York.—As I listened to the bill it seemed to read as providing a penalty against killing or having in possession certain game or birds "within the District of Columbia," or having in possession such birds and game when killed, and yet it may not be an offense to kill such birds or game in the States of Virginia or Maryland adjoining. Why should you place a penalty in bringing them into the District of Columbia? Is that not rather a rigorous provision of law? Suppose there is no law in Virginia against the killing or having in possession this class of game; yet a man bringing them into the District would be guilty of an offense against this law and be subject to the provisions of the law.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—I would suggest to the gentleman from New York, as I have already suggested to the gentleman from Illinois, that the only purpose is to make this provision of law as efficient as possible, and any amendment will be considered which will tend to promote the object for which the bill was drawn. We have no objection to any reasonable amendment.

Mr. Ray, of New York.—I wished to ascertain from the gentleman if the bill is as broad as I have suggested.

Mr. Fleming, of Georgia.—It is absolutely worse than the gentleman has suggested.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—With the permission of my colleague, I would state that this law conforms practically to the law of the State of Maryland. The State has a county law as well as a State law in reference to the killing of game out of season, and the gentlemen who framed the bill endeavored to conform it as nearly as possible I think with the Maryland law, which has I believe been shown to be efficient.

Mr. Jenkins, of Wisconsin.—If I may be permitted a moment, it is suggested by a gentleman sitting near me that you cannot protect game in the District of Columbia if no protection is afforded in the adjacent States. For that reason the bill has been drawn in this form, because in the judgment of the Commissioners it is necessary to have it as stringent as possible, while at the same time as nearly as practicable in accordance with the laws of the adjacent States.

Mr. Ray, of New York.—But how can you protect game in the District of Columbia unless you could also provide that a man may not shoot it in Virginia or Maryland, just across the line, where there is no law? How are you to prevent him from bringing it here and cooking it?

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—The gentleman from New York understands how difficult it might be under certain circumstances to enforce a law of that sort.

Mr. Ray, of New York.—That may be, but this seems to be a conspiracy, practically, in favor of the dealers in food in this city to increase the cost of living. I do not know what other purpose it can possibly serve. If you prevent game which has been killed in Virginia or Maryland (and the law does not prohibit the killing) from being brought into the District and sold, I would like to ask what other purpose the bill can have than to enhance the cost of such provisions?

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—With the permission of my friend, the provisions of the bill were thoroughly advertised in the papers. Ample opportunity was given to the citizens of the District of Columbia to examine the matter and object to it if they saw fit.

Now the fact—and it is quite enough for the committee to know—in respect to the provisions of this bill is that they are approved by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, by the district attorney, by the Game and Fish Protective Association, composed of some of the best citizens of the District, all of them having urged the passage of the bill.

The amendments suggested here were considered by those gentlemen, and when presented to the committee no member of the committee could see any objection to them, it seeming to be the desire of the people of the District that this proposed legislation should be enacted into law. I will say to my friend that in my opinion any amendment such as he suggests would be dangerous, and might destroy the efficiency of the bill.

Mr. Shattuc, of Ohio.—I want to say that this law is just about the same as the laws in the various States. This very issue has been tested recently in a decision by the Supreme Court of Illinois. Ohio and Illinois have similar provisions. I am quite sure that Texas has it. Arkansas has it. I do not know as to West Virginia, but being a sportsman myself I know that the proposed enactment is similar to the laws of almost every State in the Union. If you cut out that clause and allow them to bring in game from States where it is legitimate to shoot it at a time when it is illegal to shoot it in other States, you cannot after the game has been brought into the District separate that which is legitimately killed from that which is not.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—The law is just the same in the neighboring States.

Mr. Fleming.—Suppose game is legally killed within the time provided by the law of a State, and a hotel keeper or a restaurateur in Washington buys that game, it being legal for him to do so in the State in which he buys it, and puts it on cold storage in order to preserve it for a few weeks, to be sold later to his customers in the District.

By the provision of this bill he will not even be allowed to serve in his hotel or restaurant a partridge or pheasant, or wild duck, or wild turkey, or anything of that kind that he may have bought legally, that may have been killed legally, and which he has preserved by cold storage. It seems to me, Mr. Speaker, that this bill goes too far. I know that these gentlemen who are fond of hunting, and who look after game, get together sometimes and frame these measures and seek to get

us, who are supposed to be men of common sense, to indorse and vote the measures through, but it does seem to me that this bill is a sort of an outrage not only on every hotel man in the District, and every keeper of a restaurant in the District, but is a sort of an outrage on every man who has to eat in the District.

If a partridge or a wild turkey is legally killed in Georgia and a restaurant keeper or hotel keeper in Washington wants to buy it and put it on cold storage and then sell it to his customers, why should he not be allowed to do so?

You cannot hit upon any dates that will fit every State in the Union. You can kill deer at some periods in Georgia when you cannot kill them in some of the Northern States, and vice versa. You may kill partridges in some of the Western States when you cannot kill them in other States. Now, when game is legally and properly killed under the law of a State, why should not a hotel keeper or a restaurant keeper in the District of Columbia be allowed to bring the game here, put it on cold storage, and sell it out to his customers as occasion demands?

Mr. Jenkins.—I want to ask the gentleman from Georgia if any restaurant keeper or hotel keeper in this District has been to the gentleman from Georgia to make any complaint against the provisions of this bill?

Mr. Fleming.—I have no doubt that if you will go and call upon the restaurant keepers and hotel keepers in Washington and ask them if they indorse this bill not one out of a dozen will do so.

Mr. Jenkins.—Then why have they not come to the committee and made some complaint?

Mr. Fleming.—They are busy about their own affairs, not supposing that the National Legislature would put such an obnoxious provision upon the statute book.

Mr. Jenkins.—If any one had come to the gentleman from Georgia, and he had referred him to the committee, the committee would have given him a hearing.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—Mr. Speaker, there is no desire on the part of the committee or the distinguished gentlemen suggesting this legislation to impose hardship upon anybody. It is represented to your committee on the District of Columbia that Washington has been made the storehouse for "pot-hunters" throughout the country, and that legislation here is not sufficiently restrictive.

It is represented that very mature deliberation has been given to the subject, and that this proposed bill has been compared carefully with the laws of the adjoining States, and that the majority are fully as rigid in their provisions as this proposed measure. Now the committee will have no objection whatever to any amendment which does not destroy the true intent of the measure.

Mr. Fleming.—Now, Mr. Speaker, I wish to offer an amendment which I think will best come in on Section 8. The section reads as follows:

Sec. 8. That wherever in this act possession of any birds, fowls or meats is prohibited, the fact that the said birds, fowls or meat were killed or captured outside the District of Columbia shall constitute no defense for such possession.

I wish to add:

Provided, That this act shall not apply to any game brought into the District and which has been killed or captured not in violation of the law of the State or Territory where such killing or capturing was done.

Mr. Jenkins.—I would say to the gentleman from Georgia that this amendment is not necessary, for I submit to him that this law is in harmony with the laws of Virginia and Maryland.

Mr. Fleming.—But there are forty-five States.

Mr. Jenkins.—The prohibition applies here as well as in those States.

Mr. Fleming.—But bear in mind there are forty-five States in the Union. Venison is shipped here from all over the West and North.

Mr. Jenkins.—That is true; but this law is in harmony with the laws of these two States.

Mr. Fleming.—And only perhaps with these two.

Mr. Jenkins.—I do not think it is in harmony with all legislation of all the States.

Mr. Fleming.—Of course it cannot be.

Mr. Jenkins.—But it very seriously impairs the usefulness of this bill. Now I want to say that this bill has been very carefully considered by the committee, and gentlemen largely interested in this question were heard in reference to it, and to accept an amendment like this will demoralize the entire bill.

Mr. Fleming.—Is it not true that venison is kept three, four, five, and sometimes six months in cold storage, and even dried?

Mr. Jenkins.—Oh, I do not know; but I do want to say that the people interested in the question as presented by the gentleman from Georgia have never made any complaint whatever. We submitted it to the people of the District who are interested in it, but no one has been complaining.

Mr. Fleming.—They do not know what we are going to do. I have seen bird and game laws put upon the statutes that are perfectly ridiculous, some of them. They put numerous game laws on the statute books of Georgia while I was a member of the Legislature, and every time the Legislature met we have had to change them, and the change had to be made simply because the members refused to subject bills to their investigation and to their common sense judgment. They allowed some man who was a hunter and fond of game preserves to draw a bill, and they would bring it in and indorse it. They passed such bills there, and we are doing the same thing here.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa.—I am willing to admit that the State of Georgia makes some bad legislation, but we do not want to repeat it here.

Mr. Fleming.—You are doing worse. We only had one State to subject to bad legislation, and you are trying to subject forty-five States to it, and to do something worse. The man that wants to put game in cold storage—game taken in season and sold out of season after being put in cold storage—is not allowed to do it. You do not allow a man to have game in his possession in close time, even if it was legally killed in season. You put a penalty on it. He cannot sell it; he cannot preserve it; he cannot keep it; he cannot serve it in any

way, notwithstanding it was legally killed and has been kept in cold storage.

Mr. Greene, of Nebraska.—I ask for information. Suppose game was killed in some of the Western States in season; as I understand, this bill would prevent anybody from handling it in this District in close time. It was lawfully killed, brought into this District here from the State where it was killed in season, and yet under your bill it is out of season in this District, and any party having it in possession can be fined.

Mr. Fleming.—It is well known that the restaurant keepers frequently take venison and keep it in cold storage for several months. The longer you keep it the better it is; and here is game and meat preserved for the very purpose of putting it in better condition, and you refuse to allow them to serve it in the restaurants.

Mr. Cowherd, of Missouri.—The only way to enforce the game laws is to stop the man who hunts for the market. He is the man that destroys the game, and the only way to destroy the market-hunter is to close the markets. If you leave the market open, you provide for keeping the market-hunter going. For that reason the game laws in nearly every State that I have had occasion to examine close the markets. The game laws not only provide that game shall not be killed in certain seasons, but they say that it shall not be shipped out of the State, it shall not be shipped in the State, and it shall not be sold in the markets, and it is a crime to have game found in the possession of anybody during the closed season.

It is true they do put game in cold storage and sell it. It is true this law would close the open market, and that is the only way to stop the market-hunter. If the gentleman's amendment should prevail it would destroy the whole efficacy of the law.

Mr. Fleming.—Well, if that kind of a provision would destroy the efficacy of the law, I think it should be destroyed to that extent.

The Speaker.—The question is on the amendment proposed by the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Fleming].

The question was taken, and on a division (demanded by Mr. Fleming) there were: ayes 19, noes 46. So the amendment was rejected.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, and it was accordingly read a third time and passed.

On motion of Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, a motion to reconsider the last vote was laid on the table.

The Right to Bear Arms.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Somehow or other a copy of your paper dated Dec. 11, 1897, drifted into my hands, and as an old hunter I was greatly interested, but I think "The Man in the Clock Tower" made an error in that number, and I want to go on record as objecting to some of his constitutional reasoning regarding the right of citizens to have and to carry arms.

The reference to a well-regulated militia is simply an excuse or preamble, and the amendment was put in to allow the people at all times to be prepared to resist encroachments upon their liberties from within more than from without. It was put in so that the people could not be cowed by any would-be dictator or usurper who might somehow get control of the regular army; it was put in there that each of us might be, as my old commission says that we are, by the grace of God, free and independent. It was put in there to give to us, to each of us, the proper power as sovereigns that we are.

He says that the carrying of arms as commonly understood and practiced is not a right at all! Oh, isn't it? Well, if it isn't, how long do you think our political fabric would hold together? Until some military leader or political rascal saw fit to gobble us up.

As for the various local laws or regulations how weapons are to be carried, they do not amount to the paper they are printed on when taken before our highest court. Whether it is illegal to carry a weapon concealed, as far as I know, has never been decided yet by our national court.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

OLAMON, Maine.

The Maine Deer Limit.

BERWICK, Me.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have noticed in the papers lately that considerable talk is being made about making a law limiting the shooting of deer to one for each person. I am not in favor of such a law, and don't believe that any sportsman is. I was down East on a hunting trip this fall, and made a few observations while there. One is that the law is repeatedly broken by the guides. One of them told me that he had killed twenty deer this year, some of them in close time. The sportsman who can't shoot a deer, but wants one to take home with him, can have it furnished by the guide for a sum of money, more or less. The sportsman of course claims to have shot the deer himself. Some sportsmen who perhaps have a tender conscience cut the deer's throat after it has been shot by the guide, and thus "kill" a deer.

Another observation was that deer are killed by the farmers, who use jack-lights, dogs, traps and snares, and kill a deer whenever they can, be it in June or December. Deer are killed by the men in logging camps from early fall till spring. The wardens don't seem to know anything about this law-breaking unless somebody turns informer and "blows" on the violator of the law. Then woe betide the informer.

Stop this destruction of game by the guides, farmers and lumbermen and there will be no need of limiting the sportsman to one deer.

SPORTSMAN.

North Dakota's Mild Winter.

GALESBURG, N. D., Jan. 14.—Herewith is money order for \$4, renewing my subscription to your good and great paper for 1898. I cannot keep house without it, and wish to miss no numbers.

Lots of mink and foxes here this winter, but rabbits and chickens very scarce. Last winter was very hard on them. This winter so far is very mild, with no snow at all, and weather little below freezing.

W.

Prairie Chicken Alpha.

In the spring of 1857, four years almost to a minute prior to the shot and shell storm on historic Fort Sumter, my father, mother, three "kids" and "hired girl," the latter a family fixed quantity from the cradle age of the youngerlings, jumped their claim, a fertile farm, but short on acres, in Kalamazoo county, Michigan, to journey westward to "grow up, young man," where land was as cheap as dirt, to be bought per acre at the price of a laundered shirt, as laundered shirts may go other than the 50-cent sweat-shop excuse. They rode by rail to where the rail quit—Galena, Ill., renowned for its lead mines, its lazy, slow-creeping river, and later as the home of Grant. There a shift to lumber wagon, seven with the driver, who, for nearly 100 miles, jolted to two as stiff-timbered axles as ever wheeled load of brick or hay rack.

Dubuque, a city of bluffs and lager beer, had barely disappeared from view when evidence of the "wild and woolly West" was made manifest by the sight of a prairie chicken that went ambling down the road ahead of the team. I was then fourteen years old, the age of teasing curiosity and intolerant jabber. A new world we were in. Everything different but the air and sky, and that annihilating space by its clearness. A river seemed but a brook to be hopped over; a ridge but a few moment's walk—to reach, a half day's journey. The booming of the wild fowls of the prairies in the dusk of the morning and evening was as lonely as the croaking of frogs in a swamp, for be it known the spring is the season when the gentleman chicken invites his lady love to "come into the garden, Maud," where he plays a petit tambour rhapsody on a pair of drums "hipped" just below the ears. It is in the night time, moonless the better, that the prairie fires, in all directions, like the cannon at Balaklava, casting their reflections on the sky, put the whole world ablaze, as thrilling a sight as a carnival of vomiting volcanoes. While far from spectacular, the mad canter across the sloughs to save the wheels and animals from cutting through the spongy sod, and the fording of the streams, afforded game sport, though by no means relished as a steady diet. And not the least in the newness was the desolation from sod houses, like scattering adobes of muskrats, where to-day, by the way, are palaces of contentment and independence.

The new home was a story and a half log house, cast on the west bank of the Wapsipinicon River—"Wapsie" for short—built in advance. The loneliness of the outlook was heart-breaking to one trained to social comforts. Neither schools nor churches, except at long range, and neighbors whose hospitality was principally to "git the loan" of anything from the kitchen stove to the family Bible. The breaking of the acres, planting sod corn with an axe, watching the cattle from raiding the fields and "going in swimming," was about the sum total of the summer's programme. With fall came the gathering of wild fruit—plums and crab apples and hazelnuts—through trips made to distant groves, ten and fifteen miles into the next county. Four-horse teams comprised the outfit that cantered over the wild prairie, with no regard for beaten road, and a gun or two to bag any chicken that might be so imprudent as to get in the way. But the prairie wolf, or coyote, was a different kind of bird. Driven out of the high grass, he would lope to the summit of the ridge, where distance lent enchantment, etc., and there at his leisure look the party over. The circling henhawk, the wailing note of the prairie snipe, the cry of the sandhill crane, so far heavenward there is a rivalry as to who will sight him first; the yellow foliage of the great sea of grass, wild weeds of all tints, the mellow autumn haze and brisk south wind, with the laughter and chatter of the voyagers, lent a charm to the scene well up to the standard of charms.

With winter fairly settled down to business came the climax of hardships. An Iowa winter is as nearly the whole thing as can be found any place between the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer. Those who have made a careful analysis of the subject maintain that an Iowa blizzard will blow snow through a Carnegie armor plate; that is Iowa snow, every piece of which is as sharp and piercing as the tooth of slander. Jack Frost has no difficulty in sticking his nose down 6 and 7 ft. into the ground and remaining there until the middle of next July without sweating a hair—fact attested to by the evidence of post-holes.

Winter caught the family shaking and burning with fever and ague. It was a lively species, healthy, not trained too fine, fully developed, and able to take any amount of punishment, born and nourished on the thousands of acres of decomposing sod—so said the doctors. It was as systematic and precise as the rules of a training ship going into the ring at prompt 8 with a freezing passage in tremolo. The only escape from a knockout in the early stage was to crawl under the kitchen stove, an old-fashioned cooker with two long hind legs, giving it the shape of a giraffe tother end to, while the hired girl—bless her Irish heart!—would haul the bed next the fire, where, between two feather ticks, the Fabian policy was adhered to through sufferance. The hot stage would come ambling along about twelve meridian; with the thrille thrown wide open, as regular as a hired man at his victuals, and just as gamy and persevering as a red ant, never failing to put the victim to sleep, who would invariably awake in a terrible sweat from the thoroughness of the nagging. It took three successive days of hammering to satisfy this triple alliance, leaving four to get in condition for another siege.

The living that winter was frozen potatoes, bran and cornmeal bread, frozen salt pork and burnt corn coffee, and Perry Davis's Pain Killer. The poultry froze stiff on their perches, and only by diligent exercise were the animals saved from going into cold storage.

It was at this stage in the proceedings that there came a hungering for prairie chicken, a shift from salt pork. The ague-shaking colony hankered for chicken broth. In the treetops of the river bottoms on clear and quiet arctic mornings hundreds of these birds would gather for their breakfast of buds, and presumably to discuss the latest henhawk raid and call the roll. How to get at them was the problem, for they were as wild and erratic as a Kansas populist. In some way possession had been got of a cheap cast-iron, single-barreled shot-

gun, a weak piece of furniture with no aims in life beyond a bare existence, and so racked by kidney complaint and rust in the gambrel joints it took two and three blows of the hammer to explode the cap. A conspiracy had been concocted by which position was to be taken at the foot of a tree before sun-up, and wait for the chicken to come and be shot, if you please. It was one of the regularly scheduled ague days and a morning of sun-dogs and high-pressure barometer. As the sun came peeping over the treetops a lone chicken now and then went sailing by. At last one more accommodating than the rest settled on a limb directly overhead. Would he remain long enough to get the piece of ordnance into position? was the soul-harrowing question of the moment. He seemed to be all right, for he went at the buds as if he were really hungry, and apparently oblivious of the fact that there was a cast-iron cannon right under him that might accidentally explode, or possibly he may have come in contact with the thing in the past and been advised of its physical decay. You can't always tell what a prairie chicken is thinking about. The ague fit was getting up steam, and what with the shaking and fingers stiff and numb, the cocking of the poor, decrepit thing became a problem, solved by placing the butt on the ground and pressing back the hammer with the foot. Taking good aim, the trigger was pulled with difficulty, but she didn't go. Her record was still unbroken. The bird hopped to another limb, evidently suspicious, and he had reason to be, for danger lurked in the air at either end of the gun. Again the butt of the blunderbuss went to the ground, again the foot essayed to press back the hammer, but this time she slipped, and a report like a cannon tore through the brittle air. There was a moment of innocuous desuetude by the closeness of the muzzle to the head, but Richard was himself once again; there lay the chicken a-putting in the finishing fufflers of life.

It was a plain case. If the old, kidney-racked and bone-savined piece of cast-iron had gone off the first time, that chicken might have lived to die a natural death.

E. P. MILLS.

A Woods Tragedy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

YOUR note the other day about a Canadian outlaw who had been taken in recalls a tragedy that took place last fall on Lake Tilton, a part of the Mattawa River, about seven miles from the village of Mattawa. As many of your readers have visited that section, they will remember the locality, and as one of the parties has long been noted as a prominent guide after moose, they may have met him.

A hunting party was organized at Mattawa in October to make a trip up the river to Lake Tilton and Pemissa Bay after deer. The party consisted of Sam Tongue, the guide; William Bell and J. Deacon. They spent several days on Lake Tilton, Pemissa Bay and Lake Champlain, and were very successful. The last day of their stay they had the misfortune to lose two of their dogs. After searching for them they returned to the village on Saturday without finding any trace of them. On Monday morning Sam Tongue and Bell took a small birch bark canoe and proceeded up the river in search of the dogs. They arrived at Pemissa Bay about 2 o'clock. As they were crossing the northeast arm they saw a man in a canoe coming up the bay. Thinking he might have seen their dogs, they turned their canoe in that direction. When they were within 300 yds. of him he rose up, and taking aim at them, fired a shot that just missed the stern of the canoe. This shot was followed quickly by two more that were very close, one striking the water about 6 in. in front of the boat. The wind was blowing quite fresh, and they started for a point on shore about 600 yds. away. They paddled for all they were worth, and the shooter also made for shore, but about 100 yds. above them, Tongue thought that if the shooter reached the beach first he could conceal himself in the bushes, and they would be at his mercy. Both canoes were now bounding toward the point, but Sam reached the shore first, and picking up his .38-55 Winchester, he brought it to his face and fired just as the other canoe was passing the other side of the point. They listened, but could hear nothing, and were afraid to go around to investigate. After hiding for some time they jumped into the canoe and made their way home, where they told the story. The next morning the authorities sent the chief of police with a party to investigate. On arriving at the spot the canoe was found on the beach, and the man hanging out of it in the water. Sam's bullet had passed through him just above the heart and killed him instantly. The body was brought to Mattawa and an inquest was held, which exonerated Tongue, deciding that he had acted in self-defense. The party killed was I. McConnell, who had for a number of years been an outlaw. Several warrants were out for him at this time. He was also noted as one of the worst pot-hunters and poachers in the upper Ottawa Valley. Tongue thinks he thought they were constables in pursuit of him, and as he had always boasted he would never be taken, he fired on them. Sam is a first-class guide, a good cook and an expert canoe-man.

W. H. LEAVITT.

Ducks and Hawks.

PORT ARTHUR, Can., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On account of the mild weather this winter we have quite a number of wild ducks that are wintering along the north shore of Lake Superior. This is something unusual. Duck shooting this fall was very poor with us in this section. If you sportsmen south would shoot a few of the many thousand hawks you would have thousands more ducks to shoot in the fall, as the hawks are very destructive to the young ducks. I have seen old ducks flying about in pairs in July that have had their brood of young ducks destroyed. A hawk will stay with a brood until the young are all killed off. Our shooting on prairie chickens and ruffed grouse was very poor this season; the wet spring and the hawks are to blame for this. If I could induce some of your sportsmen to waste a few cartridges on the hawks, instead of shooting at so many bluerocks, you would reap the benefit hereafter.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Denver Game.

Jan. 29.—In Denver, Col., the State warden advertised in advance that he would interfere with the barbecue of the National Stock Growers' Association if any attempt was made to serve illegal game. The Stock Growers' Association advertised in advance that it would serve buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and quail. The despatches from Denver of Jan. 27 advertise that at the barbecue the Stock Growers' Association did serve buffalo, antelope, mountain sheep and quail "in large quantities," and that "hundreds of waiters were kept busy for hours." It would appear that Warden Swan, while a little late to prevent this serving of the illegal game, now has all the evidence necessary to prove that it was served. We should rightfully hope to hear something drop before long.

The Denver hotel keeper, F. W. Bailey, who was arrested for having "smoked antelope" on his bill of fare, evaded conviction in a shrewd if rather babyish and not very honorable way—or at least in such a way as leaves doubt of his business candor. He swore and had others swear that the antelope was not antelope, but mutton, smoked mutton from Omaha. The judge fined him for putting the name on his bill of fare, but under the Colorado law he could not be convicted of actually selling the game.

Illinois Lively.

Things are not so bad in Illinois. Last week I mentioned the case of Allen Ferris, of Lower Illinois, who was fined \$3,000 for killing and shipping some 500 illegal quail. Judge Grundy imposed the fine. What Mrs. Grundy says may be inferred from the comment of the Morrisonville Times, which hopes that Mr. Ferris will jump his bond since he can't pay his fine, and not stay to board out his little bill with the county.

Last week the hustling Deputy J. E. Slocomb arrested Wesley Bros., of El Dorado, Ill., for shipping game to Chicago. They got \$100 fine. On the day following he did the sensational work of arresting a fellow warden, Deputy Fred Smith, of Gallatin county, alleging that Smith was conniving at the illegal fish trap fishing on the Saline River.

Deputy Slocomb was aided in his recent work by Commissioner Bartlett and State Warden Loveday. Mr. Loveday wrote me from Harrisburg, Saline county, as follows in regard to his success, over which he has great reason to feel satisfied:

"I am in the heart of the violators' camp, and I have got them on the run. By the time the State Sportsmen's Association meets to see about protecting the game of our State I will have rolled up over 500 convictions, and will have struck terror in the hearts of all violators. But it's a good thing to have them wake up.

"I arrived in this city only yesterday noon, and have tried and convicted three; one sent to jail and two paid their fines. Every constable the sheriff has got is now out for to-morrow's grist. I came here from Jasper county, where I had five convicted and filed papers for four more.

"Mr. J. E. Slocomb, my South End deputy, the best in the State, is assisting, and we will run two courts on Monday. Yours in haste, H. W. LOVEDAY."

I like the closing phrase, "Yours in haste," and hope Mr. Loveday will keep himself and the law-breakers both busy for a while. He has been making the hotbed of violations pretty hot.

Ohio Rabbit Law off.

The Ohio game law was during the past week changed by the passage of Senator Decker's bill removing the close season on rabbits. The rabbit clause of the Ohio law was not of special importance, but it was made coincident with the quail law, to protect the quail against men who would pretend to be out rabbit hunting and would really be shooting quail in the snow. Here we have the case of the loop-hole again, just as we have in the woodcock and wood duck laws of Indiana. The shooter says he is after woodcock in July and August, but really is hunting flopper ducks. Thousands of such loop-holes in statute or the "construction" of statutes attest the wisdom of broad, simple, sweeping and concurrent measures in those State laws seeking to protect the State's game or fish. Now the Ohio men may shoot rabbits in February, and they will shoot quail then. It is so easy to track them in the snow.

Florida Quail.

Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, is spending the winter in Florida, on the Homosassa River, West Coast. He reports the weather too warm for hard work, but is getting a few ducks and very fair quail shooting.

One hotel at Ocala, Fla., reports 2,252 quail shot by its guests this season.

The Circle Hunt.

Usually the "circle hunt" is well named. Its net results are ordinarily represented by a circle—O. At Kersey, Col., last week 600 horsemen and 100 dogs held a circle hunt, covering sixteen miles of country. They got nine coyotes and three wolves, and are so encouraged that they are going to do it again next week, with 1,000 men in the lines. The results of such hunts are often disproportionate to the energy shown, but if a man wants to ride and holler a lot, a circle hunt is just the thing.

The big jack rabbit hunts of the West, more especially Colorado and Kansas, are not circle hunts, though systematically conducted. The hunters walk abreast in the drive and shoot the game as it starts ahead of them. Jack rabbit hunting as a matter of solitary and individual enterprise may be more prolific of results than a big circle hunt. In one way or another they are killing lots of jacks in Kansas. Sumner county, Kan., paid bounty on 19,171 scalps last Thursday.

Pet Squirrels.

A busy warden at Cleveland, O., arrested W. J. Phillips for having two squirrels in possession in close sea-

son. Phillips showed they were pets, but the justice fined him \$25. He appealed and the Circuit Court has acquitted him.

Rabbit Murrain in Iowa.

In Emmet county, Ia., the rabbits this month are dying in hundreds of some strange disease which seems epidemic among them. No one has as yet found out the nature of this disease, but its effects may be seen in the dead rabbits which line the hedge rows and field fences.

Cumberland Lodge Tax Sale.

The property of the Cumberland Club, of Chicago, known as Cumberland Lodge, and situated near Lowell, Ind., is this week advertised for sale for delinquent taxes. The amount is so small that it may be an oversight, and no doubt the taxes will be paid before the tax sale, Feb. 14. This club was in the palmy Kankakee days one of the strongest and most popular of Chicago and numbers to-day on its lists some of our best known shooters.

Protective.

The Sioux City Rod and Reel Club, of Iowa, was organized at Sioux City last Saturday with a good stiff membership. The purpose is to stop illegal net fishing, more especially and immediately. Officers elected were: Jas. C. Neill, President; Chas. Hamilton, Secretary; David Hottenbach, Treasurer.

The Tri-County Fish and Game League failed to get a quorum at its annual meeting at Detroit, Mich., last week. The old officers hold over: Messrs. A. R. Avery, President; John J. Speed, Vice-President; Geo. A. Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer. The League by its deputy H. L. Avery last year confiscated \$593 worth of illegal game, fish and nets.

Col. C. W. Doubleday, a millionaire of Cleveland, O., was recently arrested by a plain man named Wenger, and was last week fined \$25 for shooting ducks out of season. This is well. The law was made for the rich and the poor alike, and it should have no loop-holes through which a rich or a poor man can escape its proper penalties. It is time the game laws ceased to be considered as rococo parlor ornaments and ormolu bric à brac used merely for the purposes of display. What we want is a plain blue china cooking-law which shall measure out to violators with what measure they have meted.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Three Remembered Shots.

THE expression "lynx-eyed" or "hawk-eyed" is supposed to convey the idea of being sharp and far-sighted. The lynx, as with the whole cat family, is sharper sighted than the dog, or perhaps all other four-footed animals. The hawk, the eagle, the raven, the crow, and many other birds must take precedence as to power of sight. I believe the dogs are a rather dull-sighted race, especially the bloodhound. Almost everyone knows that the collie, the shepherd and the greyhound can see better than the bloodhound. But I suppose that his powerful keen-scented nose is given him to make up for the deficiency in sight.

Once I accidentally or incidentally learned that the otter had the power of sight beyond what I had ever expected of that animal. I was watching a runaway on the upper waters of the Alleghany, where the deer forded the river occasionally in passing down from the mountain over to a swamp on the other side. Here the river was about 200yds. wide and not very deep. It was a clear morning, a little after sunrise, and as I sat on the bank against a tree I discovered on the opposite side of the river an otter lying lengthwise on a log. The log lay in a slanting position from the bank, reaching into the river and pointing diagonally up stream, so that the otter lay quartering toward me. Otherwise I might not have noticed him at all, and he must have got there while I had been sitting motionless under the tree. But simultaneously with the first motion I made toward raising the gun from my lap, that otter slid off that log into the water and was out of sight.

I began to think the chance of shooting at him was pretty slim, and the chance of killing him much slimmer. But, as Nessmuk used to say, I got a good ready when I saw his head come up several yards up stream, and as quick as thought he made a dive, and as his head went under his body rolled up, so that I could see most of his hinder part above water; and when he repeated the maneuver the second time I took a snap shot at him, which stopped his diving any more. While I was loading (which was done in short order) he had worked along on to a flat rock (which I found later on) lying 8 or 10 in. under the surface. Here he stopped, head and shoulders showing up pretty straight, while I made a dead shot that seemed to lay him out flat. To load again was only the work of a minute. When his head showed again above water I fired another shot and the head dropped.

It has taken some time to tell the story of three shots, which I suppose were made in less than three minutes. After stripping off my outer covering, I started in to wade across. The water was nearly waist deep some parts of the way and most uncomfortably cold. But I found the otter lying on the rock and barely covered with water. There was one bullet hole through the body well back toward the hip; another was through the shoulders, and another through the head; and why the animal lived long enough to get the third shot was more than I could account for.

In those days it was seldom that we used raised sights on our hunting rifles. The rifle which I used at that time was level-sighted—that is to say, the sights were set for about twenty-five rods—and for long range the reader will readily see the necessity of calculating the distance and fall of the bullet, and how to hold over accordingly.

During my time I suppose I have made several hundred close shots at game, and perhaps some hundreds of poor shots. But somehow those above mentioned I have remembered as the three consecutive pet shots of my life.

ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW.

The Maine Cow Moose and the Boys.

Jan. 31.—The famous case of the two boys who shot the cow moose at Canquimacgomac Lake last July was brought before the Maine Governor and Council last week. The question was on the application of County Attorney Hayes, of Piscataquis county, for extradition papers to bring the boys back from Pennsylvania. It will be remembered that Fish and Game Commissioner Carleton permitted the boys to escape to their own State after they were arrested last summer, on the fact of their confession of the shooting, and on account of their youth. The question is as to whether Mr. Carleton has a right to take the law into his own hands and decide who shall be punished and who shall not. The hearing was an exciting one. The case of the boys was stated by W. E. Parsons, of Foxcroft, while County Attorney Hayes put Lawyer Sprague on to the stand as a witness. The lawyers soon accused each other of not telling the truth, and there was a pretty warm discussion. The case was finally adjourned to give Mr. Carleton time to prepare an argument, he being absent in Florida. The impression is pretty general in Maine that the extradition papers will not be granted. It is mentioned that there is considerable politics in the matter.

The Sportsmen's Exhibition here in March is promising much. Dr. Heber Bishop has secured a live moose or two, with a loup cervier and other big game. It is proposed to wake up a live bear a month too early, to bring him to Boston for this exhibit. Dr. Bishop knows where he is denned.

SPECIAL.

A Deer in Oil City.

WHEN the Adirondacks, the Maine woods, and other deer regions can supply deer for the youngsters to those through town streets, they may compete with Oil City. Here is a note from to-day's Blizzard:

"Oil City claims the distinction of being the only city of 20,000 inhabitants on the streets of which a wild deer has been captured alive by schoolboys. A few days ago Billy Condren saw one in Hasson Park, but did not catch him. This morning a boy by the name of Downey discovered a young one in the alley between Hoffman and Harriott avenues, in the Seventh Ward. He tried to corner the fawn near his father's barn, but the deer and dogs bounded away, knocked the boy down, and in the shuffle one of the dogs nipped his hand. A crowd of schoolboys, in the vicinity of the Seventh Ward school-house, joined the chase and had more fun than a little. The deer ran across Hone avenue, over the cemetery property, with several dogs and a score or more of boys in hot pursuit. In jumping across the street railway cut just above Hone avenue the deer took a tumble, and in less time than it takes to write it the dogs and boys were on top of it. Some men, who were employed near by, went to the assistance of the boys, and with ropes bound the deer and placed it in Mr. Hadley's barn. It will probably be added to the menagerie at Smithman's Park."

This can be verified by numerous people on the hill where it happened.

C. G. C.

Man Wardens in Order.

IN view of the alarming increase in the number of deaths from the unreasonable carelessness of hunters it would appear that men are in greater need of protection than game. Therefore would it not be well for our State legislators to provide for the appointment of a corp of man wardens, composed of woodmen of sufficient intelligence and experience to enable them to distinguish a man from a deer, and without one of whom in attendance no inexperienced or careless hunter should be permitted to go into the woods, nor when there be allowed to shoot at any object without permission of the attendant man warden? Something of this kind or the institution of boards of examiners empowered to grant licenses to such persons only as can satisfactorily prove that they never shoot until they know what they are shooting at must be adopted, or else those who have any regard for their own safety will keep out of the woods during the shooting season.

AWAHSOOSE.

Sale of Game in Close Season.

NEW ROCHELLE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should be much obliged if you could inform me as to the law governing the sale of game during the close season. The game dealers of this village are openly selling and exposing for sale quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens and rabbits. I want to stop it if it is a violation of the statute, but want to be sure of my ground before moving in the matter. I will spare no pains to compel compliance with the law, at least in my own neighborhood, if I find I can make out a case against these men.

P.

[The law permits the sale of game the year around, provided it comes from outside a 300-mile limit beyond the State.]

Scarcity of Quail.

By some the scarcity in counties below here is laid at the door of the flea, which is said to have killed the young and sitting birds; others claim that the birds perished for water during the long drought last summer and fall. In my opinion the case is a combination of circumstances, of which I think the negro dogs play no small part. I drove over one plantation of about a thousand acres on which were fifteen families of negroes, and each family had from two to five half-starved dogs—cur, fice, etc.—all of which were allowed to run at large. This seems to be a fair sample of the condition all over that country, and you can imagine what a difficult matter the mother bird finds it to secure her nest against the ravages of this starved army of curs. Oh, for a dog tax!

The Trouble with Indiana.

BEDFORD, Ind., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Indiana has no such officer as a game warden. Indiana has a very able and energetic commissioner of fisheries, to whom she pays a yearly salary of \$300 and an allowance of \$500 for expenses. Indiana is one of the United States, and the center of population is within her borders, if it has not been caught in a trammel net or blown out with dynamite since the last census. Indiana makes it part of the duty of her road supervisors to enforce her game and fish laws. Indiana probably has not one such officer who knows what those laws are, and not one in twenty of such officers even knows that he is expected to enforce them. Indiana is sleeping. Cannot FOREST AND STREAM help to arouse her?

HOODOO.

Ohio Farm Game.

AN Ohio reader writes us: This mild winter is just the thing for our quail. There are three flocks of about eight each on my farm. I have had to chase off Cleveland hunters all the fall. They are a lawless set, and think they can do anything they have a mind to.

Most of the farms are posted, and the farmers take more interest in game protection than of old. Rabbits are very plenty and the laws are well observed. Ruffed grouse, or partridge, as we call them, are very scarce. Coon and skunk are hunted very much and there are not very many of them.

FRANK E. NEWTON.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Occoquan River.

Great wooded hills piled high on either side,
Whose million hues with Joseph's robe compete;
Dark pines and giant oaks, with arms spread wide,
And plane-trees, gums, both maples, soft and sweet.
The dogwoods fling their blossoms to the wind,
And underneath a carpet rich of ferns
(With wildflower patterns) woos the tired mind
To take that rest which honest labor earns.
No sound is heard save now and then a break
Where, in the pool, some bass in midair leaps.
While Occoquan's sweet murmurs music make
Her mimic torrent seaward foaming sweeps.

THE bloody fields of Bull Run, where the battles were fought, still pour with every storm their red flood into the Occoquan, and thence into the Potomac, two dozen miles below Washington.

The red clays upon the ragged hills about Manassas that border on Bull Run are seeking their level in the sea, and the impatient angler who has waited a whole season in vain, as we did last season, for the waters of Occoquan to clear enough to cast a fly, thinks it will not take many cycles to reach bed-rock.

The Occoquan River is formed by the union of Broad Run and Bull Run, but it is the latter which is blamed for all the mud. We have gone there at evening, when the stream was crystal, and found it in the morning a seething torrent of brickdust and soapsuds.

The waters subside rapidly, too, but leave every boulder in its rocky bed covered with 1/2 in. of the clay that yellows as it dries. If the wader with his wet sandals steps on one of these his heels are apt to "kick at heaven," but worse than this, long after the water has been coming down clear, if a wind springs up, the waves lap the sides, or over the tops of the kalsomined stones, and without a shower the water will get too cloudy to fish with a fly.

It may be a matter of wonder why one should lose sleep over so difficult a stream. The reason is easy. When Occoquan is just right, as it sometimes is for weeks at a stretch, it is the prettiest bass stream in the world, bar none. There is no trout stream of the mountains more romantic, no tributary of the Potomac where the fly-fisher can spend a quieter, happier day or find harder work.

Its station on the Potomac shore road toward Richmond is Woodbridge, named from the highest trestle on the road, which here crosses the turbid mouth of the Occoquan 60ft. above.

It matters not how clear all the other streams in the country may be, this always looks muddy at its outlet, several miles below the Falls. The clay, which has been coming down for ages, covers its bed, and if the water was perfectly transparent it would still have that same appearance, that heart-breaking yellow with a dash of red. Last summer at the end of the long drought it threatened once to nearly clear, and the local agent at the little station above took a boat under the high bridge, and skittering a spoon, caught twenty-seven fine, large-mouthed bass up to 4lbs. in weight. Such a thing had never happened here before, either that the water was in condition to permit a bass to see a surface bait, or that any one should try in this impossible place for bass at all, especially with an artificial lure. But the last twelve months have developed several progressive anglers in this vicinity whose success and local fame thereby acquired has made them converts to advanced methods.

At the station the angler bound for Occoquan village, where the fishing begins, is met by the host of the only inn with a "fix," as any light vehicle is called here, and a not too pleasant drive of 2.65 miles over a hilly, unkept road brings him to the hotel.

For some unexplained reason, though only a few feet above the river, which flows at the foot of the street, a few rods away, we have never found a mosquito here at any season.

The little village is nestled among the hills with hardly a rod of level street, but somewhere up or down the valleys there seems to be always a breeze, and we have found it altogether so comfortable as to have grown quite fond of the quaint old town, the inn and the motherly landlady who has kindly cared for us so many times.

A mile stands a little way up the river, and past this we climb from the street, up some rude steps, over the

race, in its last plunge to the wheel, and walk for a half mile up the path on the race bank, plastered against the face of the side hill far above the river. It is beautifully wooded, and has long been a favorite picnic ground. The venerable steamer, the Mary Washington, in days long gone used to carry regular excursions here from the capital, but more fashionable resorts, with superior artificial attractions, have lured the crowds in other directions, and on our fishing days this is always matter of self-congratulation to us. We reach the dam, and here the fun begins. If it is during the spring run of fish, we clamber out over the huge granite ledges and peer cautiously over the edge into the shallow basins in the rock below, where the waters are tumbling with a roar and scattering into millions of bubbles. Here we nearly always find a bass or two and hundreds of mullets a foot long, for as there are no fish stairs over the dam, this is the head of navigation for them. In the pools a little further down the natives and professional fishermen, with long-handled hoop nets, dip bushels of shad, herrings, mullets, lampreys and large-mouthed bass.

Bass as a rule are not migratory, but the efforts the gravid bass make to get up this stream, in company with and dipped in the same net with herring and shad, seem convincing evidence that, with all other life, environment would change an otherwise fixed type. The Potomac gets brackish as far up as this, and while the adult bass thrive below, they evidently prefer sweeter water in which to spawn. That they find some place good enough is easily established by the fact that increasing quantities of young bass are taken here every year. The bass above the Falls are mostly small-mouthed, but lately some large-mouthed bass have been introduced above, and both kinds may be expected throughout its course hereafter.

At low water one may cross the river on the ledges in scores of places, and easily fish the whole stream, but at ordinary stages only one side of the great pools may be reached, and fording is only possible at one or two points.

Wolf Trap, Shoal and Sandy runs, with one or two smaller tributaries, are feeders, too small for bass and too warm for trout.

Our usual trip is a five-mile fish up the river and back again, devoting most of the time to favorite pools. One trip our host drove us twelve or fifteen miles, a round-about road to a point on the stream far above, and we worked down; but there was so much new water and so many new rocks that we were wofully tired at night—one of the party, indeed, in a state of collapse before we reached the inn.

The pedometer only registered fourteen miles, but it felt like forty. There are places where you walk a full long to advance a rod, and the stones are piled in such confusion as to resemble nothing so much as a worked-out hydraulic mine. It takes effort, but it is worth it. There is no house in sight; you may hear a wild turkey call, and when they are within hearing the maddening crowd is not apt to disturb you.

Our first year here we caught a few bass on any but a black fly, raven, crow or hawthorne. The next year the Parmachenee Belle was so much more successful than anything else that we would have risked a trip with no other fly in our books.

This last year the water never came into condition, and our fishing was mostly done in lakes, where the Yellow Sally was the only certain killer, though silver tinsel on any fly seemed to make it more attractive for the pickerel.

We are not close enough students, or at any rate have not stumbled on any plausible explanation, why one fly should be better one year and some other the next, but we are firmly convinced it is true in Potomac waters. We use two flies, and when we catch all our fish on one pattern cannot resist the conviction it is something more than accident. We certainly tried a hundred flies last year, and as certainly caught a score of fish on the Yellow Sally to one on any other fly, and this whether it was used as a dropper or at the tail of the cast; whether bass or pickerel; from early spring to frost; with the water clear or cloudy.

Experience has established a fact; some Newton must formulate a theory of explanation. We have seen the apple fall, and that's all we know about it.

In one particular our experience was different from that of Cholmondeley-Pennell, of blessed eyed-hook fame, who says: "For some reason which I have not succeeded in fathoming, the yellow fly always seems to kill best in the position of dropper or bob-fly." We found it equally as good as tail fly, and as either better than any other, all of last season.

But to return to the dam. This has been until now the dividing line between the small-mouthed and large-mouthed bass in this river. Some thirty years ago a consignment of bass from Cumberland was sent around by the Relay and Ellicott's Mills through Washington for the Kanawha River. On arriving at Clifton it was noticed that lots of them were dying, and at the bridge this side of Manassas so many were found to be dead that the intelligent engineer took the responsibility of dumping them into Bull Run, and thus Occoquan was accidentally stocked, for which we are not yet done thanking that engine driver.

The lower river was stocked with large-mouthed bass from Illinois, at least one consignment of which was discharged from the High Bridge on to a thin skim of ice, which deservedly lost the attendant his job.

Bait fishers find their best sport among these fish of the lower river, at the Mullet Hole and other pools below the Falls. The water is deep, the fish move about, and the still-fisher may spend his day on any of the great rocks with a fair chance of success. But the fly-fisher goes above, and from the dam up every pool may harbor a giant, every stone may hide a hungry bass.

Bass may be found in very shallow water, hardly enough to cover his dorsal, but he will always be in easy reach of some big pool. Our favorite spots are the Big Rock, a half mile from the dam; Selectman's Ford, a mile beyond, and the Rapids, another mile further. But the bass are everywhere—only as we have taken most at these points we like them best. A single fly has captured nine fine fish from one of these pools at the Rapids, and such a record will endear it to the heart of

the angler who owned the fly, the one lucky enough to be a witness, and indeed to any sportsman not too incredulous

HENRY TALBOTT.

Among the Fly-Casters.

THE nine days of fly-casting which ended on Jan. 22 were very large days for most of us who are interested in that sport, for it was a sort of reunion of those who took part in similar events in Central Park years ago. I saw each of the seventeen contests, and judged, or refereed, in the afternoon, part of them, and each day there were dozens of old friends who dropped in for that occasion only, as well as those who sat out the game; and my arm felt sore from handshaking before the tournament was half done. Of course I enjoyed it beyond measure; but I don't want to be President of the United States and have to shake hands with a procession not of friends, but of uninteresting people, as he does, and I reached that conclusion on the evening of the third day. At least, I resolved that if I accepted the nomination for the job, it would be upon a platform of "no handshakes."

The first contest was black bass casting, open to those who never cast more than 75ft. The distance had a charm for the committee, for when there was a limit of distance, as on Jan. 14, 8 P. M.; 15, 3 P. M., and 18, 3 P. M., it was open only to the 75ft. class. It struck me that a class for those who have never cast 60ft. would bring in a new lot of young casters. Of course there must be a limit in some classes in order to keep out the experts who have won in former contests, and I would suggest that next year the committee publish the records of all men who have public records. The question of records came up when one man entered for a class, and the committee very unwisely referred it to me for a decision.

"Where did he make a record?"

"At the Club."

"Was it 'open to all,' or merely a club tournament?"

"Just a club affair, but it was published in FOREST AND STREAM."

"Then, gentlemen," said I, assuming as judicial a look as I could do without a wig and a make-up box, "the man is entitled to enter here. A club record is only valuable for club purposes, and is a private record so far as we are concerned. The Central Park tournaments, the Chicago, and other tournaments which are open to the world, are the only ones which we can recognize. Yesterday in some practice casts Reub Leonard cast 115ft., but it can't go on record, and if we attempt to keep records of all club contests, even though some are reported in FOREST AND STREAM, we will probably miss many, and have more on our hands than we can get off with all the soaps which the magazines advertise. As you have left this question to me, I will decide that only the contests which are open to all are public records."

This was the greatest effort of my life, and after its delivery there was such apparent exhaustion that my old friend, T. B. Stewart, applied some restoratives and the game went on.

The casting took place on a platform made over the first tier of raised seats, and was about a dozen feet above the main floor. The great Garden is roofed by iron arches made in the usual truss form, with supporting columns on the side. At 80ft. from the casting platform a column stood, and Reub Leonard was practicing with a frog for the coming bait contest, and gradually getting the batrachian a few feet further at each cast, when, nerving himself for a supreme effort, he landed the frog over the arch at 80ft., and fully 40ft. above the tank! If there had been no ironwork there, that frog would have gone through the upper tier of boxes, and only stopped at the eastern wall of the Garden. When Leonard cast in the bait contest on the evening of the 19th, his 5 casts were: 97, 88, 106, 87, 82. A man can always make greater practice casts than he can in contests. Reuben won, and the best casts of his 4 competitors were: Goodsell 95, Levison 92, Peet 86, Bellows 79. Last week I scolded the committee for complicating this record with one for accuracy at 60ft. and adding points for accuracy with distance. Under the rule the winners were: Leonard, Levison, Bellows, Peet and Goodsell. There should have been two contests.

A lady said to me: "I came up to see some gentlemanly sport, but this is horrible."

"I beg pardon, madame, but to what part of it do you refer? Is it to the delay in getting entries and the consequent lack of promptness in calling the events at the advertised hour?"

"Not at all! It is to the casting of those frogs, and while I am surprised to see men who appear to be gentlemen engage in such a barbarous contest when they are not fishing, I wonder that the Cruelty Society does not stop it. How can you do it?"

Leonard's frog had somehow been brought down from its lofty perch, and I brought it to the lady. "Madame," said I, in my society voice, "if you will please look at this frog, you will see—"

"But I do not care to see the poor, mangled beast; take it away."

"I was intending to add, that you will see that the frog is made of rubber, and the Cruelty Society—"

"Oh, thank you ever so much; now I will enjoy the contest this evening."

I had said to Mr. Thomas B. Mills: "This practice on the tank sometimes scares a man from entering the contests; he sees what the other fellow can do, and declines to enter."

"That's one point of view," he replied, "but the people come up and sit in the chairs and are interested in the practice, as you see. The management grows because there is no more money coming from entries, but they entirely overlook the money taken at the door from those who only come to see the casting."

Mine ancient antagonist, Mr. W. C. Harris, came up, and after shaking hands, as the Marquis of Queensbury rules require, said: "Fred, let's you and I go on the platform and have a friendly set-to; I believe that I can beat you."

"No doubt of it; but I will cast with you for a cold bottle, and I'll pay for it whether I win or lose."

That seems to be a tolerably fair offer, but many generals have lost battles because they did not grip the key before it was turned in the lock. Harris merely said: "We will talk about that when the Press contest comes on." For a score in this contest, see the report last week. I withdrew after a couple of casts.

The platform for the casters was about 4ft. square and 1ft. high, as I guessed it, and it suggested the old controversy about the advantage of an elevation. In the old days of great records in Central Park, our English brethren, who were astounded at the records, thought that the elevation was a great advantage. A consultation with Leonard, Hawes, Mills, Levison and others resulted in their united opinion that they would as soon stand on a level with the water, if that was the rule. Reub Leonard said: "There is no advantage in an elevation; your cast is against the resistance of the air, and that's all there is in it."

I suggested that next year a contest be held in lake-casting, where the caster shall sit as in a boat, and it was approved. The late Reuben Wood once challenged Harry Prichard to cast in that manner and keep his elbow on his knee, as we sometimes do for casting short distances; but the trial never came off.

A friend asked: "How is it that the records of the experts now exceed their scores of ten years ago? Is it improved rods, practice, or indoor casting where there is no wind?"

"Wind," I replied, "often helps a cast as well as hinders one, and as for indoor casting, watch that man on the platform; he does not snap off a fly on the back cast, in fear that it will catch in the grass behind him. He gives it full time to settle down on the floor, from which it is easily lifted. If there was water behind him, he would be careful about letting 60ft. of line into it, for he would not lift it and make such casts as he is making now of 90ft. To lift a line from water and from the floor are very different things. It is not the absence of wind that makes the improved records, although the floor behind the caster may help in a way; but there is another reason."

"What is it?"

"Improved casting; for there has been no marked improvement in rods within the past ten years. In our old Central Park days the trick of shooting the line was hardly known, and while Leonard, Hawes and Mills did a little of it, they had not perfected it, and few attached any importance to what they did with their left hands."

My friend thought a moment, and then remarked: "I know the old Patrick's Day song which had for a chorus:

'T's down Broadway I marched so gay,
Wid Cornelius, Barney an' Pat;
An' the geurils would cry, as I passed by:
Will you ever shoot that hat?"

"And I've heard of shooting rapids and shooting craps. Well, go on; I'll bite at your bait. What is shooting a line?"

"My dear boy!" (he is some months younger than I, and months begin to count on both ends of a fellow's life) "there is neither bait nor shot on the line when an expert fly-caster shoots it. There goes Hawes to the score. Watch him. Wait till he gets out about 80ft., and see him shoot the line. There! After a cast he pulls in about 10 or 15ft. with his left before he lifts the line from the water; he retrieves, and has that much less line on his back cast. Now, as the line is hurled forward, see how his left hand lifts the line from the floor and it is shot through the rings; a portion of line which never went behind him. That is shooting the line, and is quite a late practice, and is perfectly legitimate. It differs, of course, from shooting craps, rapids and old hats, as much as those things differ from each other."

The ladies' contest pleased all the old boys. It is a neat, clean game for ladies, and I dearly love to see a woman handle a rod, but am a little shy of her when she takes to the gun. It may be womanly to shoot—it is womanly to fish. The distinction may be a fine one, but it is based on the difference between the killing of animals with cold or warm blood. I could not love a woman who could kill a deer, and to better illustrate the feeling I will tell you a story. Two friends stood at the roadside when a man went by, driving a hard-headed, high-spirited horse which taxed his strength and skill. Said Jack: "That's more'n I'd want, to drive that hoss."

"Oh, I dunno; I know a woman that ken drive that hoss."

"That's all right, my boy, perhaps she can; but I'll tell you—I wouldn't like to marry a woman that can drive that hoss."

But fly-casting is really, from my bench, a sport suited for womanly women, and next year let us hope that there will be more entries in this class, or rather in several classes, for Miss Leonard's cast of 73ft. will scare many, and she should go into an expert class. The cast of 62ft. by Miss Stoddard was a good one, long enough to catch a trout from the farther side of an Adirondack spring-hole in July; and she was roundly applauded for it, and Mr. H. W. Martin presented her with a reel in token of her skill.

There was one feature of the Exposition which longer lingers in memory than some others. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence was asked how he enjoyed it. He shrank his thought beneath its dome, and after concentrating it, replied: "The fly-casting is the great attraction, with its gathering of old friends. We miss, however, the silence of the Harlem Mere, in Central Park, because when that blaring brass band is not tooting, and its members go out to beer up, there is another thing, just opposite the horseless carriage, that wakes up, and that is a horseless piano, which iterates and reiterates the same old tunes over and over again. It goes with a spring, or like a chainless bicycle, and if by chance it stops before the band begins again, we get a chance to hear the moose-call, the only melody that is to be found in the Exposition."

An Adirondack guide, who, having no moose in his region, and consequently not caring for the moose-calls from the Maine camps, said: "I think that the moose-call is the most mournful sound I ever heard, but I love that band and the piano."

A moment of silence fluttered over the Garden; even the "gramophone" had ceased to torture that truly pathetic song, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold, Ground," and I asked the veteran, H. L. Leonard, to give us a moose-call on a rolled programme. He did, and several moose hunters declared it to be the best they ever heard. Mr. Leonard used to live in Maine, and could and can yet call moose with the best of them.

The switch, or "Prichard style" of casting came on. (In honoring Harry they should not have put a "t" in his name; but that is a minor thing.) This cast is well known in England under different names. It is the most valuable cast for an angler, because it does not need that he shall swing his line behind him more than 20ft. But we have proceeded on the old lines, and have not yet got beyond the old rules that a line must be "retrieved." There should be no class for "switch casting." A man should be allowed to get his line out in any way that he can do it best, without restriction. If the object of fly-casting tournaments is to develop practical fly-casting, then let a man use the best method; if it be to retrieve his line and throw it as far behind him as he does in front of him, then the shooting of the line should be barred. But why should a line be retrieved when a switch cast will send the fly where it is needed?

The only reply that seems possible to this question is the conservative one of: "That is the way we used to do it." Now, when we are fishing we do the best we can; we retrieve or we make the switch, or "hoop-snake cast"—and it is the best cast in the business. What matter, as long as we get the fly there?

And now comes the question of a man holding the butt of his rod in his sleeve. In a class open to all who have never cast over 96ft. Mr. Brandeth cast 94, which would have won first, but a protest was entered that he held the butt of his rod inside his sleeve, and there was much arguing as to the regularity of such casting. The judges were not agreed, and it was left to the referee, who ruled that the cast was not regular. I did not agree with him, for these reasons: Other men have cast in this way, and there was no protest. In actual fishing many men hold the butt of the rod in that manner, and if it helps a man, let him do it in order to get his best record. Thomas B. Mills said that he could only cast in this way, because his wrist is weak, and added: "I only put the end of the butt in my cuff, while Brandeth had it up his sleeve to the elbow." Mr. Mills said it only helped in picking a long line from the water, while Mr. Cooper Hewitt thought it helped on the forward cast. It is certain that there is no rule against the practice, and I don't think there should be one, although Mr. Devine, the referee in this case, said: "If you allow that, you might allow a man to hold the butt by a strap on his arm." It surely helps a man with a weak wrist, and enables him to cast against powerful men like Reuben Leonard.

Our English friends at first discredited our records, until Reuben Wood and Thomas B. Mills went across the damp spot which separates us, and cast in their tournaments, and then they claimed that we used rods that were made especially for casting, and which were good for nothing else. Messrs. Hewitt, Hawes and Leonard each used several rods, and surely the contest on the afternoon of Jan. 21, where "the rod must not exceed 40z. in weight," in which the record was: Leonard 92ft. 6in., Hewitt 90, Hawes 88.6, Bellows 81, and Goodsell 76ft., cannot be called rods especially made and good for nothing else. Many men call a 40z. rod a toy, and it was wonderful work for toys. The next day Leonard cast 101ft. 6in. with a 50z. rod.

The wind-up of the tournament was grand. Six entries of the best distance casters, with Leonard to come last, in the hope that he would beat all records with a single-handed rod, and he did. When about half of his allotted five minutes was gone he made the tremendous cast of 120ft., and the enthusiasm was great. Men cheered and shook hands with him and with each other. The world's record was beaten! The rod with which he did this was 11ft. 7in. long and weighed 10½oz. I saw it weighed and measured.

Speaking of rods, I have several, the lightest being a split-bamboo of 6oz.; but my favorite is one 10ft. 9in., weighing 10½oz., and that is heavier than many stronger men use to-day.

FRED MATHER.

Boston Winter Sports.

BOSTON.—The little red flags are in order, and pickerel fishing has taken a fresh start. In the first place there has been some glorious pickerel weather for January; the sun bright, with a south wind, enough to make any country boy hate to chop wood or go to school. But little snow on the ice in this State has made it easy to reach the pickerel grounds, and on some ponds the boys have taken their skates along and taken up the time in graceful curves while waiting for the little flags to fall. Live bait has been at a premium in the vicinity of many of the best pickerel ponds, while here in Boston they have been hard to get at any price, either because the usual quantity was not preserved in the fall or because of an extra demand. Oren Smith and W. H. Clark bought a whole bucket of shiners the next day on a pond up in New Hampshire, but the morning they started they found their bait all dead. They went with the dead bait, however, and returned with a dozen good pickerel. They believe that they could have easily doubled the number with live bait. The Sudbury River, the Charles River and the Concord River each have been considerably fished for pickerel of late, with some good strings. Mr. Oscar Hosmer, with Mr. Doane, of Newton Center, are getting interested in pickerel fishing, and with some new rigging they will try the Charles and some of the ponds near at hand. Mr. W. J. Donovan has just returned from a trip to Winnepesaukee and the pickerel ponds in that vicinity. He had good weather and plenty of pickerel. The ponds in the vicinity of Templeton are being well fished. A Boston fisherman was up there the other day and caught a fish 13in. long, his only fish for the day. It had a square tail and red spots. The fishermen called it a dace, but he was careful to conceal it under some brush, so that the other fishermen on the pond should not see it. He says that the fish was nearly dead when taken from the hook; no good would have

come from putting it back into the water. It is fair to presume that a great many trout are thus destroyed by this ice fishing, though it is illegal to catch them. They get upon pickerel hooks baited with live bait, and very honest is the fisherman who will return them to the water, especially if they are killed in being taken.

Mr. Walter L. Hill has just returned from his winter shooting trip to the home of the Ragged Island Club, Currituck Sound. In the shooting party were also Mr. C. A. Woodward, of Norfolk, and Mr. Leroy Davis, president of the club. They shot for several days, getting canvasbacks and plenty of other ducks. Mr. Hill thinks that the Currituck Sound shooting has improved under the better protection including the "rest days," when nobody shoots, giving the birds time to gather! On the rest days they went across the Sound over to Creed, Va., for quail shooting. Mr. Hill says that the shooting was the finest he ever dreamed of. It seems that the section has been under special legal protection for some time, and that the close time is just off; doubtless one reason for the extra good shooting. Mr. Hill shot a swan, his first one, at the club preserve, and taking in his success with quail over two excellent dogs he is greatly pleased with his trip.

SPECIAL.

Sundowners in Maine.

ON the afternoon of Aug. 23, 1897, four members of the Sundown Fishing Club left New York bound for eastern Maine. Together they had fished the streams of Sullivan county, New York; the lakes of the Dead River country in Maine, and the Peribonca River in the Lake St. John region of Canada, and the Belle River country, also in Canada. They had camped out and gone through all the experiences of rainy weather and black flies, and had traveled many miles all for the hopes of one day finding a place where trout were plentiful and of good sizes. Some months previously one of Maine's guides had been communicated with regarding the prospects of sport, and in every answer he had said that he could promise good fishing. "But do not come until late in August, on account of black flies." As we had all had experience with those pests, we impatiently waited through the summer at our several homes, overhauling dozens of times our rods and flies, and all the impedimenta that an angler treasures, always hoping that a day will come when he can close his roll-top desk with a snap and once more seek the woods loved so well by all.

After a night spent in Boston, the next day found us journeying through Maine to Bangor; there we changed cars to the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., going through many miles of forest. Our intention had been to leave the train at Norcross, but the conductor told us that by continuing with him about a mile further we could find good accommodations at Griffith Camp, at North Twin Dam. So there we were dropped at about 5 P. M. We found good beds and bountifully supplied tables, and after a well-served supper it was a pleasure to smoke the pipe of peace before the large log fire in the office, to listen to Griffith's stories of the quantities of moose, caribou, deer and bears that were roaming the woods, only waiting to be shot as soon as October should come. Not many fish stories were told, although Griffith did say he thought some good fishing might be had up near Mt. Katahdin; and we four Waltonians had thoughts in our minds that perhaps we were in for our usual experience of being told we were either a month too early or two weeks too soon for the best fishing. So we turned in, not any too confident of finding the 2lb. fontinalis that we had always fished for, but never brought to net.

On the morning of Aug. 25, after we had got into our beloved old camping togs, our guides (five of them), headed by Ingsley Daisy, appeared and said they were ready to load canvas and camping truck on the little launch Gypsy, which had been chartered to take us through North Twin and Panadumcook lakes to the west branch of the Penobscot. The sail was a lovely one, particularly so to the four of us who had left the heat and noise of New York only twenty-four hours before, to find ourselves enjoying the fresh, cool, bracing air and the prospect of the wooded shores, and away in the distance old Mt. Katahdin raising his granite head above it all. After luncheon at the end of the first carry on the Penobscot, evening found us paddling our canoes up to Indian Joe Francis's camp at Debsconeag. We were welcomed by Joe and 40,000,000 mosquitoes, rather more than less. Joe says the mosquitoes come on snowshoes in the spring and go away the same way about Christmas. He has many marvelous moose and fish stories to tell, and has told them so many times that now he believes them himself. The evening of Aug. 26 found us in camp at the mouth of the Sourdnamunk stream. Good balsam beds had been boughed down in our tents, a fine supper had been enjoyed (and, by the way, brother angler, if you should ever go up Norcross way and fully appreciate a good cook, try to secure Charley Priest, who can cook trout to the nicest kind of a turn), and 9 P. M. found us buttoned into our sleeping bags and snuggled down for a comfortable sleep, many miles away from railroads and civilization, and too far away from our creditors for them to bother us.

Next day we had early breakfast, for a long carry was to be made up stream, where our permanent camp was to be. Everything was to be toted, so it meant an all-day carry for the guides. We sports trudged along the tote road through the grandest of woods imaginable, seeing an occasional deer, but hearing no sound except the stream and the chattering red squirrels, who resented our visit to their homes. About three miles up stream is a lumber dam, and under that dam are deep pools with many trout in them—broad-shouldered, square-tailed fellows, 14 to 18in. long, that lie there in ranks, headed up stream, in water as clear as crystal and as cold as springs can make it. Of course, rods had to be put together here, leaders put on and the old reliable Beaverkill & Wickham's fancy fly tried for a first cast. And what a pleasure that first cast was; it seemed as if the trout had been hungry for just that cast of flies all their lives, and had only just found them. You could see them rush for them two or three at a time; every cast secured a fish, and a fine one. I will not say how many we killed

that afternoon. You would call the report fishy, and brother anglers would be envious. We reeled up after two or three hours of perfect sport, and found, on arriving at the end of the carry, that our men had made us a fine camp and that dinner was ready, which was followed by a trout supper at night that would have made old Epicurus wish he were alive again.

Here we were in the heart of Maine's beautiful wilderness, about a quarter of a mile from two of the prettiest lakes that lie out of doors—Dacey Pond and Rocky Pond. Lots were drawn very early next morning to find who should fish, which pond. To my tent-mate and myself fell the lot of Rocky Pond. Canoes were shouldered by our guides, and a tramp of a quarter of a mile through the woods brought us to Rocky Pond just at daybreak. Imagine a lake three-quarters of a mile long by about one-quarter wide, deep and clear, with granite and gravel bottom; surround it all with a dense forest, with Mt. Katahdin in the background as guardian or sentinel, and you have it. But, best of all, imagine trout breaking everywhere over the lake—not little fellows, such as you are only too glad to bring to creel along Sullivan county's Beaverkill, or on the Neversink and other Catskill streams, but big fellows, 1lb. to 2½lbs., and all good fighters, fish that give your rods all that they can do to kill; and any quantity of them, so many, in fact, that one stops fishing after a while, so as not to kill for the mere sake of numbers. Such a morning comes to very few anglers. I know it never had come to me before. On our return to camp we found that the others had had fine sport at Dacey Pond, killing not so many trout as we did, but bringing in larger fish from 1½ to 2½ and 3lbs. Dacey Pond fish are larger and fewer than those caught in Rocky Pond.

We had a full week of this, with no rainy day to break the charm, fishing early morning and evening, loafing and looking at the deer during the middle of the day. Then we turned our faces homeward with regret, feeling that after three years' wandering we had at last come upon a veritable fisherman's paradise. Everything was as the guides told us it would be. They promised us fine fishing and gave it to us. The weather was perfect all the time. No one in camp grumbled a bit. The food was all that could be desired, and the guides were hard-working, willing and capable men who earned what was paid them. Ed York, Ingsley Daisy, Charles Priest, Jack Hathaway and Alvah Reed can be found at Norcross or Medway, Me., and the man who engages them as guides will be pleased with them. New York saw us again after about two weeks' outing, more than satisfied with our trip, and certain that there is a place where any fair angler can catch more large trout than he will know what to do with; and he will lay up a stock of good health that will more than repay him for the expense. We found the Beaverkill & Wickham fancy fly the most killing. I hope that 1898 may see me again allowing my line to fall in the pleasant places about Rocky Pond, with the same pleasant companions, and that once more we may each fish and talk and smoke together in the earnest wish of one of the

BIG 4 SUNDOWNERS.

An Appeal to Correspondents.

THE following extract is from an editorial which recently appeared in the New York Sun:

"Strange as it may appear to the uninitiated, it is in small streams where the water is clear that the long cast is necessary. The angler who moves along the banks of a stream, keeping close to the water, is bound to come home with an empty basket. Trout are as wary as snipe, and the sight of a fisherman or any other man sends them to cover with lightning-like rapidity. The cunning and artistic angler always stands away back from the stream and casts a long line, which must fall upon the water as gently as a hair from a lady's locks."

I have been a close reader of FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and am one of those cranks who read everything written about angling. I have even followed the iridescent scintillations of that genius who wore out the English language in describing the fishing of the North Shore; but I have never read anything about trout anglers standing rods away from some small stream and casting their flies over the intervening shrubs, trees or whatever it may be, so that the fly may alight upon the water without the trout seeing the angler. Why is it we do not have some descriptions of this style of fishing? I call upon contributors to FOREST AND STREAM to shed some light upon this important matter. A few illustrations thrown in, showing how the angler does it, would add greatly to the value of the contributions.

ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

American Fisheries Society.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly permit me to use the columns of your valuable paper to correct a mistake which I made in a contribution sent to the Florida Fisheries Congress.

The article stated that the American Fishculturists' Association (now the American Fisheries Society) was organized in the year 1871. This is a mistake. The association was organized Dec. 20, 1870, at a meeting held in New York city, and on Jan. 20, 1871, the secretary issued the first official publication of the association, being a circular letter addressed to fishculturists and fishermen, asking them to assist Prof. Agassiz in the preparation of his projected work on the American *salmonidae* by sending him specimens of live fish to study and to make drawings from. The first annual meeting of the association was held at Albany, Feb. 7, 1872.

Dr. Edmunds, then Fish Commissioner of Vermont, and the writer are, I think, the only persons now living who attended the meeting of organization held in New York in 1870.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 22.—Time was when fishing through the ice was thought to be a coldly virtuous pursuit against which nothing could be urged but lung balsam. Nowadays professionalism has taken hold of this ancient and honorable amateur method of taking pickerel and colds. At Minnetonka Lake, Minn., this week two market-fishermen at Brown's Bay, one of the arms of that great inland sea, caught 900 lbs. of crappies in four days with hook and line. The slaughter of fish has been a sad one. The State plants fish, for instance, crappies. The market-fishers locate the crappie beds and catch the schools out to the last fish. Thus also with the pike and bass. The result is that Minnetonka is not so very much of a place to go fishing in the summer time, not nearly so good as it used to be. The loophole in the law does the business. It is legal to use one hand line through the ice on Minnetonka, hence all the market-fishers use all the set lines they want. Again, up in Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin, another inland sea whose fish product far outweighs that of Minnetonka, the ice fishing matter meets us. Warden Johnson summoned the county sheriffs to aid him. He burned many miles of nets. He sent one offender, Chas. Lucas, to prison, then went to his house and cut up and burned his fishing smack. Relentlessly the war was waged on those who had been relentless—the prettiest fight in the whole West, where no "concessions" were made, where neither side asked quarter, but both got together and scrapped lovely—and what is the result? The market-fishermen take to night fishing with set hooks and lines through the ice. Their catches are very large—and very legal too as it happens. So long as there is a fish swimming unsold our friend the fish dealer wants him and must have him.

It is all right that fish should be caught and sold for food, for there will always be people of a certain class who care to eat soaked and flabby fish such as you buy in the markets; but there are two systems of market fishing. You may see them both employed in the Lake of the Woods, which is half in the United States and half in Canada. Here the Canadians caught all the sturgeon they wanted, and used nets of 4½ in. mesh, up to 1893. The American fishermen began to use pound nets of 3 in. mesh, which killed many fish smaller than the sturgeon. In 1895, 258 pound nets were in this lake, to say nothing of gill nets. Caviare is 75 cents per pound now and the sturgeon is traveling the same road taken by the wild pigeon. The destruction of game fish is equal. It has been proved that the largest waters can be fished dry. The best stocked covers can be shot out, not in a neighborhood only, but in a State, in a region. Why then do we not go to the barnyard and put to the axe all our chickens, selling them at once for the immediate market. Why set eggs under a querulous hen, having an eye to other fowls and other days of market? Let us abolish the setting hen! Let us realize on veal. Let us forgo the thought of seed time altogether, it is so annoying! Let us continue only to harvest! That is the American spirit in regard to fish and game. I am no Canada-phobic perhaps, but we must all admit that the Canadian view on fish and game has been less marked with generous lunacy than ours.

From such somber themes turn we to merrier and more lightsome matters. Thus, I have news of a great draught of bullheads up in Wisconsin and Beaver Lake (many miles from Kekoskee), where last month one express company carried to market 20,000 lbs. of dressed bullheads, and this month, in ten days, as much more of this succulent product, or some twenty tons of prepared, expurgated, or smileless bullheads from one lake. And bear in mind that the bullhead, shorn of his smile, is foreshortened about one-half. And oddly enough too methinks this is all happening on the lake where, a couple of years ago, the market-fisher and others wanted to save the lives of the bullheads from freezing to death in the lowered waters of the lake—such saving to consist of their seining, skinning and shipping. At the time I said that we might give the benefit of the doubt to the bullhead and let him wrestle with his own problems of ice and low water. Give the bullhead the benefit of anything, even of a doubt, and he shall amply repay you; as witness twenty tons of him smileless, but toothsome.

But about laws and problems and things, how is the following for an explicit editorial statement? It is from the editorial page of our valued contemporary the News, of Geneseo, Ill., which does not believe that our fish laws should be "tamely submitted to" by the market-fishermen of the State, and approves of the recent organization of such fishermen to fight the law (I suppose the law is "unconstitutional"). The News says in part:

"They never bite a hook, these buffalo fish that form 90 per cent. of these food fish. But they must be let alone, because there is here and there a board of trade man or some spindle-shanked dude who wants to fish with a pole and line for supposititious fish that no longer exist in any appreciable numbers in our streams. Men will supply the farmers and citizens with good fresh fish every summer for 5 cents per pound. They are good and wholesome and a relief from a meat diet in the hot weather. The people want the fish; but the law says that they can't have them because a few dudes want to play the waters with hook and line, men who do not own the land nor have any financial interest in the rivers and ponds.

"It is a fine thing, isn't it, when the owner of a sheet of water, the man who bought and paid for it, and who pays taxes upon it, is forbidden to take his own fish, that some spider-legged dandy from Chicago can loll in a boat one or two summer afternoons and 'angle'?" The stranger, the man from town, who pays no taxes on the property, gets the benefit of it.

"Now these fishermen, mostly men along the Illinois River, will meet in Peoria and organize for their own protection and the sensible protection of fish. A good many of these men are in the business for big money, and they have good big money to put up if necessary. All they want is sensible legislation."

I do not know the name of the editor of the News, but he writes with an earnestness which carries with it con-

viction as to the size of his own legs if not of the size of his anything else. I shall not accuse him of small-mindedness, because that wouldn't be polite to a member of the perfish. To the contrary, I should say he very likely had about a 28 in. calf to his leg and was disposed to be proud of it. He is not the first man to mistake fatty substance for argument-producing tissue, and so may peace go with him. And yet, speaking of legs—but perhaps it were as well not to institute odious comparisons.

Over in Grand Rapids, Mich., they have this week raised the salary of the county game warden from \$1 to \$150. This is encouraging, as on a salary of \$1 a year a man could not travel or improve his mind as he should in these progressive days.

Over in Ohio the anglers' club known as the Middle Bass Club has this week concluded to fight the State law which allows gill nets to be set in the shoals in Lake Erie, where the black bass angling was formerly so fine, near Middle Bass Island. Hundreds of tons of black bass were netted last year.

Over in Iowa State Warden Delevan has appointed H. D. Carbee deputy at large, with headquarters at Des Moines. Central Iowa is a country that I know like a book. I have seen its history from plenty to poverty in matters of fish and game. If Deputy Carbee will stop seining, dynamiting and all that sort of thing, so that a man can catch one bass a week in our old fishing stream, the crooked and once prolific Skunk River, he shall have sincere thanks from one who knows every stump of it for many miles. We used to catch fish there.

In Michigan the spear is legal on inland waters, it seems, during December, January, February and March, the time such waters are usually covered with ice. "Through the ice" will be held to mean "through the water" also, as the law is held to mean that the spear may be used then, ice or no ice. About the last two weeks in March, when the spawning bass begin to run, won't the spearers be busy!

Warden Osborne, of Michigan, says that over 3,000 miles of nets are in use in Michigan waters. Enough to fence in the State.

As it is in Arcadie.

Jan. 29.—At Arcadia, Wis., the market fishers have been living in a blissful dream of simple, illegal delights, until last week a harsh German warden by name of Chris Voeght jarred them out of their dream. Some of the ice fishers had runs of sixty to 100 set lines out, but now they have more.

On Winnebago waters, also in Wisconsin, Warden Johnson had a little sleigh ride last week. Results: sixty-four gill nets, twelve spears, 700 lbs. of fish and five law-breakers.

Out in Iowa, on the beautiful and once prolific lake called Clear Lake, such a thing as respect for the law has been long unknown. The Commercial Club, an organization of business men, has secured the appointment of Deputy Warden Jas. Price, who is expected to check the illegal practices of the past.

In Missouri the work of protection is great and growing. In December and January 118 convictions have been obtained in Taney county alone for violations of the fish laws. The White River, which was recently full of fish traps, has now been cleared out. In doing this the novel but efficient means was adopted of bringing action in the United States courts for "obstruction of navigation" of a navigable stream. When Uncle Sam gets after them the law-breakers are not so contumacious.

The Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club last week secured the arrest of Gillie Barnes and John Markham for spear-fishing, and will push the case to the limit.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Iowa Fish Stocking.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.—Beyond a doubt Gov. Shaw will reappoint Geo. E. Delevan, of Estherville, fish warden. The following figures show the good work accomplished in 1897. The marked success in the distribution of small fry was largely due to the new fish car constructed at this place last winter. Fish were sent: Spirit Lake 155,000, Okiboji 155,000, Des Moines River 250,000, Clear Lake 125,000, Maquoketa River 115,000, Wapsipinicon River 125,000, Buffalo River 63,000; total, 1,088,000.

November—Storm Lake 250,000, Clear Lake 125,000, Wapsipinicon 125,000, Clear Rapids (Cedar) 125,000, Waterloo (Cedar) 125,000, Osage (Cedar) 150,000; total, 900,000; grand total, 1,988,000.

The Cedar River at this place was overlooked this year; however, we are quite content with the 25,000 wall-eyed pike placed in our stream one-half mile below the city mills in 1896. No doubt the coming summer their presence will be "felt."

The bays, bayous and lagoons along the Mississippi have furnished nearly the whole of the output of '97, and best of all, a large percentage will be ready for the hook next season.

VANE SIMMONDS.

Florida West Coast.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Jan. 22.—I see it reported that John Gomez, of Panther Key, celebrated his 120th birthday on Jan. 4. He and his venerable wife went to Everglade to attend a Christmas tree entertainment. Mr. Gomez is probably the oldest man in Florida. He and his wife are in excellent health, and have the promise of a long life yet.

I expect to start in about two weeks for an extended cruise south. I shall endeavor to call at Panther Key, and will inform FOREST AND STREAM of the result.

We are having delightful weather; the fish are biting well, while the hunters are getting good returns for their time and shells. Quite a number of deer have been gathered in by local sportsmen, and the visitors are well pleased with the quail shooting.

We have about recovered from our scare at the recent cold wave, and have concluded we were more frightened than hurt. Nothing but the most tender plants were injured, while most of the oranges had been gathered.

TARPON.

"The Same Gentleman."

From the Martinsburg (W. Va.) Democrat.

BETWEEN the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock on Tuesday night last people residing in the neighborhood of King and Raleigh streets were startled by a war of words between George M. Bowers and his brother, John S. Bowers, who are not on amicable terms. This wordy contest soon resulted in a fisticuff, in which a severe wound was inflicted by George M. Bowers upon his brother, extending almost from ear to ear. So severe was the injury that the services of Dr. Morison were required to dress the wound, as the injured brother bled profusely. No arrests were made.

This is the same gentleman who is a candidate for Fish Commissioner of the United States.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

March 15.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

F. T. A. Stake.

THERE were eight starters in the contest for championship honors in the Field Trial Champion Association's stake, which commenced on Jan. 24 at New Albany, Miss. The judges were Messrs. Edm. H. Osthaus and S. C. Bladley, well-known experts, who have officiated before most satisfactorily as judges of field trials. Mr. W. W. Titus had also consented to act as one of the judges, but owing to illness of some of his dogs he was not present. The competition was skillfully conducted, as might be anticipated under such experienced management.

It was decided that in the first series two heats would be run each day, for the reason that there was insufficient ground on which to run four heats in one day, and on the other hand, if three heats were run, the dogs running on the following day would be at a disadvantage when brought against competitors which had rested. By running two heats on each day, the dogs were brought together on equitable terms on the third day.

Tony Gale won first. He made a most excellent competition. He ranged fast, wide and with spirit. He found successfully, and his pointing had but little of the false work which so often has marred his pointing in other competitions. However, it may be mentioned that the cool and damp weather conditions were most favorable for good point work. He competed with great dash and industry.

The four dogs retained in the second series were the strongest competitors in the stake. Tony most effectually defeated Pin Money. He was more successful than she in finding, was sharper in his work on single birds, and ranged entirely on his own judgment. Pin Money at times in crossing his trail would follow it by scent till she caught up, then would cast out to the right or left some yards from him, keeping him in sight and guiding her range by him. Again she would work quite independently. She also much of the time was frivolous in her seeking, and her ranging was lacking in good judgment.

Cincinnatus Pride and Marie's Sport were fast and dashing rangers. Pride displayed pronounced superiority on birds. His last heat was run in part through some very unfavorable grounds.

We thought a final heat between Tony and Pride would have made a more definite conclusion.

The attendance of spectators was not large. Mr. H. B. Ledbetter, Mr. Edw. A. Burdett, Mr. Hobart Ames and wife, Boston; Dr. Russell and wife, Keene, N. H.; W. B. Stafford, the secretary; Dr. M. F. Rogers, C. A. Draper, and many local sportsmen.

The competition was conducted with rare skill. The dogs were handled quietly in most instances. There was a most commendable improvement in the professional handling as compared with prior professional events. It would seem that the day of scrambling and noisy handling is gone, for which all should be thankful. The noise and rush belonged to an old school which does not fit into the new conditions, hence the sooner the loud and constant bawling and senseless whistling is entirely discarded the better.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

Edw. A. Burdett's b. w. and t. setter dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), George Richards, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. C. Kennels' b. b. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Edw. A. Burdett's b. w. and t. setter bitch Ann of Abbottsford, George Richards, handler, with H. B. Ledbetter's b. w. and t. setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), George Gray, handler.

Fred Kennels' b. w. and t. setter dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Club's l. and w. pointer dog Tippoo (Rio Rap—Monterev), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Charles B. Pineo's blk. and w. pointer dog Young Rio Rap (Rio Rap—Pearl's Dot), George Gray, handler, with Ashford & Odom's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fanny V. Croxteth), J. M. Avent, handler.

This stake was for pointers and setters which had been placed in any public field trial. First forfeit, \$15; \$15 additional to start. Entries closed Dec. 15, excepting for dogs which won a prize in a field trial after that date. The prize was a sweepstake of entry fees, less the expense of judging. The heats in the first series were two hours in length; in the second series, one hour.

Monday.

The morning was delightfully cool and clear, the sun

shining bright, and all the weather signs indicated a warm day. However, toward noon the sky darkened, the atmosphere had a feeling of rain, and birds were difficult to find. There was but a limited number of spectators following the trials.

Cincinnatus Pride and Pin Money were cast off at 9:32. The horses flushed a bevy which one of the dogs should have pointed; Pin passed close by it. Pin pointed twice in the open; Pride backed; nothing found. Sent on. In the open field Pride, in attempting to locate a bevy which was scattered about feeding, flushed a single, then pointed the bevy. Sent on. Pin found and pointed three bevies. She roaded up wind on the last one and pointed. After she moved on, Pride took up the roading in the same places and pointed. He drew on and lost the trail also. Both dogs were roading on the back track. Pin further down wind found and pointed the birds in some light cover. Pin made one point on scattered birds; Pride made two. He showed greater steadiness of purpose and better judgment in ranging than did Pin Money. The latter followed him at times and seemed to be frivolous in her ranging, though finding well. Both went wide and fast. Pin outfound Pride in the search for bevies, and displayed steadiness on point. Both were going well at the end of the two hours.

An interesting trap-shoot, in which nearly all the shooters participated, whiled away pleasantly the mid-day hours.

Marie's Sport and Ann of Abbottsford were cast off at 1:50. Nothing can be said in praise of Ann's performance. She was unreliable and sloppy in her point work, and her range was poorly conducted. Sport pointed a bevy in open sedge; Ann went by him and pointed the same bevy. Ann pointed a rabbit and Sport backed. Sport flushed a single. Ann made two flushes on singles, one being made after she pointed the bird. Sent on. In sedge, the conditions being favorable for point work, Ann flushed part of a bevy and was unsteady to wing. A moment afterward she flushed the remaining birds. Soon she flushed a single. Sport dropped to a point in the open field; then he roaded to a point on the running birds. Ann further ahead a few yards pointed some of the same bevy. Sport did thus a fairly good piece of work. The find was Sport's. Sent on again in search of bevies, Sport found and pointed one; Ann soon after pointed on the same bevy. A lot of unfavorable ground was then worked without finding. Ann was tiring toward the close of the heat and her range and speed were reduced. Sport also was covering less ground and required ordering sometimes to keep him working outward. He dropped to nearly all his points. On point and back he was reliably steady. All Ann's work was done in a slovenly, unreliable manner.

Tuesday.

There was a heavy rainstorm during the night and morning. Torrents fell. There were signs of clearing up toward 10 o'clock, and a start was made for the grounds, which were found to be very muddy in places. A high wind set in later, the sun shone forth clear and bright, and the grounds dried up rapidly. Birds were found at times in fairly good numbers, but the finding in most instances represented diligent work.

Tony Gale and Tippoo began at 11:14. The heat was a very one-sided competition, Tony excelling in every respect over his competitor. His heat would have been one of remarkably good work had he not marred it by some false pointing. He first made a point and moved on. After ranging a while he made a good point on a bevy in woods, and next made four good points on singles; Tippoo made one. Sent on. After ranging awhile Tony was lost. After some searching he was found dropped on point, to which Rose flushed a bevy. He had not gone off the course to make the find. Sent on. Tony found and pointed a bevy nicely and Tip backed. Each got two points on the scattered birds. Tony next made two firm points, to which nothing was found. In woods Tony next flushed or pointed a bevy. When the judges reached him he was on point, but the birds had flown. Tippoo pointed a single bird. His range was middling and he had poor success in finding. Tony dropped on nearly all his points.

Von Gull and Young Rip Rap were started at 2:12, immediately after lunch. Their work was largely out of bounds and abounded in errors. Both were fast, staying out at their work, but they showed little interest in working to the gun. In the beginning Von showed unsteadiness on a single bird. Soon afterward he was lost in woods, and when found was pointing a bevy. His working alone secured three points on the scattered birds. Rip was worked on the scattered birds and he made a good point. The handlers were brought together and the heat was more formally resumed. Von flushed a bevy. Next in a wet bottom Rip pointed a single at the same time it flushed. Next Von flushed a bevy and Rip flushed a single. Next Von made two single bird points, Rip joining in one. Rip flushed a single. Sent on. In weeds, both dogs close together, a bevy was seen to flush close by Rip, and Von showed a bit of unsteadiness in one closely passing single bird. No part of the heat ran smoothly. There was more or less trouble in keeping the dogs to the courses. The point work in quality was partly good, but there were many bad errors in it. Neither dog was running in good field form so far as working to the gun and clean point work are concerned.

Wednesday.

The weather was cool and cloudy at the start, but soon the sun shone betimes, producing a comfortable warmth. The work was commendably good. All the dogs cast wide. There was a pleasing finish to the stake, in that the competition was well sustained in the closing heats.

Third Round.

Tony Gale and Pin Money began at 9:34. Both dogs ranged fast and wide. Pin following Tony at times instead of ranging independently. Tony pointed a bevy nicely and Pin backed. Sent on, Pin was lost for a few minutes. When found she was pointing a bevy well. Sent on. Tony made a firm point, Pin backed; nothing found. They were again sent on to search for bevies. Tony found and pointed a bevy well and Pin backed.

On the scattered birds Tony pointed a single nicely and Pin, in thick cover, made two points, presumably on footscent. In thick weeds Tony pointed a single and Pin coming in close by pointed the same single. The heat ended at the end of the hour with everything in favor of Tony excepting the matter of speed.

Cincinnatus Pride and Marie's Sport were cast off at 10:42. Pride pointed in weeds by narrow strip of cover; then he drew about, showing every sign of being on game, but he failed to locate. Sent on. A long stretch of unfavorable ground was worked. Pride pointed a bevy in cornfield, and Sport backed unreliably. Sport dropped to a point on a single in sedge. Pride pointed some birds of the bevy or a new bevy. Sport pointed a sparrow. Sent on. Pride made a good point on a bevy in pines; next he made a point on a single and Sport backed poorly. The dogs were ordered up at 11:43 to cross some unsuitable ground. The heat was resumed at 11:54. Sport dropped to a point on a bevy in open sedge; Pride backed after passing close by the birds and taking a circle about Sport. The heat ended at 12:12.

New York Show.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—In addition to the special prizes already forwarded you we have received the following:

The Poodle Club of America offers \$10 each for the best poodle bitch over 35lbs., and the one over 20lbs. and not exceeding 35lbs.; \$5 for best under 20lbs.; open to members only.

Mrs. C. F. Stead offers a cup for the best American-bred poodle dog (black) sired by Emperor, exhibited by a member of the Poodle Club.

The Brunswick Fur Club offers \$10 for the best American foxhound; open to all.

The American Pet Dog Club offers silver cups for the best sporting dog and best non-sporting dog, and a trophy for the best greyhound; open to members only.

William Gould Brokaw, Esq., offers four cups, value \$100 each, for pointers born on or after Jan. 1, 1892, the property of members of the Pointer Club. The cups, which will be known as the Brokaw challenge cups, are to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, and must be won twice by the same exhibitor, not necessarily with the same dog, before becoming the absolute property of the winners. The disposition of the cups is: For the best heavy-weight pointer dog, heavy-weight pointer bitch, light-weight pointer dog, light-weight pointer bitch.

Mr. E. A. Woodward, of Middleton, O., formerly of Chicago, will judge bulldogs.

Feb. 5 is the date of closing entries.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

Kansas City Show.

REGARDLESS of the controversy regarding the dates, the Kansas City Kennel Club will hold its bench show on the dates first claimed, i. e., March 15-18, and now has its premium list on the press, and it will be ready to mail in about ten days.

Besides a great number of specials, it will give \$1,568 in cash and an additional \$100, divided 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent., for the agent or exhibitor making the largest number of entries.

While our judges have not yet been entirely decided upon, we expect to have Mr. James Mortimer, of New York; Miss Anna Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass., and Mr. James Graham, of St. Louis.

When we open the show we will have a cash guaranty and cash on hand of about \$2,000. It will certainly be plenty to meet all obligations, regardless of weather or conditions.

St. Paul has taken St. Louis dates, which will make up the Western circuit of St. Paul, Kansas City, Cedar Rapids.

A. E. ASHBROOK.

A Massachusetts Fox Trick.

THE East and West Longmeadow Fox Club has a limited membership of a half-dozen men and as many hounds. They have captured twenty-six foxes since October. Answering a question recently from the village blacksmith as to what the hounds were doing the day before on the railroad track, the Senator, one of the club members, replied: "We got a fox up soon after putting out the dogs at the foot of the hill by the sulphur spring. They started east on Mill Hills, but soon came back and on to the meadows and away over the river on the ice, while we kept them in hearing most of the time from the bluffs. Returning, however, an hour or so later, and being pushed pretty hard by the dogs, the fox—for he was an old chap and a cunning one—coming to the railroad again, took to the rail to bother the dogs and kept that course for more than a half mile without leaving a track in the snow, as far as we could discover. On the iron rail, you know, the fox leaves but little scent, especially after a train has passed over it. That is when you heard the dogs. They were just figuring out where the fox left the rail. The dogs found it themselves at last without being caught up by a train, as the old fox no doubt wished, and as we were afraid. That old fellow is now through with his little games. We got over on the river bank in his way and bowled him over just before noon, as he was making for over the river again, where he belonged. He was a fine, dark red fellow, elegant brush well tipped with white—would weigh a dozen pounds easy!"—*Springfield Republican*.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

While running in the U. S. F. T. C. trials Pin Money injured her tail severely on a barbed wire, a wound several inches in length being made near the end. It was so serious that it was thought for a while that amputation of the injured part would be necessary. Her owners, on account of this injury, decided not to run her in the Continental Club's all-age stake and the stake of the Champion Association.

Mr. Charles Tucker's string of dogs became infected

with distemper at West Point, Miss., leaving only one of his entries free from the attack. As the disease might be conveyed to other competing dogs if he ran, he decided not to start. Count Gloster had a severe attack, but we are pleased to say he was improving, according to last reports.

The Verona Kennels have purchased Count Gladstone IV., the price being \$1,400.

Mr. John Davidson has been engaged to judge all classes at the forthcoming bench show of the Western Canada Kennel Club. Entries will be received by E. R. Collier, Hon. Sec'y, Box 562; up to Feb. 5. Everything promises favorably for a successful show.

The matter of correct detail in the French bulldog's ear bids fair to rank with such international matters as the Cuban rebellion, the sealing question, the annexation of Hawaii, etc. The French Bulldog Club has abandoned the Westminster Kennel Club to its fate, and the latter will now have to struggle along as best it can without the newcomers. The French Bulldog Club will hold a show of its own, where the ears will have the true conventional consideration. This function will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mrs. Hobart Ames, of Boston, and Mrs. B. Russell, of Keene, N. H., were enthusiastic followers of the trials at New Albany, Miss., they proving to be the better halves in their unflagging interest in the competition and resolute riding across the good and bad of the grounds. Some of the ditches, ragged, soft and more or less filled with water from the heavy rains, and the soft fields also, were not of the easiest to negotiate with horses of a conservative turn of mind.

Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus goes to Florida some day this week, where he will enjoy the climate and the good shooting, painting good pictures between times.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Harold, Pittsburg, Pa.—We cannot advise you as to selection of a gun. We own three of different makes, and they are all good. And there are others.

J. E. H., Waterbury, Conn.—We can give you no idea as to how sparrows are caught. Write to Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

L. H. C., Albany, N. Y.—Entries must be made on or before March 17, by sending \$10 as forfeit to John L. Lequin, secretary Hazard Powder Company, 44 Cedar street, New York city. Post entries call for \$5 more. Programmes will be out about Feb. 10.

S. P. L., Scranton, Pa.—The magautrap was invented by Arthur Jenkins, of Norristown, Pa., not by Paul North. The Cleveland Target Company has, however, made several improvements on the original design. The correct pronunciation is magautrap, with the emphasis on the "mag." The word is a compound one, coined, we believe, by Mr. North, and is made up of the italicized syllables of the words *magazine*, *automatic*, *trap*.

Yachting.

The Canoe-Yacht Eel.

DIMENSIONS OF EEL.	
Length, over all.....	21ft.
Length, l.w.l.....	19ft.
Beam, extreme.....	7ft. 3in.
Beam, l.w.l.....	6ft.
Draft of hull.....	2ft.
Draft with plate.....	4ft. 10in.
Freeboard, least.....	1ft. 6in.
Freeboard, at bow.....	2ft. 9in.
Freeboard at stern.....	2ft.
Height of coamings.....	10in.
Height in cabin.....	3ft. 9½in.
Iron keel.....	1,370lbs.
Lead inside.....	840lbs.
Centerplate.....	280lbs.
Total ballast.....	2,490lbs.
Displacement.....	3,970lbs.
Area of mainsail.....	175sq.ft.
Area of mizzen.....	50sq.ft.
Area of jib.....	60sq.ft.

* Total sail area..... 285sq.ft.

L.W.L. plane, area.....	75.26sq.ft.
Lateral plane, hull.....	31.66sq.ft.
Lateral plane, centerboard.....	7.00sq.ft.
Lateral plane, rudder.....	6.20sq.ft.

Total.....	44.86sq.ft.
Midship section, area.....	5.80sq.ft.
Station O to midship section.....	10.00ft.
Station O to C. B.....	9.86ft.
Station O to C. L. R.....	10.25ft.
Station O to C. E.....	10.00ft.
Station O to mainmast.....	4.00ft.
Station O to mizzen.....	19.00ft.
Mainmast, deck to hounds.....	18ft. 3in.
Mainmast, diameter at deck.....	4½in.
Mizzenmast, deck to hounds.....	9ft.
Mizzenmast, diameter at deck.....	3½in.
Bowsprit, beyond Station O.....	4ft. 9in.
Bowsprit, diameter at stemhead.....	3½in.
Boomkin, beyond Station 12.....	3ft. 7in.
Boomkin, diameter.....	3in.
Spinnaker boom.....	12ft.

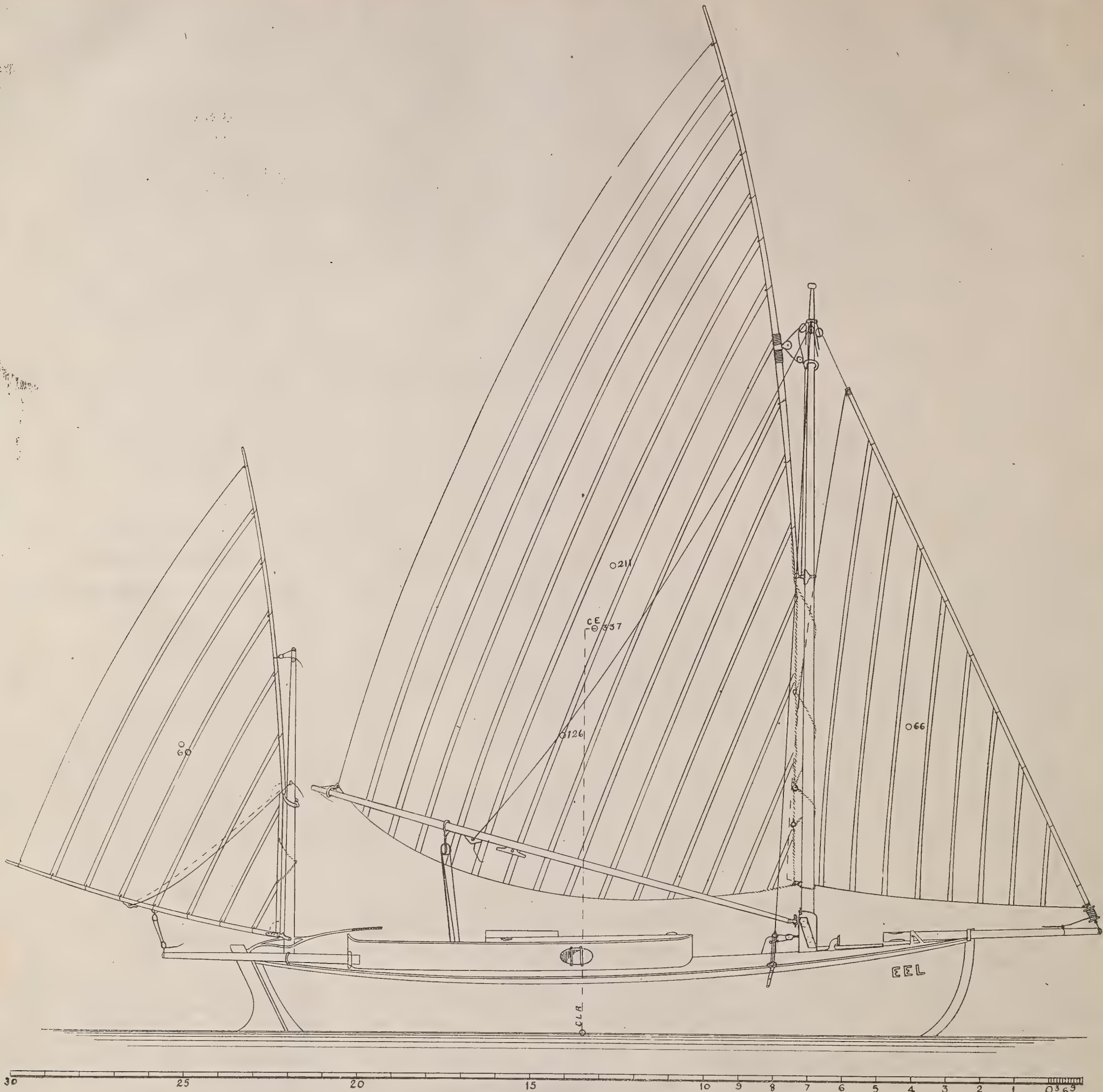
* The rig shown in the sail plan measures as follows:

Mainsail.....	211sq.ft.
Jib.....	66sq.ft.
Mizzen.....	60sq.ft.

Total..... 337sq.ft.

The construction and arrangement are clearly shown in the detailed drawings. The hull is very strongly built for rough sea work and hoisting, handling in locks, etc. The cockpit is small, but 4ft. square, not merely to give as much room as possible in the cabin, but as an additional element of safety in rough water. Though the floor is below the l.w.l., a powerful pump takes care of any water that may find its way below. The fixed thwart outside the door forms an extra closet in the cabin. The house has four windows, one on each side and two in the fore end, and with a mushroom ventilator in the roof is well lighted and aired. Extra ventilation is provided for by the holes, marked VVVV, in the sides of the tabernacle, the after end of the lid being slightly raised; but this was not needed. The rudder is strengthened by a doubling piece of lin. stuff on each side of the main part, extending down to the l.w.l. In order to clear the mizzenmast, the tiller is built with a very wide crook, which is double, forming an oval ring around the mast.

The tabernacle, a necessity for bridge work, is a strongly built box, of 1½in. oak, projecting above the deck and open on its fore



CANOE-YACHT EEL.

EEL TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Measurements to outside of plank and deck. Measurements in feet, inches and eighths.

STATIONS	HEIGHTS.				HALF BREADTHS.											
	Keel, Bottom.	Rabbit.	Deck at Side.	Deck at Center.	Level Lines.								Rabbit.	Diagonals.		
					Deck.	C	B	A	L.W. L.	W. 1	W. 2	W. 3		D 1	D 2	D 3
Stem.....		4 8 ⁶	4 8 ⁶	4 8 ⁶	1 ²	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²	0 ²	1 ²	0 ⁵	0 ⁴	0 ⁴
0.....	2	2 4	4 7 ²	4 7 ⁷	9 ²	6 ⁷	5 ⁰	2 ³	0 ²	1 ²	8 ³	7 ⁴	5 ⁵
1.....	1 1 ³	1 4 ³	4 4 ⁵	4 6 ³	1 8 ⁶	1 6 ²	1 8 ⁷	1	7	2 ⁴	1 ²	1 7 ³	1 5	1 1 ⁷
2.....	7 ⁶	10 ⁶	4 2 ¹	4 5	2 4 ⁵	2 2 ⁷	2 0 ⁵	1 9	1 3 ³	9 ¹	8 ¹	2	2 3 ⁴	1 11 ⁵	1 7 ⁶
3.....	4 ¹	7 ⁷	3 11 ⁶	4 3 ⁵	2 10 ⁴	2 9 ³	2 7 ⁵	2 4 ⁶	1 10 ³	1 3 ³	7 ⁷	2 ⁵	3 ⁷	2 9 ⁷	2 4 ⁵	1 11 ⁶
4.....	1 ⁵	7	3 9 ⁷	4 4 ⁵	3 3	3 2 ³	3 1 ²	2 10 ⁶	2 5 ⁶	1 8 ⁶	11 ⁵	5 ³	6	3 3 ¹	2 8 ²	2 2 ²
5.....	0 ³	6 ⁴	3 8 ³	4 1 ⁴	3 5 ⁶	3 5 ³	3 4 ³	3 2 ¹	2 10	2 0 ⁴	1 2	7	7 ⁴	3 6 ¹	2 10 ³	2 3 ⁵
6.....		6	3 7 ¹	4 0 ⁵	3 6 ⁸	3 6 ⁶	3 6 ¹	3 4 ²	3 0 ⁴	2 2 ⁴	1 2 ⁶	7 ⁶	8	3 7 ⁷	2 11 ²	2 4
7.....		5 ⁸	3 6 ³	3 11 ⁷	3 6 ⁷	3 6 ⁷	3 6 ⁴	3 4 ⁷	3 1 ¹	2 3 ³	1 1 ⁷	7 ²	7	3 8 ⁴	2 11 ⁴	2 3 ⁵
8.....		5 ³	3 6 ¹	3 11 ¹	3 5 ⁶	3 5 ⁶	3 5 ³	3 3 ⁵	2 11 ⁴	2 1 ³	11 ¹	5 ¹	5 ²	3 7 ³	2 10 ²	2 2 ²
9.....		4 ⁷	3 6 ³	3 10 ⁷	3 3 ¹	3 3 ¹	3 2 ⁴	3 0 ²	2 6 ⁴	1 6 ¹	7 ³	3 ⁵	3 ³	3 4 ³	2 7 ⁵	2 0 ¹
10.....	0 ⁴	4 ³	3 7 ¹	3 10 ⁵	2 10 ⁶	2 10 ⁵	2 9 ³	2 6	1 10 ⁴	10 ³	9 ⁶	2 ¹	2	2 11	2 3 ⁶	1 8 ⁶
11.....	1 ⁵	4 ⁷	3 8 ⁴	3 10 ⁷	2 3 ³	2 3	2 1 ¹	1 8 ³	11 ³	4	1 ⁵	1 ³	1 ²	2 3 ⁶	1 10	1 4 ³
12.....		2 5 ³	3 10 ³	3 11 ²	1 2 ⁶	1 1 ³	9	1 ³	0 ⁵	1 ²	1 2 ⁴	10 ⁴	5 ⁷
Stern.....		3 11 ⁴	3 11 ⁴	3 11 ⁴	1 ²	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	0 ⁵	1 ²	0 ⁶	0 ⁶	0 ⁶

side. The mast pivots on a shaft, G, and is supported by the forestay. The heel is fastened by a stout iron wedge, M, and the iron band, E, thus keeping the heel from swinging forward. The mizzenmast steps in a plain wooden mast box. The roller jib is shown in detail. The roller is of pine or spruce, 1½ in. in diameter. It is ploughed out to form a circular groove at the center, and a movable slip, H, is fitted to fill the remainder of the groove. This slip is held in place by the lashing of the sail. At the lower end of the roller is a brass reel, on which is

wound the rolling line. The roller and reel are shipped on the wire forestay, which is shackled to the bowsprit iron; the sail is lashed to the roller, holding the slip, H, in place, and the rolling line is made fast to the reel. The line must lead fairly from the reel to a fairleader on the bowsprit and must always be kept rather taut; by slacking the jib sheet and hauling on the rolling line, the jib rolls neatly around the roller and may be reefed to any required size or stowed entirely. By slacking the rolling line steadily and at the same time hauling on the jib sheet, the sail may be set.

The mainsheet block is of a Dutch pattern, the toe, D, being used to hook the fall under, in place of a fixed cleat. There is no opportunity to use a fixed traveler, and the sheet is made fast to the thwart. The mast ring or traveler is shown in detail. A jointed iron ring with lugs forged on to form a block; a loop on the lower side takes the upper end of a flexible wire pendant supporting the heel of the yard. The yard is fitted with a strap of copper, lashed to it with wire, in which is pinned a metal block, A. At the masthead is a double block for the two parts of the halyard, the hauling part, 1, and the purchase, 2, the latter being seldom needed. The mast ring and also the jaws of the mizzen yard are leathered and greased.

The yacht handles well under every combination, of three sails, main and mizzen, mainsail only, or mizzen and jib. She is sailed a full inch below the designed l.w.l., with the amount of inside ballast given in the table. She carries 25 fathoms of 5-16 in. chain, galvanized; a 2¼ in. warp and two anchors—one of 20 lbs., long in the shank and broad and sharp in the flukes, and an extra one of 30 lbs., seldom used. A 12 ft. sweep is carried, with a crutch on the starboard side, as shown, and one on the port quarter, for sculling. The bowsprit and boomkin are ordinary handspikes, of American hickory, very tough and strong. The tender is a 7 ft. dinghy, of 3 ft. 6 in. beam, designed by Mr. Holmes, and rejoicing in the name of Snig.

Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With the abolition of time allowance, the measurement question is simplified. Two questions only remain—classification, and regulations to insure the building of safe and commodious yachts.

To be fairly matched against each other, yachts in the same class should have the same sail spread; and this is sufficient classification.

Whenever the members of a club can agree in defining a desirable type of yacht with respect to safety and accommodation, in terms of length, beam, draft and displacement (and this is the easiest way to define it), the building of such yachts may easily be enforced.

The writer's present purpose, however, is not so much to restate this view in these columns as to cite a modern instance. It has been objected that it is both wrong in principle and impracticable to make arbitrary restrictions the basis of measurement rules. It is now announced that the race committees of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have arranged a race for the international challenge cup under the following measurement rule:

"There shall be no time allowance. Sail area shall not exceed 500 ft. L.W.L. length shall not exceed 17.76 ft. Draft shall not exceed 5 ft."

This is the whole thing; and it promises to give an interesting race.

Manatee, steam yacht, formerly Mischief, has been sold by A. C. Box to W. R. Ellison, J. H. Carstairs and A. M. Taylor.

Through the Sound in an Oyster Sloop.

(Continued from page 54).

DURING our walk along the beach, Stanley and I saw many snipe and plover. They were so wild, however, that there was no chance to get a shot at them. We stopped awhile and examined the lifeboat, which lay on the beach in front of the station. As we saw no one whom we could question, we continued our stroll. Soon Stanley spied a large flock of plover, and while he was trying to stalk them I lay down on the sand.

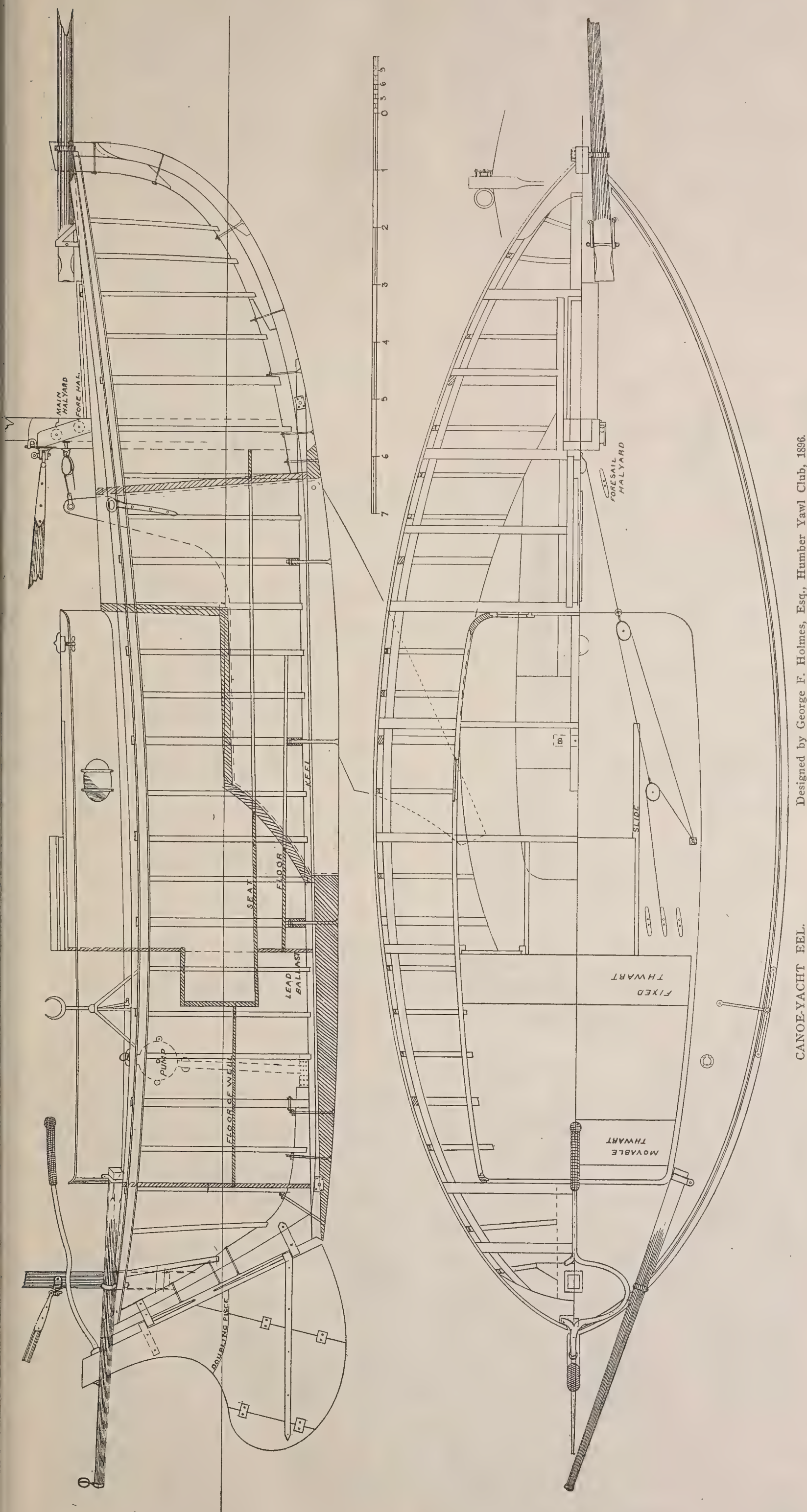
What a privilege thus to lie—free from worry and care, and the sound of clanking hammers, and the rush, whirl and grind of machinery. What a blessing to bask in the golden rays of the evening sun, falling in warm, mellow bars aslant the snowy beach, and scintillating on the sapphired sea. What sublime awe fills the soul while listening to the solemn voice of the mighty deep, thundering on the sands. How grateful to drink deep drafts of the delicious, sea-scented air beneath the cloudless heavens. What charms abound in the woods and mountains, and on the plains; by mirroring lakes and rushing rivers; on the banks of singing brooks, and by the sides of brawling torrents. But, priceless as are these charms to me, they dim and vanish when compared to the enchanting beauties and deep, solemn grandeur of the boundless sea.

A sudden shot awakened me from my dreaming, and I glanced in the direction Stanley had taken. He was standing erect, gun in hand, about 300 yds. away. A thin, blue streak of smoke, trailing away to one side, showed that he had been burning powder. That he had burned it in vain was plainly evident, for he soon dropped the butt of his gun to the sand and gazed wistfully after a flock of plover that were flitting through the misty curtain which overhung the surf. He watched until the plover faded from view, then slowly walked to the side of a dark object imbedded in the sand. He examined the object for a moment, then motioned to me.

When I reached Stanley's side I found him examining the timbers of a wrecked schooner, which were partly buried in the sand. She had been a large vessel, and the sound appearance of her timbers showed that she was nearly new when wrecked.

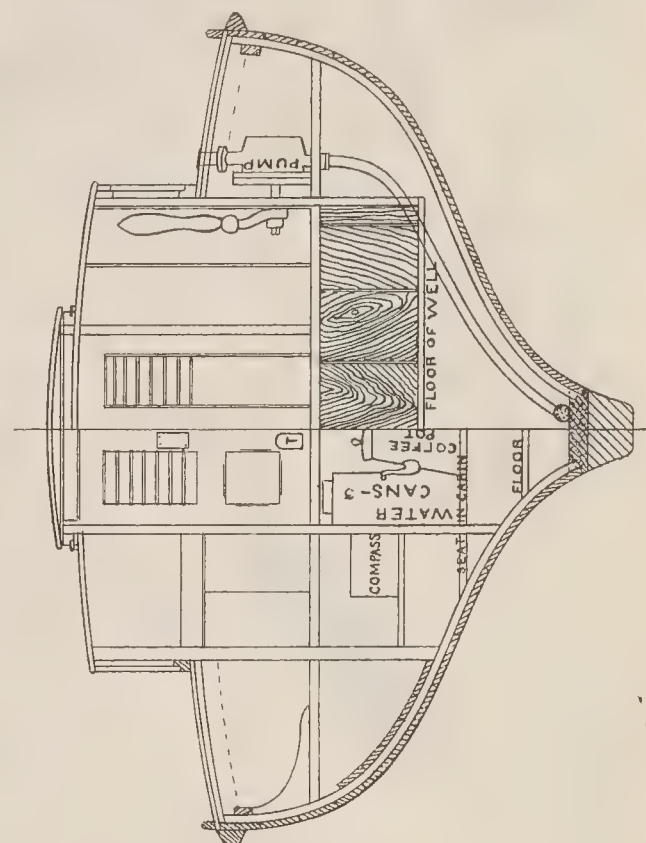
The sun had set when we left the side of the wreck and started over the sandy hills in the direction where Susie was anchored. In a hollow between two hills we found the whitened skeleton of a whale. It puzzled us somewhat to account for its presence there, as sandhills fully 50 ft. high lay between the bones and the ocean. We agreed that it might have been carried there piecemeal by the fishermen. I carried one of the bones, which was fully 10 in. in diameter, a short distance, then I dropped it. I have always felt sorry since for not having saved it.

After wading through sand, mud and water for a distance of two miles or more, and nearly being devoured by clouds of voracious mosquitoes, we finally arrived at a point opposite Susie. We felt



Designed by George F. Holmes, Esq., Humber Yawl Club, 1896.

CANOE-YACHT EEL.



grateful indeed when "Bub" rowed over to us and set us aboard, for it was nearly dark, and the anchor light was burning.

Above the scent of burning yellow pine, which created a smoke so dense that it was utterly impossible to enter the cabin, we could smell steaming clams. Sam had dug them with his hands out of the mud. They proved to be very large and tender, and helped materially in supplying us with a very bountiful supper. When we had paid tired and hungry mariners' respects to the meal, all hands betook themselves to early rest, and we were soon deep in the land of dreams.

We were astir bright and early next morning. The indications for clear weather were not the best. It was cloudy and a light fog covered the water's surface. After breakfast, however, the fog lifted and drifted away, although it still remained cloudy. Under such conditions it would be impossible to obtain a picture of the fishermen going out in their boats through the surf; therefore my trip to the beach with my camera had to be abandoned. I regretted this exceedingly, as I would have liked very much to have obtained some views of that interesting section of Long Island.

As the wind was southwest—therefore fair—we decided to make a start for Shagwong Reef. Sail was soon hoisted, and, after getting under way, we were not long in passing out of the harbor. We noticed that the fishing sloops seen by us the afternoon before had gone out ahead of us. As the tide was lower than when we entered, the reefs showed so plainly that it seemed as though we would surely strike before reaching deep water. Nothing of the kind happened, however, and when the last bush was passed the sloop was squared away on her course for the reef.

Trolling lines were brought on deck, and as the breeze was about of the right strength, two or three were allowed to trail over the stern. On account of the almost countless number of lobster buoys, a sharp lookout had to be kept on the lines. Natty-looking fishing sloops were also very numerous, and when we were off Fort Pond Bay we noticed a large fleet of them fishing in the vicinity of Shagwong Reef. Although we trolled over the whole distance from Napeague Bay to the reef, still we caught nothing.

We were somewhat disappointed at our failure, thus far on the trip, to catch any fish or to get even a strike. Sam's father and youngest brother had taken the trip a month before, and in the twelve days they were away they caught over a ton of fish. We therefore had absorbed large ideas as to the number and weight we would catch, and from what I had heard and read I had almost come to believe that they would be glad to jump aboard of their own accord. We never dreamed we would troll nine or ten miles and not get so much as a nibble.

By the time the reef was reached, deep-water lines had been overhauled, and clams and winkles had been brought on deck from the hold. Then hooks were baited and we eagerly awaited the time to begin fishing. It came at last, and after running the sloop well up to the bell-buoy which marks the north end of the reef, we rounded her into the wind. Jib-sheet was then cast off, and Susie was allowed to drift with the flood tide along the edge of the reef.

Our lines were no sooner in the water than the fish commenced to bite, and we were kept busy hauling them in. They proved to be mostly porgies, but now and then a stray blackfish or flounder would be hauled aboard. By the time the sloop had drifted to the end of the reef the fish stopped biting. We then sailed back to the buoy and made another drift.

Susie rolled and pitched on the long, swinging ocean swell, and the jaws of the gaff and boom groaned and squeaked. The jib-boom swung wildly back and forth across the bows, while the sails rattled, and the cordage beat lively tattoos against the mast and rigging—and we fished, and fished, and fished. We made half a dozen drifts along the reef, and wiggling, flapping fish covered our decks. The thought then occurred to us that we were fishing for sport—not slaughter. We had more fish than we could possibly use for the present, so we decided to try for a bluefish or two, then give it up for that day.

The fleet, which we had thought was fishing on Shagwong Reef,

we found was farther in shore than it had looked to be. We could also see that the boats were after bluefish. Two sloops had been sailing back and forth near the reef while we were fishing, and we saw their crews take bluefish after bluefish. Try as we would, however, we couldn't get even a strike. It was extremely exasperating to see those two sloops trailing four lines each astern, and taking fish which made the water fly as they were hauled in, and not be able to catch one ourselves. We finally became disgusted, wound up our lines and squared away for Block Island.

Montauk Point was abeam at 12 o'clock, and the wind was so light that we hardly had steerage way. A long, unbroken, bluish-gray swell rolled out of the south, and Susie rose and fell in a really quail-inducing manner. The sun was still hidden by clouds, and there was no sign to indicate that it would shine that day. Away down in the east, what appeared to be a dim, low cloud showed where Block Island lay. To the north, the sound of rumbling paddle wheels told of a steamboat hidden by the haze in that direction. On every hand fishing sloops and schooners rode the glassy undulations; and scattered far and near over the surface of the sea, lobster-pot buoys twinkled and vanished like smouldering embers in a dying fire. Soon there was no wind, not even a breath, and we were at the mercy of the tide.

Truly, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," but here we were without any wind at all. There was one consolation left to us, however—if we could not sail, we could eat; and eat we did, and in a manner that was truly shocking. Fried to a crispy brown, porgie after porgie disappeared in rapid succession. It may seem a big story, still four of us managed to store away over 10 lbs. of fish at that meal.

"We'll have the wind notheast, if we should be lucky enough to get any at all," said Sam, when he came on deck after filling up on fish. "It may possibly come southeast at first, but it'll haul notheast before it blows an hour. Then we may be compelled to lay in harbor at Block Island for a week, before it lets up."

"Notheast or no notheast," replied Stanley, "Susie starts for

and a good Winchester with which to thin it out.

Supper over, Stanley and I started for the post-office. We landed at the steamboat wharf and clambered up the stone work at its shore end. We walked a mile and a half over a road as dark as the jungles of Africa before we found the post-office. After posting the letter, we crossed the street and entered a large, old-fashioned grocery store. Here we tried to get bread, but they had only pilot biscuit. We then asked for bluefish jigs. "We haven't any, and I don't know of a place on the island where you can get them," answered the clerk. Had we wanted bloomers, corsets, cowhide boots, teething rings, or a horse bridle, we could easily have been supplied; but bread or fishing tackle was entirely out of the question. We purchased 5 lbs. of pilot biscuit, and tramped our way back to the wharf.

We were about to climb down into our skiff, when we noticed a stout old fellow who sported a pair of goat-like chin whiskers, holding a lantern a short distance away. The lantern's rays fell on another, younger man, who was pitching fish out of a small, open sloop on to the wharf. We walked to where they were.

"Well, Bernie, you made quite a haul to-day, and no mistake," said the man with the lantern, as he critically viewed a huge pile of bluefish lying at his feet.

"Yes, sir; quite a haul, for one man, sir. But I earned 'em all—every one on 'em, sir."

"Right you are, Bernie, my boy. You earn every fish, and all the pennies you can get for 'em." Then, noticing us, he continued: "Bernie goes out alone in that old trap of a boat, and he brings in as many fish as any on 'em. How in the world he does it, I can't see. Lord! I wouldn't no more knock around on these waters, the way he does, than I'd try to swim to Europe. How many d'ye say ye got to-day, Bernie?"

"Twenty-nine bluefish, sir, 'n' a barrel o' flounders."

"Twenty-nine bluefish 'n' a barrel o' flounders. Jest think of it! Not a livin' soul to help him, neither. That's more'n \$7 fer ye to-day, ain't it, Bernie?"

"Yes, sir. But there's no tellin' how much it'll cost me to get the leak stopped. It was so dark comin' in that I slapped the

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The nominating committee of the New York Y. C. has reported the following nominations, to be voted on at the annual meeting on Feb. 10: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, sch. Montauk; Rear-Admiral, August Belmont, cutter Mincola; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D. Regatta Committee—S. Nicholson Kane, Chairman; Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell. Committee on Admission—Edward M. Brown, Chairman; C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright, Secretary to committee. House Committee—Tarrant Putnam, Chairman; C. L. F. Robinson and Frank M. Cronise, Secretary to committee. Library Committee—Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega. Committee on Club Stations—No. 1, Bay Ridge, William H. Thomas; No. 2, New York, foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, Frederick H. Benedict; No. 3, Whitestone, N. Y., F. Augustus Schermerhorn; No. 4, New London, Conn., L. Vaughan Clark; No. 5, Shelter Island, N. Y., Tarrant Putnam; No. 6, Newport, R. I., Frederick P. Sands; No. 7, Vineyard Haven, Mass., Harrison B. Moore; No. 8, Atlantic Highlands (lower bay, New York), John P. Duncan; No. 9, Ardsley (Irvington-on-Hudson), Amzi L. Barber; No. 10, Glen Cove, N. Y., Edward R. Ladew.

The American Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 18, the following officers being elected: Com., C. A. Gould, steam yacht Neaira; Vice-Com., W. R. Hearst, steam yacht Bucanear; Rear-Com., W. H. Butler, steam yacht Forget Me Not; Sec'y, T. L. Scovill; Treas., W. P. Allen; Fleet Surgeon, C. L. Pardee, M. D.; Meas., C. H. Haswell; Consulting engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N. Trustees, to serve three years, J. Howard Wainwright, Charles I. Pardee, M. D., Thomas L. Scovill; to serve in place of F. R. Lawrence, resigned class of 1900, Edward Litchfield. The club has a membership of 235 and a fleet of seventy-one yachts, including twenty-eight steamers, twenty-five sailing and eighteen naphtha yachts. The following amendment to the by-laws was adopted: "Any member who is absent from the United States for an entire calendar year shall be exempt from dues for such year, provided he gives notice of his absence to the secretary prior to the first day of April of such year."

The club house of the Jersey City Y. C., at Communipaw, was burned at 3 A. M. on Jan. 18, its contents, including models, pictures, furniture, etc., and numerous sails, being totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$5,000, insured for \$1,800. In the basin were the yachts Forsythe I. and Forsythe II., both owned by Alexander Rowe; the yawl Eleanor, owned by P. W. Figuero; the yawl Bessie, owned by Garret Van Horn; the sloop Elphin, owned by F. W. Babcock, and the catboat John, owned by Paul Babcock. All were more or less damaged.

The old story of a large steel steam yacht for James Gordon Bennett is once more afloat, Mr. Watson being named as the designer. The details given are a length of 310 ft., with 7,000 H. P. The story is quite likely to be true and at the same time quite as likely to have no better foundation than in previous cases.

At the annual meeting of the Plymouth Y. C., held at the club house on Jan. 18, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Horace P. Bailey; Vice-Com., George D. Bartlett; Fleet Capt., John T. Stoddard; Sec'y, Alfred L. Barnes; Treas., Will T. Eldridge; Meas., C. F. Bradford. Executive Committee—Arthur L. Bailey, Thos. S. Diman, Otto Loring, Ichabod Morton, Horace P. Bailey. Regatta Committee—Myles S. Weston, Jr., John T. Stoddard, Geo. D. Bartlett. Delegate to Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, Com. Horace P. Bailey. It was voted to indorse the action of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts in abolishing time allowance in racing.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cleveland Y. C. on Jan. 12, the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. H. Worthington; Vice-Com., Percy W. Rice; Rear-Com., W. R. Huntington; Sec'y-Treas., A. R. Landreth, Jr.; Measurers, A. D. Macbeth, J. T. Ratcliffe; Surveyor, Henry Richter; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman. Board of Directors—Geo. H. Worthington, Percy W. Rice, W. R. Huntington, Horace Foote, J. E. Hannon, Frank Overbeck, Jos. Kerbel, G. H. Gardner, R. Carleton, J. R. Miller, J. L. Gobeille, Burton D. Munhall, A. R. Landreth, Jr., W. L. Otis, John Barth.

The Tarpon Springs Y. C. still holds its weekly regattas. It has suspended all rules of time allowance and now has a go-as-you-please race every Saturday. The club gives a monthly entertainment, the first of the series being a ball at the Tarpon Springs House on Jan. 27. To-day is regatta day, and as the wind is blowing half a gale, it promises to be a lively one. **TARPON.**

The new steel steam yacht Dorothea, built for Thos. McKean, of Philadelphia, was launched at the Cramp yard on Jan. 22. The yacht, which has a "gazelle-like" look, is expected to surpass even Columbia and Thespiea. She is 215 ft. over all, 178 ft. l.w.l., 23 ft. 3 in. beam, 15 ft. hold, and 10 ft. draft. Her engines are 18, 27 and 42 by 24, with two Yarrow boilers to carry 200 lbs. It is expected that she will make 14 knots (not miles) under natural, and 16½ knots under forced draft. She will be schooner-rigged.

Britannia, cutter, recently purchased by John Lawson Johnstone, has just been sold by him to Ernest Terah Hooley, the "millionaire speculator," as he is described by the cable despatches.

Miranda, schooner, has been sold by James V. Coleman to Chas. N. Nelson, who will cruise in her next season.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goellet, sailed from New York on Jan. 22 with her owner on board, accompanied by Mrs. Goellet, Francis B. Riggs and Dr. Knapp, of Newport. She is bound to Bermuda and thence to the Mediterranean.

The Winthrop Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 18, the following officers being elected: Com., George E. Leighton; Vice-Com., Arthur W. Chesterton; Sec'y, Charles G. Bird; Treas., Luther T. Harrington; Meas., Harry Hutchinson; Directors: Clarence H. Billings, Edgar A. Cook, Lyman S. Weston, Charles A. Henry; Regatta Committee: Arthur T. Bliss, Harry M. Frost, Aaron Sanderson, Joseph L. Rankin, Edgar A. Cook; Membership Committee: Harry W. Hall, Albert Partridge, William W. Fordham, Franklin H. Richardson, William H. Mirick, Minot H. Beacham, John G. Cuthbertson, Albert S. Richards, Joseph L. Rankin. The club passed the following: Resolved, that this club favors "no time allowance" as being in line of progress, and that the extension of the class limits is desirable for many reasons. That we heartily approve the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association's action, and that we hereby approve their efforts to encourage and improve yacht racing.

Mayflower, steam yacht, has been sold by the estate of the late Ogden Goellet to Henry Sharpe, an English yachtsman. Messrs. Tams & Lemoine, who have charge of the yacht—the sale having been made by their London agents—are now fitting her out at the Erie Basin dry docks, and she will sail for England in a few weeks. The price paid is reported as \$400,000.

The Yale Cor. Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Bruce Clark, Chicago; Vice-Com., C. A. Goodwin, Hartford; Rear-Com., Augustus Davis, Hartford; Sec'y and Treas., Fred M. Davies, New York; Governing Board: Gouverneur Morris, Jr., L. L. Lorillard, C. A. Brayton, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Forsyth Wickes, and F. Havemeyer, all of New York. The club will have a house at Morris Cove.

Fancy, cutter, has been sold to E. M. Whitney and A. S. James, of New Bedford. Fancy was the last and one of the best 30-footers designed by Mr. Burgess.

Wasp, schooner, has been sold by W. S. Jones, of Buffalo, to Dr. A. Brower, of Utica. Wasp was built on fresh water, originally cutter-rigged and owned in Chicago. She was brought to Lake Erie a few years ago by Com. G. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, who rebuilt and altered her. She is 78 ft. over all, 70 ft. l.w.l., 19 ft. 10 in. beam, 7 ft. lin. depth, and 6 ft. 8 in. draft.

Nourmahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, has been out at Downing & Lawrence's railways. She has been fitted with a promenade deck during the winter. She is now fitting out for a cruise to the Mediterranean.

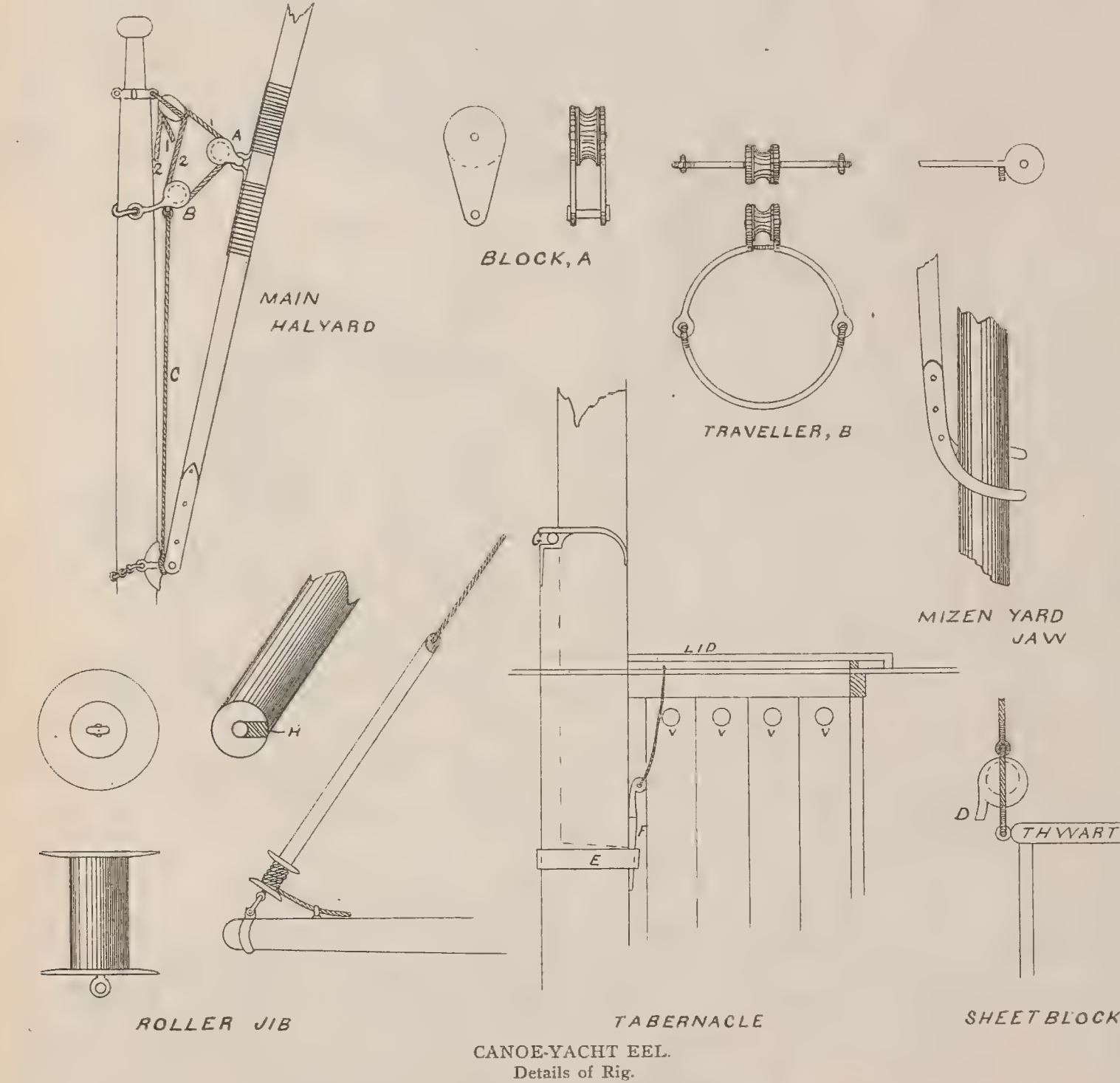
The Roberts Safety Watertube Boiler Co. is now running its shops at Red Bank, N. J., continuously day and night, and has a large number of orders in hand for boilers for yachts and commercial vessels.

Yampa.

The new owner of Yampa, the Emperor of Germany, has cabled as follows to her former owner:

"Richard S. Palmer, New York city: As the new owner of Yampa, I take pleasure to inform you that I am fully satisfied with her excellent condition after her three voyages across the Atlantic within one year. I am happy to possess the handsome schooner, and thank you for the liberal manner in which she was handed over. Her last performance in crossing to England was really astonishing."

WILLIAM I. R.



Greenwich the day after to-morrow. And she'll get there, too; that is, if she stays atop of the water, and I'll bet she does."

"Very well, you're captain, and I guess it won't take any more water to drown me than it will to drown you."

"I hope your northeaster 'll hold off until after we fish Southwest Ledge," I said.

"We'll fish it to-morrow, if there's any chance to do so," replied Sam.

For over two hours there was no sign of wind; then a light air came out of the southeast. The clouds, much to our satisfaction, drifted away, and the sun shone forth. The wind came stronger and stronger, and slowly but surely hauled to northeast. By 6 bells the sea was all a-tremble with sparkling light, and the blue swells were faintly fringed with white. Fluffy clouds with dim, misty edges drifted across the southern sky-line, while off in the northwest a very emphatic thunderstorm was under progress.

This was Aug. 13, the day when the waterspouts made lively times for those who resided in the vicinity of Jamaica Bay. We therefore wondered afterward if that squall, working in the southwest and northwest, had anything to do with the Jamaica Bay commotion.

The wind held steady northeast, and seemed not to increase. By 8 bells we were four miles to the northwest of Southwest Ledge, and drawing up rapidly on the land. The white houses, against the treeless, emerald background of rolling hills, shone out clear and distinct. Southwest Ledge was alive with the white-wings of the fishing fleet, and we vowed that Susie's would mingle with them on the morrow.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when Susie's bowsprit was even with the end of the breakwater at the entrance of Great Salt Pond. While beating into the harbor through the narrow channel which connects it with Block Island Sound, we met the steamboat New Brunswick on her way out. As the wind was puffy and blowing hard, it was close work passing her, especially as the tide was running strong against us. We, however, managed to pass in ship-shape style; and that our seamanship was fully appreciated was manifested by the way in which hats and handkerchiefs were waved as Susie shot from under the steamer's bows and sped off with buried scuppers on the starboard tack.

The beat from here across the harbor to the steamboat wharf was delightful sailing and full of vim. The pond was covered with nervous little waves, which Susie's bows churned into creamy foam. Just as the sun's last rays were gilding the roofs of hotels and other buildings nestling among the rolling hills, Susie came to anchor among a lot of yachts and fishing smacks off the end of the steamboat wharf.

While Sam prepared supper I sat on deck and wrote a few lines home. This was a rather difficult achievement, as, between the asthmatic wheezings and miserable squallings of a consumptive accordion, with which a lively son of Ham was murdering "The Bowery" on a nearby sloop, and the giddy squeaks, cackles and guffaws of a gaudily attired, big-bellied, ancient-looking female on another dilapidated sloop, it was difficult for one to keep one's wits about him long enough to write anything. About that particular time I longed for an "open season" on such game,

sloop right atop of one o' them breakwater rocks. It was done afore I knowed I was anywhere near the rock. I tell ye what, but it was hard work gittin' her off alone, but I managed it after awhile. Le's see—I guess that's all the bluefish."

Bernie felt around in the bottom of the boat a moment, then climbed up on the wharf. He proved to be a tall, well-made, light-complexioned fellow about thirty-five years of age. Oilskin overalls were drawn over his blue breeches, and he had on a blue sailor shirt. A common stiff-brimmed straw hat sat on the back of his head. "Now, sir," said he, addressing the man with the lantern, "if ye'll be kind enough to carry the lantern, I'll take these fish to the fish-house, and 'll not bother ye any more." He then filled a bushel basket with fish and carried it down the wharf to a small building on the left; the man with the lantern opened the door and Bernie carried his fish inside. A number of lanterns hanging about cast dim rays over huge piles of fish, and the floor of the room was wet and slippery. Many yachtsmen and other persons were crowded in the room, buying fish. I noticed two or three purchasers who hadn't the exact change with which to pay for what they had bought. These handed bills to the ones who sold to them, and in every instance they had to look sharp after their change, or they would have lost it, as the sellers were forgetful, but always in their own favor.

We stayed in the fish-house until all of Bernie's fish had been deposited there. We then returned to our boat with the old fellow who carried the lantern. We took him to be one of the islanders, so we asked him where we would be able to buy bluefish jigs. "Bluefish jigs? Lord! ye can't buy one on the island fer love nor money. These blamed islanders won't sell 'em to ye. If ye want bluefish, and hain't got any tackle, ye've either got to buy 'em from the fishermen or pay some on 'em fer takin' ye to the fishin' grounds, when they go out."

"Then I guess we won't do any bluefishing, after all," said I.

"Where ye from?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla.—Results of races sailed Jan. 8:

First Class.			
	Actual.	Corrected.	
Omega	0 55 43	0 55 43	
Albatross	0 58 00	0 58 00	
Petrel	1 03 23	1 02 38	
Joker	0 52 17	0 51 13	
Winner, Joker.			
Second Class.			
Swallow	0 45 31	0 45 31	
Gypsy	1 04 12	1 03 08	
Winner, Swallow.			
PAUL M. ASTON, Sec'y.			

Barracouta, steam yacht, has been sold by Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell to D. P. Reighard, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has ordered her to fit out for a West Indian cruise this month.

Canoeing.

Toronto C. C.

ONE of the most interesting and pleasing functions ever held by the Toronto C. C. was its annual dinner, which was enjoyed on Jan. 20 at the cozy club house by a host of the canoeists and their friends. The home of the paddlers was most artistically decorated for the occasion with sailing ensigns of all descriptions, while the trophies won by the club were used to help brighten the place for the evening.

Com. C. H. Wilson presided at the dinner, where about 300 guests enjoyed the excellent viands provided. Representatives from sister clubs and other athletic organizations were present, the Buffalo C. C. being represented by Com. S. A. Lansing, F. B. Matthews and J. P. Pears; Brockville C. C., W. S. Jones and J. H. Richardson; Don R. C., J. O'Neil; Royal Canadian Y. C., Geo. McMurrich and A. Stewart; Argonaut R. C., A. E. Thompson. The Toronto R. C., Queen City and other clubs' representatives were also in attendance. Many letters of regret were read from clubs unable to be represented.

The fine entertainment provided by the Toronto C. C. was heartily enjoyed by the hundreds present, and included a duet by Stutchbury and Wenborne; song, W. N. Hayes; comic song, Chas. McReath; banjo trio, Kidner, Taylor and Kidner; comic song, Harry Brown; bayonet contest, Ptes. Stewart and Wasson, won by Wasson; song, Dr. Richardson; boxing bout, Hathway boys; song, H. Shaver, and comic selections by Bert Harvey.

The dinner was certainly the finest ever given by the Toronto C. C., the proceedings terminating about 3 o'clock this morning.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Atlantic Division.

John A. Pollock, Ridgefield, N. J.
C. B. Rowley, New York city.
William H. Holden, New York city.
Addison Wilmurt, New York city.

Eastern Division.

Ernest R. Adams, West Newton, Mass.
George B. Graves, Boston, Mass.
William E. Barton, Lakeside B. C., Worcester, Mass.
Henry Y. Simpson, Tatassit C. C., Worcester, Mass.

Northern Division.

A. B. Chaffee, Montreal.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Elm Road Rifle Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 25.—Below are the scores made by members of the Elm Road Rifle Club in the club contest that has just been closed:

G Oberst.....	72 75—147	H Heinrich.....	67 68—135
H Reinhardt.....	70 71 141	E Morris.....	64 68 132
Bauer.....	71 70—141	G Widmann.....	68 68—131
C Hebler.....	68 72—140	G van Buskirk.....	65 68 128
Knotke.....	68 72 140	F Kienle.....	64 66 130
Fridson.....	68 71—139	F Lyers.....	57 67—124
J Knodel.....	69 69 138	J Salteel.....	53 61—114
J Hehsdorfer.....	68 69—137	J Schilling.....	49 62—111
J Alexander.....	67 70 137	Bross.....	51 55 106
F Oberst.....	66 70 136	Keller.....	52 53 105
Manger.....	67 69—136	Guth.....	48 52 100
Freischner.....	66 69—135	Rueger.....	36 46—82

A friendly match has been arranged with Our Own Rifle Club for Wednesday evening, Feb. 9. The match will take place at the Our Own's range, Springfield avenue.

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 10-11.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; second day, handicap race at targets; handicaps 100 to 110; \$10 entrance, targets extra.

Feb. 12.—Hackensack, N. J.—50-target race for silver cup; unknown angles; open to all; no handicap. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 18-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 18-20.—Davenport, Ia.—Merchandise tournament of the West End Gun Club. L. Haneman, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—Bullawa, N. Y.—Invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Tournament of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Feb. 22-23.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Second annual midwinter tournament at Audubon Park, under the management of E. W. Garoe. Targets. \$50 added.

Feb. 22-23.—Henry, Ill.—Tournament of the Henry Live Bird Club at the Big Four Driving Park. Targets and live birds.

March 15-18.—Uuca, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association; under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 19-22.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the 000 Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magastrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluebirds thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to *Forest and Stream Publishing Company*, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following item in the *Courier*, of Ottumwa, Ia., is clipped from its issue of Jan. 22: "It is said that the great John L. Brewer will be backed against Gilbert while he is in the East. For the last ten years or more Brewer has reigned the king of all pigeon shooters, and rightly, too. But the Brewer of to-day and the Brewer of even five years ago are different men. He should let Gilbert alone now, for Gilbert is shooting as good and possibly a little better than Brewer ever did, and certainly better than Brewer is now. Charlie Budd beat Brewer, and didn't have to kill 'em all either, and that was when the Captain was in his prime. Gilbert would have an easier task now than Charlie did then, and he is probably a little better prepared to do the work than was Budd. Brewer in refusing to shoot Gilbert a match for \$250 and wanting to make the stake \$1,000 showed that he wanted the larger sum simply because he thought that amount of money might rattle the Iowa boy a little. He reasoned that it might make the country boy a little too careful, therefore a little slow. But if John L. Brewer tackles Fred Gilbert when he (Gilbert) is not stale from incessant work, he'll get beat, as will any one else now known to the trap-shooting world." Like many other people, the Ottumwa writer makes a mistake when he thinks that Gilbert ever offered to shoot a match for \$250 with Brewer. The facts are these: Brewer has some friends in Philadelphia who are anxious to see whether, as the Ottumwa gentleman asserts is the case, "the Brewer of to-day and the Brewer of even five years ago are different men." It is probable that the Ottumwa writer who makes the above statement bases his calculations on the fact that Brewer is five years older now than he was five years ago; in that he makes a mistake. It's an unpleasant fact that we all have to recognize sooner or later, whether we live in New York or Ottumwa. Until, however, the two men meet, on even terms, mind you, it must always be a moot question as to who is king pin. We would also call attention to the fact that Brewer is not in a position to back himself; he has to do what his friends tell him to do. They say, and we know that they mean what they say, that they will find sufficient money to make it interesting for the backers of that really fine shot, Fred Gilbert, provided the match can be shot somewhere near Philadelphia or New York, so that they can see the two men come together. It seems to us that a good chance to bring the match to a head and do away with a lot of talk that means nothing would be to arrange a match, or a series of matches, between the two men, to take place at Baltimore during the coming tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, April 5-8. Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., is a prominent member of this association, and we hope that he will see if something can't be done in this line. But remember this: Gilbert has never challenged Brewer. The latter, however, has challenged Gilbert for a match for cash, but was told to challenge for a cup, and that then the side bet would be forthcoming. That means that the match would have to be shot in Chicago; at least, that's the way it looks to us, judging from precedents. But Brewer's backers want it somewhere nearer home.

The following from the *London Field* of Jan. 22 is interesting: "There is every likelihood of a team being organized to pay a visit to America in July or August, to shoot against some of the American club teams. Judging by the scores published in the American papers, the home team would seem to have little chance of success, especially as only one barrel is used. There is a strong opinion, however, that the flight of the bird is not so difficult as it is here; but whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the extraordinary scores that are of such frequent occurrence at American clubs have never been repeated this side of the Atlantic. If the American clubs could send a team over here to take part in an international contest at the championship meeting, to be held in June or July next, it would be certain to create a large amount of interest; and our American friends may rest assured they would receive a very hearty welcome. Once started the contest would probably become an annual affair, and lead to a very interesting series of matches. If it is not possible to arrange for a visit for the coming championship meeting, the fact of an English team journeying to America would probably act as a stimulus for one being organized for the succeeding year." An international match such as suggested above would be highly interesting, but as the quality of the birds on the two continents is so entirely dissimilar, there is every reason to believe that Americans would win at home and meet defeat in Europe. It would be very hard to get really representative teams together to cross the Atlantic, and we must confess to being rather sceptical about these team races ever being brought off. Anyway, July and August are poor months for trials of skill on pigeons; October to April would be better. For the information of the *London Field* we might add that Americans as a rule possess double-barreled guns, and need and use the second barrel quite often!

A friend in Boston, Mass., sends us the following account of the annual meeting and dinner of the Boston Shooting Association: "The annual meeting and dinner of the Boston Shooting Association was held Monday evening, Jan. 24, at the United States Hotel, President Capt. E. B. Wadsworth presiding. The usual routine of business was transacted and the following officers elected: President, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth; Vice-President, William Pray; Secretary, W. A. Sanborn; Treasurer, C. A. Ellsworth; Captain, O. R. Dickey. The Board of Directors is made up of the above-named officers, together with Dr. Bell and Wm. Allison. At the close of the business session the party proceeded to the banquet hall, where a pleasant hour was passed in disposing of the good things with which the tables were weighted, followed by two hours of social enjoyment. Amid the popping of corks and the smoke of the cigars the several events of the year were again shot over, and on this occasion every man made a clean score. After the traps had all been pulled and the last bird thrown, the members dispersed, each with the new adage uppermost in his mind—'Twere better never to have lived at all than to have lived and not belonged to the Boston Shooting Association.'

We have been asked to define more accurately just what was meant by the resolution, passed at the recent meeting of the Interstate Association, prohibiting paid experts, manufacturers' agents, etc., from competing for cash at the tournaments held in 1898 under the auspices of the Association. The following classes of shooters are affected by the resolution: The expert or semi-expert who is paid to shoot a certain gun, powder and shell; the "manufacturers' agent," a peculiar class—that is, the men who receive their shells or guns free of charge, in consideration of their services as advertising agents by the work they do with the said shells or guns; also in the latter class are the men who go to tournaments for the sake of looking after and advertising the business of their employers. We take it that the latter clause includes "all those who are connected with any firm that manufactures guns, powder, shells, targets or traps," who are especially referred to in the resolution mentioned above. The casual gift of 250 shells or 5 lbs. of powder, "just to try it," would not, in our opinion, constitute a man a manufacturers' agent. Were that the case, there'd be very few left to shoot for the purses!

We learn that a change has been made in the list of officers and directors of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis. Mr. Royal Robinson has resigned as secretary and director. The vacancies have been filled by Mr. John M. Lilly as director and Mr. H. T. Hearsey as secretary.

The discovery of gold in the valley of the Yukon has robbed the East of more than one good trap-shooter. The last departure for the far West is Hood Waters, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Waters is, however, not going to Alaska, as we understand it, but is to be connected with the Dyea & Dawson Transportation Co. at that company's office in Seattle, Wash. Hood—for that was the name he shot under—will be a distinct loss to the trap-shooting world on this side of the Alleghenies, and no tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association will seem complete without the blond mustache, the blue eyes, blue sweater and gray slouch hat of Hood, one of the very best amateur trap-shooters in this part of the States. As a note of warning to our Seattle friends of the trap, we would say to them: "Take him to your heart, but don't try to beat him on targets, for the odds are more than 10 to 1 that you can't do it."

Paul North was discussing the probable programme for the Cleveland Target Co.'s shoot the other day. He told us that, as announced, it was his intention to bar paid men, manufacturers' agents, etc., from competing for the amateurs' money. The company will, however, throw targets free for this class of shooters, and will also most probably run a separate cashiers' office for sweeps for the barred classes, giving them a chance to get up a little excitement among themselves. Any amateur, too, who felt like it could enter in the "professional sweeps" and the "amateur sweeps" at the same time, his one score in that event counting for both. Of course, this plan may be modified considerably, but when we saw Paul North last the above was about what his idea was on the subject.

Our Pawtuxet, R. I., correspondent writes us that, as a result of a flying trip paid to Providence, R. I., recently, the trap-shooters of "Little Rhody" will have a chance of seeing a magastrap shoot shortly. He also tells us that there will be two new championship contests started in his State this spring, viz., a two-men team championship and an individual championship. The trophy for the latter contest will be presented by the C. F. Pope Co.—that is, by Messrs. Root and Rand. Both contests will be open to all residents of the State, just as the "five-men team championship pennant" now held by the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association is open to all clubs in that State.

W. Fred Quimby will now be glad to talk to you on the subject of the new target that he will handle for its manufacturers. This target is to be known as the "White Flyer," deriving its name from a clearly defined ring of white in place of the usual yellow circle that marks other targets. The target is manufactured by the Western Target Co., of East Alton, Mo., and is ready for the market, and Fred Quimby promises us that we shall soon have a chance of testing its breaking qualities. Without having seen them actually thrown from a trap as yet, or having tried them with 1½oz. of No. 7½, we cannot say much about them; but they look decidedly "gamy."

The Apgar benefit shoot at Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y., was a decided success, both socially and financially. There might have been more shooters on hand had the weather been at all favorable, but we doubt if there could have been more shooting or more fun. The 8 in. of snow that covered the surface of Orange Lake put a stop to all ice-boat racing; this in itself was a great disappointment, but it was not sufficient to put a damper on the enthusiasm of those who gathered together at Pine Point to shoot targets and live birds on Jan. 26-27.

The Magastrap Gun Club, of Findlay, O., held its annual meeting early in January and elected the following list of officers for 1898: President, Frank Gillespie; Vice-President, William Prescott; Secretary-Treasurer, O. B. Marvin; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, John Livingston; Trustees, A. E. Dow, J. M. Steel, John Reimund, M. P. McGee and William Boynton. The club has decided to hold its annual tournament on June 8-9, and will throw bluebirds from a magastrap at 1 cent each. All purses will be divided on the percentage system. No one barred.

Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes us under date of Jan. 28 as follows:

"In our programme for our February shoot, recently issued, we had a line to the effect that our rate might be improved. We are now glad to say that our rate is \$22.95 for the round trip, good for ten days, sold only on Feb. 12. Therefore our special parlor car will leave Feb. 12, at 11:45 A. M., and reach Hot Springs the following day at noon. Kindly mention this reduction of rate in your valuable columns."

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club has made two new departures in its programme for the ensuing twelve months. It will donate a prize to the high man in the handicap club shoot every month, these shoots being held on the second Saturday of each month. It will also enter in the Grand American Handicap of 1899, free of charge, the man making the best average in eight out of the twelve club shoots. This new programme will be inaugurated on Saturday week, February 12.

The list of fixtures for 1898 is growing fast, now that the month of February is upon us. The absence of large tournaments is distinctly a feature of such lists nowadays, and it looks as if the day of big tournaments had gone by for good and all. Knoxville has not yet given up all hope of entering the field once more, with one of its old-time gatherings, but such a gathering will not occur this year, the hint being that the season of '99 will be the appointed time. In thus referring to "big tournaments," we must be understood as meaning those with \$2,000 or \$3,000 added money.

The main event on the programme of the Bergen County Gun Club's shoot at Hackensack, N. J., Saturday, Feb. 12, is the 50-target race, unknown angles, for a silver cup donated by the president of the club, Mr. G. P. Griffiths. The entry fee for this race is only \$1.50; that is, \$1 for the targets and 50 cents to go to form a fund to be divided 50, 30 and 20 to the second, third and fourth high guns. Sweepstakes for merchandise and cash prizes will be arranged both before and after the main event. The cup race is open to all; no handicap.

The programme of John Sumpter's shoot at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 15-19, gives promise of a good five days' shoot for those who journey to Arkansas for the purpose of shooting targets and live birds in that winter resort. The added money in all the events, and the average moneys for each day and for general averages, should draw the experts; while the daily tax on the experts and manufacturers' agents ought to act as a drawing card for the regular amateurs.

The programmes for the Grand American Handicap are now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for distribution about the middle of the month, perhaps a day or two sooner. These programmes will be printed as usual by John M. Welsh, of Pittsburg, Pa., the printer who has always gotten out the Interstate Association's programmes in the past. Those programmes were described by Irby Bennett at a recent meeting of the Association as "the neatest and most attractive programmes ever issued."

We understand that W. S. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., who is generally conceded to be the best shot among the many good ones that shoot in and around Pittsburg, has gone to Europe and will take part in the proceedings at Monte Carlo. Mr. King is a really fine shot and should give a good account of himself, as his nerve is all right. He has shown, too, that he can kill fast drivers, something he'll meet pretty often over the traps at Monte Carlo.

Ed Taylor was missing at Newburgh on Jan. 26-27; his absence was a forced one, the effects of a severe cold having completely knocked him out of time. Mr. Taylor writes us that for not attending the shoot he "was called down by the Laffin & Rand Powder Co. and fined \$5. As a compromise, however, the fine was remitted pending good behavior, and a crisp V-spot sent to swell the benefit fund."

From letters received lately, we can say that Maine and Vermont will both send entries to the Grand American Handicap. We are also told that the West will have a larger delegation on hand this year than it had in 1897. How about the 200 mark? How far will the entry list fall below that number? We feel like starting a guessing contest, but haven't energy enough.

On Friday of this week, Feb. 4, Charley Zwirlein will have a live-bird shoot at his grounds, Yardville, N. J. The conditions will be 10 birds, \$5, birds included, 2lyds. rise, 50yds. boundary, one barrel, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing. Other events will be made up to suit shooters.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has elected the following officers for 1898: President, W. F. Sykes; Vice-President, A. A. Hegeman; Secretary-Treasurer, E. G. Frost. At its next live-bird shoot the club will have a prize miss-and-out similar to that decided on Saturday last, Jan. 29.

So much has been said about the sparrow shooting at Indianapolis and elsewhere this winter that two of our correspondents have written us asking how the birds are caught. Cannot some one enlighten us on this matter?

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association claims the dates of May 24-27 for its twenty-second annual tournament. The shoot will be held at Omaha on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club. Frank Parmelee is secretary of the State Association.

The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club will be held at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday of this week, Feb. 5. The semi-monthly prize shoots of this club are held on the first and third Wednesdays of every month.

John S. Wright's invitation shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday of this week, Feb. 3, is one of the main events on the programme just now. All John wants is a fine day; should he be favored in that respect, he says he'll "show them a shoot that is a shoot!"

The Burnside, La., Gun Club issued a very neat little invitation card for its target shoot on Saturday afternoon last, Jan. 29. At the top of the card is a target in colors, while underneath are the letters B. G. C. in gold characters.

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., has postponed his 25-bird shoot set for Feb. 3 until Tuesday of next week, Feb. 8. As stated last week, the race will be at 25 birds per man, \$10 entrance, birds extra, class shooting. The shoot commences at 12 sharp.

The Platte City, Mo., Gun Club will hold its annual spring tournament April 7-8. All communications in regard to same should be addressed to S. Redman, secretary of the club.

FEB. 1.

EDWARD BANKS.

At Monte Carlo.

The Concours Internationaux Opened.

The international pigeon shooting season opened at Monte Carlo on Jan. 10 with the Prix Orangers, for which there were thirty-three entries. Among the entries were Count L. Gayoli, M. Journu, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Harding Cox and Mr. Kennedy.

The conditions of the event were: Prix des Orangers, of £40, added to a sweepstake of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries; third received 20 per cent.; 26 meters all. At the end of the fifth round there were only four straights—Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. Curling, Mr. V. Black and Signor Quierolo. After killing four more straight the above quartet divided the purse of £102. Scores:

Mr. Harding Cox, divided £102, 9; Mr. Curling, ditto, 9; Mr. V. Black, ditto, 9; Signor Quierolo, ditto, 9; Mr. Roberts, 4; M. Journu, 4; M. Taczanowski, 4; Count de Robiano, 3; Count L. Gayoli, 3; Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, 3; Mr. Kennedy, 3.

Missed third bird: Count de Lambertye, M. Duperron, Mr. Watson and Signor Carrara.

Missed second bird: Hon. F. Erskine, Signor Bellusci, Mr. St. James, Signor Mainetto Ghido, Signor Bianco, Mr. Sam and Signor Mazancini.

Missed first bird: Vicomte de Paris, Mr. Ker, M. Henri, Mr. Rogers, M. Bégule, M. Carl Jeppe, M. R. Gourgand, Signor Randi, Signor Capellini, M. A. Poizat and Mr. Seaton.

Prix des Citronniers.

Jan. 12.—Mr. H. Roberts beat out 31 competitors to-day in the Prix des Citronniers Handicap, winning the first prize of £69 with 13 out of 14. At the end of the 10th round only Mr. Roberts and Signor Bianco were left in. On shooting off both missed their 12th birds; continuing, Mr. Roberts killed 2 more, the Italian losing his 14th bird. Signor Quierolo, who divided the Prix des Orangers on Jan. 10, took third money with 9 out of 10. Scores:

Prix des Citronniers Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstake of £1 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 32 subs.: 28, Mr. H. Roberts, first of £69, 13; 25, Signor Bianco, second of £19, 12; 25½, Signor Quierolo, third of £13, 9; 25½, Signor Marconcini, 8; 24, Baron de Montpellier, 7; 25½, Signor Carrara, 6; 23, M. Brasseur, 6; 24½, Count de Lambertye, 4; 21, M. Bégule, 4; 27, Signor Mainetto Ghido, 3; 25½, Mr. V. Black, 3; 25, M. Duperron, 3; 24, M. Miéville, 3.

Missed third bird: Signor Bellusci, 28; Mr. Kennedy, 26½; Mr. W. Blake, 26; Mr. W. Rogers, 25½; Mr. Harding Cox, 25½; Signor Randi, 25½; and Mr. Watson, 25½.

Missed second bird: M. A. Poizat and Comte de Robiano, 25½; Mr. Seaton, 25; M. Sibick and M. R. Gourgand, 24.

Missed first bird: M. Journu, 23; Signor Briasco, 26; Hon. F. Erskine and Mr. Sam, 25½; Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, 25; Mr. Curling and M. Taczanowski, 24.

Prix des Oliviers.

Jan. 15.—Mr. Roberts, who is shooting in very fine form, again won the first prize to-day by killing 12 straight in the Prix des Oliviers Handicap, beating 43 competitors, and being the limit man of the 44 entries. There was no wind, everything being in favor of the guns. Scores:

Prix des Oliviers Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstake of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 44 subs.: 28½, Mr. Roberts, first prize £80, 12; 24, Baron de Montpellier, second prize, £26, 11; 25½, Signor Carrara, divided third prize, £18, 10; 23½, Mr. Watson, ditto, 10; 25, Sir J. Willoughby, 9; 24, M. Miéville, 8; 24, M. R. Gourgand, 7; 28, M. Journu, 6; 24, Mr. Curling, 6.

Missed fifth bird: Mr. Sam, 25½, and Mr. Ker, 24.

Missed fourth bird: Count Salina, 26; Mr. Black, 25½; Mr. Bullets, 25; Capt. Vernon, 25; and Mr. St. James, 24.

Missed third bird: Signor Mainetto Ghido, 27; Signor Bianco, 26; Mr. Harding Cox, Hon. F. Erskine, M. Moncorgé and Mr. Rogers, 25½; Signor Asti, 25.

Missed second bird: M. Drevon and Signor Bellusci, 28; Mr. Kennedy, 26½; Signor Quierolo and Mr. Blake, 26; M. A. Poizat and Count de Robiano, 25½; Mr. Sutcliffe, M. Taczanowski, Mr. Skirving and Signor Piatti, 24.

Missed first bird: Signor Briasco, 26; Signors Rande and Marconcini, 25½; Mr. Seaton, Mr. Rossiter and M. Henry, 25; Mr. Newton, 24½; M. de Sarogne, 24; M. Brasseur and M. Pontz, 23.

Prix des Mandariniers.

Jan. 18.—To-day was more like April than January. The sun has been powerful, the air soft and the sky a deep blue. In fact, the weather has been exceptionally fine, and it is no wonder that the ranks of the pigeon shooters are being swelled daily.

To-day there were 53 entries for the Prix des Mandariniers, more than 20 of them being Englishmen. The birds were a mixed lot; at times there were many really excellent birds, while at others they would scarcely rise from the traps. Eleven of the 53 entries killed 6 straight, but 3 out of the 11 missed in the next round. Mr. Fitroy Erskine dropped 1 in the 8th round and Mr. Poutz and Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh in the 9th; Mr. Foxhill fell in the 10th. Thus four men were left in at the commencement of the 11th round, but only three survived that round, Mr. Henry, a left-handed shooter from Ireland, losing a bird that dropped dead in the sea.

Prix des Mandariniers of £40, added to a sweepstake of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; distance, 27 meters; 51 subs.: M. Drevon, divided first and second of £99, 16; M. R. Gourgand, ditto, 16; Mr. H. Roberts, third of £38, 15; Mr. Henry, 12; Mr. Foxhill, 10; Mr. Bullets, 9; Mr. Poutz, 8; Hon. F. Erskine, 7.

Missed seventh bird: Baron de Montpellier, Count Salina and Mr. St. James.

Missed sixth bird: M. Journu, Signor Carrara and M. Moncorgé.

Missed fifth bird: M. A. Poizat.

Missed fourth bird: Signor Randi, Signor Marconcini, Mr. W. Blake, Mr. C. Pennell, Mr. Ker, Mr. W. Rogers and Signor Briasco.

Missed third bird: Sir J. Willoughby, M. Desflanges, Baron de St. Trivier, Vicomte de Paris, Mr. V. Black, M. Miéville, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Izzard, M. Léon, Signor Oliva, Signor Crespi, M. Cantagruel.

Missed second bird: Signor Quierolo.

Missed first bird: Mr. Kennedy, Signor A. Cesari, Signor Bianco, M. Lindes, Signor Piatti, M. Taczanowski, Count Trauttmansdorff, M. Duperron, Signor Mainetto Ghido, Mr. Seaton, Capt. Vernon, Count de Robiano, Mr. Watson, Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. Newton and Mr. Curling.

Prix des Palmiers.

Jan. 19.—The weather to-day was as summerlike as that which prevailed yesterday, and the birds, which were a moderate lot, had no wind to help them. Consequently, with 49 entries, the Prix des Palmiers Handicap was prolonged until sunset. At the end of the 7th round no fewer than 13 had killed all their birds, and although their ranks were gradually thinned, 5—M. Duperron, Signor Oliva, Mr. Draff, Signor Briasco and Mr. Henry—were still left in at the commencement of the 13th. In this round Mr. Draff was put out, but the four others killed 4 more, and it was only in the 17th round that M. Duperron had the bad luck to drop his bird just beyond the boundary. The 3 others killed in this and the two following rounds, and it was not till the 20th that the contest was brought to a close by the failure of Mr. Henry to stop a very fast bird, whereupon the two Italians, Signors Oliva and Briasco, agreed to divide first and second moneys. Scores:

Prix des Palmiers Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstake of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 49 subs.: 26½, Signor Oliva, divided first and second prizes of £113, 20; 26, Signor Briasco, ditto, 20; 24½, Mr. Henry, third prize, £20, 19; 25, M. Duperron, 16; 26½, Mr. Draff, 12; 24, Signor Piatti, 11; 25½, Mr. Harding Cox, 10.

Missed tenth bird: Hon. F. Erskine, 25½, and Mr. Curling, 24.

Missed ninth bird: Mr. Watson, 23½.

Missed eighth bird: Mr. Robinson, 26½; Signor Quierolo, 26, and Mr. Poutz, 24.

Missed seventh bird: M. Moncorgé, 25½; Count de Robiano, 25½, and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, 24½.

Missed sixth bird: Mr. W. M. Clarke, 27; Sir John Willoughby, 26½, and M. Miéville, 24.

Missed fifth bird: Mr. W. Blake, 26; Baron de St. Trivier, 25½, and Signor Casapiccole, 25½.

Missed fourth bird: Count Trauttmansdorff, 27; Signor Carrara, 25½; Capt. Vernon, 25; Signor Crespi, 25, and M. R. Gourgand, 25.

Missed third bird: M. Journu, 28; Signor Mainetto Ghido, 27; Mr. Kennedy, 26½; Mr. C. Seaton, 25, and M. Lindes, 22½.

Missed second bird: M. Drevon, 27½; Signor Bianco, 26; Mr. Rogers, 25½; Mr. Hudley, 25; M. Taczanowski, 24; Mr. Bullets, 24, and M. Desplasques, 22.

Missed first bird: Mr. Roberts, 29½; Signor Asti Cesare, 27½; Baron de Tavernost and M. Léon, 26; M. A. Poizat, 25½; M. Lonhienne and Baron de Montpellier, 25; Count Salina, 24½; Mr. Ker and Mr. St. James, 24.

The Riley Handicap.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: It was with great pleasure that I perused your comments on the Kansas City handicap, which appeared in your issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* dated Jan. 22, and I hope to hear from others on the same subject in your next issue. I note fully what you say in regard to the various weak points in the system; and I will take up the weak points as you mention them, and endeavor to smooth over some of their rough points.

First: You state that the system does not take into account the 27 or 28yds. man. My reason for not doing that was that in making up my illustration of the handicap I went upon my own judgment that a distance handicap is no handicap until the shooter goes beyond 29yds. Most of our shooting at live birds is done at a distance of 28 or 30yds.; and in my opinion no shooter should be placed on a handicap roll under the 28yds. mark. My reason for arriving at the above conclusion is that in placing a shooter under the 28yds. mark you give him the double advantage of distance and the use of a gun bored for close range shooting. The last-named advantage is no small one to a man who can use a modified-choke right barrel, with 1½oz. No. 8 shot, at 27 or 28yds.

However, if we must let the 27 or 28yds. men in on a handicap, we will open our 25-bird race at 27yds., and handicap for every three birds shot at. In this manner the score would be as follows:

27. 222 28. 222 29. 222 30. 222 31. 222 32. 222 33. 222 34. 222—25

It will be seen that the man killing 25 straight would finish with the last four birds from the 34yds. mark. This is handicapping the experts pretty fast, and I doubt if a straight score would be made in such a contest.

Now, in taking up your second weak point, wherein Mr. 31yds. has a large advantage over Mr. 29yds. Taking your own analysis of this, that each contestant has killed his 10 straight, we don't wonder at Mr. 31yds. doing so, as that was to be expected. But isn't there just the slightest suspicion that Mr. 29yds. has been misplaced by the handicapping committee, or else that he is shooting in exceptional form that day, and therefore deserves more of a handicap than he would ordinarily be able to carry? As I look at it, the matter stands this way: Mr. 29yds. has no right to a handicap over Mr. 31yds. as long as he stands at the same score and kills the same number of birds as Mr. 31yds. As soon as Mr. 29yds. shows his weakness by dropping a bird, Mr. 31yds. is handicapped in his next division to give Mr. 29yds. a chance to pull up even.

In summing up this matter: This handicap will equalize a majority, or the great mass of shooters; and these 31, 32 or 33yds. boys are well known; they can be counted on the ten fingers of your hands, and, if necessary, can be placed 2 or 3yds. behind the masses. But the 29yds. fellow who belongs at 31yds. is the chap that this handicap will watch with unfailing vigilance.

Thanking you for allowing me the use of your valuable space, and trusting that something may come out of my suggestions, I am, etc.,

R. S. ELLIOTT.

[As we said in our note referred to, and which Mr. Elliott replies to as above, there are men who are easily 3yds. worse than some shooters and 5 or 6yds. worse than some others. That is to say, we believe that there are men who rightly belong at 26 or 27yds., while others should be placed at 29, and others again at 31 or 33yds. Mr. Elliott dismisses the latter by saying that they are well known, few in number, and can be placed a couple of yards or so behind the weaker shots. Let us, then, give him an example of what would be the probable and logical outcome of a race between a 27yds. man and a 29yds. man at 25 birds under his latest system of division:

Mark: 27 28 29 29 29 29 30 30 Total.

Mr. 27yds. 222 222 220 220 202 222 220 202—20

Mark: 27 28 29 30 30 30 31 31 32

Mr. 29yds. 222 222 222 202 222 220 222 202—22

Unfortunately, like Mr. Elliott, we can only give a supposititious case for an example, but we believe that the above explains what we wish to demonstrate.

Taking Mr. Elliott's criticism on our "second weak point": To quote his own words, "As soon as Mr. 29yds. shows his weakness by dropping a bird, Mr. 31yds. is handicapped in his next division to give Mr. 29yds. a chance to pull up even." Yes; Mr. 29yds. has dropped a bird, as might be expected, and Mr. 31yds. has a lead of 1 on him. Now let them go on and shoot it out. As soon as Mr. 31yds. drops a bird Mr. 29yds. must kill all his "to pull up even." In other words, Mr. 29yds. must be in exceptionally good form to even tie Mr. 31yds., who is only shooting in his usual good form. In other words, the handicap seems to us to fix matters so that the poorer shot can possibly tie his superior, but can only beat him in exceptional cases.]

Mr. Shaner's Opinion.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Jan. 22, under the head of "A Novelty in Handicapping from Kansas City," I note that Mr. R. S. Elliott asks for my views on the suggestions offered. After careful consideration, it is my opinion that while the handicap proposed might prove satisfactory where all the shooters taking part were known to be better than 29yds. men it would be clearly out of the question to use it where the great majority of shooters are known to be 29yds. men and under. I so fully coincide with all that is said in the editorial note at the end of Mr. Elliott's article that anything I should say on the subject would seem superfluous.

In my opinion the Kansas City Handicap could not be used with satisfactory results in the Grand American Handicap, as the great majority of the entries are known to be 29yds. men or under. We will take last year's Grand American Handicap for the sake of illustration: Of the 146 men who made entry, 120 were placed at 29yds. or under, while but twenty-six, who were known and classed as the best men in this country, were placed at marks over 29yds. It would indeed have been a great injustice to those 120 at 29yds. or under to have allowed the twenty-six, who are rated the world over better than 29yds. men, to start in at 29yds. And it would have been a greater injustice to have compelled the 120, known as 29yds. men or under, to start in at 29yds., and keep them there or put them back further. It would have been a decided advantage in favor of the twenty-six.

Personally, I can't say that I am very much in favor of a sliding scale handicap at any time.

ELMER E. SHANER.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

Crossland versus Denny.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.—One of the best and most exciting races that has ever been shot here was decided to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. The contestants were John Crossland and J. O'H. Denny. A strong wind prevailed and made good scores rather doubtful. Denny made a very poor start, scoring only 41 out of his first 50, the match looking at this stage as if it was going to be as runaway an affair as the recent match between these two shooters, when Denny retired at the 90th round, being shot out. Crossland shot a steady gait and scored 46 out of his first 50, having a lead of 5 at the half-way mark. Then Denny settled down and did some great work indeed. Out of his last 50 birds he scored 49, Crossland losing 5, the match ending in Denny's defeat by one bird. The detailed scores were:

J O'H Denny 112022222220021022222221—21

2221022222200220222222212—20

2220221222212221221112212—24

2122222221122222222121222—25—90

2222222220022022111112221—22

211212212022211222222111—24

220112202121221122222112—23

1122112221202221222220202—22—91

Paterson Accepts Morgan's Challenge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 31.—Special to *Forest and Stream*: I hereby accept Morgan's challenge for the E. C. cup, naming Calumet Heights as the grounds on which the match will be shot. I will name date as soon as convenient and will give you style of race later.

A. C. PATERSON.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Rockaway Park Gun Club.

Jan. 24.—The Rockaway Park Gun Club (Cuckoos) held a big shoot to-day on its grounds at Rockaway Point. The occasion was a team shoot between members of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, and a team of the Cuckoos. The visitors were defeated by a good majority, the scores standing 143 to 118 in favor of the home team. Scores were:

Rockaway.		Hudson.	
C F Dudley	22	G E Loeble	19
L S Waldeck	18	Chas Banta	17
J J Tiernan	18	Henry Bock	14
H P Scott	16	W W Wright	12
Johnnie Jones	13	Wm O'Brien	12
Jac Stoney	12	Geo Brewer	12
Frank Coleman	12	Fr Thommy	9
Richard Woods	12	Jos Whitley	8
Wm Wagner	12	Jos Doran	8
E F Bourke	8	Fr Boothroyd	7

143

118

Both before and after the team race sweepstakes were shot, over 2,000 targets being trapped before darkness called a halt. The averages for the day were as below, Dudley being in the lead with 71.9 per cent., a total that looks small, but which is easily accounted for by the extremely high wind that swept over the sandhills of the point.

Shot at Broke. Ave.		Shot at Broke. Ave.	
Dudley	114	82	719
Loeble	97	69	711
Waldeck	171	119	695
Tiernan	35	24	685
Woods	89	58	651
Scott	130	83	646
Ottens	97	62	639
Place	83	52	626
Short	65	40	615
Banta	138	83	601
Wright	84	50	595
O'Brien	74	43	581
Jones	55	29	527
Bock	122	64	524

J. JONES.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Jan. 25.—The Hell Gate Gun Club's regular monthly live-bird shoot, held this afternoon at Dexter Park, was well attended, thirty-five shooters being on hand. The snow squall which started during the last half of the race, bothered the shooters a good deal. Col. John H. Voss was the only one to score 10 straight. Scores:

Class A, 30yds., 7 points: Voss 10, Trostel 9, Doeinck 9, Weber 7, Nowak 7, Forster 7.

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points: Belden 9, Sands 9, Woelfel 5.

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points: Metz 9, Schlicht 9, Rabenstein 8, Peterson 7, Steffens 6.

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points: Garms, Jr., 8, Muench 8, Dannefelser 8, Lang 7, Stuetzle 6.

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points: Valenti 9, Regan 6, Himmlsbach 5, Schaefer 5.

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points: Newman 8, Kessler 7, Richter 6, Linck 5, Geipel 4.

Twenty-eight yards, 4½ points: Wigger 8, Briet 7, Koch 5, Brennan 5.

Class B, 26yds., 4½ points: Marquardt 4.

Twenty-six yards, 4 points: Guy 8, Wehler 7.

Phoenix Gun Club.

Jan. 26.—Nine members of the Phoenix Gun Club were present this afternoon at the club's shoot in Dexter Park. A heavy wind blew across the traps from left to right. A. Botty was high with 14 out of 15. Scores:

D. Freleigh 11, A. Botty 14, Dr. Burnett 8, E. Madison 12, John Henry 10, M. Brown 9, J. Akhurst 10, J. Smith 12, D. Gardner 8.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Jan. 29.—The New Utrecht Gun Club inaugurated a new feature at its live-bird shoot at Woodlawn, L. I., this afternoon. This was a prize miss-and-out, all at 29yds.; Class B allowed one miss as a no bird; Class C allowed two misses as no birds. W. F. Sykes won to-day's event. Both Greiff and Sykes missed in the 8th round, and all were let in again, but did not stay long. The birds gave out at the end of the 9th round, and all agreed to make it a 9-bird event, instead of 10, as usual. Gus Greiff won in Class A; F. A. Thompson in Class B, Adams and Frost tying in Class C.

John Sumpter's Programme.

THE programme for John Sumpter's shoot, Feb. 15-19, at Hot Springs, Ark., shows that the boys are going to be given a good shoot down there. For each of the four target days, Feb. 15-18, there is a programme of 7-target events, \$2, \$25 added to each purse, and a 25-target event, \$40 added to the purse. The five high guns on each day will be given \$4 each for average money; \$60 will also be given to the 10 highest general averages for the four days. This money will be divided \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4.50, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.

From the programme itself we extract the following, which is based on the lines of the Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament:

"Experts.—All known professional shooters, and all who are known to receive their ammunition free, will be required to pay 50 cents extra in each of the eight events each day, and all those who shoot 90 per cent. or better on one day will be required to shoot in this class until they fail to reach that average, when they can again enter in the amateur class.

"Amateurs.—All the extra money contributed by the professional shooters will constitute a fund to be divided among all the amateurs who shoot through the entire target programme for the four days. This will be divided equally among all, regardless of what average they make. No amateur who gets a part of the general average money can share in this division. I estimate that at least 25 men will have to pay \$4 extra each day, and for the four days this would amount to the snug sum of \$400, all of which will be divided among the amateurs who shoot through."

In all 20-target events there will be five moneys; six moneys in the 25-target event. The six moneys will

The Appar Benefit Shoot at Orange Lake.

THE weather on Jan. 26-27, the dates chosen for the Appar benefit shoot at Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y., might have been more favorable for trap-shooting on the ice, but it was of a character known as "seasonable," so we can't raise much of a kick about it. Despite the weather there was a good crowd present on both days, and the shoot was a success. There was one disappointment, however, caused by a heavy fall of snow that commenced on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 25, and lasted well on to mid-day on the 26th. Of course it was not falling heavily all the time, but still when it stopped there was 5 in. of clean, white snow concealing the 12 in. of ice that covered Orange Lake. This put a stop to all ideas of iceboat racing, one of the promised attractions, but that couldn't be helped.

The first day was devoted exclusively to target shooting, a magatrap being used to throw the bluebirds out over the snow. The background was all right until the targets rose to a level with the heavy fringe of timber that clothes the northern border of the lake; then things went wrong, and targets were lost and signs were sighted. Some of the curving right quarterers, with a quartering wind behind them, caused the retirement of some good men. Toward the close of the day the wind came up and asserted itself boldly; it was bitterly cold, too, at that time. Then the misses came fast and furious, and 7 out of 10 was far easier to make than anything else.

Among those present from the distance were: J. A. H. Dressel and John J. Halliwell, of the U. M. C. Co.; T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Cos.; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; Capt. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Dutchy Smith and Sam P. Wilbur, of Plainfield, N. J.; E. C. Likely, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Jake Blendemann, New York City; Jack Halsted, Peekskill, N. Y.; Tom Greer and Sanders, of Albany, N. Y.; W. A. Wiedebusch, Scranton, Pa.; Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y., etc. The sporting press was also well represented.

Newburgh, of course, was well represented, a full list of those who came from that city being too long to publish. Chief among the Newburghers were G. H. Taggart, H. C. Higginson, W. M. Stansbrough, Dave Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun Club; Jake Gedney, from Gedney's Mills; J. W. Dickson, Capt. J. Wood, James S. Taylor, Carr, Leicht, Dr. Willett Kidd, a veteran iceboat man and a first-rate game warden; and a whole host of others. The trapping of the live birds was in charge of Gil, the West Newburgh Gun Club's trapper, one of the very best of his kind in the country, and one who does not believe in feeding straightaways when it comes to target shooting. The cashier's office was in charge of Sam Wilbur.

The results of the two days' shooting are given in detail below:

First Day, Jan. 26.

There was snow in the air and 5 in. of snow underfoot when shooting began this morning. Toward the middle of the day the sun came out at intervals, and then the glare from the rays of the sun on the snow covered surface of the lake was blinding. During the afternoon the sun went in, and a cold, penetrating wind came up that kept the shooters at the score extremely busy to preserve the requisite amount of circulation of the blood that is necessary for comfort; in short, it was awfully cold, and none but the very cranks would have gone out and shot targets with pneumonia staring them in the face.

The re-entry race was closed at 2:30 P. M., and the prizes distributed by lot. A curious feature of the drawing was the good luck that befell W. A. Wiedebusch. The 20 numbers, denoting the 20 straight scores, were put in a hat and were drawn out singly by Capt. Money. Wiedebusch had 2 straights to his credit, and although his name was not called twice in succession, Capt. Money drew out first and second choice for him. As there were only 19 prizes, with 20 claimants, Dutchy Smith withdrew all claim to any prize, making matters easy in that respect. Below is a list of the prizes:

W. A. Wiedebusch, Winchester "brush gun," donated by Wm. Wolstencroft's Sons, Frankford, Pa., and a framed photograph, donated by Jacob Pentz; John S. Wright, a case of ozone, donated by the Newburgh Ozone Co.; H. Held, subscription to Shooting and Fishing; W. R. Hobart, 5 lbs. of Schultze, donated by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Scott Terry, 500 Empire targets, donated by W. Fred Quimby; Sanders, 5 lbs. E. C. donated by Am. E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; W. Terry, 200 cartridges, donated by Peters Cartridge Co.; E. D. Miller, the same as W. Terry; A. Woodruff, subscription to Sporting Life; C. W. Billings, 100 Peters cartridges, donated by Peters Cartridge Co.; W. T. Kirke, subscription to the American Field; J. Goodman, J. S. Taylor, W. Lair, W. J. Skidmore, J. Swody and Jacob Pentz, all drew subscriptions to Sporting Review; J. B. Ogden, subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, (Paul North donated 1,000 bluebirds to be shot at during this tournament.)

The records of the tickets shot in this match, giving names of the proxies who shot the tickets, are shown below.

Ticket.	Proxy.	Score.
W A Wiedebusch	Self	11111111-10
W A Wiedebusch	Self	11111111-10
John S Wright	Banks	11111111-10
H Held	C Smith	11111111-10
W R Hobart	Halliwell	11111111-10
Scott Terry	Stansbrough	11111111-10
Sanders	Self	11111111-10
W Terry	Sanders	11111111-10
E D Miller	Sanders	11111111-10
A Woodruff	C von Lengerke	11111111-10
C W Billings	Banks	11111111-10
W T Kirke	Sanders	11111111-10
J Goodman	Higginson	11111111-10
J S Taylor	Self	11111111-10
W Lair	Sanders	11111111-10
W J Skidmore	Von Lengerke	11111111-10
J Swody	Banks	11111111-10
J Pentz	Stansbrough	11111111-10
C Smith	Self	11111111-10
J B Ogden	Banks	11111111-10
Sanders	Self	11111111-9
Ben O Bush	Money	11111111-9
J B Rogers	Self	11111111-9
Capt Money	Banks	11011111-9
J S Taylor	Self	11011111-9
J Lindzey	Keller	11011111-9
C H Lyman	Higginson	10111111-9
Wheeler	Halliwell	11111011-9
R B Manning	Von Lengerke	11111011-9
P J Zeglio	Keller	11111110-9
H Haubrand	Smith	10111111-9
W Pierson	Halliwell	11011111-9
W A Coddington	Taylor	11111101-9
C A Reed	Sanders	11011111-9
R McCullough	Wiedebusch	11111011-9
E Banks	Self	11111011-9
G Wendell	Wiedebusch	11111011-9
Neaf Appar	Keller	01111111-9
T H Keller	Higginson	11111011-9
C C Keller	Taylor	10111111-9
W Sigler	Smith	10111111-9
J Timmons	Stansbrough	11111011-9
C L Moore	Von Lengerke	11111011-9
H Nelson	Banks	11111101-9
J H Charlton	Norton	11111101-9
W M Stansbrough	Self	11111111-9
Sanders	Self	11111111-9
J S Taylor	Self	11111111-9
Chet Smith	Keller	11111011-9
H Blendemann	Halliwell	11011111-9
W M Stansbrough	Self	10111111-9
B Leroy	Banks	11111011-9
H Keller	Taylor	01111111-9
C H Mowry	Banks	11111110-9
R Phister	Von Lengerke	11111011-9
J H Swan	Banks	11111110-9
T H Keller	Taylor	11111011-9
Sanders	Self	11111011-9
W M Stansbrough	Self	11111011-9
W M Stansbrough	Self	01111111-9

The following made 8 out of 10, the second name denoting who acted as proxy for the owner of the ticket:

C. P. Finnegan, Hobart; Wiedebusch, self; Harry Campbell, Wiedebusch; J. M. Taylor, Von Lengerke; J. M. Andrews, Wiedebusch; Stansbrough, self; Sanders, self; J. Snead, Banks, and H. McMurry, Capt. Money.

Seven out of 10: Dutchy, self; T. H. Keller, self, and Stansbrough, self.

The following retired in the ninth round with 2 misses: R. O. Heikes, Wiedebusch; W. H. Brooks, Stebbins; C. E. Teel, Sanders; T. H. Keller, self, and C. Smith, self.

Retired in the eighth round with 2 misses: Dr. J. G. Knowlton, Norton; J. S. Taylor, self; C. M. Stebbins, self; Frank Taylor, Keller; J. H. Wood, self; W. M. Hyatt, Likely; B. Leroy,

Banks; J. S. Taylor, self; W. T. Kirk, Norton, and J. Timmons, Stansbrough.

Retired in the seventh round with 2 misses: C. C. Beveridge, Banks; J. J. Halliwell, self; S. G. Smith, Von Lengerke; W. Squier, C. Smith; J. Singer, Taylor; Sanders, self, and Wiedebusch, self.

Retired in the sixth round with 2 misses: Sanders, self; G. P. Finnegan, Blendemann; C. W. Billings, Halliwell; W. A. Bass, Hobart; H. Gardner, Halliwell, and Platt Adams, Banks.

Retired in the fifth round with 2 misses: McMurry, Hobart; J. Darby, Taylor; D. Darby, Stansbrough; Capt. Money, self, and J. S. S. Remsen, Banks.

Retired in the fourth round with 2 misses: Keller, self; H. C. H., self; J. H. Wood, self; F. Taylor, self; E. S. Hooley, Keller; T. H. Brantingham, Hobart; L. H. Schortemeier, Banks, and W. Lair, Carr.

Retired in the third round with 2 misses: J. Lindzey, Halliwell; H. C. H., Keller; W. S. Ralston, Stansbrough; S. P. Wilbur, Dutchy; Wiedebusch, self; Wiedebusch, self; J. S. Taylor, self; C. W. Billings, Halliwell, and Capt. Money, self.

Retired at the end of the second round: J. Blendemann, self; C. Smith, self; B. Norton, self; C. C. Lister, Norton; Zeglio, Halliwell; J. Blendemann, self; Stansbrough, self; J. Grady, H. C. H.; John Leahy, Norton; J. Lindzey, Taylor, and J. Reilly, Taggart.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	25	25	Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	25	25
Rogers	13	6	4	8	Money	7	9	7	8	7	19	19
Banks	12	7	7	6	23	21	..	Keller	5
Dutchy	12	5	7	6	8	24	16	Norton	5	6	4	1	5
Sanders	12	9	7	Hyde	4	5
Wiedebusch	11	7	8	6	..	23	..	Greer	4
Von Lengerke	10	8	8	4	Wood	8	8	7
Halliwell	9	..	5	1	Blendemann	5	3	5	6
Leicht	8	7	Boxer	5	10	..	3
Stebbins	7	Gray	2	..	3	5
Taylor	7	8	5	6	6	17	..	S Brown	7	5

Second Day, Jan. 27.

With hardly more than a breath of air stirring, with the deep snow covering everything with a glare of dazzling whiteness, and with a temperature that was decidedly more chilly than was comfortable, it was no wonder that the birds did not fly as well as their quality warranted one in expecting. In the coop they were as wild as hawks, but as soon as they were trapped they became different articles altogether. There were some good ones, however, and naturally these generally called for ciphers on the score sheet.

Among the new arrivals to-day was Colin R. Wise, from Passaic, N. J., who shot at 29 birds, scoring 27 of them, 1 of the lost birds being a dead out of bounds. Tom Greer and Tom Keller duplicated Wise's performance by accounting for 27 out of 29. The winner in the 15-bird handicap race was A. J. Leicht, a beginner, and a member of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. He was placed at the 26yds. mark and scored 18 straight, winning the special trophy donated by H. C. Higginson. Blandford, another new man at the traps, also shot away up in this event, Leicht beating him out in the tie.

The other merchandise prizes added to the purse in this event were: Second class: A fishing rod, donated by Fred Divine. Third class: A solid leather case for a Winchester repeating shotgun, donated by Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Fourth class: Sole leather gun case, donated by Von Lengerke & Detmold; and 5 lbs. of Schultze powder, donated by the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. The ties in these classes were decided by lot. Wise won the fishing rod; Higginson got the Winchester gun case; Robby got the other gun case, while Blendemann drew the powder.

Below are the scores, Nos. 1 and 2 being at 7 birds, 35:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Tie.
Capt Money	2120111-6	1121111-7	29. 11211011212011-13	..
T H Keller	1222222-7	1202112-6	29. 11212012122222-14	..
C R Wise	1122222-7	*121122-6	28. 22221212201112-14	..
J Blendemann	2020110-5	2111112-7	26. 22100201102111-11	..
C Smith	1121011-6	2021212-6	28. *2121222121011-13	..
J J Halliwell	2121*22-6	2221222-7	29. 112122220022222-13	..
T Greer	1202112-6	2122222-7	29. 11111112221022-14	..
J S Taylor	1202112-6	21*2222-6	29. 11111112221022-14	..
Blandford	27. 1212221221111-15	110
Robby	27. 11212121211001-11	..
H C H.	022*222-5	0221212-6	27. 20201212222221-13	..
A J Leicht	26. 21211112212121-15	111
T B H.	23. 2212011211111-14	..
J Dickson	28. 12121022111112-14	..
Wiedebusch	1212111-7	1112222-7
Norton	22*2222-6
Banks	21112*1-6
A Rohr	0020221-4

EDWARD BANKS.

The Hamilton Tournament.

Last week we were unable to give more than a brief account of the results in the live-bird events shot during the Hamilton, Can., tournament of Jan. 18-20, together with the outcome of the target team championship. This week we give the results in the different target sweeps shot during the three days.

From the records given below it will be seen that E. D. Fulford, who shoots a Remington gun and Schultze powder, U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition, did the best shooting; he broke 153 out of 160 shot at, an average of 95. Next to him, and close up, too, was F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., who broke 138 out of 145, averaging 95. Last summer, at the New York State shoot in Auburn, Kelsey was shooting a Smith gun and Gold Dust powder; at that time he shot away up on top, and we conclude he used the same combination at Hamilton, for Kelsey is not a man to change when he's got something to suit him. B. A. Bartlett was third in order of merit, breaking 147 out of 160. Bartlett's gun, of course, was a Winchester, his powder E. C. Scores follow (No. 4 was at reversed order; No. 7 at 15 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs):

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	20	15	20	25	25	Targets:	20	15	20	20	15	20	25	25
Head	19	13	Barker	..	12
Parker	16	Grady	..	9
Fanning	20	14	18	..	12	18	24	..	Roberts	..	13	16	..	9
McCarney	14	..	15	13	8	16	21	..	Wallace	..	12	16	11
Bartlett	20	14	17	18	12	19	25	22	Rogers	..	6	2
Langhorn	18	9	15	13	9	18	Wheeler	..	13	16	..	13	18	..	22
Burkhardt	19	14	18	15	10	19	20	..	Brooks	..	13	20	..	11	..	21	22
Kelsey	19	15	20	18	..	18	23	25	Stroud
Bennett	19	13	15	..	11	Gerry
Norris	18	12	17	15	12	18	15	..	Brady
Tolsma	18	15	17	12	9	17	Lyons
Hibard	17	12	18	12	11	14	19	21	Crew
Fulford	20	12	19	20	15	19	23	25	Donley
James	18	14	18	16	11	17	..	24	Clifford
Valaner	9	10	6	Galloway
Dynes	11	13	16	10	11	19	..	19	Fletcher
Scane	20	14	19	..	8	..	21	23	George
Wingate	18	15	18	..	14	16	21	23	Corbett
Wilson	19	15	17	..	11	17	20	23	Green	8	20	21	23
Lewis	19	14	19	20	..	21	Brook
Thomas	20	14	15	16	..	22	Waterbury
Bates	18	Kennedy
Daniels	14	12	16	13	Raspberry
Graham	17	12	12	Smith
Burcell	22	..	C Hunt
Briggs	11	15

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 19.—The Dansville Gun Club held its second practice shoot to-day. The day was unfavorable for shooting. A strong wind sent the targets at unexpected angles, and it was a bit keen, too, at times for the shooters; but enthusiasm was rife, and the cheerful warmth of a nearby bonfire (we have not yet risen to the dignity of a club house), about which the shooters gathered when not at the score, held discomfort at bay and kept the boys in a cheerful state of mind to the finish. Twenty-two men faced the traps during the afternoon, with the following results, all of the events being at 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
---------	---	---	---	---	---	--

IN NEW JERSEY.

Riverside Gun Club.

Jan. 21.—The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, held a live-bird shoot to-day. A fine lot of birds had been secured from Gilbert, of Philadelphia, and with a heavy northwest wind behind them they were scorers. The first event shot was a 5-bird race, \$5. The scores in this event were: J. Cooper, Jr., W. Watts and C. Zvirlein 4; A. L. Ivins and E. M. Cooper 3; M. F. Cornwell 2.

Four other events were also shot, with the results given in detail below. No. 1 was a 25-bird race, entrance \$5, birds extra. Nos. 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, \$3; No. 4 was a \$3 miss-and-out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H. C. White, 29.	12121112110111111111-23	01022-3	22021-4	11111
E. M. Cooper, 29.	11222022212122222122201-23		00101-2	20
C. Henry, 30.	12220*112212021112222122-22	12200-3		
A. L. Ivins, 30.	2220012111111111022212011-21	11101-4	11121	5 21121
J. Gaughen, 28.	112221220102122211001222-21			
G. C. Low, 27.	1011211101002*111212122-20	11121-5	20120-3	
J. B. Bergen, 25.	02201221110220021221222-20		11111-5	
J. Cooper, Jr., 28.	212121200210122210112100-19	10122-4	12110-4	20
H. Marryott, 25.	202002012121121012100221-18	00222-3	01222-4	0
M. Cornwell, 25.	22200202022201222220220-18	00222-3	01222-4	0
C. Van Heise, 29.	0201*2120111212012020002-15	22210-4		22221
G. Van Heise, 26.	11120102201012000	22224-4	22110-4	
C. Hesse, 30.	22*1110010020			
Grover		11022-4	21021-4	
C. Grosenger		11112-5		
W. Watts		02011-3	222211	
G. Willett		20100-2		
E. L. Cowart		10101-3		
E. Throckmorton		10101-3	11122	
Parker		22212-5		
Hance		10001-2		

Union County Wins Again.

Jan. 24.—The return match between five-men teams representing respectively the counties of Union and Hunterdon, N. J., was held to-day at Campbell's Road House, near Plainfield, N. J. Hunterdon County's fifth man did not show up, so the team shot the race with four men on a side. The birds were an extraordinarily strong lot, and were aided by a strong wind that blew directly across the traps. As will be seen from the scores given below, Union County won easily, thus making it two straight for them. Scores:

Union County.		Hunterdon County.	
Scott Terry	1022200222-7	Henzier	0111*12020-6
C Smith	0*12100221-6	Stout	200002202-4
T H Keller	2100220202-6	Case	122220002-7
A Woodruff	111220111-9-28	Milburn	0024220121-6-23
The following two sweeps were also shot, No. 1 being 5 birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys; No. 2 being a \$2 miss-and-out. Brewer shot from the 32yds. mark; all the rest from 28yds.			
	No. 1.	No. 1.	No. 2.
J Brewer	11122-5	Coddington	00101-2 20
W Lair	20120-3	Henry	00010-1
S Terry	02202-3	C Smith	221111
P Sandford	20020-2 20	Campbell	2110
Hildebrandt	01100-2	Henzier	112220
W Terry	20222-4	Stout	120
Ziglio	12022-4	Case	10
Woodruff	11222-5 221221		

GEO. W. SQUIER.

Targets at Paterson.

Jan. 25.—A large crowd went to Willard Park to-day to witness a team race, 10 men to a side, between the shooters of the Second and the Eighth wards of Paterson, N. J. Each man shot at 25 bluebirds from three expert traps, Sergeant system. The shoot was for suppers and expenses. Among the spectators were Alderman Wright, who acted as referee; Garry Hopper and his father, and Sergt. Summers, of the police force. There was also present a roofer from the Eighth ward, who rooted hard for the Second ward; the Eighth ward boys say they will get even with him. The outcome of this match will probably be another at live birds, as most of our shooters are better on pigeons than on targets.

There was considerable practice before the match, as many as 20 guns being at the score, and all wanting to shoot at the same time. During the last five birds of the team race it began to snow hard, making the shooting very difficult. The scores in an extra, 15 targets per man, were as below: Wright 15, Gallagher and A. Doty 14, J. Doty 13, Ray 11, Hopper 10, Wolf 8, Grundy 6 and Schuyler and Butterworth 5.

The team race scores were:

Second Ward:		Eighth Ward:	
Wm. Stalter	010111011111010111110011-18	Herman Mertel	1011101011101010101011-17
James Post	000011011101010111110001-14	J. Rea	11101101101010111111011-20
Wm. Tiers	010011010000001010101010-10	Schuyler	10101110111101101010011-19
James Grundy	1001111101010101010111-19	W. Predmore	01111010101111111111001-19
James Gallagher	101111101110111111110010-19	Peckart	001111101111111100010010-16
John Doty	111111011101011111111111-22	Rhinhardt	1010011001000101010101010-12
Aaron Doty	0100111010101111111111-19	Tom Smith	111111010101000000101100-14
James Butterworth	111011011101011100101011-18	Jim Ryves	10100011110000101000011-11
Henry Wolf	100100011010101010100111-14	Wm. Stewart	1101011111111101010111-21
Ed Morgan	111100111010100111100010-16-169	Latus	1010000111101010100011-14-163

Hudson Gun Club.

Jan. 29.—The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, held its last shoot for January to-day. The day was bright and cold, and snow on the ground was responsible for a good many ciphers in the scores. The main event of the day was at 25 targets, unknown angles, for a silver cup. This brought out a large number of the members of the club. The handicapping was done by a committee appointed by President De Long, and everybody seemed to think the committee did good work, considering all things. Mr. McElroy takes the cup for one month. There were six other events decided, all at unknown angles. Following are the summaries:

Pete (A, 0)	111100010111101010101010-15+0-15
Banta (A, 5)	0011111100111111100011-18+4-22
De Long (A, 4)	00001010111101111101010-17+2-19
O'Brien (A, 6)	10101011110000100000110-12
Hughes (A, 6)	1100111001001111111011-18+6-24
Radigan (B, 3)	010101110100001001001001-11
Wright (B, 5)	11011001101010111010000-15+4-19
Bock (B, 5)	1000101110001110101000110-12+4-16
Nagle (B, 5)	11111010000100101001001-13
Altz (B, 6)	10011101110010001001000-12+5-17
Wilde (B, 10)	00000100101111111101011-16+8-23
Boothroyd (B, 10)	00010000110101100100011-8
Goetz (B, 10)	10111000110010000000001-8
Tommy (B, 10)	1101000010101011111000-15+3-18
McElroy (C, 10)	0101010101101111101010-17+6-23
Whitley (C, 9)	0000000011100100011111-11+4-15
Doran (C, 10)	0000010010000000101011-3+3-11
Johns (C, 10)	001001111001110101011-16+4-20
Van Dyne (C, 10)	0111101110010010001001-14
*Brewer	0111101001001010010011-14

* Guest.

O'Brien, Radigan, Nagle, Boothroyd, Goetz and Van Dyne did not shoot off their handicaps.

Bergen County Gun Club.

Jan. 29.—The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup was held to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J. W. Everett won a heat for the cup, breaking 48 out of 60. Harold Money was right after him with 47 out of 59. The attendance was small, owing to the extremely cold weather. Scores:

E. C. cup shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances: W. Everett (10) 48, H. Money (9) 47, Ed Taylor (6) 45, Dr. De Wolf (6) 31, H. D. Warner (14) 21, Edmann 8, Raymond 14.

J. BANTA, Captain.

The Meadville, Pa., Gun Club held its annual meeting recently and elected the following list of officers for 1898: President, Dr. E. T. Lashells; Vice-President, Edgar Huidekoper; Secretary, Charles Stein; Treasurer, William M. Yates; Captain, Fred G. Prenatt; First Lieutenant, L. H. Stem; Second Lieutenant, Frank Ehrigott; Directors, S. B. Clark, F. L. Hotchkiss and W. L. Kridger.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Reduced Fare to Hot Springs.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., announces that the club has been able to secure a good rate for all members of the shooting party who leave for Hot Springs at the close of the Indianapolis two days' tournament. This arrangement will be of benefit both to the Limited Gun Club tournament and to Mr. Sumpter's shoot at Hot Springs; and the shooter who can resist the double attractions offered by these enterprising managements must be one who does not want to travel or to shoot. Mr. Hearsey writes definitely as follows:

"In the programmes mailed some days ago we stated that our rate offered to Hot Springs and return might be improved. We are now much pleased to inform you that we can offer a rate of \$22.95 for the round trip, good for ten days, sold only on Feb. 12. "Our special parlor car will leave Indianapolis at 11:45 A. M., Feb. 12, arriving at Hot Springs at 12:15, Feb. 13."

Henry Live-Bird Tournament.

The Live-Bird Club, of Henry, Ill., will give a good two days' tournament, Feb. 22-23, at live birds and targets. The officers of this club are Mr. Albert Bacon and Dr. S. F. Forrest, and they are doing all they can to make the shoot a success. It will be a wide-open shoot, all the strings off, no one barred and no handicap. There ought to be fun for the cracks here, but a look at Mr. Bacon's record at the Illinois State shoot leads one to believe that some of the money will remain at Henry. The officers write as follows: "Please announce that we claim dates of Feb. 22 and 23, 1898, for a shoot to be held at the Big Four Driving Park, Henry, Ill., under the auspices of the Henry Live-Bird Club. We will use five expert bluebird traps, electric pull; have plenty of live birds. The club will spare no pains to make this the largest shoot ever held in central Illinois. Arrangements will be made for the comfort of the shooters regardless of inclement weather. No one barred, no one handicapped. Programmes will be out not later than Feb. 10 and will be sent to all the principal shooting clubs in the country. For further information regarding shoot address the secretary, and your inquiries will be cheerfully answered."

Not so Warm.

Gov. John R. Tanner, of Illinois, spent this week at Hot Springs, Ark., and on Jan. 25 engaged in a little sport at the live-bird traps. I regret to state that the records of the Governor's attempts at Hot Springs do not indicate that he is what is technically known on the circuit as a "warm baby." The scores show that he killed only 13 out of 25 birds, and still worse is the information of the dispatch which says vaguely that he "tied a St. Louis man." On Jan. 28 Gov. Tanner acquitted himself much better, killing 14 out of 15 birds. Of his shooting companions, Messrs. Gates, Drake and Elwood, Gates killed 8, Drake 8 and Elwood 4. Mr. Gates shot at 31yds., the others at 21yds., use of both barrels.

New Western Organizations.

Under the articles of incorporation of the Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., the capital stock is made \$2,000. The following officers are elected: President, C. C. Hamilton; Vice-President, J. W. Boyd; Treasurer, W. F. Duncan; Secretary, E. R. Chapman; Captain, H. H. Hawman; Executive Board, H. H. Hawman, J. W. Gray, W. W. Harris and John Otten. The Soo Gun Club is one of the strongest and most active organizations of the middle West.

Many would be disposed to think of Idaho as a land of mountains and big game, where the scatter gun would be despised. Yet at Moscow, Idaho, a gun club of thirty members was lately organized with the following officers: I. G. Rees, President; J. M. Hibbs, Vice-President; W. E. Wallace, Secretary; E. E. Wright, Treasurer; W. G. Emery, Captain. Traps have been ordered and regular shoots will be arranged for soon.

A strong organization of trap-shooters, to be known as the Winnebago Club, was last week formed at Oshkosh, Wis. Weekly shoots will be held, beginning May 1. The membership is forty-three already, and the club promises very well. The following will be the officers for the ensuing year: President, C. C. Chase; Vice-President, W. W. Kimball; Secretary, John H. Thomas; Treasurer, Charles J. Maulick; Captain, John Steier.

The Warren Gun Club, of Warren, O., elects the following officers for the coming season: Z. F. Craver, President; E. A. Biery, Vice-President; T. G. Dunham, Secretary and Treasurer. The Redlands Gun Club, of Redlands, Cal., is one of the good organizations of the big golden State which has known a boom in trap-shooting for the past year. Last week the following officers were elected by this body: Gus Knight, President; W. H. Stewart, Vice-President; J. H. Stewart, Secretary. These officers, with W. T. Gillis, Silas Williams and E. B. Mallers, constitute the Board of Directors.

Coming Events.

The two rival cities of Peoria and Pekin, Ill., both hot shooting towns, have signed articles for a finish contest at live birds. The first of these intercity shoots is scheduled for Thursday of this week, the following being the teams: Pekin Gun Club: Jacob Hoff; Herman Becker, John Hoff, Mr. Reuling. Peoria Gun Club: Kit Sammis, J. M. Brown, "Dr. Nelson," W. F. Meidroth. A number of clubs have been formed this season in central and lower Illinois, and I presume that the June tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held at Peoria, will show the largest number of clubs entered that we have known for some time. Great preparations are making for a big attendance of shooters from towns in the neighborhood of Peoria. The McLean County Gun Club is the latest to join the State Association as a new member, and will send a delegation to Peoria.

The Stillwater Gun Club, of Minnesota, is already in the field with dates of June 14-15, and claims for a tournament which it promises shall be one of the best ever held in the Northwest.

The Waterloo Gun Club, of Iowa, claims dates of May 18, 19 and 20 for its annual tournament. Messrs. Place, Coburn and Jones have been chosen as the handicap committee, and will have the nice job of trying to make amateurs and experts equal. This gun club has some good shots, and some of the visitors who go there looking for easy money may indeed find their Waterloo.

Recent Scores.

The newly organized gun club of Pipestone, Minn., held its first shoot last Friday, and the following are the scores of the beginners. It will be interesting to watch the improvement of the members from time to time over their first record: Ed Grun 18, C. Ridgway 17, W. B. Denhart 15, H. R. Harrison 15, Oswald Cass 12, P. McGorty 9, J. H. Nichols 9, W. Somerville 8, W. Frost 7, W. C. Briggs 4.

Wichita, Kan., has been given a warm shoot at Riverside Park, management of Mr. L. S. Peacock. Scores of the first day, 25 targets, four events, was as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Total.	Events:	1	2	3	4	Total.
Bate	19	17	17	18	71	Dixon	15	18	19	20	72
Ford	21	21	20	23	85	Parkham	16	20	16	16	68
Wilson	22	19	23	24	88	Mellinger	23	21	19	18	81
Jackson	22	24	21	23	90	Nudd	16	17	17	11	61
Peas	16	18	20	20	74	Williams	22	20	19	19	80
Bennett	19	19	19	17	74	Clark	17	20	16	16	69

On the second day the following scores were made, strings of 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	Total.	Events:	1	2	Total.
Wilson	18	23	41	Ford	22	23	44
Williams	24	24	48	Dodds	17	21	38
Chain	14	13	27	Sickner	15	17	32
Galusha	15	16	31	Parkham	18	21	39
Eaton	7	10	17	McClees	15	16	31

A number of shoots on live birds followed the target events, the most important being at 15 live birds: Chain 3, Carey 9, Hull 7, McClees 11, Sickner 12, Galusha 9, Oliver 13, Eaton 9.

The Sterling Amateur Gun Club, of Sterling, Ill., last week held a little shoot with the following results:

No. 1, 12 targets: Forbes 9, Coe 5, Gerdes 5.

No. 2, 10 targets: Forder 9, Gerdes 6, McNeil 6, Allen 5, Miller 3, Hunt 2.

No. 3, 10 targets: Forder 8, McNeil 7, Allen 5, Gerdes 4, Miller 1.

No. 4, 7 live birds: Troop 6, Oppold 6, Hunt 4, Allen 4, Forder 3, McNeil 3, Miller 3.

No. 5, 7 live birds: Oppold 6, Forder 5, Williams 5, Gerdes 5, Coe 5, Troop 1.

No. 6, same: Allen 6, Oppold 6, Forder 5, Williams 5, Buell 4, Hunt 4, Daly 3, Troop 3, Gerdes 3, Coe 2.

No. 7, same: Forder 6, Oppold 5, Allen 5, Hunt 3, Troop 1.

A little team shoot was held last week on the grounds of the Mt. Vernon Gun Club, of Illinois, between Roy Stratton and Otto Patton on one side and Al Wolf and Neil Pavey on the other, the latter team winning by 5 birds in two strings of 25 targets. Score:

Stratton 16, Patton 20, Pavey 16, Wolf 21, total 73. In the second round the result was: Stratton 18, Patton 20, Pavey 22, Wolf 18, total 78.

At Douglass, Wyo., last week F. Rimington defeated Dr. Je-

surun in a match race at 41 birds at \$50 a side, with a score of 34 to 24. A match between Dr. Jesurun and A. Rice vs. Fred Remington and Fred Foxton for \$100 a side, 30 live birds, was won by Remington-Foxton by 1 bird, the score being: Jesurun 23, Rice 22, versus Remington 24, Foxton 22. A large crowd was in attendance, sportsmen from Theresa, Glenrock, Casper and La Bonte being present.

Elevating the Trap.

I appreciate the solemnity of Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr.'s, announcement in his midwinter tournament programme:

"This is going to be a dead-square shoot, and I mean it."

"No pooling or dropping for place will be tolerated. Remember, this is NO BLUFF!"

No tournament programme is complete without these announcements of the earnest determination on the part of the managements to elevate the trap. Yet I am very often told that all this about dropping and pooling is mere fiction, for that no such thing ever happened among trap-shooters. I am pained to note Mr. Sumpter's apparent uneasiness as to the purity of that which is pure.

Only Man.

We continue to have bright, clear, live-bird weather in Chicago this week, and John Watson has still a dozen or so good birds left for the boys to shoot at, but outside of the club shoots of the Audubon, Garfield and Eureka clubs all these advantages seem to be wasted, and nothing is happening to jar the serenity of Chicago's trap-shooting slumber. Every prospect, please, and only man is tired.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Watson's Park.

Jan. 27.—The following scores were made to-day in a practice shoot on live birds at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill. The ground was covered with snow, and the light was fairly bright, with mild wind:

W. Lewis	12212112*200212121011010122211-24
Fox	01121*21111212012020111220102101-24
W. Moore	011020120020112122111111201002-23
Claret	00212112112211011112122211111-28
Winchester	12120211*2211*1110211200121220-24

Garfield Gun Club.

Jan. 29.—The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular monthly contest at live birds at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill. It was attended by a good number of shooters, among whom were quite a few visitors.

There was a strong sunlight during the entire day, which shone on the snow-covered ground, making a very trying light to shoot in. Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding white birds as they were liberated from the traps. There was a fresh wind from the right quarter, and the birds were quite regular in their flight. Some few soft birds were trapped, as well as many good hard ones.

Mr. E. S. Rice, who is one of the new members of the club, did himself proud when he shot his back score, making some good hard kills and going out with a score of 19 out of 20, with 1 dead out of bounds. Good shooting was done by other members during the day, Hicks, Kuss, Shaw and Von Lengerke dividing honors at first place with straight scores. The shooting of Workman, who is a new face at the live-bird traps this winter, was quite noticeable; he made many good, clean kills of swift flyers with the ease of an old shooter, but he can't hold his gun to his shoulder after shooting the first barrel.

The following are practice scores preparatory to the club contest: S. Palmer 5, O. von Lengerke 4, Dr. Shaw 5, De Maris 3, Patti 3, Hollister 4, Workman 4, R. B. Carson 3, Nusley 5, O'Brien 2, Wilson 3, Dr. Carson 5, S. Palmer 5, Kuss 3, Comley 2, Hicks 2.

The following are scores of the club contest, and are at 20 live birds per man, from five automatic ground traps, 30yds. rise: Dr. Shaw 20, T. P. Hicks 20, H. Wiley 18, A. C. Paterson 13, C. L. Richards 17, R. Kuss 20, O. von Lengerke 20, C. E. Comley 15, S. E. Young 16, N. M. Nusley 13, H. Wiley 19, De Maris 4, S. Palmer 14, Workman 17, E. S. Rice 16, D. Russell 17, *E. S. Rice 19.

*Indicates back score shot.

The following are scores of friendly contests and practice shoots of visitors on the grounds to-day:

R B Carson.....	20210111112112012112220	-21
Dr C W Carson.....	121001212022201212122120	-19
J M Wilson.....	000111211221211222111222222222112102211121112	-46
O'Brien.....	020222	

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 7.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE FISH COMMISSION SCANDAL.

MR. LIVINGSTON STONE'S "Reminiscences of the Early Days of Fishculture," printed in another column, are written at an opportune moment. Read his tribute to Professor Spencer F. Baird, first United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries; recall the rare endowments and attainments with which that great man was equipped, his rare mental vision, his large grasp, his marvelous capacity for hard work, his unselfishness, devotion and enthusiasm—all these united with nobility of character and greatness of manhood—qualities which inspired, directed and controlled the work of the Commission in its formative stage; and then consider that on Tuesday of last week, yielding to the dictation of a West Virginia Senator, President McKinley nominated for the place once held by a Baird the West Virginia politician and office-seeker, George M. Bowers, an individual unknown in scientific circles and the realm of fishculture alike, but vouched for by Mr. Elkins as "a bright man who will catch on." By as much as the early annals of the Commission afford a record of patriotic zeal and splendid public service by the first Commissioner, in like measure this new stage in its history shameful and humiliating. The very fate apprehended by Professor Baird and which Professor Goode sought to provide against by statute—the prostitution of the Commission to political purposes—has come upon it.

Mr. McKinley's action of last week had long been anticipated. It was known that he had promised the place to Senator Elkins, as a reward to Mr. Bowers for services which that individual had rendered in the last campaign; and although numerous friends of the Commission, stirred by a sense of public duty, have protested in the strongest terms against the astonishing nomination, no one actually indulged a hope that the President would reconsider his expressed determination of handing over the place as spoils.

For reasons already set forth in these columns, the selection of Mr. Bowers for this office is contrary to the public interests and in violation of the law governing the appointment of a Commissioner. It is contrary to the public interests because the West Virginia appointee lacks the qualifications essential to the administration of the affairs of the Commission intelligently; it is contrary to the law because the statute expressly declares that the Commissioner must be "a person having scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries." Mr. Bowers has no such scientific and practical knowledge; the newspapers say that he has been studying up on fish and fishculture as a schoolboy crams for examination; and Mr. Elkins says that he "is bright and will catch on."

It is charitable to assume that the President was ignorant of the law when he promised the place to Senator Elkins for Bowers. But having been apprised of the explicit terms of the statute, and recognizing that the Bowers nomination would be in violation of these terms, he should have had the courage to obey the law; to reconsider his promise; to repulse the presumption of an incompetent and legally disqualified aspirant for the position; and to protect the rights and interests of the people in the Commission by naming for its control a person legally qualified to administer it. Such a course might have meant for Mr. McKinley an unpleasant fifteen minutes with the Senator from West Virginia, but it would also have assured for him great credit with the public, and hearty popular indorsement of a righteous action.

There is a possibility, although it appears to be extremely slight, that the Senate may withhold confirmation of the nomination. If the President's selection of Bowers shall be approved, the event will mark the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the United States Fish Commission; and one which its friends may well view with apprehension and indignation. The

indignation will be all the more to the point if it shall take the form of an organized protest so powerful as in some way to discover and apply a remedy for the scandalous conditions which will prevail.

HE WOULD NOT GO FISHING.

It was the versatile, philosophical, reminiscent and statistical Podgers, if recollection be not at fault, who once figured out that the few paltry, immature, stunted and insignificant trout caught on an excursion to Canada had cost him somewhere near \$5 a fin for every little fin on every little trout. That might be well enough counted expensive fishing if no allowance should be made for the priceless boon which comes with the fish, the contentment of sleeping on balsam boughs and being lulled to sleep by the murmur of the brook; but even so, a creel of trout at this figure would not begin to compare in expensiveness with the string of fish which were not caught by a bank official in this town, and which, not being caught, cost the neat little sum of \$393,000. That was the amount of money loaned by the cashier of a New York bank foolishly on "rotten" security. When the bank's officers found it out, one day last week, they charged the sum to profit and loss, and accounted for the expensive vagary of the cashier by ascribing it to a breakdown caused by overwork and continuous, uninterrupted devotion to business, with never a vacation from one year's end to another. "He seemed incapable," said the president, "of getting away from his work, of putting it out of his mind and forgetting all about it. He could not be induced to take a summer vacation. Only last summer I personally urged him to go off for a vacation—not that I noticed in him any particular need of recuperation, but upon the general principle that every one should get a vacation during the year. He, however, declined all my urgings, and the only rest he could be induced to take was on Saturdays, when he pretty regularly absented himself from the bank."

In other words, here was a man who would not go fishing when he could, and could not be induced to go fishing when he should; not even when to go fishing would be to clarify a muddled brain and renew the poor head, which for want of a fishing line and a tumbling, roaring, dashing, foaming mountain brook to wet it in, went awry, grew befogged and parted with \$393,000 of other people's good money for wildcat collateral.

It is better to go fishing, even if the fish cost a small fortune when figured by ounces caught and dollars expended in the taking. The human make-up calls for a restful interval of vacation in the round of the twelve months, just as it does for a restful interval of sleep in the round of the twenty-four hours. The most prodigious fortune any man ever made at the cost of his health he would give to the poor or cast into the bottom of the sea, if only he might regain health once more. This is a mighty truth of which to thousands and tens of thousands the knowledge has come too late, and with it remorse and unavailing regret. With other thousands and tens of thousands, an annual vacation time, whether spent in fishing or shooting or yachting or wheeling or travel or what not, has its appointed place in a well-ordered life. The multitude of those who go afield, live in tents, sleep under the stars, constitutes a constantly increasing proportion of the community. We are not among those who would begrudge to the simple "vacationist," so called, the privilege of going into the woods. The forest wilds are wide and free and ample for the delectation of all who will prove their delights and rewards. One need not look along the rib of a shotgun nor through the sights of a rifle to see the beauties of nature. Rod and gun are, after all, means rather than ends. Their highest value is that they are agencies which lure us out into the open air, the green fields, the depths of the wilderness, leading us away from office, counter, shop, farm, for a play spell and a change, to find lightening of spirit, elasticity of step, brighter views of life, cheerier disposition; and if we happen to be bank cashiers, a keener judgment, which shall prevent us from putting \$393,000 in a lump sum into the profit and loss account.

There are men without number to-day going about their business, who, if interrogated, would testify that

they owe their health and strength, perhaps even life itself, to the days they have spent with the rifle, the rod and the gun, the wheel, the camera and the alpenstock. Every such a one, wherever you may meet him, is a living exemplification of the value of the vacation break in the round of business and labor. Gather these vacation hosts by squads and companies, mass them by battalions and brigades, and they would muster an army such as never was marshaled on the war plains of the earth, an army with banners, and on every banner the motto: "It is better to go fishing."

OHIO FARMERS AND GAME LAWS.

A MEASURE has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature entitled "A bill to protect the rights of the farmers and the game and the birds of the State from the gunners and gun club exterminators of the game and birds." The provisions of the bill are that "owners of land are given property rights in all birds, game, fish and game animals upon their land, and each hunter is required to secure the permission of the farmer upon whose land he hunts in order to proceed with the chase. The hunter is further required to inform the farmer who grants him permission to proceed with the chase what birds, fish or animals he intends to capture or kill, and as an evidence of good faith he must return after the hunt and exhibit to the farmer the result of his sport." Failure to comply with the law is punishable by forfeiture of gun or rod to the farmer.

The clause giving a landowner property rights in the game on his land is in conflict with the accepted principles of game legislation, and manifestly would involve all parties in interest in the tangles of inextricable complications. But as for the requirements that a person must obtain permission before entering upon land for shooting or fishing, that he must declare his purposes as to the kind of game he is seeking, and must report his luck and exhibit his game or fish, this is to demand no more than one who is duly considerate of the rights of others should be perfectly willing to do of his own volition. Hunting or fishing on private property is a privilege, not a right. The privilege is one to be asked for and granted; there is no right to be demanded and enforced. If the privilege be not accorded freely and willingly, in nine cases out of ten the reason of this will prove to be that other privileges have been abused.

There are old curmudgeons and dogs-in-the-manger who will not have any fun in their own fields nor allow any one else to have it; but as any sportsman tourist who enjoys a wide acquaintance with the American landowner will willingly testify, such individuals are the exception and not the rule. If there be found a community of them, the phenomenon has some reasonable explanation. It probably means that the people of that particular section have suffered beyond further endurance at the hands of gunners or fishermen who have lawlessly invaded their lands, betrayed their hospitality, taken advantage of their good nature, and at the last aroused their animosity. If the farmers in Ohio or in other districts are up in arms against the sportsmen and are appealing to the Legislatures to enact cast-iron laws for their relief, they doubtless have good cause for this. If we sincerely desire to discover the underlying agencies that have prompted such a hostile attitude, we may find them not in the "freakishness of the farmer," but rather in the impositions put upon him by hoodlum gunners and riotous marauders from the towns, who under the guise of sportsmanship have played the ruffian in his fields. If, then, the well-behaved sportsman finds his privileges restricted, let him put the blame where it belongs—not on the landowner, but on the lawless hordes who have incited him to devise more severe anti-trespass laws as measures of self-defense.

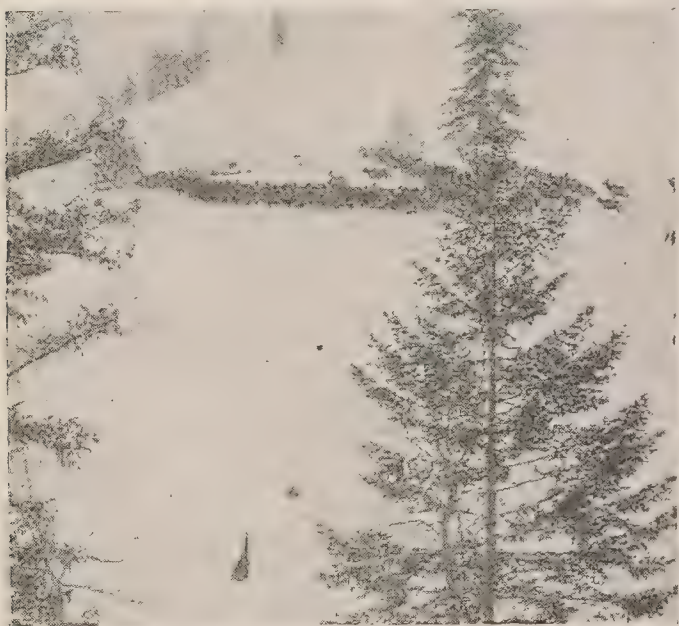
It is reported that a further provision of the proposed Ohio law constitutes the landowner constable, judge and jury to apprehend violators of the game laws on his lands, arrest them, try them and seize their hunting and fishing paraphernalia as forfeited. This provision also is in conflict with accepted principles of law and jurisprudence; as a remedy, however, for the "sooners," one might almost wish that whether or not just in accordance with sound principles of law, it might actually be put in working order.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Camp Talla-Quit.

NEW ORLEANS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is so rare to find a contribution to your interesting journal from the far South that I am constrained to monopolize a portion of your valuable space with an account of a recent outing in north Mississippi, in which the late yellow fever epidemic in this city enabled me to participate. By way of parenthesis, however, I wish to add that it is remarkably strange that our Southern sportsmen are so lax in advertising to our Northern brethren, through such an excellent medium as the *FOREST AND STREAM*, the rare sport to be had in Southern waters, fields and forests during the fall and winter. I am not willing to believe we are selfish, for we are not built that way. I prefer to feel that our timidity and bashfulness prevent us from rushing into print to vaunt our advantages over other sections.

On Sept. 2 last I ruffled my plumage and took flight from the city of Orleans to the little village of Jonestown, Coahoma county, northwest Mississippi, for a two weeks' visit to my family. On Sept. 6 thereafter the daily papers announced the first genuine case of yellow fever. Before the expiration of my leave the fever had gained considerable headway, and although important official matters awaited my attention in the Crescent City I could not help feeling that I had a fifteen-year life insurance policy to outlive, to say nothing of a few suits of old clothes which I had not worn quite threadbare. Consequently I communed with myself



ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, DECEMBER, 1896.
Photo by S. N. Leek.

and decided that inasmuch as I was away from my post and my official matters were in the hands of a jolly good soul by name of Fry (who didn't care a copper whether he had the fever or a lottery ticket), I would remain in the country and leave the other fellow to "hold the bag." The fever continued to rage in New Orleans, and I continued to enjoy the rare sport to be had with rod and gun in northwest Mississippi.

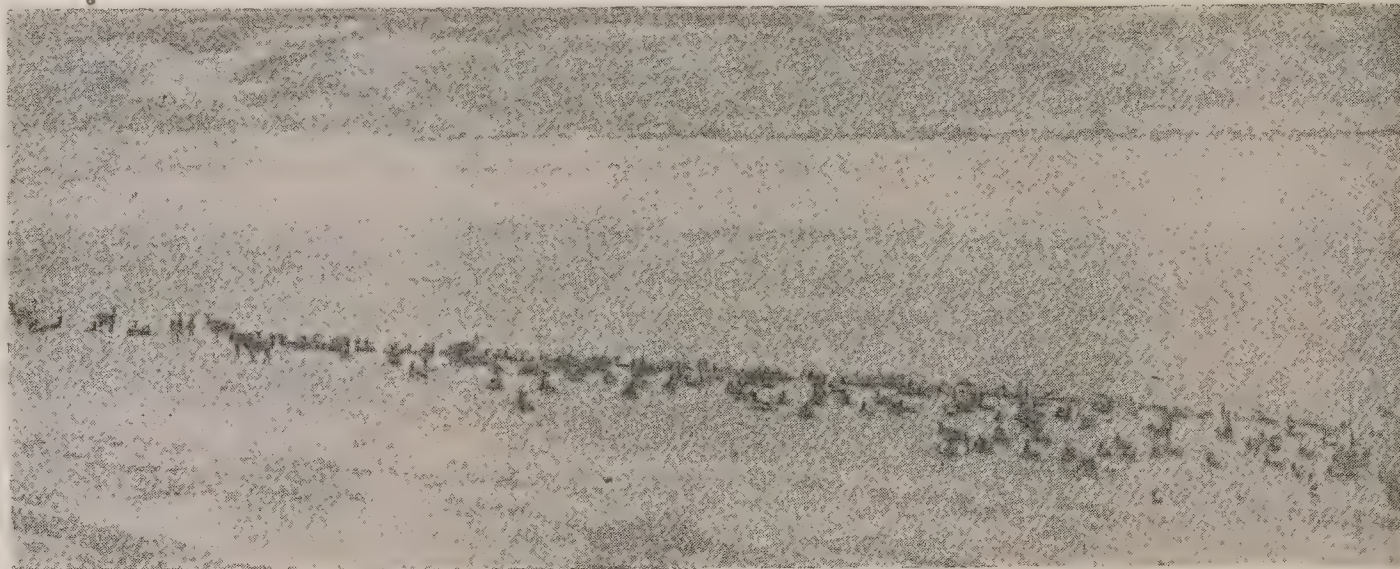
On Nov. 15 of each year an annual bear hunt takes place from the little village of Jonestown. This is not a local affair, and the boys are always glad to entertain their visiting sportsmen. I was so fortunate as to be a member of this little party, and a jollier gathering could scarcely be found in the entire country. Our party consisted of ten gentlemen and four ladies, all of whom—except, possibly, the writer—are as true sportsmen and sportswomen as ever trod the soil of fair old Mississippi. On the night of Nov. 15 at 11 o'clock we left civilization behind and became residents of the wilderness for about ten consecutive days. The weather was dark and threatening, and the temperature suggested snow, but I presume the weather prophet effected some kind of a compromise with the elements whereby we were furnished a cold rain during more than six hours of our journey. Our destination was the wilderness, Tallahatchie county, about forty-five miles from our starting point, and our camp was very appropriately designated "Talla-Quit" by Mr. M. R. Mitchell, who, among others, was taken in custody by the Quitman county officials and deprived of the fruits of his outing on the ground of trespass, the county of Quitman having passed laws prohibiting the hunting of game by non-residents. There being some doubt as to our exact location, Mr. Mitchell decided to "split the difference" between Tallahatchie and Quitman, and henceforth our camp was called "Talla-Quit."

We reached Boyce Lake the following morning about 10 o'clock, thoroughly drenched with the cold rain of the preceding night. Almost before one could realize it there were six tents pitched in cane such as I had not seen before. Needless to add, the ladies had everything shipshape in short order, and camp life didn't seem so bad after all. But it must not be supposed that the ladies are admitted on these occasions for convenience; on the contrary, they handle the rifle equally as well as they manipulate a venison steak, and are thorough woodswomen. I have reason to know that at least one of them is unexcelled, for on one occasion when I and my chum were hopelessly lost she piloted us safely to camp after wandering several hours in heavy cane. We had quite an army of bearhounds, and the first three days were devoted exclusively to bruin; and needless to add, we rolled in bear meat for more than a week, for the first day out crowned our outing a howling success. We succeeded in bringing to bay a fine, large black bear which was killed by Mr. Evans, one of the local sportsmen, through whose courtesy I secured the hide; and the yarns I have told since my return about how I killed it would fill a large book.

The next day, bright and early, found me on a stand in a strange and secluded spot, and the dogs heading directly my way. Being somewhat of a tenderfoot, and never before having encountered quite so large and vicious an animal as a bear, I must confess that I felt "kinder curious" as the dogs came nearer and nearer, till I could hear the cane cracking under the awful tread of this huge beast, as he came through the wilderness. One of the party in close proximity to me claims to have seen me making earnest efforts to ascend the top-most height of a small tree near by, but I am confident he exaggerated the true situation to some extent, though had I then known that it was a panther instead of a bear I am not so sure but that I might have discovered this little tree to be most conveniently located. Fortunately, however, for the panther (or for me), he suddenly changed his course and put back into the cane, just before reaching the open glade in which I was so anxiously waiting.

We were unsuccessful in bringing to bay another bear, though we forced more than one to protect his hide from the taxidermist by swimming the Tallahatchie River; so after the third day we unanimously decided to devote the remainder of our stay to stocking our larders with venison. It was an easy mark to start a deer within half a mile of our camp; but most of us preferred still-hunting. The weather was delightfully cool, and daybreak each morning found us scattered over the feeding grounds and anxiously awaiting the gay and festive buck. We were rarely disappointed on the evening's round-up, and each day brought fresh venison into camp. One bright morning just before breaking up camp I saw a monster panther, some 300 yds. distant, endeavoring to capture a small doe which had been wounded a few moments before. In my anxiety to add this valuable rug to my parlor floor I overlooked the fact that I had in hand a .44 Marlin of the latest pattern, and instead of elevating the sights and taking chances on a long shot, I at once set forth at breakneck speed toward the spot. Of course the panther quietly slunk away into the heavy cane, and I was left to meditate on the science of running down large game. On my relating this little experience on my return to camp that afternoon, some of the boys were unkind enough to suggest that it was probably a large fox squirrel. I resented this insinuation most vigorously, on the ground that it would in the natural order of things have been absolutely impossible for my vision to have become so distorted and my imagination so vivid as to manufacture a very large panther out of an ordinary old, everyday fox squirrel.

Our record at the end of ten days stood 1 bear and 8 deer, to say nothing of all kinds of smaller game, with which this country abounds. We were not without our little camera, and our friend Mr. A. V. Lane took some beautiful snap-shots at different stages, but as they are still in process of development I am unable to inclose them with this. In our daily rambles we had the good fortune to meet quite a number of jolly sportsmen from various sections of the country, among whom were Mr. Oliver Clay and Capt. Ban McKee, of Mississippi. As bear hunters these two gentlemen are without a peer, unless it be the great and only Bob Bobo, whose reputation is so well known that comment is unnecessary. There were also the Messrs. Matthews and party, of Tennessee, whose camp was located on Tallahatchie River, about seven miles distant from us, and about the same distance in another direction was the camp of Mr. Joseph Aycock, a most charming conversationalist as well as an accomplished musician. And last, but by no means least, Capt. James L. Bradford, of New Orleans, was at the same time only about six miles distant. Capt. Bradford is the envied possessor of Buck Rancho, and therefore needs no introduction to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, as mention has frequently appeared in these columns of the genuine hospitality with



ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, DECEMBER, 1897.
Photo by S. N. Leek. See page 127.

which the Captain's guests are always greeted, and he who has not had the good fortune to visit Buck Rancho and its surroundings knows not the pleasure of a "touch of real high life" in a Mississippi wilderness. All the aforesaid gentlemen broke camp and joined our little party except Capt. Bradford, and our misfortune in not securing him, too, was due to no lack of effort on our part, but failure of our emissary to deliver our invitation.

To make a long story short, we broke camp about Nov. 25, after having consumed so much venison and bear meat that we were locking horns and climbing trees till civilization was again sighted. Every one was happy and glad he went, and I am very much in hope that something may happen to detain me in Mississippi again about the same time next November. In drawing the curtain on this camp hunt, I wish to add that I have never seen duck shooting quite so good as we found it in northwest Mississippi during November and December. It was an easy mark to bag more than we could carry of those large mallards in a very

short time. The feeding grounds were excellent and the ducks abundant, and the large consignments which "Brother" Lane and I made to our friends in Chicago and New Orleans were distinct evidences of the rare sport furnished us on the many lakes to be found throughout that part of the State.

WALTER S. GANONG.

Podgers's Commentaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.—I have just finished reading the last number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and as I laid it down and relit my pipe I fell into a fit of moralizing, and asked myself whether the natural instincts of man are not savage, as illustrated by the apparent delight taken in the stories of your contributors in recounting the number of deer and birds that have fallen to their guns. I can never bring my mind to shooting a deer. I once owned a pair, which were caught young and domesticated, and were the pets of my childhood—affectionate little things that were my playfellows, and trotted after me to the schoolhouse door and came regularly to meet me when school was over. As we grew up together their devotion and affection never wavered, until one day, when taking their usual run in the woods close to the village, a man calling himself a sportsman shot them both, giving as an excuse that he supposed them wild, although both were provided with collars and bells. From that day to this I have never but once essayed to shoot a deer.

But what a bundle of inconsistencies is man! All my sympathies end with the gun. The weakness for the rod remains as devotedly as ever. I have read somewhere the assertion of a scientist that fish are insensible to pain, and have hugged that flattering unctious to my soul; and there would seem to be some truth in the theory, for do we not experience cases often where the fish



ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE, DECEMBER, 1896.
Photo by S. N. Leek.

has first parted the line, and with the hook still in his mouth essays another bite? And I have seen a shark after being caught and, his belly ripped open, thrown back again, swim alongside the boat and grab at a piece of flesh thrown over, with his entrails trailing behind. So my conscience smites me not, and especially when I am landing a big trout or trying conclusions with a 20lb. salmon.

I confess that I do occasionally take a day off with

the mallards and canvasbacks; but therein comes a concession to the epicurean weakness and appetite. But I do not go in for extended slaughter. I never shoot more than I want, and generally not so many, and not always from choice. The birds themselves have views of their own on that question, all of which inconsistencies, I fear, utterly destroy my character as a philanthropist and a sympathizer with the birds and animals. I draw the line at the birds and animals named, but I do not include all. There are exceptions, and my sportsmen friends may whang away at such table delicacies as wildcats and skunks without incurring remonstrance from me; and I shall continue to read the stories of fish and fishing in the *FOREST AND STREAM* with unabated interest. Friends can borrow my guns, as I do not take them to bed with me now as I once did (metaphorically), but no man can touch my fishing rods, not even "mine uncle" in my direst straits, who so kindly takes contracts to keep the months out of our winter overcoats during the heated term.

I call guns and fishing rods my jewelry, and I never

miss flattening my nose against the show windows of the gun stores that I pass in my morning walk down town. If the spirit of evil ever tempts me to steal, it is this class of gems that will be missed. What offers a greater temptation than the display of the show window of the dealer in "sporting tackle"? And how cheap everything seems by comparison with prices a few years ago. I remember paying \$25 for my first split-bamboo, and now that amount will buy five as good. And how dainty and tempting they look, and what jewelry equal to those beautiful reels?

In one window a dealer displayed a lot of trunk rods. I know he did it just to aggravate me. I did not need a trunk rod. I had at home rods innumerable; yet no young woman ever envied the possession of a love of a bonnet in a milliner's window more than I one of those rods. But day after day I resisted, for I am not rolling in wealth. In this frame of mind I was turning from the window, and stumbled over a friend also staring in the window. "Hello, Charley, what are you doing here?"

"What am I doing? I was looking at those little trunk rods, and resisting the temptation to buy one, although I have rods and rods at home, and can't get away to go fishing once a year."

"Well," said I, "here is a pair of us. Let us put our heads together and see if we can't make \$5 each extra in some way. We are both newspaper men and yachtsmen—let us each write something to-day for the Examiner."

We did, and each owns one of those trunk rods to add to the collection, and which we will probably get an opportunity to use—the Lord only knows when—although trout streams galore are to be found within two hours' ride of the city. But I put mine together occasionally of a Sunday, go out in the back yard, make casts and in imagination fill a 10lb. creel, and in that way get my money's worth.

What an exasperating condition of things it is to have that "off" leg chained to the desk, and see your friends coming home from a day's shoot with a bag full of canvasbacks and mallards, or half a dozen salmon, and you not able to steal off for a day. And such bags as the boys are making! The season here has been exceptionally good. The markets are overflowing with an excess of supply of ducks, geese, quail and snipe. The market shooters are getting in their deadly work, snaring and trapping with impunity. We have game and fish warden, it is true; but they make a farce of doing their duty. In consequence all sorts of devices are at work to destroy. Men go about the streets with backloads of game, offering it from house to house. There are days when canvasbacks sell at 40 cents a pair, and mallards for 25 cents; quail and English snipe at 50 cents a dozen; honkers 30 cents, and so on. And yet there are people who will pay 75 cents for a skeleton chicken with a breastbone like the fin keel of the present day freak, rather than indulge in the toothsome canvasback at half the money. They are usually the same class of people who drench themselves with genuine mineral spring water made in the basement of the drug shop, instead of drinking pure nature claret at 50 cents the gallon.

Speaking of fishing, it is a wonder to me that an Englishman will take himself off to Norway and come home happy if he has taken half a dozen salmon in several weeks' persistent fishing, when in the same time and at no greater expense he could come to California and have such fishing as he never dreamed of. All along the coast, wherever a river reaches the sea, at certain seasons the salmon run in by the thousands, and a couple of hours' ride lands you on the banks or at Santa Cruz, just below us. Open sea fishing from a boat is rare sport, provided the fisherman has confidence in his stomach and can keep his boots from rising to the occasion. The "swells of ocean" have no respect for the swells of the city, with the result that the salmon themselves are fed instead of becoming food. It is astonishing in such cases how the fisherman loses his interest in piscatorial pursuits, and how much greater his admiration for the sea would be viewed from the shore. Man may propose, but the stomach indisposes. PODGERS.

The Chestnut Ridge

And Along its Foot.—XI.

DR. WILLIAM ELDER, a native of Somerset, in the Ridge region, in the preface to his book, "Periscopies," 1854, says: "The primitive piety and politics of my native mountains are, to my thoughts, the very blood and breath of their life. I wish they had a portraiture answering to their worth. I suppose somebody will be born in time for this use, but till his advent those who have the sense that feels this want must wait and wish." I am sorry that the anticipated "somebody" has not yet appeared, though a whole generation has passed away since the Doctor wrote.

Notwithstanding the somewhat severe characterization of the mountaineers by Dr. Jackson, as I quoted in my seventh article in this series, there were numbers of estimable and excellent men among them; fully as high a percentage as was to be found elsewhere. Still those who live isolated lives and commune much with themselves become more or less odd and angular, and are entitled to stand in the ranks of the "peculiar people."

I recall some queer specimens of the genus Ridger. One of them was a little old fellow who was a combination of the canal boatman and farmer. A personal peculiarity of his which I remember was that he was blind of one eye and wore a pair of spectacles that had but one lens, and the lens came over the blind eye. It is related that once when he fell over a wheelbarrow on the street he took off his spectacles to see what he had fallen over. He was a great controversialist on Scriptural subjects, and when being hot pressed his opponent quoted St. Paul as against him, he replied, "Dear man, no! St. Paul wasn't the man he ought to be. Dear man, no; whew!" this last being a prolonged half whistle, as Hamlet would say, a "windy suspiration of forced breath." In this estimation of the great Apostle he differed from the fine old Somerset man, Gen. Ogle, whose

character is excellently drawn by Dr. Elder. Gen. Ogle was famous in his day, a member of the State and national legislatures for forty years. He, his son and his grandson had the peculiar honor of representing in succession their district in Congress. On one occasion the General sent his compliments by a dying friend to St. Paul, with the assurance that he "approved his writings generally, and entertained for himself as a man the highest regard, affection and esteem." This, I think, was a unique act. I wonder if the message was delivered; and if so what St. Paul thought of it.

But Gen. Ogle deserves a more extended notice. He was a man of commanding presence, of great eloquence, and of a ready, homely, trenchant wit. His control over his rude constituency was almost absolute. His style of oratory was exactly fitted to the level of his hearers. "My dear fellows," said he, in the course of a speech, "you don't understand it, but it is as clear as light to the children of light that the Lord reigneth and the devil's a fool. Stretch yourselves up into the light. If you go nosing about in the dirt for a living and dozing in the mud for enjoyment the shadow of a leaf will hide the whole heaven from your sight. Idiots and drivelers think the world is coming to an end when worn-out forms and worn-out things are blown up; but such dotards are but first cousins to the beast that perishes. Such cattle have about the same right to scratch their heads for anything there is in them as so many monkeys, and very likely will make as much by the operation. Of all people in the world, fools have the least sense, and the best way is as good as any; and when I was a boy I discovered that nothing less than too much is plenty. That's the difference between a man of faith and the snobs that do all their traveling in a treadmill." I have ventured to quote these few passages, taken a little out of their connections, both to illustrate the manner of Gen. Ogle and the style of public speaking that used to take with our fathers.

I well recall another of the old-timers of our neck of woods who was somewhat of an oddity. One of his queer observations deserves to be put on record. He was a genuine Pennsylvania Dutchman, a man of considerable wealth, and a pillar in the church of which he was a member. When he was called upon to subscribe something toward putting up a lightning rod on the church, inasmuch as it was thought the spire offered a specially attractive point for the subtle fluid, he refused, saying, "It is the Lord's house, and if he wants to t'under on it, let him t'under on it." Sure enough the Lord did "t'under" on it: it was struck by lightning and considerably damaged; but I presume the honest old Dutchman considered the loss was the Lord's alone.

The early settlers on the Apalachian ranges in Pennsylvania—that is to say, the Alleghanies, the Laurel Hill and the Chestnut Ridge—were generally a patient, laborious, earnest race. There were of course among them, as in every community, some who were rather off color; but with these we need have nothing to do. The hillsides were and still to a great extent are covered with dense forests, and to clear away the timber and open up their farms, to build their humble cabins, and to fence and cultivate their rude fields, occupied most of their energies. Schools and books were for a long time practically unknown. They lived at remote distances from each other, so that much social intercourse was impossible. Yet they had frequent occasions for meetings—flax-scutchings, wood-choppings, log-rollings, house-raising and corn-huskings. They made the most of these opportunities, and all the neighbors for miles around were invited, and they all made it a point to be present. Whatever the nature of the gathering, it invariably ended with a "frolic"—that is, a dance and general merry-making. The "fiddler" was an important character in the early settlements, and his art was in frequent requisition.

"A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly love a jig or sang,
And never think o' right or wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clebs o' feeling stang,
Are wise or fool!"

The means of growing rich in those days were very limited. Stephen Girard, with his 8,000,000 or 10,000,000, stood through a generation as the grand mogul of wealth. In these days of Vanderbilts, Astors and Rockefellers he would scarcely be noticed. Things are only relatively great or small. The Ridger was compelled by his environment to a life of toil and frugality. His fields, the forests and the streams furnished him with the bulk of his necessities. Whatever superfluity he might have was bartered at the country store for the few groceries he needed and the items of clothing which his own flock or flax patch did not supply. Tailor-made clothes were highly prized, and coats and hats were handed down as heirlooms from father to son. This frugality extended rigorously to the use of ammunition. There was then little reckless firing of guns. The practicing marksman selected for his target a tree or a stump, such that he could afterward cut out the flattened bullets and mould them over again. Bullets and fixed ammunition could not then be bought as now, but every man was obliged to mould his own bullets. I very well remember my father's ladle and bullet moulds, the latter looking something like a modern nut-cracker, by which one bullet at a time could be cast. Moulded in this way, every bullet had a long neck to it, which had to be cut off with a knife. Bullet-making was thus a slow and tedious performance, and few shots were recklessly thrown away. All guns were then muzzleloaders, few of them double-barreled; yet the advance by percussion caps upon the old-time flint-locks was so great that any further improvement in firearms was for a long time unthought of. I remember that my father had in his small "armory" a flint-lock rifle and a flint-lock horse-pistol, the latter, I believe, a relic of the war of 1812. The pistol, which was intended to be carried in a holster by a "horse marine," from its size and weight was entitled to rank with the heavy artillery. It required a strong man to hold it out at length and fire it with any steadiness or precision of aim.

In these observations I have tried to delineate the character and manners of our fathers, so far as my own

recollections and my reading go. To one looking back to those days of simplicity, there seems to hang over them a haze as of Indian summer, as though they were filled with romance and enjoyment; but in the passing they were no doubt heavy and dull and trying enough. But we honor the memory of the pioneers because they were patient and patriotic, hopeful and undaunted, in spite of their labors, their privations and their daily perils.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Natural History.

The Red Squirrel Again.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The red squirrel's portrait seems to be getting a pretty thorough retouching in FOREST AND STREAM just now, thanks to your correspondents.

Whichever way we may view it, it is certainly a very interesting subject.

What a pleasing reflection if some of those correspondents who only look upon our nimble rover as "vermin," "buccaneer," "Ishmael," etc., would be imbued with a little of that kindly spirit exhibited by "Hermit," whose contribution on the subject in FOREST AND STREAM of last week reads like a page from Thoreau!

Well do I know the squirrel's frequent transgressions, particularly a penchant for robbing birds' nests. But how about the bluejay, the crow, the various hawks, the owls, the eagles, the shrike, the pet cat of the household, the small boy, and many an old boy, who frequently lean in the same direction? I, for one, prefer to deal gently with the red squirrel. Fain would I begrudge his joyous existence. The old woods surrounding my native village in western New York, with its loved memories of boyhood days, would seem indeed empty and forlorn without the presence of these sprightly little animals.

For a certain pessimistic correspondent who designates our clean, beautiful red rover as "vermin," I have only a world of pity. He would exterminate one of the drollest, most interesting and most picturesque of little wood creatures.

The red squirrel's reputation as a pilferer is of a high order, and he sustains it well. But he goes about it in such an artistic, audacious, droll manner as to excite our admiration and wonder more than our wrath. One fall my brother and I gathered several bushels of butternuts and spread them on the roof of the woodshed to dry. A week later we noticed, with considerable trepidation, that our nuts were disappearing in some manner, as large, bare places here and there attested. Who was the depredator? Putting this and that together, we finally centered on the red squirrel, roving specimens of which occasionally strayed away from the nearest woods to visit the village. While we were not loath to divide our spoil with him, yet when it came to the question of the major portion, opposition set in. A few days later, while we were engaged in that pleasant (?) occupation, wood sawing, under a large apple tree standing beside the shed, we heard a slight noise above us, and looked up just in time to perceive a red squirrel run along a limb and land on the shed, where he quickly singled out a nut and started on his return. Instead of taking the tree route he ran down the shed, and with the greatest audacity came toward us. He passed me within a few feet, gained the woodpile with a leap, and with a few flirts of his tail ran along the entire length of five cords and then to the ground again. Having recovered from his astonishment, my brother gave chase—through the yard, across the street, through a neighbor's garden and then into a pasture, where, with another defiant flirt of his tail, red-dy gained a great oak, and the race was ended. He made a gallant dash for liberty, and I felt like cheering him. But never did a squirrel give fuller vent to his derision than upon this occasion. He exhausted all the snickers, chatters, laughter and jests in the whole squirrel category. His triumph was complete. And he further celebrated the event by ensconcing himself on a prominent limb, beyond reach of sticks and stones, and with his tail conforming to the curve of his back proceeded calmly to shell his nut and begin the sawing process.

After this occurrence we missed him from the neighborhood, probably from the fact that shortly afterward his rendezvous was discovered by chance. One of the neighbors had occasion to clean out the attic of his barn, where, strewn about, he found a bushel or more of nuts, many of which were rifled. Entrance was effected through a large knothole under the eave. T. M. S.

Wild Dogs of Juan Fernandez.

CAPT. DEWAR, the English yachtsman, in his Voyage of the Nyanza gives an interesting description of Juan Fernandez as it is to-day, and says that the wild animals on the island are goats, cats and dogs. Speaking of the dogs, Dewar says: "They are a kind of mastiff, descended from some which were turned loose by the Spanish for the purpose of keeping down the goats." The history of this race of dogs is a curious one.

This island was discovered by Fernandez in 1563, and on his second visit the discoverer turned ashore a few goats. These animals being undisturbed, increased rapidly, and by the latter part of the seventeenth century the island was well stocked. The buccaneers of that period going through the Straits or around the Horn for a raid on Spanish shipping and coast towns arrived in the Pacific with their vessels in a crazy condition and crews scurvy stricken. Fernandez was the first landfall tried for by these rovers, being well clear of the coast and giving them a chance to put vessels and crews in condition before proceeding to business. The goats' flesh was very acceptable; the old journals say that it was equal to good mutton, and salted down made good sea store. After a time the Spaniards realized what this open market was doing for their coast, and the dog idea followed. Lord Anson reached Fernandez

in June, 1741, and the journal of his voyage has this to say of the dogs:

"The great numbers of goats, which former writers described to have been found upon this island, are at present very much diminished. The Spaniards being informed of the advantages which the buccaneers and privateers drew from the provisions which goats' flesh here furnished them with, they have endeavored to extirpate the breed, thereby to deprive their enemies of this relief. For this purpose they have put on shore great numbers of large dogs, which have increased apace and have destroyed all the goats in the accessible parts of the country."

Don Antonio de Ulloa, a captain in the Spanish navy, while in command of a Spanish man-of-war, visited Fernandez soon after Lord Anson sailed (in fact, the Spaniard was looking for Centurion, Anson's flagship), and gives the Spanish side of the dog story:

"Here are many dogs of different species, particularly of the greyhound kind. The dogs owe their origin to a colony sent thither not many years ago by the president of Chili and viceroy of Peru, in order totally to exterminate the goats, that any pirates or ships of the enemy might not here be furnished with provisions."

Ulloa also says: "A great singularity is also observable in the dogs of this island, namely, that they never bark. We caught some of them and brought them on board, but they never made any noise until joined with some tame dogs, and then indeed they began to imitate them, but in a strange manner, as if learning a thing not natural to them."

I believe that the dog in a wild state does not bark, being a genuine still-hunter. How many generations were required to enable these Spanish dogs to pass from a state of semi-civilization to one of total wilderness is not now known. Ulloa while at Fernandez in 1741, in writing of the dogs, says they were sent here "not many years ago." Dampier was on the island in 1681 and again in 1684; commenting on the immense numbers of goats, he makes no mention of dogs. Selkirk was on the island from 1704 to 1709, and if my remembrance of Robinson Crusoe is correct, reports no dogs.

Judging from the numbers of dogs reported by Lord Anson, and the great decrease in goat supply, the original dog colony must have been planted on Fernandez not later than 1720.

A. C. STOTT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Farmer and Sportsman Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I be permitted at this late date to recur to a brief discussion your New Hampshire contributor Von W. and I had respecting the country boy and his relations to the fish and the game?

Von W. wrote: "Your correspondent Mount Tom accuses a gentleman writing from Charlestown, N. H., of using the expression 'those cussed boys.' Now, as I know of no other correspondent from this village but myself, I protest against the quotation. I deny the allegation and defy the allegator."

Von W. is right. I misquoted him. What I really did say in referring to the destruction of game was this: "It is the cussed country boys." What I ought to have said was this: "The last of Mr. Ames's entertaining letters, 'In the Maine Woods,' leads me to say something which I have refrained from for a long while, and that is that this illegal destruction of game is not due to the visiting sportsman, but to the pure inherent 'cussedness' of the ignorant, envious country hoodlum." (FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 25, 1892.)

Or this: "Nor is the much-pitied and sympathized with farmer's boy to be excluded from the list, for he is usually the chief of sinners. * * * Living out on the hills near the brooks, he usually spends his Sundays on them, catching anything that will bite as long as the season or the trout last, and driving in to the village tavern in the evening to sell those which are above the legal size, and I suppose eating the little ones at home, as they do the small potatoes!" (FOREST AND STREAM, May 19, 1894.)

Few people knew until they were told not long ago by hunters of the Middle West, that when the thousands of sportsmen, with repeating rifles, revolvers and blood-thirsty hounds, go up into Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota they kill nothing. They just pass hats full of money around among the farmers and pick huckleberries. It is the same old story from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from the mountains to the coast. The mossbacks with their hoes and their young ones with their pitchforks have killed all the game.

In referring to us, why do sportsmen so often use disrespectful names? Why not call us what we are? We are not ashamed of being farmers. Why do you so often call us natives, as you would the savages of a heathen land? You always refer to yourselves as gentlemen. Is it because there is more illiteracy in the country than in the cities? or because you wish to show the disrespect you have for us? This comes along often enough, together with the bad behavior of some sportsmen, to retard the feeling of friendship that must exist between sportsmen and farmers if the former expect to use our farms for a play-ground.

One writing from Boston says, in referring to a trout stream which some Boston sportsmen had purchased, that if a country boy caught a trout out of that stream again he would have to steal it. At that time there were farmers who tried to understand how it was that these boys would be thieves for fishing in a brook that did not belong to them, and that the city sportsmen that fished their streams at will and visited their orchards, their berry and melon patches, and if remonstrated with jumped the fence and told them to go to hades, were "gentlemen," always "gentlemen." It seems that some people think that a shiny shirt front, alligator shoes and superfluous airs are what makes a gentleman.

A few years ago, when the Iowa Legislature enacted the hunters' trespass law, sportsmen and city editors could not say enough about the farmers that was disrespectful. The State Game Commissioner, or the candidate for that office, advised sportsmen to pay no attention to that law. A sportsman in Chicago, in referring to it, said that when farmers got together to legislate, the laws they enacted had more "perpetration than penetration in them." Yet that law has done more for the protection and increase of game in this State than all other game laws put together. The rural legislators of this State have governed it in such a way that any State in the Union might be proud of Iowa's public institutions. She has not a dollar of bonded indebtedness, and has had to hang but four of her citizens. No one need be ashamed of Iowa; how is it with some States that are governed by the broad-minded citizens of the cities?

Last fall Mr. H. S. Dulog, in telling of a hunt that he took in northwestern Colorado during the season, said that there were plenty of does and fawns, but no bucks, the latter having been completely exterminated. He tells how he opened fire at a solidly bunched and swiftly running band of antelope, killing two of the band—one more than the law allowed. He thinks he killed the two antelope at one shot. Now a pot-hunting farmer might have a very good excuse for shooting into a band of antelope under those conditions, but a gentleman sportsman has none. Being equally interested with Mr. Dulog as to the welfare of the game in the Western mountains, I would be glad to know if he paid the fine. Then after telling how the tourist hotels sent "gentlemen" from all over the country into the mountains, and of the club houses at different places, he says, "But owing to the butcher-like and law-breaking tendencies of its rural population the game is doomed."

Now I like Mr. Dulog. I think he is a good sportsman. I enjoy reading his communications, but why, why, why, under the heavens, why, why in thunder could he not have gone into the mountains, and after his hunt have written about it without giving the farmers a kick.

According to his own tell, the mountains were full of farmers' game, pot-hunters' game! But the gentlemen sportsmen's game had all been shot out. Why did he not say that sportsmen from Berlin, Paris, London, Boston and New York, and the cities between them and Colorado had been hunting throughout the whole summer all through that section until there was scarcely a head of horned game left in that whole mountain region, and when it came time to hunt and the farmers went in they had to take the little end of it, the same as they do of everything else up in New Hampshire?

I suppose Mr. Dulog felt like kicking something, but why did he not kick his curbstone or his rifle that had been killing illegal game? I suppose he had too much respect for dogs to kick them, so he kicked the farmers.

I am patiently waiting for some broad-minded but unsuccessful hunter to give the reason why he could get no horned heads in the Jackson's Hole country late this fall. Will it be the brutish farmer? There are some "true" sportsmen" that would wholly ignore the fact that a "General from New York," a "Judge" from somewhere else, and a "Lord from London," with a party of 100 men and between 200 and 300 pack horses, were hunting there this fall.

Podgers, of San Francisco, says: "With all due respect for the popular idea that this world was made especially for the granger, and all things that militate against his sole interest must be sat upon and abolished, he being the Lord's anointed, I have the temerity to declare it is my firm belief and opinion that a more selfish, illiberal and narrow-minded specimen of mankind than this same class does not exist. If he had his way he would burn, sink and destroy every bird and object that pecked a few grains off his fields. I have seen this sweet specimen of all the moral virtues (if you believe the newspapers and accept their own opinions of themselves) sowing grain soaked in strychnine in his grape patch to poison quail and the singing birds that had the audacity to peck at a few grapes. He sadly needs such disciplining to bring him to a realizing sense of what constitutes his share of the things the Lord intended as much for birds and beasts as for him."

The above is what a "brother sportsman" says in discussing game interests in a sporting paper. Is it true? Are his expressions those of a gentleman? Not one word from beginning to end is true. Does it indicate that the writer is a broad-minded man? Such insults do not tend to make good feelings between farmers and sportsmen, but have a tendency to prop up the bars if a sportsman is on the other side trying to get them down. Podgers has seen a farmer sowing poisoned grain to kill the birds were eating his grapes, and he places all farmers at the bottom of the human race. In Chicago and other cities human beings put out the eyes of their little children, and break and deform their limbs that they may grow up to be good beggars. If in consequence of this I were publicly to place all people living in cities at the bottom of the human family I think it would be a good indication that there was a pretty small lump of gray matter within my skull; that I was narrow across my shoulders; that they slanted from my ears down, and that I was built on the narrow-gauge principle from my feet up.

I have seven cherry trees and I have never eaten a meal of cherries from those trees because the birds take them as soon as they begin to turn red. I don't destroy the birds and I know of no farmer that does; yet it has been but a few weeks since I have seen town boys with airguns shooting song birds.

A small flock of quail can do much damage in a short time in a vineyard; not so much by what they would eat as by what they would destroy. When a farmer sees the effect of his labor destroyed either by quail, hawks, skunks or other like means so as to lessen the comforts and advantages of his family, it is his duty to his family, to the community in which he lives, and to his Maker to stop that destruction. Podgers's keen intellect, that expanded and grew fertile among the debris and gases of the streets, alleys and sewers of a large city, holds in contempt a man who thinks more of his family than

of a covey of quail. He places "fun" above the comforts of a home; why? Because in a little while he wants the "fun" of running his coat tails off in trying to get out there ahead of some other sportsman, that he may have the enjoyment of wounding, tearing and pounding them to death with powder and shot. This is what makes the farmer a cold-blooded, narrow-minded, despised brute, and the city sportsman a "gentleman." God made rattlesnakes, centipedes and pole-cats, and when they interfere with the peace and welfare of the farmer he is expected to kill them; why? Because in doing the same thing there would be no "fun" for Podgers.

I suppose that sportsmen made the great blue heron that they are now exterminating up in Maine, for now and then taking a fish from a trout stream, as do also the kingfisher, fish-hawk and several other kinds of birds. Why are they doing so? To save a few trout to have fun with in killing them. There is nothing selfish in human nature, and especially sportsmanship. Oh, no. The great blue heron, in my estimation, is one of the grandest of American birds. If I could not see these noble birds along the wild shores of the forest lake or river, watch and hear the kingfisher in its flight, and see the fish-hawk dive beneath the water, but little of the charm of a fishing trip would remain for me.

Farmers are not destroying the game in this country, and that assertion which is now and then made by sportsmen is untrue. It is hunters, dogs and guns that are doing this thing, and the hunters that will spend from \$50 to \$500 in going to distant places, and in a short time kill hundreds of heads of game, can be relied upon as having a hand in its being wiped out of existence at home. I do not know of a farmer that owns a hunting dog, yet you cannot go into a city or town in this Western country without tumbling over those kinds of dogs.

My experience leads me to believe that one may travel from the daisy-covered hills of New England and the Curruck marshes in the East to the golden-rod prairies of the West, and from the prairies to the mountains, and from the mountains to the sea; one may wander from the Chilkoot Pass and the mastodon pastures in the distant North to the turkey roosts in Texas, and when he has met with twenty hunters one may possibly be a farmer.

Farmers love the birds and the game around them for the wild life and beauty they see in them. Sportsmen love them for the fun they can have in taking their lives from them. The farmer side of my nature is more humane, generous, manly and sympathetic than the sporting side of it, yet I glory in both, and can hold both sides up to the view of any class of people in this land or any other without a blush.

I started out to make a little explanation to brother Von, but I see that I have sprawled very much all over the country—and still live.

It may be that I owe brother Von an apology. I hardly see how. But if he will accept of one I will extend it with more grace and good feeling than could hardly be expected to come from an "alligator."

MOUNT TOM.

In the Rockies.—II.

A four weeks' hunt in the Rocky Mountains as narrated by Dr. David McReynolds and written by Alfred B. Wingfield.

(Concluded from page 106.)

It was now the 26th of October, and it had been several days since Calloway killed his magnificent elk. The boys had hunted with great zeal, but they had made a solemn pledge among themselves not to kill a female or young animal on the trip, and they had been unsuccessful in bringing to bag any more bulls. However, Wilson succeeded the next day in killing a fine blacktail buck, which weighed nearly 300 lbs. and had a beautiful head. This, in some measure, compensated for the loss of the shot on the elk. Several cow and calf elk had been seen, but not fired at, much to the credit of all concerned. This was Calloway's regular hunting ground, and he could not afford to slaughter the game. Grouse shooting and fishing and unsuccessful bull hunting were beginning to grow irksome; so it was decided to move camp.

Oct. 28, early in the morning, all hands commenced to pack and rope the packs on the horses. It had snowed about 2 in. during the night, just enough to make it nasty walking. While Calloway was going over the cinching and adjusting the packs on some of the obstreperous and evil-minded cayuses Scott Pierce picked up his .45-90 and said he would take a turn for exercise, and asked the outfit to wait for him. You know that is always the way; some one gets the notion of hunting just as the outfit is ready to move.

Pierce walked rapidly and was soon in the neighborhood of the spot where the big bull had been killed. He stopped a moment, and lo! over on a hill not a quarter of a mile away he heard the bugle-like notes of a bull blowing off his exhilaration at a high note. Pierce's heart jumped up in his throat and he trotted off toward the call at double-quick time. He was afraid the bull would be gone when he arrived; but he had not gone far when he heard another old bull bellowing defiance at his foe. Pierce stood paralyzed. He was all unstrung. That exchange of harmonics was too much for him. He knew not which way to go. Finally he chose the first bull, judging him to be somewhat nearer than the other, sped softly forward on the cushion of snow, and soon came into plain view of the game. The noble bull stood with bristling neck, and snorting defiance to his rival. Pierce walked up to within 125 yds. of the animal by keeping a bunch of thick fir bushes between the bull and himself.

And the quarry. The bull paid no attention to him. Pierce says it took him several minutes, "it seemed to him," to adjust his Lyman sight. Finally he got it where he thought it ought to be, and leaning against a fir tree, took dead aim at the middle of the bull's body. The rifle roared and the bull jumped, turned and looked at him, trying to make him out. Pierce was excited, and in quick succession pumped four more bullets. Then the animal turned and tore down the hill,

clearing 10ft. at a leap. Pierce stood dazed. His game was gone. He went over to the spot where the bull had been, but not one drop of blood did he see. Disheartened, sick and disgusted he made his way back to the outfit.

The horses were all packed, ready, and Calloway was not in good humor, but he was all aglow, as were all the others, when Pierce related his experience. The outfit moved up to the scene of the shooting, and the tracks were so plain that Calloway said he could kill that bull if the party was willing to camp again. All agreed, and while three of the men and Chang were looking for a suitable place Calloway, Isbell and Wilson took the bull's trail. They followed over hills, down in cañons and across creeks, Calloway following the trail like a timber wolf. Finally both Wilson and Isbell gave out and sat down. They told Calloway to go on if he wanted to go further, and they would go back to camp. Calloway followed the bull about six miles and came up on him and killed him. He was another fine specimen. Calloway now retraced his steps, and finding camp, took Wilson and Isbell and returned to the game. They took several packhorses and brought out the head and all the meat. They were late that night getting back to camp, and got hung up in the fallen timber several times. Calloway says it was rough enough, and the other two men say it was too rough. They thought at one time that they could not get back to camp, but would have to lie out all night on the wet ground without a blanket to wrap around them. However, the moon finally saved them, as it gave them light to see how to get through the bad places. When they reached camp they found a hot supper waiting for them, as the almond-eyed celestial was mortally afraid of Calloway, and would have remained up all night if necessary.

The Chinaman had been giving much trouble the past few nights in crawling into one of the white men's tents after they were all asleep. Chang would get afraid when he heard a wolf howl, and would wrap his blankets around him and crawl in either Calloway's or Dr. McReynolds's tent. In the morning they would find that they had slept all night with a Chinaman. Chang had been threatened so direfully that he was afraid to attempt it again. Upon this memorable night, however, the big log fire burning late into the night attracted a bald-faced owl, which perched directly over Chang's tent. Along about 2 in the morning the owl started—"Ha-ha-ha-who-who-who-a-whoa!"

It was so loud that we were all awake in a moment. Calloway was worn out, but he could not help laughing as he said: "We shall have a visitor in a minute." Hardly were the words out when Chang came crawling under the door-flap, which was tied securely on the inside. His eyes were about to pop out as he stammered out: "Debble! Debble! What he say?" Calloway said, in a serious tone: "Oh, he only said: 'I want you! I want you!'" Chang squatted in one corner, moaning: "Oh, me joss; oh, me joss; debble know me left me joss!" He almost screamed when the owl broke out afresh in its demoniacal laughter. He was so badly scared that Calloway was sorry for him and let him curl up in one corner of the tent and remain there the remainder of the night. It was explained by members of our party who had been living in the West among the Chinese for years that each Chinaman carries in his pocket a small image of wood or stone. He calls this image his joss.

It was decided to remain in this camp for a few days and then cross the divide and go over into the Soldier Mountains and try for sheep. The boys hunted hard to try, if possible, to secure a head of elk horns before leaving the woods. Two of the party already had good heads, as Calloway had given the last head he killed to Wilson, who had hunted so hard with him, and the first head was drawn, by the favor of chance, by John Isbell. Calloway kept the large head himself, which was right, as he killed it, and he was taking his pay in what he killed.

On the third day in this camp Scott Pierce killed a nice blacktail buck, and the next day John Isbell brought one in, both nice heads. Scott Pierce was much elated at his success, and it gave him confidence in himself again. By the way, I should have mentioned the fact that the reason Pierce missed his elk five shots in succession was that he had run his Lyman sight up to 350yds. and was shooting at 125yds.; so his balls all went clear over the elk's back. So much for being excited and not having one's sight marked so as to tell, at a glance, at what range one is shooting.

As we all live and learn every day of our lives, I do not think it would be irrelevant of the subject to state how I have my rifles fixed and how I judge distances. I have two rifles, a .40-70 and a .38-55, both Winchesters. I have trained the sights on a staked rifle range where the distances were measured. I made a scratch on the left side of my Lyman rear sight at 100, 200, 300 and 400yds. I did not make the scratches until I had fired at least fifty shots, at dead rest, at each distance. Then I took the rifles to the gunsmith and had small figures 1, 2, 3 and 4 cut at the scratches made by my knife. Now when in the woods and I set my Lyman at No. 2 I am dead sure I would drive center at 200yds, if I held there. Distances are judged easily and accurately by comparison. I always think of our rifle range, and say to myself: "Now, is that the 100, 200 or 300yd. flag?" and it takes me about the sixteenth part of a second to make up my mind which distance it is. If a person will mark off 100yds. between two familiar objects at home, and get the picture of those objects fastened in his mind, he can easily double or treble or quadruple the distance by eye, and with astonishing accuracy. I am not giving a lecture on rifle shooting; but what is the use or consistency of a tenderfoot spending several hundred dollars to take a Western trip after large game, then to get up to within 125yds. of an elk and shoot at him five times and never touch a hair? Would it not be more profitable for that person to spend \$10 or \$15 for cartridges used at home in training his rifle sights and in learning to use a rifle?

Well, to finish with the hunt. It was now decided that no more game should be killed, as we had all the meat we could possibly pack out of the mountains on what horses we had, but that we would go over to the Soldier

Mountains, whose tops were now white with snow, and try for sheep heads.

We pulled up camp at break of day, and by sunrise were on the way. We crossed the divide between Smoky Creek and South Boise River, and then crossed a small valley and began to ascend the mountains. It was a hard and laborious task to climb those mountains with heavily laden packhorses, but by dividing up all the loads and making use of all the saddle horses as packers we finally reached a bench within 1,000ft. or so of the summit. Here we made camp on a mountain stream and cooked and ate a hearty supper, as all hands, including Chang, were exceedingly hungry.

Next morning we all started to climb up to the summit and see what we could find. We labored up to the top, and some of the boys were inclined to go back, as they said they already had their money's worth. Calloway persuaded them to keep on, however, as he was anxious to have them get some good heads. The top was reached at last, and we explored the crags and crevices, rocks and precipices, but not a sheep did we see. There was lots of sign that looked fresh, and the ground was covered 1ft. deep with snow, excepting in protected places. We hunted quietly and watchfully along the mountain top for a mile or two, and finally crawled upon a big rock and sat down to rest and watch for game. We had not been there long when Calloway's watchful eye located game. We looked and saw a string of big objects filing between two boulders down under us and coming our way. We kept out of sight, and all agreed, at a signal from Calloway, for each man to pick out a ram, as there were several with horns, and all to shoot at once. The signal was given, there was a roar of musketry, and one animal fell; then Hugh Fulton knocked down one with a big head of horns, as they disappeared behind a projecting rock. It seems that Fulton had wisely held his fire and taken more deliberate aim, thus securing a nice head. Imagine the surprise of all to find upon reaching the spot that they were goats, and the one the crowd killed was a nanny goat. Calloway had the dry grins. He said: "Well, boys, if it took all that shooting to kill this poor little nanny goat, I move we go home." The motion was carried, and from that time all energies were bent toward getting home. All were glad to arrive safe and sound again in Boise on Nov. 10, just one month to a day on the trip. Chang especially was delighted, and was well paid and given a good share of venison. Calloway was well pleased, as he was offered \$75 cash for his elk head as soon as he struck town. He refused it and is holding out for \$100, and will get it, as it is an unusually large and fine one. I have now told all there is to tell, and I hope that some of my readers may be able to take a like trip some day.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Art in the City.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 27.—In the street window of the large store room on the lower floor of the building which contains the FOREST AND STREAM office in this city there may be daily seen a curious sight, and one potent enough as an attraction to have retained daily for some weeks a crowd of idle lookers-on. Here daily, from the dark of the morning to the dark of the night, there stands a man, an artist, I presume he is entitled to be called, upon a little pedestal in front of a rough easel, and paints, paints pictures, paints oil paintings by the hour, by the yard, by the mile. He came in there some weeks ago, and already he has painted a room full of genuine oil paintings, to say nothing of very many that have been sold. Of course this artist is in the employ of some concern which does the grosser part of handling the product of his brush. All the artist has to do is to paint a genuine oil painting while you wait, about every five or ten minutes of the day. This man is a curious, preoccupied-looking man, of short stature and no especially ethereal look. His hair is not long, but grows down the back of his neck in determined fashion. He wears a short white jacket in the morning, and it is still short at night. His palette is the top of a store box, and upon it are spread dabs of color in masses of about a quart to each color. His brushes are no dilettante affairs, but sturdy, purposeful ones. No amateurish quality appears in his technique or his method of work. He paints as though he expected to fall dead, and had to get just one more picture done for his family before he went. He paints as a jack rabbit runs after it gets unlimbered. He paints like a thoroughbred coming down a perpetual homestretch; for he is under a top gait not a part of the time, but all the time. The reason for this is apparent. He will paint you a work in oils for the loved ones at home, about as long as your arm and half that broad, for 35 cents. Should you have so much as 85 cents to spend you can get nearly 6ft. of picture. Two dollars, and you will need a dray. Methinks the point of this enterprise lies in the fact that you are asked to purchase your frame for the picture at the room where the pictures are made. The prices of frames are regulated by certain fixed commercial laws. You cannot expect to get frames as cheap as you can get pictures. Frames have an intrinsic worth of their own which no painting can claim. True, we read about the great prices paid for paintings, some of them very old and second hand at that, paintings by such men as Corot, Millet or other Frenchmen who never saw America; or by Rembrandt or Van Dyck, or by a lot of fellows from the south of Europe who would turn over in their graves if they knew what a hit they were making now—a whole lot of these men who couldn't even paint a landscape and had to stick to heads, all of them have been held at inflated values, and the public has been confided about them. Before I discovered my man here in Chicago, a picture not more than 3ft. long and in bad order might be fetching \$100,000. But who would want that sort of a picture, possibly damaged and of doubtful authenticity, when he could come here and get himself a picture twice as large for a few cents, and moreover sit down and see it painted under his own eyes—even, I dare say, though this I have not seen put to proof, with the addition of a cow here, the subtraction

of a tree there, as he himself might prefer. The old masters were autocratic about cows, I am told, and even if they were not, they are dead and can do nothing to improve their work. It is far more practical and modern to do your own art business on the spot and in strictly business fashion. A great deal of money has been wasted lately in second-hand pictures which might have been spent in beautifying homes; but I am glad to see that the common sense of the American people is beginning to assert itself. If you think my discovery isn't doing business, go look at the packages which leave at the back door of his store.

I shall not seek to make fun of my artist, for he is not really the responsible party, and moreover the enterprise supplies legitimately a legitimate demand for large oil paintings at a small price. Moreover, the man is so clever that he disarms criticism. A dab and a rub and you have a sky. A smear, and it's summer clouds. A swipe, and grass has come. Two jabs, and you have rocks. Up and down streak and all hands down the middle, and you have a forest. Wavy wiggle of right hand, and you have the sea. No oil painting is really good without a moon in it. Don't be deceived by any of these old masters. I have been studying this thing, and I know, and my observation is that there should be a moon in any painting entitled to be called a masterpiece. On this point I have almost my only quarrel with my artist. I think that in making his moon he doesn't paint it in at all, but just makes his moon by leaving a white spot with no paint on it at all. I know he is a labor-saving man, but if he makes his moons that way I don't think he ought to charge for them. That is not what we call legitimate art.

So near as I can get at it, the schedule of this artist for his work (for the pictures) is about as follows: Two trees, one castle, four rocks and one moon, 35 cents. (Nothing for a quarter of a dollar, though I think that popular price should be made.) Seven trees, one piece grass, six large rocks, one playfully laughing dog and one moon, 50 cents. Four very large rocks, one ocean, nine angry waves, one shipwrecked vessel, one moon (small), 85 cents. One castle (broken at top), six trees, eight rocks, one overcast sky, one cataract, one maiden, take it along at 98 cents. That is about the scale, but it should not be supposed that this in any way covers the list of topics. I have never seen this man repeat himself yet in all his hundreds of pictures, nor have I ever seen him hesitate for an instant. He has no copy, but he paints by ear altogether. He paints, paints, paints, and always it is some scene of out of doors. In his mind seem always to lie thoughts of wood and sky and rocky hill and rippling stream, or of the ocean and the sky warring or in peace. He does not touch the sordid things of the city, does not attempt the unhappy visages of his fellow-men, but always pours out things reminiscent of the outer air. And he sells them. Therefore may we not see the longing of the city folk for something which shall speak to them, even with thick tongue, of the sky and of the air? At any rate, I am trying to think that, and trying not to believe that people buy pictures to fit an uncovered space of such or such dimensions on a wall or to cover a dust mark left by the pictures of the other tenant when he moved out because he couldn't pay the rent. I am trying to believe that in the brain of this clever man—for he is clever, call him either artist or artisan—there lie thoughts of green fields and happy woods actually known long ago, even though the castles and the moats came out of books. I wonder if under his jacket there does not lie some wish and hope that, after the hurry and harrying is over, he will some day do a picture for himself, and show, for himself, the very spots of out of doors he knew when he was young and when all the world was new and wonderful, with no mud, no dust, no grime, no gaping windowful of folk to watch him image forth his dreams. I should like to know him, but since I do not, I shall hope for him, and hope for the crowds to whom he shows, crudely to be sure, unwittingly perhaps, a changing panorama of things that are good for them to see.

Butter, Butterine and Birds.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 3.—There existed for a number of years on South Water street, in this city, an institution known as the Produce Exchange, an organization of the commission merchants of somewhat complex character, semi-benevolent, wholly commercial and partly ulterior in its purposes—a sort of cross between a commission board of trade and merchants' lunch club—which stood for the common methods and common spirit of our game-dealing thoroughfare. Whenever South Water street wished to appoint a committee to tell the sportsmen of the State what they must do, the Produce Exchange was the meeting place and the head body. Whenever a sportsmen's measure needed watching or required defeat at Springfield, it was the Produce Exchange which stood for solid and united South Water street, which furnished the money needed, in whatever amount. In short, while the matter has never been made public, and while the dealers would perhaps even now be glad if it were not to be made public, the game dealers' lobby at Springfield was really the Produce Exchange. The dealers of this city had long known the value of money and of organization in a legislative fight, and the Produce Exchange made a handsome masked battery for their fight, and one so superior to any the sportsmen could offer that the result of the unequal contest has been no wonder. The Illinois game law has been just such a game law as the game dealers would allow to go on the statute books. This general statement could be made far more explicit, but I fear I might be disliked if I went further into details, although there is plenty of ancient history about game laws, game wardens, etc., lying around loose out here.

At the last session of the Illinois Legislature the Produce Exchange had a grievance, and it was butterine. The commission men deal in fresh country butter (and fresh country quail marked as "butter"), and the very thought of the counterfeit butter made by such large packing concerns as Armour, Swift, Nelson, Morris, etc., made them ill. They resolved to save the public by getting passed a law which forbade the sale of butterine in Illinois. They did have such a law passed, the watchful and trained lobby succeeding against the big

packers, as it had so often succeeded against the sportsmen, the latter not organized and not capitalists.

The result of the butterine law was curious. Some of the large markets, backed by the big packers, have sold the tabooed article without regard to the law. These concerns the pure-butter men have been afraid to tackle, for fear that they will take up a case and get the law set aside as unconstitutional, in which case everybody, both small and timid concerns as well as big and bold ones, would sell butterine instead of butter.

Let us now imagine two large commercial interests arrayed against each other, on the one side the big packers of the Union Stock Yards, on the other the commission men of South Water street; on the one side butterine and deception, on the other pure butter, pure morals, a pure and upright heart determined that the people should not eat butterine so long as the afore-said p. and u. heart could sell them butter. The public knew little of this hostility. There was not much noise or much smoke, but there was a good, big battle, which has been fought during the past fall and winter.

During the past month, a season when the poultry shipments of South Water street to the East should have been at their greatest volume, many thoughtful commission firms noticed an unaccountable shrinkage in their business. The choice farm hen, the husky turkey and the succulent goose did not come in from Waytown as they formerly were wont. The reason for this was not known, but it was known, or might well have been known, by many freight agents situated on the opposite side of the city, at the great Union Stock Yards, formerly held sacred to quadrupeds alone and superior to all biped produce. For the past six weeks or two months in many cars of the dressed beef billed to New York there would be 500, 600, 1,000 lbs. also of dressed turkeys or chickens or other poultry, which had been diverted from a market to which they almost belonged by prescriptive right into a market which would once have scorned such cattle. The truth of the matter was that the big packers, Armour, Swift, Libby-McNeil, etc., had rolled out a few wheelbarrow loads of money and had sent out poultry buyers into the country upon which South Water street is dependent for its supplies. These men have already so far changed the natural and established market that before long we may expect Mr. Armour to advertise fresh omelets in tin, or live spring chicken in canvas. This was retaliation. The packers were getting revenge for the close season on butterine.

The climax of this pretty little commercial fight came the past week. Little by little the business sagacity of the big packers, together with their money, edged into the stronghold of the commission men. Some members of the Produce Exchange were got hold of, and then others. This week the Produce Exchange is disbanded. The packers may be said to have won an initial victory over the pure butter, pure morals party which so long needed to be reckoned with on South Water street, and which so long has said ha! ha! to the sportsmen of Illinois.

The Produce Exchange of South Water street was a legitimately organized institution whose design was to further a certain line of trade. In so far as it clung to that purpose it was a worthy commercial body. Unfortunately, its purposes and performances clashed directly with those of the sportsmen, more especially with the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which usually took the initiative in legislative matters regarding game. Therefore, while it is no cause for exultation to see one commercial interest defeat another in a commercial fight, there remains for the sportsmen of this State an incidental cause for congratulation. The arch-enemy of our game is South Water street, and the Produce Exchange was its head and brains. If that acting force be paralyzed, even but temporarily, the game of this State and of all our Western States will not suffer, but will receive benefit. And if at the next session of the Legislature the packers need the aid of the sportsmen's interest, itself not omnipotent, but not inconsiderable, there may possibly be a shifting and adjusting not without its interest. Personally I prefer butter to butterine, and I would rather superintend the architecture of an omelet than to take it ready built out of a tin can; but I would be willing to forego certain pleasures of the palate, as would many sportsmen, could we by this means get a working game law on our statutes, and could we so abolish the great Chicago freezers which are swallowing so steadily the game not only of Illinois, but of the West.

The Interstate Game Law Convention.

Interest grows very rapidly in the interstate convention of workers and delegates which will assemble at Chicago next Monday and Tuesday. It is likely that Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota and Illinois at least will have full and earnest representation.

So far as I am advised, the idea of this convention originated with Senator J. Herbert Green, of Milwaukee, who has been very prominent in good game legislation in Wisconsin. At the last session of his Legislature he introduced and gained the passage of a resolution for the appointment of a committee to act with the warden and the fish commission in the direction of uniform legislation in the group of States mentioned above. On his action other State Legislatures have appointed similar committees, all of whom will sit in the central city, Chicago, the coming week.

Senator Green has been sending out letters among some of our Chicago sportsmen asking for expressions of opinion. Col. C. E. Felton, of this city, was thus addressed, and has given me an inkling of his reply. His position I have often frankly criticised before, and did so again to-day. Col. Felton believes in the marketing of game and thinks it can be protected by getting after the man who shoots it and not the man who buys it. In other words, he believes you should destroy a rank and lusty weed by snipping its top branch a little, and not by digging out its root. Let us hope his letter will have courtesy, but not credence or credulity, shown it.

Senator Green, in a journal of his own city, says:

"The opinion prevails in several States that the open season for ducks, partridge, prairie chicken, quail, snipe, woodcock and geese should be deferred to Sept. 15 of each year, or fifteen days later than the season now opens. In some States prairie chickens are killed Aug. 15, but sportsmen tell me that the young birds are un-

able to fly much at that early date, and a month later would provide much better sport. I am also unalterably in favor of stopping the shooting of ducks in the spring, and if Illinois can be prevailed upon to join with Wisconsin in this movement, there is no question but that the practice now indulged in can be stopped by legislation.

"The deer laws of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota should also be identical in order to afford the deer better protection. The length of the present season is all right, but a better license system should be devised."

Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota, has been interviewed on this subject by a journal of his city, and has the following to say:

"I see no reason why we can't agree on a uniform season for the shooting of all classes of game. The chickens mature in North Dakota about the same time they do in Illinois, in the average year, whatever people may say to the contrary. What will apply to the one State will to the other. Our season here in Minnesota is Sept. 1. In order to reach an agreement it may be necessary for us to concede two weeks, although to my mind Sept. 1 is early enough to shoot chickens anywhere in the territory covered by the interested States. A closed season at occasional intervals is a great aid to the increase of game, and I hope we can come to some arrangement that will include this feature. They have it now in some States, and it is said to work very successfully.

"In the matter of a license law, I think something ought to be done to equalize conditions. Wisconsin and some other States now charge a license fee on foreign hunters, and the revenue from this source is considerable. We follow the free-trade policy in this State. Certainly something should be done to even up matters between the States in this respect. Then I approve of a small gun license, say 50 or 75 cents. This will enable the fish and game authorities to keep a register of all hunters, and aid greatly in the suppression of illegal shooting."

I believe the gun license idea is apt to receive prominence, and undue prominence, at this convention. With all respect to those who believe in it—and it does have certain specious advantages as a theory—I must believe that such a measure is something which could never be put upon or kept upon the statute books of any Western State. The farmers would go into riot first, and no one can prophesy what the revulsion would be against such game laws as we have. If we are to try for uniformity, let it not be with anything so radical and dangerous as this gun tax notion.

Michigan, by its representatives, Warden Osborne and F. Chamberlain, will propose the following platform, good in some points and bad in others:

"A uniform law prohibiting shipping game outside the State in which it is shot; also a law making it a misdemeanor to ship any game or fish unless tagged as such, the tag to contain also the shipper's name and address, the penalty to be visited on both the shipper and the railroad receiving the shipment; a uniform law allowing the wardens of the States to seize game coming into their State from another in the name of that State; the prohibiting of spring shooting of all classes of game; a uniform open season for game of all kinds, and with a closed season every five or six years; a uniform license fee of \$25 operative upon all hunters going from one State to another, with a small gun license in each State."

On one great point the Michigan delegation is solid:

"If we can agree upon a matter of prohibiting the shipping of game, the battle for the preservation of game in Michigan is as good as won. That is the most important action that could be taken. Take away the incentive to shoot from the professional hunter, both Indian and white man, the game problem is solved. When the professional hunter's occupation is gone the game will take care of itself."

Close of the Selling Season.

To-day, Feb. 5, is the last day of grace for the game dealers to get under cover with such game as they had on hand before Feb. 1. Warden Loveday has been out almost day and night since Feb. 1, watching for shipments of a late and illegal nature. He seized seven barrels of illegal game in the possession of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, billed for shipment to a New York house, and caught here in Chicago en route. The case was brought not against the consignor, but against the carrier, and the case was decided against the railroad, the latter losing the game and being assessed for costs in the action. There is likely to be quite a grist of cases yet this month.

Several decisive cases were tried in central Illinois this past week, and I must again offer Warden Loveday the congratulations of very many sportsmen for his brilliant season's work. At Mt. Vernon the prominent citizen, Joseph D. Norris, of Waltonville, earlier arrested, was on Jan. 28 convicted of illegal shipping of quail, and fined \$400. Mr. Norris made a big front, but was landed. He has been postmaster of Waltonville and also justice of the peace. We have thus had one sheriff, one deputy game warden and two justices of the peace convicted this season in Illinois for breaking the game laws. It has been a campaign of education.

W. A. Griffith, of Rose Hill, and J. C. Raef, of the same county, were arrested for shipping quail, and fined \$107 each. E. Lord, of Willow Hill, was fined \$29.25. J. T. Nex, at Marion, Ill., was on Jan. 31 fined \$50 for shipping quail.

Freak Legislation.

Encouraged by their success in knocking out the rabbit law, the farmers of Ohio have come forward with some twenty new measures tinkering with the game laws. Of all these the champion specimen of freak legislation is the bill introduced by Mr. Bell, of Madison county. This is a sure enough farmers' quail law, and if it is passed it will make the farmer king and the man with a gun his humble and cringing slave. The press dispatches describe it as follows:

"Its title is as unique as its provisions, for it is headed: 'A bill to protect the rights of the farmers and the game and the birds of the State from the gunners and gun club exterminators of the game and birds.' According to its provisions, owners of land are given property rights in all birds, game, fish and game animals upon their land, and each hunter is required to secure the permis-

sion of the farmer upon whose land he hunts in order to proceed with the chase. The hunter is further required to inform the farmer who grants him permission to proceed with the chase what birds, fish or animals he intends to capture or kill, and as an evidence of good faith he must return after the hunt and exhibit to the farmer the result of his sport. The penalty for infraction of the provisions is, as stated above, the forfeiture of gun or rod to the farmer. If the bill passes, every farmer's house will not only be his castle, but his own court as well."

Wouldn't Mr. Bell's nerve freeze you?

North Dakota and Non-Residents.

Last September Mr. E. C. Cook, of E. C. Cook & Bros., this city, one of the oldest of our old-time sportsmen, went out to Dawson, N. D., on a duck shooting trip. A prairie fire broke out near where they were shooting, and although they turned in and did all they could to check the fire, a farmer some distance beyond them and at one side suffered loss of property by its means. The Chicago men were twice tried, or different members of the party were tried under different charges, before two different judges, one of whom was Judge Gokey. Both judges dismissed the cases, taking them from the jury with the remark that no evidence was shown connecting the defendants in any way with the fires. (Mr. Cook personally assures me that he and his party were innocent and ignorant of the cause of the fire, which broke out half a mile distant from them.) Not satisfied with this, certain disgruntled parties took up the matter in the Circuit Court, getting service on the Chicago men before they left. Mr. Cook tells me this week that a judgment amounting in all to over \$1,000 has been rendered against himself and party, and that they have already spent over \$600 in defending the case. He was just back from a trip to Steele, N. D., the county seat where the case was tried, and he laughingly assured me that he didn't know where all this was going to end, but he thought it was pretty rough.

The Dawson Times, a local paper, led the fight on Justice Gokey and the Chicago men above mentioned. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars have been spent annually by sportsmen in the little town of Dawson. There is no just computation possible of the damage this town does itself by such inhospitable, high-handed and sour-spirited an injustice to non-residents as that above recounted.

The Winter and the Game.

The season of 1897 was one unusually good for game, especially quail, partridges and other small game. In Indiana, Illinois and Michigan the shooting was exceptionally good. Until the past two weeks our winter here in Indiana was very mild, and it was fair to suppose that the game would winter well. The heavy storms of last week and this week have changed this situation very materially. Upper Indiana, I can personally say, is largely sealed up with ice and crusted snow, in all a foot or two deep, so that the quail must suffer. From Michigan Mr. W. B. Mereshon writes me the following discouraging news:

"We are having more snow during the last two weeks than I have seen any winter for eight or ten years, and I am afraid it means death to the quail. While there has been no crust yet, the snow is very deep, and it has drifted badly. Too bad, isn't it?"

"I have a letter this morning from A. B. Paine, a farmer, in the direction where we were hunting last fall, which reads as follows:

"Do you know that mink are killing all the quail in this part of the world this winter? On this place three flocks have been wiped out. My attention was called to the mink by trouble in my hen-house. I was told by trappers when I described the hole in the neck of the dead fowl that it was the work of mink, and I was very skeptical until I killed one and put a stop to the trouble for a little time. Since that it is no rare thing to find mink tracks leading into a thicket, and a bunch of quail feathers tells the story. Mink skins sell for cash. Can you not start a good man up our way with his traps, and do himself, farmers and hunters a good turn?"

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of this city, writes me that on Jan. 20 fourteen mallards were seen at English Lake, on the Kankakee River, Ind., and three of them were killed. He adds:

"There were also seen at same time a few buffle-heads (butter-balls). Last Sunday, Jan. 30, Lake Michigan was covered with ducks off the Lake Shore drive, on the north side, probably scaups. I presume the recent blizzards and icy winds have turned them a little further south. A good many geese were seen last Saturday, Jan. 29, flying over Washington Park, Chicago."

At Maksawba Club, on the Kankakee River, Feb. 2, we heard that a good-sized flock of mallards had been wintering on the river, and had been seen within the week.

Beware the Camera.

It is a human weakness to be photographed in connection with a string of fish or bunch of birds. On Aug. 2, last summer, it is alleged, G. A. Dubois, of Neenah, Wis., went hunting in Price county, and killed some illegal ducks. He went to Park Falls and had himself and the ducks photographed. It chanced that Gustav Frellson, of Green Bay, and Dr. F. W. Stewart, of Wauwatosa, had been out fishing, came along about that time and also stood in the photograph. Now comes Deputy Warden Frank Bissinger, of Green Bay, secures a copy of the photograph and arrests the whole outfit for shooting ducks out of season, as see the testimony of the camera. This sort of Dog Tray guilt is enough to teach sportsmen to beware the camera and its possibilities.

Minor.

My old friend Billy Griggs, the king of the market hunters, did not go to Galveston to shoot canvasback this winter. He is engaged in fishing for the market at Greenville, Miss.

Mr. Hunt, of Burlington, Ia., has introduced a bill in the Legislature making doves a game bird, with an open season from July 15 to Sept. 1. A similar movement is probable at the next Illinois Legislature.

The Peace River buffalo herd again crops up in a vague newspaper paragraph quoting "a Canadian trav-

eler" to the effect that in the Peace River country there are at least four herds of buffalo, not less than 2,000 head in all.

The old principle of the common law, that ignorance of the law is no defense, was brought out twice this week in instances of violation of the game laws. A farmer in Iowa killed a prairie chicken, believing he had a right to do so on his own land. He was fined \$25. At Pomeroy, O., William Bickner, a farmer, shot a strange bird which he saw sitting on a tree, and which he thought was a hawk. He took the bird to the game warden, who told him it was a mongolian pheasant, and worth, under the circumstances, \$25.

Sportsmen of Joliet, Ill., are organizing a duck shooting club, with grounds on Goose Lake, one of the famous wildfowl grounds of the Illinois river bottoms. The club will number 25 members and will control 650 acres of property. Henry Young is one of the promoters.

A dozen foxhounds, imported from England, are in Chicago this week, on their way to Sioux City, Ia., where they will be used by the Woodbury County Hunt Club in hunting coyotes.

E. HOUGH,

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Elk in Jackson's Hole.

JACKSON, Wyo., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad you take the stand you do in regard to the catching and shipping of elk in Jackson's Hole. We are decidedly against the practice and wish to see it stopped, and you can do us a great deal of good by helping to stop it. Inclosed find photos of elk taken by me this winter, showing the elk on their winter range. Imagine the harm that could be done by chasing such bunches of elk in the snow. Elk are very easily heated up. On a cold day to run a bunch a quarter mile makes the steam rise over them as if they were on fire. It is not only what are caught, but the damage done to those that are left, that should forbid the chasing. At present we have about 6in. of snow in the valley, and the elk are wintering well. As I write these lines I can see them in nearly every direction from the ranch quietly feeding on the hillsides, with nothing to alarm them. It does a person good to look at them.

The people of Jackson's Hole are in favor of the protection of the elk, but we get the blame for the deeds of tourists and non-residents, and are woefully misrepresented.

S. N. LEEK.

Another correspondent writes: "The people of this valley are as a rule anxious and willing to protect the game, and we have always done so, and there is more game here now than four years ago and prior to the Indian troubles of 1895. There are 300 head within two miles of my ranch at this writing, and the game is not affrighted at travel or our passing near the bunches. Last evening I passed through a large band of elk and they seemed to pay no attention to me. Whether the present timber reserve lines will do any good to protect the game or not I cannot say, but I don't think so. The game winters much south of the Cleveland or Teton timber reserve lines and among the settlements.

As long as our people can have fair dealing from the press we will use all necessary force to keep intact the largest band of elk now existing on the American continent, and it is my opinion that this band of elk will always under existing conditions continue to increase some in numbers, unless it be the male animals which are ruthlessly hunted during the fall months and the open season. It is true that without hay once in four years the calves will most all die. If the Government would take this game into its keeping, and buy about \$5,000 worth of hay per year and feed these elk, these mountains would keep them for a thousand years. Some one interested in the game should come here and investigate its condition.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Rattlers of Gran Coulee.

IN those days deer were in the woods three miles or so from Monroe, not far from the head of Lake Erie. A big whitewood shaded a pool in the ditch that drained Gran Coulee. Hundreds of footprints proved that coons and turkeys and deer knew that pool.

I stopped beneath the branches of that tree to cool off, after a hunt for squirrels one afternoon. I looked idly at those tracks, and thought: "How great a thing it would be to come here some bright night, climb into this tree, kill a fat duck, and stop their laughing about boys who go out to hunt squirrels and come home to hunt grub—without the squirrels."

A buck jumped the dooryard fence one evening soon afterward, to drink from the spring that bubbled in the middle of the lawn. He took his drink quietly. I don't know whether he had been told that no dog nor gun would be allowed to molest deer or bird or other wild thing within that fence; but he was certainly unfrightened. I looked at him, and suddenly felt that the hour had surely come for slaying a buck at that pool under the whitewood tree.

The moon beamed brightly on the yellow stubble of the coulee, and the snow-white sand that lay in a ridge beside the ditch was a clear road for me. I was soon seated on a big limb not more than 7 or 8ft. from the sand. Within half a minute a mosquito came to see who had come. Others of her kin quickly followed—or had they come with her? Other hundreds were there almost as soon as the first.

I waved my handkerchief about my face gently. I suddenly brushed that part of my jeans trousers which was drawn tightest as I sat on that branch. I was gentle with them, very gentle, for the slightest sound—well, you know how it was.

Blessed saints! how fast those mosquitoes came! How promptly they sank their shafts! How promptly they sent in their bills! They were more prying than a smart

lawyer at a cross-examination of a shifty witness. They bored me even worse than this yarn is boring the reader.

And I dared not slap them, even though I might kill thousands. I hardly dared hint, with softly moving hand, that their attentions were too pointed. One slap, and all the bites already endured would have been suffered in vain. No deer within half a mile would have come to that field within another hour, and an hour of that—not for all the deer that ever trod those woods.

I began thinking that it might be better to wait until another day to kill my deer; the deer were evidently willing to wait. They would be fatter when the buckwheat would be harvested, and they would hop over the fence to feast on the three-cornered grain.

Five minutes—or was it perhaps twenty seconds—convinced me that it was a closed season for deer, anyway, and that it would be vastly unkind to kill a deer that night, and so prevent his fattening for some man's Thanksgiving dinner or some other man's Christmas supper. At any rate, it was time to stop those mosquitoes fattening on me.

I tied a corner of my handkerchief to my belt and that to my rifle. Then I peered intently at every bit of shadow fringing that field, to see whether there might be some visible reason for changing my opinion about leaving the deer to eat up the buckwheat of hardworking farmers. But the coast was clear, abominably clear; so I lowered the gun and swung it to one side, that it might be out of the way when I should drop to the ground.

That gun was jerked up again as if it had been my hand. What the dickens was that! What made that rattling down there?

I remembered, suddenly and vividly, that thick rattle-snake which had crawled lazily out from a sheaf of wheat when Duluy had dropped it after binding. That snake was as thick as my arm. Why, it was not 30yds. from this very tree that we killed the thing!

How hot the night was! Sweat ran down my back and into my staring eyes. The mosquitoes troubled me no more.

I cautiously moved around to another limb, and again I lowered the gun. I swung it again, widely, too, but with another purpose this time. And as sure as I live, I stirred up another rattler. But that time I didn't jerk the rifle away. I had reflected that even the biggest fangs or the most venomous snake could hardly hurt the iron. I waited. I suppose I thought. I know I sweat awhile. And the mosquitoes made themselves felt once—no, dozens of times more. At last the moonlight fell on the white sand beneath the branch on which I sat.

"I'll risk it! I can drop in the middle of that white path, and skin out before a rattler can strike. Let me get out of this shade once, and I can see snakes, if there are any, quick enough to dodge 'em."

I did it. I trod most cautiously along that snowy path until I reached the road; and not a rattler struck at me. But I did jump half a rod or so at the sound of a rattle when my gunstock touched a little bush as I passed.

I had snakes in my dreams that night, and I was an old man when they roused me out for breakfast next morning. A cup of coffee put new courage into me. It was time, for the old stock had run out the night before. By the time my stomach was full of breakfast my soul was full of resolve to go to that field and annihilate those rattlers. I found them; plenty of them, too. Some were close beside the path along which I had legged it in the night. Others I found under the very limb on which I had perched. I didn't exterminate them. There were too many. It would have been too much work—too much like everyday, hard farm work.

They were wild peas, ripe in their pods.

E. L. PERITARA.

Sea and River Fishing.

On Bistineau Lake.

THERE was good fishing, and a variety of it, in north-west Louisiana some twenty years ago, and no doubt there are plenty of fish left; but I only made one trip down through that country and Arkansas, and it was a trip so full of incident that I could fill a volume with it, if I could get any one to read it. Fishing, shooting, gander-pulls and shooting matches, interspersed with dances where conventionality did not bar out fun, kept me busy studying mankind as well as fishes.

Bistineau Lake lies between Bienville and Bosier counties, is over twenty miles long by some two or three wide, and empties into the Red River. At Buckhorn I found a ducky who had a team and wagon, and also a boat upon the lake, and I subsidized him to take me and a 5gal. alcohol tank over the lake, some few miles off. He said that his name was Augustus Cæsar Trulo, and I never forgot it. A man told me afterward that his late master's name was Truxillo, and the corruption from the Spanish was evident.

Rod case, creel, luncheon and all necessary impedimenta had been loaded, and we were driving through the heavy timber, over a rough road, in a lumber wagon whose jolts forbade prolonged conversation; but as we came to a comparatively smooth place where one could speak without danger of biting his tongue, I asked: "What did you say your name was?"—not that I had forgotten, but to get down to a basis where I might get a name that could be handled without having to run over the list of Roman and possibly of Spanish heroes.

"Augustus Cæsar Trulo is my name, sah."

"Yes, I remember; but on a fishing trip that is more name than I can sling out when I'm reeling in a fish and want you to hand me the landing net. What do your friends call you?"

"De people 'bout yeah, dey mos'ly calls me Gus, sah; but w'en I lived with ole Mass' Trulo, befo' de wa', he call me Cæsar, sah; but he done got killed up 'bout Georgia, an' he had no fambly, so we boys drifted from Opelousas up dis a-way. We's a-comin to de lake at de nex' turn in de road, jes' beyond dis swamp."

"Very well, I will call you Gus."

"Yes, sah; an' w'en I wants to speak to you, w'at shall I say?"

"My full name is Aristophanes Demosthenes Socrates Kego-e-Kay, but my friends shorten it into Smith, and you may call me so." And right there Gus and I got right down to plain, practical business principles and dropped all nonsense.

Gus had his own tackle and baits, for methods of fishing by the natives were a thing I wanted to study. He had a native cane, and it had been well selected for taper and for even distribution of strain; it was as good a specimen of that very good crude fishing rod as you will find in a thousand. He had no reel, but he had tied small brass rings at intervals, and one on the tip, and evidently depended on his left hand to haul in or pay out from a coil in the bottom of the boat. When his tackle was inspected it was plain that its owner was an angler, and I had fortunately blundered on the right man to take me to such parts of the lake where the fishing might be good. He had a can for live bait and a mosquito-net seine to catch them. Great was his surprise when I picked out a lot of his bait-fish and plumped them into the alcohol. The larger fish of this region were well known, and the only hope of finding any new species lay among such as never grew beyond 4in. in length. To explain the value of these to Gus would be a waste of time, but he was always curious about them.

"Dis weed-bed dat we's comin' to is a great place fo' trout, an' I'll drop de ancho' at dis end, an' move up an' aroun' it w'en yo' say so. I dun cotch some big trout yere in de las' May, an' dey's plenty lef'."

Knowing that all through the Southwest the black bass is called "trout," and that the natives do not differentiate the two species, and also that it would be useless to try to correct the nomenclature, I "drank the wine of the country" and spoke of the two species of black bass as "trout." Men have been burned at the stake for their opinions, but not in modern days. Just as I gave in to Gus in order to avoid useless argument, just so I would yield to avoid torture; but my opinion, like that of Galileo on the rotation of the earth, would not and could not be changed. I admire the courage of the martyrs, but not their diplomacy.

Gus watched the putting together of a split-bamboo rod and the attachment of the reel in silence; but when the gut leader was brought from its damp box and the fly-hook opened his curiosity was aroused. "What yo' gwine do wid de feeders on de hooks? Is dem de kin' o' bait yo' use?" And he looked incredulous, but said no more.

"Yes, the feathers on the hooks are bait of one kind; they look like insects to the trout, and we call them flies. If the fish here refuse them, I'll try your minnows."

"Dey looks like dry fodder fo' a fish, 'deed dey do fo' a fac', an' dey doan' look like de flies we has in dis parish. Is de flies in de Nawth all bright, speckled an' hairy like dem?"

"Oh, yes." It was easier to say this than to go into an entomological lecture on a subject that I did not fully understand, and Gus was so intent on my curious rig that I was ready and made several casts before he attempted to rig up. Then came a rise and a strike, and the reel sang. The play of the rod and the alternate giving of line and reeling in kept my colored friend dumb with excitement until the fish leaped from the water some 30yds. away, when he yelled: "Hang on to him, Mr. Smith; doan' let him break yo' pole; he's de bigges' trout in dis lake; he break yo' pole, shuah!"

"No, he can't break it, not if he was ten times as big. You get that landing net ready to slip under him when I get him near the boat; slip it in the water alongside the boat, and don't frighten him by a sight of it."

"Yassah, but dat leetle pole mighty apt to break fo' yo' get dat fish to de boat; it's dun mos' bent double now."

"Never mind that! Get the net in the water, and don't make a splash. He's tired, and is resting as he comes in, but will make a rush for the weeds or under the boat if you scare him."

The fish had rolled up on its side, nearly exhausted, and was led near the net. Victory was at hand, but it was victory for the fish, for instead of using the net Gus gave a whoop as he grabbed the leader and tried to lift the fish into the boat. I had a glimpse of a big-mouthed black bass which might have weighed 8lbs. going off with my fly and some 2ft. of leader, and my remarks, after several expurgations and condensations, might be translated like this: "Mr. Augustus Cæsar Trulo, I much regret that you did not obey my orders and use the landing net. The great warriors after whom you were named would have made an example of you for so serious a breach of discipline. Your orders were explicit to use the net, and bless you! you poor, blessed, doubly blessed man and brother—" (here my notes are blurred; the wires of memory's phonograph buzzed, but not distinctly).

Gus had dropped into that sensible state which follows a moment of excitement, and said, apologetically: "'Deed, Mr. Smith, I see dat ah trout a-gwine undah de boat, an' I try to bring him in. Dat ah net I fo'get 'bout, 'cause I nebber use one. I'se sorry you lose dat big fish, but dah's biggah ones in dis yer lake, an' afo' yo' go dah'll be some cotched. I'se sorry dat yo' use such pow'ful strong language w'en a fish dun got away, 'cause dey's mo' fish to come, an' I'se been tol' dat yo' mussen' swear if yo' want to ketch fish."

By this time the leader was repaired, and a large brown hackle had replaced the last red ibis, and I merely said: "If another fish is hooked, don't you touch my line. I'll keep this oar here, and I'll knock you overboard if you do. Get that fact fixed in your mind, and use the net as I have told you. This rod is not made to lift a fish out of the water, but it can tire out a fish that would snap your cane pole. That fine silkworm gut is only fit for such work as the rod can do, and when I bring a fish to the side of the boat I want you to do just as I say; lift him in the landing net if you can, but don't scare him so that he will make a rush under the boat or into the weeds. Have you got that through your wool?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Smith, I mus' ask yo' to 'scuse me; I nevah dun fish dis way befo'; de trout seem like he

gwine away, an' w'en he so close by, seems like I mus' pull him in. Nex' time I try yo' way an' put de net undah him; but I used to pull him in awn de line."

"Why don't you bait your hook and take a fish? I want to see you handle one."

"Golly, Mr. Smith, I'se waitin' to see yo' cotch one on de little pole an' de fiddle string. It 'peared like he was goin' to break away fum de line an' break yo' pole, an' I got so 'cited I dun hole my breff, I did, fo' a fac'. Dat ah was a big trout to pull in awn a fiddle string, an' I'se jes' a honin' fo' to see yo' cotch one. Yo' dun cotch dat ah one on'y fo' my foolishness, but I promise not to touch de line ag'in."

A few casts of the brown hackle brought a rise and a strike. There was quite a little fight, and as the fish was brought in Gus netted it in good shape. It was a big-mouth that would weigh about 1/2 lb. Gus took a number with minnows, some large ones, but he became excited when I hooked another big one, and he came near repeating his former mistake, but refrained from grasping the line when he heard what I said. There was no time to argue the case, and my remarks were vigorous and to the point. They arrested the outstretched hand at once, and the landing net was substituted in good shape. That fish weighed nearly glbs. on the grocer's scales. We took twenty black bass at that spot, and two of them were small-mouths of small size. They jumped out of the water, and so did many of the big-mouths, and that excited Gus every time. He used strong tackle and whacked a fish in the boat by main strength, if the hook did not tear out, and there was but little fight. He saw a new mode of fishing which afforded more sport than his own, and when I said: "Gus, I've got trout enough and had fun enough with them; let's go to some other place and catch different fish," he asked to be allowed to take a "trout" with my tackle.

"No, Gus, you'll break rod, reel and line, and you can't cast a fly as I do. If a fish rose at the fly and you hooked it, you would try to lift it on the rod, and then the 'fiddle string' would break if the fish kicked." And so we went from the margin of the weeds to the deeper waters.

"What fish do you get out here?"

"Well, sah, we gits cattie, pike, crappies, perch an' a lot o' kinds; I doan' know de names ob all ob 'em; some dey calls 'em 'red-eye' an' some dey calls 'em 'waw-mouth' an' sun perch an' raccoon perch, an' a lot o' names, but dey's all good w'en dey's fried, 'cept de gars, an' dey's pizon."

A light wind took us up the lake, and I got out a trolling rod and spoon. Gus had seen the latter, and called it a "bob." He put on a sinker and minnow bait, and I trolled the spoon. A heavy strike brought in a long-snouted 4ft. gar, and Gus put his pocket-knife in his jaws while I cut the spoon out of its throat. If this ganoid had perished when most of its kin were made into fossils, the fish world would be richer to-day; it is very destructive and is not fit to eat. I asked Gus if he had ever eaten this gar-pike, which, by the way, should not be confounded with the silver gar of salt waters, which often run up rivers. The latter is edible, and I have seen schools of small ones as far up the Hudson as Albany, where we boys called them "swordfish."

"No," he replied, "I doan' eat no ole gah, but I tas'e him once, an' he got sof' meat, but hees bone and hees skin is hard 'nuff. Some poor colored people eat um, but I can get bettah fish; trout an' pike an' crappie, dey's good 'nuff fo' me. But dis yah gah is de long-snout kine, an' doan' grow much longer 'an dis yah one; but down 'bout Opelousas I cotch de big kine we calls alligatah gah, 'cause he got flat jaw like de gatah, an' I dun cotch one long as dis boat, me and two oddah boys, an' we broke bofe oars a clubbin' him awn de head befo' he keep still an' we paddle to de sho'. Oh, I tell yo', he take a man's han' off, an' knock him down wid hees tail."

The boat was 10 or 12ft. long, and the size of the fish was guessed at and may have been exaggerated, yet Jordan, "Manual of the Vertebrates," says that the alligator gar, or manjuari, grows to a length of 10ft. I had seen one of nearly 8ft. hauled in a seine down near Baton Rouge, but to tell of this would prove that I knew the fish and would cut off further information; so I said: "That was a big gar. Are you sure it was as long as this boat?"

"Yes, sah, 'deed it was, an' longah, 'bout 6ft. longah, an' his ole snout was broad as that (about 18in.), an' some wite men dey cotch one down on Catahoula Lake mo' 'an 50ft. long."

"What was 50ft. long, the fish or the lake?"

"De fish, sah. But I didn't see dat one, on'y hear de boys talk 'bout it, and dey took a boat an' a piece ob a man's leg out o' dat ah fish, an' dey foun' his haid an' some more o' de man in de net where de fish he chuck it."

"Was the man dead?"

"Daid! Yes, sah, he was daid fo' a fac', an' all cut up. He was sho' 'nuff daid."

"What was his name?"

"I dunno, sah, he fo'got to tell what his name was. I 'spects yo' is habin' fun wid me an' dat fish, but it was befo' my time, an' I tole yo' de story as de ole men tole it w'en I was a little boy. Dey is some o' dem gatah gahs in dis yeah lake, but I doan' see none much longah dan dis yeah snout, an' dey chews up mo' fish dan de pike, an' de pike's good to eat. Now when de pike take hold a fish he take him end on, and ef he get him crossways he turn him to get him in end, but dese debbils takes 'em crossways and chaws on 'em an' mos' times cuts 'em in two an' was'es half de fish befo' he gits him turned; den he got to git annuder to fill him up."

I appreciated my luck in falling into the hands of such an observing man, and when we unloaded at the house where I was stopping I took what bass, pike and crappie would make a dinner for the rather large family and gave the rest to Gus; and as I paid him we arranged to fish again two days later, and in the meantime I would fish the streams with line and minnow net for small fishes, mollusks and crustaceans for the alcohol tanks. It is an old saying that a Yankee is inquisitive, and in the South at that time the Ohio Buckeye, the Indiana Hoosier, the Wisconsin Wolverine, as well as the Californian and the New Yorker, were Yankees as

well as the citizens of the New England States. But I was put through a nightly catechism, beginning with: "What did you get to-day?" "What are you going to do with them?" and "What are they good for?" The first two questions were easily answered, but the third was a poser. To explain the relation of "little water-bugs" to other forms of life, and to man, was up-hill work to a fellow who was aware that he was looked upon as a harmless sort of lunatic who spent his time in gathering a lot of useless things, but who paid his bills and was thereby entitled to spend his time as foolishly as he pleased. It was not so much the questions as the consciousness that my mission was not understood, and that I could not make it understood by the men and half-grown boys from whom there was no escape in the evening. To be looked upon as a curiosity is embarrassing, unless you are a fat woman, living skeleton or "beautiful Circassian girl," and make a profession of it.

A stroll along the shores of the lake with a light double gun was taken alone, in order to pick up any object of interest without having to give a lecture upon it; and it is well to be alone sometimes. The day was overcast and foggy, an ideal day for ducks, but I was not expecting anything in this line, merely thinking to pick up a few shore birds, or "bay birds," as we call them in the Great South and Barnegat bays of Long Island and New Jersey. A walk of half a mile brought a couple of ducks in sight, and as their eyes were better than mine, it seemed strange that they did not move. A few steps, and more ducks came out of the mist, all ignoring my presence. Both hammers were let down, and as I made an excursion to the left to get behind the blind of the men who had the decoys out, the men fired six barrels, but I was too far to see the effect. On reaching the blind there was a pile of ducks, about fifty, they thought, and they were shooting for the New Orleans market. There were many species. I only remember that they said that the mallards had not got down from the North yet, as the weather had not been cold enough.

At noon I sat down to eat my cold roast chicken, ham sandwiches and boiled eggs, which the good housewife had put up for me in profusion, and then sat still, thinking of nothing, enjoying a mere animal existence. My seat was a low log, near a spring, and perhaps 50ft. from a little stream which was on its way to the lake. It was a Rip Van Winkle spot that seemed to have hypnotic powers, and I was suddenly awakened, not by sound, for the leaves were too damp to rustle, but by a moving object. Gradually it assumed the familiar form of a raccoon, and my fingers clutched the gun. Then came the thought: "Why should I kill or wound this animal, which has as much right to walk this earth as I have? I do not need its meat nor its skin, and it does me no harm." The coon passed on, turning stones for crayfish or other things, with perhaps an eye out for a frog. In writing of this a story of two men "frae the land o' cakes," who had been imbibing not wisely, but too well, comes to mind. One said: "Donald, let's hae anither drink."

"Nae, Jamie; I hae enough."

With a look of contempt Jamie said: "Hoot! mon, you're lettin' your judgment get the better o' ye." And so on this occasion I sacrificed inclination to "judgment."

The walking along the shore was difficult; there were marshy places and fallen trees to go around, and none of that hard beach which affords the salt-water gunner good footing. I had quite a load of mussels, *Unios*, some sandpipers, plovers and other birds, as well as a few squirrels and a pintail duck which had recklessly crossed a point within range of my light gun, and while thinking of tramping back up the lake there was a sound of footsteps and my ears moved forward to assist in determining who might be coming. When one is alone there is always an intense interest in any one who approaches, even if he knows the country is at peace and there is nothing to fear. I never have this feeling when passing "The Man in the Clock Tower" on Broadway, because man is so frequent there; but down on a lone Louisiana lake the passing of a mud turtle or the jumping of a frog has interest. Therefore I listened to see who was coming.

There was a period of silence, as if the intruder had decided not to go up this little stream, and then the tramp on the damp leaves was resumed. I had enough ham, bread and chicken to entertain any fellow-sportsman, if he were hungry and would only show up.

On the further side of the little creek a form loomed up out of the fog. It looked as big as a country school-house, but when it came clearly within range it proved to be a good-sized bear, slowly going up stream after such small game as its cousin, the raccoon, was looking for. Here again I let my "judgment get the better o' me." I did not anger that bear with a charge of bird shot; and in fact there was no room for several hundred pounds of bear meat in my haversack.

The big sickle-billed curlew which I picked up on the homestretch was turned over to the good woman of the house, with the duck, which she stuffed and baked, but I reserved the yellow-legs to be split, broiled and served "hot and rare" for myself. To those good people this seemed as barbarous as the stuffing of a wild duck with sage and onions did to me. Miss Melinda said: "That bird isn't half done; I don't see how you can eat it." And I merely replied: "If it was cooked more it would be spoiled."

Taste is largely a thing of education and familiarity. A bottle of olives had been sampled by this worthy family and rejected. Melinda put up my daily lunches, which always included some olives, but when I came back a month later she had cleaned up the half dozen bottles left in my reserves and was ready for more. Jim, a young brother, said: "I like them yellow-legs and sho' birds half cooked, jus' as yo' had 'em, but mam says they're no good; an' I'm glad yo' come back. Say, how long yo' gwine to stay?" FRED MATHER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as p. actible.

The Early Days of Fishculture.

BY LIVINGSTON STONE.

[Read before the American Fisheries Congress.]

ABOUT a third of a century ago a strange story began to be spread abroad in this country, that a man in western New York was hatching trout eggs—thousands upon thousands—and that he was rearing the fish and feeding them in ponds, and there was literally no end to the number of fish that he could hatch.

The story naturally made a decided sensation throughout the country; but of all the people that heard it very few at first believed it. The present age of almost daily recurring marvels had hardly begun then, and people were more incredulous and slower to accept apparent miracles than they are now. And then, again, the country being in the throes of a civil war at the time, it followed that discoveries in the peaceful arts did not attract the attention they would have done in quieter times. But the story about the man who was hatching out thousands of thousands of trout steadily gained ground. Presently the great New York dailies took it up, and soon after it came to be an accepted fact that something wonderful was being done by this New York trout hatcher.

In the meantime the man himself, quietly working away in Caledonia, had succeeded in actually proving beyond a doubt that the hatching of trout on an immense scale—not as an experiment, but as a practical industry—was a practical thing, within the easy reach of human skill.

It was the first time that this had been accomplished. Amateur and scientific experiments on a small scale had been made by various persons at various times, and the method of hatching fish artificially had been known for a century, but it remained for Seth Green to introduce into America the hatching of fish as a practical and valuable industry, and to him belongs the credit and the honor of opening the way to the vast practical work that has since been accomplished in this country in hatching and rearing fish, and to him eminently belongs the title, justly earned, of the Father of American Fishculture.

A year or two after Seth Green had inaugurated American fishculture at Caledonia the writer established the Cold Spring Trout Ponds at Charlestown, N. H., but, strange to say, up to this time, although Seth Green's operations in New York had been so fascinating and so promising, no one in this country had taken up the breeding of trout, that he had been so successful at.

The time, however, was now ripe for the spread of trout culture, and very soon after the establishment of the Cold Spring Trout Ponds trout breeding places sprang up in all directions. Raising trout suddenly became fashionable and popular. During the first two years of his trout breeding experience the writer received letters from almost every State in the Union, written by persons actually engaged in, or more or less interested in, trout culture. The interest in trout breeding became universal, and everything written about it was eagerly read by all who were interested in fish at all.

These were in the palmy days of trout breeding in this country. Prices were high—trout eggs brought \$10 a thousand, and young trout fry \$40 a thousand. Trout large enough for the table brought \$1 a pound at the ponds, and the city hotels paid 75 cents a pound for regular weekly consignments. There was a large demand for trout eggs and a fair demand for young fry and for trout for the table.

Trout breeding prospered, and with it all there was a novelty about the work which then had not time to wear off, and the business of the trout breeder—for it had now become a legitimate business—came to be a pleasant, prosperous and profitable occupation. It would be interesting to describe more minutely the rise and decline of private trout culture in the United States—for, alas! the decline came only too soon—but that would not come within the scope of this paper. Suffice it to say that the competition soon brought prices of eggs and fry down too low to make the business profitable generally, and the market price for table trout falling at the same time, many who engaged in the business fell out for want of pecuniary encouragement, while others who raised trout for the enjoyment of it gave it up because of the many risks and difficulties which stood in the way of success.

It is a fact worth recording—and one that seems very curious in the light of present events—that while so many at first went to raising trout, no one seemed to think that it was worth while to hatch any other kind of fish, and it is also a fact worth noticing that if artificial fishculture had been confined to the raising of trout, as it was in the first three years of its career in this country, the vast and beneficent work that is being done at the present time would have been unknown.

If again remained for the bold and adventurous spirit of Seth Green, with his far-reaching vision, to enter the larger and more important field of hatching fish that had a standard commercial value. Every one knows of his attempts, his failures and his final success in hatching shad. These efforts of Green in demonstrating that other and more valuable fish could be hatched as easily as trout did indeed open up a field for fishculture, so vast and beneficent to mankind that the previous trout culture work shrank into insignificance beside it. Thus it was that Seth Green earned a second time his claim to the title of Father of American Fishculture.

All the present magnificent work of our State Fish Commission and the United States Fish Commission owes its origin to Seth Green's shad hatchery on the Connecticut in 1867.

In 1868 the writer, in connection with Mr. Joseph Goodfellow, erected a salmon breeding station on the Miramichi, in New Brunswick. This was on a large scale, and was the first effort at systematic, practical salmon breeding in America.

As illustrating the high prices for fish eggs that prevailed then, I may mention that I received over \$1,000 for a good-sized water pail of salmon eggs from the Miramichi in 1869.

The Miramichi salmon breeding station would have been a valuable source of supply for salmon eggs, had

not the public sentiment in Canada been so strong against exporting salmon eggs to the United States. This feeling was, however, so strong that the enterprise had to be abandoned, but the Canadian Government took it up soon afterwards and sold salmon eggs to this country for the enormous price of \$45 a thousand, or \$1,000 a gallon.

I must not forget to mention, as among the most important events of the early days of fishculture in this country, that the State of New Hampshire, with singular foresight, established a fish commission in 1864, the same year that Seth Green began operations in Caledonia. New Hampshire was soon followed by Massachusetts and other States, and in 1871 the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, through the efforts of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, was created by Congress. The American Fishculturists' Association, now the American Fisheries Society, had been formed in 1870.

By this time there were also innumerable trout culturists in the field, and fishculture in the United States may be said to have passed the days of its infancy and to be fairly on its feet.

In looking back over those early years and contrasting them with the present, when such an immense mass of information is available, one is forcibly struck by the almost universal ignorance on the subject that prevailed at that time. This was true not only of people generally, but of well-informed men also; for even scientists who rightly deserved the name, and university graduates, and accomplished scholars who prided themselves on the variety of their knowledge, and reading men who kept up with the magazines and newspapers, could tell you nothing of this new art of fishculture.

Yet this was not so very surprising, for books had not yet been published in this country on the subject, magazine articles about it had not appeared; cyclopedias did not contain the information, or at most only the merest outlines of it, and unless one happened to come across the not easily accessible reports of specialists there was no avenue open to the public by which more than a superficial knowledge of the subject could be reached.

People generally were so utterly ignorant, indeed, of the whole subject that almost any story told about fish eggs would pass unchallenged. As an illustration of this, I heard some one tell an inquisitive but intelligent man that trout eggs were hatched by putting them under a hen in the barn, and the inquirer knew so little about it that he actually did not venture to express a doubt, for fear that he should display his ignorance. The man was not a scholar, it is true, but nevertheless some of the best informed men knew little more than he did about fishculture, for the simple reason that the knowledge was almost inaccessible to the people. How different from the present day, when the minute fish-life of the very bottom of the oceans is closely and thoroughly studied, and the fish food furnished by the microscopic life of the fresh-water lakes is measured and classified.

To go back in memory to those early days is not only to enter the enchantment that distance brings, but it is also to return to what was a real enchantment then. It seems as if we should never feel again—I know I am expressing the feeling of all the early experimenters in hatching fish—it seems that we should never feel again, and we probably never shall feel again, the thrill of excitement that tingled to our finger ends when we first saw the little black speck in the unhatched embryo which told us that our egg was alive. It was one of the dearest sights on earth to us then. And when the first little trout emerged from his shell and wriggled in the water, why were we so excited and elated? Was it because that little fish opened up to us a new world of promise and because we had a dim vision of the countless multitudes of living creatures that this little embryo was the insignificant forerunner of? I suppose it was something of the sort. And now, after those long years have passed and we coldly watch under a microscope, with a half scientific interest, the development of this little black speck named by scientists the "choroid pigment," we can hardly believe that such a commonplace, matter-of-fact affair could have stirred our feelings and our imagination as it did once, when the sight and sensation were both new, and the world of promise before us was untried and unknown.

Recalling those early years, two figures stand out in memory more prominently than all others. One is the figure of a strong-featured, broad-browed man of rugged frame and rugged countenance. He had the bearing and the look of a man who thought no struggle too severe for him, and no foe too formidable. He looks the strong man that he is. He is of the Zachary Taylor rough-and-ready type, but withal he has a hearty and genial manner, and a frank and honest nature looks out of his eyes, that show that no shallow mind lies behind them.

Every fishculturist knows whom I mean. I had previously visited Seth Green at his home in Caledonia, but it was not till I met and assisted him at Holyoke in 1867 that his strong personality impressed itself on me. He was there conducting his first experiment in hatching shad. He was entirely alone when I visited him, and his first attempts at hatching had just ended in signal failure. The peculiar character of the eggs and the peculiar treatment required for them had baffled for a time even his keen-sighted genius, and he had in despair almost decided to give it up and return home. The fishermen he had hired to help him were laughing at him for what they called his foolishness. But although alone and depressed in spirits, and with no one to offer a word of encouragement, Seth Green kept on, and with his dogged persistence and determination fought and overcame one difficulty after another, as they met him, until at last he was rewarded, as the world knows, with overwhelming success. Perhaps I may be allowed to add that a warm friendship sprang up about this time between Seth Green and myself which continued to the day of his death.

It was a pleasant thing to see the change in Green's spirit that came with his first success in hatching shad. It seemed a little thing—nothing but some little, delicate embryos appearing in the frail eggs that he was working over. Little it was, but it was the herald of illimitable possibilities which possibly the man himself did not realize. But however that may be, it restored his

spirits and made him almost instantly a changed man.

I once asked Gen. Phil Sheridan what was the most thrilling moment of his career during the War of the Rebellion. Gen. Sheridan answered, laconically: "When the tide turned at the battle of Winchester." I think that perhaps Green's feelings at Holyoke, when his first shad showed signs of life, might have been somewhat similar. He was attempting what no one else had ever thought of accomplishing, on which vast results were depending. The eyes of all the fishcultural world were on him. Thus far he had failed. He was for the time being defeated. Then the tide turned, and almost literally in a moment the whole thing was changed and he was victorious in a great battle, the far-reaching results of which will doubtless survive even the great nation that Sheridan fought for.

Green's strong traits of character were not the only thing about him that called attention to the man, for united with these were a sound judgment and many rare gifts of genius. He had the happy faculty of seeing and fixing his mind on the one essential point which was to be obtained, to the exclusion of everything else, and he had the fine discrimination which enables one to retain all the means necessary to accomplish the object and to eliminate all others. This enabled him to reduce his inventions and methods to the utmost simplicity without impairing their efficiency, the sure sign of genius. Green's famous shad hatching box, than which nothing more simple and effective has ever been invented for the hatching of fish, is a good illustration of this genius; and his world-renowned skill at fly-casting, rifle shooting and fish catching are only further illustrations of the same thing.

I regret that time and space forbid me giving anything more than this very imperfect sketch of this remarkable man; but I must hasten on.

The other figure which stands out most prominently in my memory, as I recall the early days of American fishculture, is that of one who has been called a plain man. He was a plain man indeed, but one who was made after nature's largest pattern of men. He was large in mental caliber and large in physical frame, large in his broad sympathies and in his wide scope of vision, large in his comprehensive grasp of great aims, and large in his capacity for great undertakings—large in everything, but small in nothing.

You at once recognize, I know, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the first United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

The mere mention of Prof. Baird's name strikes a chord of dear memories in the hearts of all who knew him. No man of our time has left a purer memory, a more stainless name or a more animated or enduring influence over his special field of labor than Prof. Baird. He was loved by those who knew him when he was living; he is revered by those who have survived him. Prof. Baird lived in a higher plane of life and breathed a purer atmosphere than most men. Quiet and unassuming, with a nature as gentle as a child's, his natural superiority never failed to show itself when he was with other men, not even among the distinguished men who gathered in the winter at the national capital. Yet he was thoughtful and considerate of his subordinates, and always ready to give his meed of praise of any work well done by his humblest employee. Prof. Baird had the enviable gift not only of endearing every one to him who came in contact with him, but of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm and energy. This made congressmen vote him all the appropriations that he asked for; for it was a common saying at Washington that Congress gave Prof. Baird everything that he wanted. Like a good general, he had the personal welfare of his men at heart while he was Fish Commissioner, and they in turn wanted to do everything in their power for him, which, doubtless, was one of the secrets of his great success. It is a fact that his employees in the Fish Commission would voluntarily work a great deal harder for Prof. Baird than they would for themselves. This fact is prevalent for another saying at Washington at that time, that Prof. Baird's men were the busiest workers in all the departments. It was the inspiration of this patient, disinterested, tireless, kind-hearted and lovable man whose work they were doing that made them work so well, and also made their work a pleasure.

It is unnecessary to say that Prof. Baird possessed extraordinary mental endowments, but I perhaps may mention one or two, as they are so rare. He had a quickness of apprehension that sometimes seemed supernatural. For instance, he would glance down a printed page and comprehend in a moment what would take others several minutes to read.

He had a marvelous memory, not only retentive of everything intrusted to it, but quick to call up anything that was wanted when it was wanted—a quality which most of us know well how to appreciate. His mind was also of the clearest type. No complications ever seemed to confuse him; he never became involved during his conversation, no matter what were the intricacies of the subject. His mind, like his placid temper, never seemed to be ruffled or disturbed. Extraordinary as his mental faculties were, he had evidently added to their efficiency by severe discipline, for he possessed that infallible mark of a well-trained mind; of having all of his great and diversified stores of knowledge classified and grouped together in his brain according to subjects, so that he could call up his whole knowledge of any subject at a moment's notice. Another remarkable thing about Prof. Baird's mental composition was that with a thoughtful, scientific cast of mind were united qualities of the most practical character. Prof. Baird was a scientific man by nature. He loved science and scientific studies; but at the same time no man had a sounder judgment or a clearer head in the management of practical affairs than he did. It is very rare to see scientific and practical qualities of mind united in such an eminent degree as they were in Prof. Baird's.

Prof. Baird was gifted with still another unusual mental endowment which reminds one strongly of one of the traits of the first Napoleon. With that comprehensiveness of mind which takes in the broad features and large general outlines of a great enterprise, he combined, as Napoleon did, a capacity for close and thorough attention to all the details of a subject down to the minutest item necessary to success. This combination, as we all know, is a rare one. As an illustration of Prof.

Baird's wonderfully retentive memory and easy grasp of details, as well as his gift, also remarkable, for a rapid dispatch of practical work, I may mention a little incident that occurred at Calais, Me., where I visited in 1872, and which has fastened itself on my mind ever since. He had received twenty-seven letters by mail of the day before—I remembered the exact number that he told me he had received—and the next forenoon after breakfast he called in his stenographer for the purpose of answering them. As I very naturally rose to leave the room he kindly invited me to remain and be seated, and I shall never forget the impression which the subsequent answering of those letters left on me.

Assuming his customary attitude, when on his feet, of holding his hands behind him, one wrist grasped by the other hand, he leisurely walked up and down the room, dictating to the stenographer the answers one after another to all his letters. He did not, to my knowledge, refer to one of the letters he had received, either to ascertain its contents or to get the address of the writer, but proceeded from one letter to another till all were finished. And, further, during this time he never showed the slightest hesitation, nor did his countenance betray any signs of mental effort or confusion. It was a remarkable feat of memory, and a methodical dispatch of business details which I cannot forbear to mention.

In our subsequent acquaintance and correspondence, which was very extended, both personal and official, his letters were always marked by great kindness of heart and thoughtful consideration, which, it is needless to say, warmly endeared him to me. It is a great pleasure to me now to think that the United States Fish Commission station that I located and built up three successive times, on the McCloud River, in California, has kept the name which I gave many years ago to the little post-office on the river, and as Baird's Station contributes its mite to perpetuating the name of the great first United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

I said that there were two figures which early association with fishculture called up very forcibly to my mind. There is also a third. It is of a man who has never been in America, yet whose love for America, whose admiration for American fishculture, and whose influence on fishcultural work in America, have been very marked. I mean the Count von Behr. With a thorough love of fishculture, and devoted to it with an unusually enthusiastic nature which specially fitted him for inspiring others with his own love for it, Herr von Behr was to Germany in his field of labor what Prof. Baird was to America. He was for many years president of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, the national fishcultural organization of Germany, and during his whole connection with it he was the life of the association. He was also the animating spirit of the great International Fisheries Exposition in Berlin, which will forever remain memorable in the annals of the world's fishcultural history.

Though of a wholly different type from Prof. Baird, he nevertheless possessed qualities which caused his influence to overshadow all other fishculturists in his own country, as Prof. Baird's did in this country, and made him *facile princeps* in conducting the cause of fishcultural development in Germany.

It was my privilege to carry on a delightful correspondence with Herr von Behr for several years. Dropping all official forms, and indeed all formality whatever, his letters were earnest, confidential and full of enthusiasm. They expressed the same love and admiration for Prof. Baird that Americans felt for him at home, and never lacked in expression of his great admiration of American fishculture. They also recorded his sad domestic bereavements, and told how, after the loss of his three sons, he had resolved to devote the rest of his life to the cause of fishculture in Germany.

I am aware that much criticism has been expressed because Von Behr's name has been given by Americans to an European trout since its introduction into this country; but whatever may be said of the judiciousness of the act, no one can deny that it was a fitting compliment to a man who richly deserves the honor, nor can any one deny that it reflects kindly feeling which sought in this way to recognize American indebtedness to Von Behr, and to perpetuate in America the name of the distinguished German fishculturist. The Count von Behr was a generous, warm-hearted, lovable man, and his contributions in labor and in influence to the cause of fishculture can never be measured.

He was one of the three who formed the great triumvirate of the early history of fishculture—Seth Green, Spencer F. Baird, Heinrich von Behr.

Hopeful as we are of the future fishculture work of the world, we nevertheless confess to feeling a presentiment that "we ne'er shall look upon their like again." I regret that this disjointed and imperfect sketch must suffice for the present for a subject which deserves better treatment.

I would like to speak of the Hon. Frank Buckland, of England, who did so much to encourage fishculture in Great Britain; of Prof. Milner, who was my zealous and conscientious colleague until his death; of Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, who edited and published the first newspaper column in this country exclusively devoted to fishculture; of Hon. Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, the leading spirit in the first fishculture movement in New England; of John Bellows, of New Hampshire, who took the first step in this country toward the public recognition of fishculture; of Gov. Seymour, of New York, who gave his powerful influence to its support, early in the 70s; and of many others who contributed more or less prominently to its early development—but both time and space preclude the possibility of this, and I can only congratulate my brother fishculturists that there are so many devoted workers in the cause still living to fill in the places left vacant by their faithful predecessors, and who have gone to their reward.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Goose Creek.

INTO Loudoun county, one of the best in old Virginia; the summit of the Blue Ridge its boundary on the west; with high hills and beautiful valleys; healthy in location, rich as to soil, contiguous to a good market; its people, like Bloomfield's bold yeomanry, their country's pride, are as prosperous and contented, or ought to be, as any in the world. It is therefore with something of a shock comes the news of the recent depredations of the barnburners there. Taking the Washington and Round Hill Railway for five miles toward Alexandria to the Washington and Ohio Junction, we turn west nearly parallel with the Potomac, and passing Arlington and Fort Meyer in the rear, the line goes on to Round Hill, fifty-five miles away. This is the present terminus of the road, lying at the mouth of Snicker's Gap, some four miles off—the gateway through the Blue Ridge into the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah.

Formerly Farmwell, now called Ashburn, a little over three miles from the creek, was the angler's station, a team meeting them and taking them four or five miles away to a farmhouse on the banks of the creek, where they were lodged, minnows furnished when desired, and such other attentions shown as are necessary to the comfort of fishermen.

Our own numerous trips to this place have ended at Belmont Park, three miles beyond and about forty from Washington—only a platform at a crossroad, named from a picnic ground maintained by the railroad some years ago for the encouragement of summer excursions.

Traces of sheds for eating and drinking, and merry-go-rounds, etc., still show on the creek bank under the great trees, but it has long ceased to be a general resort.

A hundred rods from the track is the house of a prosperous contractor and farmer, who showed us such good will and kindness on the occasion of our first visit we have never cared to wander.

Scarcely a half mile from the station platform the road crosses a great iron bridge thrown over the deep chasm through which, 40ft. below, runs a peaceful little stream with hardly enough water to float a launch, save a few yards at a time, though the State is still paying interest, it is said, on bonds floated long ago to make this a commercial waterway; it would not have seemed half so foolish in one of Uncle Sam's river and harbor bills, where it would have found such congenial company.

There must, though, have been at that time much more water than now, or the most credulous would have hesitated to invest; but the ruins of three or four great locks still stand along its banks, mute but eloquent witnesses to the o'erleaping ambition, the futile energy, the mistaken calculations of a former generation, who must have spent thousands in this vain effort.

One boat did get up, but never came back. Its decayed remains are far up the creek, almost as distant from a channel as was the ark on Ararat after the deluge. A skiff could only get up the stream now by being carried.

Goose Creek is formed by Crooked Run and Gap Run on both sides of Lost Mountain, with Jeffries's Branch and Cromwell's Run. Into the main stream just above Oakland runs the North Fork, fed by its tributary, one of Virginia's many beaver dam creeks. A hundred yards below the railway bridge Sycoline Creek comes in from the west, and still further down the Tuscara. The main creek reaches the Potomac opposite Edward's Ferry, a name familiar to every angler who has ever cast hook in this queen of bass rivers.

The fish in Goose Creek, like the most of those yet taken in the upper Potomac, are the small-mouthed bass. These come up from the river easily in ordinary stages of water, and the United States Fish Commission has made plants in the creek itself.

The water in good seasons is of the best, and the fish gamy and good. The pleasantest fly-fishing is above the bridge, where the ruins of locks and dams have in places filled the bed of the stream with broken rocks. The banks are heavily wooded and mostly thick of underbrush, which makes bank fishing only possible in spots; and treacherous holes in the longer reaches make wading dangerous, so that there are better streams for the peripatetic angler. But to one who prefers bait fishing there are charming places where it would be a delight to spend some hours with rod and line, if one did nothing but dream the time away.

"If so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a whole-some walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air and sweet smells of fine, fresh meadow flowers; he hears the mellow harmony of birds," said Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," and that idea he fished bodily from Dame Juliana Berners, and gave no credit; this was far from sportsmanlike, and unworthy a true and gallant angler, which probably he was not, or he never would have made so large and varied a collection of "blue devils."

One good trout on a bending withe is potent enough to put to rout a whole regiment of evil spirits and megrims, and no man could analyze Melancholy with a rod in his hand, for she would never come near enough to be touched. So if Burton had fished, the world had probably lost a literary treasure.

One of the maxims laid down in the "Angler's Guide" by T. F. Salter, Ghent, 1816, was: "Continue to cast your line in search and fish every-yard of water likely to afford sport, and never despair of success."

A very pretty illustration of the soundness of this advice was given me on our last visit here. My companion had been watching a bass breaking in the eddy at the mouth of Sycoline Creek. A shoal of sand ran down midstream from the pier of the bridge, and reaching this, he waded cautiously down until nearly waist deep. Here the sandspit sheered down to deep water, and he could go no further. He cast again and again, but was at least 20ft. short. Dusk was approaching, and putting up my rod, a seat on the bank at the end of a fair day's sport was pleasure enough.

It was that charming angling author, Prime, who said: "I believe I am sincere in saying that I enjoy seeing another man throw a fly, if he is a good and graceful sportsman, quite as much as doing it myself."

My friend continued his efforts for ten minutes—

twenty, apparently—without the slightest effect. The bass seemed to find plenty to amuse and comfort him in the little swirl near the center of the eddy, where, among the circling bubbles, he probably found floating flies. At any rate, every few minutes he came up with that attractive sound that suggests Chimmie Fadden's little "cold bot," and giving us a tantalizing glimpse of a broadside that put new steam each time into the flying line. Sitting high above, it seemed to me the fish began to break a little nearer to the fatal lure. The fly and fish were each time a trifle closer together; ten minutes later there was a wild rush, a little cheer of congratulation from the watcher on the bank and the two boys who carried our impedimenta, and after a pretty struggle in the open water the bass, which was a big fellow, came to net.

It was a triumph of skill and patience. My own would have been exhausted long before, and this shows the effect of education and early training on disposition.

His fly-fishing had been done mostly from a boat in the lower Potomac, where the water is always new, since the fish move about with the tides, and one may cast in the same spot repeatedly with always a new chance for reward. My own early experiences had been on Western lakes, where the bass had a local habitation about a stump or moss-bed, or under the great peltate leaves of the nelumbium, which, shading a 3ft. circle as they float on the surface, are favorite shelters for the bass. A cast or two about such likely spots will tell the tale, and if there is no immediate response the angler may as a rule count further effort as love's labor lost, and finds more profit in moving on.

But this incident made its impression, and the lesson learned brought its own reward later in the shape of a good basket of 2lb. bass, after an hour's painstaking labor on a school in plain view had brought only despair, and the rod had been unlimbered, when, this picture recalled, incited one more determined effort with surprising results; but that is another story.

Every season parties from Washington or elsewhere camp somewhere along the banks of Goose Creek for an outing, and on this trip two ladies were keeping house in a neat little tent in a sheltered spot not far from the stream. One of these, as we passed, was perched high on a huge rock in the creek, trying hard to beat her own record of the day before, when she had, unaided, landed a 4lb. bass. Her husband, indignant at being outdone by a woman, had thrown down his rod just before our visit, and gone gunning for squirrels. He tried later, in town, to explain to us that anxiety for fresh game had driven him away, but we knew it was jealousy. On one occasion here a friend was in the party who was new at fly-fishing, though he had caught trout in Erin's waters, and is altogether more familiar with the habits of nature's wild people than any other of my acquaintances. He is an ardent sportsman, and his excitement over his first big bass on a fly would have given Niobe fresh occasion to turn on the pumps. Twenty times he thought his fish lost, and as many times he had him won. His shouts alternated between exultation and despair. Every struggle the poor fish made scared him into an ague, and when a kindly disposed but ill-advised neighbor proffered assistance his indignant protests were voluble, lurid and excruciating. He wanted all that side of the creek, and kept saying so emphatically—so emphatically, indeed, that even the dumbfounded neighbor understood that much. When the bass finally came to net and was held up for inspection, a me and Napoleon smile came to him, and \$10 would have been no price to insult him with for that particular fish.

HENRY TALBOTT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Short Fish and Charity.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Deputy Wardens Ratto and Goetter are on the trail of the dealers who sell fish of illegal size. On last Monday H. H. Regenburg was fined \$25 for selling two pickerel which had not yet attained legal length. Under the act the presence of short fish in a shipment subjects the lot to confiscation, and many hundreds of pounds of fish have been seized for this reason. Such fish have been turned over to the county agent, who has been distributing them to worthy applicants for charity. The poor folk of Chicago have been blessing the new fish law this week, and they may thank the local deputies for their vigorous prosecutions. In the eyes of some it may be rough on a dealer to take away a barrel of fish from him when the lot contains but one or two under-sized fish, but it is hard to see where the justice of this commiserative feeling exists. If the dealer has not bought the fish, but has received them for sale on commission from some country shipper, then the dealer has suffered no loss unless he has paid the freight charges, which, of course, he will charge back to the shipper. Incidentally he will, after one or two seizures of this kind, be sure to write to such shipper and tell him to be careful not to send any more short fish. If the shipper cannot sell these short fish he will not ship them and will not catch them. This is the law in practical working shape, and in no other shape is it practicable or is it law.

White-winged peace now sits over the troubled waters of the Illinois River. The State Fish Commission has explained to the irate fishermen of Peoria that no discrimination has been intended or will be made against Peoria fishers, or in favor of firms of other localities. The Peoria Star, which led the kick against the Commission, publishes an interview in which it is explained why Deputy Brassfield was warned not to make too many prosecutions of net fishermen. It is stated that he was asked simply to confine his ardor to his own territory, and not to interfere with fishermen elsewhere who were using nets construed by the Commission to be of legal mesh. The work of the Illinois Commission is an important one, and naturally it should apply rather to food fish than game fish. Yet if it be true that the State Fish Commission allows 1/4 in. for shrinkage after a net is tared, the situation is left rather whimsical than serious. To a fish trying to butt its head through a 1 1/2 in. mesh it makes no difference that the mesh was 2 in. or 3 in. wide when it left the factory. Are we to infer that the State Legislature intended to protect the fish or the hole?

Maybe I am too curious about these things, but I was just wondering. I am going to ask Mr. Bartlett about this the next time I see him, because I want to know how a 2 in. fish can go through a 1 1/2 in. hole. Also, I would like to ask him how can the Illinois State Fish Commission, by taking thought, add a cubit to the stature of a South Water street pickerel which only measures 11 in. alongside a plain, hard wooden rule with inch marks on it? I have known even children to ask some beastly hard questions. Of course it is hard to see how a sportsman's paper can ask for anything less than the letter of the law from the dealers who do so much to interfere with sport, and who have so long had the matter of the interpretation of the law in their own hands.

1206 ROYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

The Nessmuk Club.

ALTON, Ill.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I send you herewith a copy of the constitution of a new sportsmen's club just organized in this city, thinking that it may be of interest to you as showing that the memory and the good work of one whom FOREST AND STREAM introduced to the world of sportsmanship is still working for good out here in the Mississippi Valley.

The island thus leased by the Nessmuk Club is one of the best in the Mississippi River, comprising over 300 acres, and mostly in the primeval forest state. It is distant five miles up the river from this city, and the club members, who are all active business men of the world, hope to make during the year many yachting trips to the grounds, to spend a day or two in quiet, oblivious forgetfulness of the worry and fret of common affairs.

The island commands a long reach of river sandbars where duck shooting is still good on occasion, and it is well stocked with squirrels, raccoons and other wild game, having also a natural basin that may be converted into an ideal fish preserve.

A trap and rifle range will afford pastime for those who like practice at inanimate marks. F. C. RIEHL.

We give the Nessmuk Club's form of constitution for the benefit of other club projectors:

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.—Name and Purpose.

Sec. 1. This organization shall be known and styled the Nessmuk Club, of Alton, Ill.

Sec. 2. Its object shall be the occasional outdoor recreation and entertainment of its members and friends.

Article II.—Property and Privileges.

Sec. 1. The property of this club shall consist of twenty memberships, representing a five-year lease of the hunting, fishing and recreation privileges of an island in the Mississippi River, located in Madison and Jersey counties, Ill., and commonly known as Scotch Jimmie's Island, with the privileges attached thereto.

Sec. 2. These memberships shall be and remain pre-eminently the property of the club and shall be non-transferable; they shall be rented at a given sum annually to individual members, and each membership shall be subject to recall at any time upon a vote of a majority of the active members of the club.

Sec. 3. Applications for membership shall be filed with the president or secretary at least one week in advance of a meeting, due notice of the fact being given, and elections shall be by ballot, three black balls being deemed sufficient to reject applicant.

Sec. 4. The initial cost of memberships, per annum shall be \$5, payable invariably in advance upon the beginning of each and every year, dating from the first of March.

Article III.—Officers.

Sec. 1. The officers of this club shall be one president, one vice-president, and one secretary and treasurer.

Sec. 2. There shall also be an executive committee of five members elected annually, to include the president and secretary as ex-officio members.

Article IV.—Duties of Officers.

Sec. 1. The president shall call and preside at all meetings, and conduct the same according to parliamentary usage, and shall have general supervision of the affairs of the club.

Sec. 2. The vice-president shall have all authority and perform the duties of the president in the absence or inability of that officer to serve.

Sec. 3. The secretary and treasurer shall keep an accurate record of the business meetings of the club and executive committee, conduct correspondence, and in general do the clerical work of the club. He shall also receive and account for all moneys belonging to the club, keep a full financial record and pay bills upon the order of the executive committee.

Sec. 4. The executive committee shall have general supervision of the grounds and its improvements. It may appoint a superintendent of grounds and meet any emergencies that may come up, reporting the same to the club for ratification.

Article V.—Government.

Sec. 1. Robert's "Rules of Order" shall be considered the code to regulate as nearly as possible the business proceedings of this club.

Sec. 2. Nessmuk's "Woodcraft" is hereby adopted as the guide to regulate as nearly as possible the conduct and habits of deportment of members and of this club while on the grounds.

Sec. 3. Members inviting strangers will be considered responsible for their conduct and for any indebtedness they may incur to the club.

Boston Winter Notes.

BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1898.—Winter fishing has received a natural check that will scarcely be gotten over till it is time for the ice to thaw. New England has been visited by one of the heaviest snowstorms ever recorded, and it is almost impossible to reach the lakes and ponds except with the aid of snowshoes. All the plans for pickereeling are abandoned for the present, and for the season, if the snow is followed by a sudden thaw.

The New England Sportsmen's Exhibition here in March is attracting a good deal of attention already. Mr. R. O. Harding, of Appleton & Basset, has just returned from Maine, where he was nearly snowed in. He visited the Lake Auburn fish hatcheries with Commissioner Stanley, and has the promise of some beautiful trout and landlocked salmon for the exhibition. He has also secured other exhibits of live fish. The Government fish transportation car has also been secured and will be forwarded by the railways free. At a meeting of the Maine Hotel Association at Waterville last week particular force was accredited to what the fish and game interest is doing for the hotel men, while the usual flowery speeches were made about the "inexhaustible supply of big game" and the great efforts the State is putting forward in restocking her waters with landlocked salmon, all of which sounds well, and would be well, if the reality was up to one-third of the advertising. I suppose that it is fated that the summer vacationist must follow the lover of the rod and reel and the solitude of the woods and waters into his farthest retreat. This year he can hunt and fish in close communion with nature; next year the fashionable hotel and the brass band are there.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 15.—New England Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show, Boston. James L. Little, Sec'y.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.

March 1.—Baltimore Kennel Association's third annual show, Baltimore. W. P. Riggs, Sec'y.

March 8.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

March 15.—Kansas City Kennel Club's second annual show, Kansas City, Mo. A. E. Ashbrook, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 7.—Alabama Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Madison, Ala. H. K. Milner, Sec'y.

American Kennel Club.

Report of Constitution and Rules Committees.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—To the American Kennel Club.—Gentlemen: Three amendments to the rules were recommended by Mr. James B. Blossom; notice of two of them was given at the meeting of the A. K. C. of Dec. 16, 1897, and referred by that meeting to this committee. The third notice was presented to this committee at one of its sessions—By-laws, Section 3, Rule 12, Class 6. After the words, "one of which must be in the free-for-all class," add the words, "and one in the senior class," and after the words, "No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class," add the words, "except those dogs which have already won their championship." Also an amendment to abolish the puppy classes. These amendments are not approved by your committee, as will appear later in this report.

The amendment recommended by Mr. G. M. Carnochan at said December meeting, and also referred to this committee, reads as follows:

"That at all bench shows dogs having won a prize in any class shall not carry the ribbon showing such win in any subsequent class at the same show."

Your committee believes that the object of the above amendment is a good one, but disapproves of its adoption, upon the ground that it would not be practical, and the inability to enforce such a rule would make it a dead letter.

The objections to the new classification that are now found to exist, and the presumed hardships, as have been claimed by correspondents, that would hamper and discourage clubs from holding shows, cannot be blamed to your committee, and it most decidedly declines to assume the responsibility of the cause that has led to the present opposition to said classification. Your committee did not in any sense initiate the change, and as it has no personal motive in attempting to maintain the classification, nor is it at all wedded to it, therefore it will at the coming annual meeting recommend a change that will in its opinion remove all cause of complaint by both show committees and exhibitors. The committee feels that in justice to itself it should make the following explanation of its action, and place the blame, if any exists, just where it belongs.

Early last spring a decided desire was expressed by several of the delegates that a new classification should be adopted, following more closely in the lines which govern English shows; that the old classes were misnamed and therefore misleading; that through and by a little good management mediocre dogs were winning championships by virtue of non-competition in the challenge class, and that the increased interest in dogs and the increasing number of shows demanded a new set of classes, properly named and in keeping with the general advance of kennel affairs in this country. English classifications were obtained from abroad and sent to your committee, which was urged to recommend a similar classification. The classes and their definitions certainly appealed to the judgment of the committee, and after a number of sittings the present classification was evolved, the names of the classes being Americanized. That the work entailed a vast amount of labor should be obvious to all thinking persons.

After completing its labor, and before publishing the report in the Gazette, one proof copy of the report was sent during July to the Pacific Coast Advisory Board and one to the then existing Canadian Advisory Board, with a request to said boards to consider the rules carefully and recommend any changes that might be deemed necessary for the best interests of the particular territory over which they had jurisdiction. During the visit of your secretary, who is also a member of this committee, to San Francisco in August following, he, at a meeting of the Pacific Advisory Board, at which a large number of members of specialty clubs, breeders and exhibitors were present, requested a discussion on the subject of the then proposed rules, no one, with but one exception, evinced any interest whatever in the proposition, and did not respond in any way to the invitation. At no time during the stay of your secretary in that city was he given to understand that any objection to the rules existed. In the meanwhile the agreement with Canada was annulled, and therefore no recommendations on the subject of rules were expected from that quarter. The report of your committee was published Aug. 31, and when the rules finally reached your body for final action at the September meeting they were adopted with but a few minor changes.

To show further, each club knew, or should know, just what was being done, and by their silence and failure to instruct their delegates to suggest changes, or vote against the measure, practically gave consent and indorsed the rules. It would be well for you to remember that the proposed rules were published in full in the Gazette, and a copy of them was duly mailed to each delegate, and an additional copy to each club, through its secretary, and therefore, with all the publicity given to the matter, it naturally became a fair inference that no objection existed to their acceptance and final adoption. Further discussion was invited by several of the sporting papers, but none of any account was had. Private letters have been received of late from men holding office in clubs objecting to the rules as they now exist, and suggesting certain changes and modifications. One of the

leading Pacific coast clubs believes that the money qualification demanded for winners' class will handicap the shows on that coast, and suggests that an exception be made for that territory. One of the leading Eastern clubs expresses dissatisfaction, while, on the other hand, the rules are highly commended by many. Undoubtedly many wrong impressions exist, interpretations of rules that appear simple are asked for, and they appear generally to be misunderstood.

The greatest objection, as it appears to your committee, is the cash prizes that must be given in three classes, in order to prove a winners' class. This is a very small matter, if it is understood. Your committee, foreseeing that to specify any amount might be a hardship, purposely left the amount to be determined by the clubs according to their means and location. The sum of \$1 per class, in three classes, would comply fully with the rule, and therefore your committee cannot believe that such qualifying clause can have a very great effect upon any club or in any location. The object in holding shows should be to improve the dog; to improve the dog competition is required, and although a good dog may win its championship in less time under the new classification than under the old, yet it demands a better dog to do it. Your committee believes that the present rules are a marked advance over the old ones, and having now plainly stated the facts that led up to the adoption of the present rules, and reiterating the statement made earlier in this report, that it has no personal motive for attempting to maintain these rules, but on the contrary is anxious to meet the evident wishes of gentlemen who are and have been closely connected with the holding of shows for years, is ready to submit, and does hereby submit, for your consideration a new classification which it is hoped will meet with the approval of the show-holding members of your body, and would recommend the adoption of the same at the annual meeting of the club to be held Feb. 23 next. Ample time is now given to every club to instruct its delegate, if it desires or cares to suggest any changes.

Classes.

1. The puppy class shall be for all dogs over six months and under twelve months of age. No entry can be made or accepted of one under six months of age, or whose date of birth is unknown.

2. The novice class shall be for all dogs never having won a first prize at any recognized show, wins in the puppy classes excepted.

3. The limit class shall be for all dogs never having won four first prizes at any recognized show, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted.

4. The open class shall be for all dogs of any age over six months.

5. The winners' class shall be open only to the winners of first prizes at any show, giving at least three of the beforementioned classes, one of which must be the open class, and the winner of three first prizes in this class will thereby become a champion of record, be so registered by the American Kennel Club, and will be entitled to an American Kennel Club champion medal. Before awarding "reserve" in this class, the dog or dogs having been placed second to the winner in any of the regular classes must be brought before the judge for competition with the remaining dogs in said winners' class. No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class, and no entry fee shall be charged for said competition in this class. A dog that has already won one or more first prizes in the late challenge classes shall retain these wins to its credit toward becoming a champion of record, the remaining qualifying wins to be gained in the winners' class. The winners' class can be divided by sex, provided the required three classes are also divided by sex.

The above classifications to go into effect at once.

Your committee would further recommend that Article XIII., section 4, constitution, be amended by striking out the entire section. The reasons for such recommendation are, first, that it is found to be impossible to create enough interest to be able to secure a quorum, and as a consequence no meeting has been held since August last, notwithstanding the fact that matters are in its hands that should have been attended to promptly; second, it is the opinion of a number of members of Pacific coast clubs that the existence of such a body on the coast is not necessary. It has been for months practically a dead letter, and its abolishment is recommended. Finally, if such recommendations as above referred to are adopted, it will be necessary to strike out in the rules, following the classes, all references to the classes that have ceased to exist.

H. K. BLOODGOOD, Chairman for Committee.

Note.—The above report of the constitution and rules committee was mailed to the secretary of each club on the Pacific coast on Jan. 26, 1898, together with the following questions to be answered and reason for asking such questions:

To Pacific Coast Members.

What are your wishes regarding the continuance of the Pacific Coast Advisory Board?

If you are in favor of its continuance, in what manner would you desire its formation?

The reason for asking these questions is that several members of Pacific coast clubs have expressed a wish for its abolition.

Further than that, no meeting of the advisory board has been held since August last because of lack of a quorum, and important business that cannot be acted upon by the A. K. C. until reported upon by the advisory board is thus delayed.

Meanwhile, as no alteration of the constitution can now be made except at the annual meeting, and of which notice has been published in the January issue of the Gazette, the committee has paved the way for any desired change by giving notice of an amendment to do away with the advisory board altogether. If nothing is heard from the recipient of this notice the presumption will be that the member favors the abolition of the board. All suggestions will be presented as amendments at the annual meeting by the committee on rules, if the member is not represented by a delegate.—*January A. K. C. Gazette.*

Bench Show Clubs and Exhibitors.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question of prizes has this season come into peculiar prominence. The action of the New England Kennel Club in cutting down its prize list has raised many protests from those who feel that they will be losers by this club effort at retrenchment. No argument is raised against it but the selfish one that what the club withholds is lost to the exhibitors. They strenuously maintain that an exhibitor desires to make his expenses from the prize list.

Some even go so far as to denounce the management for its act in reducing the premiums. They seem to think that they have been unjustly deprived of something they really owned, something that the club held only in trust. If this be true, the club is then not really the owner of its own money.

However, the exhibitors cheerfully accord to it the privilege of footing all losses by itself. They have performed their part when they show their dogs, make their sales, advertise their kennels, arrange for stud fees, and attend to all the other details of their business in the expeditious manner which can be done at a bench show, and at a bench show only. But, hold—that is not all. I had almost forgotten that their duties were not ended till they had collected their prize money.

It is a well-known fact that the rapacity of many of the exhibitors has no perceivable bounds. Most of the bench show clubs have catered to such rapacity to a degree beyond reason. Every concession was but the prelude to others, and greater ones.

For much that is against the club's interest in these matters the clubs themselves are entirely to blame. In the erroneous belief that great inducements in the way of prizes were necessary to induce exhibitors to attend to their own business, club managements kept themselves impoverished. They failed to perceive the fact that the greater part of the exhibitors were either professional dog breeders, or partly such, and that there was not one who was averse to turning a penny or two of profit on proper occasion. They overlooked the fact that the shows were the very life of the dog breeders' business. If the breeder stayed away, his business decayed and in time was entirely lost.

The exhibitor who showed his dog from the feeling of pride and affection which he bore to him was rewarded enough by the honors won. All matters of money were to him an insignificant detail in comparison with the honors.

Why an exhibitor, on any just principle, can assert that the club should offer money enough to pay his expenses is beyond my powers of discernment. The club could with quite as much justice insist that the exhibitors should pay the expenses of the club. On that part of the affair, however, they have always been unanimously and discreetly silent. It makes quite a difference whose ox is gored. If the exhibitor who wins has a right to have enough to pay his expenses, why has not the exhibitor who loses also a right to remuneration for money expended? In this matter the objectors ignore the fact that the club has a perfect right to offer any amount of premium it chooses, and that the exhibitor who will not come without being paid to do so is free to come if he chooses. He is free any way he is pleased to look at it. No one can compel him to attend to his own business if he does not care to do so.

The offering of big cash prizes for the handler bringing the greatest number of dogs to the show in one place, the offering of a big cash prize so placed that a handler with a great number of dogs was sure to win it, and the direct paying of a part or all the expenses of some handlers, has done much to convince some exhibitors that some one else than themselves should pay their expenses. It was all wrong on the part of clubs to bring about such a way of dealing. It was quite as wrong for any one to ask them to do it. It is not too late to let the man alone who will not attend to his own affairs if some one will not pay him for it.

New York is cited as a glorious example of a show which has not cut down its premium list. The critics are silent on the circumstance that there is only one New York. No other city in America has such support from the public. No other city can charge such an admission fee and have so many visitors. No other city has the same prestige, facilities, field. It can give a big premium list. It can be certain of a big support in return. It is peculiar in itself. It is a standard beyond the aspiration of other cities.

It is a notorious fact that nearly all the bench show clubs have been financial losers. Never have I seen a word of sympathy, much less an act of support, from the men whose names have been affixed to protests against any lessening of the money for prizes. The members of the clubs might be as far in a loss as might be; that was their own affair. The exhibitor had only to do with his own interests. He quite did his share when he looked to the sufficiency of the premium list. The deficit was for others to attend to.

If bench shows were profitable ventures, paying big returns for the money invested and the time and skill devoted to them by the members of clubs, there might be some ground for arguing for a greater premium list. In view of the fact that most of the shows are run at a loss, that at best it requires a great deal of care, anxiety and effort to come out even, it is far better for the exhibitors to be content with the shows which are offered them, rather than to be discontented because they have not both the show and the management's money.

CAPE COD.

A. K. C. Executive Board.

THE executive board of the A. K. C. met in the club rooms, 55 Liberty street, at 2 o'clock on Feb. 7. Present, Messrs. Edw. Brooks, Jas. Watson, G. M. Carnochan, H. F. Schellhass and H. K. Bloodgood.

In the matter of Robert Hoodless versus the Kentucky Kennel Club, it was ordered that the club and officers be suspended under the rules.

In the matters of the Irish setter Hunter, owned by P. F. O'Neil, it was ordered that the win having been canceled, no further action is needed. This refers to a win at the Brooklyn show.

In the matter of the American Spaniel Club versus Toon & Thomas, this firm was suspended until Jan. 1, 1899.

All entries at Wilmington and Grand Rapids which were marked in the catalogue "reg." the wins of the dogs so catalogued, if any, were ordered canceled, and the clubs were ordered fined for such violation of the rules.

The deposit made by the Toronto show of 1897, with its claim for dates, was ordered returned.

E. S. Gordon, of Willimantic, Conn., made charges against Julius Herold for advertising dogs for sale with fraudulent pedigrees. Mr. Herold was suspended.

Claims for kennel names were granted as follows:

"Ardenia," to J. L. Arden.
 "Clifton," to R. S. McCree.
 "Imperial," to Dr. L. G. Knox.
 "Iroquois," to L. Loring Brooks.
 "The Meadows," to Kernochan & Stevenson.
 "Round Plain," to John Caswell.
 "Summit Ridge," to F. W. Dickson.
 "Woodhaven," to Whiton & Little.

The following officers were elected by the associate members: President, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Vice-President, Dudley Winthrop; Secretary, James L. Kernochan; Delegates, A. Clinton Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood, G. W. H. Ritchie.

The International Field Trials.

FOREST, Ont., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Protests were entered by W. B. Wells, Hes. Milkins and W. W. McCain against the awards made by the judges in the all-age stakes of the International Field Trials held at Mitchell's Bay, Ont., in November last.

The executive committee of the International Field Trials Club met at the Rankin House, Chatham, on Wednesday, Jan. 26, to investigate the matter. The following members of the committee were present: Dr. Nicholls, Dr. Totten, Montague Smith, J. Kime, C. R. Atkinson, Jr., W. D. Tristram, Thomas Gutridge and A. Wells.

I inclose you copy of the unanimous finding of the committee, which was arrived at after a long and patient discussion of the facts as placed before them. Mr. Wells was the only one of the protesting parties present.

MONTAGUE SMITH, Sec'y Committee.

Whereas, Protests have been entered against the decisions of the judges in the all-age stakes of the International Field Trials Club, held on Nov. 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1897, on the ground that relations existed between one of the contestants, Richard Bangham, and one of the judges, W. E. Warner, in that the said Bangham, prior to and during the running of the said all-age stakes, accommodated the said Warner by becoming surety for the payment of a debt due by said Warner to one P. Farrell, of Woodstock, the knowledge of which was not communicated in any manner to any person whatever by the said Bangham until some time after the judges' awards had been made; and this committee having heard the evidence and statements adduced by the parties protesting and in reply thereto, and being of opinion from the evidence before them that the said Bangham acted in the matter without any dishonest motive or intent, but solely to save the said Warner from arrest, the said Warner having endeavored first to see the secretary of the club, who is one of the protesting parties;

This committee therefore resolves that the secretary-treasurer be instructed to pay over the stakes in the said recited all-age stakes to the parties found to be entitled thereto by the award of the said judges.

And it is further resolved that this committee is of opinion that the said protests were entered in good faith, and on grounds which in the interests of the club demanded investigation.

And it is further resolved that this committee, according to the evidence, is of opinion that the judge, John Davidson, be exonerated from any charge that may or might be inferred against him regarding said protests, and believe that he acted fairly and honorably in making his awards at said trials.

And it is further resolved that this committee censures in the strongest terms the actions of the said Bangham as a contestant in said stake, and as an officer of this club, in that he did not report his actions regarding his accommodation to said Warner to each of the contestants in said all-age stake, and to the secretary and other officers of the club, at the first opportunity, and recommend in the interests of the club that the said Bangham do forthwith forward his resignation as an officer thereof to the secretary.

And it is further resolved that this committee condemns the action of said W. E. Warner in placing himself under obligations to any contestant or other person interested in said trials, and thereby rendering himself liable to be charged with being biased or prejudiced in arriving at his decisions.

(Signed)

J. L. NICHOLLS, Chairman.
 MONTAGUE SMITH, Secretary.

[The above finding is painfully inconsistent. First it is declared that Mr. Bangham "acted in the matter without any dishonest motive or intent, but solely to save the said Warner from arrest," and then he is censured in the strongest terms as a contestant and officer, etc. The act of Mr. Bangham, under the circumstances, was sufficient to cast a cloud upon the wins and to warrant their cancellation. To allow them to stand as above does not in the least free them from impropriety and suspicion.]

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The annual meeting of the A. K. C. will be held in Madison Square Garden Feb. 23, at 2 o'clock P. M. Immediately following the meeting of the club a meeting of the executive board will be held.

The Western Canada Kennel Club, Winnipeg, in its premium list among other things has this to say to its friends: "The club is not a joint stock company, and its members have no pecuniary interests in its financial success or otherwise, beyond a philanthropic desire to

encourage holding strictly amateur field trials and bench shows, and the recovery of lost, stolen or strayed dogs registered with the club." It is to be regretted that every city in the United States has not its own organization inspired with the same purposes.

The St. Bernard Club of America was resuscitated recently. Mr. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., is president, Mr. Dudley E. Waters secretary. It cannot be the old club, inasmuch as that club went officially out of existence some months ago, but it undoubtedly can be a better one if it can maintain interest and action in its affairs.

At the American Horse Exchange, Limited, Broadway and 50th street, New York, on Friday, Feb. 25, at 2 o'clock, there will be a combination sale of dogs. Entries close Feb. 22.

Kennel Notes.

SALES.

Mr. F. C. Moxham has sold
 Allie M., beagle dog, to Mr. Wm. M. Stambach.
 Lizzie, beagle bitch, to Mr. B. Borrowman.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's English setter bitch Oneida F., Dec. 28, to Albert Lang.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
 Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
 Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
 Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
 Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

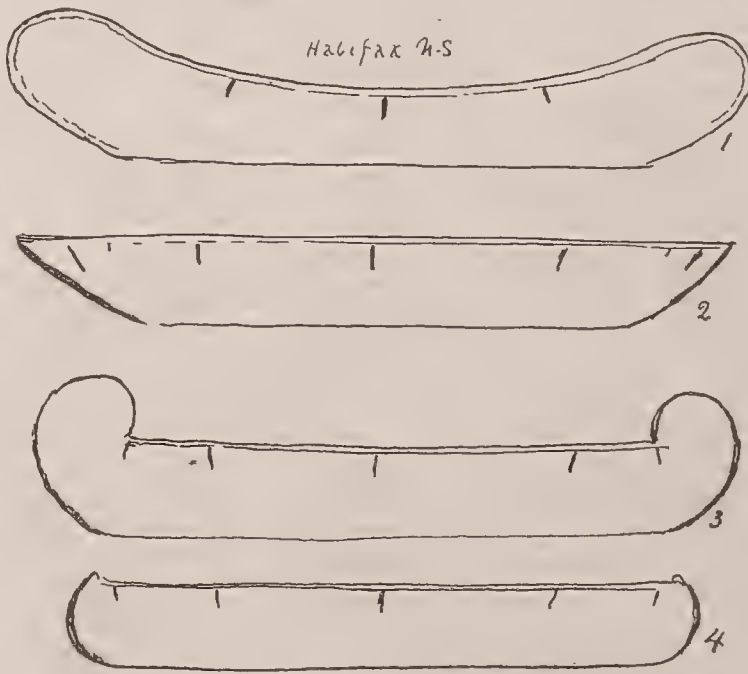
Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
 Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
 Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
 Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Indian Canoe Models.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The canoe birch (*Betula papyrifera*) is found, according to Gray, "from N. Eng. to N. Penn., N. Ill. and Minn., and far north and westward." No doubt the area in which the birch canoe was manufactured coincided with the distribution of the tree.

In this region were different Indian tribes, and each



tribe had its own model for canoes. It would be a valuable contribution to ethnology if each reader who has accurate information on the subject would send it in.

The first outlines given were taken from a small model canoe, made by Indians of Halifax, N. S. These were probably Micmacs. The other outlines were drawn from memory of canoes that I have seen, but what tribes used these models I cannot tell; perhaps some other reader can. ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

The Wawbewawa Smoker.

THE Wawbewawas again entertained the Boston canoeists at their cozy club house on the Charles River, Auburndale, Mass., on Saturday evening, Jan. 29.

The third smoker of the winter season was right up to the Wawbewawa standard, and the three-score canoeists who gathered for the occasion can testify to its success.

Plenty of good music was furnished by the entertainment committee, and A. C. A. matters were freely discussed by a representative body of Eastern Division paddlers.

Rear-Commodore R. H. Hammond came down from Worcester, ex-Vice-Commodore Raymond Apollonio and ex-Purser R. N. Cutter came from Winchester, Parry C. Wiggin, of the executive committee, Fred Wallace came from Lawrence, and among other well-known A. C. A. men present were: Vice-Commodore Louis S. Drake, Purser Francis J. Burrage, Louis A. Hall, Charles F. Dodge, Wm. V. Forsaith, T. A. Apollonio, H. L. Bosson, Harry C. Wiggin, L. S. F. Hoffmann, J. Winn Brown, Charles T. Estabrook, Frank R. Kimball, Clarence B. Ashenden, Frank T. Ashenden, Clifford Kimball and Henry W. Langley, representing the Tatassit Club, of Worcester; Fish Brook Association and Lawrence C. C., of Lawrence; Shu-shu-gah, of Winchester; Puritans, of Boston; Innitous, of Woburn; Waltham and Wakefield clubs, and the Wawbewawas.

The committee in charge of the winter's entertainment consists of Louis S. Drake, Louis S. F. Hoffmann, Wm. V. Forsaith, Francis J. Burrage and Louis A. Hall.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

H. L. Stevens, New York.
 Frank U. Gregory, Brooklyn.
 Fred'k E. Driggs, New York.

Eastern Division.

Edward E. Eaton, Wawbewawa C. A., West Newton, Mass.
 Roscoe R. Perry, 27 Pratt street, Allston, Mass.
 Lincoln D. Hatch, 7 Gannett street, Roxbury, Mass.
 Willis G. Bancroft, Wawbewawa C. A., Auburndale, Mass.

Yachting.

THE formation of the Inland Lake Yachting Association adds another body to the list of local organizations devoted to the advancement of yachting, and in fact completes it for the present. The clubs of the inland lakes of the West, some twenty in all, have made up the only group not united in a local association; and though there has been no lack of life and activity within the clubs, in the absence of such an association and of the uniform rules which it enforces, the racing as a whole has suffered. The formation of the new association is likely to bring about the same result as in other localities, such as Boston and New York—improvement of the rules, better management of races and renewed interest both in local and interclub events. The conditions on such waters as Lake Minnetonka, Lake Geneva, Fox Lake, White Bear Lake, etc., favor one form of yachting, the racing of small racing craft. There is little chance for the cruiser or knockabout in any form; the waters are too limited in area, but there is no other place in the country where the conditions are so favorable for the development of the extreme racing machine, and of very high speeds, in classes such as the 15 and 20-footers. With the efforts of the local owners and designers of the different lakes centered on two or three standard classes, instead of on a dozen or more different classes, as in the past, very great improvements in speed may be looked for. The new association has our best wishes for its success.

Knockabouts and "Raceabouts."

NEARLY a year ago the FOREST AND STREAM suggested a new name, "Raceabout," as far more appropriate than the original term knockabout for the 1897 models such as Hazard, Fly, Gosling, Mongoose, etc., designed and used solely for racing. Though nominally within the official limits of the knockabout class, such boats are really very different from the real cruising craft which gave a name to the type.

This year a new class has been created, with 600 in place of 500sq.ft. of sail, still more of a racer, and the name "Raceabout" has recently been suggested by a correspondent of the Boston Globe, and advocated by that paper as follows:

The name "Raceabout" for the new restricted class of 21-footers, with 600sq.ft. of sail, seems to have "caught on" with the yachtsmen, and is likely to be adopted in place of the term "knockabout," which applies strictly only to cruising boats with a stem-sail rig.

In bringing out the name the Globe followed the suggestion of a correspondent, but the writer has since had his attention called to the following extract from an editorial in the FOREST AND STREAM, in its issue of March 6, 1897, in which is given a resumé of the new boats to come, and in which mention has just been made of the Seawanhaka 20-footers:

"The next size, the 'raceabout,' or the 'fin de siècle' perversion of the late knockabout, promises to be popular and numerous."

The writer tenders his apologies to Mr. Stephens, and recognizes his "copyright." The "knockabout" has been for at least two years a racing boat, although retaining in all practical respects its safe, able and weatherly qualities. For the coming season the racing qualities are distinctly admitted by the Knockabout Association, while at the same time the cruising qualities have in no way been lessened. The class has been broadened by the addition of 100ft. of sail and permission to use spinakers, and at the same time centerboards have been admitted.

But at the same time the safe and cruising qualities of beam, draft and ballast have been retained. The new boats will be speedier and yet just as safe and desirable—even if not more so than the old ones. Yet as they will almost all carry short bowsprits they will depart from the strict "knockabout" and therefore deserve a new name.

"Raceabout" seems to fit, and the writer is not jealous because some one else suggested the name.

And if evidence is desired that the class will be a racing one there is no need to look further than the order just placed with Purdon by Charles F. Adams 2d for an up-to-date boat to conform to the class restrictions. Mr. Adams is one of the best known of racing yachtsmen in the East. He would not have a slow boat as a gift. He believes in racing as the best part of the sport of yachting, and would not have built a 500ft. of sail knockabout under any circumstances.

But with more sail, the carrying of a spinaker and the admission of the centerboards, coupled with the fact that some of the keenest racing men among the Eastern amateurs will be found in the class, Mr. Adams believes that it will furnish the sport he desires, and will therefore leave the "skimming dish" fleet for the semi-cruiser.

It will probably seem strange to him to change from the ticklish and must-be-carefully-handled Rooster to the non-capsizeable "raceabout" type; but if any one doubts his ability to sail one type as well as the other, they have only to refer to the Eastern knockabout race late in the season of 1896, in which he brought Vishnu home in second place, although never having been in the boat before.

His boat will be of just as small displacement and just as light as the restrictions will allow. She will be just over the minimum of 7ft. 9in. waterline beam and 3ft. draft, and will be 32ft. 3in. over all. She will be double planked. Lawley will build her, although he will not start work on her until the first of March.

Mr. Adams's entry in the class is sure to increase the interest in it, while he himself is assured of the best of sport.

No Time Allowance.

ASSOCIATION clubs which have declared for "no time allowance," either by vote in Association meetings or by special resolutions: Hull, Massachusetts, Boston, Burgess, Bunker Hill, Duxbury, Kingston, Plymouth, Mosquito Fleet, Winthrop.

Clubs which have disapproved the Association's action: Dorchester, South Boston.

Clubs which have made no opposition: Quincy, Savin Hill.

Clubs in the foregoing list which gave open races last season: Hull, Massachusetts, Boston, Burgess, Duxbury, Kingston, Plymouth, Mosquito Fleet, Winthrop, Quincy and Savin Hill, as well as South Boston and Dorchester.

Cohasset will vote "no time allowance" and probably give an open race the coming season.

Draw your own conclusions.—*Boston Globe.*

Narada, steam yacht, Henry Walters, after several delays, sailed from New York on Feb. 7 for Marseilles, with Capt. Dudley Brand in command. Mr. Walters will join her on the other side for a Mediterranean cruise.

The Inland Lake Yachting Association.

FOR the last half dozen years or more yacht racing has been firmly established on the numerous small inland lakes of the middle West, where it has grown rapidly. It has met with a generous support from citizens of the larger cities—Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul—many of whom spend their summers, at least the week ends, at the lake resorts within a few hours of the cities by train. Though limited to small bodies of water and to craft of small size, the competition has become very keen, and the best of American and foreign designers have been called upon to provide the latest novelties in racing craft. Starting originally with the New York type of sandbag cat or jib-and-mainsail boat, the fastest of these about New York being purchased and shipped to the West, and then building new craft of the same type both at home and in the East, the Western yachtsmen have at last abandoned the old sandbag catboats and other square-ended craft in favor of the modern 15 and 20-footers, such as have been developed in this country through the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. international cup.

A large fleet of these small racers is now afloat on fresh water in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois, and the number is rapidly increasing. The numerous clubs hold regular local races through the season and of late interclub racing has become very popular, the representative yachts of a club or clubs being transported by train or wagon to some one lake, where they can meet the pick of the local fleet.

Up to last season there was no attempt at unity or organization; each club had its own classes and its own special rules; so that interclub racing was often a matter of difficulty, and disputes were of frequent occurrence. The necessity for a union of all the clubs was plainly apparent, and the White Bear Y. C., of White Bear Lake, Minn., took the initiative last summer by issuing a call for a meeting of club representatives, which was held at White Bear Lake on Aug. 24. The following clubs were represented by the delegates named:

Nodoway Y. C., W. Z. Stewart and J. A. Kimberly, Jr.; Oshkosh Y. C., J. Frank Gates and Frank Libby; Detroit (Minn.) Y. C., W. L. Wilder; Duluth Y. C., W. C. Sargent; Pine Lake Y. C., H. Nunnemacher and H. Schidmore, Jr.; Green Lake Y. C., J. A. Kimberly, Jr.; White Bear Y. C., J. D. Elmer and J. W. Taylor; Oconomowoc Y. C., F. W. Peck per B. Carpenter, proxy; Lake Geneva Y. C., H. H. Porter and B. Carpenter; Delavan Lake Y. C., H. H. Porter and B. Carpenter.

At this meeting an association was formally organized and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Be it

Resolved, That this association be known as the Inland Lake Yachting Association, and that the purpose of this organization is to encourage and promote yachting and interlake yacht racing upon the inland lakes of the West, under uniform rules of measurement, classification, racing and sailing.

Mr. C. M. Griggs, of St. Paul, was elected president, and Mr. B. Carpenter, of Chicago, secretary and treasurer, with the following executive committee: J. Frank Gates, Oshkosh Y. C.; J. D. Elmer, St. Paul Y. C., and the secretary-treasurer ex-officio.

Certain rules were adopted, and the secretary was instructed to forward copies of the rules, with invitations to join the Association, to other Western clubs. Later on the Lake Beulah Y. C., the Pistakee Lake Y. C., the Pewaukee Y. C. and the Indiana Y. C. joined the Association.

The first annual meeting of the Association was held on Jan. 28, at the Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, the following clubs being represented:

White Bear Y. C.—C. A. Reid, F. M. Douglass and J. P. Elmer.
Green Lake Y. C.—Edward Rosing.
Pine Lake Y. C.—H. Nunnemacher, B. Schidmore, Jr., and F. Reitbrock.

Lake Geneva Y. C.—Benjamin Carpenter.
Fox Lake Y. C.—W. H. Lyford, Henry L. Hertz, B. B. Felix and C. M. Palmer.

Delavan Y. C.—F. D. Montgomery and J. E. Nyman.
Oshkosh Y. C.—L. Frank Gates and W. J. McCoy.
Nodoway Y. C.—J. A. Kimberly, Jr., and W. L. Davis.
Indiana Y. C.—Harry S. Hicks.

Lake Beulah Y. C.—E. F. Gillette and C. H. Welch.
Pistakee Lake Y. C.—Henry L. Hertz and A. C. Bower.

The following rules, based upon the general conditions governing the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. international cup, were adopted, to be unchanged for three years:

Article 1.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with preparatory signal.

Article 2.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article 3.—Two classes of yachts are provided for as follows: First class sloops must not exceed 20ft. racing length, the following formula determining the racing length: Add the load waterline to the square root of the sail area and divide by 2, which will equal the racing measurement. Second class sloops must not exceed 17ft. racing length.

Article 4.—A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. The draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the keel or hull.

Article 5.—Yachts shall be measured without the crew on board, but instead thereof in the first class a dead weight of 450lbs. shall be carried amidships, approximately at the center of buoyancy, during measurement. The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel, and belongings worn by them or carried on board during any race, shall not exceed 600lbs. In the second class the measurement shall be taken with a weight of 300lbs. on board, the sail shall be limited to 350sq.ft., and the crew to 450lbs.

Article 6.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.

Article 7.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article 8.—The factor of sail area, used in determining racing measurement, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual sail area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail, when measured, shall be plainly marked on the mast, and at its outer points on the boom, or gaff, or other spars used to set sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following factors: The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit of the hull. Any jib when set must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs, and spinnaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500sq.ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its outer end when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the fore side of the mast to the spinnaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

Article 9.—The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

The officers for 1898, elected at the meeting, are: President, J. W. Taylor, St. Paul; Secretary and Treasurer, Benjamin Carpenter, Chicago; Executive Committee: the Secretary, ex-officio, B. B. Felix, of Chicago, and J. P. Elmer, of St. Paul.

The Association will hold a regatta on White Bear Lake in August.

North American Y. R. A.

MR. FRANK BOWNE JONES, secretary of the North American Yacht Racing Union, has sent the following notice to the members of the Council:

"Mr. Emilius Jarvis, one of the special committee appointed to confer with the British Yacht Racing Association, who is now returning from Europe, has cabled me requesting that a meeting of the Council be called for Saturday evening next, Feb. 12, to receive his report. Such meeting will be held at the Imperial Hotel, New York, at 8 o'clock on the evening named, and as many members of the Council as will find it convenient are requested to attend if possible.

"To those members of the Council not living in the vicinity of New York and who cannot attend the meeting a written copy of Mr. Jarvis's report will be sent. Yours truly,

NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1898."

It is now stated that the real purchaser of the steam yacht Mayflower is Leopold, King of Belgium, and that she will be re-named Clementine. The yacht is now fitting for sea at the Erie Basin Dry Docks, and will sail in a short time for Southampton.

Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your recent lament over the indifference of American yachtsmen to questions concerning the racing rules moves me to take up a few old ideas and string them together upon a thread of what your courtesy will permit me to call logic. But first I would acknowledge the great value of the altogether admirable report of the Seawanhaka racing committee, portions of which you published in your last issue. It will enable many of us to judge more intelligently in this matter, and should prove a sheet anchor to those who have already acquired the habit of "writing to the Times."

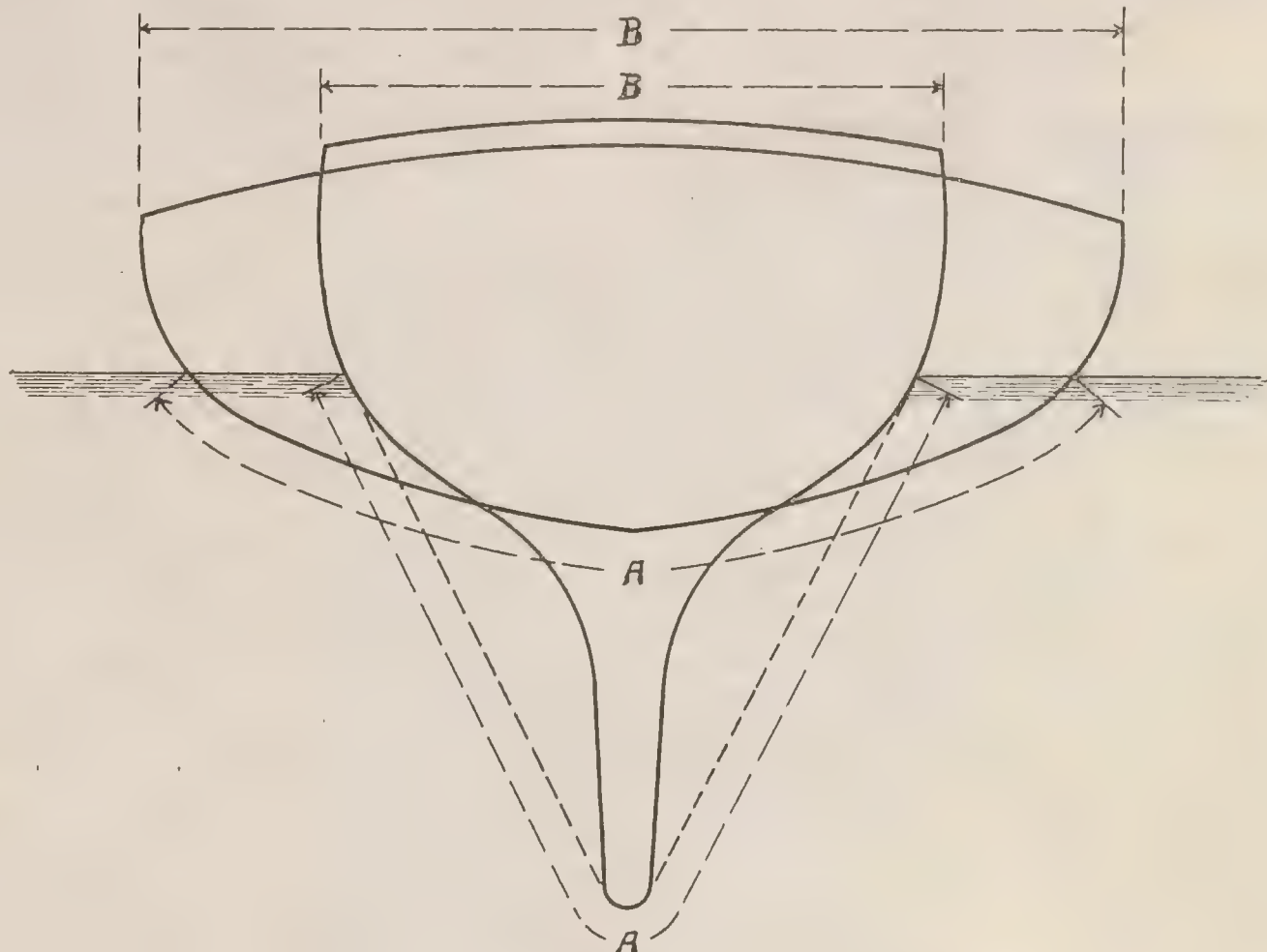
1. The aim of time allowance is to compensate for the natural difference in speed due to the difference in size. To determine the size it is necessary to measure something. If all yachts were similar in form the length of hull or any other dimensions would be sufficient for measurement. But yachts are not similar in form, and this brings in the problem.

I take it that the purpose of a measurement rule should be not to develop a particular type, but to give all types a fair opportunity. Failing in its complete fulfillment, the rule should avoid the encouragement of objectionable types.

2. Experience indicates that the direct measurement of linear dimensions leads to deformity of the yacht. Indirect measurements, such as areas and girths, give the designer greater freedom. In illustration of this consider the far-reaching effect of a tax on sail. Few dimensions escape the tax, yet their relative magnitude may be greatly varied to give the yacht its special fit-

compact form of midship section and a sail tax as by formula 2, is it desirable to tax the length? Conceive an extreme example of the fin keel type, the sail area being a fixed quantity. Let us reduce the breadth and shorten the fin, thus reducing the rating. Now, in order to carry the sail, we must add more ballast, thus increasing the displacement. Would there be any gain by increasing the length? I am disposed to think that an increase of length would be unwise on account of the increased wetted surface, unless the displacement were so far increased as to create serious wave-making resistance at ordinary speeds, in which case the length should properly be increased regardless of rules. The gist of it is that if the girth tax will produce a full compact form of midship section, then the sail tax will restrain the length within satisfactory bounds. In this connection it may be well to note the failure of the length tax to produce a sufficient area of midship section when co-ordinated with the sail tax. It is an evidence of the unsatisfactory operation of a dimension tax. The root of the difficulty seems to me to lie in the form of the midship section rather than in its area. With the present form of extremely undercut section more area would simply mean more breadth and greater draft, less speed and greater cost, unless other arbitrary restrictions were imposed, which in the end would surely prove irksome and detrimental to the sport.

In application formula 2 is very simple, and there are no square roots to be extracted. To prevent evasion by excessive flaring of top sides I would suggest that the girth be measured as in the figure. For convenience the tape measurement might be substituted for the true wetted perimeter and in the centerboard type the board



$$\text{Girth} = A + B$$

ness. In a lesser degree the girth of the midship section involves breadth, depth and area, yet the same freedom exists in their relative sizes. Indirect taxation would therefore seem preferable.

3. An opinion is widely held that the present rule leads to deficient displacement. A broader statement would be that the present rule leads to dispersion of the area of the midship section. Compactness of form is sacrificed, and with it seaworthiness and comfort. A more compact form would lead to greater displacement in order to retain the same sail-carrying power.

It would seem that compactness of form should be aimed at and displacement left free to be determined as a matter of special fitness, for there is ample room for many good boats between the splashier and the plunger, and even these should not have their opportunities confiscated, but simply taxed so that they may have no advantage over the more moderate forms.

4. It is a well-known truth that the sphere has less surface in proportion to its volume than any other form. It is plain, then, that taxation of the surface of the immersed body would tend to bring about a more compact distribution of the displacement, such surface being the sum of the wetted surface and the load water plane. If compactness in the form of cross-section alone should be sufficient, it would be necessary to tax only the girth of the midship section.

The sail tax not only commends itself as the most indirect and far-reaching, but has proved satisfactory, and by common consent should remain a prime factor in any rule. The logic of the situation seems, therefore, to indicate a formula somewhat like the following:

1. Rating = $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \sqrt{\text{surface of immersed body}}}{\text{Constant}}$
2. Rating = $\frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{girth of midship section}}{\text{Constant}}$

Considering these formulæ, it is probable that the first would produce a shorter boat than the second. On the other hand, the second would produce a fuller midship section. The surface of the immersed body is approximately the product of the mean girth by the length. In the first form, therefore, the tax is divided between the mean girth and the length, while in the second it is concentrated upon the extreme girth. Further, it is the extreme and not the mean girth which we aim to confine. I am disposed to believe, therefore, that the second form would produce a better midship section than the first. Now the question arises: Having a

housed, but these are details easily modified as experience may suggest.

5. It may not be inopportune to urge the substitution of seconds per hour instead of seconds per mile in the time allowance; to question the correctness of the common assumption that similar yachts of different size can sail at corresponding speeds—that is, at speeds proportional to the square root of their dimensions; and further to question the assumption involved in the present rule that the sail area is proportional to the square of the length.

But the instant need is a measurement rule; not a rule to exclude all but one arbitrarily fixed type, but rather one which will give fair play to every one.

JAMES N. WARRINGTON.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have given their report much study, evidently, and deserve all the commendation which you give them for it. It now remains to be seen whether they are willing, jointly or severally, formally or informally, to discuss some of the points in this report for the benefit of yachtsmen generally. It is therefore requested that they answer the following questions:

First.—Why is it not rational to classify racing yachts by the power that drives them?

Second.—How can seaworthiness or comfort be directly secured except by a requirement affecting cube of hull, or displacement?

Third.—If accommodation (or size) is required, why should not it be asked for directly?

Fourth.—Is it not a distinct advance in yacht designing to make 1lb. of wood do the work formerly done by 2lbs., providing no sacrifice of durability is entailed?

Fifth.—Is not the design of the framework of a yacht a problem in truss design, similar to the design of any other truss, but more complicated?

Sixth.—Is it not true that a wide, shallow yacht must be framed and trussed more than a narrow and deep one?

Seventh.—Is it not true that a light hull, properly braced, will outlast a heavier hull unbraced?

Eighth.—If two yachts have the same displacement and draft, how much, if any, difference will there be in the speed due to the fact that one hull is 3 per cent. lighter than the other?

Ninth.—Has any one ever calculated the ratio which

the weight of scantling bears to the total weight of hull; if so, what is that ratio?

Tenth.—Is it not impossible to fix in a scientific manner the sizes of scantlings, unless beam, depth, location and amount of ballast, position of sail, area of sail, freeboard, length of hull on waterline and length of hull over all, are all mentioned?

Eleventh.—Is not ability to carry sail a desirable characteristic?

Twelfth.—Are not these things true?

(a) Sail area is the only factor producing speed.

(b) Resistances are decreased by increasing the ratio of length to breadth, by increasing displacement, by decreasing wetted surface.

(c) Ability to carry sail is increased by separating the center of buoyancy as far as possible from the center of gravity.

Thirteenth.—If length on waterline is to be a factor, why should this length not be measured when the yacht is inclined to her usual sailing angle?

Fourteenth.—What fault can be found with a classification by sail area alone, each class to be restricted to a certain inclined water line length and displacement, the ballast to in no case exceed 45 per cent. of the displacement?

The above is written to produce discussion, and clearly outlines the writer's position. It is to be hoped that some of those who make the racing or measurement rules will answer the questions, so that some reasons may be had, standing as reasons only, that progress may be made. The writer's own experience has been that almost any one will talk about measurement rules; a few are willing to make them, but very few have the courage of their convictions and are willing to write about them, so that discussion may result and good may come of it.

C.

Through the Sound in an Oyster Sloop.

(Continued from page 116).

"We came from Napeague Bay to-day. I'm from New Haven. This young man belongs to Greenwich. Our sloop is anchored right off there." I pointed to where Susie lay.

"Well, I'm down here on a sort of a cruise myself. I'm with a party o' young men who don't know the first thing about sailin' a boat. We're from Hartford. I came with 'em on purpose to sail the boat. Here she is now, jest ahead o' Bernie's boat. Come aboard. Mebbe I can find a spare jig. If I can, ye can have it, and welcome. Ye see, we've been away three weeks now, and we're goin' to start home to-morrow, so we can spare a jig, I guess." He set the lantern on the edge of the wharf and slid down a pile to the deck of a small sloop. We handed down the lantern and followed.

"This boat belongs in Madison, and the boys hired her for the trip. They're a nice lot o' young fellers; there's five on 'em, and as I said afore, they don't know nothin' at all about a boat. It's quite a strain on a man to have to look out fer the tiller, the sails and a party o' five all to wunst. They try to help, but don't know how. One day we run into more wind 'n was good fer us. Well, we slacked down everything, and while I was reefin' the mainsail I told a couple on 'em to reef the jib. When everything was ready I ordered 'em to h'ist away, and what do ye think? Them fellers had tied all the reef-p'int's o' the jib slap-tight around the bowsprit. Say! now mebbe I didn't hev a devil of a time gittin' them reef-p'int's undone. They'd tied 'em in the worst snag o' granny knots I ever see."

All the while our new acquaintance was talking he was busily engaged overhauling fishing tackle; presently he said: "Well, here they be at last. So long's we're goin' home to-morrow, I guess we can spare a couple on 'em. How much do I want fer 'em, did ye ask? Why, bless yer souls, I don't intend to ask anything fer 'em. The boys are through with 'em, and I'm sure they wouldn't take a penny from ye. Well, if yer bound to pay, give me what ye've a mind to. Lord! don't ask me what they cost. Fifty cents apiece? No, sir. If yer bound to leave something, give me fifty cents fer the two, and take 'em along. The boys are all ashore, and I'm sure they wouldn't take a cent if they were here. Have a glass o' wine? It's good stuff, I tell ye. The boys wouldn't have anything aboard that wasn't good." I drank a glass with him, and found he hadn't misrepresented it in the least; it was fine old port.

Stanley is a teetotaler, so he refused the wine with thanks. "If it'll be no trouble to you, I'll take a drink of water instead," said he.

The old man stopped pouring his second glass, and gazed at Stanley in amazement. "Water! water!" he gasped. "Young feller, I'd like to accommodate ye, indeed I would. Ye could have it and welcome, but I don't believe there's eny of the stuff aboard. 'Pears to me like we did put some aboard one day, but, bless yer soul, I don't know what took it. We used it fer tea and coffee fer a spell, then the boys claimed it sp'iled the flavor o' the other stuff, and—yes, now I remember—they chucked it overboard. Ye see, water stands a poor show aboard o' this craft when there's near ten gallons o' the other stuff aboard. When we feel like washin' ourselves we goes in swimmin'."

We thanked the old fellow again, and took our departure. The last I heard him say, after we reached the top of the wharf, was: "Glad I could accommodate ye. I was with a party last summer, and they didn't have eny jigs. We offered as high as \$5 fer one, but none o' the blamed islanders would sell us one, even at that price. Don't forget to stretch eel skins over the shanks of the jigs. That's what makes the bluefish bite."

Silver streaks trailed astern of the skiff as we rowed to the sloop. I never saw so much phosphorus in the water as there was that night. Fish, swimming far below the surface, left ghostly trails, and the oar-blades stirred up countless glowing sparks. A log, rising and falling on the slight swell, resembled the ghostly outlines of a floating corpse, while now and then a straight, pallid line showed the course of an anchored boat's cable, far down, in the water.

After getting aboard and giving an account of ourselves, all hands turned to and fished for eels, but we caught none. Finally a couple of the fish caught that

day were skinned, and the skins were tightly sewed around the shanks of the jigs. The inside surface of the skins was left exposed. Sam thought bluefish would bite at this device as well as at an eel skin. This job finished, we sat on deck for awhile and watched some dazzling lightning flashing in the northwest. "I'm afraid the wind 'll be northeast to-morrow, and that 'll mean no fishing for us," said Sam, as we went below to turn in.

I was awakened near morning by a strange, mournful wail that broke on the air at regular intervals. I looked out of the companion way and could see nothing but our riding light. Not even the nearest yacht or smack was visible. The riding light seemed surrounded by a heavy veil and Susie seemed to be floating in an endless void of blackness. Once more came that mournful wail, and I crawled back into my bunk. A dense fog covered land and water, and the steam siren on the southeast end of the island was sending its ominous warning over the murky sea.

Morning broke thick with fog. What little wind there was came out of the northeast. Boats a short distance away could be but dimly seen. The siren continued its mournful wail, and every indication pointed to a most disagreeable day. So thick was the fog that none of the fishermen had dared to venture out. We had a good breakfast, after which there was nothing for us to do but to loll about on deck or sleep.

Sam and Stanley were below and I was sitting forward using the bitts for a writing desk while scribbling an outline of the cruise; Bub sat on the cabin roof, rod and reel in hand. He had been intently eyeing the point where his line entered the water for about an hour. When Bub's stock of questions would run short this was the way he would generally pass the time. That he surely expected something would happen some day if he only persisted in eyeing that particular point long enough was obvious to us all. At times his eyes would dilate, his fingers would twitch and his legs would contract ready to jump. We all hoped the expected climax would arrive during this trip—we little dreamed it was so near at hand. Suddenly there was the sound of a great commotion, and the heavy air was rent with whoops and yells. Fishermen aboard other boats afterward declared that from the sound of galloping and prancing up and down our deck they thought we must have a couple of cavalry horses aboard. "Whoopce! whoopce—who-o-o-p! Hi-yi-hi-yi! I've got him! I've got him," yelled Bub, spasmodically reeling in with all his strength, as he wildly pranced about. His line gyrate first this way, then that, and part of the line and the tip of his pole was under water, while again it would be above. "It's a whale—it's a whale! I'll bet a hun—" (he checked himself when he happened to think he had only a dollar in his pocket) "a dollar it's a whale!"

Sam and Stanley rushed on deck, and I got there in time to see something that resembled a dish pan turning somersaults roft. under water. With Sam's assistance the fish was soon flopping on deck. It wasn't exactly a whale, but it certainly was the largest fish we took on the trip. It proved to be a flounder, and weighed about 6lbs. Soon after Bub took another one a little smaller than the first one.

Near the middle of the morning Sam and Stanley took the skiff and started after crabs. Bub and I stayed aboard, and as the fog lifted so that the sun nearly shone soon after the steamer Montauk came in we tried a shot at her with the camera while she was unloading her passengers; we also snapped the steamer Block Island. Then we took a shot at a swordfishing schooner that was anchored near us. We little expected the plates would develop good pictures, and were agreeably surprised to have them turn out as well as they did. Soon after noon Sam and Stanley returned. They had over a bushel of fine crabs, which they caught in a pond on the eastern side of the steamboat wharf. They said that the bottom was literally alive with crabs.

It soon grew thick again, and the siren kept up its steady, mournful wail. We, however, didn't allow the fog to interfere with our appetites, and we had a fine dinner of steamed crabs. While we were eating, our colored neighbor with the crippled accordion regaled us with a beastly serenade. I wished him and his accordion at the bottom of the pond, but Stanley strenuously stuck up for him and swore that he was manufacturing elegant music. I'm not much of a judge of music, but I can tell when it is being murdered. I decided that Stanley would probably drop off into sweet and dreamless slumber while listening to a midnight caterwauling concert on the back yard fence. I was filled with a fiendish glee when the musical descendant of Ham saluted the darkly tanned Stanley with "Ah, there!" Then he commenced to yawp "All coons look alike to me." Stanley glared, but said nothing.

After dinner the fog was so thick that all idea of leaving our anchorage that day was abandoned. As the afternoon advanced it became very dark and looked as though it would surely rain. The rain held off, however, and about 2 o'clock Sam, Bub and I rowed ashore to view the island. We landed on the east side of the harbor, and walked across the narrow neck of land that separates Great Salt Pond from the bathing beach. So disagreeable was the weather that but few persons were in the water. We were surprised to find the surf so insignificant when compared to that of Napeague Beach. We noticed that all the cozy nooks under sheltering sand banks held gay summer girls and their escorts.

We stopped near the breakwater and examined some stanch double-enders. We were impressed by their grand seaworthy appearance. It is no wonder that these boats, with their great depth, good beam, sharp ends, simplicity of rig and water-tight decks, are worthy antagonists of any wind or sea. Their sea-going qualities have been fairly demonstrated for years, and their reputation for safety has been more than earned. We spent half an hour here, then we continued our ramble in the direction of Southeast Light.

It is quite a walk from the breakwater to the light, and the road twists and turns in all directions over the treeless hills. On clear days many fine views of the ocean can be enjoyed, but the fog was then so thick we could see but a little ways. Now and then the fog would lift a little and disclose the sea dotted with the sails of

pleasure craft. Block Island skippers appear able to drum up excursion parties under any and all conditions of weather.

As we approached nearer and nearer toward the light the siren wailed louder and louder. It seemed fairly to lift and split the heavy atmosphere, and must have been heard many miles away over the fog-hidden sea.

It was very late in the afternoon when we finally reached our destination, and, as we entertained doubts as to whether we would be allowed on the premises we decided to continue on a ways beyond the lighthouse before approaching the cliffs. Of course we didn't wish to go unrewarded after our long walk, therefore when we had walked to what we considered a safe distance we crawled between the strands of a barb-wire fence and entered a lot on the edge of the cliffs. These cliffs were what we wished principally to see, and we knew that by working the matter in the way we did nobody could drive us away until we had obtained our view.

We followed a faint path across the lot for a distance of 200yds. or so, then without warning we reached the edge of the cliffs. Never will I forget their appearance, nor the view from their summits that afternoon.

When the heavens are cloudless and the sun shines brightly the view from where we stood must be grandly, gloriously beautiful. Now, however, the sight we looked upon was one of deep and hopeless gloom. Sea and sky were hidden by a dreary, restless curtain of dark gray mist. Far down below us surges of inky blackness ceaselessly rolled from under the curtain's foot and beat themselves in fury on the black-rocked shore. Sharp dark gray pinnacles and jagged, saw-toothed edges pierced the gloomy curtain, showing where the ragged cliffs were hidden by the mist. Tremendous hollows, scooped out by the elements here and there, had undermined the edges of the cliffs and threatened to hurl them into the sea of destruction gnashing its fangs at their feet. Seared and wrinkled by ten thousand storms, these cliffs frown hopelessly on the heartless surges that are slowly but surely eating them away. In full keeping with the dreary scene the skeleton form of a wrecked tower reared its black outlines from near the foot of the cliff on which we were standing.

Now and then the fog would lift and reveal ebony patches of sea. At such times a small sailboat could be seen rising and falling on the gloomy surges. The fierce roar of the surf on the rocks seemed the pitiless laugh of a supernatural demon, gloating in devilish mockery over the helpless condition of condemned souls drifting to sure destruction in that frail craft. The mournful wail of the siren seemed the sob of an imprisoned god-dess, who, through pity for their helplessness, would warn the souls of the fate that awaited them, though sadly realizing her warning to be in vain. Were I an artist I would strive to paint that picture, and if success crowned my efforts I would name it "Despair."

We spent over half an hour on the edge of the cliffs, then as no one appeared to notice us we ventured into the inclosure where the lighthouse stood. We watched the machinery that worked the siren for a while, then retraced our steps to the skiff, which we reached after dark. When we reached Susie's side we were surprised to see a large Government vessel anchored just astern. She had come in while we were away.

A faint and almost indistinct crescent moon floated in the misty heavens when we turned out next morning. The siren was still sounding its mournful warning. In spite of all such unfavorable conditions, however, the clanking of windlasses, clatter of chain cables and rattle of halyard blocks told of many boats getting under way for the fishing grounds. Now and then the sails of one would loom through the fog, and she would sweep by us like a white-winged phantom. We ate breakfast, got our anchor, and started out with the intention of fishing on Southwest Ledge.

While many boats had started ahead of Susie, yet in the light air that was blowing we overhauled them one by one, and when we passed the end of the breakwater we were leading the fleet. Once outside the pond we found the wind much lighter than when we started, and dead ahead. The fog too was thicker, and as the other boats made the end of the breakwater they headed off on a northerly course instead of the direction of Southwest Ledge. "The weather is so thick that they intend to keep in sight of land," said Sam. "They're going to fish off Sandy Point. Shall we keep them company?"

We argued the question a while and decided to keep our course. "If it should clear any I'm in favor of visiting the ledge. If it still remains thick, though, we'd better keep going for the Race," advised Sam. We all agreed to this, and as matters hadn't improved in the least when we reached Dicken's Point our fishing trip to the ledge was regretfully abandoned.

Now that we were fairly homeward bound the island was soon lost in the fog and we could see no land whatever. Then the wind gradually petered out, and we lay listlessly rolling on the leaden swells. To make matters still more disagreeable and uncomfortable it commenced to drizzle. Sam had contracted a bad cold and there were ominous indications that Bub would soon be in the throes of malaria, so he and Sam went below and turned in. Stanley and I donned oilers and took up our watch on deck.

About eight bells a slight air commenced gently to blow from the west, and under its influence we were soon moving on our way again. The fog lifted somewhat, but the heavens grew darker, and the muffled sound of thunder could be heard in the direction of Montauk Point. The sullen sound broke out again, and the swells grew heavier and heavier. I drew the conclusion that we were in for a nasty time. I am not the one to boast that I was thrilled with enjoyment at the prospect; there had been two occasions on the trip when it was nasty enough to suit me. Sunshine would have been a godsend about then. Much to our satisfaction the thunderstorm passed out to sea.

About four bells Bub crawled out of the cabin on all fours. He crept over to the rail, where he held close communion with Neptune for three or four minutes; he then crawled meekly below again, forgetting to mention anything about "malaria" on his way.

I thought I detected a deep feeling of sympathy in Stanley for Bub. He turned ghastly whenever Bub's

trouble was mentioned, and his Adam's apple worked up and down in his throat like the suction valve of an iron pump. He appeared on the point of weeping, and I wondered why I hadn't discovered the tenderness of his heart before. When I caught him casting thoughtful, longing eyes over the rail, however, I more than half suspected that what I had taken for tender-heartedness might be an approaching attack of "malaria" instead.

After awhile the wind hauled to northwest. The clouds drifted apart and the sun shone forth in a flood of warm, mellow light. Close hauled, we were pitching over the long ocean swells with lee rail pressed to within in. of the surface. Sam came on deck, stretched himself, yawned, looked around and exclaimed: "Hello! how is this? Why, that's the schooner Pearl, and she's two miles ahead of us, and a mile to windward! We beat her fully half a mile coming out of the pond!"

"By George! I'll bet she stood clean across to the mainland, out of the tide; caught the first of this wind, and went ahead while we were rolling on these swells against the tide," said Stanley, laying down the glasses through which he had been looking while Sam was talking.

"That's just what she did do, and if we'd only done the same we'd be just as far ahead of her as she is ahead of us."

"Well, don't you care. If she only goes our way, we'll have a race. We'll see how long it'll take to overhaul her. If we both go through Fisher's Island Sound, and this wind holds, I'll bet we'll have her astern before we reach Stonington."

Possibly Stanley's prophecy might have been fulfilled had the wind held as favorably for us as it did for Pearl, but it gradually grew fainter and fainter in our neighborhood, and finally died away altogether. It was extremely exasperating to see vessels speeding on their way under the shore with more wind than they needed, and not even to have a catspaw ourselves. Now that it had left us entirely, there was nothing for us to do but lie lazily around, view the waves and sky and whistle enticingly. There was some consolation in the fact that we had dropped Block Island so that it seemed a dim bank of haze far over our stern.

Montauk, however, it seemed we never would drop. Far off toward the Race an extremely unusual sight for these days met our view. There, towering majestically skyward from the midst of a fleet of shimmering sails, the snowy wings of a full-rigged ship lifted gracefully into the azure air. To the north of her the low sandy shores of Fisher's Island burned like a setting of gold for an emerald gem. Around and about us on every hand the indigo swells seemed sprinkled with tinsel spangles from the sparkle and flash of thousands of lobster buoys which lifted and fell in the rays of the sun. Dories too dotted the surface, as also did the schooners to which they belonged.

Just before noon our drooping hopes were raised by the appearance of a long streak of wind reaching out in our direction. When we finally got it we had all that we could conveniently swing to under mainsail, topsail and jib. It was from northwest, and by the vicious manner in which it came down upon us we concluded we had whistled up all we would need. The crests of the sweeping swells were soon lined with foam, and Susie butted into them with the force of a battering-ram. The spray flew, the wind whistled through the rigging and Susie went hunting for the schooner Pearl, which had disappeared from view.

At two bells we passed between the four spindles that mark rocks and shoals at the entrance of Fisher's Island Sound. We felt the full force of the tide, which was in our favor, and the manner in which it "horsed" us down toward Latimer Reef Light against the wind filled us with delight. We were half way between Watch Hill Reef and Latimer Reef Light when one of the 36ft. racers rounded Watch Hill Point. "We'll see how long it'll take her to overhaul us," said Sam.

"She can't do it for a dollar," replied Stanley. His bet was not taken.

When off Stonington we took a couple of knock-downs which caused us to clew up the topsail. Spiteful and puffy, down from the green hills of the Connecticut shore line came the wind. In Susie, however, they found an antagonist fully able to cope with their strength; besides a master-hand was at the tiller, for Sam was steering at the time. Puff after puff sped in wrinkled catspaws over the indigo surface, and Susie careened at times until the spume laved the side of the cabin house to leeward. Her bows smashed the advancing waves into showers of spray, which unmercifully doused us as it flew aboard in sheets. We passed Latimer Reef Light like a steamboat, and were much gratified to notice that our antagonist astern had not gained on us an inch. In fact, she had apparently lost ground.

Gradually the wind hauled more to the north and we could head our course. When we were almost even with Ram Island Lightship it dropped in strength a trifle, and our antagonist, who still held a strong wind, hauled up on us rapidly. Soon we had it as hard as ever again, and slowly but surely we regained what we had lost. Bub took a shot at the lightship with the camera.

When we reached the mouth of New London Harbor Susie was more than a mile ahead of her rival and gaining all the while. To be just to the yacht it must be admitted she towed her tender. Still Susie proved herself wonderfully fast for a working boat. The yacht entered New London Harbor just as we sighted the schooner Pearl about two miles ahead.

W. H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual report of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the past year shows that the club consists of 470 members, of whom 386 are senior resident, 48 senior non-resident and 15 junior members. During the year 90 new members were elected, of whom 77 are senior resident, 8 senior non-resident and 5 junior. Seven senior resident members acquired life membership. There were 30 resignations and 13 names were dropped from the list of members. The report says: "The races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup during the past season aroused a great deal of interest, and brought the club into greater prominence. We may congratulate ourselves on the success of our Commodore's boat, Glencairn II., and express the hope that our members will take a greater interest during the coming season in the defense of the cup." The new club house was completed barely in time for the Seawanhaka challenge cup races in August, and too late in the season to be fully availed of by the members. The total cost of the house was \$6,152.20, and of new furniture \$963.99, in all \$7,116.19. The balance sheet shows that during the year the revenue was \$1,527 in excess of the expenditure, a state of affairs which is certainly conclusive as far as the prosperity of the club is concerned. This, however, is put in the shade by the statement that the surplus of the assets over the liabilities amounts to \$10,505.22.

The Bunker Hill Y. C., of Boston, held its annual meeting on Jan. 26, the following resolution being adopted: "Whereas, this club being a member of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, which was organized in 1896 for the promotion of yacht building and yacht racing, and whereas, the Association having voted in 1896 to abolish 'time allowance' after the season of 1897, and having recently given two fair and impartial hearings on the subject, and having finally voted to sustain former action, therefore be it Resolved, that this club favors 'no time allowance' as being in line of progress, and that the extension of the class limits is desirable for many reasons; that we heartily approve the Association's success, and indorse its efforts to encourage yacht racing."

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha, of South Boston, are busy with the large line of power yacht and launch work of which they make a specialty. In addition to steam and naphtha yachts and launches from 60ft. downward, fitted complete for use, they build hulls without power, simply fitted with beds for engines and boilers. They also build gasoline engines, several types of simple and compound marine steam engines in a number of sizes, and the Tregurtha safety watertube boiler.

The Stamford Y. C. held its annual meeting at the Suburban Club in that city on Feb. 1. In the absence of the commodore and vice-commodore, Rear-Commodore Walton Ferguson presided. The reports of the officers and committees showed the club to be in prosperous condition, with a membership of 100, and a fleet of twenty-five yachts. The following officers were elected: Com., H. C. Smith, steamer Halcyon; Vice-Com., F. M. Hoyt, cutter Syce; Rear-Com., Walton Ferguson, steam yacht Avia; Treas., Charles H. Leeds; Sec'y, A. Leland Brown; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Samuel Pierson; Meas., Dr. I. Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. R. P. Vail. Directors: H. K. McIlarg, Schuyler Merrill, A. C. Hall, E. C. Hoyt, M. R. Pitt, James D. Smith, E. E. Bruggenhot, Stewart W. Smith, Alfred F. Pitt, F. W. Lockwood. Nominating Committee, 1898-99: A. H. Smith, H. P. Bartlett, W. M. Smith, G. H. Hoyt, W. D. Daskam.

Glencairn I., the winning 15-footer of 1896, has been sold by Com. James Ross to George Brunder, of Milwaukee, who will race her on Pine Lake.

At City Island Mr. Wood has in hand a racing 42-footer from designs by Gardner & Cox, for John D. Parker, of Cambridge, Mass. The model is very similar to the successful Norota, built by Mr. Wood from Gardner & Cox's designs in 1895, with some modifications suggested by Syce. She will be 46ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 6in. beam, 7ft. 5in. draft, with about three tons of lead on her modern fin. A low cabin house 12ft. long gives a very good cabin, with berths for four, while there is room for two in the forecabin. She will be fitted for cruising, with galley, ice box, etc.

The development in yacht modeling in the last twenty years is shown in the old Clara and the young Norota, which are hauled up side by side. Clara, with Minerva and Madge, introduced the English keel and led Burgess to build the historic Gossoon. The little Norota now represents the last development of the type which became a favorite. Clara, standing high, presents a great green copper wall of keel, with the stem dropping straight down to a forefoot perhaps 8 or 10ft. below the waterline, and looking somewhat like a big oyster resting on edge and partly flattened on its upper ridge. Norota has no forefoot of any kind, and the line of her stem is trained away in and down until it almost meets the foot of her raking sternpost. She is pretty nearly all bow to the foot of her rudder. Could there be any greater extremes than these boats represented? Here is the first and last word about the keel in America. And while the many other craft resting in the neighborhood explain the intermediate developments these two, Clara and Norota, tell what the ingenuity of Americans did with the keel in a few short years. They took it as Clara and Minerva brought it, clumsy and inactive, though seaworthy, and they have developed a craft that is really an aquatic gymnast. It was a good thing, the keel, and it was pushed along until its changes would have entirely obscured its origin if it were not for Clara and some other old-timers which still stand by, apparently as good as new, to tell of the earlier days.—*Stinson Jarvis, in the Tribune.*

The annual meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held on Feb. 4 at the Arena, New York, with Com. Tyson in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., George G. Tyson, schr Nirvana; Vice-Com., W. A. Hamilton, auxiliary Alcedo; Rear-Com., Charles T. Pierce, cat Oconee; Treas., J. E. Peck; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Meas., T. E. Ferris; Trustees for term ending February, 1901, Charles T. Pierce and Edwin Binney; Regatta Committee: C. T. Pierce, Frank B. Jones and George B. Clark; Membership Committee: Charles F. Buxton, Robert Rutter and William Holzderber; Entertainment Committee: J. Arthur Oatwell, J. Cabot Varian and W. J. L. Davids; Chaplains, the Rev. F. R. Sanford, the Rev. George C. Houghton and the Rev. Rufus S. Putney; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.

On Jan. 26 the annual meeting of the Gravesend Bay Y. C. was held at the club house, Twentieth and Cropsie avenues, Bensonhurst. There are now over 300 members of the club, with sixty yachts. The following officers were elected: Com., Charles W. Morgan; Vice-Com., Edward P. Morse; Rear-Com., Eugene V. Rosemond; Meas., Richard W. Rummell; Pres., Cornelius Furgueson; Vice-Pres., Thomas Cleary; Treas., Henry W. Pfalzgraf; Financial Sec'y, Charles W. Kennedy; Recording Sec'y, James W. Wakelee; Trustees: John E. De Mund, M.D., Thomas J. Hamilton, Walter J. Byrne, Jr. Hudson Riley, John T. Woods, Edward D. Weldon, Frank C. Mason, G. Ed Graff, W. J. Coyle, N. N. Morrissey, Frank A. Bolles and Thomas D. Nevins.

It is now practically settled that there will be no consolidation of the local yacht clubs this season. The hardy annual story is recalled each year, and a very small minority seem to think a chance exists for the consummation of the plan which has been hanging fire for several years. It was said this year that the issue would enter into the election of the Columbia Y. C., which will take place March 5. Reasons exist why the members of the Columbia Y. C. do not care for a consolidation with the Chicago and Lincoln Park clubs. Those reasons are both sentimental and material. In the first place, many members have been in the club since its organization, and would be loath to give up the name they have worked to make respected among yachtsmen. The material reason is one of finances. In the Columbia Y. C. are many young men and men of moderate means who care for the sport, but who cannot spend the money which is generally supposed to be necessary. They own small boats, compete in the regattas, and have all the sport, but at the same time endeavor to keep their expenses within their means. That class objects to affiliation with men who own the large boats and can spend any amount of money. There is a disposition to protect the smaller owners, which is highly commendable. The Columbia Y. C., however, can by no means be called a poor club. All the wealthy owners are also members of it, but the dues are reasonable. It has a membership of 123, just at the end of the year before the new members are enrolled for the active season. The movement for a club house is progressing. It is intended \$10,000 shall be expended.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The Philadelphia Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 2, electing the following officers: Com., Josiah R. Adams; Vice-Com., James G. Ramsdell; Rear-Com., William F. Davies; Fleet Surgeon, W. Joseph Hearn, M.D.; Harbor Master, Charles S. Warfield; Trustees, Robert P. Thompson, J. Lewis Good, S. W. Bookhammer, Samuel F. Givin; Sec'y, Abraham L. English; Meas., Philip H. Johnson; Race Committee: Robert C. Clarkson, John S. Mickle, John S. Pomeroy. Com. Adams has appointed Thomas Petersen as Fleet Captain.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goclet, after reaching Bermuda on Jan. 25, sailed on Feb. 2 for St. Thomas.

The Inwood Y. C., of Inwood-on-the-Hudson, held a meeting on Feb. 1 and elected the following officers: Com., William H. Flitner; Vice-Com., Edward G. Rowland; Fleet Captain, Washington B. Reed; Recording Sec'y, Michael J. Clancy; Financial Sec'y, Robert Drennan; Treas., Edwin D. Belknap; Fleet Surgeon, Daniel B. Spence; Meas., Edgar L. Van Alst; Steward, William Reed; Directors: Andrew G. Van Alst, David R. Thom, Jr., Samuel J. Cooper, Joseph B. Malloy, Anton Feldkamp, Robert Drennan, Edwin D. Belknap, William A. McQuade, Richard W. Berrian, Walter G. Flitner, Daniel B. Spence and Washington B. Reed.

Mr. Linton Hope, managing director of the Thames Yacht Building Co., has resigned that office and will abandon building entirely, confining himself to designing.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle and Revolver Competitions,

To take place during the Sportsman's show, Mechanics Building, Boston, March 14 to 26, 1898, under the direction of committee as follows:

Rifle.—F. B. Crowninshield, chairman; C. W. Hinman, John T. Humphrey, Charles H. Eastman, J. E. Kelley.

Revolver.—F. B. Crowninshield, chairman; John B. Paine, Louis Bell, E. E. Partridge, Butler Ames.

Match A.—Any revolver championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to any revolver of not over .45cal., with barrel not over 7½in. in length, exclusive of cylinder. Sights must be strictly open and not over 9in. apart. Trigger-pull shall not be less than 3lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 25 minutes of the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any ammunition of not over 12grs. black powder, or its equivalent in smokeless, allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

Match B.—Military revolver championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open only to the present standard .38cal. revolver as issued by the United States Government to the troops. Sights must be the regular open and fixed military sights with which the revolver is issued. Trigger pull shall not be less than 4lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds., with Creedmoor count. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 25 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition must be the regular full charge service cartridge intended for this arm. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

Match C.—Pistol championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to all pistols of .22cal., with barrels not over 10in. in length. Sights must be strictly open and not over 10in. apart. Trigger pull shall not be less than 2lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 50 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim-fire ammunition allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

Match D.—Rifle championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to all rifles of .22cal. Sights: Any sights except telescope sights allowed. Position: The position will be off-hand. Targets: The 25-ring target will be used for this match. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 shots, which must be shot in ten rings of 5 shots each at any time during the tournament. Each string must be finished within 10 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between strings. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim-fire cartridges allowed. Entrance for this match is \$5. Distance 100 measured feet. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

Match E.—Any revolver re-entry. Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the any revolver championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 3 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

Match F.—Military revolver re-entry: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, trigger-pull, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the military revolver championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 1 minute from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

Match G.—Pistol re-entry: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, trigger pull, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the pistol championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 3 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

Match H.—German ring, re-entry rifle: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the rifle championship. Scores: A score to consist of 3 shots, which must be finished within 5 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

Match I.—Standard American re-entry rifle: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$100, as follows: \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the rifle championship. Targets: The standard American target reduced to 100ft. with 7-ring black will be used in this match. Scores: A score to consist of 5 shots, which must be finished within 5 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

General Conditions of all Matches.

1. Arms: Only pistols and revolvers which are regularly for sale and which can be bought in the open market on the date of this circular (Jan. 10, 1898) allowed. This rule does not apply to slight changes from the regular factory handles in any revolver and pistol matches.

Rifles of the latest patterns will be kept at the range for the free use of all competitors desiring to use them.

2. Entrance fees: The entrance fees for all championship matches will be \$5 for one match and \$3 additional for every other championship match.

Competitors in all championship matches will be given a pass admitting them to the range at all times during the exhibition.

3. All matches, both championship and re-entry, are open to all.

4. Injury to weapons: In case a weapon should become disabled during the firing of a score, the shooter should immediately notify the officer in charge, who may (at his discretion) give permission to discontinue the score until the necessary repairs are made, the contestant in the meantime being debarred from further shooting on the range; or he may allow a new weapon to be substituted.

5. Loading: In all revolver matches the chambers shall be

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for the season of 1898: Saturday, May 28, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes. Saturday, June 11, first class and 22ft. (knockabout) classes. Saturday, June 25, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes. Friday, July 1, Race for Queen's cup, yachts 32ft. C.L. and under. Saturday, July 9, first class and 22ft. (knockabout) classes. Saturday, July 23, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes. Saturday, Aug. 6, first class and 22ft. (knockabout) class. Saturday, Aug. 20, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes. Monday, Sept. 5, Labor Day, Prince of Wales cup race, for all classes of yachts. Saturday, Sept. 10, skiff class. In races for the 22ft. knockabout class it is imperative that two new boats be entered, and that the same shall have been constructed since Dec. 4, 1897, and in accordance with the limitations of the L. Y. R. A. for this class. The club cups for the several classes will be awarded as in the season of 1897.

fully loaded for each score (or enough chambers to complete a score) and they must be discharged consecutively.

6. Dates of matches: All matches will be open on Monday, March 14, and will close at 6 P. M., Saturday, March 26.

7. Hours: The range will be open daily at 10:30 A. M., and will be closed at 10:30 P. M.

8. Targets: Competitors will be assigned targets in the order in which their score tickets are received, and no one may occupy a target for a longer time than is allowed for the completion of two scores, when others are waiting to shoot, except in championship matches.

9. Use of targets: Contestants may shoot their championship matches at any time during the two weeks the range is open by first notifying the officer in charge.

10. Penalties: No weapon shall be loaded except at the firing point, and any one found violating this rule—or acting in a way prejudicial to the safety of others—shall be warned by the officer in charge, who may (at his discretion) prohibit the offender from further shooting on the range, in which case he will be considered to have forfeited his entrance money.

11. Ties: In all championship matches any ties which may occur will be shot off Saturday, March 26, between 6 and 10:30 P. M.

12. Change of targets: In the any revolver championship match targets will be changed every six shots.

In the military revolver championship match targets will be changed every six shots.

In .22cal. pistol championship match targets will be changed every ten shots.

In the rifle championship match targets will be changed every five shots.

13. Range committee: The gallery will be in charge of the range committee, who will decide any questions which may arise and interpret all rules. Their decision will be final.

14. Scoring: A shot must clearly cut the line to count.

15. Scorers: The non-shooting members of the range committee will count the scores as fast as they are returned from the pits.

Prizes: In addition to the prizes offered in the above-mentioned matches, special cups and merchandise prizes, which will be announced later, will be added.

Entries, including entrance fee, may be mailed to F. B. Crowninshield, Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, or will be received at the range at any time during the tournament.

Rifle Notes.

A GREAT many riflemen know John R. Hegeman, Jr. Mr. Hegeman is a firm believer in small calibers, and has experimented to a great extent with the .30cal., particularly on deer. His latest exploit, however, was on cattle with a .236. These are his words: "Not long ago I had an opportunity of shooting a wild steer (bull), and shot him about 60ft. from the muzzle of the gun with a .236, using the soft-nosed bullet, striking him at a point making a triangle with the eyes. Thus the bullet struck him just about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below the top of the head. It smashed the skull into about thirty or thirty-two pieces, and drove parts of the bone into the neck and the forward shoulder of the near side." It is needless to say that Mr. Hegeman's belief in small calibers is stronger than ever.

We understand that a match has been arranged between Ignatz Martin, of the Williamsburg Shooting Society, and C. S. Dietrich, of Munich, Germany, the conditions being 100 shots per man, strictly off-hand, \$50 a side. The match is to come off on July 12, immediately after the close of the National Bundes shoot at Glendale Park, L. I. Mr. Dietrich showed up well in the recent tournament at Madison Square Garden, his style of off-hand shooting being much admired.

The daily press gave a great deal of space to the competitions held in Madison Square Garden during the Sportsmen's Exposition. The attention given by the press to these contests was largely due to the excellent manner in which the reports were handed into the press room by W. von Wussow, the assistant official scorer during the tournament. FOREST AND STREAM also owes Mr. Von Wussow a vote of thanks for many of the scores and details given in its report of the tournament.

L. P. Ittel, of the Pittsburg Rifle Club, went out to the club's range at Wilkinsburg, Pa., Friday, Jan. 28, and made a record of 95 at the 200yds. range, averaging 89 $\frac{1}{4}$ for four strings. Taylor was second best with 86 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club members went out to the Wilkinsburg range to-day, some fine shooting being done at the 200yds. range. J. P. Ittel made the splendid total of 95, and averaged 89 $\frac{1}{4}$ for four strings. Scores were:

Ittel95	89	87	86—89 $\frac{1}{4}$	Davis81	78	77	76—78
Taylor89	86	84	85—86 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bell79	73	77	70—75
Sorg84	81	80	79—81					

Feb. 1.—At to-day's practice shoot on the indoor range of the Pittsburg Rifle target, 25yds., Universal target, the following scores were made:

Ittel74	71	70	70—71 $\frac{3}{4}$	Hubbard63	65	58	57—60 $\frac{3}{4}$
Hoffman71	65	68	65—67 $\frac{1}{4}$	Shore56	55	56	68—58 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ewing70	69	64	64—66 $\frac{1}{2}$	Miller58	58	59	56—57 $\frac{3}{4}$
Bradshaw70	64	61	60—63 $\frac{1}{4}$	Schmidt61	58	55	51—57

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 10-11.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. First day, sparrows; second day, handicap race at targets; handicaps 100 to 110; \$10 entrance, targets extra.

Feb. 12.—Hackensack, N. J.—50-target race for silver cup; unknown angles; open to all; no handicap. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—South River, N. J.—Tournament of the South River Gun Club; live birds. H. H. Stevens, Manager.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 17.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Open sweepstake at live birds on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association; 25 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra. Take Erie to Rutherford, or the D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.

Feb. 18-20.—Davenport, Ia.—Merchandise tournament of the West End Gun Club. L. Haneman, Sec'y.

Feb. 20-22.—Tucson, Ariz.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson.

Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Tournament of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the New Haven Gun Club; targets. W. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at North Pond Shooting Park; targets. V. D. Kenerson, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Opening shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club. Live birds.

Feb. 22-23.—Lexington, Ky.—Tournament of the Lexington Gun Club; targets, crows and pigeons. V. K. Dodge, Sec'y.

Feb. 22-23.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Second annual midwinter tournament at Audubon Park, under the management of E. W. Garbe. Targets, \$50 added.

Feb. 22-23.—Henry, Ill.—Tournament of the Henry Live Bird Club at the Big Four Driving Park. Targets and live birds.

March 8-10.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tournament of the St. Thomas Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money, and an international live-bird trophy. Under the management of Jack Parker.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 19-22.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds: 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Décoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magastrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Blue-locks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the 500 Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eighth annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

After serving on the FOREST AND STREAM staff for more than three years in editorial conduct of the Trap department, Mr. Edward Banks has resigned the field of journalism to become secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., of this city. Under his capable charge our Trap columns have won universal recognition, popularity and respect for their admirable news service, technical accuracy, originality, impartiality and conceded influence. No more felicitous wish could be framed for him than that a corresponding success may attend him in his new field, and that his relations with his associates there may be as cordial and pleasant as those which without exception have characterized his connection with the FOREST AND STREAM and its staff.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Writing from Lake Charles, La., A. W. du Bray says: "I have had a splendid time here shooting with my old friend, Mr. J. C. Elstner. On the first day, leaving town about 9 A. M., and returning before 6 P. M., we bagged 29 quail and 18 snipe. On the second day we left the hotel about 7 A. M. and returned by 6 P. M., bringing with us 91 snipe and 16 quail. On this day we had with us Mr. Roberts, cashier of the Calcasieu Bank, of this town; it was his maiden attempt at snipe, and he bagged 7. We would have killed a good many more birds had not Mr. Elstner soon run out of shells with suitable loads for snipe, and had to use No. 5 shot, which seemed to scatter so badly that his shells were very ineffective at anything at over 35yds. The snipe were very wild from the beginning, and as we found them all in one old rice field, they became worse and more so after every turn up and down. I am not trying to make any apologies, but am merely stating the facts as they were. There is always a certain amount of uncertainty about finding snipe, but none at all as regards quail. Any good shot can come here with a good dog and bag from 25 to 50 quail a day, and keep it up at that rate, for they are very abundant. At some distance from here, say 15 or 20 miles, we can still find prairie chickens, bags of from 10 to 20 being occasionally made as late in the season as February. This is a beautiful country—level roads, hospitable people, and a great game section. Above and beyond all this, one can be most comfortably housed and extremely well fed at the Hotel Howard; and you can take my word for it that you will always find Mr. Pierre Theaus, the proprietor, a most complaisant host, and one who is always ready to make his guests feel at home. I have had a good deal of experience in this line, and I know how essential it is to find just such a place as this. On this hunt I used for the most part my heavy 16-bore, full-choked Parker, with 3drs. of Du Pont smokeless and 1oz. of Tatham's 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ chilled, in a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ U. M. C. smokeless shell. I found this a great combination, and will refer any doubting Thomas to Mr. J. C. Elstner, who can testify as to the distance at which the gun and load can and do upset a snipe." It certainly seems to us that our good friend Du Bray has more of the good things of this life than ought to fall to his lot. Why should we be up here, etc.?

So Bill Clark has not quit pigeon shooting, but is only laying low for champions and others. Here is an item from the Pittsburg, Pa., Leader of Feb. 2: "William H. Hill, the champion live-bird shot of New Castle; and W. G. Clark, the champion of Ellwood City, shot a match at New Castle yesterday afternoon at 25 live birds. It was witnessed by a crowd of 500 people. There was a heavy wind blowing at the time, and the snow was falling the greater part of the afternoon. Clark had killed 23 and Hill 22. The two will shoot again under more favorable weather, after which they expect to challenge any two shooters in Allegheny county."

The Pawling, N. Y., Gun Club has grounds within 90 minutes of New York city, the route being via the Harlem River branch of the New York Central. This club announces that it will hold a target shoot on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, the shoot commencing at 9 A. M. sharp. The programme consists of six 10, three 15, and three 20-target events, at a uniform entry fee of 10 cents per target. All events will be shot at unknown angles from three traps, set Sergeant system. Under twelve entries, three moneys; over twelve entries, four moneys. Special rates will be made at the Dutch House to all visiting sportsmen.

Mr. Charles F. Offerman, president of the Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, and a member of many another gun and rifle organization in this city, died on Thursday last, Feb. 3, aged fifty-one years. One of Mr. Offerman's very many friends sends us the following note: "He was one of the most whole-souled sportsmen who ever put a fowling piece to his cheek. Charley Offerman was president of the Jeannette Gun Club and a member of the New York Schuetzen Corps and of the New York City Schuetzen Corps. In person he was about 5ft. 5in., and weighed somewhat over 200lbs. His jollity at every shoot that he attended was sufficient to drive away any attack of the blues; it was impossible to be sad when he was around. Although he seldom made big scores, he was a most faithful member in the matter of attendance, and his influence and means were always at the command of the clubs of which he was a member. He owned many a good dog and many a good gun. He had a fund of anecdotes of adventures on flood and on field, and his comical way of relating these experiences will be missed very much by those who were fortunate enough to accompany him on any of his hunting trips. It is only a little more than a month since he was unanimously re-elected president of the Jeannette Gun Club at the annual meeting of that organization, the members present being his guests after that meeting at a game supper, as related recently in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

The London Field in its issue of Jan. 8 has this to say regarding Mr. Donald McIntosh's account of his experiences over European traps: "Mr. Donald McIntosh, the successful Australian pigeon shot, has been relating in the Melbourne Sportsman his recent experiences of European pigeon shooting. The English marksmen shoot, he says, very quickly and get marvelous results, the second barrels being exceptionally fine. In Italy the boundary is 17 meters, and elsewhere on the continent it rarely exceeds 23 meters, thus making snap-shooting a necessity. The Italian shooters mostly use barrels ranging from 26 to 28in. long, Mr. McIntosh was nearly always shooting from the limit mark, and at Ostend, where the record number of 233 competed, he was the only man shooting from 29 meters. Throughout the tour, extending over two years, he used Schultze powder and a Greener gun, and his wins, which totaled over \$3,500, included the Gun Club (London) challenge cup (210oz. of silver), Amberite cup, a silver trophy presented by Prince Schirinski, of Russia; the championships of Ostend, Cannes and Rome, and a large number of medals and trophies. Mr. McIntosh speaks in warm terms of the hospitality extended to him by Lord Westbury, Mr. Roberts, M. Journu and others, and in conclusion expresses the opinion that England and Scotland are the finest game shooting countries in the world." [Note:—A meter is about 39 1-3 in.]

"A mystery solved" would perhaps be a more fitting title for the following than that of "Drivers and Twisters." On Wednesday last, Feb. 2, Capt. Money was one of the first to arrive at the club house of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. On his way from the station to the club he came upon a track that looked just as if some one had wheeled a bicycle through the deep snow down to the shooting grounds. These grounds face the meadows that run down to the Hackensack River. Across the meadows went the track, with the footprints of two men alongside. Capt. Money and John Rock, the club's manager, looking at the tracks, agreed that here was a mystery. Some one had stolen a bicycle, and had made off across the meadows with the stolen property! When we arrived Capt. Money pointed out the tracks and gave us his theory of the reason for their appearance. It did look suspicious. Just as we were going in to get some lunch two men appeared on the meadows, and it soon became evident that here were the bicycle thieves. One man had on his shoulder a gunny sack, while the other trailed behind him an eel spear! They had been spearing eels through the ice! As soon as they had passed the house it looked as if a two-wheeled cart had been driven across the meadows, and the stolen bicycle theory was as utterly shattered as were Capt. Money's 48 out of his 53 targets in the prize shoot that same afternoon.

We are told that the proposition made for an English and American team race at the traps, mentioned in last week's Drivers and Twisters, was for a target race, not for one at live birds. It looks as if this were so, judging from the following letter written to the London Field of Jan. 29 by Mr. Max Baker, secretary of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of Great Britain: "I notice with much interest the proposal made in your columns that encouragement should be given to a team of American shooters to come over to this country and take part in the annual championship meeting of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association. I feel sure that this proposal will be most favorably received by the members of our association, though until after our annual meeting, the 31st inst., no steps can be taken to deal with the matter in a formal way. The great interest which is always shown in team contests, where the competitors are fairly well matched in strength, has frequently been noticed at the different championship meetings of this association, while the smaller contests, which take place at the meetings of private clubs, serve in an equal measure to illustrate how popular an English versus American team event would prove as an item in our forthcoming championship programme."

E. D. Fulford has sent us a blue print showing transverse and longitudinal sections of the trapper's pit to be used with his system of underground trapping and retrieving. The scheme was put in practice to a certain extent at the last Baltimore shoot, and was a very great improvement over the old style. By means of his latest improved system, which will be in full operation at the Utica tournament, March 15-18, he claims that it is possible to trap and retrieve 300 birds per hour. Fulford is also bringing out a new live-bird trap that he claims is "the best on earth."

Miss Annie Oakley now possesses one of the best trained horses in the world. We have the word of others for this fact, besides that of Frank Butler. This horse was a blue ribbon winner at the late horse show in Madison Square Garden, and is, of course, as perfect as they make them. Miss Oakley is going to vary her programme with a high school act, and this horse is to be her assistant. Mistress and horse so thoroughly understand each other now that when the time comes there will be no prompting necessary.

Saturday next, Feb. 12, is Lincoln's birthday, and on that occasion the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., has arranged to have a field day at targets. The first event scheduled for the day is a merchandise event. The next is the contest for the President's Cup, a silver trophy donated for competition by the president of the club, Mr. Geo. P. Griffiths. The conditions are 50 targets, unknown angles, \$1.50 entrance, cup to become absolute property of the winner, 50 cents to be deducted from each entry to form a fund to be divided into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., to go to the next three high guns. The cup race will be started at 1 P. M. At 3 P. M. there will be another merchandise event. The club has just placed in position a set of bluecock expert traps. Lunch will be served on the grounds free of charge to the club's guests. In its announcement the club says: "We can guarantee you a good time and lots of shooting."

The Keystone Shooting League, of Holmesburg Junction, Pa., announces that it will hold a 25-bird race, handicap, open to all, on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. There will be \$150 guaranteed as follows: \$75 to first, \$50 to second and \$25 to third; class shooting. For every two entries over 15 there will be an additional money of \$20. Entries \$10, of which \$2.50 must be posted with George E. Pack, secretary, by Saturday, Feb. 19, before the handicaps are announced. Entries received after this date will shoot at the limit, 30yds. Shooting in the event will start at 10:45 A. M., and in case the shoot is not finished by night it will be continued at 2:45 P. M. Wednesday, Feb. 23, the following day. Shooters who arrive late on the grounds will be allowed to shoot up until the completion of the third round. The handicap committee is made up as follows: W. H. Wolstencroft, W. M. Pack and H. L. David.

The Middlesex Gun Club, an organization in New Jersey that has grounds at South River, N. J., will hold a live-bird shoot on Feb. 12, Saturday next, Lincoln's Birthday. Stages will meet the trolleys from New Brunswick and Milltown from 9:30 A. M. until 3 P. M. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. sharp. Birds furnished at 25 cents each. The shoot will be managed by H. H. Stevens, who has gotten up an interesting programme for the day's sport. The main event is the Middlesex Club prize shoot, 10 birds, \$5, birds extra; high guns, one man to one money; four entries, two moneys, and one money for every additional four entries or fraction thereof. Ties to be shot off at three birds, then miss-and-out. Professionals barred. The management will give handsome prizes to the two high guns in this event.

Mr. V. D. Kenerson, secretary of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, writes that his club will hold an all day target shoot at North Pond Shooting Park on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. A good programme will be arranged, and everybody is to consider himself invited.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club will hold its opening shoot at live birds on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. The shoot will begin at 10 A. M.

Mr. A. C. Paterson, of Chicago, writes us as follows: "Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co., while at Dayton, O., recently, indulged in a warming-up race for the Indianapolis and Hot Springs shoots with Rolla O. Heikes, of that city. The Colonel proved himself equal to the occasion, and kept Rolla trotting close to his mark. The race was at 100 targets, known traps, unknown angles, with the result as follows: R. O. Heikes, 24, 23, 25, 25—97; A. G. Courtney, 24, 23, 22, 24—93. Rolla's activity as a pedestrian on the march from trap to trap slightly outwinded his 285lb. opponent, Mr. Courtney, in the last frame of 25, and the Colonel firmly believes that he would have made a better finish were it not for this. He has been doing good shooting with his new Remington of late."

Mr. W. F. Duncan, treasurer of the Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., writes us under date of Jan. 30 as follows: "Will you kindly change the dates of the announcement of the Soo Gun Club tournament to June 21-23. Several meetings of importance are scheduled in this vicinity on the dates first selected, hence the change. The Soo Gun Club has filed articles of incorporation, capital \$3,000. The following officers have been elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, C. C. Hamilton; Vice-President, J. W. Boyd; Treasurer, W. F. Duncan; Secretary, E. R. Chapman; Captain, H. H. Hawman. Executive Board: C. C. Hamilton, W. F. Duncan, E. R. Chapman, H. H. Hawman, W. W. Harris, J. W. Gray and John Otten."

The Union Pacific Railroad has issued a pamphlet containing the A. S. A. rules for live-bird and target shooting, and also the rules for live-bird shooting issued by the London Gun Club. The pamphlet, which is gotten up in a neat form, also contains the revised game laws of the Western States, with the following cautionary note concerning these laws: "The game laws printed herein are corrected up to date. Owing to the frequent changes being made at the session of each Legislature, we would advise sportsmen and hunters to make inquiry from the State or Territorial officials to learn if any changes have been made."

Another good man is going to the Klondike. Joe Bourke, one of the king-pins of the Cuckoos, of Rockaway Park, L. I., has decided to try his luck among the icebergs and mosquitoes of Alaska. Mr. Bourke's friends have no qualms as to his ability to successfully withstand the attacks on his constitution by both the above-mentioned denizens of the Yukon Valley; his training, winter and summer, at Rockaway Park, where both articles abound in their proper seasons, being supposed to have inured him to the rough edges of Alaskan life. If there are any nuggets lying around loose when Mr. Bourke gets to Dawson City the Bourke pocketbook will not go empty.

Among the entries for the coming Grand American Handicap will be John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Sumpter was one of those who wrestled with the good birds dished out to the entries in last year's Grand American, and his score of 23 out of 25, one dead out of bounds, 29yds. rise, shows that the Arkansas Traveler was not placed far from his mark. It was on John Sumpter's broad shoulders that Tom Marshall made his triumphant circuit of the Elkwood Park club house after winning the Grand American Handicap with the only 25 straight made in this event in two years.

Mr. W. N. Bates, secretary of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, writes us that their annual tournament will be held at Palmyra, Mo., July 19-21, under the auspices of the Palmyra Gun Club. Several hundreds of dollars will be added to the purses, but the exact amount is not known at present. There will be events at both targets and live birds, the targets being thrown from a magautrap. The club is possessed of excellent grounds, and promises to hold a shoot that is up to date in every respect.

The invitation live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was a great success. It was held on Thursday last, Feb. 3, at Dexter Park, L. I., and was very well attended. Owing to the number of entries it was impossible to shoot the programme through, only one set of traps being available. That the shoot was a success was due in no small degree to the personal popularity of the club's manager, John S. Wright, who has worked indefatigably in the interests of trap-shooting around New York.

The event known as the Amateur Championship, which has heretofore been decided on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C., will this year be held on the Carteret Club's grounds at Garden City, L. I. The dates are Feb. 22-23. Last year R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, won the cup and first money on 92 out of 100. The wind blew a gale from the northwest the greater part of the two days, and Welch's score was head and shoulders over that of his nearest competitor. Capt. Money will act as referee this year.

The handsomest caribou head we have ever seen, without any reservation at all, is the one now on view in the window of Von Lengerke & Detmold's store, 318 Broadway. This head belonged to a caribou shot recently in Newfoundland by E. G. Asmus, a florist, who resides in West Hoboken, N. J. It was mounted by S. L. Crosby, of Maine, and is said to beat the record head by four points, having a total of just fifty-four points on a most perfect spread of antlers.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley was one of the spectators at Dexter Park on Feb. 3. Mrs. Lindsley does not care for live-bird shooting, but promises as soon as the warm weather comes she will be on hand and break a few targets with Kinn's Smokeless and Peters's Cartridges. We are well aware of the fact that Mrs. Lindsley can break targets, no matter what powder she uses; but when she uses the powder that Milt makes, why then she tries her best, and some people that we know well have to take a back seat.

The St. Thomas Gun Club, of St. Thomas, Ontario, Can., will hold a tournament at live birds and targets March 8-10. The tournament will be under the management of Jack Parker, the same Jack Parker who so successfully ran the recent shoot at Hamilton, Can., and who is sometimes known as Des-Chree-Shos-ka Jack. There will be added money and an international live-bird trophy for competition as attractions at this shoot.

The Endeavor Gun Club held its annual meeting on Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, and elected the following officers for 1898: President, Dr. Z. P. Fletcher; Vice-President, A. R. Strader; Secretary, R. Hollister; Treasurer, A. K. Strader; Captain, Ed Taylor; Shooting Committee: Carl von Lengerke, Ed Taylor and E. Banks. The club's treasury is in a satisfactory condition, and it was decided to hold a series of shoots during the coming season.

Dr. G. V. Hudson, a member of the Hudson Gun Club, and of the New York German Gun Club, both New York city organizations, has recently added to his personal property by winning the silver pitcher and two goblets, which formed the first prize offered for competition in 1897 by the New York German Gun Club. In all the contests for this trophy the Doctor shot Hazard's Blue Ribbon.

We have no idea what sort of a record has been made on five birds by a squad of six men shooting out their 20 birds each—that is, 120 to the squad. Below are the scores made by a squad in the Grand Canadian Handicap at Hamilton, Can., Jan. 19 last: B. A. Bartlett 20, L. W. Bennett 20, F. D. Kelsey 20, Brady 19, Fulford 19, Brooks 18; total, 116 out of 120 shot at. The above is a record hard to beat on any class of birds.

Since leaving New York after the Sportsmen's Exposition, Elmer Shaner has been confined to his bed with threatenings of pneumonia. But sickness was not allowed to interfere with getting out the programme for the Grand American Handicap on time. Accordingly we are able this week to give the programme in detail, and are glad to find, as we expected, that it affords some good reading matter.

The fifth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association will be held in Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 20-22, under the auspices of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson. Live birds and targets will be trapped. The local shooters are doing their best to make this shoot a big success, and from the present outlook the tournament will be one of the best ever held in Arizona.

For the benefit of those who wish to attend the tournament of the Pawling, N. Y., Gun Club on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, a special rate of \$2 per day will be made to shooters at the Dutcher House, Pawling is only ninety minutes' ride from New York city on the Harlem Railroad, and can be reached very easily by rail, there being eight fast trains each way every day.

A new gun club has been organized at Scotia, Neb., the organization taking place on Jan. 27. The club starts in with a membership of fourteen. The officers elected were: President, R. M. Krebs; Vice-President, M. M. Hicks; Secretary, Sam F. Graham; Treasurer, Fred Burton; Manager, J. M. Vanskike.

The Lexington, Ky., Gun Club announces that it will hold a two days' shoot on Feb. 22-23. Targets, crows and pigeons will be trapped during the tournament. Further particulars may be had by addressing Mr. V. K. Dodge, the club's energetic secretary.

Charles A. Macalester, of Baltimore, Md., is spending a few weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., and is doing some live-bird shooting. He expects to be back in Baltimore about March 1. That the air of Hot Springs agrees with him is evident from his scores. Note his 31 out of 33 in his match with John J. Sumpter, Jr.

John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., came over from Bridgeport, Conn., on Wednesday night last, Feb. 2, to attend the invitation shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club at Dexter Park on Feb. 3. John J. was shooting in good form, but a sitter in the 10-bird race caused him to lose the amiable smile so very generally seen on his face when facing the traps.

The Lyndhurst, N. J., Shooting Association will hold a live-bird shoot, 25 birds per man, \$10 entrance, birds extra, on Thursday, Feb. 17. The grounds of the Association can be reached in thirty minutes from New York by the Erie to Rutherford, or by the D. L. & W. to Lyndhurst. T. W. Morley is secretary of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association.

Noel E. Money has already done some shooting on the Riviera. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, he ran 22 straight at Nice, and has also tried his hand at Monte Carlo. In a letter dated Jan. 23 he writes: "Hope to win some of the big things next week." As will be noted elsewhere in these columns, under the head of Monte Carlo, Mr. Money was not fortunate enough to come out on top on either Jan. 24 or 25.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Further particulars as to programme, etc., may be had by addressing the secretary, W. H. Hazel.

Memphis is not going to be left out of the deal when it comes to trying for first honors in the Grand American Handicap. Frank Posten and a few others will be on hand on March 22-24 next.

FEB. 8.

EDWARD BANKS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Death of James E. Hagerty.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Mr. James E. Hagerty, of St. Louis, Mo., better known in trap-shooting circles as Jimmy Hagerty, died at his home in St. Louis Monday afternoon, Feb. 1, an illness of some weeks terminating suddenly and fatally after exposure to inclement weather on Monday morning. Mr. Hagerty was a politician and a successful business man, but always found time for indulgence in his favorite sport of pigeon shooting, in which he was no novice. His race with W. P. Mussey, of this city, some years ago, in which Mr. Hagerty won handily, is brought to mind to-day. Mr. Hagerty leaves many friends in the shooting world.

Trap at Hot Springs.

Gov. Tanner, of Illinois, continues to engage in the sport of pigeon shooting with his friends Messrs. J. W. Gates, L. L. Ellwood and J. A. Drake. The shooting has been at Whittington Park, and with the following results: On Jan. 28 each man shot at 50 birds. Gov. Tanner and Mr. Gates at 31yds., the other gentlemen at 21yds. Score: Gov. Tanner 38, Mr. Drake 39, total 77; Mr. Gates 36, Mr. Ellwood 29, total 65.

On Jan. 29 the same gentlemen resumed their contests, 500 live birds having been ordered from St. Louis. The shoot was at 25 live birds each, the score being: Gov. Tanner 16, Mr. Drake 19, Mr. Gates 21, Mr. Ellwood 18. Gov. Tanner then shot another match at 25 birds with Mr. Hopkins, of St. Louis, the score being a tie on 14.

On Feb. 1 Gov. Tanner and Mr. Drake were again partners, but were defeated by Messrs. Gates and Ellwood. Score, at 50 birds per man: Gov. Tanner 29, Mr. Drake 29, total 58; Mr. Ellwood 30, Mr. Gates 31, total 61.

On Feb. 2 the same gentlemen kept on in their interesting series of races, with exception that Mr. Ellwood was not present. Gov. Tanner showed improvement in form and shot a good gait. He killed 73 birds out of 85, near 86 per cent., and in one run killed 22 straight. In the three-cornered race the scores were as follows, at 25 birds: Gov. Tanner 20, Mr. Gates 22, Mr. Drake 17. Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr., then took the place of Mr. Ellwood, and a two-men team race was shot with the following results, at 25 birds each: Gov. Tanner 24, Mr. Gates 23, total 47; Mr. Drake 15, Mr. Sumpter 22, total 37. The race was repeated, Mr. Drake having 5 dead birds added to his score, and the result was a tie, which was won by Messrs. Sumpter and Drake.

On Feb. 3 Gov. Tanner refereed the live-bird match between Mr. Chas. Macalester, of Baltimore, and Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs. The dispatches say that the contestants shot at 33 birds each, Macalester scoring 31 and Sumpter 28. Sportsmen of Illinois are glad to see their head executive not only taking interest, but making improvement in the sport of the traps. Above all things, let him beware of making matches with either Mr. Macalester or Mr. Sumpter. He would better confine himself to refereeing all such races, and not mix up with men who, while they are innocent of look, would be just as willing to beat a governor as any one else.

At Kansas City.

Pastime Gun Club, of Kansas City, held its monthly contest at Washington Park last week. Dan Quinn (Mr. Lewis, of the K. C. Star, author of "Wolfville") was present. Lee Porter won the shoot-off in his tie on 15 straight with W. V. Baker. Those Kansas City folks are warm ones. Score:

W. V. Baker 15, J. L. Porter 15, Dr. Longfellow 14, Dan Quinn 6, J. B. Porter 12, Dr. Heaman 10.

The Metropolitan Target Club, of Kansas City, met at Washington Park Jan. 29 and elected officers for 1898, Mr. J. W. McCurdy being chosen president and Mr. Dave Elliott secretary. The club will make 50 targets its regular medal score. Mr. Akart, of Fair Play, a visitor at the grounds, made top score of 41, the scores of the members being as follows:

C. F. Jarvis 38, L. W. Scott 38, Dave Elliott 38, Nelse Jarrett 38, Newt Beach 36, T. F. Norton 35, J. W. McCurdy 35, C. J. Munson 35, Bob Ostertag 34, J. W. Brown 31, W. M. Hoke 33, L. Erhardt 33, T. H. Hearn 32, W. F. Bruns 30, J. D. Sombier 30, G. W. Stockwell, Jr., 24, W. A. Laidlaw 22, Brady 17.

In Louisiana.

Mr. W. P. Miles, Jr., under date of Jan. 30, sends me from Burnside, La., the following scores of a warm little tournament at birds and targets. Mr. Miles calls attention to the fact that our friend Tom Divine, of Memphis, shot his live birds like an old stager. The birds were good and strong, needing no flush ropes. The event must have been a pleasant one. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	25	15	20	15	25	Targets:	10	25	15	20	15	25
Hood	9	23	11	18	9	20	J. K. Tucker ..	5	7	4
Bringier	6	16	14	16	10	12	Dalferes	10	16	7	13	12	...
T. A. Divine	10	16	13	16	14	21	Stuart	5	17	11	13	6	...
George	5	18	8	11	11	17	Dr. Davis	6	19	9	18	14	18
Breaux	9	20	12	11	9	39	Parker	6	9	10	13	9	21
Boote	8	24	10	14	14	19	Green	17	...	9	11	...
Bentley	5	...	1	0	1	...	Mire	17	11
Bentley, Jr.	4	...	4	7	4	...	Le Blanc	6	6
J. Tucker	9	24	13	16	9	20	Dr. Brown	15	10	17
Gentry	7	16	9	18	9	19	Saxon
Davis	8	17	11	14	11	19	Hunt
Dr. Colomb	5	12	6	14	9	15	W. Breaux

Live bird scores were:	No. 1.	No. 2.
Hood	1120121220—8	11010—3
Bringier	2**1001020—4	01112—4
Breaux	12101010*—6	0101*—2
Divine	2121122112—10	12111—5
J. Tucker	10102—3
D Bentley	02011—3

At College Corner.

Mr. L. H. Reid, secretary of the College Corner Gun Club, of Ohio, writes me, inclosing the scores of that club at its club medal shoot, Feb. 4. "Most of us are new shooters," says Mr. Reid, "but we want to learn." Score, 25 targets: R. Caldwell 13, D. Smoyer 20, J. Bergen 10, E. Wright 14, L. H. Reid 16.

At Henry.

The officers of the Henry, Ills., Live Bird Club beg to call attention again to their tournament, Feb. 22, 23. They will add \$100 in merchandise prizes Feb. 23. The club will take good care of visiting shooters, and its tournament deserves hearty patronage. Programmes from W. H. Forrest, Sec'y.

At Cleveland.

The Glenville Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., will hold Saturday matinee shoots during February, March and April, offering ten prizes for the highest scores in any six of the twelve club shoots. The club will hold an open tournament Feb. 22. The following board of directors has been elected for the ensuing year: S. C. Fellows, J. H. Robinson, R. O. Hopkins, Harris Creech, J. C. McMichaels, C. L. Wirls, R. W. Stirling, W. H. Levy and P. S. Evans. R. C. Hopkins was elected president and J. C. McMichaels secretary.

At Dallas.

The tournament at Dallas last week under management of Mr.

F. M. Faurote was successful, with a good representation from the stronger gun clubs of northern Texas. A little live-bird sweep was shot the first day with about a dozen entries, and Mr. Faurote and Mr. W. F. Norman, of Greenville, tied on 10 straight.

At Savannah.

The Savannah Blue Rock Club, of Illinois, is a young organization, but is starting off at a hot gait, as may be seen in the medal shoot last week, in which the following scores were made:

J. Loetz 27, R. A. Cassell 24, W. B. Johnson 24, O. A. Manning 21, F. Loughran 21, F. E. Lewis 20, C. W. Canine 20, J. Rittenbour 17, W. G. Law 16, D. S. Berry 16, A. P. Woodruff 16, A. O. Elliott 16, C. E. Miller 11, G. Cottrall 9, A. A. Haberbush 9, C. W. Green 9, F. R. Benedict 7.

M. W. Dupuis 13 out of 24, Wm. McElhane 11 out of 24.

At Waterloo.

The Waterloo Gun Club, of Iowa, tried out its new handicap rules Jan. 31, some twenty-five shooters taking part. The handicap gave general satisfaction. The Globe cup was won by Jones, one of the scratch men. The Wood & Wyant cup was won by Will Burk, with a handicap of 8. He captured 12 birds out of 20 shot at, giving him a straight score. Jones won the Joder prize after tying with Ward, both scratch men.

At Green Bay.

At Green Bay, Wis., Jan. 30, B. Clafin, with a score of 17 out of 25, won the challenge medal for the second time. The contest was between Clafin and Gus Schiller, and the latter has challenged for another contest.

At Oshkosh.

A number of members of the newly organized Winnebago Gun Club met for a little practice shoot at five birds last week, the shooting being done on the ice at the foot of East Irving street. The gentlemen seemed to take kindly to the sport, for at 10 birds straights and 9s were numerous.

Notes.

At Royal Center, Ind., a gun club was organized last week with the following members and officers: Geo. W. Weyand, Geo. Conn, Frank Gehl, C. C. Kistler, Charles Bennett, M. A. Weyand, W. H. Bingham, Geo. Schleintz, E. B. Thomas, J. L. Thomas, John Uebelhouser. The officers chosen were: President, M. A. Weyand; Secretary, W. H. Bingham; Treasurer, E. B. Thomas.

At Grafton, S. D., petty thieves this winter stole about all of the apparatus of the gun club, and even carried away the bank of dirt which was used to screen the traps, thus proving the value of Dakota real estate in the eyes of those who ought to know. The club resumed operations this week, the mayor of the town, Mr. Smith, being high gun in the club scores.

The Tacoma Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, last week began improving its grounds, and will spend several hundred dollars putting in new fences, buildings, etc., and completing its battery of traps.

The East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., will improve its grounds and buildings for the coming season. The Sergeant system of shooting will be adopted. During the coming season two tournaments will be given, one for amateurs and one open for all. Both these events promise to be interesting and well attended.

We have lots of crows out in this country, but we don't shoot them at the trap, and there is a tacit belief among our sportsmen that they do not form a sportsmanlike target for the traps. This comes to mind on seeing a statement in the Baltimore Sun to the effect that shooters of Kent county, Md., are enjoying the "rare sport" of shooting crows at the trap. The crows purport to have been captured on their roosts in considerable numbers.

The badge of the Freeport Gun Club, of Illinois, has been won three times by Steven Steffen, and is now his property. The club will offer a new one.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, made this city a visit last week. Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington gun, was in town this week. Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colts Co., is expected in town next week. E. Houghton.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Since the publication of my acceptance of W. R. Morgan's challenge for the Cook County E. C. challenge cup in your last issue, I have received a letter from Mr. Morgan requesting that I withdraw his challenge, and it is hereby withdrawn. His reasons for such action are on account of the uncertainty of his being in Chicago at the time the race would be shot, together with a desire to allow others to challenge for the cup.

Bingham Challenges Paterson.

"Feb. 4, 1898.—I hereby challenge Mr. A. C. Paterson, the present holder of the Cook county E. C. challenge cup, under the conditions governing the same.—ED. BINGHAM."

Cook County E. C. Challenge Cup.

There is one part of the newly issued rules governing the E. C. cup which in my opinion will work unfairly and to the disadvantage of the members of Calumet Heights Club, which is one of the clubs which form the league. Under the rules previously issued the holder of the cup had the privilege of naming the grounds on which contest would be s. o. t., also the style of race in accordance with the American Association rules. It certainly was to the advantage of the holder of the cup to name grounds and style of shooting. The last contest was shot on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club, which club is a Cook county organization, and all of its members live in Chicago, though its grounds are over the line in Indiana.

One of the original scores which won the cup in 1896 was shot on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club. The league has held contests on the grounds of this club each year, and its members have regularly attended all league events.

The new rules make it necessary to have all contests for the E. C. trophy shot on grounds in Cook county. This takes away any and all advantage from a member of the Calumet Heights Club, as a holder of the cup, in depriving him of the privilege of naming his own grounds for a contest, which advantage is extended to other clubs of the league.

While there are some few members of Calumet Heights Club who are also members of other clubs of the league, there are many who do not so belong, in consequence of which they shoot on the grounds at Calumet Heights only. A. C. PATERSON.

Stoney Island Avenue Gun Club.

Feb. 5.—The shoot for the live-bird medal of the Stoney Island Gun Club, held to-day, was long and interesting. Zimmerman finally captured the medal after scoring 47 out of 48. Scores:

Club shoot, 10 birds, handicap allowances of misses as kills: Zimmerman1122222212—10 Capt. Fyfe, 12220202211—9 L. Willard1221111211—10 Wells, 20002021212—8 C. Porter, 22012111121—10 E. Marsh1202011022—7 A. Reeves2212222211—10 H. A. Davis, 10201002111—7 F. Willard2112122202—9

Ties shot off at 10 birds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Zimmerman	2111222121—10	111111111—10
L. Willard	1112112212—10	1110
Porter, 2	0112011112—10	2121222122—10
Reeves	1221221212—10	1221210

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Zimmerman	1211111211—10	10211111
Porter, 2	2221012022—10	2000220

Porter used his allowance of 2 misses as kills in the series Nos. 1 and 3 of the shoot-offs, but retired in the fourth shoot-off, being shot out. E. PORTER, Sec'y.

Palmetto Gun Club, of Aiken, S. C.

AIKEN, S. C., Jan. 31.—The Palmetto Gun Club, of Aiken, S. C., is a recent organization, that has its grounds at this place. The officers are: President, D. Long Miller, of Louisville, Ky.; Vice-President, G. Smith, New York; Secretary-Treasurer, E. R. Grabow. Among the members are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. C. Havemeyer, Messrs. Valentine Mott, Foxhall Keene, Ed L. Smith, Nat. Simpkins, Rollin Smith, Herman Dur-yea, Duncan Elliott, etc.

The first shoot of the club was held to-day, the scores made being as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
T. Hitchcock	03202—3	02020—2	22202—4	...
Foxhall Keene	20000—1	20120—3	22222—5	111—3
D. Long Miller	11111—5	12110—4	12221—5	110—2
N. Simpkins	22200—3	22221—5	110—2

The tie in No. 3 was shot off, Miller winning in the first round, both his opponents losing their birds. Sec'y.

At Monte Carlo.

Prix des Amandiers.

Jan. 21.—The weather to-day was very fine, and there was an absence of wind, the birds being thus somewhat easy to kill, 9 shooters being left in at the end of the 7th round. The 8th proved fatal to the sole representative of France, M. Drevon, and to Signor Asti Cesare, and with Signor Randi going out in the next, 5 of the 6 still without a zero were English. Of these Mr. Draffe failed at the 10th round, in which Mr. Bullets, Mr. W. Rogers, an American, Mr. Curling and Mr. W. Blake killed. The two latter both missed the 11th, and as Mr. Bullets and Mr. Rogers killed they agreed to divide first and second money, Mr. Curling and Mr. Blake doing the same with the third prize. Scores:

Prix des Amandiers Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries; third 20 per cent.; 61 subs.: 25½, Mr. W. Rogers, divided first and second prizes of £116, 11; 24, Mr. Bullets, ditto, 11; 26, Mr. W. Blake, divided third prize of £40, 10; 24, Mr. Curling, ditto, 10.

Grande Poule D'Essai.

Jan. 24.—The weather to-day was again brilliantly fine when the Grande Poule D'Essai, the first of the two prizes preceding the Grand Prix, was shot. There were 98 entries this year as against 105 last year, when M. Horodetzki was first, Signor Calari and M. Journu dividing second and third money, and Mr. Robinson being fourth. These four all competed again to-day.

The birds trapped by Roberts were of very good quality, and although they had little wind to help them, more than a third got away in the 1st round, among those who missed being Signor G. Grasselli, the winner last year; M. Journu, Mr. St. James, Mr. R. Beresford, Mr. Thellusson and other well-known shots. The 2d round stopped 22 others, and by the time that the 4th had been completed only 17 of the 98 were left in. In the 9th round all the 4 birds were from the middle trap, and while Messrs. Curling and Casapiccola missed, Signor Briasco effected a fine shot with his second barrel, and Mr. Verdavaine killed smartly with his first. The 10th round brought the contest to an end, for while Signor Briasco again effected a smart second from the middle trap—the 5th bird in succession from it—M. Verdavaine was beaten by a twisting bird, which he missed clean with both barrels. The two others had in the meanwhile agreed to a division, and so the shooting came to a very early conclusion so far as this prize is concerned. Scores:

Grande Poule D'Essai of £80, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £20 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £12 and 20 per cent.; fourth £8 and 15 per cent.; distance 26 meters; 98 subs.: Signor Briasco (Scott, Schultze), first of £109 and gold medal, 10; M. Verdavaine (Purdey, E. C.), second of £129, 9; Mr. Curling (Brankaert, Schultze), divided £32 and fourth of £120, 8; Signor Cassapiccola (Scott, Walsrode), ditto, 9.

Prix d'Overture.

Jan. 25.—Ninety-eight entries were reported in the Grande Poule D'Essai yesterday, but to-day there were 109 entries, three more than last year, in the Prix d'Overture. There was not much wind to-day, and what little there was died away after about two or three rounds had been shot; thus the birds, good as they were, did not take much killing. But for all that 41 of the 109 shooters went out in the 1st round, including Mr. Erskine, Sir John Willoughby, Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell and Mr. Walters, while in the 2d, 19 more, among whom were Signor Guidicini, Signor Grasselli, Mr. Seaton and Mr. Roberts, all winners of the Grand Prix, were given a zero. But after this the failures were less frequent, and at the close of the 4th round there were still 25 who had killed all their birds, the two next rounds reducing this total to 15. But in the 7th round three of the six Englishmen still left in—Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. W. M. Clarke and Mr. Kennedy—and Signor Riva missed, while the 8th round put out Signor Bellusci, Signor A. Grasselli, a brother of last year's champion, and Signor Querolo, while in the 9th round England's chance of victory was annihilated, for the 4 misses were made by Count Trauttmansdorff, Mr. R. Sneyd, Mr. Poutz and Capt. Vernon. Their failure to kill left the issue to a Frenchman, M. Journu, and three Italians, Messrs. Lanfranchi, Oliva and Seragna. As Messrs. Lanfranchi and Oliva both missed their 10th bird, and agreed to divide third and fourth moneys, the issue was now left to M. Journu and the Marquis de Seragna, the latter a young Italian who shot with remarkable sangfroid, and in the 11th round made a very good second barrel from the second trap. But the 12th round saw the conclusion of the contest, for while M. Journu killed with his first barrel from trap No. 1, the Marquis Seragna let go a rather fast bird from the middle trap. M. Journu probably has never shot in better form than he did this afternoon, and if there was any serious betting on the Grand Prix he and Mr. Roberts would be as good favorites as any of the Italians. This prize was won last year by M. Verdavaine, Mr. McIntosh, who returned to Australia some months ago, being second, Signor Calari third and Signor Rita fourth. Scores:

Prix D'Overture of £120, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £30 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £20 and 20 per cent.; fourth £10 and 15 per cent.; 24½ meters; 109 subs.: M. Journu (Purdey), first of £212 and obit d'art, 12; Marquis Seragna (Scott), Walsrode, second of £129, 11; Signor Oliva (Greener), Walsrode, divided third and fourth of £182, 9; Signor Lanfranchi (Scott), Walsrode, ditto, 9.

Notes from Little Rock.

Southwest Kansas and Southwest Missouri Medal.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 4.—On Monday, Jan. 24, C. M. Sumner, of Galena, Kan., and W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., shot a match for the Wolfgang medal at Galena. The race was 50 singles, unknown angles. The weather was not very favorable, being dark and threatening, with a good wind blowing. The scores in this event were also very ordinary, as the principals are two of the best shots in this section of the country. Sergeant was the winner with 39 to Sumner's 33. W. W. McIlhany, of Galena, has challenged Sergeant, but as yet no date has been set for the match.

At St. Louis.

Mr. J. A. Corry, manager of Du Pont's shooting park at St. Louis, announces a three days' tournament, April 7-9. This will be strictly an amateur shoot, and the first of a series of tournaments that will be held at the park every ninety days. Targets and live birds will be used, and the schedule of events will be so arranged as to be specially attractive to the amateur shooter.

At Hot Springs.

For ten days past there has been considerable live-bird shooting done. The principals in these events were Gov. Tanner, of Illinois; John W. Gates and Mr. Drake, of Chicago; Charles Macalester, of Baltimore, and John J. Sumpter, Jr. Nearly every afternoon team races have been shot, and yesterday Macalester and Sumpter shot an individual match. It was originally intended that each should shoot at 50 birds, but it was impossible to procure this number, so each contestant shot at 33. Macalester was in rare form and grassed 31, while Sumpter only got 28, with 3 dead out of bounds. Shooters are already beginning to come in for the tournament, as aside from those mentioned above, Dr. J. L. Weller, of Rochester, is also there, and will remain for the tournament. It looks very much as though the 100 mark would be reached when the entries are all in on the first day of the big shoot.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Greatest of Them All!

From Shadowgraphs, by Fred Roblin.

He is great who wins in battle,
Likewise he who rules the State;
He is great whose lore and logic
Help him conquer in debate;
He is great who, with his pencil,
Holds Dame Nature up to view—
But the greatest of all mortals
Is the noble Angler who
Can lose Leader, Flies and Fish,
And not lose his temper, too!

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THERE are twenty-nine illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, most of them full-page half-tones, and all admirably printed. The book is a beauty, and well worth having for the illustrations which, Mr. Charles Hallock says, so well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Grand American Handicap.

The Programme in Detail.

ADVANCE copies of the programme for the Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap have been furnished us, and below we give in detail the main portions thereof:

Introduction.

In presenting its programme for its sixth annual Grand American Handicap, to be held at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., March 22, 23 and 24, the Interstate Association feels that it need offer no apology for its choice of grounds as above. The experience of 1897, when the largest number of shooters ever gathered together on any shooting grounds were handled without any trouble, fully warranted the selection of Elkwood Park as the scene of the big event of 1898.

The aim of the Association has been to make the Grand American Handicap the largest event of its kind, and to make it a shoot that shooters like to come to. Its efforts have always been in this direction, and the increased success of each succeeding Grand American Handicap has shown conclusively, that such efforts on the part of the Interstate Association have not been unnoticed or disapproved of by the shooters of this country.

With a view to giving every contestant a fair field and no favor, the handicapping has in the past been intrusted to a body of men who have been held to be best posted on the shooting merits of the individuals entered for this great event. The results of 1896 and 1897 are silent witnesses as to the capabilities of the handicap committee. In 1896 there was no straight score, but there were eight ties on 24 for the first eight moneys, and thirteen ties on 23 for the remaining six moneys. In 1897 there was but one straight score out of 135 shooters; nine men tied with 24, and divided the next nine moneys, each man getting \$188.45; there were eleven ties on 23, and they divided the next eleven moneys, each man drawing down \$99.50; thirteen men tied on 22, and got \$19.55 apiece.

Nothing more need be said regarding the handicapping, except to add that the same committee that served so acceptably last year will this year once more undertake the thankless task of trying to put each man on his proper mark.

The management of the shoot will as usual be under the control of our manager, Elmer E. Shaner, and he will attempt to carry our sixth annual Grand American Handicap to a successful conclusion on practically the same lines that he adopted in 1897. The experience gained in running that large shoot and in handling such an enormous number of shooters has been put to good use, and this year we fully expect the Grand American Handicap to run even more smoothly than any of its predecessors.

In deference to a very generally expressed wish we have this year decided to donate to the winner a handsome sterling silver trophy, one that will serve to remind him in the future of his success in the year of 1898 at the traps on the Elkwood Park grounds.

The division of the moneys has also been thoroughly and carefully considered, and we have decided to make a slight change in the same. Instead of guaranteeing \$1,000 to the three high guns—\$500, \$300 and \$200—we have determined to guarantee the sum of \$1,500 to the same three high guns, dividing it \$600, \$500 and \$400. The surplus will as heretofore be added to the purse. The surplus will be divided on the same plan that was adopted in 1896 and 1897; that is to say, it will be divided among the next high guns in such ratio as has seemed best. This method of dividing the moneys is fully set forth in another part of the programme, and need not be discussed any further. We are most thoroughly satisfied that this method of dividing the moneys has had a great deal to do with the popularity of the Grand American Handicap as the shooting event of the year; and we feel that the shooters themselves will uphold us in adhering to this system.

Every shooter will be known by his number on the shooting list. He will be provided with a tag giving his number and handicap distance, which will be affixed to his back. By this means everyone can see at a glance what number is at the score, and can thus readily tell when his turn to shoot will come, thus avoiding much unnecessary delay, and facilitating the quick shooting of the handicap. The referee can also by this method of numbering each shooter tell at a glance whether the shooter is at his right mark, thus saving much delay in referring to the shooting list.

In short, every preparation has been made to secure the easy and smooth running of the shoot, and we are willing to leave the verdict in this case to a jury of those who take part in this, our sixth annual Grand American Handicap.

Under the head of "Information relating to the Grand American Handicap exclusively" will be found the following items that are

Of Importance to Shooters.

The manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap this year (and in fact all events scheduled for the tournament) is as follows: Shooters will be called to the score in turn, shooting their first bird at No. 1 set of traps; as soon as a shooter has shot at his first bird, he passes on to No. 2 set and shoots at his second bird on that set; he then shoots at another bird at No. 3 set and passes into the building through the right wing, waiting until it is time for him to go out and shoot at his fourth, fifth and sixth birds; and so on.

A contestant missing 5 birds must drop out, with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. To facilitate shooting, and to prevent delays at Nos. 2 and 3 sets of traps, a shooter who happens to score his fifth miss on either No. 1 or No. 2 set of traps must finish that round of 3 birds, irrespective of the fact of his having 5 misses to his credit.

Every shooter will be numbered, each entry being known by his number when called to the score. A small tag will be affixed to each shooter's back, giving his number on the shooting list, and also his handicap in yards. This will enable the referee to see at a glance if the shooter is at his right mark, and will also enable shooters, spectators and scorers to tell who is at the score by merely referring to the list of entries numbered in shooting order. Each contestant must supply himself with five "no-bird" tickets.

In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it is impossible to finish in good light on March 23, the referees shall stop the shooting at any time they may deem it necessary; in this case the shooting will commence at 10 o'clock sharp Thursday, March 24.

Positively no entry will be taken, nor shooting up allowed, after the last man has shot at his second bird.

The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Conveyances will meet trains at the Elkwood Park stopping place and carry shooters to the club house, charging ten cents. Shooters are requested to inquire what the fare will be before riding in the conveyances. This is necessary to avoid being imposed upon by unprincipled parties.

Guns Weighed.

Contestants are requested to make sure that their guns are not over 8lbs. in weight, as all guns will be weighed at the score.

Every shooter will be furnished with a key to a locker upon payment of 50 cents, the 50 cents being refunded to him on return of the key. This charge is made simply to insure that the key will not be carried off, thus necessitating a new lock. Each of these lockers is amply sufficient to accommodate the belongings of two shooters, and no two lockers have the same key—all Yale locks. As there are two keys to each locker, the accommodation in this respect will be ample for at least 150 shooters.

It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission badge, and for same to reach the maker of the entry prior to his departure for Elkwood Park. Should entries be received so late that it will be impossible to reach the maker of the entry by mail until after Saturday, March 19, receipt and admission badge will not be sent. Therefore shooters who make late entry, and do not receive receipt and admission badge, will be required to pay 50 cents admission to Elkwood Park, which will be refunded on calling at the cashier's office and applying for receipt, admission badge and rebate ticket covering the amount paid at the gate. All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired and "shooting name" only used.

Under the head of "Rules" we note that as usual the Interstate Association's rules (Hurlingham revised) will govern all points not otherwise provided for in the programme. No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed, and no gun to weigh more than 8lbs.

In order to expedite the shooting, a contestant missing 3 birds in any event, except the Grand American Handicap, must drop out, with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. In the Grand American Handicap it will be 5 misses out, with the same privilege.

Rule 13 of the Interstate rules, relating to the time limit for gathering a bird, and Rule 19, which permits a man to gather his own bird, or to send a man for it, have been abolished. All

birds will be retrieved by dogs, the dog being released the moment the bird touches the ground.

All ties that are shot off will be miss-and-out, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

Handicap Committee.

Messrs. Jacob Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing; Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM; W. K. Park, of Sporting Life, and Elmer E. Shaner have been appointed a handicapping committee, and will handicap all contestants from 25 to 33yds. Half yards will be given wherever such course is deemed advisable.

In order to place all contestants on an equal footing, handicaps will not be announced until the evening of March 19, the day on which the committee meets.

High Guns in all the Events.

In all the events set for March 22-24 the purses will be divided among the high guns; there will be no class shooting. The number of moneys in the purses for the 15-bird events and for the Grand American Handicap will be regulated by the number of entries. The method of dividing those purses is set forth at great length in the programme. In the 15-bird events there will be two moneys for every ten entries or fraction thereof up to 100 entries.

In the 10-bird events it will be high guns pure and simple, the total amount of the purse being divided into four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

In the 7-bird events it will also be high guns pure and simple, the total amount of the purse being divided into three moneys—50, 30 and 20 per cent.

The Interstate Association guarantees \$1,500 in the main event—the Grand American Handicap—which will be divided among the three highest scores, as follows: \$600 to first high gun, \$500 to second high gun, and \$400 to third high gun. In addition to first money the winner of same will receive a sterling silver trophy, commemorative of the win, presented by the Interstate Association.

All Surplus Added.

All surplus over and above the \$1,500 will be added, and will be divided among the next high guns in proportion and in number as set forth in the programme. Provision is made for 170 entries, and it is worthy of note that if there are 170 entries (there were 146 last year) there will be money for the twenty-five high guns. Should there be more than 170 entries all surplus over and above \$4,250 (that is 170 entries at \$25 each) will be divided into ten equal parts, and added to the different amounts due the first ten high guns.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing—that is, the method of dividing the purse—it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received; the three high guns receiving respectively \$600, \$500 and \$400. By this division two places are created for every ten entries over sixty. It is not possible for fourth money to exceed third, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all. For instance: If there are seventy entries, fourth gun would be entitled to \$150, while fifth gun would receive \$100. If 100 entries, fourth gun would receive \$250, and the eleventh gun \$50. If 146 entries (the number last year), fourth gun would get \$322.50, and the twenty-first gun \$43.

First Day's Programme.

Elkwood Park Introductory.—Seven birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, not class shooting. Ties in this event will not be shot off, and they must divide.

Nitro Powder Handicap.—Fifteen birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap will govern in this event. High guns, not class shooting. The event cannot be carried over, and it must be finished the same day; therefore should the entries be so numerous that it will be impossible to finish by adhering to the "3 misses out," the Association reserves the right to change the rule for this event at any time it may be deemed necessary to do so, and drop all who have missed one or more birds.

Branchport Sweepstakes.—Ten birds, \$7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

Second Day's Programme.

For the second day the Grand American Handicap alone is scheduled. Its conditions are: 25 birds, \$25 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds. rise, \$1,500 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added; \$600 and sterling silver trophy to first high gun, \$500 to second high gun, and \$400 to third high gun. All money in the purse in excess of the \$1,500 will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

Third Day's Programme.

The Grand American Handicap if not finished on the previous day.

Consolation Handicap.—Fifteen birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap will have 1yd. added to their handicap. High guns, not class shooting.

Auld Lang Syne Sweepstakes.—Ten birds, \$7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

Miss-and-Out.—Time permitting, miss-and-out events will be arranged to suit the shooters.

Entries for the Grand American Handicap.

Regular entries must be made on or before March 17, 1898, and must be accompanied by \$10 forfeit. The remaining \$15 may be paid up to the time the last man fires at his second bird. Penalty entries may be made after March 17, up to the time the last man fires at his second bird, by paying \$35.

Entries will be received at the New York office, John L. Lequin, secretary-treasurer, 4448 Cedar street, P. O. Box 605, New York, N. Y.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

Hazelwood Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—J. M. Crossland, J. O'H. Denny and Sandy McPherson shot a 50-bird race to-day, Crossland winning from Denny after a very close race by 1 bird, Denny's 50th getting away from him. McPherson was out of form, and could only account for 40 out of his 50. In the 25-bird sweep that followed the match, Walter took first money alone on 25 straight. Crossland with 24 and Wilbert with 23 were respectively second and third. Scores:

Three-cornered match, 50 live birds per man:
Denny 2212202221221222122222222—24
Crossland 222220201222212122221120—22—46
McPherson 212112221102222122200222222—23—47
2002212020120222122212022—19
22220121220222222021202222—21—40

Sweepstake, 25 pigeons:
Ewing 2201102202112222011100111—19
Toney 222202020012220210102221—18
Parker 01222022022022022112212222—19
Smith 2022211101202212200220221—19
Gerber 102122220022022011211211021—21
Walter 2222112122211122222212112—25
Wilbert 110112101211111112122221—23
Porter 012022020221110211120220—18
Munson 0212220222121122022220021—20
McCaland 002202221 —7
Crossland 222222220221222222221112—24
Gemiler 2212 —4
Yank 011201 —4

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 28.—The following scores were made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Dansville Gun Club, and they show that the members are rapidly improving in their shooting. All events at 10 targets:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Paris 9 6 8 8 5 7 .. Finn 4 4 2 3 ..
Sator 2 .. 4 3 .. Bailey 9 8 7 8 7 8 10
Tomplins .. 3 3 4 5 5 7 .. Willey 5 4 4 5 5 6 6
Bryant 2 Eschist 7 6 6 7 3 7 ..
McWhorter .. 7 6 3 6 5 8 .. Knowlton ... 4 5 7 5 ..
Rail 4 3 6 6 6 8 Redmond 3 ..
Guder 2 .. 1 3 .. Geiger 2

P. H. WILLEY, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Somerville Gun Club.

Jan. 25.—The Somerville Gun Club had a field day to-day. One of the events was a fox chase after a red fox captured within two miles of the club house by E. C. Hoyt. The fox was started about 2 P. M., and was given 15 minutes' start of the hounds, eight of whom were turned down on his track. After a two hours' chase he was caught by two hounds belonging to Mr. Fleming, of Foxhill, N. J.

A 32lb. turkey was also shot for at the dead mark, 40yds. from the scores, forty chances being taken at 25 cents a piece. The turkey was won by Neaf Appgar, of Somerville, N. J., who put three shots in the block, one of the pellets being exactly in the center. He used 2½drs. King's Smokeless and 1½oz. shot.

A race at 5 live birds per man, \$3 entrance, was also decided. First money in this event was won by Marcus Hoyt, a boy of fourteen years of age, who killed 5 corks in excellent style. The scores were: Marcus Hoyt 5, J. Aldgair, Jr., F. Mount and Bellis 4, J. H. Aldgair, Sr., and G. Dunster 3.

In a race at 10 targets each, \$1 entrance, two moneys, scores were: C. Bird, G. Messenger, G. Dunster and C. N. Appgar 5, F. Mount and C. Schaefer 4, J. H. Aldgair, Sr., 3.

GEO. W. SQUIER.

East Side Gun Club.

Jan. 27.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day by the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on the Ferry street grounds. Fairmount shot a race with Stevens, of New Brunswick, and lost it by losing his last bird, the scores standing 23 to 22. In the 7-bird race O'Connell, Stevens and Woodruff divided first money with 7 straight. There were twenty-three entries in this event. Fifteen entries were obtained in a miss-and-out, the pot being divided on the 9th round between Koegel, Fairmount, Hassinger and Shaw. Scores were:

Fairmount vs. Stevens, 25 birds, \$25 a side, loser to pay for the birds:

Stevens 221222222222222222122122122122—23
Fairmount 1222120210222212221212220—22

Sweeps were shot as below, No. 1 being at 7 birds, No. 2 a miss-and-out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Koegel	1011222—6	111122112
Waldman	2012221—6	
Reiboldt	0122111—6	2122220
Bitz	1222010—5	
O'Connell	2211222—7	
Otten	2201112—6	10
Fairmount	0222112—6	122212222
Geoffroy	2202221—6	22211220
Winter	0000212—3	
J. Belloff	2200211—5	0
Leuthauser	2011001—4	
Stevens	2122222—7	211221210
Canon	0222211—6	0
Woodruff	1222112—7	20
Strader	0222222—6	22221220
J. Fisher	0021111—5	
Thomas	1022121—6	
Hassinger	0111221—6	111212211
Seitz	2211022—6	
L. Piercy		21222120
Shaw		22112112
Pratt		0
Frazer		10

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Feb. 2.—The semi-monthly prize shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. The attendance was quite small, but this unquestionably was due to the extremely cold weather that prevailed. There was any quantity of snow on the ground, and the sun shone bright and clear; there was a glare from the snow that was almost blinding, and that rendered steady shooting out of the question.

Up to date there have been three contests for the first gold watch donated by the club for these semi-monthly prize contests. One watch is shot off every two months, there being thus four shoots in all for each watch. Two out of the three shoots held this year have been won by Capt. Money, who broke 50 out of 57 on Jan. 5, and 49 out of 57 on Jan. 19. To-day's contest was won by the president of the club, E. A. Jeanneret, who broke 51 out of 70 shot at, scoring 36 out of his first 50, and accounting for 15 out of his allowance of 20 extras. Chris Wright was second with 49 out of 57, Capt. Money being close up with 48 out of 53, breaking 45 out of his first 50, and then breaking his allowance of 3. Handicaps are changed every month; hence Capt. Money's cut in his handicap from 7 down to 3, a very severe cut indeed, but one that doesn't seem to bother him very much, as he is shooting better than ever. The scores in this event are given below in detail:

Fifty targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances, Sergeant system:

Jeanneret, 20.111011011110111100110011111011110011110001—36
111111000101111110
Wright, 7 111111000101111101111101110011111101111—43
0111111
Money, 3 11111110111111111111111101110110111111—45
111
E Banks, 2 11111110111101111101101111111111111111—44
G Greiff, 6 11111110010111101111110110110110110011111—40
Spiegel, 20 10011101100111110000011110110111001101100111—33
0011101010w
C Wise, 7 111110011001010101000001101101111111011011—34
Nelson, 14 01111001011010010001011011111000101011101011—32

Banks, Greiff, Wise and Nelson did not shoot off their allowances.

Eight sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, seven of them being at 10 targets and the other at 25 targets. All targets are thrown at unknown angles, Sergeant system, a method that makes the shooting on these grounds very hard, the screen being high and the targets thrown at very acute angles. Scores in the sweeps were:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 25

Banks 9 7 9 8 6 8 9 21
Wright 5 8 8 7 9 6 8 19
Nelson 7 6 8 6 8 8 9 17
Greiff 8 6 9 10 9 7 9 ..
Money 8 4 8 7 6 10 8 24
S-egel 3 8 5 .. 5 7 15
Jeanneret 7 6 4 ..
Snyder 8 ..
Wise 6 9 9 ..
Van Dyke 9 9 ..
Hudson 4 6 ..
Heflich 8 4 ..
Thourot 8 3 ..
Coman 6 ..

As a finisher, Capt. Money, Banks and Wright shot a three-cornered race in the gloaming, the conditions being 25 targets per man. As usual, Capt. Money came out ahead, this half light being something that seems to specially suit him. The scores in this event were: Money 22, Banks 21, Wright 13. It is only fair to Wright to state that he was shooting what he termed "culls."

Feb. 5.—The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. There was a good attendance of members, while a few friends of the club also put in their appearance. Among the latter were Ed Taylor, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company; B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM, and Messrs. Colquitt and Frank Butler.

The day was not a bad one for shooting, although a slight drizzle at times made it rather uncomfortable for those at the score. The main event was of course the club handicap, 50 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system. In this event H. Nelson and J. Dutcher both made possibles; Nelson was allowed 16 extras, but he broke 11 straight of his allowance and then withdrew with a total of 50 out of 61 shot at. Dutcher, on the other hand, had a hard row to hoe, requiring 17 out of his allowance of 20 to make a possible; he hoed the row, however, losing only 2d, 14th and 15th targets. Next to them came Platt Adams (10), who broke 22 out of his first 25. Scores in detail follow:

Club shoot, handicap, 50 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system:

H Nelson, 16.....1010110001110101110111110011111101111111—39
111111111w
J G Dutcher, 20.....1110110001001101100111010101101011011110—38
11111111111001111
P Adams, 10.....110111011111011111011010100101010111110—38
0011111111
—8—45

F Hyde, 8.....11101111011111110011111111011111110—43
011
Dr De Wolfe, 3.....1011010111111011011111111111111110—42
011
A Hegeman, 10.....110101010101010011111111011010101011011—26
010111011
E Banks, 0.....11110111111011100111111110100111111110—42
F Van Dyke, 0.....11101111111111111101101101111110100—41
W H Huck, 0.....01011101111111111101010101111111010101—41
E Jeanneret, 10.....1110001101000010111091010111111111110—34
1111010011
G Hatfield, 20.....10010101101111001010111001010111001111100—22
1010110000100011011
A J Paul, 3.....11111000110101010111111110010111010111111—39
010
Capt Money, 0.....10111100111110110111110011001011111111—37
C R Wise, 0.....111111011111010011101111111101000100011011—36
B Waters, 0.....1001111100011010111011010100110101111110—35
M Lewis, 17.....10000000001010100010101011000110111011111—26
01101010101001001
Black, 20.....101010101101101101000101100010001011001000—24
100101010110000010
Colquitt, 2.....111010101010100010010010101010100010101001—26
011
B James.....10010111110100011010010100110010101010100—26
F Butler.....00111000011011001100000101101101010010001101—23

Sweeps, all at unknown angles, Sergeant system, were shot as below:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 25 25 Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 25 25

Banks..... 9 9 8 .. 9 9 24 23 Adams..... 5 5 6 ..
Van Dyke..... 8 8 9 .. 10 8 23 23 Lewis..... 5 5 ..
Waters..... 6 5 4 .. 6 7 16 18 Hatfield..... 5 4 7 ..
Taylor..... 6 8 9 .. 4 6 .. Butler..... 5 6 ..
Money..... 7 9 8 .. 7 8 22 22 Colquitt..... 8 4 ..
Nelson..... 5 8 5 .. 6 10 19 De Wolfe..... 8 8 ..
Dutcher..... 8 6 6 .. 6 9 19 Hall..... 10 8 22 19
Wise..... 6 8 9 .. 9 8 22 21 Paul..... 10 21 ..
Noel..... 9 9 9 .. 15 Jeanneret..... 7 ..
Huck..... 9 7 8 7 .. Banta..... 8 10 20
Hegeman..... 5 6 .. Dominic..... 22

No. 9, match in the dark, 25 targets: Money 20, Banks 17.

EDWARD BANKS.

Elizabeth Gun Club.

Feb. 2.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day on the grounds of the Elizabeth Gun Club, under the management of Eddie Earle. It was hard shooting, a strong northwest wind blowing across the traps, and the glare of the bright sun on the snow making a very blinding light to kill birds in. There was only a small crowd of shooters on hand. Among the number were: J. L. Brewer, of New York; F. Coleman, Mahanoy City, Pa.; W. Terry, of Plainfield, N. J.; Henry Koegel, of Newark, N. J., etc.

One of the most interesting events of the day was a 25-bird race between W. Terry and Blodgett, the latter hailing from Elizabeth. The stakes were \$25 a side, loser to pay for the birds. The birds were slow to start, a very few leaving the traps when they were pulled. Terry lost by one bird, scoring 20 against 21. Below are the scores in the various events decided to-day:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.
J L Brewer, 32.....21222—5 2221102 6 222212222220220—13
F Coleman, 30.....21221—5 2022222 6 22122202210202—12
J Belloff, 25.....22021—4 2120212 6 120112220121112—13
A Woodruff, 30.....20222—4 1220122—6
H K Toler, 28.....22021—4 1210202—5 02222201011212—12
H Koegel, 30.....0100212—4 22221122111012—14
Blodgett, 28.....1022001—4 1211221222101—14
W Terry.....20222112222222—11

Match, 25 birds, \$25 a side, A. S. A. rules:

W Terry, 28.....1020122222022022222222222—20
Blodgett, 28.....012122112201221011121201—21

GEO. W. SQUIER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club's Invitation Shoot.

Feb. 3.—Blessed with good weather—that is, good winter weather—John Wright's first attempt at an invitation live-bird shoot, on behalf of the Brooklyn Gun Club, was every bit as successful as we had anticipated. Thirty shooters took part in the different events decided, being a fair representation of those live-bird shooters around New York who are very seldom seen at a tournament of a similar kind. Ordinarily the scrub shot has little show to break even; but the programme for this shoot seemed to hold out hopes that even the poorest shot, with a little luck, might be able to have a day's shooting at pigeons without its costing him much more than "the rice of the birds."

We have said that the weather was good winter weather. The sun shone brightly, and the wind blew briskly from the west; the thermometer showed signs of life by hovering in the neighborhood of 10 to 12 degrees above zero, and there was enough snow covering the surface of Dexter Park to create a glare that was blinding when, as often happened, a white bird left the traps and made for Jamaica. It was in fact biting cold weather to stand about in, and even Billy Mills, the trapper, and his assistant found it hard work to keep warm. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 600 birds, including "no birds" and "bye birds," were trapped during the day, quite a creditable showing for a winter's day.

A glance at the scores will tell who was on hand to shoot, so nothing further need be said on that score. John S. Wright, assisted by Secretary Baron and Joseph Swan, both members of the Brooklyn Gun Club, kept things going in a lively fashion. The need of two sets of traps was sorely felt, the waits between shots being long and tedious in the cold weather. John D. Regan was in the scorer's box, keeping tab on kills, misses, no birds and bye birds. The programme was too lengthy for such a gathering of shooters, and the Union Course Handicap, 15 birds per man, was cut off. The scores in all the events are given below; the last one, No. 5, was the Brooklyn Handicap. In this event, which was at 10 birds, \$7.50, birds extra, four moneys, there was a handicap in allowances as well as in distance. The 28yds. men were allowed a miss as a no bird; 27yds. men a miss as a kill; 26yds. men a miss as a kill and a miss as a no bird. Under these conditions it was no wonder that all of the twenty entries save two drew down money. There were seven 10s, six 9s, four 8s and only one 7. Harding made 6, but Baker withdrew after losing four out of his first five birds.

Of the straights, Billings and Lott, both 26yds. men, and Money and Quimby, both 29yds. men, killed their 10 birds without an error. Welles, 28yds., used his allowance of a miss as a no bird in the 4th round; Swan, 26yds., and Saunders, 26yds., both used their allowances, Swan in the 5th and 6th rounds, Saunders in the 5th and 7th rounds.

Hallowell at 30yds. scored 9 out of 10, losing his second bird dead out of bounds, after missing it on the ground with his first barrel, holding his second so long that the bird, a left-quartering incomer, fell dead out of bounds. Schlieman, Hudson and Fairmount, all 28yds. men, used their allowances of a miss as a no bird in the 4th, 6th and 7th rounds respectively, Schlieman failing to account for his allowance bird. Kitching, 26yds., with a miss as a kill, used up his allowance in the 4th round. Bissett, 26yds., took his allowance of a miss as a kill in the 3d round, and then failed to do anything with his miss as a no bird in the 5th round.

Of the four 8s, Dr. W. Wynn, 29yds., had no allowance. Henry, 28yds., took his allowance in the 4th round, but failed to do anything with it. Langcake used his allowances as a 26yds. man in the 3d and 7th rounds, and Packard, another 26yds. man, took his allowances in the 3d and 5th rounds; neither Langcake nor Packard were able to account for their no birds. F. A. Thompson, the lucky 7, made good his straight in the 2d round, but failed on his 4th, 6th and 10th birds.

The beauties of the old system of class shooting are well shown in this event. As we figure the purse, there were twenty entries at \$7.50, birds included at 25 cents each; this leaves \$5 net for the purse from each entry, or a total purse of \$100. Four moneys; that is, \$40, \$30, \$20 and \$10. The straights received about \$5.70 for their good shooting; the six 9s and the four 8s each got back their \$5 and were out just the price of the birds; the lucky 7 got \$2.50 more than he put in.

The scores in all the events were as below:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5.
T Baron.....210
J G Dutcher, 26.....0 11022—4 2010121—5
J S Remsen, 29.....1222 21*—3 1222222—7
H P Fessenden.....2222 00222—3
Kitching.....0 22210—4 221211120—9
F A Thompson, 28.....10 00212—8 20210—8 1102222—6 22102*2210—7
L M Van Allen, 29.....10 12122—5 20222—5 2022220—5
Joe Baker, 29.....2121 21011—4 22111—5 2212120—6 01000

Dr G V Hudson, 28.....22* 22121—5 21011—4 2012111—6 1222221220—9
H S Welles.....2222 20222—4 22222—10
U F Bender, 28.....20 12121—6 1*22221—6
Black.....0 01211—4
L G Henry, 28.....22220—4 2122122—7 1220222102—8
H Blauvelt, 26.....2* 112210—5
W Al Harding, 26.....2222 1020120—4 11200*0112—6
F C Bissett, 26.....1222 12121—5 221*020—4 1212021221—9
W H Saunders, 26.....22220—4 2221222—6 1221122222—10
Capt Money, 27.....22221—5 21022*—5 222112121—10
J J Hallowell, 30.....22222—5 2022222—6 2012222222—9
J von Langenke, 29.....21011—4 2200222—6
E F Langcake, 26.....2101122—6 121220101—8
R L Packard, 26.....1202112—6 1212001121—8
G H Fairmount, 28.....2222222—7 2222122220—9
W B Skidmore, 24.....22020—3
W F Quimby, 29.....*101222—5 2211222112—10
E H Lott, 26.....1202112—6 2221222—7
W Wynn, 29.....1100112121—8
C W Billings, 26.....2222222221—10
Jos Swan, 26.....2222122222—10
Schlieman, 28.....210112211—9

In the above table No. 1 was a \$2 miss-and-out, re-entry in the first round. In this event Van Allen, Baker and Blauvelt all re-entered after losing their first birds, the result of such re-entry being shown in the score.

No. 2 was 5 birds, \$3, birds included, three moneys. No. 3 was 5 birds, \$5, birds included, four moneys. No. 4 was 7 birds, \$5, birds extra, four moneys. In Nos. 1, 2 and 3 all stood at 28yds., but in Nos. 4 and 5 each man stood at the mark shown in the scores.

EDWARD BANKS.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Feb. 5.—There was only a fair attendance this afternoon at the Dyker Meadow grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Gaughen won in Class A, and Fleet in Class C in the club shoot. In the prize gun shoot Van Brunt and Gaughen tied, the shoot-off being postponed until the next shoot. Van Brunt won the merchandise prize in No. 3. Scores:

Club shoot: J. Gaughen, A, 19; D. C. Bennett, A, 18; F. A. Thompson, A, 15; C. C. Fleet, C, 13.

Prize gun shoot: M. Van Brunt 21, J. Gaughen 21, F. A. Thompson 20, D. C. Bennett 17, C. C. Fleet 13, F. A. Hegeman 9.

Merchandise prize shoot, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Shoot-off.
M Van Brunt, 0.....111101111—8 00 01 11 —3—11 11 10 10 10—6
D C Bennett, 1.....20110010—5 10 11 11 —6—11 00 10 10 11—5
J Gaughen, 0.....11110110—7 01 10 10 —3—10
F A Thompson, 0.....01111111—8 01 01 00 —2—10
C C Fleet, 4.....011010100—5 10 10 10 00—3—8
Dr O'Brien, 3.....001100100—3 10 11 10 —4—7

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

The Pennsylvania State Shoot.

Hints on the Contents of the Programme.

READING, Pa., Feb. 1.—The committee of twelve of the Independent Gun Club, of which John Shaaber is the chairman, is rapidly going ahead with the preparations for the annual meeting and shoot of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which commences Tuesday, March 29, and lasts for four days.

On the first nights the yearly business of the State Association will be considered at the club house. The committee of arrangements meets every Tuesday and Friday evenings. The scene of the tournament will be on the club's grounds at the Three-Mile House, Shillington, near Reading. The programme is rapidly taking shape, and will be ready for distribution in about two weeks. Copies will be mailed to prominent shooters all over the country.

The supplemental matter of the programme has all been formulated. It consists of a history of Reading, the State officers, the charter, the constitution and by-laws, the game laws and the magatrap rules, which will govern the shoot, together with advertisements of well-known business men. All this will be combined in a neat little volume about 4x2in., with red leather cover bearing a frontispiece. An official badge has just been adopted. It consists of a large button, on which is a colored picture of a camp in the woods with a camper's outfit. Attached to it are two red ribbons suitably inscribed in gold.

A few of the features of the programme can be given. The first three days will be given up to target shooting, and the events on those days will consist of eight State and six open. The events will vary from 15 to 25 targets. Friday will be live-bird day. The events for this day have not fully been decided upon. The great feature of this tournament will be the contests for the trophies, the six principal ones and a number of minor character. The following will be the trophy events and conditions:

No. 1, the Wm. Wolstencroft Son's trophy for the individual championship of Pennsylvania at targets: Keystone rules to govern; 10-gauge guns 18yds. rise; 12-gauge guns 16yds. rise; rapid-firing system, entrance money divided as follows: First, 25 per cent. of the purse and trophy; second, 40 per cent.; third, 20 per cent.; fourth, 15 per cent.. The medal is of a very handsome design, and is valued at \$100. Each contestant will shoot at 50 single targets, entrance \$3.

No. 2, Reading team trophy: For five-men team championship of Pennsylvania. Prize, a silver trophy valued at \$200, donated by the Reading Shooting Association. Conditions: Teams shall consist of five bona fide members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of \$10 will be charged each team, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance 50 per cent. to the holders of the trophy; the balance 30 and 20 per cent. to the next teams in order, 25 targets per man, 125 per team, known angles, rapid-firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns, 16yds. rise, no man to shoot on more than one team.

No. 3, for six men team championship of Pennsylvania. Prize, silver trophy valued at \$200, donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association. Teams will consist of bona fide members of any club or association in State Association. An entrance fee of \$10 will be charged each club, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance 50 per cent. to holders of trophy, the balance 30 and 20 per cent. to the next teams in order, 25 targets per man, 150 per team, known angles, rapid-firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns 16yds. rise. No man to shoot on more than one team.

No. 4, E. C. Powder Company's championship cup event, 100 empire targets, shot in two events of 50 targets each, unknown angles, entrance \$3, with an optional sweepstake of \$2 additional entrance, handicap from 100 to 120 targets. There is \$30 added to this trophy. This trophy and 20 per cent. of purse to winner, 35 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 15 per cent. to fourth, 10 per cent. to fifth.

No. 5, American Wood Powder Company's trophy: Prize, silver prize, for teams of three men each, no man to shoot on more than one team, and all must be members of one club, 25 singles and 5 pairs. The prize and 40 per cent. to the team making highest score, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth.

No. 6, Williamsport trophy, for the individual championship at live birds. Prize, a diamond badge valued at \$250, presented by the citizens of Williamsport, Pa. Each contestant must be a bona fide member of a club or association or an individual member. First prize, the diamond badge to person making the highest score; the three next highest scores to receive 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. The winner of the badge this year receives 40 per cent. of entrance money next year, the balance to be awarded as above. Each contestant to shoot at 15 live birds, American Association rules, with the exception of 1½oz. shot allowed 12-bore guns.

These special trophy events will be sandwiched in with the regular events.

The State shoot was held in Reading once before several years ago. The State Association has done a great deal for the betterment and protection of the sportsmen's interests. The present officers are: President, J. O'H. Denny; Vice-President, Harry Thurman; Treasurer, James Wolstencroft; Secretary, J. A. Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, Edward Yeager. Board of Directors: G. F. Nesbitt, H. M. Worden, W. H. Wolstencroft, E. E. Shaner, J. A. Shaaber, W. H. Burnham.

To all events on the programme money will be added, but the total amount has not yet been decided upon.

ARTHUR A. FINKE.

J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, has returned to the city from a business trip into Canada. He reports the Hamilton shoot as a good one, and was full of the showing made by the Americans present. We can hear nothing of Mr. Cameron's fellow laborer, J. Hildreth, who is so high-toned just now, being down South among the fashionable folks, that he quite neglects some of his friends who are now doing their best to preserve their equilibrium on the icy sidewalks of Greater New York.

For More Varied Styles of Shooting.

WHEN the tournament committee of the Interstate Association recommended at a general meeting of the Association that clubs holding tournaments under the auspices of the Association should be urged to vary their programmes, it took a big stride in the right direction. We have always held that the rapid-firing system, known or unknown angles, was too mechanical and too monotonous; there is something artificial about target shooting anyway, and we felt that something ought to be done to make it conform as nearly as possible to field shooting, accustoming a man to keep his eyes open and his head clear and cool.

The two styles of shooting that in our opinion come the nearest to perfection in this respect are (1) expert rules, 5 unknown traps, known (or unknown) angles, one man up, the five traps to be emptied before retiring; (2) the Novelty rule, a system that calls for 8 unknown traps, regular angles, rapid-firing system. The recommendation of the tournament committee specially mentioned the above two styles of shooting, and we trust that the clubs under whose auspices the Interstate Association holds its tournaments this season will see fit to adopt the recommendation and include a few events at these styles of shooting on each day of its tournament.

Business before Pleasure.

Expert rules, one man up, is "the way we used to shoot," as old-timers would say. And that's a fact. It's a fact also that there was just as much fun at the old-time shoots, and more sociability, than there is nowadays at an up-to-date tournament, all unknown angles, rapid-fire, where the club is trying to see how many targets it can throw in a day, and where each shooter is apparently trying to see how many shells he can get rid of, and how much money he is "ahead of the game."

Sociability has but a slight show at modern tournaments. You've no time for "visiting," and conversation on a business basis is out of the question, if the squad hustler is properly posted and acts up to his title. The daily programme calls for 170 targets, \$17 entrance for all day, and by the time night comes, what with extras, you've fired 200 shells away and are as tired as a dog that's been out hunting all day. You're in no mood for a business talk, and even "social intercourse" (something that's generally mentioned in article 2 of every gun club's constitution) becomes a bore. A supper, a smoke and your bed is about all you want, as you must get fit for to-morrow's siege at the traps. The above is our view of the modern tournament, and we have been present at very many of late years. If our view is incorrect, we shall be only too happy to own up if the majority is against us.

Unknown Angles are Monotonous.

Again, take unknown angles. Why is it that there are so few spectators at target tournaments? Answering that query by putting another, we would say: "Is there anything much more monotonous than to watch squad after squad going to the score and breaking 85 to 95 per cent. of targets thrown at that style of shooting?" Every spectator who can handle a gun at all, and even the veriest novice, watches for a while and then sits down or goes away. We all know how easy it looks to break them all when it is not ourselves who are handling the guns. There goes the target, and it's dead easy. Once seen, no one, except those bitten with the fever, cares to come again and look on.

Take the shooters themselves. How many of them ("the regulars" are here referred to) sit and watch squad after squad breaking the targets? All they do is to inquire after a squad has finished: "How many straights in that squad?" That's the interest nowadays. But let an event be under "expert rules, one man up," how different!

In this connection let us refer to the tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, held last October. On the afternoon of the last day for target shooting it was raining quite hard, and was fast growing dark, yet all the shooters entered an expert rule race as an extra, and also shot a race at traps pulled in reverse order. More interest was excited by these two events than by all the unknown-angle events shot during the day. Experts, semi-experts and novices, all gathered under the roof that covered the score and watched each man go up to the score, stand in front of No. 3 trap, and pound away at the 5 targets dealt out to him by the indicator. And when it came to "reversed order" there was just the same interest taken in the shooting.

The Novelty Rule was Popular.

Going back to the novelty rule. Five years ago the Interstate Association introduced this rule at its tournaments, and it became quite popular. It was a sporting style of shooting, and therefore it suited the shooters, and was approved by the spectators. But gun clubs soon began to frown on it; you couldn't throw as many targets in one day under that style of shooting as under the ordinary unknown-angle system. Fewer targets per day meant just so much less money in the treasury, and therefore the novelty rule was finally tabooed.

The conditions under which it was shot were also popular. Experts were handicapped at 18yds.; semi-experts at 16yds., and novices were moved up to 14yds. Behind the screen were the five traps set in regular order. Out in the field, 85yds. from the screen, were three smaller screens, one in front of No. 1 trap, another in front of No. 3 and the third in front of No. 5 trap. The one in front of No. 1 trap threw a right-quartering in-comer; the one in front of No. 3 a left-quartering in-comer, while the one in front of No. 5 threw a direct in-comer. Thus there were eight unknown traps, and you were liable to get any one of them. With Ben O. Bush's pull, specially designed for this style of shooting, there was no telling whether you were going to get a "pudding"—that is, an in-comer—or a "corker"—that is, No. 1 when you were in front of No. 5. How severe this style of shooting was at first may be gathered from the fact that at the Altoona, Pa., Gun Club's first annual tournament at Wopsononock, there were only two "10 straights" made on the first day. A novice made one, and W. M. C. Jones, of Pittsburg, Pa., a semi-expert, made the other!

The Clubs want to throw Targets.

The cause of the apparent loss of popularity of both the above styles of shooting was solely due to the desire of clubs and club managers to throw lots of targets and thus help out the treasury. The wish to attract large attendance by means of big sums of added money had a great deal to do with it. And mayhap the ammunition and target manufacturing concerns were not unwilling that many targets should be thrown and consequently much ammunition burned up. The move therefore on the part of the Interstate Association, a body composed solely of manufacturers and of dealers in just the very articles used at tournaments, is decidedly significant. The Association wants to popularize trap-shooting, and it realizes that a varied programme will do it when nothing else can.

The other move of the Association—that of barring out itself and its employees from taking part in the divisions of the monies at these tournaments—was a very thoughtful one, and is directly in line with that which recommends a varied programme. At the coming Interstate tournaments the rank and file will be on an equality when it comes to expert rule and novelty rule events, while the experts themselves, the men who have or who may have had experience at these styles of shooting, are barred from competing against those who have had no such previous experience.

The review of the Interstate Association's season for 1898 will be of much additional interest when it is published next fall. Its figures will be scanned with a great deal of care, for we believe that from these figures much can be deduced that will foretell the future of trap-shooting. The Association is trying one experiment—that of barring the trade—and is anxious that the clubs under whose auspices it purposes holding tournaments this season shall try another: that of varying the programme by introducing events at expert rules and under the novelty rule. It now remains for the clubs to decide whether they will help the Association or not.

A Compass in a Gun Stock.

DUNDEE, Ont., Jan. 28.—One day recently I was out in a large swamp and a very heavy snowstorm commenced. I had to look at my compass very frequently, and of course each time I had to stop and take it out of my pocket. This was losing time, and in addition my hands were very cold. I thought then that it would be a good plan to have it fixed in the stock; it would always be with a man when he wanted it, and would be easily seen. If the idea is worth anything you might give it publicity in your paper.

(Note.—A compass could be readily fixed in the stock of any gun, and if countersunk would scarcely be liable to injury by breakage of the glass. With a rubber butt plate, the compass could be placed on the outside of the stock near that butt without any danger of attraction from the metal of the locks or barrel.—Ed.)

W. F. MOORE.

Trap Around Buffalo.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Audubon Gun Club at the club's regular weekly shoot. Event No. 3 was the regular club badge shoot; in this event H. C. Heindol won in Class A, George Zoeller in Class B, and Dr. Fred Sauer in Class C. No. 4 was the shoot for the monthly cup. In this event B. Talsma won with 25 out of 28, this event being a handicap. No. 5 was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	25	10	15	Targets:	15	15	25	25	10	15
A Heindol	10	12	24	24	8	9	Jacobs	15	12	14	22
E Burkhardt	11	11	21	20	R H Hebard	7	6	14	17	5	..
Gebhardt	7	..	10	20	Porter	16	15	4
Storey	9	10	14	19	4	..	H Kirkover	17	23	7
Fanning	14	14	20	23	7	..	B Talsma	20	25
J J Reid	9	10	14	20	6	..	G McArthur	10	14	22
C Burkhardt	15	12	21	20	8	11	G O Miller	12	21
L Norris	9	21	20	7	..	J Roesch	14	15	4
C Oehmig	7	9	19	20	D Kerew	8	21	..	7	..
G Zoeller	12	13	23	20	E Hammond	11	8	..	19	..
P G Myers	3	2	14	19	E W Smith	12	11	..	22	..
I T Chabot	5	4	10	15	H Middaugh	20
Dr Sauer	10	6	16	20	W R Eaton	5	..
F J Shuler	7	3	15	10							

Bison Gun Club.

Feb. 3.—Considering the blizzard which was raging to-day, in East Buffalo, there were some remarkably good scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Bison Gun Club, Walden avenue and City Line. In the badge shoot Bauman and Mack tied in Class A; Saleman won in Class B, and Schreier in Class C.

On Thursday, Feb. 10, there will be an all-day shoot at sparrows and targets, shooting beginning at 10 A. M. sharp.

To-day's scores were:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	25	Targets:	10	25
Bauman	8	17	Mack	7	18
Danser	7	16	Saleman	9	19
E C Burkhardt	7	16	Schreier	6	13
Cooper	8	15			
Fifteen sparrows, 25yds. rise:					
Mack	120222211111022—13		Bauman	100121021222011—11	
E C B	11012102210212—12		Cooper	0211210210121021—12	
Saleman	011221121221201—13				

MACK, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 2.—Boston's blizzard of Feb. 1 was too severe to admit of much trap-shooting on the day following. With trains late, wires down, business interrupted and everything at sixes and sevens, people had but little time to devote to sport. A few of the regulars, however, put in an appearance to-day at Wellington and negotiated the different events regardless of several drawbacks. The weather was very cold, and a 10-target event was quite sufficient to make one duly appreciative of the warm club house. Events as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Eastman, 16.....	7	9	2	8	5	3	9	8	10	10
Tait, 16	8	9	2	7	5	3	8	8	5	4
Miskay, 18	8	7	3	6	2	5	10	7	..	6
Winters, 18	4	4	4	6	5	3	10	9	10	8
Wildman, 16	8	6
Horace, 16.....	7	2	8	4	4	9	6	5
Whiting, 15	4

Events 1, 2, 4 and 7 known angles; 9 and 10 same, with use of both barrels; 5 and 8 unknown; 3 and 6 pairs.

Merchandise match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown, and 3 pairs, distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Eastman	1111111100—8	11111—5	10	10	01—3	16				
Horace	1111110011—8	10111—4	10	11	10—4	16				
Tait	1101101110—7	11111—5	11	10	00—3	15				
Winters	1100101110—6	11111—5	10	10	10—3	14				
Miskay	1010110101—6	10001—2	11	11	10—5	13				
Scores in team match, 10 known and 10 unknown per shooter, distance handicap:										
Eastman	1111110111—9	1110110111—8	17							
Tait	1001111111—8	1110101111—8	16	33						
Miskay	1111111111—10	1010101111—7	17							
Horace	1111101111—9	1010101101—6	15	32						

BOSTON.

The Amateur Championship at Carteret.

THE amateur championship, held under the auspices of the Larchmont Y. C. in past years, will this year be held at the Carteret Club's grounds, Garden City, L. I., Feb. 22-23.

The conditions of this contest are: 100 birds, entrance \$100, post entrance \$125, moneys to be divided 40, 25, 15, 10 per cent., and 10 per cent. to the club, all shooters to stand at 30yds. On each day each contestant will be allowed one bye bird. In case there be fourteen or more entries the following rules shall apply:

1. The shooter who misses 10 birds by the time the 50th round is finished, and thereby becomes tenth in place or lower, shall drop out without privilege of re-entry.
2. The shooter who misses 16 birds by the time the 75th round is finished, and thereby becomes eighth in place or lower, shall drop out without privilege of re-entry.
3. From the 75th round up to the finish, the referee shall retire (with privilege) those shooters who in his opinion have no chance of sharing in the moneys.

The Clarence H. Mackay cup, value \$200, will be presented by the club to the winner of the championship. Entries to be sent on or before Feb. 14, each to be accompanied by \$25 forfeit money, to Walter H. Mead, secretary of the Carteret Gun Club, 67 Wall street, New York. The executive committee of the club reserves to itself the right of refusing entries.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Daniel Brady and Charles Zorn tied to-day in both the events shot at the Baychester grounds, this being the regular monthly shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club. Event No. 2 was a 10-bird match; No. 1 was the club shoot and Pentz medal match combined. The conditions of this contest are: All to stand at 30yds. rise, entrance fee \$10, open to all members of the Cobweb Gun Club only:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
D Brady	2*1221222—9	001212121—8
C Zorn	212202112—9	1201201212—8
J Regan	01000w	
I Muller	22122*1200—7	
G Thompson	01*2210010—5	
Sweepstakes, \$5, high gun: D. Brady 3, C. Zorn 2, H. Muller 1.		

Sweepstakes, \$5, high gun: D. Brady 3; C. Zorn 2, H. Muller 1.

Trap at Sidell, Ill.

SIDELL, Ill., Jan. 28.—Below are some scores that were made here to-day: We hold shoots every two weeks during the season. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown traps, known angles: Sconce 10, Jackson 10, Mitchell 9, Gray 9, Walls 8, More 7, Carson 6.

No. 1.		No. 2.	
Jackson	1011011011011011—10	11111011011111111110011—21	
Mitchell	111011111011110—12	1111001011011001111111—19	
Gray	111111111011010—13	11111111111111111111—25	
Sconce	111111110111—14	11111011111101111111—23	
Jackson	11111111111111—15	01101101111111111111—22	
More	1111011101011—12	1111111111111001010000—18	
Carson	101101110101011—10		

H. J. SCONCE.

H. J. SCONCE.

Sumpter and Clements for the Arkansas Championship.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Jan. 27.—John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, and Geo. Clements, of Pine Bluff, shot a 50-target race here to-day for the diamond watch charm emblematic of the individual championship of the State at targets. The targets were blue-rocks thrown from a magautrap, and neither of the shooters could locate them to any extent until Sumpter hit his gait in the shoot-off. Scores were:

Clements	1011111111110101011010100011111111110011111—39
Sumpter	1111001010100111111111011010101011111110111—39
Shoot-off:	
Clements	110111111111110111111100110—20
Sumpter	11111111111111111111110111—21

L. J.

The Effectiveness of Small Charges.

IN recent issues of the London Field there have appeared some articles and communications on the effectiveness of small charges. One of these letters reads as follows: "Apropos of guns and loads, I believe if Sir F. Milbank was asked what charge he used when he killed 364 brace of grouse in one day, and 85 brace in one drive, he would tell you 2½ drs. ¾ oz. in a 12."

Acting on the above suggestion, the editor of the London Field wrote to Sir Frederick Milbank, receiving the following interesting reply:

"Your correspondent is quite right as to the charge I shot with on that memorable day's grouse shooting at Wemmergill Moor, Aug. 20, 1872, viz., 2½ drs. black powder and ¾ oz. of No. 6 shot. My three guns were 12-bore pinfire, by Westley-Richards.

"All the three guns I used in the great drive, in which I killed 95 brace of grouse, were so hot that on laying two of them down on a mossy wet bank close to the 'stand,' it made it 'smoke.' It must, however, be remembered that the drive lasted only twenty-three minutes. It may be asked how I know this? It was in this way: At the very first shot I had, the hammer of my gun caught the watch chain, which drew the watch out of my pocket, and I then saw the time; and after my last shot I purposely took the time, as I then knew what an extraordinary drive I had had. I think you will say it was sufficient to make guns hot! For the last five or six minutes I was obliged to shoot from the 'trigger guard,' owing to the heat of the barrels.

"I have to ask, would some of the new powders we read of have stood this heat without exploding? It may be the whole firing was so extraordinarily quick, from the first shot to the last, that there was no time for the heat to get through the cartridge case.

"Owing to the death (ten days ago) of my old keeper Joe Col-linson, who had been keeper in the Wemmergill Moors for a great number of years (and a better or more respected keeper never lived), some of our local papers, in reference to this great shoot in 1872, have been led into a few mistakes; and as the statement I now give has never been published, I am induced to give it to you, viz., during the season of 1872 myself and friends killed 17,074 grouse in forty-one days' driving. The number of shooters (as taken from my game book) averaged as near as possible five per day. The number of birds per day for each shooter was eighty-two. I think this is worthy of record as showing what a wonderful season 1872 was for grouse. It will be a very long time, I fear, before we see such another."

Trap at Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Jan. 25.—Inclosed herewith I hand you scores made to-day on live birds at Whittington Park, the contestants being Gov. John H. Tanner, Springfield, Ill.; Col. J. W. Gates, president Illinois Steel Co., Chicago; Col. J. L. Elwood, De Kalb, Ill.; Col. John A. Drake, secretary of Illinois & Indiana Railway Co., and Mr. Alfred Clifford, of Consolidated Steel and Wire Co., St. Louis. Mr. Chas. Macalister, of Baltimore, was referee, and John J. Sumpter, Jr., scorer.

The birds were all good strong flyers, and aided by the wind they were all more or less drivers, the wind blowing straight away from the shooter. Col. Gates, whose guests the other gentlemen are while in this city, undertook to stand at 31yds. and use one barrel, while Gov. Tanner, Col. Elwood and Drake stood at 21yds., and Mr. Clifford at 31yds., using both barrels. Each shot at 25 pigeons, low man to pay all expenses. Three tied for this honor, and the entire race is to be shot over again in a few days. Gov. Tanner and the rest of the party seemed to greatly enjoy pigeon shooting, and the Governor remarked that if he only had the time he would soon learn how to shoot well enough to give the regulars a hard race, and from the way he shot the first time out he should have little trouble in doing so. The scores:

Gov. Tanner, 21	22*10100020*011121000101—13
Gates, 31	110001010110100010*00101—10
Elwood, 21	002001221*1*0002100100100—10
Drake, 21	2221000100101010000021000—10
Clifford, 31	02021201011020000011*0211—13

SUMPTER.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 3.—By killing 15 straight to-day James R. Malone won the cup of the Baltimore Shooting Association for the third time. This makes a tie for the permanent possession of the cup with Charles Macalester. Both have won it three times during the past year. It was to become the permanent property of the man winning it the most times in twelve monthly shoots. Macalester and Malone will probably shoot a race for it. Macalester is now out of the city, but will return about March 1. Should he win it permanently, Malone will probably again donate it to the Association. Malone's winning yesterday was full of merit. Not only was he in it against some of the crack wing shots, but he stood at 31yds., which was the longest mark. The scores in the cup shoot were as follows:

Malone, 31yds., 15; Jamison, 29yds., 12; Collins, 28yds., 9; Sims 29yds., 11; Michael, 29yds., 8; Howel, 30yds., 9; Noah, 27yds., 8.

After the cup shoot Sims and Collins defeated Brewer and Michael in a 10-bird race, Sims and Collins scoring 15 to the 10 of the other pair. The individual scores in this event were: Brewer 4, Sims 9, Michael 6, Collins 6. There was also a lot of practice shooting.

GEO. L. HARRISON, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

M. C. D., Newark, N. J.—Who has an adjustable try-gun (as the English call it) in New York? Ans. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, and J. P. Dannefeler, 9 Chambers street.

C. S. W., La Salle, Ill.—1. What is the best method for finding the trigger-pull of a rifle? 2. Are there any rifle clubs in Chicago that have shooting matches similar to the one held in Madison Square Garden by the Sportsmen's Association? Ans. 1. Any gunsmith will test the trigger-pull of your rifle. 2. We know of no such club.

J. B. F., Elizabeth City,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 8.
No. 246 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1898.—No. I.

Resolution adopted at the Interstate Convention of Game Wardens, at Chicago, Feb. 8:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the several States here represented pass laws looking toward the final prohibition of the sale of all game protected by law."

THE FISH COMMISSION DEAL CONSUMMATED.

LAST Monday the Senate confirmed the nomination of George M. Bowers, of West Virginia, to be United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. This consummates the deal by which the President has turned over an important office to the politicians as spoil. It expresses also the Senate's acquiescence in President McKinley's violation of the statutory provisions governing the appointment. Commissioner Bowers has been put into the place in defiance of law; and it should not be forgotten that despite his appointment to the commissionership he has no legal right to it. He holds the place only because in fulfillment of a political deal the President elected to violate the statute, and the Senate elected to uphold him in the violation.

The immediate future of the Commission will depend in a measure upon the course Mr. Bowers may pursue with respect to the employees in the several divisions. Long before his nomination he made promise of places in the Commission to certain personal friends who were working for him, and whose qualification for these places was that they were working for him. It is not to be supposed that one who has secured his own appointment in the way the new Commissioner's came to him will be squeamish about dismissing trained and experienced men from the force to make way for his own personal friends, however wanting in fitness they may be. There is, however, a bare hope that in this respect Commissioner Bowers may follow the course of Commissioner Brice, who, when he realized the magnitude of the work of the Commission and his own incompetence to deal with it, actually had not the courage to carry out certain prearranged deals and deprive himself of the saving services of experts. What has been accomplished under Commissioner Brice has been the work of his subordinates, and work achieved in spite of their chief's lack of qualifications. If the new incompetent shall have the sense to retain the old men in their places, they may be trusted to withstand the utter demoralization of the Commission's affairs otherwise to be expected.

YELLOWSTONE PARK EXTENSION.

COL. YOUNG, Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has prepared a measure which Secretary Bliss has sent to the Public Lands Committees of the House and Senate, to enlarge the boundaries of the Park. The proposed extension would include the present timber reserve in Wyoming east and south of the Park, the Teton Forest reserve set apart by President Cleveland in 1896 and including the Jackson Hole game country, a tract of low land at the southwest corner of the Park, and a mountainous strip in Montana to the northwest. The enlargement as projected is a step which has been urged in these columns for many years, and it is one which has the cordial support of all persons familiar with the game conditions of the Park and contiguous territory. One reason for the extension is, in brief, that such a change of boundaries would include tracts of country now infested by gangs of poachers who raid on the Park game supply, and by their removal would insure the better protection of the Park itself.

Another consideration is that the proposed territory to be reserved includes some of the most important inter-ranges of Rocky Mountain game, which might well be constituted Government refuges.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE question of the public control of dogs in large cities, always a perplexing one, has been considered settled, in a way, in this State by the operation of a law which intrusted that control to the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or to the Humane Societies. Under the system, which has been in effect for some years past, owners have been required to pay a license fee to the local society of \$1 for each dog, receiving in return from the society a metal tag to be attached to the dog's collar. Dogs found in the streets without the license tag have been taken by the society, and if unredeemed have been killed. The system, while meeting some individual opposition, has been generally acceptable. The public welcomed the efficient and decent services of the societies' agents always in grateful contrast with the thieves, thugs and murderers who in large part constituted the old force of licensed dog-catchers. So general, in fact, was the satisfaction with the new order of things that at first no one thought of inquiring into the constitutional aspect of the law, and this phase of the subject has only just now come up for consideration.

The unconstitutional character of the law has just been determined in a case decided in the Appellate Court. Frederick Fox and Melvin L. Evans, of Albany, brought suit in the Supreme Court against the Hudson River Humane Society to restrain the society from destroying their dogs, for which licenses had not been paid. Their contention was that the law was unconstitutional, and the Supreme Court finding against them, they carried the case up on appeal and secured a reversal. The Court held, in an opinion by Justice Landon, that in this State dogs are property, and may not be destroyed without due process of law; and that the grant of a license being the exercise of a sovereign power, the right to exact a license may not be delegated to a private corporation. We quote:

"The important question here is: Suppose he refuses to take out a license for his dog, can the dog be summarily killed or confiscated without any process of law whatever? When the law of the State was that dogs were not prima facie property, but must be proved to be valuable before they could be treated as such, it followed that the killing or confiscation of a dog, prima facie, affected no property right, and was no legal grievance. But now dogs in this State are property (Mullaly versus People, 86 N. Y., 365), and, of course, within the laws for the protection of property. * * * Now, it is plain that whether a dog is licensed or not does not affect its character. A good dog is none the less so though it wears no collar. The statute of 1896 does not declare the keeping of an unlicensed dog a misdemeanor, nor does it declare that the dog that wears no collar is presumptively a nuisance. The plaintiff does not put his dogs to an improper use. They are neither vicious nor dangerous. There is, therefore, no ground upon which we can assume that the plaintiff's dogs are a nuisance, and hence the defendant's right to kill them must rest upon some other basis, or be denied altogether. * * * If we assume that the killing or confiscation of the plaintiff's dogs is the penalty prescribed for his disobedience of the statute, then the same reasons which entitle him to his day in court before a penalty in money can be exacted apply before the penalty in dogs can be exacted. In neither case can he be deprived of his property without due process of law. The currency in which the penalty is exacted cannot affect the principle. * * * Under the act of 1896 no dog in the city of Albany has a prima facie right to live unless it wears a collar of the defendant. * * * The grant of a license is the exercise of sovereign power. To require the individual to pay a private corporation for a sovereign favor seems to be contrary to the fundamental principles of popular government. * * * We have no doubt the defendant is a most worthy institution, but however great its merits, they cannot obscure the vice of such legislation."

This, then, abolishes the existing system of caring for the dog population in great cities; but the societies

which have done the work so effectually and well should in some way be empowered to continue it. We must have dogs, the supply must be controlled by some license system, and there must be some machinery for enforcing the purposes of the license. Experience has shown that the best machinery is that provided by the S. F. P. C. A. and its kindred organizations.

The New York State Museum Bulletin for October is devoted to the subject of "Road Materials and Road Building," which is treated in a comprehensive, masterly style by F. J. H. Merrill, Ph.D., Director New York State Museum. There is no one who will deny the utility of good roads and the great need of them in this country, but there are few indeed who know how good roads should be constructed, or where the best material for them can be obtained. The preparation of such a bulletin as the one in question represents a vast amount of effort. There was an enormous amount of detail to investigate and arrange so as to be available as matter for instruction and reference. In respect to the material available in the State of New York, Director Merrill communicated with nearly 2,000 quarrymen, the information obtained being condensed into forty-two pages of letterpress, to which are added fourteen full-page diagrams and half-tones showing the manner of constructing first-class roads, the different stages of construction being so clearly illustrated that any one with ordinary ability can understand perfectly how the roads are built, and in what their excellence consists. The maps which accompany the bulletin admirably supplement the work. The front pocket cover contains one of New York, showing the distribution of rocks most useful for road material, and the back cover contains a large map showing the whole State on a scale of 1 in. to twelve miles. It gives an accurate location of every stone quarry used for building and road metal. By means of colors and symbols the quarries with crushers are shown, and the bluestone, sandstone, limestone, trap, granite and slate are distinguished. A short review of the history of roads is presented as an introductory, and the important reasons for road improvement throughout the country are set forth as follows: "First, the desirability of reducing the cost of hauling; second, the importance of making most of the roads fit for pleasure driving, thereby attracting to the rural districts in summer thousands of people who create a market for various farm products; third, the economic principle of preventing the great waste of labor which is now fruitlessly expended in making bad roads."

The topics principally considered are the Problem of Road Improvement in New York, Natural Roads, Road Construction, Earth Roads, Construction and Maintenance, Road Materials and their Distribution, Tests of Road Material.

In the construction of roads the essential points to be considered are set forth as being a hard, smooth, waterproof surface and a thoroughly dry foundation. Little as the general public knows of these principles, it is pointed out that they were known to the Romans 300 years before Christ. The road, moreover, must be built of sufficient strength to resist the weight and wear and tear of heavy traffic, and the surface must be smooth, so that there will be no undue strain on vehicles and no undue expenditure of force in drawing them.

The very fact that the Illinois Sportsmen's Association has held a midwinter convention for the consideration of game and fish interests is in itself full of significance and promise, for it means that the concern and activity of the organization are not longer to be restricted to trap tournaments.

If Mr. Henry Talbott and his committee associates of the District of Columbia Association shall carry out the programme he has laid down of a comprehensive and exhaustive investigation into the subject of river pollution, they will perform a service of national scope. The task is of such magnitude, however, that it might well be intrusted to a Government commission. The interests involved are of importance beyond computation. Public health, water supplies, manufacturing industries, the fisheries—all these are concerned.

The index of Volume 49 is sent with this issue to all subscribers, and will be supplied on application to others who may wish it for bound volumes.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Canute Feast with Bear Dessert.

I LIVE in the Short Grass country, in western Kansas, west of the 100th meridian. I've got a lot of young ones, a lot of cows, young and old; a lot of horses, mares and colts, and a big closet full of guns, rifles and everything that makes a sportsman's heart warm when he looks at them.

I have to keep it locked, for my two boys, I believe, could use up all my cartridges in a week on snowbirds and rabbits.

I received a letter from Mr. Miguel Trebinio about a month since. He lives on Rita Azul, in New Mexico. It read thus:

"Friend Mine: Come at once to Rita Azul. I have a trade to make, and I want you to help me. It is our horses for cattle. I think if you come out, by the help of the Santa Nina (Blessed Virgin) we can skin him. I also have a bear in a hole for you. You are also invited to a canute game and a feast. Your brother,

"MIGUEL TREBINIO."

Who could resist that plaintive appeal? A bear, horse trades, canute and a feast were too much. I wrote: "Expect me Monday night. Meet me at the train with the buckboard."

Sunday eve at 10:30 found me on the A., T. & S. F. train, where the colored porter kicked because I wanted to put my rifle and shotgun to bed with me. I try to handle a rifle as carefully as if it was glass, for a little careless knock may disarrange the sights, and it's heart-sickening to miss a deer after half a day's work with one's nerves on a strain all the time. I finally gave him 50 cents to go and see if my setter was all right in the baggage car; put my rifle to bed, and meekly turned over the shotgun when he came back. He took it and looked at the case a minute and then said: "If you want to sleep with that gun, boss, put him in bed. I guess he won't hurt noffin." So in it went, and I went into the smoking room and talked to the conductor for some time. He is a sportsman, and I made him very uneasy when I told him of all that was before me. At last I went to bed, unwillingly. I hate to go to bed and hate to get up. The porter aroused me at 8 A. M. with: "Boss, the train is almost got to breakfast." So I got up, and at La Junta we ate. In thirty minutes we were steaming toward the south. The Spanish Peaks came in sight, then the Raton Mountains, and at last my own beloved Mesa de Mayo, or May Mountain. It is full of trees and grass and water and game, with a sprinkling of horse thieves and an occasional bunch of Ute Indians that make it, taking it as a whole, altogether lovely. Near Thatcher I saw a band of seven or more antelope grazing at a distance of a mile from the track. They were southeast from the station. They were not disturbed by the noise of the train, and were still feeding with their heads down when I saw them last. It looked encouraging, and I hoped that my bear was asleep and doing well.

We steamed into Trinidad at 12 noon, and I had a very tough beefsteak at a restaurant and then went into a grocery store and bought things. I tried to buy a little of everything that was easily cooked or could be eaten raw, and had them boxed in two Arbuckle coffee cases, leaving orders to ship them by express at once. Then I went to the Denver and Fort Worth Railroad Depot, and after thirty miles of a run on the north side of the Raton Mountains and parallel to them I got off at a woebegone little station called Trinchara. The place consists of a depot, a store containing a post-office, four dilapidated cans of peaches, a bar of soap and a very drunken and disreputable proprietor—an American married to a Mexican woman. But here came Miguel driving three horses before him, one with my saddle on him, the other two bare. "Why didn't you bring the buckboard, Miguel?"

"It is broken. Part of the harness is lost, and the workhorses are gone with the cavayard. They are all gone. I borrowed these horses from Jesus Mestis to come for you. My son Luis is off after the horses on a mule, and Inez is after them on her jackass."

"I have two big boxes and a valise to pack, and we will have a time getting home, I fear."

"No, Señor, if the diamond hitch does not hold when I make it I am willing to leave the boxes in the road."

So I meekly unrolled my bedding, made impromptu packsaddles, and those two boxes went on a horse, one on each side, with the grip on top. On the other horse went two sacks of oats and my two guns. In the two sacks of oats were twenty-four bottles of beer and a large jug containing 2 gals. of fair whisky, my contribution to the feast at the canute game. Mexicans are like Indians, crazy for anything intoxicating, and I am very fond of my Mexicans, and a little won't hurt them. Poor devils! they can't get anything decent to drink in the shape of stimulants often. The whisky of the wilds of Colorado is simply awful.

And we started. The packs rode as if they were part of the horses. We landed at the ranch to find the horses all back and Inez cooking supper. I had a room all to myself in the old jacal.

The ornaments amused me. A skull, a cheap print of the Virgin Mary, and my photograph. It's a very saucy photograph. It shows me dressed in buckskin—old, worn buckskin—and I looked as wild as a hawk, and felt so, when I had it taken seventeen years ago.

When I got my store clothes off and came out into the kitchen Luis had got into the grub boxes. Luis is sixteen years old and as inquisitive as a monkey. But it was all right. I scolded him as if he was my own boy, and told him that his shame was lacking and his gall was large, and he seemed deeply affected. Then I consoled him with some candy that he likes as well as if he were younger.

We were hardly through supper before the guests began to assemble for the canute game—about twenty men and women.

Juan Madril and his wife, on horses, came first. Juan is about seventy years old. He is tall, lean, sinewy and dark. He has an eye like a hawk, and long, straight black hair, and is as active as a boy. His father years ago captured a Comanche girl, took her home and mar-

ried her, down in old Mexico. She had many sons, and they were all smart men, and all of them now alive are well-to-do, but the Indian sticks out in them in many ways. Doña Luisa Madril is fair, fat and forty, and a good woman. They alighted, and Juan shook hands with me. He remarked that he was glad to see me alive, and I told him that I was glad of it also. A boy took their horses, and just then up came a wagonload of people. Miguel turned to receive them, and I heard Juan say to his wife: "Miguel is putting on much style, having four peons for our horses."

"That's El Dick's doings," replied Luisa, and it was true. I had told some boys to take care of the horses, because I knew my Mexican compadres would be cold when they arrived, and a man to take one's horse, a welcome, a cup of hot coffee and a good fire make any one feel contented.

Don Andreas Lucero was in the wagon. He is ninety years old, almost blind, and as jolly as a boy of sixteen. His wagon was full of his friends, and they all tumbled out and went in.

The women were mostly dressed in black, with red shawls over their heads, and there were two or three very pretty girls among the crowd. The best-looking and smartest of the Mexicans showed Indian blood. I think it must have taken an enterprising Mexican to catch an Indian lady seventy-five years ago.

The house was brilliantly lighted up with about twenty candles, while my head lamp was hung up at the main entrance and shone a long way down the road. My head lamp is a Furguson, and is useful everywhere. I have killed a few deer with it when I was very hungry, but you had not better get one, because it's too easy to kill deer with them. I want every one but myself to still-hunt.

Canute is pronounced kanyootey. It is a game invented by the Navajo Indians. It is played with four sticks 10 in. long, 2 in. in diameter, round and like a big, fat candle; a hole in each stick 6 in. deep; each stick is named and marked on the butt, No. 1, No. 2—the mulatto and the sinchow (or the one with a girth). The players choose sides. There is a hole in each stick 8 in. deep, and the game is to find an iron nail that the opposite side hide in one of the sticks. They hide the iron in one and plant all four sticks in a pile of dirt, butt up. One man walks up to the pile, and his aim is to pick up the stick with the iron in it third. Each side has on the start fifty-two beans, and the side that gets them all wins. If the hunter picks up the stick with the iron in it first, he has to pay ten beans; if second, he has to pay six beans; third, he does not pay anything, and he and his side do the hiding and the other side has to hunt the iron. If he picks it up fourth, he has to pay four. If he don't win the iron, his side has to hunt the iron again. The game is a rather dirty and noisy one. Men and women all bet on it, and they most of them sing Indian-Mexican songs while the hunter is after the iron. This is one of the songs:

Ora see, ora no, ele canyootey no sa van.
Der la welta millyonara
No mass yo say undestan.

Or, to put it into English:

Now yes, now no,
The canute does not go
In this universe of millions,
I'm the only one can know.

And then they would all howl like wolves, and the hunter would scratch his bushy pate and make a grab and get the unlucky stick. And then his side would jaw and pay from their bean cup, and the other side would hide the iron again.

I finally got excited and bet a horse on the game with Inez against her jackass, and lost it. She offered it back to me the next morning, but I observed that she and Luis had got up very early and put her brand on it. Bless the old lady, I'd give her ten horses if she wanted them, for she is of the salt of the earth. I love her, and she is the ugliest woman I ever saw, and seventy-five years old.

At 12 o'clock we had the feast—lots of beef, bread and coffee, with no milk or sugar. I turned loose the stimulants, and all went merry as a marriage bell. At 12:30 they commenced playing again, and you should have seen them bet and sing and holler. I quit them after a little while and went to bed. The game broke up at about 2 A. M.

Miguel made me get up soon after day, and after breakfast we went and I traded some three-year-old horses for some two-year-old steers. Horses are unsalable and steers are cash, but I don't think I made a fortune, and told Miguel so. I believe he could have done better himself, but he is afraid that I won't like it if he trades. To tell the truth, I don't care much what he does with them, for I bought them for him, and they are really his, though legally I own them.

Toward night we rode up on the hills and over to a deep mountain gorge with a stream in it called Rita Buey, or Ox Creek. There are a few big cottonwoods in the creek bottom. We had concluded that the turkeys would not roost there that night; the old fellows began to sail off the steep bank up a tree. I knew they must be fat, for they made lots of noise, and one missed the tree and had to go up the hill and try it again.

Twenty-six big turkeys went to roost that night. We waited till they had got quiet, and then crept up under the trees. One old gobbler said "put, put," and I shot him in the head with No. 6 shot and smokeless powder, and down he came with a crash, and I could hear him beat a tattoo on the ground. Miguel got one, and I shot another as soon as I could see after the glare of my gun, and the rest flew in every direction out into the night. We got our three and rode off home well satisfied. I could have camped there till morning and got half the flock with a call, but we had all we wanted, and I am going to hunt them next year, I hope. Twenty-pound turkeys, raised on spring water, grasshoppers and piñon nuts, are good eating, and old Inez came out bareheaded with a torch when we got home, took the game and seemed very happy.

After supper Miguel told Inez of the hunt, and she said that we had killed one too many; that we could get them any time, and that we were good hunters; and I swelled with pride and gave her a big package of tailor-made cigarettes from one of my grips. "Such are

the rewards of the skillful flatterer," said Miguel. "Give me some, too"—which I did at once.

Then Miguel told me about our bear. It appears that he had found a cave near the head of Rita Buey during the summer and crawled into it after being well satisfied that there was nothing in it. It was 20 ft. straight in, at the base of an enormous pillar of rock called the Big Nigger Head. It then turned to the right a few feet, and there was a nest. There was sign of a bear around there, and he was satisfied that it was holed up for the winter.

It is, as all well-regulated and sensible people know, not pleasant to get up very early in the morning. A bear which has probably been asleep a month and is in a cave will be there at 10 or 11 as well as at 6; and so when I went to bed I told Miguel to leave me alone till I wanted to get up in the morning.

At about 10 I crawled out and ate breakfast, and saw my horse and two others already saddled. When Miguel and I picked up our guns and went out Inez came out with Luis' rifle instead of Luis, as I expected, and I heard Luis singing, as he washed the breakfast pans, a mournful dirge in Mexican, which, as translated, was: "My heart is broken by thy bright black eyes." I asked Inez if she was going, and told her that she would catch cold; and she calmly informed me that she had on my old corduroy pants and Luis' boots; that she had not been hunting for some time, and that she was young. That settled the question, and we mounted and rode away. The old lady presented a queer spectacle, astride of a very frolicsome pony, with an old gray muffler, very dirty, turban fashion on her head; Miguel's old blue army blouse, a new pair of gauntlet gloves that I gave her right there, for she was bare-handed; a calico skirt, my pants and those boots! She was smoking a cigarette, and I longed for the skill of Frederic Remington, or even a kodak.

So away we went. Miguel had a jack rabbit in a bag; a long cord, a bunch of rags and a bottle of kerosene. After a long climb we got within about 300 yds. of the cave or den, and could ride no further; so we tied the horses and climbed up on foot. The den is on a ledge about 10 ft. wide, and runs under the cliff that towers up for hundreds of feet. When we got there Inez perched herself on a rock about 10 ft. from the mouth of the cave, with a Winchester. Miguel had my .45-90, and I had my 8-bore, 15 lb. shotgun, loaded with cartridges containing nine .44 cal. buckshot and 7 drs. of powder. The programme was to tie the cord to the rabbit's leg, tie the rags to his tail, soak them with kerosene, and send him into the hole, and when the bear came out, to kill him. If that didn't work I was to put on my head lamp and crawl in and pot him, or he me. I wanted that bear if he was there.

Miguel took out the rabbit, and it squealed; tied the rags to his tail with about 1 ft. of play; hitched the long cord to his leg; got down on all fours at the mouth of the den; pointed Brer Jack into the hole, and setting fire to the rags, turned him loose. He immediately wheeled around and jumped over Miguel's shoulder, away from the cave. The burning rags hit Miguel a swipe on the whiskers and scorched them some. The rabbit then jumped off the ledge and set the dry leaves afire to the length of the cord. I dropped the gun and Miguel and I went to putting out the fire.

About the time we had got the fire put out and I had turned the jack loose we heard a dull, muffled roar above us, and Miguel exclaimed, in accents of despair: "That old witch has gone in and killed your bear." We scrambled up on to the ledge, and here came Inez out of the hole with my lamp strapped on her head and my big gun in her hand. We waited. Some smoke came out of the cave, and all was still. Miguel and I both wanted to go in, and finally drew matches to see which of us should go, for two should not go in at once. If a man is alone he can get out better than if a man is behind him, Miguel won. In he went with the head lamp and the shotgun, and soon came out and said the bear was dead, and that we must get a rope and two of us go in and drag him out. We went down to the horses and got a rope, and both crawled in and cut a hole through the bear's lower jaw, and finally got him out. He was a black bear, and weighed about 200 lbs. The top of his head had been blown into a mush by the big gun. Inez said that when she got down to the bear he looked like a big, round cushion of fur. She finally saw his ears, shot him once between them and then came out very quickly. Miguel told her that she had done wrong; that the bear was mine, and that I should have shot him. She said that she was a very old woman and that we were young and could probably find other bears before we died; that she had always wanted to kill a bear, and that now she had killed one. I told her that I was not angry. So we skinned and cut up the bear, and putting the meat on Miguel's horse and my own, and the hide on Inez's horse, we slowly wended our way down the mountain, single file.

I came home next day and brought some bear meat, which, by the way, is not very good eating. I made Inez take \$10 for the hide, and she sniffed a little when I came away, and said she was sorry that she had killed my bear. I am going to tan the skin and use it for a lap robe. Miguel informed me privately that the next time we went bear hunting Inez should stay in camp, for she was too fast and inclined to want to hog things. He also said he hoped she would steady down when she got older. She is about seventy-six now.

Home. A bath, a shave and clean clothes, a big pile of correspondence and some bills to pay. My wife and children seemed glad to see me, and my boy Will, who could not well go with me this trip, made me tell him much more than I have told you.

Hasta la manana.

CIMARRON, Kan.

W. J. DIXON.

"Men I Have Fished With."

MR. FRANK A. BATES, president Boston Scientific Society, writes: "The book is most interesting, covering fishing and shooting, hunting, trapping, woodcraft and clean-cut character sketches of many sorts of men. I have read it through twice, and when I feel tired and cross with the world I take it down and read a chapter of humor or pathos, and my brain is refreshed."

Mr. George B. Wood, of Reuben Wood's Sons, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "My dear Major Fred: I thank you for the sketch of my father and of my uncle Ira. Both are very lifelike, and while I did not know the other men in the book I know them now, for each individual stands out clear and distinct."

Just About a Boy.—VI.

"Ducks 're flyin'," said the boy, as he met me at the corner. "Less go up river 'n' git some. I know where they's a dandy place, string o' pon's out in the edge o' the timber 'n' some more up in a big pasture, with corn-fields right clost by."

"Always git lots up there when they're a-flyin', 'n' sometimes a goose, too. Will yeh go?"

"I guess we'd better. Any show for snipe up there?" I asked.

"Gee, yes! Always jacksnipe around the pond in the pasture. Yeh see, one end of it is kind o' springy 'n' has lots o' little watery places in it where the cattle have tromped 'round, 'n' the jacks 're always at that end. Ain't very many of 'em, but they's gen'ly some."

"I'll tell yeh what less do. I got a good tentin' outfit. Less take it 'n the boat 'n' go to-night 'n' camp, sost to be up there early 'n the morning. That's the best time, you know."

"All right, I guess I can fix it," I answered. "You go ahead and get ready, and I'll be over to the house in half an hour. What will we need to take in the way of grub?"

"Oh, I got enough grub cached up at the maples to last us, 'n' I'll throw what else we want into my packsack 'n' pick up the rest up there as we go along."

We separated and got our traps together, meeting at his house half an hour later, ready for the trip. It did not take long to get to the river and load the boat, and by the middle of the afternoon we had reached the boy's camp at the maples, about four miles up stream. Here he "dug up" a complete camp outfit, excepting blankets, from his snugly hidden cache, and we proceeded, equipped for staying two or three days if we chose.

"Yeh see, the ducks 'll come in with the wind 'n' shoot down this way, 'n'en circle back 'gainst the wind. They come like a streak, 'n'en when they pass the pond they come back slow 'gainst the wind, sost to 'light; 'n'en, when they pass us, is the time to plunk it into 'em. They are goin' too fast with the wind, but they're easy comin' back."

We had only got comfortably settled when a whistle of wings passed over us, going with the speed of an express train, with the wind.

"Teal," said the boy, though it was still too dark to see more than a bit of swiftly moving black cloud against the sky as they passed.

"They'll be back 'n a minute, 'n'en whale away at 'em as they pass. Shoot at the bunch if yeh can't see a single bird," said the boy.

Sure enough, a few minutes after the sharp whistle of wings swiftly beating the air sounded again almost over us.

"Give it to 'em," said the boy, as he turned both barrels loose at the moving mass. I did the same, though neither could tell whether we had killed a bird or scored a miss after the flash of the guns.

"Reckon we must 'a' got one er two, anyhow," the boy remarked. "They can't get away, 'n' we can find 'em when it gets light, if we did," he continued.

When the next flock came the morning was gray enough to pick out our birds, and three teal fell as the guns barked. These the boy quickly brought in, and again we crouched, waiting in the grass.

A bunch of five mallards came next, and we stopped every one, a proceeding that so elated the boy that he characterized it as "a whole lot lucky."

Ducks in job lots kept coming, some passing without giving us a shot, others circling back only to fall as the guns cracked, and the pile grew beside us until we had

beside himself, as he ran after the cripples, working like a 10 H. P. engine.

When we had our six piled up the boy said: "Now I'll go 'n' git that cripple out'n the pasture, 'n' you better circle around the other end of the pond by the springs, 'cause maybe you'll git a jack er two in there yet."

I did as directed, and got a pair of fine fat snipes out of five that pitched up from the march. Looking toward the boy, I saw him foot racing the wounded goose, which could half run, half fly, and keep ahead of him.

After chasing it for a couple of hundred yards, he stopped, threw up his gun, and as the white puff of smoke pitched out of the gun the goose doubled up. Coming back, we gathered up our game and struck for camp, the boy keeping up a running fire of talk on geese in general and these geese in particular, as proud of outpotting the seven as though it had been the making of a million dollars—and probably more satisfied with it.

When we reached camp he was willing to go home, and we soon had the boat under way. At the maples we re-cached his camp outfit and continued down stream, reaching home before dark, and every one that saw us on the way home from the boat had to stop and ask a thousand questions about those blessed geese.

EL COMANCHO.

Little Assinaboine's Charge.

I WAS much interested some time ago in reading in your columns, under the title "Stories of a Heroic Age," some accounts of Indian adventure by Messrs. Kelley and Grinnell, both of whom I have known for many years. These adventures took place in the old buffalo range, which was also the fighting ground for Sioux and Cheyennes against Crows, Blackfeet, Northern Gros



THE MODELED FORM READY FOR THE SKIN.



THE LIVING MODEL.

TAXIDERMY AND SCULPTURE.

When we reached a point opposite the ponds we pulled in and soon had camp made among some jack oaks that grew well above the river, and when darkness came we were comfortably housed.

Ducks had been passed on the way up, flying in many directions, but none came near enough for a shot, as we were in midstream and only traveling, not taking any measures to conceal either ourselves or our boat.

Darkness settled down with a muddy sky and a promise of dirty weather, a prospect that set the boy to whistling contentedly as he put the finishing touches on the camp.

"Goin' to git a nor'west wind in the mornin'," I reckon," he said, with a yawn; "'n' if we do, we'll git ducks, too, 'cause they'll come a-hummin' from the north if it comes a little cold."

"Less go to bed, sost we can git up early."

We curled up in our blankets, and the last thing I remember was watching the flare of red spring out of the bed of coals where our fire had been, every time a little whirl of wind eddied down through the oaks and bulged the tent flaps open.

"Hay! Goin' to sleep all day?"

The boy was up and dressed and reaching for the strings that held the flaps of the tent together when I opened my eyes. It was still dark as pitch, and the boy had the lantern lit inside the tent.

A cold, raw wind was hurrying down the river, tossing the branches and making the trees moan in a desolate way, and the low-hanging clouds hurried by with it.

"Come on, less git a hustle on us, or it'll be daylight 'fore we git started," said the boy, as he skurried around making preparations for our morning meal.

I got the guns and shells out, and prepared the camp for leaving, while he was busy with the frying pan and coffee pot.

"They're a-flyin'," he said, as a flock of ducks hurtled by on whistling wings, following the course of the river.

After breakfast we hurried to the pond in the timber edge, and were soon concealed in the high slough grass on the lee side of the water, a position the boy selected.

twenty-nine between us for the morning's shooting when the flight ceased and we had gathered in all the cripples.

"Less take these to camp, 'n'en go over to the other pond," said the boy. "Reckon we can get a few more over there if we sneak up on 'em, 'n'en we'll sure get a few jacks, too, round the springy end." We packed our game to the tent and then went over to the pasture pond, walking up to it through a little draw that put into the valley.

"Oh, gee!" said the boy, in a stage whisper, as he peeped over a little bank of earth that hid us from the water.

"They's about fifty geese out there, settin' all tucked up like a lot o' mummies. Got any big shot?"

"No, nothing but fours," I answered.

"Well, here; pull yours out," he said, swiftly throwing out his duck loads and replacing them with BB shells.

"I got lots of 'em, 'n' you can change your shot. Wish we both had the same size guns."

He was digging out the wads from a couple of his 12-gauge shells with his hunting knife as he spoke, and I was working nervously with a couple of my No. 10s.

When we had reloaded my shells with the heavy shot, the boy said: "Now, all ready; we'll count three 'n' raise up 'n' shoot. You take the left side o' the flock 'n' I'll take the right. Git in two shots 'n'en load juss as quick as ever you can, 'cause they may circle back."

The suspense was ended when the boy said "three," and we turned four loads loose among the unsuspecting geese at a distance of 30 or 40 yds. A crackling flap of beating wings, mixed with frightened honkings and a gabble of sounds, smote our ears as the flock took to the air, leaving six of their number unable to rise. The boy threw in another shell and pitched the load after the retreating birds, and another one spread his wings and sailed out of the bunch at a flat angle, striking the ground a quarter of a mile away in the open pasture. It took three more shots to stop the cripples before we could gather up the dead.

"Gee! ain't this luck for yeh?" said the boy, fairly

Ventres, and other plains tribes. On this old buffalo range the buffalo Indians used to meet and to fight, how bitterly and how bravely no one can appreciate who was not in the country at that time.

The Crows and the Sioux were almost always at war, and the stories which I have referred to bring up to my recollection a tale told me by two Sioux Indians who were engaged in one of these battles. These men were named Lone Standing Bull and Round Wooden Cloud. I have no reason to doubt their veracity, and as will be seen later their story was confirmed by the appearance of the battleground as I saw it.

It had been the practice of the Sioux war parties in attacking the Crows to send a small party to rush through the camp, and when the Crows turned out, to retreat, drawing most of the young men after them in pursuit. The fleeing Sioux would lead the Crows into an ambush already prepared, when of course the Sioux would usually gain the advantage.

In the particular fight of which these two Indians told me thirty-one Crows, a horse, and a dog belonging to them were wiped out in the year 1870 by a large party of Sioux under the leadership of Little Assinaboine. This is how it happened:

A party of thirty-two Crows on a war expedition found themselves near the Yellowstone River close to a large Sioux camp. A council was held, and it was determined to raid the camp for their horses. All the Crows, with one exception, agreed to this, but one man claimed that the risk was too great, and that he would not remain. He therefore left the party and returned to camp, he being the only one of the ill-fated thirty-two ever to return home.

Two scouts were sent forward to locate the horses belonging to the Sioux. They went close to the camp and lay in some brush, waiting for evening, and while there two young Sioux boys were seen approaching mounted, but unarmed, no doubt going after horses.

The Crows agreed that when the boys had come close

to their hiding place they would kill them with arrows, as the noise of firearms would discover them to the camp. They killed one of the boys, but the other, although wounded, managed to escape. The Crows scalped the one killed and then made the best of their way back to where the main war party was. On telling them of their adventure, it was determined to move away as fast as possible, and to gain a rocky hill some distance toward the Yellowstone, as the Sioux would without doubt at once follow them.

This place was they thought impregnable. On the top of a small hill there was an open space of quite an extent, but entirely surrounded by rocks several feet in height. They believed that here they could stand off any number of Sioux that might be sent against them, and as they had plenty of ammunition they were not at all alarmed for the result. That night they reached this rocky fortress without being overtaken by the Sioux, who, however, were hard on their trail, and before morning made themselves secure behind the rocky breastworks. As soon as the wounded boy had told his story a very large war party of Sioux had started after the Crows. It consisted of several hundred warriors, but some time was consumed in finding the trail, so that the Sioux did not come within sight of the place the Crows occupied until the next morning, and on seeing the natural fortification the Crows occupied a council was held by the Sioux to determine what should be done. Many plans were suggested for dislodging the Crows from their stronghold, but none were found practicable, and at length the chiefs agreed that the place was too strong to take, and that it was better to leave the Crows alone, as a great loss of men must occur should they attack, and the result would be more than doubtful. It was therefore determined to return to camp and leave the Crows alone, and a large majority started on their return.

On seeing the Sioux begin to withdraw the Crows sprang on to the rocks, taunting, and making derisive and contemptuous gestures, such as waving their breech clouts and other mocking signs.

Now among the Sioux was a chief named Little Assinaboine, who all through the council had remained silent. He was a noted warrior, and very brave. When the main body of the Sioux had started to return to their camp he had not followed them, but with a few of his followers had remained watching the Crows. He now turned to one of his young men and said to him: "Follow the party who are returning, and tell them all to come back at once; that I say so." The messenger soon overtook the party, who, on receiving the message, at once returned.

Now," said Little Assinaboine on their return, "these Crows have killed our young man; they taunt us with cowardice. Let us give them all the fight they want."

"We will divide up into two parties; I will lead thirty men, and we will make a dash straight for their stronghold. I know it well, and have been in it many times. If we can get right up to the rocks on the outside we will find many large cracks between them, and we can see right into where the Crows are, and can push our guns through and kill them on the inside."

"The main party will go round to the other side, and when we are right up to the rocks they can rush up and climb over. The Crows will not see them, as I shall keep them occupied."

This plan was at once adopted, and after singing their war song they commenced to put it into execution. Little Assinaboine with about thirty men strung out some distance from each other made a rush for the wall of rocks; the Crows poured a murderous fire into them and no less than eleven men fell dead before they reached the outside of their hiding place, which, led by Little Assinaboine, they at last gained. When they reached the outside of the rocks they found, as he said, many cracks through which they could see the Crows inside, and through which also they could push their guns. This they did, and in this way slaughtered many Crows, being themselves safe from any fire from within.

In the meantime as soon as they saw that Little Assinaboine had gained the wall a hundred or more Sioux had rushed to the place from the other side, and a slaughter grim and great took place. It was not over until every Crow—thirty-one in all—had been killed, together with one horse taken from the Sioux boy killed by the scout, and a dog.

The Sioux lost many men, and Little Assinaboine was wounded.

In commemoration of Little Assinaboine's brave rush for the rocks the Indians followed his footsteps in the snow, and in each footprint placed a flat rock, thus marking his trail from the place he started the charge. After this he was looked upon as one of their bravest warriors, which he most undoubtedly was. The memory of their great loss remains with the Crows until this day.

I visited the spot in 1878, and the long zigzag trail of flat stones where Little Assinaboine stepped was still plain to be seen. Within the rock inclosure I found many human bones, together with those of a horse and a dog. I therefore had no doubt of the truth of the story.

The rocks on the outside showed dozens of bullet marks as fresh as if only fired the day before. This I consider as brave a charge as was ever made by Indians, or even whites, and Little Assinaboine deserved the name of the bravest warrior among the Sioux.

W. JACKSON.

A Society Dog.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—Now don't laugh, for if Towser is not in society, who is? He calls on most of the cottagers pretty regularly and never misses an afternoon tea or any other social function, and while not actually hitting the ball, is generally, although sometimes an apparently slightly bored observer of the game of golf.

And this seems to be the way it has all come about:

Some two years ago his owner went North in the spring and Towser was as usual left behind. For some reason or other Towser came to the conclusion that if his master and mistress went away without consulting him and left him to loneliness and the servants and perhaps to shorter rations, his obligations as a faithful dog

ceased, and he began to visit around among those he had known as friends of his master and mistress. As he was never obtrusive and always pleasant, with never any suspicion of taking offense, he gradually extended the circle of his acquaintance until it has taken in almost all of the fashionable set. He has the way when meeting any one of his acquaintances of appearing to wish to impress upon them that he is his dearest friend. He seems careful to show that no mere desire for cake impels him not to miss an afternoon tea, as I think he rarely indulges in cake on such occasions. He usually adopts some one household as his regular boarding place for a while, where he can take most of his meals, and varies it with an occasional visit of a day or two to some other especial friend.

During the weeks of early winter, when the winter residents are returning, Towser spends a good part of the day near the post-office greeting his old friends among the arrivals.

Towser, or Rover, as he is sometimes called, is a cross between a collie and a setter. The most marked characteristic of Towser that distinguishes him from the ordinary herd of dogs and links him closer to humanity is the fact of his very numerous friends and acquaintances, both men and women, but of the ordinary dog-like attachment to none.

Like human beings, he has warmer attachments to some than to others. He may think it wise to put absolute trust in none, and his experience when his first family left him may in his doggish mind have taught him to have if possible more than one friend to rely upon.

How he always gets wind of every particular social function I do not know, but he has learned that his presence is always agreeable, and so he very unobtrusively makes himself at home, and if things to him sometimes grow a little dull he seeks some quiet corner and takes a nap, but is fresh and alert as the guests are ready to depart.

It may be that dogs, or at least some dogs, are in the line of the development of the end of the century. W.

Natural History.

Taxidermy and Sculpture.

As yet there are but few people that know that taxidermy and sculpture are arts closely akin. So near are they related that they might be called one, for now to be a taxidermist one must be a sculptor, and the better the sculptor the better the taxidermist. If he is no sculptor he must be nothing more than an old-time "stuffer," whose ambition was to see how much straw or excelsior he could ram into a skin. These old methods are now passing away; an evolution is taking place in the art, and before the general public has had time to realize that any progress was being made, taxidermy has passed from the crude stuffing out a skin to the very highest art in modeling.

It was only a few years ago that some of the most enlightened taxidermists and naturalists began to build a form of excelsior or straw, tightly bound into shape with thread—a manikin, as they called it. Then some one suggested the idea of covering that manikin with a thin coat of papier maché or wet clay to give it smoothness, and later some attempted to model a little, but up to that time the most progressive taxidermist of them all had only been looking at the art from the naturalist's standpoint; not one of them had studied the art of modeling. For this reason the very best of their specimens were void of form save for a few outlines and for their attitudes, which were often correct.

Although these men had pushed the art forward, they were yet far from the point which has now been reached. Their methods then were considered excellent, but time has proved them to be useless from the standpoint of art, for reasons that I will give. Up to five years ago, nothing better was known than to build a form of excelsior and cover it with a coating of wet clay, after which the skin was put over that manikin. Now the skin, being exposed to the air, must necessarily dry before the clay that is under the skin, and therefore any modeling that might have been shown in the clay was spoiled by the tightening and warping of the hardening skin over the soft clay, and where the ambitious taxidermist had left a depression the skin in drying drew out and bridged it over, and where there was a protuberance the tightening skin often flattened it out of shape.

There is another great drawback to the use of wet clay manikins which has come under my observation in the last few years; that is, the bursting of the skin caused by the clay being next to the skin and continually absorbing the animal matter out of the skin. After a while this dries and burns the skin to such an extent that I have seen some specimens that were burst in at least half a hundred different places and with the pieces of skin of what had been a perfect specimen hanging down on all sides. This trouble I remedied by putting a coat of a composition wax over the manikin, the wax being mixed to the consistency of soft butter. This composition, being waterproof, served to prevent the moisture of the skin from penetrating the clay, and vice versa. Besides this, as it was very soft, it served to make the skin stick to the form, and then the skin could easily be slipped into place. These improvements, however, were not enough, for I have found that in drying clay loses about one-twentieth of its volume by shrinkage, and therefore is sure to spoil the modeling to a certain extent, as it never dries evenly. Some parts may have more water than others, and therefore shrink more, so that I have at last decided to discard the old method of mounting altogether.

It was after taking a two years' study of art in Paris that it occurred to me that by making a hard model and doing all the modeling that I wanted in this, and then letting it thoroughly dry before putting the skin on it, I might get the best of tough skins. This has, indeed, brought me far better results than could be attained by the old method.

I have now brought the art of taxidermy to the point

where I have so longed to see it placed—on even terms with sculpture—for I now proceed to model an animal which is to have the natural skin over the model exactly as I would if I intended to produce it in bronze or marble. I first make all my necessary studies, then a small model; then I proceed to make my original model in solid clay or wax, and model it in the same way and with the same care as I would a human figure. With such a model, by using proper care, one can do just what he likes, and if he is any kind of a sculptor he ought to be able to produce a masterpiece of taxidermy. Now, whether I want to produce this model in bronze or taxidermy, it is quite the same thing, save as to the modeling of the hair. I then cast the perfectly modeled form in plaster, then it is a question of whether you want it in bronze or in some composition.

Of course, it is understood that if this model is to have skin put over it, long hair should be omitted on the model, and a little allowance made for the skin—for instance, as in wrinkles, where each wrinkle touches another, the taxidermist must make allowance for the fold of the skin—but otherwise it is exactly the same. One must give every muscle its proper form and relative value to each other muscle; he must make that form take life under his thumb; he must make it breathe. He must get his proper lights and shades, the tones and half tones to each form; must accentuate the form just enough to give it strength, and must let others see what he has seen; in fact, he must do all that a sculptor would do, except to show the texture of the skin and hair.

Often I have wished I had no skin to put on, for one is greatly handicapped by a skin. Take a lion, for instance. No matter how much skill and art you may use in your modeling, if you have not a fine mane on the skin it is no lion at all. I had that experience some time ago in my roaring lion. We cannot make mane grow on a lion's skin, but a short time later I produced one in bronze that was the admiration of those who saw it. Now I was able to do what I wanted, and where the lion's skin had no mane, in the bronze I was able to make it grow to my ideal—a privilege that we have not in taxidermy, where we must take the skins as they are—and so many times I have wished I had no skin to put on the model, but could finish it in sculpture.

I believe that the art of taxidermy is now raised to the highest point that it will ever attain, according to the ability of the sculptor who makes a model that may be cast in plaster and then in a composition that will take the perfect form of your molds, whether it be cast in bronze, zinc or lead, or any metal or composition that may be permanent. To this perfect form the skin must be applied, glued tight, every curve of the hair and every fold of the skin being in its proper place. When this has been done I do not think that more can be asked for, save the live animal itself.

GEORGE H. STORK.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

MERT WILLIAMS was a printer, and he "held cases" on a morning paper. Al Walker was a machinist. The two were neighbors. When work was slack in the shop and Walker was laid off, he would take his hook and line and stroll along the river bank. When Williams put on a "sub," which he did one and two nights a week, he would devote his spare time to practicing shorthand. To-day he is court stenographer at the price of \$3,000 a year, while Walker more than ever strolls along the river bank, for the machine has made sad havoc with the machinist. Williams's mouth would "water" for fish when Walker passed his way with a fine string. Walker suggested to Williams that he try his luck, and to begin on suckers.

"Easiest thing in the world," he said, "to catch suckers." And he explained how it was done.

Williams could never have any luck fishing, but it appeared so easy to catch suckers he thought he would try it. "I'll play a trick on my wife," he said to Walker. "I'll slip quietly out of bed in the morning without disturbing her, and bring back a string for breakfast."

So he harvested a can of angle worms. It was a raw, cold spring morning, with a drizzling rain, and the comfortable bed nearly upset Williams's plans. When he arrived at the meeting place Walker was there with line set. The plan was to fasten a number of small hooks on short strings to the end of the main line, weight the whole thing and drop them into the river, the other end tied to a stick stuck into the earth. The sucker would come nosing along on the river bottom, suck in the bait, and all you had to do was to pull in the fish, for the sucker is a very docile creature. Walker stood with his hands in his pockets, watching the stick. "Easiest thing in the world," he remarked. "Sometimes I catch two or three at once."

Williams had an unpleasant task stringing the worms on the hook. His fingers got cold and numb, and the hooks would tangle up. He would whip his hands around his body, blow on them, press them between his legs, and then renew his task. In tossing the weight into the water one of the hooks caught in his clothes. Walker had already pulled in a nice, fat sucker. "Easiest thing in the world," he remarked again.

If Williams had been an experienced fisherman he would have heaved the weight into the water first and set the stick last. That was a serious error. The sinker, given a strong throw, fell well out into the water; the line came taut, pulling the stick out of the earth, and as it was going into the river Williams made a rush for it, barely missing it, when the soft bank went from under his feet, and he dropped into the water up to his neck. Walker fished him out.

"Easiest thing in the world to catch suckers," he sputtered, as he started on a run for home. E. P. M.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—X.

(Continued from page 104.)

WE were shooting quail in the wilds of North Carolina, and were passing through a pine thicket when we heard a short distance ahead of us a shot, and immediately following the report the air was filled with ki-yings and shrill howlings of a dog that appeared to be getting away from there, as the music was gradually receding. We were soon at the edge of the thicket, where we found a long, gaunt native leaning on his long, gaunt gun, and looking in the direction that the dog had evidently gone. Approaching, I asked him what was up. He turned to us with a countenance that was a study to see, the predominating expression appearing to be a sort of surprised wonder; and as he shifted his rest from one foot to the other he slowly drawled out, "Trouble enough, Mister. Whatever the old woman will do when I get home I don't know; she thinks a heap of that pup."

"What!" I exclaimed in a tone of horror, "you did not shoot the dog!"

Rolling his eyes up at me with a woe-begone expression that would have been worth thousands of dollars to Fritz when he lost Schneider, "Oh, Mister," he whined, "don't talk like that. I feel bad enough now to go and jump in the creek. Whatever she'll do I don't know."

In response to my inquiry as to how it happened, he exclaimed: "Drat the old woman; she's as much to blame as me, for I shouldn't have come if she hadn't made me." Then dropping his voice to its natural tone he continued, "We were out of bacon and meat, and she allowed that I had better go out and get an old b'ar, so I got the gun and took Juke and came over here, as there is right smart of old b'ars here. Pretty soon I seen the purp wagglin' his tail, and I pulled foot for this corner, as they always run here. Well, pretty soon he done jumped one, and as it came out of the brush I whistled, and as soon as he squat I pulled on him, and I'll be everlastingly conswaggled if I didn't shoot the purp. Must have done broke his hindleg, I reckon, as he held it up and yelled like all possessed and started for home just as fast as he could go on three legs."

Then shouldering arms he went and picked up the "old b'ar," adding as he moved away, "Whatever she'll do I don't know, but I reckon I'd better go and have it out."

Several phases of this incident were quite interesting. I was particularly struck with the new word, "conswaggled." This was the first time that I had ever heard it, and my companion was in the same fix, so we argued a while and then tried to guess at its meaning, but had to give it up. Soon after we came across an aged "man and brother" who was plowing in wheat, and we agreed to abide by his decision. Approaching him, I gave him "good-day," and asked him if he would solve for us a linguistic problem. He had stopped his mule, and appeared to be good and ready for social converse, but when the unknown word fell upon his ear there came a dazed look upon his open countenance, in an absent-minded manner he pulled off his hat, and like the lone fisherman "he scratched his ancient poll," then dubiously shaking it, in a regretful tone he said, "No, boss, I dun know whar you'll find 'em, dar ain't none round here, but over under dat bush dar's an ole b'ar, an' he's done bene squattin' dar all day."

Promising to shoot the "ole b'ar" for him if he would answer a simple question, he brightened up and gave a fair promise. "Now," said I, "tell me truly, what does conswaggled mean?" I shall always be pleased to think that I asked him, for I now know what it means as well as any one, and in the interest of science I will record his answer. Rolling up his eyes and looking me straight in the face with a perfectly truthful expression he exclaimed, "Say, boss, I'll done be everlastingly conswaggled if I know."

We were paddling down the Pearl River in Mississippi in search of ducks. My companion was in one end of the boat and I in the other, each with a paddle, which we used alternately at each shot, turning the boat around so as to place the one whose turn it was to shoot in the bow, or as my companion put it, "shooting, turn and turn about." It was my turn at the gun when a mallard jumped a short distance below, and I blazed away, hitting him hard; but he kept on, and we saw him pitch down just beyond the bank at a bend in the river some twenty rods below. When we arrived at the place we drew the boat ashore and worked our way through the tangled brush a short distance, when we came to a small pond-hole, in the middle of which I saw a duck, and taking a hasty aim I let drive and tumbled him over. But after kicking a moment he partly recovered and paddled straight toward us. Coming out of the water and waddling up within 3 ft. he keeled over on his back in front of us. He was my meat.

I wish I could stop here, but this is not all the story. Before the duck was out of the water I saw that he was not the one we had marked down, and I told my companion that I thought this was a tame one; and as we just then caught sight of an aged darky hobbling toward us we knew it for certain. As he came up to us with his face wreathed in smiles, he very pleasantly said, "Well, gemmen, you's done killed de las' one, an' I specs you's 'll be willin' to gib me a quarter for him; dat's what all de gemmens pays me, and dey's done shot more'n sebenteen ob 'em."

Of course I at once forked over the quarter, for which I received at least \$2 worth of thanks, and then the old fellow proceeded to give us at length graphic and circumstantial accounts of the taking off of his flock, and to my horror giving the names of those who had participated in the sport. Some of the persons named were friends of mine, and I want to say to them right here that I have my opinion of any one who would be guilty of shooting the poor old fellow's ducks, but in order that they may have time for repentance I shall not at

present give them away. I was thankful that the old darky did not know us, and I was determined that he should not have our names to add to his list. My companion evidently thought the same, for when the old fellow wanted to know what our names might be he received a very prompt reply that we were the Fugerson brothers from New Orleans, and under threat that if he told on us we would never shoot another of his ducks he solemnly promised never to mention it. Picking up our "boughten" duck, we found the other one after a short search, and were soon in the boat floating calmly down the beautiful river, with never a word to break the peaceful quiet, and save an occasional stealthy glance at that dead duck not a motion to disturb the harmony of the scene or ruffle the surface of the bright water.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

That Boy Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my mail box the other day was a letter. The name began about where it ought to on the envelope, but started toward the upper right-hand corner, so the stamp had to be put on skew-yaw to prevent its covering the name. The matter was remedied by running the next address line down to the lower right-hand corner. The city name was squeezed into the wedge-shaped space remaining, and the State's initials were over in the lower left corner out of the way.

It was thrilling handwriting, too, for me. I knew what to expect. Perhaps the mail clerks were thrilled as well. The letter was from the boy at Philadelphia, N. Y., of whose bicycle hunting the FOREST AND STREAM has told. A part of the letter may be worth transcription:

"You know sometimes a fellow feels kind-a funny. He don't want to read; he can't study; he fidgets sitting still, and gets out of breath doing nuthin. That's the way I got to feelin' the other day when it snowed and blowed so. I stood up to sit down ag'in, and monkeyed around home till Cousin Min was most strackted. She begun to fidget, too, and by and by I went hunting. Of course I took the target pistol and sort of moseyed off across the trestle to kind-a quiet myself down. I kept a-goin' and goin' up the railroad track, snow blowing so I couldn't see my feet walk. I piled over a fence and slid down them rocks top the hill by the sawmill still-water, and in them woods where there is an opening I found two rocks side-a-side, and between them was a fine place to sit down; so I sot. There wa'n't no wind there, and I was all het up and didn't git cool a bit. I had a place to lean my back against, and I rested with my eyes most shut. The snow dropped onto my face and felt bully, almost like home. Pretty quick there wasn't anything but snow where I was, all covered up."

"I kind-a went to sleep—wasn't cold, you know, just comfortable. My pistol was in my hand all snowy, my black wool gloves all white; couldn't see my shoes nor nothin'. I had some chocolate creams, and I ate them with snow—better'n ice cream—takin' care not to shake the snow down my neck. It kept gettin' shadowy all the time, flocks of flakes comin' down thick."

"I felt just like—I don't know. You know, I didn't want nothin' at all. Anyhow, it was lovely."

"I couldn't see across the river forty rods, only just shadows like in a balsam swamp. It felt shivery, too—not cold, only nice like. Pretty soon I kinder felt as though something was somewhere. I could sort of feel it, and I shivered. Couldn't see nothin' nor hear it. It seemed like the pistol was a comfort, too. Hadn't wanted it before, but it felt good in my hand. I held it a leetle tighter, not moving any at all. Someway I couldn't move."

"Then all to once a little black nose came from behind the right side rock I was sitting at. And it was long and p'inted, and there was eyes and a head and pricked-up ears. There was a full-grown fox standing there, stopped all to a standstill. Gee! I must have smelled strong that clost."

"Up went his head. I never moved. My eyes was shut all but the blinkers. He looked and looked. The snow whirled over the rocks and hit both sides of him, and he turned first one side, then t'other, smellin' and listenin'. Then away off across the river I heard one of the Cross boys holler "Whooee!" and the fox he heard, too, and turned the back of his head square to me."

"I lifted the pistol careful, careful, as though 'twould melt or bu'st or somethin'. It growed awful shadowy all of a sudden. It was most night, and it come like in a swamp, where it's evergreen and thick. I shivered, too, like as if I was scared, only I wasn't. I lifted the pistol. I could see the brass sinking into the steel, creeping up his forelegs—all I could see—up, up into his shoulder, and there it rested just a little second. Then, spank! went the little .22 short smokeless, the sound hittin' against the snow what was fallin' and huddlin' all up."

"The fox give a jump, and then half a one; down he went; kicked a little. Then he was dead, and me holdin' him up by the heels, letting the red blood drop out his breast. The bullet went in kittercoterin'."

"I took him home, and it was dark before I got there a long time. I didn't walk fast, but slow. It was one of those thinking spells a feller has coming home or something once in a while. I'm going to send it to have it mounted. It is a lovely skin, soft and nice. Poor devil! I felt sorry for him, getting cold in the snow so sudden."

And that's the way he got his first fox.

NEW YORK.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Shooting on the Eastern Shore.

CHINCOTEAGUE, Va., Jan. 31.—Ducks are quite plentiful in Chincoteague Bay at this writing, especially redheads, broadbill and quite some brant. Mr. Joshua Reed, Jr., reports having killed thirty redheads at three shots on Saturday, and is shipping to-day thirty-six pairs, the result of Saturday's work. Brant will be on hand in February and March, on their northern flight, while geese may be expected.

T. G. ELLIOTT.

Interstate Wardens' Convention.

Monday, First Day.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. —The so-called Interstate Wardens' Convention, which began at Chicago to-day, is really not merely a convention of wardens, but a gathering of State committees charged with the investigation of protective measures calculated to be mutually beneficial to all the States represented. As stated earlier, the matter was first set on foot by Senator J. Herbert Green, of Milwaukee, Wis., a young and enthusiastic sportsman who has gained the confidence of many men and many interests of his State. Delegations were appointed by Legislatures of other States, so that quite a body of workers appeared to-day. The representation as shown at call for credentials to-day was as follows:

From Wisconsin: Hon. J. Herbert Green, James El-larson, State Game and Fish Warden; Henry Overbeck, Jr., Sturgeon Bay; W. H. Flett, Merrill; J. J. Hogan, La Crosse; H. D. Smith, Appleton; Curr Bell, Bayfield; E. E. Bryant, Madison; Calvart Spencely, Mineral Point; A. E. Birge, Madison.

From Minnesota: Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton, St. Paul; C. S. Benson, St. Cloud, Secretary State Fish and Game Commission; Senator E. G. Potter, Minneapolis; Hon. W. B. Douglas, Moorhead; Hon. T. E. Byrnes, Minneapolis, legal counsel of the State Commission; Hon. A. F. Ferris, Brainerd; Mr. Uri L. Lamphrey, President State Sportsmen's Game and Fish Protective Association, and Mr. G. L. Tucker, secretary of the same body.

From Michigan: Senator Preston, of Lapere; Hon. F. C. Chamberlain, Gogebic; Hon. Horace Davis, President of the State Fish Commission; Mr. C. E. Brewster, deputy warden, Grand Rapids; Col. E. Crofton Fox and Mr. John Waddell, of the Grand Rapids Sportsmen's Association; Mr. A. L. Lakey, President of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, Grand Rapids.

From Ohio: State Commissioner E. H. Shorb, of Van Wert.

From North Dakota: State Game Warden George E. Bowers, of Fargo.

From Illinois: Dr. S. P. Bartlett, United States Fish Commission; Hon. Nat H. Cohen, President Illinois State Fish Commission; Hons. John A. Barnes and J. B. Lyon, of the State Legislature; Harry W. Loveday, State Game Warden; M. R. Bortree, of the National G., B. and F. P. Association; Col. C. E. Felton (named but not present), of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association; Messrs. C. D. Gammon and A. A. Exline.

Indiana, Iowa and South Dakota had no representatives present to-day, these States having made no appropriation for the purpose of sending representatives. Other delegates and interested persons are expected in to-morrow from Wisconsin and Michigan.

The convention went into business session at 2 P. M., at the club rooms of the Great Northern Hotel. Senator Green, of Wisconsin, was called to the chair, and Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota, was chosen secretary. The chairman stated the purposes of the meeting in a brief and direct speech which showed a pleasing freedom from high-flown generalities. On motion of Mr. Bortree the call of delegates was had, and a committee was appointed to formulate topics for discussion. Said committee, appointed by the chair, was composed of Messrs. Bortree and Loveday, of Illinois; Douglas, of Minnesota; Brewster, of Michigan; Flett, of Wisconsin, with the president and secretary of the convention. After a five minutes' recess the committee reported a programme beginning with fish protection, the discussion being:

1. Should inshore fishing be allowed on any of our Great Lakes?

Uniform Close Season on the Great Lakes.

This topic, not of such interest to sportsmen, is a vital one to the State wardens and commissions. Its discussion consumed a couple of hours. Dr. Bartlett, of Illinois, said Illinois was not so much concerned with the Great Lakes, but was in line for accord. Mr. Brewster, of Michigan, said inshore fishing should certainly have restrictions. Mr. Ferris, of Minnesota, thought Minnesota was not much concerned in the Great Lakes fisheries. Mr. Overbeck, of Wisconsin, said his State had a great deal of that sort of fishing. Mr. Fullerton, of Minnesota, showed the damage to schooling fish, immature ones, which ran inshore and were taken in inshore nets. Mr. Bartlett said he could promise the hearty co-operation of Illinois and the passage of any law his friends from outside advised. Mr. Brewster explained that, under the present diversity of the laws, they had driven the inshore fishers from Michigan, but they went to Indiana and Wisconsin and thence plied their trade on Michigan's coast. Had all these States a uniform measure, these fishermen could be forced to observe it, as they would have no haven. Mr. Fullerton thought no nets should be allowed nearer than one mile from shore. Very much more discussion of a general nature was had, and the interchange of information and ideas as to the spawning season of different fishes in different parts of the Great Lakes system was interesting and valuable. To bring it all into definite form Senator Potter, of Minnesota, introduced a formal motion, which after two amendments, a motion to reconsider and a thorough canvassing all around, was passed as the sense of the meeting in the following form:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that trout and whitefish fishing be prohibited in the Great Lakes during the spawning season, being from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1." This was the joint determination of the convention, after sober and intelligent weighing of all the matter, and it is probably a wise one. The dates do not cover all the spawning of the lower and warmer lakes (Mr. Shorb, of Ohio, wishing the date to begin Sept. 15 for Lake Erie), but they are about as wide as would have chance of passage in all the States interested. Already the idea of broad, compromising, give-and-take, but uniform, laws was seen to be clearly in the mind of the majority of those present.

Uniformity in Market Size of Fish.

Discussion was now turned to the resolution introduced by President Nat H. Cohen, of the Illinois Commission, touching upon the marketable size of fish, as

shown in the new Illinois fish law. The veteran Dr. Bartlett, of Illinois, arose to say that he thought the size-limit law the most practical thing Illinois had yet found, and that he could here see and could instance the value of uniform laws.

"I have seen barrels full of 5in. bass," he said, "and if we try to prosecute, the dealers tell us that they come from Wisconsin or from Michigan. Make the size of sale the same in all these States."

Mr. Douglas, of Minnesota, said he would like to see black bass and trout taken off the selling list. They could not legally be sold in Minnesota. Dr. Bartlett agreed that that was right, but said no such measure could be passed for Illinois. Mr. Douglas, therefore, did not press this point for the general resolution. The best of feeling obviously prevailed, and the desire was manifest to sanction only the broadest measure which seemed feasible for all. A long time was spent in earnest discussion of the Cohen resolution, which was finally passed in the following amended form:

"Resolved, That this convention, and each member thereof, use all honorable means to secure the enforcement, in all States practicable, of laws for the protection of fish as follows:

"To prohibit the capture of any fish with hook and line, or by any device or means, within 400ft. from any dam, during the period from April 1 to July 1, in each year consecutively for five years next following.

"To prohibit sale of fish in markets of the kinds less than the sizes as follows: Black bass, 11in.; white bass, 8in.; rock bass, 6in.; black or river crappie, 8in.; white crappie, 8in.; yellow or ring perch, 7in.; wall-eyed pike (pike-perch), 15in.; pike, pickerel, 18in.; buffalo, 15in.; German carp, 13in.; native carp, 12in.; sunfish, 6in.; red-eyed perch, 6in.; catfish, 13in.; white perch, 10in.; brook trout, California trout, grayling, German trout, 6in.; landlocked salmon, 10in.; whitefish and lake trout, 2lbs. in the round undressed, or 1½lbs. dressed with head on."

This was the second measure, and it is also good. It covers matters already embodied in the laws of Illinois and Minnesota, and which might well be in the laws of all these Northwestern States.

Uniform Measures on Game.

The above closed the action on fish protective matters, it being now seen that the States intend using the size-limit to supplement the close-season idea on fish. The committee on topics now withdrew for further discussion and reported on their return the following topics for consideration, under the head of Protection of Game, with the following men to lead the discussion respectively:

1. Hunters' licenses. Ellarson, of Wisconsin.
2. Sale of game. Bortree, of Illinois.
3. Shipment of game. Fullerton, of Minnesota.
4. National legislation. Douglas, of Minnesota.
5. Cold storage. Loveday, of Illinois.
6. Spring shooting. Lakey, of Michigan.
7. Open and close seasons. Bartlett, of Illinois.

The license question was one of many theories. Mr. Ellarson, of Wisconsin, spoke but briefly. Mr. Bortree, of Illinois, thought non-resident licenses a necessity, else our game was to be wiped out. He would even favor a county license, so that any man going out of his own county would be obliged to pay \$2. Mr. Loveday, of Illinois, said it should not be all asked of the sportsmen. In his work he had found that 80 per cent. of the convictions were against farmers. They were the ones who were shipping the game. Mr. Davis, of Michigan, said it was time shooters of all sorts realized that killing of the State's game was a privilege, and not a right. The latter idea was amplified by Mr. Flett when he said:

"We have tried the hunting license, resident and non-resident, and I think I can say Wisconsin will never go back to the old way again. Once you eradicate the idea from the farmer's mind that the game belongs to the landowner, and not to the State, you will have easy sailing. We found it so in Wisconsin. The farmers came in thousands to pay their licenses to shoot deer. Our license law has worked so well that we may extend it also to feathered game."

Mr. Brewster, of Michigan, said: "The idea is often advanced that a non-resident hunting license is discrimination. It does not appear such to us. The non-resident pays nothing for the support and protection of our game, whereas the resident is taxed for the machinery of the government which he chooses to visit uninvited. His license only equalizes things. We got from our licenses \$7,000 for our State warden work, and as much for the counties. I can say, too, that after trying it with the license we will never go back to the old system again."

At this point Mr. William Werner, of Chicago, arose and created much interest and laughter by a stirring speech which had many hard hits in it. Mr. Werner said that the biggest game hogs on earth were the sportsmen of Chicago; they were the worst law-breakers, and bought most of the illegal game. He said that he was steward in a large restaurant in Chicago, and last summer sold an illegal prairie chicken to a certain sportsman of Chicago. For this he was fined \$13 [laughter]. Mr. Werner now grew warm, and stated some home truths. "I know it very well," said he, "from my own business, that Chicago sells game 365 days in the year—cold-storage game, unfit to eat—but it is sold. Don't blame the farmer, Mr. Loveday. You have plenty of pot-hunters here in Chicago. Our cold-storage houses are full of game to-day. My friend has followed me, and now I am going to follow him!"

Mr. Werner was received with applause, though speaking a bit ahead of the schedule of topics. The meeting adjourned at 6 P. M. to meet the following day at 10 A. M.

Character of the Meeting.

The character of the meeting to-day was a surprise and a delight to those acquainted with the vague verbiages of most alleged or pretended protective meetings. The orator was absent, and the business man, the thinker, the executive man, was present in his stead. The chair was lenient in rulings, and the discussion was not held down hard and fast, but was broad and generous in treatment. The presence of so many men ac-

customed to legislative action and parliamentary practice—lawyers, representatives and men accustomed to legislative committee work—was pleasantly shown by the courtesy and promptness of handling the business, and above all by the grasp and grip on the subject. Nobody wandered away and got lost. The main idea was always plainly before the house. Above all, one carried away the unusual impression that finally here were men the majority of whom were not seeking self-advertising or a "record," who were not trying to fill in the hours of a sportsmen's convention with the customary platitudes, but trying to do something for the practical protection of our fish and game. It was a serious, dignified and highly satisfactory meeting that was held to-day.

Tuesday, Second Day, Feb. 8.

Chairman Green called the convention to order at 10 o'clock in the morning. The order of the day was the consideration of measures protecting game, the question of fish protection having been thoroughly handled on the day before. The committee on order of procedure having made their report, Mr. Douglas, of Minnesota, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that a license tax of \$25 upon non-resident deer hunters, and a tax of \$1 upon resident deer hunters, similar to the laws of Wisconsin and Michigan, should be adopted by all Northwestern States.

Such a measure would at one time have been considered radical in the extreme, but the change of sentiment in the Northwest in this regard was clearly shown by a practically unanimous vote of these men who have given the matter serious thought before coming to this convention. Mr. Bortree, of Chicago; Messrs. Brewster, Lakey, Preston, Fox, of Michigan; Messrs. Whelan and Flett, of Wisconsin; Messrs. Potter, Tucker and others, of Minnesota, participated in the discussion of this interesting measure. The deer-shooting license for resident and non-resident may be considered as part of the policy of these Northwestern States. (It should, of course, be borne in mind that the terms "shooting license" or "gun license" do not mean the same as the "gun tax," which was at one time listed among the chimeras of certain Western protectionists. The gun tax would, no doubt, be an unconstitutional measure, even should it become a law, which would be most unlikely.)

An attempt was made to extend the license idea to cover all varieties of game, but Mr. Lakey's motion to this effect, making the non-resident license \$10, was lost, being tabled. Mr. Bortree declared it extravagant and impossible of success. Messrs. Foote and Preston, of Michigan, also thought that no such sweeping measure could carry. Mr. Ferris, of Minnesota, thought that not even a license for deer shooters would be paid by the residents of Minnesota, and moved to strike out the resident clause. Mr. Brewster opposed changing Mr. Douglas' motion, and so did Mr. Flett, of Wisconsin. The latter said the Wisconsin farmers did not object to paying \$1 for a deer license, and the law was a practical success. Mr. Potter, of Minnesota, differed from Mr. Ferris. He thought Minnesota could pass a \$1 deer license, but not a license covering general game. Mr. Whelan, of Wisconsin, made a strong speech, pointing out that a non-resident license practically implied a resident license also. Mr. Brewster said that he had received legal advice stating that a discriminating license would be declared unconstitutional. Mr. Flett pointed out that this license would be in effect a tax not upon the general public, but upon the men who wanted to go deer shooting. The results of that license fee would be a fund which would be used in the protection of the game. Thus those who danced would be paying the fiddler, and the fiddler would not be assessed upon any one else. It was further pointed out that for practical executive purposes a resident license was a necessity if convictions were to be made under the law. If some, and not all, deer hunters carried licenses in the woods, how could a warden tell whether a hunter who had no license was a resident hunter or a non-resident posing as a resident hunter? Mr. Ferris' amendment was lost, and the Douglas resolution was passed as offered.

The State's Property in Game.

Mr. Whelan, of Wisconsin, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That a law be passed by all the Northwestern States declaring all game the property of the States where game is found, before and after its killing, and that no one shall acquire any property rights in game, but it shall always be and remain in the State, subject to such laws as the different States shall pass.

Col. E. Crofton Fox, of Michigan, pointed out that the United States Supreme Court had already passed upon the question of the State's title in its game in the Bannock Indian cases. Mr. Douglas, of Minnesota, stated that statutes covering this point were already upon the books of different Western States and even so far East as Connecticut. These States had stolen the idea from Minnesota, which passed the first act of this nature eight years ago.

Mr. Whelan—"I am aware of these facts and am acquainted with the Bannock Indian case, but my measure goes further. The vital point is not that the State has its property right in the game before the killing, but after the killing. Here is where the enforcement of the law is concerned."

Mr. Exline, of Illinois—"The Illinois law does not go so far as Mr. Whelan wishes."

Mr. Byrnes, of Minnesota—"I can see that Mr. Whelan's measure is advanced ground, and the strongest yet taken. It means that the killer of game never becomes its owner and can never have more than a qualified possession. The effect of this in pursuing game into the hands of dealers in other States can readily be seen. I heartily advocate Mr. Whelan's resolution."

The resolution was carried.

Stop the Sale of Game.

Equally wise, though less positive, action was taken on the question of the sale of game. Mr. Brewster introduced a resolution prohibiting absolutely the sale of any game protected by law. It was the general belief that such a law could not be passed. Mr. Fullerton said that while he personally believed in just that doctrine, he was satisfied that so sweeping a measure could not be passed in Minnesota. "Let us begin with the thin edge of the

wedge," he said. Mr. Bortree was very positive, and came out flat-footed for stopping the sale of game altogether. He said that no one had a right to take State property and convert it to his individual use as a matter of commercial profit. He described strongly the iniquities of South Water street, and said that unless we could stop the sale of game all our laws must partially fail of their purpose. Mr. Loveday is known not to be in sympathy with the idea of stopping the game markets. He said that he believed in allowing a restricted sale at certain seasons. He was satisfied that so sweeping a measure as the one introduced could not be passed in Illinois. Mr. Brewster then, at Mr. Flett's suggestion, modified the wording of his resolution, in accordance with the thin end of the wedge idea, and it was passed in the following form:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the several States here represented pass laws looking toward the final prohibition of the sale of all game protected by law.

The doctrine of FOREST AND STREAM grows in favor and in strength every year.

The Labeling of Game.

After adjournment for lunch the convention again went into session at 2 P. M., the first action being upon a resolution introduced by Mr. Whelan, of Wisconsin, as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that the Legislatures of the States here represented be urged to pass laws requiring persons to label packages delivered to common carriers so as to disclose the true contents of the packages, and the name and address of the owner or consignor, providing stringent penalties for falsely labeling such packages.

Resolved further, That Legislatures pass laws providing penalties for any agent, servant or employee of a common carrier who receives a package for shipment which is not labeled so as to disclose that the contents of the packages are game or fish protected by law.

This practical working measure was adopted with no opposition.

The Shipment of Game.

Mr. Brewster, of Michigan, introduced another effective idea in the following form:

Resolved, That the Legislatures of the Northwestern States be urged to enact a statute making it unlawful to ship into any of their respective States any game from any other State which forbids the shipment of game out of such State.

The wisdom of this mutual help among the States was apparent, and the convention indorsed the resolution unanimously.

The Following of Game.

Mr. Fullerton introduced a measure strengthening and extending the scope of Mr. Brewster's resolution. Mr. Douglas supported the resolution, explaining that the intention was that under the law a State could follow its property to any market. This measure, he said, would make back to the market hunter and would rob him of his market. "We are after that man," said Mr. Douglas, "who shoots, sells or ships game illegally." Mr. Whelan, of Wisconsin, suggested certain minor modifications of Mr. Fullerton's resolution, and the latter was passed in the following form:

Resolved, That the Legislatures of the States here represented be urged to enact laws by which the game wardens of each State shall be the agents of every other State to seize contraband game from other States, and that the title to such fish and game be recognized in the State from which the shipment is made, and disposed of according to the provisions of law in that State; the game wardens to transmit to the authorities of the State from which the shipment is made the surplus remaining after the expenses of seizure.

The foregoing little resolution is innocent at first glance, but if it were upon the statute books of all the Western States it would give the law-breakers of South Water street such a shaking up as they have never had. Speed the day when it may become a law. We shall then see emissaries from Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Ellarson and Mr. Osborne here on South Water street, each in search of certain lots of game such as hertofore has come to Chicago mysteriously, but always in abundance. No one can compute how much Chicago, New York and Boston markets have stolen from the property of the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

How About New York?

Mr. Bortree introduced a resolution, which was passed, memorializing the State Legislature of New York to repeal the obnoxious Sec. 249 of the game laws of New York, which section opens the markets of New York to game throughout the close seasons of many Western States. "So long as this section shall remain upon your statute books," recites this memorial, "it will continue impossible for other States to prevent the unlawful taking and shipping of their game to your State. In expressing this hope we voice the spirit of the great mass of sportsmen of the West."

The Cold Storage of Game.

The important question of cold storage came up for thorough ventilation. State Warden Loveday, of Illinois, was called for upon this topic, and said that he did not believe in cold storage, but that we must accept it in limited and modified form. We must not interfere with the markets too much. What we ought to do was to enforce our shooting laws out in the country. Mr. Bortree's voice was still for war. He cited the Kewanee case, where 27,000 head of game was uncovered (and covered up again!) in a freezer, and gave further figures on this line. Mr. Werner, the steward of a large restaurant here, who created such interest yesterday with his charges against the dealers and others in this city, again excited a stir when he spoke of what he knew to be the case right here in Chicago now, after the close of the selling season. "I can show you a thousand saddles of venison in cold storage here to-day," he said. "I know how this goes, for I have bought game enough in my time. I have had quail offered me at 50 cents a dozen—what they call No. 2 quail. I have had them offered at 65 cents a dozen, and prairie chickens at \$1 a dozen." The market was glutted at times, and the game deteriorated in the course of years. It was not fit to eat after it had been long in storage. If the farmers only knew it, they would be better off if they passed laws stopping the sale of game, for then their chickens and ducks would not be competing with their quail and grouse in the market. Mr. Werner does indeed know

the business of cold storage here, and let us hope that he will carry out his expressed intention of going after the "street." Bill Werner may in his time have sold many a sooner chicken or later quail (perhaps to "sportsmen"), but his heart as a sportsman is in the right place. "Now, even if it should lose me my job," he declared, "I am going after some of these men I know."

The convention adopted no sweeping or high-flown expression of intentions on this head, but went on record plainly in form of a motion offered by Mr. Bortree, which was passed as follows:

Resolved, That this convention is of opinion that the cold storage of wild game is one of the most conclusive methods of assisting in the utter extermination of our game, and should be prohibited in all States by the most stringent laws.

The Spring Shooting of Game.

On the question of spring shooting to-day there is everywhere a consensus of belief among all sportsmen entitled to be called in the line of advanced modern thought on matters of protection. The game is passing away so rapidly that it seems easy to see that it should not be shot during the spring season. The record of this convention of thinkers—the most able, and yet one of the most wise, deliberate and conservative bodies that ever sat in this part of the country for the discussion of game law matters—hardly need be written, for it must be known without saying. The matter was inaugurated by Mr. Uri L. Lamphrey, President of the Minnesota State Sportsmen's Association, who made a stirring, logical and convincing speech. Mr. Lamphrey gave page and line for every position, and showed a thorough familiarity with the breeding habits and the dates of the flight of our migratory fowl. The formal resolution was introduced by Mr. Fullerton, of Minnesota, as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that the shooting of all aquatic fowl, including snipe, should be prohibited from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1 in each year, and that we pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to have laws passed by the different States here represented to so prohibit spring shooting.

It will be observed that this wording specifies snipe, so that there might be avoided the Illinois ambiguity over the question whether or not the snipe may be called a waterfowl.

The Seasons for Killing Game.

The question of establishing uniform open seasons for game over territory so large as that embraced by the different States represented in this convention is, of course, a very difficult one, and was alike the most important and the most trying duty of the convention. The discussion of dates for different sorts of game showed a disposition on the part of all the varying localities to give and take in the matter of close and open seasons, with the joint wish to get at dates which should be as near as possible alike, and which should yet serve the purposes of practical local protection. The first and least difficult phase of this question was that of the season for deer in the different States. After careful weighing of all data, the following resolution of Mr. Foote, of Michigan, was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the open season for deer be from Nov. 1 to Nov. 20, with five days to dispose of the deer on hand.

The question of a uniform date for chicken, quail, grouse, etc., proved to be a mixed and hard one, and bid fair to take up much more time than remained at the disposal of the convention. Here it became obvious that Illinois will without doubt prove the most disturbing factor in any attempt at uniform laws among the Northwestern States. This is true mainly from geographical reasons, the State stretching nearly 300 miles further south than the average boundary lines of the other States concerned. Mr. Loveday thought the chicken date ought to be opened on Sept. 15; Col. Fox, of Michigan, thought that the date on all game birds excepting prairie chickens should be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. It seems to be evident also that the prairie chicken is going to be a harder factor to handle than almost any other game bird. Mr. Fullerton, seeing that these questions needed further weighing, moved that the chair appoint a committee to be composed of one delegate from each State, these to meet later with the purpose of determining dates as uniform as possible for the seasons on small game. This motion prevailed, and the chair appointed the following committee: Minnesota, S. F. Fullerton; North Dakota, George E. Bowers; Michigan, A. L. Lakey; Wisconsin, J. H. Green; Ohio, E. H. Shorb; Illinois, C. E. Felton. The report of this committee will be received with interest after it has formulated its plans.

Song and Insectivorous Birds.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, the well-known Chicago ornithologist, took up the question of protection of North American birds, explaining the failures of certain laws in the practical protection of such birds. He mentioned the work of the Audubon societies of different States, and described the necessity for such work. He spoke of the practical extinction of certain of our North American birds, and traversed the popular doctrine that hawks, crows, etc., should be destroyed when seen. Mr. Deane offered as proper text for an interstate law the following bill prepared by the American Ornithologists' Union:

[An Act for the Protection of Birds and their Nests and Eggs.]

Sec. 1. Any person who shall, within the State of —, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird other than a game bird, or who shall purchase, offer or expose for sale any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught, shall, for each offense, be subject to a fine of \$5 for each bird killed or caught, or had in possession living or dead, or imprisonment for ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court. For the purposes of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: The Anatidae, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the Rallidae, commonly known as rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the Limicolae, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf birds, snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, tattlers and curlews; the Gallinae, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quail.

Sec. 2. Any person who shall, within the State of —, take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, or shall have such nest or eggs in his or her possession, shall be subject for each offense to a fine of \$5, or imprisonment for ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. Sections 1 and 2 of this act shall not apply to any person holding a certificate giving the right to take birds, and their nests and eggs, for scientific purposes, as provided for in Section 4 of this act.

Sec. 4. Certificates may be granted by (here follow the names of the persons, if any, duly authorized by this act to grant such

certificates), or by any incorporated society of natural history in the State, through such persons or officers as said society may designate, to any properly accredited person of the age of fifteen years or upward, permitting the holder thereof to collect birds, their nests or eggs, for strictly scientific purposes only. In order to obtain such certificate, the applicant for the same must present to the person or persons having the power to grant said certificate written testimonials from two well-known scientific men, certifying to the good character and fitness of said applicant to be intrusted with such privilege; must pay to said persons or officers \$1 to defray the necessary expenses attending the granting of such certificates; and must file with said persons or officers a properly executed bond in the sum of \$200, signed by two responsible citizens of the State as sureties. This bond shall be forfeited to the State, and the certificate become void, upon proof that the holder of such a certificate has killed any bird, or taken the nest or eggs of any bird, for other than the purposes named in Sections 3 and 4 of this act, and shall be further subject for each such offense to the penalties provided therefor in Sections 1 and 2 of this act.

Sec. 5. The certificates authorized by this act shall be in force for one year only from the date of their issue, and shall not be transferable.

Sec. 6. The English or European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is not included among the birds protected by this act.

Sec. 7. All acts or parts of acts heretofore passed, inconsistent with or contrary to the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 8. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Mr. Watkins, of Michigan, supported Mr. Deane's remarks ably, and the above was passed in form of a resolution.

Other Matters.

Mr. E. H. Shorb, of the Ohio State Commission of Fish and Game, was called upon to tell something of his work as master of the State pheasantry in Ohio. Mr. Shorb said that he had found the cross-bred bird, or ring-necked pheasant, the most valuable, as it did not wander so much as the Mongolian pheasant. He stated that Ohio had been very successful in raising these birds, and he had turned down over 2,000 of them. The birds bred twice a year and were hardy when once the season of infancy was passed.

Col. Fox, of Michigan, introduced the following resolution, which was passed:

Whereas, This convention has been called for the purpose of recommending efficient laws for the protection of game of all kinds; be it

Resolved, That this convention urges Congress to use every honorable means to pass the bill proposed by Hon. Secretary Bliss for the addition of lands known as Jackson's Hole, in Wyoming, to the Yellowstone Park as a part of the same, for the purpose of better protecting the wild animals which abound in that section, thus making a winter range and the grandest game preserve in the world.

Mr. Lakey moved that the States of Indiana, Ohio, Iowa and South Dakota should be invited to join the purposes of the convention, and Senator Potter, of Minnesota, moved that the temporary organization formed for the present week should be made a permanent one. On vote upon the latter motion the organization was made permanent. Mr. Green, of Wisconsin, will continue as president, and Mr. Fullerton, of Minnesota, as secretary for the ensuing year. Annual meetings will be held. The name of the organization will be determined at a future committee meeting, and for the purposes of brevity the title of Interstate Wardens' Association may perhaps be adopted.

In the matter of national legislation, Mr. Fullerton introduced the following, which was carried:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that each delegate present shall use his best effort with his representative in Congress to have him vote for and support the bill now pending in Congress, introduced by Senator Teller, to regulate the shipment of game between the States, and that we, as delegates, heartily concur in this proposed legislation and urge its adoption.

In the matter of shortening the selling season of game, Mr. Strell was of the belief that a selling season should be permitted, but that it should be bounded by subtracting five days from each end of the killing season. This was referred to the committee on open and close seasons.

The Committee on Legislation.

The sense of this convention may be clearly gathered from the foregoing resolutions as printed in full, and it is to be submitted that the conclusions of this convention are wise ones, and not radical from a modern standpoint. At least they represent the belief of the best protectionists of this part of our country. The work up to this point, however, has been but preliminary and advisory. The practical work is still ahead. It is no doubt too much to expect that any measure embodying the above principles will be passed by all of the States represented here in Chicago, nor is it, perhaps, to be supposed that even one State will adopt these suggestions in full. The task of preparing a bill which shall be common for all these States, on the heads above specified, is one involving much legal skill and careful thought. The necessity of a legislative committee was apparent for the purposes of drafting such a bill, and at Mr. Byrnes' motion the personnel of such a committee was decided by the chair as follows: J. H. Green, S. F. Fullerton, A. L. Lakey, George E. Bowers, E. H. Shorb and C. E. Felton.

This committee will have at its right hand such legal talent as that of Hon. T. E. Byrnes, who has had much to do with the excellent Minnesota law, and of Mr. C. E. Whelan, Assistant Attorney-General of Wisconsin, who for such purposes would need no further indorsement than may be shown in the brief record of his work at this convention.

The convention adjourned at a late hour on Tuesday afternoon, subject to call of Chairman Green. After the smoke has blown away from an ordinary sportsmen's convention one usually expects to hear nothing further of the matter, but there is a peculiar and irresistible feeling about this convention, which was not one of sportsmen, that its adjournment was not the end of it. It is the belief of all who attended this convention and noted its sincerity and steadfastness that we shall hear more from these men. Let us hope that it will be a great deal more.

Notes of the Convention.

There were present on Tuesday the following gentlemen from different States, a numerous and able gathering:

Wisconsin.—Senator J. H. Green, J. T. Ellarson, State warden; H. Overbeck, Jr., Representative W. H. Flett, H. D. Smith and J. J. Hogan, Fish Commissioners; C. E. Whelan, Assistant State's Attorney; J. S. Nevins, Superintendent, and E. E. Bryant, President State Fish Commission; C. G. Ball, Commissioner of Fisheries.

Minnesota.—S. F. Fullerton, executive agent State

Game and Fish Commission; Representative W. B. Douglas, chairman House Game and Fish Committee; Senator E. G. Potter, chairman Senate Game and Fish Committee; Hon. T. E. Byrnes, attorney for the State Commission; C. S. Benson, Secretary State Game and Fish Commission; Representative A. F. Ferris, member House Game and Fish Committee; Uri L. Lamphrey, President Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association; W. G. L. Tucker, Secretary same organization.

Michigan.—Horace Davis, President State Fish Commission; C. E. Brewster, State deputy game and fish warden; Col. E. Crofton Fox, Vice-President State Game Protective Association; J. Waddell, Grand Rapids Fish, Game and Dog Protective Association; A. L. Lakey, President National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association; Senator J. L. Preston, Mr. Moore, statistical agent Michigan Fish Commission; Representative C. E. Foote, and G. W. Wills, deputy from Bay county.

Illinois.—N. Cohen, President State Fish Commission; S. P. Bartlett, United States Fish Commissioner; Representative J. B. Lyon, H. W. Loveday, State warden; A. A. Exline, attorney for State warden; P. Goetter, A. Lenke, H. Edenborgh and G. R. Rotto, deputy game wardens; A. H. Noel, fish warden, Cherry Valley; C. D. Gammon, M. R. Bortree, S. F. Baird, G. Kleinman, G. Airey, E. M. Gates, William Werner, R. B. Organ, L. M. Hamline, Ruthven Deane.

Ohio.—E. H. Shorb, State Game and Fish Commissioner.

North Dakota.—George E. Bowers, State warden.

State Warden Chase S. Osborne, of Michigan, is on his way to Europe, and could not attend. Mr. Chamberlain, of Ironwood, was also disappointed and obliged to send regrets. State Deputies Brewster, Watkins and Willis ably represented the field forces of that progressive State.

Warden George E. Bowers, of North Dakota, says that the shooting license is well received in his State, and raises considerable money to pay for protective work. He thinks North Dakota will not go back to the old system again.

Mr. C. E. Whelan, of Wisconsin, is the sort of lawyer of whom protection cannot have too many.

Hon. "Tim" Byrnes, of Minnesota, has had great practical experience in drafting and enforcing game laws. Let us hope his hand may be seen in the important bill which shall represent the action of this convention.

A better man could not have been put in the secretary's chair as executive agent. He executes.

Illinois is the shakiest State of them all on cold storage and the sale of game. Illinois will not come into line on spring shooting. If there is any break out of the line of uniformity, it is most apt to come from Illinois. This State has a greater commercial interest in game than any or all of the Western States. Her geographical situation, running almost into the Southern States, makes yet another phase of the problem. These are reasons for the fact that Illinois is far behind all the other States represented here, and is most apt to stay behind in protective work.

But nothing is behind New York, with her destroying markets.

There will be a good sale of FOREST AND STREAM this week among the game dealers.

E. HOUGH.
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Fox and Grouse.

CLINTON, Me., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 1 the communication from Mr. Stephen R. Leonard, entitled "Foxes or Birds?" well illustrates the desire of a certain class of sportsmen to find a scapegoat on which to lay the consequences of their own deeds. He asks if I have viewed the subject from all sides. As I am very fond of grouse shooting as well as fox hunting, I have carefully considered the question from all sides and in all lights. As to having an oversupply of grouse in this neighborhood, I can say that there most certainly is not, but we must look for some other cause than the depredations of the red fox.

I have been in the woods a great deal during the past six years, and during that time I have only once seen where a fox has devoured a grouse, and I had no means of knowing that this bird had not died from a shot wound. I have never seen where a fox has caught a grouse that was under the snow for the night, and I am positive that it is very rarely that they do catch a bird in this way.

The Creator adjusted the workings of nature in far too wise a manner to allow one class of birds or animals to be exterminated by another class. It is only when the creature man devotes his superior powers to their destruction that the different classes of game are in danger of becoming extinct. According to old hunters with whom I have conversed, before the advent of the wing shooter with breech-loading gun and pointer or setter grouse were very plentiful and tame, and foxes were also much more abundant than at the present day. Since the advent of modern firearms, dogs and methods of shooting, the supply of ruffed grouse has steadily diminished.

In the season of 1897 very few, if any, ruffed grouse were raised in the State of Maine, owing to the continued wet weather at the time of hatching and afterward; yet, notwithstanding this, the woods have been full of hunters who have shot every grouse possible. I have made inquiries of a number of shooters, and all of the birds shot have been old ones. It is an undoubted fact that owing to no birds being raised the past season, and also to the slaughter of old birds, the beginning of the year 1898 finds less than one-fourth the usual number of grouse left for breeding purposes in this State. Next fall, when the continued scarcity of grouse becomes apparent, no doubt some sportsmen will ignore the true cause of this scarcity, and again we shall hear the old, familiar cry: "The fox did it."

To do the bird shooters of my section justice, however, they are very fair and do not claim that the fox is to blame for the scarcity of grouse, and all very willingly signed a petition which was presented at the last term of the Legislature, requesting the passage of a law preventing the trapping of foxes.

As to rabbits being in danger of being reduced to an alarming extent by foxes, that is the veriest nonsense. In this town, which is one of the towns in this State in which foxes have never been trapped, the fox is quite plentiful, and every swamp is full of rabbits, owing to their not being hunted to any extent. From these facts any honest, thinking man can deduct his own conclusions.

Viewing the question from a different standpoint, the fox is one of the wisest provisions in the whole economy of Mother Nature, as a means of keeping mice and certain kinds of insects in check. It is a well-known fact that the principal food of the fox is the field mouse, and that where the mouse is plentiful there will the fox be found in good numbers until the mice are caught off, when the fox moves to new pastures. The destruction of the coyote in certain sections of the Northwest has been followed by a plague of jack rabbits, and in Manitoba by a plague of gophers, or ground squirrels, and there is no doubt that the extermination of the fox would be attended by disastrous results, owing to the increase of mice and other pests. The worst natural enemies of the grouse are the great horned owl and the American goshawk, of which latter bird there has been an unusually large flight the past season.

It can be only the most pitiable selfishness which can induce any one to think that because one class of sportsmen are supposedly more numerous than those of another class, the smaller class has no rights which the larger class is bound to respect. I think that all fair-minded sportsmen will agree with me that the fox hunters as a class are as worthy of consideration as any other class.

WILLARD H. SULLIVAN.

Winter Convention, Illinois State Association.

PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 9.—To step from the Interstate Wardens' Convention of yesterday and the day previous to the winter convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Peoria to-day was something like stepping from the nineteenth century back into the dark ages.

This is the first time in the history of the Illinois State Association that the convention has come out flat-footed for spring shooting, has fought every movement looking toward stopping spring shooting, and has looked grudgingly on such measures as would tend to limit the bag of game for any one day. Ordinarily we have at least resolved against spring shooting, but this time we didn't even resolve against it.

The State of Illinois, in so far as the State Sportsmen's Association is concerned, is cut into two sections. The upper third is not in favor of spring shooting, and has usually stood for strict game laws. The central and lower parts of the State are strong for spring shooting. Attending a convention at Peoria, in central Illinois, is like going outside of the State, so far as similarity to the views of the upper part of the State is concerned. The representation in the convention to-day was practically one from the central and lower portions of the State; hence the apparently contradictory action of the organization. Yet it should be said that the men from these lower sections are very frank and outspoken in their wishes, leaving nothing in doubt as to their intentions, and of course it should be understood that it is no new condition which has been discovered. There is no more hard feeling among the members from different parts of the State than there has ever been. On the question of spring shooting the Association has simply agreed to disagree. Barring certain wild schemes which the State Legislature will take care of very promptly when it gets around that far, the action of the convention may be said to indicate a certain progress in the ideas of game protection, though certainly not a progress such as that shown by the men who met at the wardens' convention this week in Chicago. There was a little less of the customary sweeping resolutions and a little greater indication of a possible later action upon some of the resolutions adopted. Let us say, then, that the great State of Illinois, with its double climate, its varying conditions, is still in the dark ages of protective work, but not nearly so far back in them as it was some years ago.

Summary of the Sense.

The sense of the meeting was taken by resolutions offered upon all the different questions of a list prepared and sent out among the members of the association, the answers being tabulated and further enforced by the discussion on and vote of the meeting. Thus we may succinctly arrive at the beliefs and preferences of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association on matters of game protection by reference to the following summary:

1. Dates for the open season: Ducks, geese, snipe and water fowl, Sept. 1 to April 15; grouse and prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1; quail, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; squirrel, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; deer, wild turkeys and Mongolian pheasants, protected till 1910; doves, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15.
2. Should State game wardens be paid a stated salary? Yes.
3. Would it not be well to have a State fund for the payment of wardens and propagation and preservation of game? Yes.
4. How shall we obtain a fund for the payment of wardens for the protection of game? By a shooting license of \$1 for residents, \$5 for non-residents.
5. Should a limit be placed on the number of birds one person may kill in a day? Thirty-five head of any one kind of game in any one day.
6. Would it not be wise to pass a law prohibiting entirely the sale of game, excepting during the period between the fifth day after the opening of the open season and the fifth day before the closing of the open season? Yes.
7. Would it be wise to pass a law prohibiting entirely the cold storage of game? Yes, prohibiting cold storage for commercial purposes in any storehouse of temperature less than 32 degrees.
8. Would not the prohibiting of the cold storage of game and the sale of any game, from any State, at any period other than the time mentioned in Question 7, make it unprofitable for dealers and market hunters alike

to handle game, and thus take away the incentive to violate the game laws? Yes.

9. Would it not be wise to divide the State into eight game districts, with a paid district game warden in each, to look after the enforcement of the laws in his district? Advise one State warden with a deputy for each county.

10. Could you suggest any improvement in the present fish laws? No hook and line fishing within 400ft. of any dam from April 1 to July 1.

11. Should there be an open season on doves? If so, what dates? Yes, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15.

The Proceedings.

The meeting was called to order at the parlors of the Fey Hotel at 11 A. M., Vice-President Abner Price, of Chicago, in the chair, President Fahnestock, of Peoria, being absent in California; Secretary G. F. Simmons was at the desk. An address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Warner, of Peoria. On call of delegates the following clubs responded, with the following representation:

Peoria Gun Club—G. H. Portman, Robert D. Clarke, J. M. Brown, George F. Webber, William Ohl, Frank K. Whiting, Dan Raum, Robert Scholes.

Duck Island Hunting and Fishing Club—D. W. Voorhees, Peoria; Will Bush, Peoria; W. H. Shaw, Canton; Abner Price.

Henry Gun Club—J. S. Brassfield.

Aledo Gun Club—J. F. Henderson.

Canton Gun Club—A. J. McQuaid, W. H. Shaw.

Undercliffe and Lake Senachwine County—J. G. Reuter.

Pekin Gun Club—J. N. James.

Wyoming Gun Club—J. M. Thomas, Jr.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club—George W. Strell.

Crystal Lake Club, of Henderson County—E. H. Carpenter, of Burlington, Ia.

College City Hunting and Fishing Club—J. H. Pettibone, Burlington, Ia., and Carl Leopold, Burlington, Ia.

Lone Tree Fishing Club—J. H. Pettibone, Burlington, Ia.

Rice Lake Hunting Club—J. C. Thompson, Jr.

Carthage Lake Gun Club, of Henderson County—F. J. Schlager and J. C. Lathan, of Burlington, Ia.; S. P. Bartlett, United States Fish Commissioner, Quincy; McLean County Gun Club, Henry Ringhouse, Bloomington; L. W. Hurff, Elmwood, Ill.; W. H. Clinch, Elmwood; John Kelly, Peoria; Joseph Fargo, Benson; C. J. Sammis, Peoria; Charles Bartson, Peoria; W. E. Giles, Peoria; A. E. Giles, Peoria; W. C. Bush, Peoria; M. D. Hurley, Peoria; E. H. Bradley, M. D., Peoria; J. W. Henry, Galesburg; E. B. Davis, Galesburg; R. B. Organ, Chicago; H. W. Loveday, chief game warden, Chicago; Nath. H. Cohen, Fish Commissioner, Quincy; Dr. W. V. Gutterg, Middleton; A. L. Deaton, Middleton.

On motion all present were admitted to the discussions on matters before the convention.

A committee of two—Messrs. Robert Clark, of Peoria, and J. M. Thomas, of Wyoming—was set to work at tabulating the hundreds of answers to the printed lists of questions. The secretary read a letter of regrets from President Fahnestock. The latter inclosed a letter from Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, expressing at great length his own personal views upon game legislation. Col. Felton appears not to have been happy when he wrote the letter, for among other things he expressed extreme dissatisfaction with the sportsmen's papers, remarking in part: "When sportsmen try to injure legitimately the mercantile class they but furnish food with which to kill all really friendly legislation for the protection of game. Much better (were it possible or proper) to muzzle the sportsmen's press (so called, but not truthfully, as our papers are now but advertising mediums) and prohibit their advertising guns, ammunition, tournaments, etc., creating a desire to shoot birds. It is the greed for the almighty dollar on their part, which, more than a like number of market men, fosters the illegal killing of game. Preaching and practice with these journals are not in harmony."

Mr. Clark, of Peoria, asked: "Who is Mr. Felton?" Mr. Hough, of the FOREST AND STREAM, moved to table the letter of Col. Felton, Mr. Strell, of the American Field, seconding. Motion lost, Mr. Shaw, of Canton, substituting a vote of thanks, though the press couldn't see anything to be thankful over. Col. Felton didn't ought to do this, for the sporting papers have always treated him very nicely, as they do everybody else. If they should cease doing so, and start out after him some bright morning with a conjoint sharp stick, he would accumulate Weltschmerz faster than he hath dreamed. As I have stated earlier, the real trouble with Col. Felton is that he can't shoot well enough to kill himself a mess of birds, so he wants to be allowed to buy them; otherwise he is a nice man.

Uniform Opening Date.

When the committee on replies announced its willingness to report, it became evident that it would be difficult to classify the replies exactly. Thus on the question on the legal season for wildfowl twelve asked for Sept. 1 to April 15; twenty for Sept. 15 to April 1; twelve Sept. 15 to May 1; five Oct. 1 to April 1; four Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; six Sept. 1 to April 1; one Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; two Jan. 1 to March 15. One member of the Association sent in a reply stating that he did not want any game law at all! Several members of clubs living near the borders of other States where there was no spring shooting wanted the season to end Feb. 1. The closing part of the law was the important part in the minds of the Southern members, and as to the opening date they were not so insistent. On motion of Mr. W. H. Shaw, of Canton, the closing date was made April 15. A very excellent course was taken upon the action of Mr. Strell's motion to open the fall season on all feathered game at Sept. 1, so that no gun should go afield before that date for any reason or excuse. This was carried. The wisdom of such a date is apparent, as it means protection to July wood ducks and August grouse, which are so often killed under the cover of earlier open dates on other game, such as woodcock, etc. The closing date on quail, woodcock and squirrels was set for Dec. 15; on prairie chickens, Nov. 1.

Some time was spent over the discussion of a deer

law, Mr. Leonard, of Burlington, thinking that deer might again live with us in lower Illinois, at least if they had protection. The closed term indorsed, till 1910, is proper, but not vital. The question of rabbits proved far more important, and the farmer boy, the gun and the flock of quail on the snow came up for careful consideration. It was agreed that a rabbit law would raise a howl from all over the State, and therefore it was decided to leave the rabbit where he is now, an outlaw against whom every man's hand may be raised on sight.

It was wise to specify snipe instead of leaving alive the ambiguity of the present Illinois law, and it was wise to recommend uniformity of dates on snipe and ducks, so that the alleged snipe hunter may not shoot ducks, and vice versa. Mr. James, of Pekin, wanted snipe shooting to run into the spring as far as May 15, but his motion was lost.

The Mongolian Pheasant.

Dr. E. H. Bradley, of Peoria, brought up the question of propagation of the Mongolian pheasant, stating that such a bird would add much to our sporting resources. Mr. Carpenter thought results with this bird had been disappointing. Of many birds put down he had heard very little, and he thought they did not do well. Mr. Leopold begged leave to differ, as he had seen several of these birds, some as much as twenty miles from the place where they were put down, in Hancock and Henderson counties. He thought them well worth trying. Others spoke of the success with these birds in other States. On motion of Mr. Strell they were added for the close term till 1910. Let us hope that no future Governor will veto this measure.

New Ideas.

The new idea of salaried wardens, paid from a State fund, seemed to prevail in the convention, though it was agreed that any game law establishing a salary and not providing for the salary would be killed in the Legislature. On the question of raising such a fund the idea of the gun license was a natural sequence. It was voted that an annual shooting license of \$1 should be charged upon all residents wishing to shoot in Illinois, this not to be a gun tax, but a gun license, payable only by those who cared to shoot.

The Ring of Real Sportsmanship.

The ring of real sportsmanship was evident in the speech of Mr. Robert Scholes, who asked time for remarks on the question of putting a limit on the daily bag. Mr. Scholes said that twenty-five birds were enough for any man who is out for sport, and he took it that all members of the Association claimed to be sportsmen. The market hunter might want more birds than that, but he concluded that the day was past when market hunting could be tolerated by sportsmen. None of us were market hunters, he said. He moved a limit by law of twenty-five head of game to any one gun for one day.

Mr. Clark, of Peoria, was frankly and naively opposed to this. He thought fifty birds was nearer right. Suppose you have been out four or five days, and you get a good chance at last, he said; would it not be hard to quit with twenty-five birds when they were coming in good?

Mr. Shaw, of Canton, opposed the idea of so small a limit. He said, with frankness equal to Mr. Clark's: "I am one of those game hogs."

Mr. Hurff came out openly and said he did not believe in any limit at all on the bag. Mr. Leopold said he favored some sort of a limit. Mr. Clark moved to amend Mr. Scholes' motion by setting the limit at fifty head. Amendment lost, and Mr. Scholes' motion was carried. This action was done by a majority, but it left a very sore minority. Mr. Clark said that he believed such a measure would split the forces of the Association at the Legislature, as he could not indorse such a limit, and he knew a great many others would not. Mr. Leopold moved to reconsider. Motion reconsidered. Mr. Shaw then moved that the limit of bag should be "thirty-five head of any one kind of game on any one day." Thus, he explained, one might kill thirty-five ducks, thirty-five snipe, thirty-five chickens, etc., the same day. The Shaw motion carried and was made the sense of the convention.

The Marketing of Game.

Mr. Clark, of Peoria, voiced the opinion of the majority in his motion to admit a selling season for game, but limiting it by subtracting five days from each end of the shooting season. Mr. Strell supported this with others. He later introduced a resolution memorializing the Legislature to abolish cold storage of game. Mr. Shaw moved to table this, as it would affect the holding of sportsmen's game in ice houses. It was pointed out that the ice house and the commercial cold-storage house were not identical. Motion to table lost. The resolution was shaped to specify commercial cold storage. If the Legislature knows its duty it will now abolish the warehousing of game, which has hitherto been known to be a troublesome factor.

Districts.

On the question of districting the State Mr. Scholes said we must have funds before we could pay district wardens. He spoke of the light regard held for the law, citing the case of Sheriff Johnson, of that very city of Peoria, who had broken the chicken law last summer. To break a game law was as shameful as to break the law against burglary. Mr. Scholes made a strong speech in favor of good laws and good observance of them. Mr. Clark explained that Sheriff Johnson had thought Aug. 15 was the date. Mr. Scholes said it was no matter what he thought, he could easily have learned, as he had the statutes. Warden Poole stated that Sheriff Johnson had asked him what would be done if he went out shooting before the law was out. Warden Poole said he himself would do nothing, nor had he done anything, but he noticed that some other deputy had!

The question of districting the State was closed by the motion of Mr. Shaw, who favored a State warden and a deputy for each county.

Fish Laws.

S. P. Bartlett, of the United States Fish Commission,

was called upon to state what he needed in the way of a better fish law in Illinois. He replied that he was doing pretty well as it was, and did not grow enthusiastic over the idea of aid. He said that the State Commission had gotten its present law inch by inch, through a term of years, not by asking any sweeping measures, and that the law was kept on the statute books by means of a broad way of enforcing it. An attempt to enforce it to the letter might cause its repeal. He said he had worked fifteen years for the interests of the angler, and at last found he was wrong, and had come to consider the importance of the interests of commercial fisheries. He spoke for the carp and other coarse fish, saying that under no natural condition were the game fishes found to exist in a relation of more than 15 per cent. to the coarse fishes. To increase the latter increased the former. Dr. Bartlett approved of the new fish law with its size-limit on fish. He also favored the pet idea of President Nat H. Cohen, that no fishing should be allowed within 400ft. of any dam from April 1 to July 1. He spoke of great destruction of spawn-laden bass he had seen caused by hook and line in the spring. He had seen one rod kill 150 bass in one day, and had known a lot of boys to take 1,400 black bass on hook and line. We needed a close season, covering the spawning season, but this was hard to establish for so long a State as Illinois. Dr. Bartlett did not believe in paying wardens by a "blood money" system of fines. He admitted, on Mr. Kelly's question, that the Commission allowed net fishing under the ice, against the law, but said it was only for coarse fish, and was done under the supervision of a State deputy, whose pay came from the fishermen. He gave further instance of the odd Western view of the law and its enforcement by admitting that the Commission tolerated $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. mesh nets, against the law, but said that if they lived up to the law the market fishermen would be injured. He believed that the best way was to have an understanding with the market fishers. The latter had about 1,000 men in their association, and that this association would vote for a law imposing a license of \$100 for each firm, this fund to go for the use of protection. During his speech Dr. Bartlett was plied with questions, and this but served to show his thorough familiarity with his work. In the matters of knowledge of fish, of fish conditions, of getting legislation, the amateur sportsmen of the Association are babes and sucklings compared to this veteran, and I imagine he felt glad when he discovered no disposition for extensive tinkering with the law.

President Cohen, of the State Fish Commission, was also called upon, and spoke of the question of spring fishing at dams, which he hoped to see stopped. Not all the destruction was caused by nets.

Mr. Thompson said that at Spring Lake he had seen 5,000 lbs. of fish taken at one haul of a seine, and nearly all were game fish, none of which, big or little, were returned to the water.

Mr. Cohen was cheerful and well posted. He spoke of the great numbers of young fish which could be taken from the overflow waters, where they were cut off after the spawning season. "There are millions of these game fish, if we could save them," he said. Mr. Organ asked: "Why don't you save these game fish, and not the carp? I think that your 13 in. carp is entirely too long."

"Shall we, then, move all the market fishers off the Illinois River?" said Mr. Cohen.

"Yes," said Mr. Organ, "or give them bass instead of carp."

Mr. Cohen said that if the Commission had money enough it would put eight different crews to work during the two fall months which were the right time for saving these young fish in the overflow. Mr. Cohen then put his motion prohibiting dam fishing in the spring, which was carried as above stated.

Legislative Committee Work.

Mr. Shaw moved the chair appoint a committee on legislative action for the purposes of drafting and presenting a bill. Mr. Hough asked consent to offer under that head the following motion:

"That the chair appoint a committee of three, chosen from divergent parts of the State, for the purposes of drafting a constitutional and legally approved bill in accordance with the sense of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and with discretionary powers to further the interests of such bill as shown in this meeting. These three members to choose one representative to address the Interstate Wardens' Committee, and to ask conference with that committee on matters of proposed game laws for the Northwestern States.

"It is made an advisory part of this motion that the chairman of said Wardens' Committee is Senator J. Herbert Green, Milwaukee, Wis.; other members, Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. E. H. Short, Van Wert, O.; Mr. C. E. Felton, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. George E. Bowers, State warden, Fargo, N. D."

Mr. Shaw said he had no objection to the above motion as a substitute, provided that the committee held to the wishes of the present convention as expressed in their resolutions. He would oppose anything tending to prohibit spring shooting. The motion was carried, but still being suspicious of anything coming from the upper part of the State, Mr. Clark, of Peoria, introduced a resolution of instruction to the committee on legislation, by which said committee was advised to oppose any measure looking toward the prohibiting of spring shooting. Of course this was passed. It should now be clear to the framers of the Interstate wardens' bill, as well as to the general public, that the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association is plainly on record in favor of spring shooting, and will do all possible to withdraw this State from the league of united and wise action in regard to one important question. Should all the other Northwestern States stop spring shooting—as they all are sure to do before very long—and should Illinois stay out, still shooting in the spring, and still operating her cold-storage houses, we shall see the old instance of one State doing more harm than six others can do good, for the loophole will be bigger than the law. Have the gentlemen of lower Illinois ever stopped to consider this? Have they ever stopped to consider what would be the effect on the duck supply, provided that not a bird in the Northwest could be sent to market in the

spring? These gentlemen say that they get no shooting except in the spring. Are they sure that a general stopping of shooting would not bring them back the days of fall shooting, far more enjoyable than those of spring? Upon still another question it might be well for our Southern members to take thought. They seem to believe that the men of upper Illinois are not sincere, but selfish as themselves. They think that the Chicago shooters "skip over the line into Wisconsin and Indiana" in the spring. In this I think they are much mistaken. Some do so, but many of our best sportsmen do not. They are in favor of laws prohibiting spring shooting not only in Illinois, but also in Wisconsin and Indiana. They will join the sportsmen of lower Illinois in laying their guns in the spring, and thus prove that their position has not been one of selfishness, but of sportsmanship.

Non-Resident Licenses.

State Warden Loveday was called on. He said he believed in a good, stiff non-resident license, with a smaller one for residents. He thought outside shooters would not object. He himself would not object to such a license. Mr. Leopold, of Burlington, Ia., took up the question of non-residents who owned property in Illinois. Dr. Bartlett said he would like to see a good, fat tax on a good many non-residents. Mr. Shaw made a motion "That all non-resident shooters pay a license of \$5, excepting members of chartered gun clubs, who shall pay the same tax as a resident shooter." On motion of Mr. Scholes, Sec. 4 of the list of resolutions was changed to read in accordance with this motion.

Funds.

Mr. Leopold asked what should be done about funds for the committee work. Mr. Strell offered a motion which was finally carried in this form: "That the chair shall appoint a finance committee of five, with full power to act, same to solicit an individual donation of \$1 from each club member, the fund so raised to be used to further the objects of this meeting."

Mr. Organ said that there were 25,000 sportsmen in Illinois, and if each would give \$1 we could carry any bill we wanted to in the Legislature. (Laughter.) "I have been there, and I know what it means to fight for a game law. We have the hardest fight ahead of us we ever had. As to spring shooting, when a man runs for the Legislature in this part of the State he is first sounded on spring shooting. If he is opposed to it, he don't get elected."

Mr. Strell moved the appointment of a standing committee of promotion and publicity to send out circulars setting forth game protective ideas. His paper would disinterestedly print 25,000 circulars.

Votes of thanks were passed in the usual way, and the meeting adjourned on call of the chair. The chair will within five days announce the appointments for the several committees above specified. Any vacancy on a committee will be filled by vote of remaining members. It is likely that the committee on legislation will have for two members Mr. Shaw, of Canton, and Mr. F. S. Baird, of Chicago, the member for lower Illinois being not yet determined.

Feb. 12.—Chairman Abner Price announces the following as his appointees on the committees established by action of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Convention at Peoria:

On Legislation—Chairman, W. H. Shaw, of Canton; F. S. Baird, of Chicago; Daniel Raum, of Peoria.

On Finance—R. B. Organ, chairman, Chicago; E. Hough, C. S. Wilcox, Chicago; Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur; G. N. Portman, Peoria.

Publicity and Promotion—George W. Strell, chairman, Chicago; J. M. James, Pekin; Thomas Marshall, Keithsburg; J. H. Barber, Pittsfield; James Norris, Anna.

E. HOUGH.
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Iowa Items.

NEVADA, Ia.—In our little city this winter there were displayed in the show windows of McCutchin's book store and Briggs' drug store the heads of two great bull elk. During the latter part of last October there appeared in these columns the notice of four of our best citizens leaving for Montana on a big game hunt. The heads were trophies of the hunt. The party consisted of Hon. J. F. Reed, Dr. C. E. Hoag, John M. Wells and Dr. F. S. Smith. The game secured was as follows: John M. Wells, two bull elk, two deer; Dr. C. E. Hoag, three deer, one goat; Dr. F. S. Smith, one bull elk; Hon. J. F. Reed, one bull elk, one bear, one goat—a total of four elk, five deer, one bear and two goats. The members of the party appointed Hon. J. F. Reed as scribe to write up the story of their hunt in detail. Mr. Reed promised some time ago to send in his manuscript to FOREST AND STREAM. If this should catch his eye (he is at present somewhere down East), I hope he will send on his "copy" soon, as there are many of his friends who would like very much to read the history of this successful hunt.

The measurements of the two heads which were on exhibition in this city were as follows:

Wells' elk antlers, from burr to tip of left antler, measured 45 in.; diameter just above burr, $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.; diameter above bez time, 8 in.; spread from tip to tip, 33 in. These horns, while not of great length or spread, were very heavy in the beam.

Smith's elk antlers, from burr to tip of left antler, 47 in.; diameter above burr, $10\frac{1}{4}$ in.; above bez time, $6\frac{3}{4}$ in.; spread from tip to tip, 39 in.

Is it not about time S. H. Greene, of Portland, Ore., was writing up his experiences of the past season with rod and gun? JOHN C. BRIGGS.

The Right to Bear Arms.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 11.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Your Man in the Clock Tower preaches evil doctrine, to Young America. He interprets the word "militia" in the Second Amendment to the Constitution as though it were synonymous with "national guard." There was no national guard when that amendment passed. The word "militia" meant then, and means now, the entire body of able-bodied citizens of the age of eighteen and

under forty-five (with certain exemptions, not restrictions), whether organized for military purposes or unorganized. Every such citizen of the United States has an inalienable right to carry openly any weapon suitable for military purposes. He may not carry dirks, slungshots or other weapons intended only for private vengeance. The several States control all military bodies other than troops of the United States, and can deny the privilege of drilling and parade to any armed bodies of men; but they cannot prevent the individual citizen from carrying military weapons at his pleasure.

"The right to bear arms is a natural right, not created or granted by the Constitution. The Second Amendment means no more than that it shall not be denied or infringed by Congress or the other departments of the National Government. * * * A law which should prohibit the wearing of military weapons openly upon the person would be unconstitutional."—Black, American Constitutional Law, 1895, pp. 403-404; supported by citations of rulings.

I know nothing about the disposition of the Man in the Clock Tower; but I do know that any attempt to deprive a Missourian of his arms while he was peaceably engaged in minding his own business would result in a first-class funeral. The Man says: "Once start the matter of restriction going in a legislative way, and no one could forecast where would be the end."

The end would be civil war. HORACE KEPHART.

Notes from New Brunswick.

To a man up a tree on a nice, clear winter's day the indications at present are that this Province will make a creditable display of its game resources at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Boston next month. Hon. Albert T. Dunn, Surveyor General, and Mr. L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner, are giving their best attention to the subject, a liberal Provincial grant has been secured, and no effort will be spared to make the undertaking a success. Moreover, likewise, Dr. Heber Bishop, friend of the human race, has been down here on one of his swooping flights and stirred up the animals, to wit, a happy family of moose, two bears and a "lucifer," all of which have been headed for the Boston show. These are no post-mortem effigies or nightmares of the taxidermists, but real live specimens fresh from the menagerie of nature. Moreover, also, one Henry Braithwaite is at this moment delivering certain lectures to an audience of caribou on his farm at the Crooked Dead-water, and trying to persuade them to send a delegation to the exhibition. The big moose which Henry, with the assistance of Billy Chestnut, captured so cleverly in December last, was brought out in excellent shape and is now being embalmed by Mr. Carhall, of St. John, to form a part of the display. This moose stands nearly 7 ft. high at the shoulder and has an antler spread of 51 in., with twenty-four long points. It is to be hoped that the directors of the show will impress upon elderly gentlemen wearing long whiskers the necessity of keeping a respectable distance from the caribou at meal times. Propinquity is a prolific source of mastication so far as the caribou is concerned. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 9, 1898.

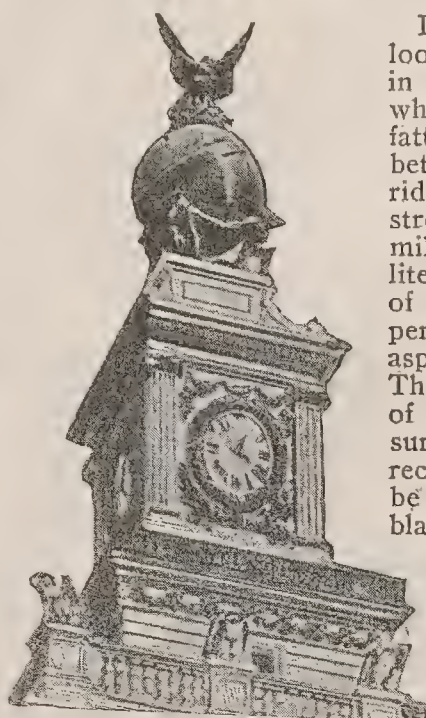
Carolina Ducks.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

January duck shooting was not so good as usual at Currituck, owing, we think, to the very mild weather. We noticed large flocks of redheads heading north yesterday, and we think they were saying good-by to us for this season. We saw this week a perfect redhead in color, but a perfect canvasback in shape. I suppose it was a cross between the two species, but never saw anything like it before.

Quail are still abundant in eastern North Carolina. While rabbit hunting on the farm of the Hon. Pierce Hampton last week, with foxhounds, in addition to 21 rabbits and 2 opossums we bagged 16 quail. A rabbit hunt with Bob Flora's hounds is fun indeed; He lives at Shawboro, N. C., on the Norfolk Southern R. R. This is also a good quail country. CURRITUCK.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.



Do you, wise reader, ever look down on people? Not in the sense figurative, which has its source in a fatter pocketbook, or a better suit of clothes, or riding in a cab instead of a street car, or any one of a million other things, but literally, as one whose line of sight is always along perpendiculars. The whole aspect of things changes. There is a general flattening of all objects on the earth's surface. Men walking directly underneath seem to be composed largely of a black disk which is carried about by a pair of intensely foreshortened legs which are supported by robust feet. Horses have much the appearance of Persian jugs lying on the ground side-

wise, and all vehicles for purposes of transportation appear to run very close to the ground on small wheels. Along Broadway, as far as the eye can see, there is a steady current of hats bobbing and squirming along, and quite as steady a counter-current bobs resolutely in the opposite direction. At the intersection of every cross street where the currents of hats cross each other, as also do the street cars, drays and other vehicles which fill the streets from morning till night in numbers which almost overflow the street limits, the solemn march of

the hats is disturbed. There are swirls and eddies and rapids of hats, all of which indicate that the wearers are dodging or hurrying to escape the juggernaut of commerce. It would seem to be a logical proposition that if one watched the hats long enough they would all pass by, either because the hat market of the world would be exhausted or because all the men in the world would pass by; but one can sit in the tower and watch the stream of hats come and go from the moment that the workaday world begins till it ends. Even from the tower the people on the earth's surface seem so small as to be almost insignificant, and it would seem to be no great feat to throw a brick at any hat within range, for all hats look much alike to a man in a tower. And yet to all men who are on the surface all men in a tower look much alike, too. But there is this difference, however—the man in the tower can see over a far greater field than the man on the ground, and of those things in it he writes for the man on the ground to consider, criticise, accept or reject, accordingly as he may find them sound or unsound, material or immaterial.

Let us Pause.

Let us pause and think of the safety of the elk in this wintry time, the safety which comes from the tender watchfulness of those who love the elk and minister to their wants. How the poor elk must have suffered in ages past for want of a loving and bountiful hand to feed them free hay! Up in the far north, where the caribou range in countless herds, they survive the inclemencies of the arctic winter, notwithstanding that they have no philanthropists to feed them hay first and sell them in the markets of the world afterward, and all in the name of humanity, but all in the fact of commerce. The dynamiter who saves the fish, the netter who saves the quail, the snarer who saves the partridges, the ranche which saves the elk, all commercial and alike in spirit, are such as should win the unceasing consideration of the people.

The Right to Bear Arms.

The Country Doctor, in his argument in favor of the right of the people "to have and to carry arms"—as he somewhat inaccurately expresses it—bases his arguments almost entirely on a matter of sentiment. The common possession and freedom in respect to the ownership and use of firearms in this country results from the necessities of the first settlers in defending themselves from hostile whites and Indians and savage beasts, in the first place, and from the traditions associated with the struggles of a few settlements in the beginning, up through the different gradations resulting in the American nation of to-day. It is a kind of inherited privilege, but it has no legal standing.

The Country Doctor seems to overlook the fact that, if the constitutional right to carry arms was vested in the people at large "to allow the people at all times to be prepared to resist encroachments upon their liberties from within more than from without," the same freedom which gave them a means of resistance would give the within enemy the same free means of attack.

That the founders of the Constitution had no thought of trouble so serious as to warrant a constitutional clause empowering every citizen to resist any law or force which he was pleased to interpret as an encroachment is amply proven by the fact that they based it all on principles for a republic. But whatever the form of government, there is always danger from foreign enemies.

Therefore Article II.—"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." This right is qualified expressly by a military necessity. Also, "bear arms" is a military term, differing entirely from the common colloquial term, "carry arms." If the Constitution intended that the people should have the right to carry a gun and tote a pistol or a razor for pleasure or for hunting purposes, it undoubtedly would have said so; but as it is one of the first principles in these matters that what is not given is withheld, each individual is necessarily restricted in his freedom concerning the tacking on of such personal legal idiosyncrasies as he might hastily or maturely consider beneficial to himself or to the Constitution.

In fact, the personal and special interpretation of the Constitution as exercised by individuals and classes has not been without a reference to arms. The moonshiner points grimly to the declaration "that all men are created free and equal," and that he has a perfect right to utilize his own products as best suits his own will and interests. It is impossible to convince him that he is free and equal under restrictions which prevent him doing as he pleases with his own property, as did his forefathers who fought and bled for freedom. He fails to note that the real freedom is that only of the citizen, a member of the body politic, and not the unrestrained freedom of the individual. It is the national freedom which all can enjoy alike without harm to the others, the freedom which insures the greatest good to the greatest number.

Some time in the near future I will touch upon the restrictive legislation which has already been recognized as a necessity in some different States concerning the carrying of arms, and I am quite sure that they will surmount even to a greater degree The Country Doctor, both by their scope and severity of penalty for violations.

THE MAN IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

THE following story is told of two Presbyterian ministers, one of whom, a Lowlander, was spending his midsummer holidays at the manse of his brother cleric, in a picturesque spot in the West Highlands. Both were enthusiastic anglers, and on the day following the visitor's arrival—Sunday—the pair enjoyed a delightful afternoon stroll after service. It was a glorious summer day; the scenery was most beautiful, the numerous streams lively with trout, and the woods full of songsters. "Man alive!" exclaimed the visitor enthusiastically, as he turned to his friend, "d'ye no' often feel tempted to tak' an' steal aff for a while's fishin' on sic a bonny Sunday as this?" "Na, na," was the other's reply, "I never feel tempted, I just gang."—*Fishing Gazette (England).*

Sea and River Fishing.

District of Columbia Association.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia held its annual meeting at the W. L. I. Armory, with a large attendance and the manifestation of much interest. Vice-President James L. Hood presided. Secretary-Treasurer Dr. W. P. Young presented his reports on the proceedings and administration of the finances for the last year. We quote as showing the activity of the Association:

On Feb. 8 a committee was appointed to prepare a bill for presentation to the Congress then in session. At the meeting on Feb. 15 Dr. Massamore, of the Maryland Society, represented that the bill before the West Virginia Legislature would be killed unless pressed. He was induced to give personal attention to this matter, and on March 26 made a formal report of his work with the Legislature of West Virginia. Armed with letters to the Governor of that State from Senators Gorman, Elkins and Faulkner, he met a cordial reception and promises of support. He found the bill slumbering; he had it brought up; read twice; properly engrossed; passed by both Houses and signed by the Governor. But for his timely appearance and earnest efforts the matter would have gone over to the next biennial session. The thanks of the committee were tendered the Doctor by Vice-President Hood in appropriate terms.

At the meeting March 31 Mr. Richard Sylvester was made warden of the Association.

On April 20 the secretary received from Mr. Geo. L. Nicholson, General Manager of the C. & O. Canal, and a member of our executive committee, a list of the names of sixty-nine of his employees between this city and Cumberland whom he commended as deputy wardens. This list was sent to Dr. Massamore, at whose request they were commissioned.

On May 19 Senator McMillan sent to the district commissioner for copies of the bills that we wished passed.

On Oct. 29 the committee was advised that Mr. Jos. H. Hunter had turned over to the treasurer the sum of \$91 received from the Evening Star for the purpose of seining the canal. The secretary-treasurer was instructed to ask the Fish Commissioner if it was his purpose to assist in seining the canal again during the ensuing season.

At the meeting Nov. 9 a letter was read from Dr. Massamore in answer to an inquiry concerning outlines, the purport of which was that "there is no law against them, except that it is unlawful to catch bass, pickerel, etc., except with rod and line." Capt. Brice, the Fish Commissioner, replying to the inquiry as to seining the canal, said that he considered the work of the greatest importance, and that if the Association would do what it can he would complete the work thoroughly.

On Jan. 11 a committee of seven—Messrs. John H. Gear, R. J. Bright, W. G. Sterett, John P. Miller, DeWitt Arnold, Chas. H. Laird and Richard Sylvester, the last named as chairman—was appointed to secure Congressional action on pending bills.

On Jan. 26 Mr. Rudolph Kaufmann and another member secured the unanimous and cordial approval of the district commissioners for an application to Congress for \$1,000, to be expended under the direction of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia in the enforcement of the game and fish laws, Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of West Virginia, who was in this city a few weeks ago, expressed earnest interest in the matter of water pollution, and promised active aid in securing the legislation necessary to effect the absolute purity that must be secured.

The work already accomplished by this Association has aroused interest in the adjoining States, and awakened the zeal of sportsmen in distant places. The annual fee is small, and as more work is to be done every member should feel the obligation of securing at least one additional member and of working with such earnestness for its success during the ensuing year that at its close this Association may be without peer among the game and fish societies throughout this country.

W. P. Young, Sec'y ex-officio of Ex. Com.

The warden, Mr. Richard Sylvester, read a detailed report on the effective efforts made to secure new legislation and enforce the old. Henry Talbott made a report from the committee on river pollution, as follows:

MR. TALBOTT, COMMITTEE ON RIVER POLLUTION, REPORTS.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Association: At the close of the last meeting a few weeks ago, I was detailed as chairman of a committee on river pollution, with authority to fill a committee of five.

The appointment was something informal, but I accepted with alacrity, because next to feeding our bass this subject I believe to be the most serious with which we have to contend.

I did not appoint a committee because the subject was one on which there seemed little available information, at least I had little, and it seemed too a matter of some doubt as to what was required, whether a committee to besiege Congress, or the Legislatures of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, or simply a committee of investigation.

There has not been a day passed since this honor was tendered that I have not given the subject some thought and some effort, and it appears to me that for the present a "smelling committee" can be of most service.

The Congressional field is already occupied with a more imposing demonstration than we are prepared to make. Its line of attack is much stronger than ours could be, based on the more effective arguments of sanitation and the threatened health of our Solons and the city. This of course deserves our immediate and hearty encouragement. If they succeed our work in this direction is done. If they fail, we can hardly hope unaided to accomplish much.

Manufactures and their vested rights are so old, and fish protection is so comparatively new, as with us, for example, that it will be no easy matter to secure any restrictive legislation that interferes with the bread and butter of the citizens of the States named, simply to enhance the sport of gentlemen of leisure here; for that is the light in which the arguments against us will be presented, and these citizens will decline to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

I do not mean to despair of our being able to accomplish much good, but only that for the sake of our fish we will not at once be able to secure legislation with urgency clauses to wipe out the pulp mills and tanneries and coal mines.

Even the United Kingdom with her centralized system, her great body of hereditary sportsmen, her long efforts at protection, has been unable to perform the impossible, and her angling literature and health reports show pollution in plenty of her waters, and the same is true on the continent.

Andrew Lang calls names and consigns to eternal perdition the authors of our troubles like this:

De'il tak' the idle trading loon,
Wad gar the water ca' his wheel,
And sends his dyes and poisons down,
By fair Tweed side at Ashiesteel.

And Coleridge's familiar lines will recur to you:

The River Rhine, as is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne,
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

A book might be easily compiled from angling and fisheries volumes alone, of allusions to this subject, and this brings me to my conception of the field of this committee.

First.—A preparation of the history of the havoc wrought and fisheries destroyed here and abroad by the discharge of deleterious substances into the waters.

Second.—A scientific research into the effects upon the food fish and fish food by the various refuse of mines and mills and tanneries, and how far they may contaminate the waters, with especial reference to the Potomac.

Third.—A sketch of such legislation as may have been attempted or realized in the direction of restriction abroad or in the States, with suggestions of what in reason we may be justified in attempting to secure.

This is not so formidable an undertaking as it sounds, and would not prove so onerous in the assembling, nor so burdensome to you in the reporting as you may fear. I have already applied to every fish commission in the country for what their legislatures may have done in this direction, and have received kind responses and documents from many. There has as yet been no time to digest these; they are still coming, and besides I had too much consideration for you to impose on you a burden for which you

have provided an executive committee. But with the information we can in this and other ways secure we may be armed to make effective warfare if it is considered possible or desirable. Without it we will be firing blank cartridges or fishing without bait.

Such a course too seemed due to the dignity of this organization, which I have a sincere hope to see lead the world in its field. Located at the National Capital, with the queen of bass streams at its doors, in easy touch with the world's literature, and its sporting fraternity, and the men as well from the whole country who represent its sentiment and shape its policy, we have advantages which no other of its kind can boast of, and it will be our own reproach if we ignore or neglect them.

I am sorry if I have been tedious, but it seemed only duty to you as well as justice to myself that there should be an understanding as to what you desired. With your approval I will be glad to do what I can in the direction suggested.

Goethe said long ago: "Give me a positive man, away with the man who has doubts, I have doubts enough of my own." If you feel that mine is too pessimistic a view or involves too much delay, I will be glad to help some one else carry out your wishes. All of which is respectfully submitted.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Capt. Robley D. Evans, U. S. N.; Vice-President, James F. Hood; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. William P. Young; Warden, Richard Sylvester; Executive Committee, Dr. Walter S. Harban, Rudolph Kaufmann, George L. Nicholson, Harrison Dingman, Charles H. Laird, F. B. Curtis, Gabriel Edmonston, F. B. Maguire, James M. Green, Cluskey Cromwell, J. De Witt Arnold, Henry Talbott, Isaac W. Sharpe, Joseph H. Hunter, Jesse Middleton.

Dr. George W. Massamore, Secretary of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, also a member of this one, made an address on the work of the sister organization in the field and legislation.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, Ornithologist of the Agricultural Department, addressed the meeting on the subject of protection of game birds from an ornithologist's standpoint.

Henry Talbott read a paper entitled "How the Potomac was Stocked with Bass." It will be printed in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM as a chapter in the very entertaining series of Potomac angling chapters Mr. Talbott is contributing to this journal. COLUMBIA.

Green Turtle on the Florida Coast.

BY R. M. MUNROE.

[Read before the American Fisheries Congress at Tampa, Fla.]

EARLY travelers on the tropical coasts of America made much mention of the abundance of turtles to be seen in the waters at all times, and on the beaches in the spring season, engaged in laying their eggs. Just how many of these belong to the species *Chelonia virides* is mere conjecture, for aside from the tables of the rich and the cabins of the mariner, to the latter of which it often came as a godsend in times of hunger and scurvy, it was comparatively unknown; and as other species were edible and somewhat similar in appearance, the old chroniclers put them all under the one head of turtle. As a matter of fact, the loggerhead (*Thalassochelys caretta*), common now on our coast, when not oversized, and properly dressed and cooked, is not to be despised by a man even not hungry, and so also is the hawksbill, from which comes the tortoise shell of commerce.

With the advent of steam vessels, penetrating as they do the labyrinths of the West Indian Islands and adjacent coasts, enabling the perishable tropical products to be transported in safety, the green turtle has become a more common food and less of a luxury in our seaboard cities; and as most people take kindly to it, the demand has increased with the usual result in connection with natural products—a growing scarcity and higher prices.

Being, as it is, a nutritious delicacy, it is quite time that its habits, reproduction and methods of capture should be looked into before its enforced classification with the extinct reptiles; even if this should prove to be an event far distant, it might well be worth our time and attention to cheapen, by cultivation and protection, the present rather prohibitive price of a valuable food.

As is the case with very much of marine life, the green turtle is but little known as to its habits. At most, we can principally state that its food is a marine grass growing on the bottoms of lagoons and bays more or less shallow; that it mates on this coast in the month of May or thereabouts, the females with eggs, except in rare cases, at once disappearing from these waters and going no one knows where, until recently; but it is now reasonable to assert that their hatching grounds are in the beaches of various isolated islands off the Spanish Main and on the Bahama banks. How this migration is accomplished across the Gulf Stream current for hundreds of miles is past comprehension. As high as four batches of eggs, containing from 130 to 180 each, are believed to be laid by an individual during the months of June, July and August, and not repeated until an interval of one or two years has elapsed.

Incubation takes from ten to twelve weeks. After hatching, the young that escape the gulls and other birds on the beach, the fish and sharks, on entering the water again like their elders leave us with much thought as to where they pass the time until we occasionally see them in what is called the chicken stage of growth, so called from their resemblance to the flesh of the feathered barnyard favorite.

The foregoing few items are about all that is known as to habits, but sufficient seems to be established to form a reasonable hypothesis that much might be done toward protecting the young, and possibly caring for them until of marketable size.

At present the probabilities are that but an exceedingly small number survive the first week of existence, as low, maybe, as 2 to 3 per cent. To prevent this loss may or may not be an extremely simple problem, depending on whether turtles will mate and deposit eggs in suitably inclosed feeding grounds, or if the female alone in a condition to lay (these average about 23 per cent. of the catch in May and June on one reef at present) will carry out her maternal functions in captivity. If these two points are negative, then is it feasible to import eggs from the foreign depositories, considering the expense and possible complications as to ownership? And lastly, whether our supposed food areas would prove sufficient and suitable. The latter point, I think, can be favorably answered, as our lagoons have long been known as feeding places for the smaller sizes of turtles, and it is fair to suppose that the younger ones could find, in the same location, a diet congenial to them; therefore, if no serious obstacles were found in their production, the subsequent existence up to the age of

taking care of themselves seems assured, and at a trifling cost after once hatched.

The statistics in regard to this branch of our fisheries are meager and of little value. The few at hand seem to show that the average catch of mature turtles along the reef by nets in the past twenty years appears to be but slightly diminished. When the fleet is augmented by boats and men, the catch per boat decreases, and vice versa; but it is very evident, from personal observation covering the same period, that our feeding grounds or inshore resorts for the smaller and more valuable sizes have become almost depleted, a result occasioned, apparently, not by excessive fishing, but more likely by the gradual capture of the females on the outer grounds, who occasionally depart from the instinct of going to foreign parts for incubation, and lay their eggs on home shores, as it is hardly possible that the young from the distant hatcheries across the Gulf Stream should find their way back until fully matured and able to cope with their natural enemies in transit. For verification of some mooted questions, and additional information on others, I am indebted to Mr. B. Vincent Archer, a life-long fisher and close observer of the green turtle in these waters.

The Diamond-Back Terrapin.

THE naturalists usually call our friend offering text for this paper *Emys malacolemnys palustris*, meaning that he is a soft-shelled terrapin which affects living in marshes. The gourmet has translated the other name for him, *Emys concentrica*, into that toothsome phrase diamond-back terrapin, suggested by the markings on the upper shell.

How to cook him in the best way—best Maryland way, or in that other notable way, Philadelphia way—I shall later divulge. Just now I will point out three American species of the *Emys malacolemnys*, or soft-shell terrapin; then show how to catch him; and then how to cook him. Anybody can then eat a dainty dish who will.

Firstly, then, the three species of *Emys malacolemnys* inhabiting the United States and South America, and perhaps Italy, where Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, may have succeeded in propagating them some thirty years ago, are the *Malacolemnys palustris*, the *Malacolemnys geographica*, and the *Malacolemnys lesueri*. Of these the second and third are of slight edible value and are little used. But the first kind, the diamond-back, he is good to eat.

His alveolar surface is broad and nearly flat, slightly concave, occupies most of the length of the upper jaw, wherein it differs from the jaws of the other American terrapin, and so largely explains the superiority of its flesh; which is to say it can and does live upon superior food. Our friend likes nice fresh fish, and crabs, and celery, and such like dainties as he can find by quick swimming or walking round about his dearly loved salt marshes. The others are not very particular, and even our friend's first cousins, the *Emys malacolemnys geographica* and the *Emys malacolemnys lesueri*, are rather too careless and reptilian in their banqueting to commend their choice or to acquire a high gamy flavor.

Something of the clean salt of the salt water our friend loves, and of those salt marshes whence he seldom travels far, and in whose shallow, slightly water-covered mud he always hibernates a few inches from the surface, from middle autumn till middle spring, enter into him.

Round about such localities from Nantucket and New Bedford, Mass., to far away Texas is he found by terrapin hunters, but chiefly and in greater perfection in the beautiful Chesapeake Bay and in the Carolina sounds.

Diamond-back terrapins were once very numerous, but alas! pot-hunters have slain their thousands and tens of thousands. Unless the law shall soon enter and save the places that knew them shall soon know them no more. Bare will be the bars and flats or old logs on which in great numbers on bright days they used to sun themselves, and empty of them will be the waters whose surface their heads closely dotted, while they breathed quietly, easily afloat, for our terrapin's specific gravity is almost precisely that of water, and one more complaint will be added to the grievances of many "old boys" who have been known to sit sunning themselves in club windows, the while remarking, "That monstrous little rain water Madeira remains."

Now the diamond-back varies much in external appearance. The females are largest, much more delicate in flavor, and their eggs are—shall we say—delicious. Such a terrapin is naturally much the costliest. A terrapin 6 in. long on the under shell is called a "count," a female less than 5 in. long similarly measured is a "heifer," and such another male is a little "bull." Sometimes terrapins grow to be 10 in. long. Ordinarily they weigh about ¾ lbs. to the inch length. It seems to be conceded that the terrapin first lays eggs when about six years old. Seeking in spring a sunny sandy spot, preferably very near the water, and scratching a shallow hole with her hindlegs, she deposits five to seven eggs, which she carefully covers over, patting the sand smooth and firm above them. The warm sun must do the rest. And before the heat of summer is over the little terrapin about an inch in length has been evolved, the round, yellowish white egg elongating with his length. With his horny snout he breaks loose the egg skin within which for, say, eight weeks he has found his food. He and his little "bull" brothers and "heifer" sisters now generally wait beneath their sheltering sand covering, which has grown more convex and loose with their waxing size, until a wave shall come and uncover them, when, like Jason's men, full armed, they spring to sight and toward the water—and the gourmet's plate. But with no haste do they fall into either. Sometimes it is several days before these youngsters swim into the water, and as their normal growth is an inch each year it should be four full years at least before any of them die for another's good. However, there are stories of very much quicker forced growth. One experimenter specifically informed me that taking a terrapin just hatched in early spring he placed it in a salt-water pen just outside his kitchen window, whence scraps of fish, crabs, or any meat or vegetables the cook discarded were flung to it. Within a year the terrapin had grown to a greater length than 7 in. This is coming it strong,

yet I state but the facts as told me. But I must be permitted to state my great regret that a letter seeking written confirmation of this sea tale has failed of answer from my informant, Captain Lewis, of Lewisetta, Va.

To catch the terrapin there are many ways and very many men, women and boys. For instance, there is the hunter and his dog. They patrol the marsh beach at low tide during the laying season and trail the terrapin to her nest. Then during the winter time sharp eyes discern beneath the shallow water the little mound above the hibernating animal, and lo! another benumbed terrapin, caught by oyster tongs or what you will, shall come to town. During the summer days the dip net may catch the terrapin, inquisitive, though timid, who, hearing knocking on a boat above him, rises to "inquire," while the same game is played on him by torchlight by night, and he is crowded in to join the procession toward an early grave. But all these methods are child's play compared with those fateful ones of dredging, or of netting in one of its two great methods. To save for the last the worst, consider now the two chief ways of netting. Driving down a stake, to which one end of a long net is tied, the other end of the net weighted on its lower side is drawn circularly and in narrowing circles by a boat through the water above a favorite terrapin liar, whose denizens have been called by knocking "to look out for themselves." They do. The net draws regularly inward to a finish, and the terrapin are gathered to the fathers "at the club."

The remaining fateful form of net is known as the "trap." It is about 4 ft. long and has four or five hoops, some 3 ft. in diameter and rather close together. Of course the hoops support a net having funnel-like nets leading into it at both ends. Bait is hung in the center. Once entered, the terrapin remains, often in company with fifteen or twenty others, to see how somebody likes him. If this trap has not been so hung upon a pole as to keep its top above water the terrapin will drown, for he must often poke his nostrils into the air for breath. A slit in the trap side is our terrapin's exit toward clubland. Now all this last is summer work.

The drag, the fateful drag, does awful execution in winter. Invented in 1845 by Mr. William Midgett, of Roanoke Island, to supply his personal use, it has become the chief supplier of the market. This fell instrument closely resembles the ordinary oyster dredge. The upper bar is of wood, and the lower bar, of iron, has teeth which are 3 in. long and 2 in. apart. The bars themselves, which are held parallel, are 3 or 4 ft. long, and at the ends are separated by two loops about 14 in. in diameter. The bag is 4 ft. long. A sailboat will in winter pull one of these drags on either of its sides and back of it over the hibernating grounds of the terrapin. The gathered mud runs through the meshes of the bag. The terrapins remain just as safe from the catcher's standpoint as the written word. Of course the pitch of the drag is regulated by the position of the lines fastened to the two rings, and equally of course the drags can only be used in cold weather when the terrapin are chilled, under penalty otherwise of having these smart swimmers escape.

Beneath such manifold pursuit, urged on by payment of eight, ninety, nay, even a hundred dollars per dozen for "counts," as contrasted with one-third those sums even so recently as fifteen years ago, is it any wonder that the diamond-back terrapin is fast disappearing? Various methods for saving him from extinction and for ourselves have been tried. A notable one is the terrapin farm. This is nothing less than a terrapin-tight inclosure, allowing the salt water ingress to such marshland and sandbar as best represents his feeding and nesting grounds. But terrapins will not thrive under such conditions; so say private experimenters, and so the United States Fish Commissioners inform me. A proper supply of food may be lacking, despite what nature and an artificial ration of crushed crab and fish there present, or it may be that such a large proportion of the young terrapins have their heads or legs bitten off by the old ones—and such is beyond doubt the fate of many—that the experiment fails. Another certain cause of loss, say to the extent of 50 per cent., is death by gangrene, coming from bruises, incurred by many of the old terrapins bought for stock purposes from seiners or tongs who have kept them carelessly on the hard ground beneath some box or in a pen till their crawling about has bruised their feet. A terrapin once thus bruised dies inevitably from gangrene.

Protection by form of law is the other great effort to protect terrapin. As chairman of the special committee on terrapin of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, I have been obliged to look into the efficiency of the Maryland State laws on this subject. In the main they are good, but they are irregular and they are not enforced.

Using them as a type they should provide:

1. A fine of \$10, half to the informer, for every terrapin found in possession from April 1 to Nov. 1.
2. Ten dollars fine for offering to sell at any time terrapins less than 5 in. long on the under shell.
3. None but residents of a specific county should be allowed to catch terrapins in its waters under penalty of violating the law of trespass and of paying any fine incident to breaking sections 1 and 2 above.

The enforcement of these simple laws would break up "pounding" (i. e., massing terrapins in a salt-water corral), which keeps the large terrapins from laying, prevents the growth of little bulls or of little heifers and their breeding by marketing them before maturity, prevents the growth of many little terrapins by exposing them to the murderous bites of the larger ones, and finally offers a reward for catching terrapins in illegal periods. As to this last, consider that if there be no receivers there will be much smaller incentive to poach upon the public.

Despite the enacted Maryland fines against having terrapins in possession, say, during the summer months, the pounding system exists in this State, and to such an extent that such an authority as the Standard Dictionary says "they (terrapins) are mostly caught in the summer and pent up in yards or corrals to be reserved for the winter months."

Terrapins bought from these pounds are always thin and so less toothsome; they have partially starved and so have suffered.

Now to redeem my promise as to style of terrapin cooking:

The approved Maryland style of cooking is as follows: Throw the live terrapin into tepid water, when the skin can be rubbed off with the finger remove the claw nails, and then briefly re-immersion in the same water until the shell cracks, finally remove them from the water, cut away the under shell and remove the gall bladder and the head, pull the terrapin to pieces with a fork, put in the eggs, and it is ready for cooking in a chafing dish. Upon the meat in the chafing dish in operation put a quantity of the best butter, and optionally a little milk or cream if it is desired to moderate the richness, add a proper quantity of black pepper and salt, allow to stew, stirring as necessary, and there you are!

Wine is better from a wine glass than from a dish, and flour helps make better paste than stew.

The Philadelphia style is as above, with the addition of eggs, cream, flour, spices and wine. From all which may Epicurus deliver us. This I say boldly, though aware that Baltimore, the boasted terrapin town, uses only one-half so many terrapins as despised Philadelphia. But right is not, nor ever was, nor ever will be surely a matter of numbers.

Before concluding I may be permitted to say a word as to the substitute for the diamond-back. On the Pacific coast and now here, imported thence, and from the midcontinent rivers and ponds to some extent, a fresh-water tortoise called *Chelaps marmoratus* is used, but it is a comparative failure, as lacking the right terrapin's gamy salt flavor. All conditions favor the introduction of our diamond-back along our middle Pacific coast, especially along the marshes about San Francisco. Why is it not accomplished?

But the greatest, and an awful substitute for the diamond-back is the slippery slider or *Pseudemys rugosa*. He is red-bellied and wrinkled, as his name implies, and may we soon see the last of him, but we won't. It seems to me cooking this slider with saffron would vastly improve him. Certainly horse flesh so cooked becomes much less greasy tasting. At any rate you cannot spoil slider by any process of cooking.

The terrapin, the oyster, and our fishes and birds are quickly being exterminated. To increase the supply of them, that the pleasures of seeing, pursuing, tasting and eating them may be more generously accomplished, is the object I seek to help by this paper on one branch of the subject.

As for my single self, who can find sufficient gustatory pleasure and strength in viands simple, as bread and milk, and to whom the rich gravy of "terrapin stew" is somewhat displeasing, I must acknowledge that with me, according inferior rating to this superlatively vaunted plate, the gourmets do not all agree, though their dishes do.

DE COURCY W. THOM.

BALTIMORE, Md.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The event of the year, the annual banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, came off at the Copley Square Hotel on Tuesday evening, and like its predecessors it was a most enjoyable affair. From a variety of causes there was an absence of some familiar faces. Col. Rockwell, the president, was unavoidably absent on account of the death of a relative; Dr. Heber Bishop is in the Maine woods seeking live game for the Sportsmen's Exposition to be held here next month, and Gov. Wolcott, who expected to be present, was obliged to send his regrets. This was a disappointment to all present, as the genial Governor takes a great interest in all matters for which the Association stands. At 6:30 the company, to the number of 130, proceeded to the tables, the guests being Col. H. A. Thomas, Rev. E. A. Horton, H. A. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, a member of the Legislature; Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Maine; Rev. J. C. Jaynes, of Newton, and Antonio Apache. There were also present William Almy, T. G. Brewer, Loring Crocker, Luther Little, William R. Sears, Stanley Smith, George O. Sears, H. W. Abbott, P. W. Scudder, W. H. Allen, Dr. G. G. Sears, Dr. Robert M. Read, Judge J. S. G. Cobb, of Providence; John A. Morse, of Co-tint; Fred H. Talcott, Dr. H. W. Blair, Henry F. Colburn, William K. Churchill, Lewis C. Marshall, Hon. Robert S. Gray, J. A. Victorson, Nelson L. Martin, Dr. A. R. Brown, Dr. J. N. Ball, George H. Moore, Warren Hapgood, B. N. Howe, Joshua S. Duncklee, A. S. Adams, Sumner A. Gould, Edward E. Small, H. F. Morse, Dr. E. W. Branigan, Dr. William D. Ferguson, George H. Bartlett, Charles H. Cole, George M. Parker, James L. Wesson, C. W. West, Charles Butcher, Horace Litchfield, Hon. George W. Wiggin, William H. Sweatt, Hon. John G. Ray, S. W. Rich, William B. Bacon, John N. Roberts, Judge S. A. Bolster, A. D. Thayer, Myron W. Whitney, Arthur W. Robinson, president Megantic Club; Dr. John T. Stetson, Frank C. Brownell, W. L. Mercer, William J. Newman, Benjamin F. Stevens, J. W. Wildman, H. S. Garfield, J. Franklin Wight, A. C. Risteen, Thomas Dickson, Charles W. Spear, C. J. Woodbury, Walter M. Brackett, E. A. Samuels, Joseph W. Smith, Henry Allen, Henry N. Sawyer, William F. Smart, Henry Briest, John E. Hull, I. W. Adams, William C. Prescott, Charles Stewart, Thomas H. Hall.

Ex-President B. C. Clark, in the absence of Col. Rockwell, occupied the chair, and in his usual hearty, breezy manner kept things going at a lively rate. In opening the speechmaking he called attention to the recent report of the State Fish Commission, especially in the falling off in the lobster fishery. This was a most important matter, and one demanding the utmost vigilance on the part of the Association. Reference was next made to the wanton destruction of plumage birds for millinery purposes. He quoted from a recent magazine article of Miss Hooper that sentiment was one of the grandest things in the world, and said that in no place was sentiment such a force as in such a body as this, one of whose chief aims was in preserving the bounty of nature. This was a worthy object and one that demanded and should receive our best thought and attention. Before proceeding to introduce the regular speakers Mr. Clark read a few letters, one from ex-President Cleveland regretting his inability to accept the committee's invitation to be present and expressing his commendation of the objects of the Association; another from Rev. W. H. H. Murray, whose hearty words plainly showed that he has not forgotten

the pleasures and good fellowship of the woods and streams. The Rev. J. C. Jaynes, of Newton, was next introduced, and the company soon found that here was a member of the cloth who knew the forests and the lakes, and how to get into close touch with his fellow-sportsmen; for wit and story and sentiment and sound practical sense it was a speech to be remembered, and when he said that from his own experience he had found that when a clergyman went into the woods he should take a layman along with him to do the talking (on particular and special occasions), not one of his hearers failed to catch his meaning. Representative Stevenson, of Pittsfield, a member of the committee on fish and game, responded for the State. He believed the members of the Legislature were more in accord with the objects of the Association than was generally supposed. To be sure, there had been difficulty in procuring proper legislation for the better protection of fish and game, but it was due in a considerable measure to the wide divergence of views of the sportsmen themselves. Col. Thomas, postmaster, and Rev. E. A. Horton, always welcome guests, made happy speeches, and Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Commission, made a strong and earnest appeal on behalf of fish and game protection. He said that despite the fact that 10,000 deer, 250 caribou, 250 moose, 150 bears and 150 tons of trout and landlocked salmon were taken in Maine last year there will be a greater abundance this year than ever, with the possible exception of moose. He said they were greatly hampered by the illegal shipment of fish and game to the Boston markets, and that it would greatly add to the game and fish preserves of Maine if it could be made illegal for citizens of Massachusetts to sell or expose for sale fish and game shipped from Maine. J. Russell Reed, Esq., counsel for the Association, enforced the position taken by Mr. Carleton, and said further that Massachusetts by putting a premium on the importation of game illegally shipped from other States ranked as the lowest of any State in the standard of game laws. Antonio Apache, a full-blooded Indian, educated at Harvard, briefly responded to a call. The chinks of the evening were filled in with songs by Myron W. Whitney, music by Daggett's orchestra, and more songs by a quartet led by W. C. Prescott. The whole affair was voted one of the most enjoyable ever held by the Association.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Lake Erie Fish Protection.

ON the 15th of this month there will be an important conference of the Governor, the fish and game committees of the House and the Senate and the State Fish and Game Commission, to discuss the best measures for the protection of the great fishing industry of Lake Erie and its waters. Several Toledo citizens have been invited to be present at this conference, and the Commercial is again requested to give its opinion as to what had best be done. Gov. Bushnell has expressed a commendable determination to do what he can for this great interest, and he has given proof that he grasps the importance of the interests involved. After fourteen years of close and thoroughly practical observation of the workings of all the laws that have been tried for the protection of the fishing industries of Lake Erie, we may have somewhat profited from the knowledge obtained.

We have already said that the best thing to do was to protect the waters of Lake Erie wholly against nets for the next five years. This the people have the right to do, and this the courts will sustain them in doing, and this is the thing that can the most easily be done and the thing from which the net fishermen would the most greatly profit in the long run. Afford such protection, and from all the waters of the upper northern lakes, where net fishing is permitted, the swarms of fish would come to the protected waters of Ohio, so that in less time than three years, we believe, the fish would be more abundant here than they ever were before, for it is a well-established fact that the fish desert the waters where the nets are numerous for the others free from these murderous devices.

But if the Legislature cannot be convinced that this is the proper thing to do, then the next best policy is to place the waters of the State under the control of the Game and Fish Commission, with the power to make such regulations for their protection as are needed. Ohio has now the best game and fish commission it ever had. This body has shown an active and an intelligent interest in the protection of game and fish. In Lake Erie its powers have been so limited that it could do almost nothing, and here protection was the most needed. The present State fish and game warden has shown himself to be an able and an energetic official. Every fish that swims in the waters of Ohio belongs to the people of the State. That principle has been thoroughly established by the decisions of all the courts, the Supreme Court of the United States included. The Legislature, as the agent of the people, has the right to do with the waters of the State whatever may seem best for the interests of the people. It should establish that the Commission was to permit no nets where the passage of the fish to their spawning grounds would be obstructed; the chief object for some years being the propagation of fish rather than the creation of a revenue for the State. No net should be permitted to be placed in the water until a license of at least \$50 was paid to the Commission. In this way all the expenses of the Commission could be paid from the first, and in time a splendid revenue would be raised for the people. No net should be set until a place was designated for it by the agents of the Commission. A salary should be paid to the Commission, for much of its time would necessarily be devoted to this work. No additional burden would be placed upon the people, for the receipts of the Commission would supply all needed funds. If this plan is not satisfactory, the Commercial will suggest some other things that must be done, if this interest is saved for the people.—*Toledo Commercial*.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Salmon in the Hudson.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest Mr. A. N. Cheney's valuable paper on the Hudson River salmon plant, which was read at Tampa, Fla., and appeared the same week in your columns. But there is an omission which, I submit, ought to be supplied as showing some credit due to the FOREST AND STREAM and its former editor for putting the initial stocking movement on foot. If you will refer to your files of 1873 you will find the letter of Prof. Baird which is embodied in the excerpt from the Brooklyn Union, which I herewith inclose for publication, if it pleases you to give it space.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Salmon in the Hudson.—Through the efforts of Mr. Charles Hallock, the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, the Hudson River is soon to be stocked with salmon. The series of articles published by Mr. Hallock having called the attention of the United States Fishery Commission to the subject, that gentleman has received the following letter, to the effect, that his request will be attended to:

"United States Commission Fish and Fisheries, Washington, Nov. 11, 1873.—Charles Hallock, Esq.—Dear Sir: I am perfectly willing to place a good lot of Sacramento salmon in the Hudson River. Seth Green has 250,000, and I will request him to dispose of a portion for that purpose subject to your direction. Very truly yours,

"SPENCER F. BAIRD, Commissioner."

This will be gratifying news to our New York sportsmen of the angle, and they owe Mr. Hallock thanks for his efforts to restore the game fish to the waters of the Hudson, where they once abounded.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Wheeling.

The Wheel and the Rod.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Having read of fishing trips on a bicycle, I am prompted to tell of my experience for the past two years on the silent steed, with rod, reel and landing net firmly fastened in under the seat. When the night before a fishing day comes I begin to prepare for the to-morrow, get out my bike, clean and oil, strap on my fishing tackle, get things handy in the kitchen, so as to be able to prepare a breakfast without arousing the neighborhood, set the alarm clock at 3:30 and then turn in.

Tip—bang! goes the alarm, and by 4 o'clock I am on my way. I have fine macadam roads for the first three miles, and then a hill of a mile, very steep in some parts. I wore out two pairs of shoe soles trying to keep the wheel under control on this part of the journey last summer.

But what sport awaits you when the lake is reached! I cannot describe the feeling as you joint your rod and attach the reel, fix up line and leader, and fish around in the bait box for the largest shiner, or one that just suits your fancy, you wondering all the time what large bass is waiting to pounce upon it. You get started, and with 30 or 40 ft. of line trailing behind the boat, troll slowly up the lake. All at once down goes one of the corks, and the line begins to move off sideways; up comes the cork, jumping and bobbing around. Surely the bass is having a good time with that bait. Down he goes again, and the old reel begins to make music. Let him go a little further, then we gave him the hook. Now the fun has begun. Now we reel him in slowly, and have him within a few feet of the boat, when away he goes again with a rush. But finally we have him alongside the boat, and scoop the net in under, and he is flopping on the bottom—as fine a bass as any one cares to be seen with. And so it goes until we have seven or eight beauties.

Looking down toward the landing, I see old man K—just getting ready to start up the lake. He is a regular visitor to the lake, and always complaining and finding fault with the man that has the bait. You give him all the big shiners or sort out all the red fins for him. He very seldom catches any bass, but can catch any number of small pickerel. I seldom catch any pickerel, but almost always catch a nice lot of bass. He cannot see how it is. If he would stop to think he would see very soon how it is that he catches pickerel while I catch bass. The bottom and sides of the lake are covered with a growth of weeds. I do not know what kind they are, but in some times of the year they are within 3 ft. of the surface of the water. He never uses a cork, and his bait goes scratching along, and when he reels in you cannot see his bait for the weeds that are fastened on the hook. For catching pickerel your bait should be down in the weeds, but for bass you want the bait up near the surface; at least I find it so in this lake. I use a cork attached about 4 ft. from the bait, and have a very small sinker about 1 ft. from the hook. I only missed three trips last summer that I did not catch a mess of bass, and went almost every week. Very often I would have enough for two or three of my friends' wants.

It is surprising what an amount of luggage one can carry on a bicycle. I have had strapped on my wheel two fishing rods, a box with two reels, lines and a lot of artificial bait, nine bass that weighed 16½ lbs., a light overcoat, landing net and a big bunch of water lilies. Talk about your floral parades—they were not in it with that wheel. It could be tracked from the lake right to our back gate—a regular trail of lilies.

A FISHER WITH A CORK.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 21.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-second annual show, New York. G. de F. Grant, Sec'y.
March 1.—Baltimore Kennel Association's third annual show, Baltimore. W. P. Riggs, Sec'y.
March 8.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.
March 15.—Kansas City Kennel Club's second annual show, Kansas City, Mo. A. E. Ashbrook, Sec'y.

A Raccoon Hunt in Maryland.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Along in the middle of November, when the leaves have all fallen from the trees, and the landscape is all bedecked by a feathery bed of the same, the bare trees making the forest look bare and desolate, the sport of raccoon hunting is in its height in Maryland.

The sport of coon hunting, as it is commonly known in Maryland, dates back to colonial times, and the custom, or the art (for certainly it has been brought to an art by those who indulge in it), has been handed down from generation to generation with a persistency that, if it were not for the fact that many parts of the State offer such good refuge to the animal, it would long ago have become exterminated.

The raccoon hunt is nearly always carried on with a campaign of frolic and hard cider, and here, as in politics, all men meet on common ground.

In the first place, it is necessary to have dogs which are trained in this particular line. Without them the attempt to discover a raccoon would turn out to be a fruitless piece of business.

The night is the time in which this sport is carried on, and many a mile is tramped over, through timber, brush, evergreen, and across creeks and rivers, in following the lead of the dogs, until the raccoon is finally treed.

A few years ago John Dickson, Fred Rainer, William Cross and myself, with two colored men by the names of John Jackson and Scott Johnson, indulged in one of those delightful frolics in the southeastern part of Howard county, along the Patuxent River. On a cloudless Saturday evening, having laid aside our cares and labor for the week, and the weather being superb and bracing, we arranged all the preliminaries, and when the shadow of night commenced to appear on the eastern horizon we, with four good trained dogs and a goodly supply of refreshments, which included a jug of cider, started for the forest near the cornfields along the river hills.

Of course we had prepared for a delightful time, and possibly for some raccoon. The colored men each carried an axe, the main instrument and weapon in a successful campaign against the raccoon.

We tramped several miles along the hills, crossing several small patches of cornfields, when at once we heard the familiar yep, yep, yep, and we knew that the dogs had struck a trail.

Now the real fun in a hunt of this kind actually commences. All discipline is lost or laid aside. Away we went, in a full trot, every man for himself the best he could, and in such a manner as is only known to raccoon hunters, John Jackson leading, Scott Johnson next, and then the rest of us bringing up the rear.

Whatever may be said regarding darkies' inactivity and sluggishness in the performance of labor, this reproach all very suddenly is forceless when that "yep" of the raccoon ferrier is heard by them, and they scent the flavor of fresh raccoon broth. It may be said with absolute truth that there is only one thing in the whole wide world which can awaken a darky's latent physical energy and ambition quicker than the possibility of getting a fresh raccoon stew, and that is a good, big, fat opossum; and no theme or subject is gone over by them at their rallies and gatherings with the same zest and spirit as the relating of the stories of the coon hunts.

Well, the dogs were getting hot on the trail of the raccoon; this we could tell by their yelps, and the two darkies were not far behind in the race, and every little while could be heard these ejaculations: "They am gwine to tree him, sho'!" And sure enough they did.

This was some three and a half miles from where we first started, and in a dense oak forest the raccoon had found a hollow oak, and when the dogs were pressing him he took refuge in this hollow tree.

Soon the yells of the two darkies informed us that they were there and had commenced operations to bring down the tree. That is what the two axes were for, and without them this raccoon would have been perfectly safe. When we arrived at the tree Jackson and Johnson had about half of it cut, and we relieved them while they took a pull at the jug.

I corralled the dogs and took them to a safe distance from the tree, while the darkies continued the labor of chopping it down. When it finally fell I turned the dogs loose, and of course, as is always the case if the raccoon is not mortally wounded by the falling of the tree, he comes out and tries to escape. This time he came out and undertook to get away, but one of the dogs nabbed him, and soon the other dogs were there to assist; and then the tussle began. In such cases a shotgun is of no value, for just as likely as not one of the dogs might be hit instead of the raccoon. Rainer, however, had had experience in the business, and he watched the fight until an opportune time presented itself, and with a club dealt the animal a blow on the head which laid it out. The finishing work was then accomplished with a hunting knife. After all these exciting scenes the ubiquitous jug was passed around, as each told his story how the fight appeared to him; how Spike grabbed him by the neck; how Count got him in the flank, and how Major threw him, and so on. The dogs were also petted for their brave work.

After partaking of more refreshments we again started the dogs off. Jackson took possession of the game, and we trudged along about three-fourths of a mile on the edge of a cornfield, when the dogs were again successful in striking a trail, and away they went, darkies and dogs, helter skelter, through woods, across plowed land, over rocks and boulders, in hot pursuit of the game. Jackson was encumbered somewhat with the game he

was packing along, but this did not seem to prevent him from keeping pretty near the dogs.

The dogs followed this trail for about a half an hour, and then lost it; they were not successful in recovering it again. The midnight hour was by this time approaching, but a real raccoon hunter never goes home "until daylight does appear;" and so, after another successful nip at the jug all around, we started the dogs out for the third time. Here Johnson took the burden of lugging the game, and we traveled along slowly for at least two hours, making a sort of circuitous route so as not to get too far from our starting point. Finally the dogs again found a trail, and for the third time they and the darkies scampered off together after a raccoon.

My companions and myself were not quite so sprightly and gay as we were when the dogs got on the trail of the first raccoon, but notwithstanding we managed to get up a respectable gait. On, on we went, and it seemed as though that raccoon might give the dogs a chase until morning, when it would be time for us to retire to our beds for a little sleep before old Phœbus would cast his searching eyes over the horizon. Now through a briar patch and then through a cornfield, and finally into the timber. Again we could tell that the dogs were closing in on the raccoon and that he would soon have to find a tree or else the dogs would get him. On they went for ten or fifteen minutes more, and then we could tell that the raccoon was treed.

A little later on we heard Johnson's voice calling to us: "Cum on, cum on! he's up a tree, sho!" Then came the same process that we went through before. The tree had to be felled, and then chance given to the dogs to get the animal after the tree is down; in this, however, the dogs hardly ever fail. After the tree had been cut down the raccoon did not appear, as is generally the case, but stayed in the hollow of the tree. He was soon compelled to give up his fort, though, on account of a stick Johnson had run up in the hollow of the tree, and with which he was dexterously battering him. When he did appear on the scene one of the dogs caught him by the shank and Jackson had the honor of killing him, which gave him the advantage over his partner in the point of telling the story in some of their future gatherings.

By this time our refreshments were beginning to give out, as well as ourselves physically, and we concluded that two raccoons in one night was not so bad after all. But not knowing what might happen, we kept the dogs out while we made our way toward home.

It was now 4 A. M., and we all agreed on our homeward march that our hunt was a complete success. Jackson had one of the raccoons and Johnson the other, and I the empty jug. When within a mile or so from home the dogs took after something and soon treed it. The two negroes took out after the dogs, shouting: "Possum! possum! sho' as use alive!" The small tree the supposed opossum had gone into was soon reached by the two darkies, and they undertook to shake it down, but it would not shake; so Johnson climbed up and caught the animal, and any one can imagine the disgust of the two darkies on being sold with a big, frisky old tomcat.

Well, we rolled on, and a happier and more cheerful lot of fellows than we never were found anywhere. The two darkies sang: "Dar is a coon ober dar, dar is a coon ober dar, and we jes' slip ober and git dat coon ober dar." In this song we all joined, and when home was reached we at once retired; and when old Phœbus cast his casual glances around the next morning he failed to discover us, for we were still enjoying ourselves in slumber—sweet sleep!

Now a word in regard to our game:

The raccoon belongs to the family *Procyonidae* and genus *Procyon*. The animal is so called from its habit of dipping its food in the water as if washing it before it eats. It is 2 ft. long, with a stout body, short limbs, pointed ears, broad face, sharp snout, a bushy, ringed tail, of a general grayish coloration, and feeds on fruits and vegetables as well as animal substances. Its flesh is eatable, and is greatly relished by the colored population of the South. The hide is used for fur caps and fur overcoats.

It was near the noon hour when we awoke from our slumbers and dreams of raccoon. We then proceeded to divide the spoils of the night's sport, Jackson and Johnson each getting a half a coon and the balance being divided among us four, and then each man departed for his own habitation; but before parting all agreed that we would try it again soon, as these raccoon hunts seem to be quite the proper thing. M. W. STROUSE.

American Spaniel Club.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club held on Feb. 5, 1898, Messrs. E. H. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, S. J. Bradbury, H. K. Bloodgood and Marcel A. Viti being present, it was decided to hold the annual meeting on Feb. 22, 1898, at 4 P. M., at Madison Square Garden.

The club's annual dinner will be held upon the same date, at 8 P. M., at Zangheri's, No. 17 East Twenty-second street, New York. Tickets for the same may be procured from members of the committee.

The third annual sweepstakes will be judged at the New York show. In addition to the cash added to each stake by the club, the president offers silver medals to the winners.

During the fiscal year last past the leading bench shows conformed to the club's requirements by adopting one of its classifications and requesting a club judge to officiate: New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore and Toronto, 1897, adopted Classification No. 1 and adopted additional classes; Boston, 1898, adopted Classification No. 1, and Pittsburg and Brooklyn, 1897, adopted Classification No. 2.

Fifty-eight special prizes were offered by the club for spaniels. This number includes the following cash specials: New York, \$20; Chicago, \$20; St. Louis, \$20; Pittsburg, \$15; Baltimore, \$20; Toronto, \$20; Brooklyn, \$15; Boston, \$20.

During the year the total entries of spaniels at the shows amounted to over 800.

Pacific Coast Field Trials.

THE fifteenth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club was held at Bakersfield. The trials began on Jan. 24 and ended on Jan. 27. Mr. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, and Judge C. N. Post, of Sacramento, Cal., assumed the judicial duties. There were eight entries in the Derby. Judging from the report in Field Sports, the competition was feeble and low in grade. The winners were, first, J. E. Lucas's pointer dog Alex C. (Glenbeigh—Saddlebags); second, W. S. Tevis' pointer dog Cuba of Kenwood (Glenbeigh, Jr.—Stella); third, Frank Maskey's English setter bitch Lady Rod's Chaff (Rod's Chaff—Cresida). In this stake were four setters, one of which was Irish, and four pointers. Of the winner, the report says of his first work in the heat with Teal:

"Alex ran into a bevy and flushed it, the birds going into good cover. Working the brace on to the scattered birds, many flushes were made which seemed inexcusable, but scent might have been bad, as a north wind of some force was blowing. Alex made two points from which birds were raised, and five where no bird could be found. Alex showed considerable speed and at times fair range, making some good casts, but comes in to his handler too much, and has a very bad habit of stopping to point where there is no bird."

Lady Rod's Chaff's work was such as would have put her out of any stake in which there was competition worthy the name. In her first heat "Lady Rod's Chaff ran into a bevy down wind, which flushed and settled in sage on a slight raise. The dogs were sent after them, where Lady made two points, nicely backed by Verona, but in both cases, before her handler reached her, Lady broke in, flushed in and chased. This was all the work done in the heat. Both bitches were fast and wide rangers, very stylish in their manner of hunting and pretty movers. Both made some nice and intelligent casts, and should make very classy workers when properly broken. It was claimed that Verona was sick, which was probably so, for she showed no evidence of nose whatever."

In the second round in the heat between Lady Rod's Chaff and Alex C. "Lady was the first to find, but pursued the same tactics of the day before and flushed the bevy. A minute later she pointed an outlying single which had not gone with the bevy, and when it flushed she started to chase. Alex, working up on the bunch, made a number of points from which no bird could be raised, and four to which he was steady, to shot and wing. Both dogs backed well. Lady made altogether one bevy and three single points. Lady works with nice, high head, has good speed, covers her ground to good advantage, made no points from which birds were not raised, and has very good style both in motion and on point. Only her flushing and chasing, which followed every point, lost her race."

In the final heat between Alex C. and Cuba of Kenwood, "some good and a good deal of bad work was done. Each got one good point and both back nicely, but Alex with his characteristic caution made three false points. In range they are about equal, but Alex is a trifle fast and puts more spirit into his work, shows better style."

There were fifteen starters in the all-age stake. Dash Antonio and Valiente bolted the competition and out of the race.

The winners were, first, E. V. Sullivan's setter bitch Peach Mark (Mercury—Betsy Mark); second, W. S. Tevis' pointer dog Cuba of Kenwood (Glenbeigh, Jr.—Stella); third, Mrs. Caesar Young's setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

The Eastern importations were not largely in the winners' places, which is as one should have anticipated, considering the radical difference in the habits of Eastern and California birds, the difference in methods respectively, the differences of climate, etc.

At the club meeting held on Jan. 25 the election of officers took place as follows: President, H. W. Keller; Vice-President, J. E. de Ruyter; Second Vice-President, W. S. Tevis; Secretary-Treasurer, J. M. Kilgariff; Executive Committee, J. E. Terry, C. N. Post, J. H. Schumacher, Andrew Jackson and William Schrieber. The third Monday in January, 1899, was fixed for the date of the next trials.

Was it Rabies?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had an English setter of good breeding, and as a hunting dog he would be hard to improve upon. He could locate a bird further than any dog I ever saw. On Dec. 30 we were crossing a field, when suddenly he turned to the left and made straight for an old overgrown ditch, by actual measurement 360 paces away, and there came to a point on some quail among the grapevines; and he would have held that point for any reasonable length of time. He was a fine retriever, and was just about what Col. Hough, of Chicago, would call a "meat dog." He was a very mild-mannered old fellow, and was never known to get into a fight. About the only thing that would wake him up was to see me getting ready to go shooting, and even then he would not get excited, as some dogs do.

Last Sunday my little girl and myself were snowballing each other, when, much to our surprise, Tom came bounding up to us and grabbed me by the arm, his teeth just touching my skin. We wondered at it, and went at the snowballing again, when he jumped right on Margaret and pulled her down in the snow, but let go the moment I said "charge!" I then sent him to the barn. Next morning he failed to show up for his breakfast, but they thought he had gone downtown with me to the office, and of course I supposed he was at home as usual, till a farmer came in and said my dog had appeared at his place, fully ten miles away, very tired and covered with blood; that he had brought him to town in his sleigh, but that he had jumped out of the cutter on the outskirts of the town and pitched into a dog. I at once went on a hunt for him and found him in the act of tearing a dog to pieces; but he came up as usual, wagging his tail, when he was called. We secured him, chained him up and nursed him all week, but on Thursday he was evidently in a great deal of pain and howled all night, although we did everything possible for him. On Friday he had a very severe at-

tack of diarrhoea, and on Saturday morning he died. I would say that on Thursday night when he appeared to be suffering so much he tore everything to pieces within reach. He had a canker in the ear, and I thought it was cured last fall, but when the cold weather came it reappeared. I have examined the ear, but do not find very much inflammation existed, and I can hardly think that the canker was the cause of the trouble.

I find that after he left the house on Monday he made a most furious attack on a shepherd bitch, almost killing her, which he undoubtedly would have done had not the owner appeared with a stick and driven him off. Then he chased a hound into a shed and tried to get at him, but could not, as the hound had taken refuge under some machinery, and my dog could not reach him. He then left and trotted quietly along the road till Mr. Fowler found him and brought him back to town, where he caught a mongrel cur and almost killed it before the owner chased him away with a club. Then he got hold of another cur, the one he was mauling when I found him, and killed it outright.

It will be a long time before I get another dog as good as old Tomboy, and my sympathy is with any one who loses such a good and faithful animal.

J. W. COWAN.

Diseased Dogs and Dog Show Rules.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—To intending exhibitors at the coming bench show to be given by the Westminster Kennel Club in Madison Square Garden, opening Feb. 21, I desire to say that almost every year a few dogs are presented for admission whose conditions are such as to make them objectionable on the bench, being perhaps afflicted with contagious diseases or with some form of skin disease, though not necessarily of a contagious character, still rendering them undesirable as exhibits, and which it is my unpleasant duty as veterinarian to exclude. I would suggest that the following rule be carefully read, viz., Rule 9, clause 3, American Kennel Club Rules Governing Dog Shows:

"A dog suffering from any hereditary, contagious or objectionable disease shall be disqualified and forfeit the prize which may be awarded it, and shall be at once removed from the building. A regularly appointed veterinary surgeon shall alone decide as to the condition of the dog, and his decision must be given in writing."

This rule will be most rigidly enforced.

H. CLAY GLOVER.

Veterinarian to the Westminster Kennel Club.

Gordon Setter Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22 (second night of the Dog Show), at 7:30 o'clock, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Members are requested to send in their annual dues (\$5) and the names of those to be proposed for membership to the secretary.

L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y-Treas.,

No. 938 Prospect avenue, New York.

Alabama Field Trials Club Trials.

THESE highly successful trials were run at Madison, Ala., beginning Feb. 7. Winners of the Derby were: R. H. Lowe's Mack L., first; T. M. Spencer's Tony Dick, second; C. E. Meglemry's Rex of Birmingham, third.

All-Age Stake.—H. H. Mayberry's Alabama Girl, first; Rex of Birmingham, second; Tony Dick, third.

Puppy Stake.—Dan R., first.

Champion Stake.—Ashford & Odom's Von Gull, first.

A detailed report will be given in our next issue.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The premium list of the Northwestern Kennel Club can be obtained of the secretary, C. E. N. Howard, 48 East Fourth street, St. Paul, Minn. Mr. R. W. Mathews, a member of the bench show committee, writes us as follows: "We will pay out in cash prizes about \$2,000, including specials. The hall will bench 800 dogs. It is well lighted and ventilated on all sides. It is on a central corner, the best location in the city."

The Sun publishes an item in a recent issue as follows: "Los Angeles, Feb. 7.—The Coursing Club has debarred Dr. Van Hummell, of Indianapolis, from further participation in its matches. He is charged with having run in a 'ringer' on the club and beat the pool box. A week ago last Sunday Dr. R. S. Withers, a veterinary surgeon, entered a dog called San Pedro, and he was beaten. Yesterday San Pedro won everything in sight. Dr. Van Hummell, it is claimed, backed San Pedro heavily. The club has discovered that San Pedro is the imported Chit Chat, owned by Dr. Van Hummell."

Mr. C. E. Buckle, of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, writes us as follows: "I found it almost impossible to find a location in Mississippi with enough birds to train on this spring, without going far South, and knowing there were lots in this State (North Carolina) last fall, I decided to come back. This is probably an unprecedented move on the part of a trainer, and it seems almost foolish to leave that pretty-looking Southern country, but as you know, we can do nothing without birds." Mr. Buckle is now located at Linwood, N. C.

Many tons of the Johnson biscuits have been shipped to the Klondike. They were only recently put on the market, but they sell like hot cakes. Those who have used them claim that they are good alike for dog and man, and excellent for either.

The field trial winner Count Gloster died on Jan. 29. He contracted distemper at West Point, Miss., and was for that reason unfitted for competition in the Continental Trials at New Albany, and for that reason was not run, as was mentioned in these columns at the time. He had been sold to the Verona Kennels at a long

price, and was to be delivered after the field trials were over.

Mr. C. E. Davis, No. 2 Market street, Boston, requests us to publish the following: "Champion Duke of Kent II. has strayed or been stolen from the Glen Rock Kennels, Ballard Vale, Mass. If any of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who know Duke will let us know if they learn of his whereabouts, we will be very thankful."

Mr. George H. Thompson, secretary, writes us under date of Feb. 10 that the annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held at the Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22, at 8 P. M., during the W. K. C. show.

The Breeder and Sportsman of February, in its coursing notes, has this to say: "Coursing at Sacramento suffered a hard blow last Sunday. A kick against the decision of the judge resulted in something like a riot. The crowd attempted to pull the judge from his horse. The result was a sale of the fences, etc., and there will be a cessation of coursing in the capital city for several months." It would seem that sport on the coast is taken very seriously in the coursing world.

The show of the French Bulldog Club, held in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on Feb. 12, has been declared a gratifying success, so much so that the club will possibly make it an annual fixture. As a proposition entirely apart from this matter, the holding of two or more shows by different clubs in the same city is sure to bring trouble to the A. K. C. sooner or later. If it is permitted to one and refused to another, it then affords grounds for a charge of favoritism; if two or three or more clubs are given the same franchise, there is then Donnybrook possibilities.

Mr. George W. Clayton, superintendent of the Northwestern Kennel Club's show to be held at St. Paul, Minn., March 8 to 11, writes us as follows: "Through an error of the printer, the date of birth was left out of our entry blanks. There will be a winners' class for prizes." Those who make entries should therefore note that in filling out the blanks it is necessary to specify the date of birth of the dogs entered. Entries close March 1.

Mr. Howard Vernon's pointer dog Glenbeigh was poisoned at Bakerfield in the week during which the Pacific Coast trials were run. A chemist who analyzed the contents of the dog's stomach reported that he had found several pieces of meat containing arsenic. The conjecture is that he found and ate some poisoned meat which was intended for coyotes, but there is also an opinion that it was given intentionally.

Mr. A. E. Ashbrook, secretary of the Kansas City Kennel Club, writes us that: "The judges for our show, March 15-18, are Miss Anna Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; James Mortimer, New York; P. T. Madison, Indianapolis; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., and J. A. Graham, St. Louis. Our prize list will be out next Wednesday."

The entries to the W. K. C. show number 1,700 so far as heard from. A few more of the late stragglers may swell the total slightly. This is a record breaker. The entries are as follows: English bloodhounds, 20; mastiffs, 27; rough-coated St. Bernards, 103; smooth-coated St. Bernards, 30; Great Danes, 90; Newfoundland dogs, 7; Russian wolfhounds, 35; deerhounds, 5; greyhounds, 39; foxhounds, 10; pointers, 100; English setters, 68; Irish setters, 39; Gordon setters, 31; Irish water spaniels, 4; field spaniels, 31; cocker spaniels, 97; collies, 77; old English sheep dogs, 4; poodles, 60; Dalmatians, 5; bulldogs, 102; French bulldogs, 20; bull terriers, 120; Airedale terriers, 8; Boston terriers, 105; Basset hounds, 6; dachshunde, 37; beagles, 62; fox terriers, smooth, 94; fox terriers, wire, 69; Irish terriers, 53; Scottish terriers, 12; black and tan terriers, 18; Welsh terriers, 1; Skye terriers, 4; Dandie Dinmont terriers, 1; white English terriers, 3; whippets, 4; Shipperkes, 4; Pomeranians, 2; Yorkshire terriers, 14; toy terriers other than Yorkshire, 7; pugs, 16; toy spaniels, 43; Italian greyhounds, 2; miscellaneous, recognized breeds unclassified, 11.

Mr. William Gould Brokaw desires that there shall be no restrictions as to age of pointers that compete for the Brokaw challenge cups; also that the cups must be won three times instead of twice before becoming the absolute property of the winner. All dogs entered for competition must be benched consecutively according to their numbers in the catalogue. This will be rigidly enforced. Mr. Henry Jarrett offers a silver cup for the best field or Clumber spaniel stud dog shown with two of his get.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.

Yachting.

THE members of the Montreal Stock Exchange have shown a most commendable spirit in arranging to build a 20-footer for the defense of the Seawanhaka international cup next summer. The venture of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. in challenging for the cup in 1896 has become a national affair, the win of that year and the successful defense last year being achievements of which every Canadian may feel proud. It is but fair that the club, which solely by its own exertions has done so much for the national honor, should now receive assistance from without in its second defense of the cup.

SINCE the death of Mr. Ogden Goelet it has been an interesting question among yachtsmen whether the great annual trophies established by him would be perpetuated in his name by his heirs. Such, it now appears, will not be done, and the "Goelet cups" will disappear from yachting. At the same time their place will at once be taken by new cups of the same value, \$1,000 for schooners and \$500 for cutters, established by Mr. John Jacob Astor. At the annual meeting of the club two offers of such cups were made, the prior one being accepted.

So far as mere money goes, there is no lack of good prizes in yachting; men can always be found who will contribute liberally in this way, and the clubs, as in the case of the Larchmont Y. C. and its annual schooner cup, are always ready to offer prizes. The real need in yachting is not gold, but plain, common sand, the quality which impels a man to harden his heart and heave on his halyards when he knows that it is not "his day," for the sake of his club and to give his opponents a race. Without this, all the gold in the Klondike cannot help yacht racing.

The fate of the last Goelet cup is still undecided. As will be remembered, it was not awarded because it cannot be given in the rules for a sail-over, and no schooner in the New York Y. C. fleet would sail the course against Colonia and risk a defeat. It is said that the cup will be given by Mrs. Goelet as a perpetual challenge cup.

A Fin-Keel 25-footer.

THE recent attempt of the American Y. C. to establish a 25ft. l.w.l. one-design class brought out in the competition a variety of designs, one of which, the choice of the special committee, has already been illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. Another fin-keel design was submitted by Mr. George Hill, of the Atlantic Y. C., designer and owner of the keel sloop Akista, which design is here illustrated. The following summary of the principal points accompanied the plans and specifications:

Type.—I have presented a moderate fin-keel because it gives:

(a) Very large accommodations for moderate displacement.

(b) Very great strength of form (as here designed).

(c) Least possible resistance and so greatest possible speed for given waterline length and displacement.

(d) It is the most seaworthy yacht of which I have knowledge when properly designed.

(e) The balanced rudder gives great control, quickness in maneuvering, and still permits the yacht to sail for an hour at a time without change of helm.

(f) The short bowsprit enables one to get the anchor without marring the hull; it also brings the center of effort, center of lateral resistance, and center of waterline all in the same vertical. The main boom is easily reached from deck.

(g) With mast in water, the yacht floats so high as to keep water out of the cabin. She therefore cannot retain such an inclined position, and cannot sink.

Form.—The principles demonstrated as required for fast sailing are all met:

(a) The form remains the same under all angles of heel.

(b) The entrance and run are long, easy and symmetrical, and carried out far enough to prevent excessive wave-making.

(c) The form is not extreme.

(d) The midship section is one peculiarly adapted to a fin-keel, is very stable, and with a good freeboard makes a very dry yacht.

Construction.—The entire frame is fastened to an extremely rigid fin, bolted and strapped, that with the steel ribs the yacht cannot work or be injured except by being practically destroyed. The yellow pine skin makes a more durable and smoother job than a softer wood; more expensive to build, but less expensive to keep up. All rigging is specially designed for strength, lightness and ease of handling. All halyards lead aft to the cockpit.

Accommodation.—The main cabin sleeps two on transoms, two on berths. The decks are wide enough to use, and to carry the yawl free from all danger of being carried away. The cockpit is arranged to make the decks available, which is only possible in yachts of this type. The main cabin has 6ft. head room between transoms and over full length of floor.

The galley is large, with plenty of storage space. The ice box will hold 150lbs. of ice. There is a great deal of locker room in the main cabin, giving separate spaces for rubbers, oil skins, ropes, sails, etc. Water flows to faucets by gravity. The tanks help to make the hull non-sinkable.

The wide deck is of special advantage in racing.

The fittings are specially complete, including everything requisite for cruising or racing, except crockery, stores and bedding. See the specification. The displacement contemplates the carrying of stove, etc., and this makes it unnecessary and undesirable to strip the yacht to race.

The dimensions and details are as follows:

Length, over all.....	36ft.
Length, l.w.l.	24ft.
Depth, hull below l.w.l.....	2ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	2ft. 8in.
Head room, main cabin.....	6ft.
Head room over berths, main cabin.,	4ft.
Displacement	11,500lbs.
Weight, hull	4,000lbs.
Weight, spars, sails and fittings....	1,000lbs.
Weight, stores	1,000lbs.
Weight, keel.....	5,500lbs.
Area of lateral plane, hull.....	37.4sq.ft.
Area of lateral plane, rudder.....	6.0sq.ft.
Area of lateral plane, fin.....	35.0sq.ft.
	78.4sq.ft.
Sails, mainsail	640sq.ft.
Sails, jib	160sq.ft.
Sails, spinaker	350sq.ft.

The plans were accompanied by very complete speci-

fications, and a tender to build a fleet of ten to twelve yachts, each completely rigged and fitted with anchor, cable, davits and dinghy, for \$1,250 each. The construction is a novelty in that the main keel, or at least its middle portion, is cast as a broad flange on the upper edge of the fin, being 10ft. long, 2ft. wide and 3/4in. thick. The remainder of the keel forward and aft is composed of two oak pieces each 4 by 8in., bolted to the fin casting. The stem is of oak, sided 3in., and the transom of 1 1/4in. mahogany. The garboards are of 1 1/2in. yellow pine, 8in. wide, and the rest of the planking of the same material, 1in. thick and not more than 8in. nor less than 3in. wide. The frames are in part of steel angles, 1 1/2x1 1/2x3-16in., eleven on each side; the rest being of bent oak, sided 1 1/2in., moulded 2in., the spacing throughout being 12in. The chainplate frames are sided 4in. Strong oak floor timbers are used, carried up to the cabin floor. The sheerstrake, planksheer and partner planks are of oak. The deck beams are of bent oak, partner beams sided 4in., moulded 2in.; other beams 1 1/2x1 1/2in., with beam at fore end of house sided 2 1/2in. The clamp, of yellow pine, is 1 1/4in.x6in.

The cabin trunk is of bent oak, with after bulkhead and cockpit staving of matched cypress. The companion and fore hatch are of mahogany and the interior trim of cypress. The plumbing includes yacht w. c., two tanks of 20 gallons capacity each, and bilge pump.

The special features of the design were very fully discussed by Mr. Hill in a letter published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 6, 1897.

The North American Y. R. U.

ON Saturday last Mr. Emilius Jarvis arrived in New York from Southampton on the steamer St. Louis, of the American Line, being thus one of the witnesses of the exciting rescue of the passengers and crew of the steamer Veendam, sunk at sea by collision with some unknown obstruction. Mr. Jarvis sailed from New York early in November, immediately after the organization of the North American Yacht Racing Union, with which he is identified as a member of the council, Mr. J. M. Macdonough, another member, accompanying him. Both went abroad on private business, but the opportunity thus offered was utilized by the Y. R. U. to make overtures toward future harmonious relations and united action in yachting legislation with the British Y. R. A. The two delegates were instructed to present to the Y. R. A. the plans and objects of the American organization, and to suggest the desire of that association for a common rule of measurement on both sides of the Atlantic, should any rule be found which would be acceptable to both parties.

Very brief reports of the movements of the delegates and the nature of their reception have been received here, and Mr. Jarvis' return (Mr. Macdonough being still abroad) was awaited with much interest. At his suggestion by letter, a meeting of the council was called for Saturday evening, the St. Louis being due early in the morning. Being naturally in a hurry to reach his home in Toronto, Mr. Jarvis had planned to take a train early in the evening, after devoting a couple of hours to the meeting. Owing to the dense fog the St. Louis did not reach her dock until afternoon, but Mr. Jarvis was at the Imperial by 7:30, when the first of the members arrived. It was considerably later before the meeting convened, there being present Messrs. F. Bowne Jones, N. D. Lawton, A. D. F. Bancroft and A. J. Prime. Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. special committee on measurement, was present by invitation.

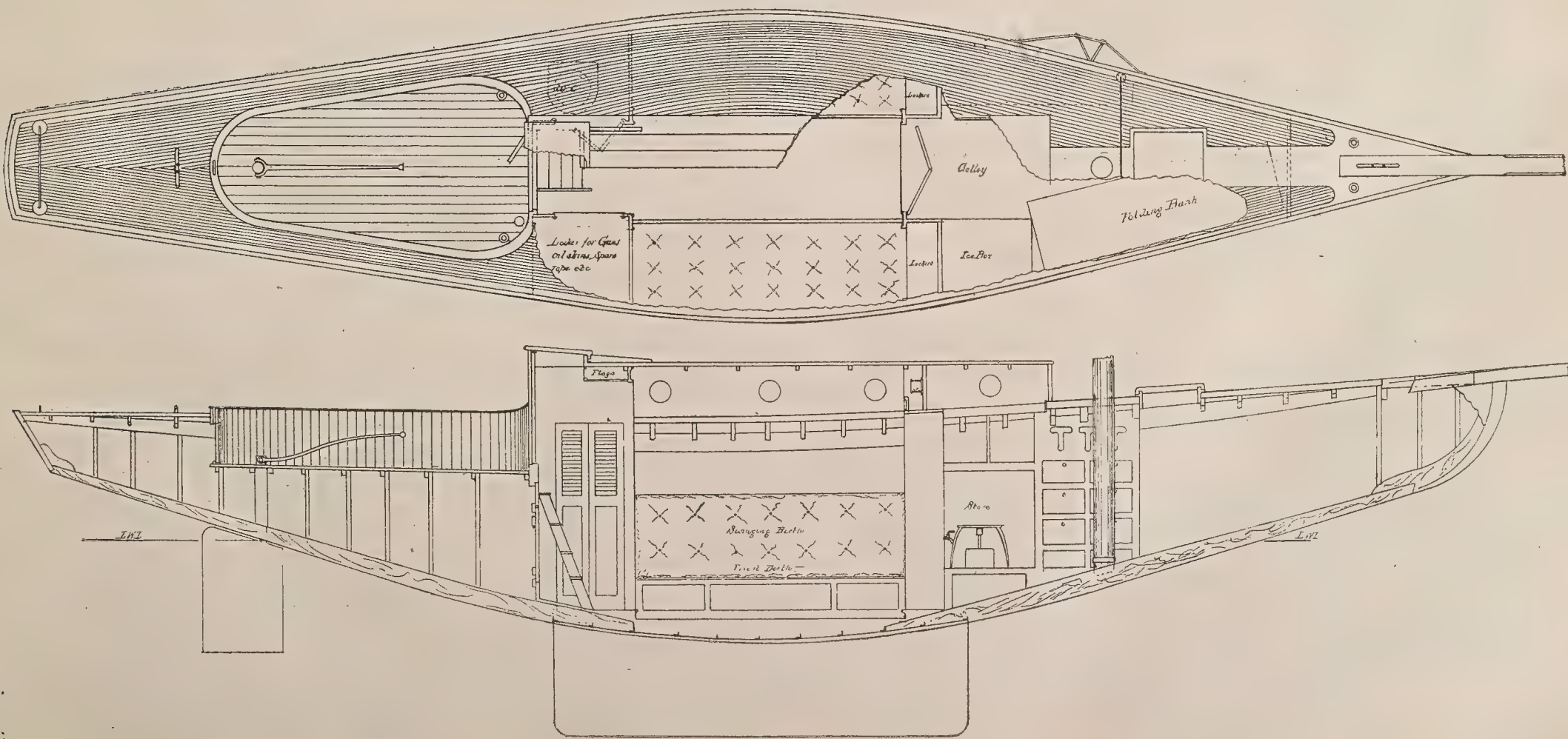
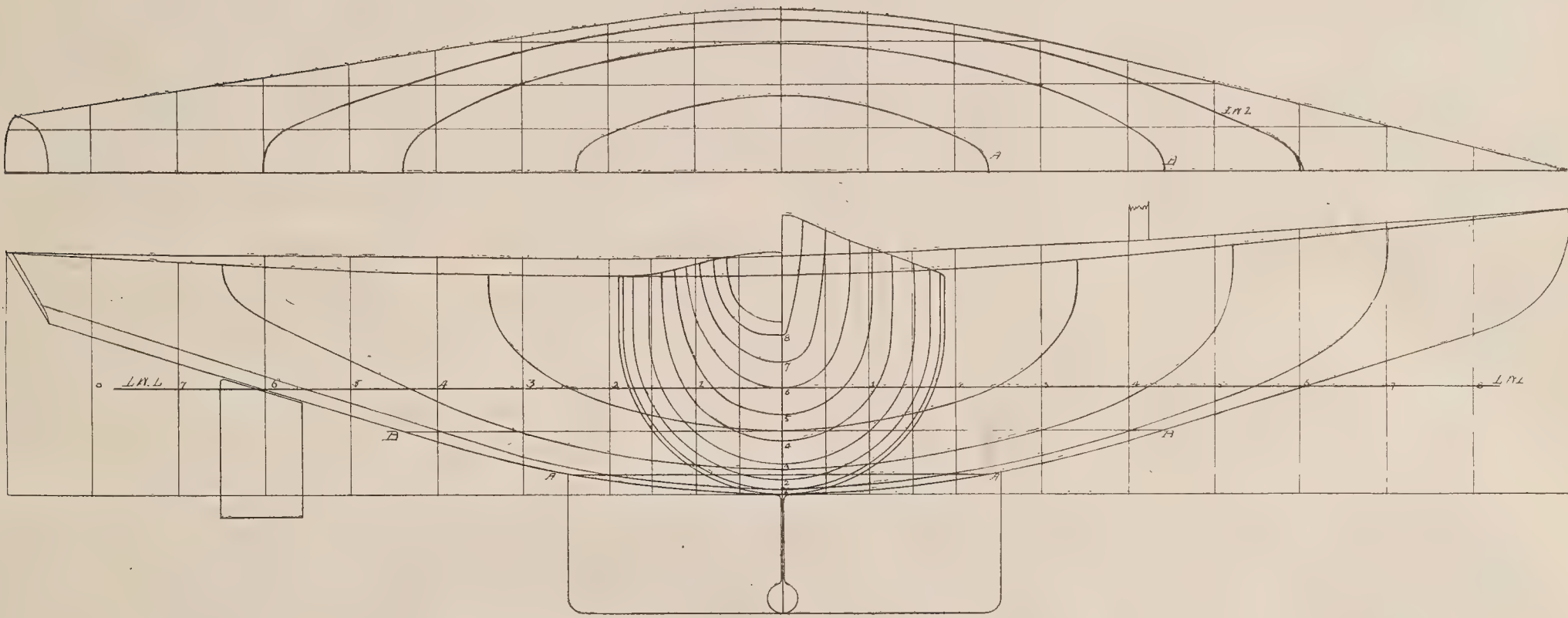
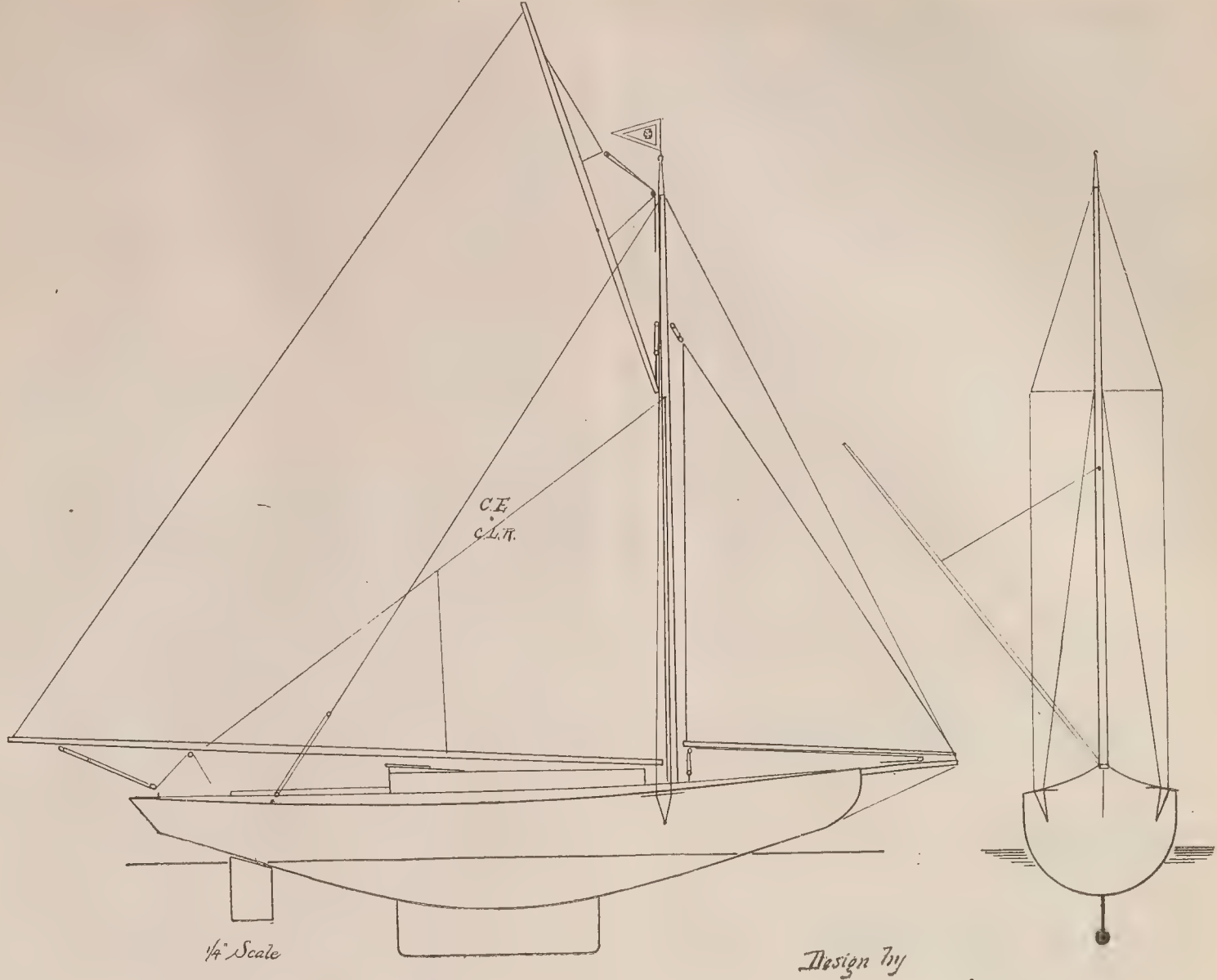
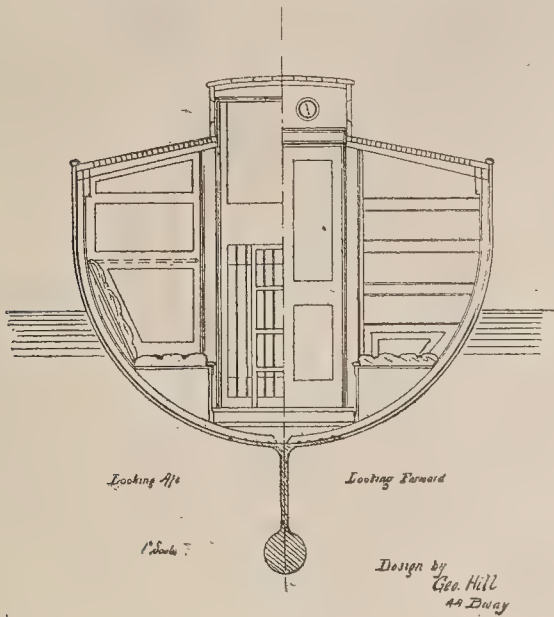
Mr. Jarvis had not prepared a written report, but he told a very interesting story of his trip, reading several letters and exhibiting a number of sketches of midship sections of successful yachts of the past two seasons. In the first place he and his associate were provided with letters to Mr. Dixon Kemp, Secretary of the British Y. R. A., which letters were forwarded to Mr. Kemp on arrival in London. Mr. Kemp was seriously ill at the time, and the letters were not acknowledged, and as it appears, were not laid before the Y. R. A., though an invitation to attend a meeting of the Association was received from the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Lake. As Mr. Macdonough was called to the continent, Mr. Jarvis alone appeared before the meeting, which, owing to the absence of the letters of introduction, was ignorant of the details of his mission. He was treated very courteously, and asked to address the meeting, but after a few questions as to whether the New York Y. C. and the Eastern Y. C. were connected with the new association nothing more was said, and the meeting was over.

Later on, however, Mr. Jarvis, in the course of social meetings with members of the council of the Y. R. A., came to realize that the object of his visit was misunderstood, and thus had failed to awaken any interest and response on the part of the Association. Mr. C. Newton Robinson interested himself in the matter, and arranged for a special general meeting of the Y. R. A. to meet Mr. Jarvis; but after chasing the latter to Scotland and back to Birmingham the invitation was received too late for him to attend the meeting. It was proposed to call another meeting after Mr. Jarvis' private business brought him again to London, but instead of this at his suggestion several social meetings of members of the council were held. In the course of these the history of the new American organization, its numerical strength and nationally representative character, were laid before the British yachtsmen, as well as its general wishes as to a new measurement rule. The response was most gratifying, there being a general recognition of the desirability of united action, and a desire to further it.

As to the details of measurement, the opinion was unanimous that the present Y. R. A. rule, after two seasons of trial under the actual test of building and racing, was producing the type of yacht which it was expected to encourage. Both the members of the council and the designers were unanimous on this point. The suggestion was made that the American Association should adopt the Y. R. A. rule or one similar to it as an experiment, with the probability that after one or two seasons of trial the two nations might be able to unite in harmonizing any differences then existing in the rules.

The council gave Mr. Jarvis letters to the designers, with special requests that they would furnish him with all information as to their new yachts, and sketches showing the types. In the course of the winter Mr. Jarvis has met Messrs. Watson, Fife, Soper, Payne, Hope

and Nicholson, discussing the action of the present Y. R. A. rule with all of them. He also visited Mr. R. E. Froude at the experimental station at Haslar. He has seen nearly all the newer yachts on the Clyde and Solent, with the innumerable old ones. He was most enthusiastic over the 52ft. L.R. Penitent, designed by Arthur E. Payne in 1896, a very successful racer, and yet with admirable accommodations for a boat of 47ft. l.w.l. He exhibited a number of midship sections of successful boats, from Bona down to 18-footers, by the designers above mentioned, all showing rather full sections, and with moderate draft, except in the case of a few small racers. After a very pleasant evening the party escorted Mr. Jarvis to the midnight train for Toronto. As soon as his business permits he will prepare a written report to the council, which will be published. From his verbal report it would appear that his mission had been quite as successful as was possible under the circumstances, and that it opens a promising prospect for international friendship and harmony in yachting.



DESIGN FOR 25FT. L.W.L. KNOCKABOUT, BY GEORGE HILL, ESQ., 1897.

Through the Sound in an Oyster Sloop.

(Concluded from page 135).

WE passed well to the north of Bartlett's Reef Light Vessel at 6 bells. Although we knew the water to be very shoal on the reef, in places, yet we took our chances of striking bottom, but got through all right.

While we were off Niantic Bay, the wind hauled still further to the north and came down on us in shrieks. The only attention we paid to it was to start sheet a trifle and head truer to our course. We thanked our stars, though, that it was not west or southwest instead of off the land. As it was, we received a dusting that drenched us to the skin.

We were half way across the entrance to Niantic Bay, when we heard the rumble of heavy ordnance. A few seconds later, and four downy puffs, drifting against the azure heavens a mile away, showed where the shells had burst. The Connecticut National Guard was in camp at Niantic, and the soldiers were drilling with the mortars. Again and again fluffy puffs of smoke from bursting shells drifted away in the distance, and the heavy rumble of the mortars sounded like an advancing thunderstorm. We watched the firing for some time. I wondered how the boys of Company D, Second Regiment, of which I was once a member, were enjoying themselves.

It was 5 o'clock when we passed to the north of the black buoy which marks Hatchett's Reef. The wind was still blowing very hard, and we were certainly meeting more sea than we had seen that day. The cause of this was a heavy swell which rolled out of the southwest against the wind. It showed that the wind had been blowing heavily in the Sound from southwest all day. Possibly it had been kicked up by the thunder squall we noticed that morning which passed out to sea off Montauk Point.

Off the mouth of the Connecticut the water was alive with immense schools of menhaden. Half a dozen menhaden steamers were making great hauls of fish. We passed close to a vessel which lay alongside a large seine, and every time she dipped her scoop-net into the seine it would come out loaded to the brim with squirming fish. As they were dumped into the vessel's hold they glittered in the rays of the sun like a shower of gems.

We were in the midst of an extra large school of the fish, when a sea serpent poked its slimy head above the waves. As it made toward Susie with wide-open jaws its forked tongue shot in and out its mouth in a frightful manner. We, however, were cool and not afraid in the least, for the serpent measured only 18 or 20 in. He was a common, everyday little water snake, and he must have felt very frightened and lonesome away off there, for he was fully two miles from land.

"If it wasn't for the delay I'd pick the little devil up," said Sam, who has always manifested an affection for the snake family that I can't understand.

Cornfield Point bore over a mile northwest when the sun sank in a blaze of glory. The wind died completely with the sun, and we were left rolling on the short, nasty swell. The roar of the surf on Guard House Point was the loudest we had heard, barring Napeague Beach. Gradually the soft afterglow in the western heavens darkened into night. The stars stole forth one by one, and the lighthouses began to twinkle. As Stanley set the port and starboard lights a breeze, faint at first, but gradually increasing in strength, came out of the north. Then Susie commenced to plow on her way again. "It's one of those night winds," said Sam, quietly. "And it'll probably hold steady until we reach New Haven."

Although Susie went swinging over the dark surges at a good clip, yet it seemed we would never put Cornfield Point Light Vessel over the stern. We could easily tell by the lights ashore that we were passing the land rapidly, but the twinkling eyes of the light vessel hung tenaciously on our sight, over the port quarter. It was a great relief to us when the white, flashing orb on Faulkner's Island could be seen lifting and dipping on the dusky sea-line far down in the west.

After a hot cup of tea and a hastily snatched supper of pilot biscuit, cold beans and canned apricots, I slipped an old overcoat over my sweater and took a seat just forward of the mast, in the bows of the sloop. I was determined to keep a vigilant watch ahead. Bub and Stanley turned in. Sam held the tiller. Have you, gentle reader, ever reclined in the bows of a small boat when the breeze was strong and the darkness of night about you? The incidents of that night's vigil formed a memory-picture which the combined skill of the world's greatest artists could not reproduce on canvas. Neither could the pen of any writer, however eloquent he might be, describe that picture as it was; therefore, with my poor pen, I can give but a rough idea at the best. The steady breeze inclined Susie's deck at an angle that just pressed her lee rail to the dark water's edge. The green rays of the starboard light mingled a faint emerald tint with the delicate red bars that fell on the deck from the port light, forward of the mast. So soft was this intermingling of colors that it threw a strange, mellow radiance about the foot of the swelling jib, halyards, chain cables and windlass, causing them to appear phantom-like and unreal. The dusky surges, advancing in monotonous regularity out of the darkness, seemed like shadowy, restless beings of the solemn sea. The steady s-wash, s-wash under Susie's inclining bows mingled a mysterious chant with the vesper-like hum of the night wind whispering through the rigging. As our little craft swept rhythmically onward, the parted seas gleamed ghostly on either side of the cutwater for a moment, then vanished in the darkness. Lights twinkled along the dark shore-line, and I saw a small lighted balloon ascend skyward from some shore resort. Then the northern lights sent nervous, transparent feelers to the very zenith of the spangled heavens, and the stars shone ghostly through the pale streamers of light. Suddenly, from far down in the southwest, a narrow, phosphorescent ribbon of light shot from the surface of the water and penetrated the uttermost limits of the heavens. It danced crazily up and down, up and down, then shot this way, then that. "What in heaven's name can that be?" I murmured, rubbing my sleepy eyes with my knuckles. "It's the searchlight of one of the large Sound steamers," said a voice so low as to seem but an answering echo to my murmur. I had been away from the water so long that this was the first time I had ever seen one in operation.

It was 11 o'clock before Faulkner's Island Light was abeam. The wind, which had held so steady, now died to a mere whisper, and Susie made but little progress. Searchlight rays crossed and recrossed the heavens, and searched the waters far and near, as the fleet of Sound steamers approached. They passed us about 7 bells, and the flash and glitter of their hundreds of different colored lights formed a sight of dazzling brilliancy.

"There's a big fire somewhere ashore, astern." It was Sam's voice, and he had spoken for the second time since I took my station forward.

"Where is the fire? I don't see anything but the moon rising."

"Well, I'll be hanged if I didn't think it was a fire."

"Who says fire?" asked Stanley, poking his head out of the companionway. "You'd better go below and turn in. You've been at the tiller steady for more than ten hours."

Sam kicked at first, but when Stanley and I insisted that he turn in for awhile he finally yielded. He had a very hard cold, and was very hoarse. I'm sure he felt miserable. Stanley wanted me to turn in, but with the exception of feeling so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open I felt pretty good, so decided to stay on watch until we should make New Haven.

The wind held light for over an hour, then it came good and strong out of the north again. A silvery crescent hung suspended in the dark heavens, and looked more like a photograph of the original than like the moon itself. Excepting where its wake faintly silvered the dark waves, it apparently cast no light at all. So deep was the dark appearance of the firmament that the stars, too, seemed brilliant gems hung in a sable dome.

It seemed we never would make Southwest Ledge Light; yet at times I would start up and strain my eyes in the direction of the breakwater, for we would seem on the point of running on top of it. Then I would find that drowsiness had caused the illusion, and that I had nearly fallen asleep on watch. Finally, however, the light appeared to grow and grow in size and to lift higher and higher. Then, when it appeared we were rushing with breathless speed into the maw of a huge, dim monster that looked down upon us with a single, glaring eye of white, Susie rushed by the end of the breakwater and stood off on the port tack into the harbor.

How I managed to keep awake until we came to anchor off the end of Long Wharf I do not know. I have a dim recollection of seeing Sam on deck, and of hearing the rattle of chain cable and halyard blocks. Then some one said: "There's the morning star, over Fort Hale, and it's just 3 o'clock." The next thing I knew I awoke and found the sun flooding the cabin down the companionway. It was 9 o'clock, and I was already dressed, for I had turned in "all standing."

As our outing was near an end Bub decided to leave us; so about noon I rowed him, and his belongings over to the wharf. We watched him trudging up the long wharf with a valise half as large as himself until he disappeared from view.

About 1 P. M. we got our anchor and started down the harbor. The wind was south and very light, but the tide favored us to the mouth of the harbor; then, of course, we had to sail against it.

The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the green shore-line, covered with summer cottages, never looked more beautiful. The bosom of the Sound shimmered under the mellow rays of sunlight. While there was not weight enough in the wind to send us along at any speed, yet it blew just strong enough to make it a delight to loaf about the deck. It was 5 bells before we passed Southwest Ledge, and 7 bells by the time we reached Charles Island. We had nearly overhauled a large three-masted schooner that was having a dubious time of it poking against the tide in the light air. When we left our anchorage she was fully two miles ahead of us. Half a mile to windward a large sloop yacht appeared to be having much more wind than the schooner or Susie. She heeled more and more, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of getting a good breeze. Presently her crew was compelled to shorten sail, and she had hardly taken in her topsail and jib-topsail when the schooner got it.

"We'll have a dusty time of it, inside half an hour," said Sam. "Just see the old three-master now! She's sailing light, and I'll bet her topsails 'll come down before long." He spoke truly, for before the wind reached us the schooner rolled down at such an angle that her crew commenced to shorten sail. She was a quarter of a mile to windward of us when we got the wind.

We hadn't made 100 yds. after the wind struck before we realized that it was a sure enough case of shorten sail. Hard, fierce and puffy came the wind out of the southwest. At first it flattened the sea; then steep, chunky, leaden waves arose, and the wind caught briny spray-patches from their crests and hurled them with stinging force into our faces. With trip-hammer force Susie pounded incessantly into the advancing hillocks and smashed their crests into yeasty foam. Slowly but surely she ate her way to windward of the three-master, and as we hung to the starboard tack for more than six miles we found, when we went about, that we had beaten the schooner more than two miles. We had also hauled up on the sloop yacht so fast that she was no more than a quarter of a mile ahead of us. She was a much larger craft than Susie.

After swinging on to port tack we found it even wetter than on starboard. By hard pinching we just managed to head our course. As wind, sea and tide were against us, we were glad to don old coats; and even they didn't save us from a drenching.

The Middle Ground Light lined over Susie's port quarter at 6:30. By this time the wind had hauled a trifle to the south, and we were enabled to lift a little sheet. "Look!" said Sam, suddenly. "See the man-o-war! Over under the Long Island shore, there!" We looked to where he pointed, and saw a large, handsome, square-rigged steam vessel well down to the south of us. She was swarming through the water at great speed.

"That's no man-o-war," said Stanley. "I've seen her before. She's Slater's yacht, of Norwich. I tell you, she's a 'beaut,' too!" She certainly did make a beautiful

appearance as she swept grandly on her way. All hands agreed that she would make a fine auxiliary cruiser in time of war.

Penfield Reef Light bore east of north at 7 bells. Susie was "horsing" along at a good eight-knot clip. The sun had set bright enough, but without warmth; and there was a hard look about him which plainly indicated wind. The western sky was entirely devoid of those sunset colors so pleasing to the eye. The wind held hard and strong and was almost south. The sea still rolled up in leaden lumps. Of course, the farther west we ran, the narrower grew the Sound; therefore the waves did not increase in size.

Night settled down as dark as a pocket. We could see the stars, it is true, and the gleams from the light-houses were plainly visible. They had a look about them, however, as they would had we seen them through a veil. The atmosphere seemed thick and heavy, and dusky blobs, with ill-defined edges, floating here and there in the dark heavens, showed that the sky was not entirely cloudless. A look into the water over the stern revealed a trail of phosphorescent sparks, dancing and tumbling erratically away into the darkness. Green and red, eye-like points peering out of the darkness here and there showed the course of numerous vessels, and the Sound steamer fleet made its presence known by sending ghostly searchlight rays across the ebony waves.

"If this wind holds an hour and a half longer, we'll be anchored in Indian Harbor, and the trip 'll be ended." Sam's words sent a pang of regret to my heart. The full significance of what they meant struck with double force at that particular time, for then we were reveling in freedom. The full realization that this freedom would end with the dropping of the anchor, and that confinement and toil would begin, came like a sudden blow. Already I could hear the clank and pound of hammers, the whir, rush and grind of machinery; the squeaks and shrieks of slipping belts rang in my ears, and it almost seemed I could scent heated oil and steam pipes. I failed to realize at the time that such conditions are what cause outings to be appreciated to their full value, and that to thoroughly enjoy freedom one must experience confinement.

Stamford Light glowed like a living coal over our starboard quarter at 9:30. The wind still blew strong and steady, and a dash of rain came out of a black cloud that hovered overhead. Soon Greenwich Point was abeam, and as we were more than two miles off shore, more sheet was lifted and Susie fairly tore on her way through the inky seas. When we came up with the point a sharp lookout was kept for the light that burns on the gas buoy to the east of Little Captain's Island. We failed to find it, however, but passed into the harbor without incident. Soon the glowing lights of Com. Benedict's palace opened to view, and it was just 10:30 P. M. when Susie swept by the western end of Tweed's Island. Ten minutes later her anchor was down, her sails snugly stowed, and the gallant little vessel that had carried us safely through a trip not entirely devoid of danger slept peacefully on the quiet waters of Indian Harbor.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Cabin Fittings in Small Cruisers.

THE subjects brought forward in the following letter have frequently been discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM; the stove question in particular, as concerns small yachts, single-handers, canoes and camping, was covered very thoroughly about a dozen years since. The information then given by different yachtsmen, canoeists and campers is of course out of date by this time in the matter of patented oil and vapor stoves; as very great improvements have been made, especially in the invention of the "blue flame" kerosene stove, which has replaced the old wick stoves. In our issue of April 10, 1897, in answer to an inquiry, a correspondent recommended a new stove, the "oil gas," burning kerosene, and mentioned a promise of a still better one during the then coming summer.

We will be very glad to receive any information on either subject, cabin arrangement and fitting up, furnishing and stoves for small yachts. The majority of cruising yachtsmen are directly and personally interested in both, and a discussion cannot fail to benefit them. Where space is as limited as in a 21 or 25-footer, its best possible utilization is a serious problem.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had a great many articles descriptive of the 21ft., 25ft. and knockabout classes lately, but the subject of arrangement of space in cabin, convenient and indispensable articles for outfit, and especially the type of stove best suited for them, has received little notice. This is a subject of great interest to many of your readers who own or are building in those classes, and I am certain that an article throwing some light on it would find many appreciative readers.

The kind of stove to use is a "burning" question to those of us who intend cruising in such craft, and one that I have not seen discussed in any book or periodical devoted to yachting.

F. W. GRANT.

Government Tests of Timber.

It is surprising that in these days, when the strength of all structural material is carefully determined, we should possess such imperfect knowledge of the strength of the various woods which are used in construction and manufacture. There is lacking to-day a thoroughly reliable table of the strength of woods. We say this with the full knowledge that all the text books and engineers' and mechanics' pocket books give such tables; but unfortunately the data upon which they are founded is not of that comprehensive or scientific kind which alone can give such tables their proper value. Most of the investigations of the strength of timber already made have been carried out by individuals who had neither the time nor the means to do the work as thoroughly as it should be done. The first investigation of the subject on an adequate scale is now being carried out by Dr. B. E. Fernow, of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture. To examine and test a sufficient number of specimens of any given species is a costly undertaking; but the Department has shown good judgment in preferring to expend its appropri-

tions in doing thorough work on a limited number of species rather in doing more or less superficial work upon a larger variety.

During the past year, owing to the failure of the Government to provide funds for carrying out this work, Dr. Fernow rented a testing machine with which to carry on his investigations. In the course of his work he made the important discovery that a constant mathematical relation exists between the compressive and the tensile tests of any species of timber, and that henceforth it will be sufficient to make a laboratory compressive test, the tensile strength being calculable from the data so obtained. Dr. Fernow gives the credit for this important discovery to Mr. S. F. Neely, one of his assistants. It is needless to say that the cost of completing the investigation of American woods will be greatly reduced, and it is to be hoped that Congress, encouraged by this fact, will grant the appropriations asked for the coming year's work.—*Scientific American*.

Dr. Fernow will be remembered by canoeists as one of the old Mohicans, when the club was in its glory; an old-time canoe cruiser. This important work could not be in better hands, as Dr. Fernow is an expert in forestry.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 10, with Com. Morgan in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard; Rear-Com., August Belmont; Secy., J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M.D.; Regatta Committee: S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswood and Irving Grinnell. Committee on Admissions: Edward M. Brown, C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright. House Committee: Tarrant Putnam, C. L. F. Robinson and Frank M. Cronise. Library Committee: Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega. Committee on Club Stations: William H. Thomas, H. Benedict, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Tarrant Putnam, Frederick F. Sands, Harrison B. More, John F. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber and Edward K. Ladew.

The following new members were elected: W. R. Patten, Isaac Stern, Albert S. Bigelow, Butler Ames, Samuel F. Houston, M. F. Plant, Alfred H. Benschaw, Joseph K. Campbell, U. S. N.; Ammen Farenholdt, U. S. N.; Charles M. Schott, Jr.; Clarence M. Busch, G. W. Denfeld, U. S. N.; Robert E. 10d, Francis Wyckoff Belknap, John L. Thompson, F. Hamilton Burch, David Wilcox, Abram Baudouine, John A. Richmond, John B. Rhodes, Edward Prime and Walter S. Hoyt.

The following memorial was read and it was voted two engrossed copies be made, one to be presented to Mrs. Goelet and one to be hung in the club house:

Ogden Goelet died on board the Mayflower off Cowes, England, on Aug. 27, 1897.

Ogden Goelet joined the New York Y. C. in 1880, and was always conspicuous for his keen sympathy with the traditions of the club as well as the active interest that he displayed in all that concerned the highest development of yachting.

For sixteen consecutive years, commencing in 1882, Ogden Goelet has presented to the club a cup for schooners and a cup for sloops, to be sailed over an ocean course off Newport, R. I., open to vessels comprising the squadron of the N. Y. Y. C., on its annual cruise.

The races for these cups were of national interest, and their possession was eagerly sought in many of the most stirring contests that are recorded in yachting annals.

Mr. Goelet's engaging personal qualities and his enthusiasm for yachting made him one of the most popular and valued members of the club, and this tribute to his memory is an expression of the high regard and sincere esteem in which he was held by his fellow members of the N. Y. Y. C.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
LLOYD PHOENIX,
GEORGE L. RIVES.

It is known that the annual gift of the Goelet cups will not be continued by Mr. Goelet's family, though the schooner cup given by him last year and not awarded owing to the lack of competition, will probably be presented to the club as a challenge cup. The following letters offering new cups were read and the offer of Mr. Astor was accepted:

J. V. S. Oddie, Secretary New York Y. C.:

Dear Sir—I am told that unless Ogden Goelet left provision in his will for continuing the Goelet cups for the Newport races they may be discontinued.

This would be a great pity, and very likely he has provided for them.

If he has not, however, I should be glad to continue them, giving the same kind of prizes, to be called the Astor cups, and sailed for at same time and place.

Please let me know what you think of this, and refer it to the committee having charge of the matter.

I shall be glad to continue the cups during my life, and to make provision for the races in my will. Yours very truly,

J. J. ASTOR.

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C.:

Dear Sir—In the event of the non-continuance by a member of the family of the Goelet cups I desire to offer to the New York Y. C. two cups of the same value as those heretofore presented by the late Capt. Goelet. * * *

Should any foreign yachts be in these waters during the time of the event I reserve the right to invite the same to compete. The commodore and the regatta committee shall have the same privilege. Otherwise the racing rules and time allowance of the club to govern.

W. GOULD BROKAW.

The date of June 16 was selected for the annual regatta. The club now numbers 1,273 members, and 364 yachts are enrolled in its fleet.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

One of the small schooners designed by Messrs. Smith and Barbey is for Alfred N. Chandler, of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia. She will be built by A. C. Brown & Son, at Tottenville, Staten Island, her dimensions being: 43ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam, and 4ft. 9in. draft.

The proposed cruise of the steam yacht Nourmahal to the Mediterranean is abandoned, and on Feb. 13 she sailed from New York for Honduras.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Feb. 7 at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry Doscher, cutter Banshee; Vice-Com., Joseph Fallert, sloop Wanita; Rear-Com., E. T. Birdsall, cutter Kelpie; Secy., O. W. Meyrowitz; Treas., A. W. Cross; Meas., F. R. Farrington; Trustees, three years: Wilson Godfrey, Eugene Lambden and Harry J. Meyers; two years: H. H. Todd and George W. Fuller; one year: R. M. Hyde, Jr. Law Committee: C. E. Kene and J. F. Lambden. Regatta Committee: P. A. Meyrowitz, J. C. Lippencott, L. Talbot, J. W. Rough and A. P. Weston. The annual regatta will be sailed on Saturday, July 2.

On Feb. 7 the Staten Island Y. C. held its annual meeting at the club house, Stapleton, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles F. Hicks; Vice-Com., E. F. Wiegand; Secy., Edward S. Seguire; Treas., E. W. Simonson; Meas., Adolph Rannick; Trustees: C. L. Boswick and Charles Winsch. E. W. Simonson, who has served as treasurer for eight years, received a handsomely engraved solid silver loving cup on behalf of his fellow members.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Nitro Powder in Rifles.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We think you will find our little circular in regard to reloading smokeless powder rifle cartridges interesting, and trust that you may deem it worthy of publication. As you will note, this information is based upon reports of the United States Ordnance, and can be relied upon:

"We are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry regarding

the reloading of smokeless powder rifle ammunition, and we therefore make the following general statement:

"It has been the common experience of persons using reloaded smokeless powder cartridges to have a large number of shells so reloaded rupture in the gun. Extensive experiments carried on by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and by the Ordnance Department of the United States Army with shells, guns and smokeless powders of nearly every known manufacture have alike failed to find a remedy for this difficulty. Experiment shows that after the first firing with smokeless powder the metal of the shell undergoes a slow, but decided, change, the exact nature of which the best experts have as yet failed to determine. No immediate deterioration attends the shooting of smokeless powder, for by reloading and shooting immediately the shells may be shot many times with no sign of rupture. If, however, the fired shells are allowed to stand for two or three days, no matter whether they are cleaned or uncleaned, wet or dry, loaded or unloaded, the result is always the same, namely, the metal becomes brittle, and rupture of the shells at the next discharge is probable. Various proportions and kinds of material used in the manufacture of the brass have been tried. The brass has been subjected to physical tests to determine its tensile and crushing strength; chemists have examined shells before and after firing to determine the exact corrosive effect of the gases of combustion; the products of combustion of various powders have been carefully analyzed; experiments have been made to ascertain if galvanic action is responsible for the brittleness; but all to no avail. Experiments show that this brittleness is characteristic of all smokeless powders, and is in no way due to the material used in the shells, process of manufacture or kind of gun used. No manufacturers of rifle ammunition are to-day able to successfully and satisfactorily produce a smokeless powder shell suitable for reloading, and for this reason the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. cautions its patrons against the reloading of smokeless powder rifle ammunition, and wishes to do its utmost to discourage this practice.

"In confirmation of the above statements, we quote from Lieut.-Col. J. P. Farley, commander of the Frankford Arsenal, in his report to the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., under date of June 19, 1896 (Report of the Chief of Ordnance, 1896, p. 85), in which he says: * * * 'That the newly discovered defect of brittleness in fired .30cal. cases is confined to no special metals or modes of manufacture, but is liable to develop in any case that has been fired and allowed thereafter a period of rest.'

"Under date of Sept. 21, 1896, Lieut. L. M. Fuller, of the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., reports to the commander of the Frankford Arsenal (Report of the Chief of Ordnance, 1896, p. 85): 'From the very extensive experiments made at this arsenal it is evident that no cases manufactured up to the present date are fit for reloading as ball cartridges. It is even a question as to whether it is advisable to reload as blanks the fired cases manufactured up to the present date, for while several thousand have been so reloaded as blanks, it must be expected by the department that from 3 to 5 per cent. of these will split in the body of the case.'

"Again, Lieut.-Col. J. P. Farley, commander of the Frankford Arsenal, in his report of Sept. 24, 1896, to the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A. (Report of the Chief of Ordnance, 1896, p. 85), says: 'The employment of our product up to date for reloading as ball cartridges is shown by the within report to be out of the question. Therefore it is that I respectfully recommend that no cartridge cases manufactured up to the present date be used for reloading as ball cartridges, and that only the best selected be employed for blank cartridges.'

"The construction of all Winchester guns is such that a ruptured shell can in no way injure either the shooter or the gun.

"WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
"New Haven, Conn., U. S. A."

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The shooting programme of the annual gallery prize shoot under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, 219 Bowery, New York, beginning Feb. 20 and ending on Feb. 22, provides two events, both open to all comers. The first will be on the 25-ring target. Any .22 short cartridge allowed. Tickets of three shots, thirty-five cents. Tickets unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by one shooter. There are eighteen prizes, ranging from \$25 to \$2. A premium of \$3 will be given for the five best tickets: \$2 for the three best. The second event is the bull's-eye target. Three shots, 50 cents, on 4in. bull's-eye. Entries unlimited, but only one prize by one shooter. Best single shot to count by measurement. There are twelve prizes, ranging from \$15 to \$1. For the most points, \$3; second most points, \$2. The committee are Reinhold Busse, chairman; H. Holges, L. P. Hansen, C. Zettler, Jr., W. A. Hicks, Gus Nowak, secretary; B. Zettler, shooting master.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 15-19.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Second annual midwinter tournament. First four days, targets; last day, live birds. \$1,100 added money. Programmes ready Jan. 15. Send your address for one to Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 17.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Open sweepstake at live birds on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association; 25 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra. Take Erie to Rutherford, or the D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst. T. W. Morley, Secy.

Feb. 18-20.—Davenport, Ia.—Merchandise tournament of the West End Gun Club. L. Haneman, Secy.

Feb. 20-22.—Tucson, Ariz.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson.

Feb. 22.—Atchison, Kan.—Tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Tournament of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the New Haven Gun Club; targets. W. H. Hazel, Secy.

Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at North Pond Shooting Park; targets. V. D. Kenerson, Secy.

Feb. 22.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Opening shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club. Live birds.

Feb. 22-23.—Lexington, Ky.—Tournament of the Lexington Gun Club; targets, crows and pigeons. V. K. Dodge, Secy.

Feb. 22-23.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Second annual midwinter tournament at Audubon Park, under the management of E. W. Garbe. Targets. \$50 added.

Feb. 22-23.—Henry, Ill.—Tournament of the Henry Live Bird Club at the Big Four Driving Park. Targets and live birds.

March 8-10.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tournament of the St. Thomas Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money, and an international live-bird trophy. Under the management of Jack Parker.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-23.—Stanhope, Ia.—Central Iowa shooting tournament, for amateurs only. Gold medal representing Iowa championship. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for price of targets and birds.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 28-30.—Galena, Kans.—Interstate shoot. Two days targets; one day live birds; \$50 a day added. W. W. McIlhany, Secy.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Secy.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Secy-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Secy.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Secy.

April 19-22.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets: \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 17-20.——.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Secy.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Secy.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Secy.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Secy.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magatrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Secy.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Secy, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the 500 Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eighth annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Secy.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail in all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

There was quite an excitement down at Rockaway Park, L. I., last week. The Cuckoos, as the members of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club are called, were, of course, right in it. Two detectives and a coroner suddenly appeared at the Cuckoos' club house, carefully surrounding it and shutting off all means of egress, thus capturing all the club members, most successfully. The "prisoners" were informed that they must consider themselves under arrest until the mystery of the human foot, reported to have been seen on the club house ash-heap, had been cleared away. The foot was supposed to be a valuable clew to the identity of the man whose trunk and portion of one leg had been found recently floating in the East River. Luckily for the captive Cuckoos, the mystery was soon cleared up; the human foot turned out to be an old bear's paw, an ancient heirloom of the Cuckoos that had long outlived any usefulness or any significance that its presence at Rockaway Park might have had. Joe Bourke, the future citizen of the Klondike region, who was one of the captured ones, quickly regained his cheerfulness, and informed the coroner that, though every good and loyal Cuckoo was rated A1 at pulling anybody's leg, as a rule they covered their tracks most craftily, while the victims themselves, for their own peace of mind, were very seldom heard from.

On the evening of Jan. 28 the Guelph Trap and Game Club, of Guelph, Can., held their annual meeting for general business and election of officers for the ensuing year. There was a fair attendance of members. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a flourishing condition financially. It was arranged that on Good Friday the Hon. President and President should choose sides and shoot a pigeon match, losers to pay for the suppers. The following is a list of officers chosen: Hon. President, His Honor Judge Chadwick; President, H. H. Cull, Sr.; Vice-Presidents, C. Quinn, R. S. Cull; Treasurer, L. Singular; Secretary, G. Porteous; Executive Committee: C. Quinn, W. G. Mitchell, J. Thatcher; Auditors: Geo. Richardson, A. G. Cull, Captain, A. G. Cull.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean has this to say of the great forthcoming event in the trap world: "Local trap-shooters are taking a great deal of interest in the Grand American Handicap, which will be decided at Elkwood, N. J., March 22 to 25. It is expected that upward of 200 entries will be made from the different parts of the country. The winner of the first prize will receive a purse of \$1,200 and the championship trophy. This is the largest amount of money ever offered for an affair of this kind. The team which will leave from Chicago about March 19 will be known as the Western team, and will comprise shooters from points in Illinois outside of the city, and from Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska and Utah. If the Western team makes a good showing in the tourney, an effort will be made to have the big handicap shoot held in this city next year."

Paul Litzke writes us that: "On Jan. 31, at Joplin, Mo., W. G. Sergeant and W. W. McIlhany shot a match for the medal representing the championship of southeastern Kansas and southwestern Missouri. The conditions were 50 targets, unknown angles. This resulted in a win for Sergeant by 46 to 42. McIlhany challenged him again, and this match was shot on Feb. 7. On this occasion McIlhany won, the score being 44 to 41. Sergeant was not satisfied with this, and in turn challenged McIlhany, and further requested that the match take place at once, as he intended to start for Hot Springs soon. McIlhany immediately shot him another race, winning by a somewhat improved score, 46 to Sergeant's 43."

Mr. John L. Lequin, Secretary-Treasurer of the Interstate Association, under date of Feb. 11 writes us as follows: "Mr. Edward Banks advises me that he has resigned his position as trap editor of the FOREST AND STREAM to take the secretaryship of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Limited, and he asks that he be released from membership of the handicapping committee for the Grand American Handicap of 1898. This Association has accepted his resignation, under the circumstances, and we hasten to advise you so, that you may make it public through your paper."

The amateur championship commences on Tuesday, Feb. 22, and will last two days. As already announced, the conditions are 100 birds per man, \$100 entrance. The event this year will be brought off on the grounds of the Carteret Club, at Garden City, L. I. It is hardly necessary to add that George S. McAlpin is the favorite; but such was the case last year, yet he suffered a comparatively easy defeat at the hands of R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, who won with a score of 92, a great total under the conditions.

On Feb. 11 the Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg, held a meeting and elected officers as follows: President, John N. Crossland; First Vice-President, John G. Messner; Second Vice-President, T. C. Munson; Secretary-Treasurer, John McNeil; Captain and Manager, J. N. Crossland; Shooting Committee, J. G. Wyman, J. O'H. Denny, T. C. Munson, J. G. Messner and John McNeil. The club expects to have its new ground in order for the monthly shoot, Feb. 17.

Rolla Heikes and Charley Budd settle their little trouble about the Stove-Lid and its ownership next Tuesday, Feb. 22. The scene of the struggle will be the same as in the Grimm-Heikes match on Jan. 1 of the present year, viz., Dayton, O., the home of the bald eagle of the Ohio Valley. Quite a lot of the boys who have been attending the Hot Springs shoot will stop off at Dayton on their way home and witness the discussion.

This is the week of the Hot Springs shoot, and from present indications it looks as though there was going to be a good attendance at the Arkansas health resort.

O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., says that he is getting in shape for the Grand American Handicap, and is going to do his best to duplicate his victory of 1896. He needs a mate to the c he won that year, as it looks kind of lonesome.

At Lebanon, N. J., on March 3, Louis Hildebrandt will give a live-bird shoot, birds 15 cents apiece, open sweeps, \$5 entrance.

In the Far West.

In the far West, on ground where once the buffalo and antelope ranged, the sportsmen of to-day set out target traps. At E

It seems that Mr. George Work, of New York city, well known among the club shooters of that metropolis, is sojourning at Phoenix, Ariz. He is matched to shoot a pigeon race, 100 birds, \$250, with Joe Holmes, of Phoenix, and at last accounts the local men did not think the visitor sure of winning.

Club Election

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

No one barred, no handicap; open to the world; commencing at 9:30 A. M. Lunch served on the grounds. There will be three moneys in events of 15 entries or under and four moneys in events of over 15 entries.

During the past week quite a few birds have been trapped in practice events.

The warm and moist atmosphere has been the means of taking away the greater part of the snow, and leaves the grounds in better condition to shoot over, though somewhat wet.

During the early part of last year the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, issued a challenge to shoot any club of Cook county a series of six team races, three to be at targets and three at live birds, the teams to be of ten men each. The target contests were shot during last summer, two of which were won by the Eureka Club. The first of the live-bird contests was held to-day on the grounds of Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., and was largely attended by members of each club, as well as by many of their friends. Considerable interest was manifested by those in attendance during the entire day. The birds were a good lot and in two instances only was it necessary to use the flush rope. The wind was a left-quartering incoming, though so light as not to prove troublesome. The sky was overcast part of the time and the light was fair. Honors for highest scores were divided between Dr. G. Shaw and Ed Steck, who killed out straight. Many good kills were made during the match, of fast tailers and quartering birds, and those who witnessed the race showed their enthusiasm by their applause.

Following are detailed scores of the team race, of 10 men per team, 10 birds per man, the losing team to pay for the birds. American Association rules governed:

Garfield Gun Club.			Eureka Gun Club.		
S Palmer.....	0222201202	7	Hoyt	0*12202122	7
Dr Shaw	2122222222	10	L Goodrich	0022020222	8
A C Paterson	22212*2222	9	W Stannard	2200121022	7
J Graham.....	2202020200	5	Dr Frothingham.....	22122021*2	8
R Kuss.....	0122210202	7	F Lord	1210222020	7
A W Fehrmann.....	1012222*22	8	Dr Miller	000002*212	4
H Tefft.....	2222012020	7	F P Stannard.....	2220222020	7
E S Graham.....	*22222022	8	G Airey	22020*222	7
T P Hicks.....	0220112222	8	E Bingham.....	0012222222	7
Von Lengerke.....	2222222*2	9-78	E Steck	2222222222	10-7

Following the termination of the team event was a 7-bird sweep with \$3 entrance:

Bingham	2222112-7	Dr Miller	1222212-
S Palmer	2222221-7	E S Rice	0000212-
F Lord	0202211-5	L Goodrich	0202022-
E Steck	1022212-6	R Kuss	2022222-
Darlington	2102222-6	P Hicks	0212111-
I Glover	2122220-6		

Miss-and-out, \$1 entrance, birds included, each killing 5 straight the money was shot up.

It is quite probable that the second team contest between the Eureka and Garfield clubs will be shot at Watson's Park next Saturday, Feb. 19, as on that day the Eureka Club holds its regular monthly contest.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, will hold its annual meeting and banquet at the Lealand Hotel, of this city, on the evening of Feb. 22, at which the officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

Pipestone Gun Club.

PIPESTONE, Minn., Feb. 6.—Subjoined is the score of the Pipestone Gun Club, at the club's shoot to-day. The conditions were unknown angles:

C	Briggs	1101111110010111100111111111
C	Cass	1101101011111110101100111110
H	George	1010000001000001110111111110
W	Sommerville	1101111111111111111111111111
H	Stevens	011001101111111010010010010000
C	Ridgway	110110111111100111011111111011
J	Sommerville	10011001010100000010011001010
E	Green	01111110101111101111111110111
F	E Jones	110111101111111111111011001110
A	Jones	01101110010100101010111001110

Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Feb. 12.—The following scores were made on the local club grounds Thursday afternoon, the little informants shoot being in honor of our guest, Mr. John F. Mallory, of Sistersville, one of the vice-presidents of the State Sportsmen's Association:

```
Dade .....111111110111111111111111111111111111—
J F Mallory...111111110111100111111111111111111100111111011—
A D McVey....0111111111111111001110111111110111111111101010
```

We regret exceedingly to be compelled to announce that the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club, as well as the sportsmen in general of West Virginia, are soon to lose two of their very best members, who are to leave here Monday next for the far-away Klondike gold fields. We refer to Messrs. Dan M. Wallace, who has been president of the local gun club since its organization two years ago, also vice-president of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, and Lou M. Gorham (Scout). The two gentlemen—and thorough gentlemen they are—have a wide acquaintance among the representative trap and field shooters of the country, all of whom I am sure will deeply regret to hear of their departure. Both Mr. Wallace and Gorham have been quite successful in the oil business, and we are sure that every reader of this will join us heartily in wishing them even greater success in their search for the yellow metal and their fortunes at the Klondike.

ED O. BOWSER

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 5.—The tenth monthly shoot and tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the Glen Willow Club, near Cinnaminson Station, north of Manayunk. There were eleven clubs represented by a total of sixty-five shooters.

The scores were not quite up to the usual form, owing most probably to the weather conditions. A series of sweepstake events were held in the morning. In these events Mink, Anderson, Haupt, Park, Torpey, Yost, U. M. C., Jr., Daly, Blundin, Keller, Redifer, Jenkins, Ross and Daly figured at the top of the list nearly every time.

Among those present from a distance were: Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), of the King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, O., who took part in a few of the sweeps shot during the day. Accompanying Mrs. Lindsley was T. H. Keller, who represents the interests of the King Powder Company and Peters Cartridge Company in this part of the States. Another visitor was John J. Hollowell, known as U. M. C., Jr., owing to his connection with the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn.

The main event on the programme at these monthly shoots is always the team race, which is a handicap affair; the weaker clubs being allowed extra targets to shoot at. To-day's contest was won by the Southwark Club with 145 out of 203; the Silver Lake Gun Club and the Roxborough Gun Club tied for second place with 142 each out of 175 and 189 respectively. Below are the scores in this race, the figures after the club's name denoting the number shot at:

Florist Gun Club, 165—Burton 21, Hollowell 24, Cartledge 21, W. H. W. 26, Parks 17, Anderson 22—131.
Silver Lake Gun Club, 175—Hahn 22, Shannon 24, Winchester 24, Woodsteger 25, Fisher 24, Ford 23—142.
Independent Gun Club, 157—Ross 22, Ridge 21, Haupt 25, G. Bell 19, Thurman 18, Landis 18—123.
University of Pennsylvania, 167—Paul 24, Neilson 27, Steel 23, Kistler 25, Singer 21—120.
Frankford Gun Club, 192—Crother 22, Butts 27, Redifer 27, Cameron 28, Bourne 17, Myers 13—134.
Southwark Gun Club, 203—Hummer 29, Read 26, McAfee 24, Smith 19, O'Brien 24, Burt 23—145.
Glen Willow Gun Club, 217—Weinman 25, Cowan 28, Hinkle 14, Butler 17, Winkler 24, Hopkins 19—127.
Roxborough Gun Club, 189—Blundin 27, McFall 23, Giles 27, Taggart 19, Gilmore 19, Pepper 27—142.
Wayne Gun Club, 215—Daly 29, McMichael 25, Von Hart 21, McDonnell 24, Morgan 24, Soistman 15—138.
Penn Gun Club, 169—J. R. Gost 21, Ritter 22, Hagenbottom 24, Jenkins 23, Gross 20, T. B. Smith 16—126.
Forrest Gun Club, 233—Bender 26, Rietto 18, Grier 18, Forrest 25, Call 9, Morrison 21—117.

Open sweepstakes on the magatrap were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
S P Life.....	8	7	7	5	11	8	7	9	7	7	9	8	8
Anderson.....	8	9	9	7	13	9	8	7	9	7	7	9	8
Yost.....	5	6	6	4	10	8	4	6	9	5	8	9	8
Haupt.....	8	9	7	9	12	5	6	9	10	7	8	8	8
Mink.....	8	9	9	8	14	8	9	7	14	7	8	10	8
Keller.....	8	8	6	7	11	8	7	9	8	8	8	10	5
Wanda.....	4	6	6	5
Cowan.....	6
Hollowell.....	5	6	12	6	7	7	12	9	7	13	4
Torpey.....	8	6	13	6	6	7	6	6	8	11
Burton.....	6	5	10	6	5	7	7
Evans.....	7	7	7
Weinman.....	11
Daly.....	10	7	12	8	5
McMichael.....	6
George.....	4	5
Henry.....	7	6
Jenkins.....	8	7	10	6	7
Ridge.....	3
Gaylor.....	8	9	8	7
Ford.....	6
McAfee.....	6
Woodstager.....	6
Fisher.....	8
Haggy.....	9	10	3	5	14	5
Ross.....	3
Hahn.....	6
Weinman.....	7
Ward.....	9
T V Smith.....	7
Gross.....	8
Morgan.....	4	12
Blunden.....	11	7	10
Thurman.....	8
R G C.....	9
West.....	8
Gilmore.....	7
Steel.....	6	10
Redifer.....	6	3	7
Landis.....	6
M Falls.....	6
Dr Smith.....	5	4
Taggart.....	4
Soistman.....	2
Morison.....	8	7
Mack.....	6
Brown.....	6	7
White.....	6
Butts.....	5
Leuge.....	5
Myers.....	8
Lane.....	5
Dunlap.....

Trap Around Pittsburg.

Hazelwood Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 4.—The Hazelwood Gun Club held its meeting this afternoon and elected the following list of officers to serve for the ensuing year: President, John N. Crossland; First Vice-President, John G. Messner; Second Vice-President, T. C. Munson; Secretary and Treasurer, John McNeil; Captain and Manager, John N. Crossland; Shooting Committee: J. G. Wyman, J. G. Messner, James O'H. Denny, T. C. Munson, John McNeil; Directors: Dr. E. J. Stille, Frank Hughes, Frank Cunningham, Frank Wilbert, J. G. Wyman, J. O'H. Denny, J. G. Messner, John McNeil.

After the meeting a number of the members indulged in a practice shoot, which was won by President Crossland. The start-off was a 50-bird race between Crossland and Munson, but three others got in after the first 25 birds had been shot at, and the scores made were as follows:

Munson.....	2102111022022120222122220—20
Crossland.....	0122220221212210122121202—21—41
Messner.....	212212121222222121201102—23
Mack.....	0222222022222201122022220—20—43
Parsons.....	2021122222210222222222222—22
Herron Hill Gun Club.	11022212022120220112221212—21
Strong.....	0101022220202211221202212—19

Herron Hill Gun Club.

FEB. 7.—The members of the Herron Hill Gun Club entertained two visitors to-day with a practice shoot on the club grounds on Davis Island. There were three 7-bird events and two miss-and-out shoots, and the following scores were made:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
A H King.....	0211222—6	222222—7	222222—7	22222222
Fargo.....	0201222—5	210100—3	111212—7	221222121
Hollowell.....	222222—7	202222—5	22220—5	22220
McPherson.....	0212120—5	0202212—5	222222—7	110
So So.....	0110102—4	1122112—7	000111—3	20
Strong.....	222222—7	222222—7	222220—5	22221222

FEB. 8.—A. H. King killed 25 birds out of a possible 25 in the shoot at the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club to-day, winning a cup. Scores:

A H King.....	212222222222212222212122—25
Fargo.....	102122222222222221212202—22
C A May.....	2200222222222222222222220—21
McPherson.....	2222202012022120112220202—19
Hollowell.....	2202220222222222222222222—22
Strong.....	121121222021212011022122—22

Five miss-and-outs were shot as follows:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
A H King.....	21222—5	22222112—9	10—1	120—2
Fargo.....	2220—3	20—1	1220—3	0—0
C A May.....	22220—4	22222222—9	1220—3	2122—4
Hollowell.....	22222—5	112222122—9	2222—4	2120—3
Strong.....	22222—5	112222122—9	2222—4	2120—3

History of the Grand Hotel Cup.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 5.—This handsome and valuable trophy was presented to the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, just previous to its first annual interstate amateur autumn tournament, which occurred in September, 1895, by the Hon. Thomas Taggart, Mayor of the city of Indianapolis, proprietor of the Grand Hotel, and a member of the Limited Gun Club. It thus became the personal property of the Limited Gun Club, and that organization will dictate the conditions under which contests for its temporary possession may occur.

Immediately upon receipt of Mayor Taggart's beautiful gift, the club decided to offer it for competition in the autumn tournament. It was made emblematic of the amateur championship at targets of the five States—Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana—and was contested for in a sweepstake at 50 targets, unknown angles. Mr. Harry Lyons, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. George Elliott, of Rochester, Ind., tied with 49 each. Mr. Lyons won the shoot-off.

The cup was returned for the second interstate amateur autumn tournament, and was again placed in a sweepstake at 50 targets, unknown angles. Mr. O. V. Ebelsor, of New Albany, Ind., and Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, tied with 46 each. Mr. Ebelsor won the shoot-off.

It was returned for the third interstate amateur autumn tournament, and was contested for at 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance price of targets, but it was also left open to challenge to add to its interest and value. It was won by Mr. W. M. Thompson, of La Fayette, Ind., with a score of 91.

Mr. E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, challenged Mr. Thompson. The match was shot at Crawfordsville, Ind., and resulted in a victory for Mr. Tripp. Score, 86 to 84. Mr. George C. Beck, of Indianapolis, challenged Mr. Tripp, and won from him at Indianapolis by a score of 86 to 77. Mr. John Cooper, of Indianapolis, challenged Mr. Beck, but Mr. Beck held the trophy by a score of 84 to 82.

Mr. Fred Erb, of La Fayette, Ind., has challenged Mr. Beck, who has named Feb. 22, at Indianapolis, as the time and place for the match.

The Conditions

governing the contest for the temporary possession of the Grand Hotel cup for the year 1897-1898 are as follows:

Any amateur residing in either of the five States, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana may challenge for the cup by sending \$10 forfeit to the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis. If the directors of the club consider the challenger eligible they will immediately notify the holder, who will accept within ten days of the receipt of the challenge, forward \$10 to the secretary, and name a date and place for the match within thirty days of his acceptance of said challenge. Should the decision be against the challenger his money will be promptly returned.

On the day of the match each party will put up an additional \$10, the winner to take the trophy and the stake. The match will be shot at 100 targets per man, unknown angles. In case of a tie the contestants will shoot at 25 targets each, unknown angles, and continue until the match is decided. The cost of the targets can be arranged by the contestants. Should the holder fail in any of the above conditions the cup is forfeited to the challenger. The winner will be required to furnish a satisfactory bond for the safe return of the cup to the Limited Gun Club for challenge competition and for the annual interstate autumn tournament. No challenge will be considered after the holder has been notified to return the cup for the annual tournament.

LIMITED GUN CLUB.

Missouri's State Shoot is Wide Open.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 4.—In firing this my first gun on paper I have a two-fold object in view. First, to insure the class most interested, viz., the professional, or paid shooters (manufacturers' agents, etc.), that a hearty welcome awaits them all from every section of America at the annual tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, to be held May 16-21, in this city. All events, except those of purely local and State interest, such as individual championships at live birds and targets, State club shoots, etc., will be open to the world, the management, however, reserving the right to exclude any shooter who, for any cause, fails to measure up to the "noble standard."

My second reason for trespassing upon your valuable time and space is to give my idea of the paid shooter at our annual tournaments.

If I were in the sporting goods business I certainly would bar all professional shooters, for the following reason: Everything in the line of guns, ammunition, shooting costumes, etc., is furnished by the manufacturers, hence he is a poor customer of the retail sporting goods merchant. If I were only an ordinary shot I would keep Mr. Good Shot away from all tournaments, in order that I might be able to earn a second-class gun or some article of merchandise hardly worth the freight or express charges home. The amateur base ball team has for its audience the rabble, whose enthusiasm reaches out to the limit of the precinct of the ward in which the lot is situated, and on which they play ball. The same can be said of foot ball and other classes of athletic sports. Except in isolated cases it's the "way-upper" that we spend our money to see, that draws the crowds. Amateur theatricals live only for a night, and then only in the midst of its friends.

My experience in the game has covered a period of only four years, but in my estimation the best four years of trap-shooting life. I have attended a number of so-called amateur tournaments. They are a success for a day, when "my friend from the brush" goes back to his home and lives in seclusion until the next tournament adjacent to his county takes place, when by dint of much denial he has saved up \$6 to shoot another day. But give me the tournament where the bars are thrown down, and where no little two-by-four shooters need apply; where an intelligent and equitable handicap prevails; where all the "daddies of them all" meet, and have to shoot some to stay in the game. The kind of a tournament I mean is the kind that the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association has had for the past two years. In May of this year a bigger and better one than ever will be held. I of course expect to be jumped on by a great many people who do not agree with me, but I have something up my sleeve left for all such. The definition of amateur has been given to the vast army of your readers a number of times. I have my own peculiar construction, which can be readily understood by a perusal of the above.

In conclusion, we extend an invitation to our Eastern friends, and particularly to our Chicago brethren, to be present at the greatest tournament of the year.

G. M. WALDEN,
Pres. M. S. F. and G. P. A.

Smokeless Powders at Low Temperatures.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the items which are appearing in Western papers as to the failures of smokeless powders to explode at low temperatures, we write to say that we yesterday exposed U. S. 30 Government cartridges of our make, loaded with Du Pont's powder, for one hour to a freezing mixture of carbonic acid, snow and ether. This mixture gave calculated temperature of about 100 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The cartridges so exposed were taken from the mixture and immediately fired, with the result that they gave prompt fire in every instance. Velocities were reduced about 100ft.

We would say further that the ordinary test of the Ordnance Department includes the firing of smokeless powders at 40 degrees below zero, and that the powders will easily stand such an inspection.

We believe this report has been made by some one whose gun was clogged by freezing oil, so that the hammer failed to deliver its full blow, or the firing pin had lost its free action.

We hope you will publish the above information, which you can feel sure is correct.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 9.—The scores made at the John F. Weiler Gun Club's shoot to-day are as follows:

Medal shoot, 25 targets per man:	001110111111111111111111—21
M Brey.....	001010001111111111111111—15
O Acker.....	100111111111111111111111—16
C Kramlich.....	011111111111111111111111—22
W L Gillette.....	000111111111111111111111—13
O Griesemer.....	011010001111111111111111—16
E Ulmer.....	101100111111111111111111—17

Match, 15 live birds per man, \$25 a side, Hurlingham rules: W. L. Gillette 12, J. F. Weiler 13.

Sweepstake, 10 live birds: J. F. Weiler 9, M. Brey 8, O. Acker 8, Flickenger 8, Big Hufford 7, C. Kramlich 8, E. Ulmer 7.

Individual match: Gossner 10, Griesemer 9.

C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

Lincoln Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 7.—A very interesting shoot of our club occurred on Feb. 4. We think it very interesting, as our vice-president, Geo. B. Simpkins, and our secretary, Geo. L. Carter, tried to see who was the best man. The day was a very disagreeable one. A strong wind blew across the traps, making good scores impossible.

The match for \$25 a side was won by Mr. Carter in both the contest for targets and live birds. Those who engaged in the shooting say they never had a more disagreeable day. This accounts for the scores being below the usual average of Lincoln sportsmen.

The score of the 50-target event was as follows:
Simpkins1001110101010010000011010101111001111—27
Carter11110101010111101111111111111111111111111111—40

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 9.
No. 840 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE CHANGING WAYS OF GAME.

FACTS in support of the principle that the fittest must survive have never been wanting since the great naturalist announced it. We all recognize that the strongest, the most cunning, the swiftest and the most wary of any species are the ones most likely to procure food or to escape from their enemies, and so to survive and to transmit to their offspring those qualities which have prolonged their lives. Like many other great truths, the principle is so simple that we may well wonder that the world waited so long for its announcement and its demonstration. Even the most unlettered hunter or gunner accumulates facts which bear on it, and though he may never have heard of Darwin or Wallace, will relate to you matters which might well enough have found a place in their writings.

The fitness which gives advantage to any creature is, of course, mental as well as physical. That experience teaches is just as true of wild creatures as it is of men. Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures gave us the boy's great classic, told of the dreadful tameness of the birds which he found on the desert island where he was cast away, and the early voyagers in unknown seas relate the same tale of tameness in birds, seals and other animals when these first saw man. To-day there is no animal on this continent more cunning than the much-hunted deer that lives in a settled country. But twenty years ago there were many places in the farther West, seldom or never visited by the white men, where the deer would long stand and stare at the hunter, at least falling an easy prey to his rifle. No animal in this country is shyer or more wary than the mountain sheep of to-day, yet fifty years ago it was considered, except the buffalo, the easiest animal to kill on all the plains. Even the stupid buffalo, in the few scared individuals that last survived on the northern plains, learned at length the terrible lesson of experience and became as wild as an antelope. A speck upon a distant hill was enough to start them in flight; a horseman miles away made them frantic with terror and drove them to the most remote and rugged fastnesses of the waterless Bad Lands. This wildness and its resultant flight reacted on the physical characters of the buffalo there, and led to changes in its aspect to which we long ago called attention.

The lesson of experience which these animals learn about man is not merely that he is a dangerous creature, and one to be avoided. They are as readily taught the opposite, and under certain circumstances become as tame and as confident in his presence as under other conditions they become wild and fearful. With equal readiness they learn lessons of danger and of safety. Nowhere is this shown better than in the Yellowstone National Park, where, under absolute protection, elk, deer, mountain sheep and even bears—wildest and wariest of all our game—have learned that there man is for them no more dangerous than any other animal. A few years ago if any one had predicted that the time would come in the Yellowstone Park when the bears would make a practice of coming up to the hotels to be fed, he would have been laughed at for a lunatic. Yet at the present time this is seen daily during the season by crowds of astonished tourists. In the Gardiner cañon mountain sheep in winter are daily seen feeding and resting within a few yards of the wagon road, along which pass the loaded teams going to and from the post. Many other examples might be cited of the way in which contact with civilized man modifies the habits of our larger animals.

Coming down to our times and to matters which are within the range of experience of large numbers of older sportsmen, mention is to be made of the change in habit of the quail, or Virginia partridge. It is not so many years since the habits of these birds were pretty well

fixed. In the autumn, after they had settled down to their winter feeding ground, it was usually not difficult to find them. The gunner familiar with the ground could usually locate them without much loss of time. Nowadays this is no longer true. In districts where they are much hunted the birds seem to have learned that there is no safety for them on the stubbles. They appear to venture out from the swamps to feed only for a little while in the morning and at night, and then take the wing, flying—whether to the swamps again or in some other direction—so that a dog cannot follow them, and the finding them becomes a matter of pure accident. If by chance approached while on the stubble they rise wild at the sight of dog or man; the sound of a distant gun puts them all on the wing. Manifestly birds possessing such caution are likely to survive.

It is well known that on Long Island, in Connecticut and in other places where quail have for many years been persistently shot, they often alight in trees instead of on the ground, thus escaping the danger of being scented by the dog. This habit appears to be growing much more general with the birds in the sections mentioned, and is being taken up in parts of the South where we are told it was formerly very rare. It is obviously a very great protection. It has been observed also, as a matter of common occurrence at field trials in the South, that when a bevy of quail was flushed wild in the open, another bevy within hearing would also flush and go to cover, presumably concluding that the danger which caused their fellows to seek safety was sufficiently serious to prompt them to do the same.

It has also been noted that birds do not lie to the dogs's points so well as formerly, but show a disposition to run, and to run fast and far. In Mississippi, in a region where the birds have been frequently disturbed, it has been observed that after a bevy had been flushed and followed into cover, the birds, though they flew together, would when they came to the ground run singly in every direction, thus breaking up their identity as a flock, and of course making the work of finding them much more difficult. In some parts of the South most of the birds keep in the woods or close to them all the time.

In recent years the habits of the pinnated grouse on the Western prairies have undergone marked changes. This species was formerly distinctively a bird of the open, but of late years it shows, when alarmed, more and more a disposition to seek cover—by which we mean underbrush and timber. The young prairie chickens, once most unsuspicious and gentle birds, have become wilder and far better able to take care of themselves than in the past. Nowadays the birds not only show a disposition to take to cover when alarmed, but to pass much of their time in or close to it, thus suggesting the habit of the Eastern heath hen, which is a bird of the woods and not of the open ground.

The ways of wildfowl in localities where they are constantly gunned have undergone changes in the same direction. Where once they flew low they now fly high; where formerly they decoyed readily they now often avoid decoys, except in weather which is such as to obscure the character of the lures. In some places where point shooting used to be practiced with great success it has now become almost obsolete. The more the fowl are gunned the wilder and less accessible they become. In certain territories where the numbers of birds are still very great the annual destruction grows yearly less, notwithstanding the great increase in the number of gunners.

Not only do these wild animals learn by experience and thus manage to escape the dangers with which their lives are beset by man's pursuit, but it cannot be doubted that the offspring of to-day have inherited from their parents a cunning and wariness which the individuals of years ago did not know. It is a well-recognized fact that the young of bears, wolves and deer, even if they have had no experience of man, are at present nearly as difficult to capture as the old ones. In other words, they have either been taught wisdom by their parents or have inherited it. Probably both elements have contributed to their education.

All these facts, and many others which might be gathered, tend to show that man in his destruction of these wild creatures is not forever to have matters all his own way. In the constantly increasing cunning of deer

and quail which in small numbers are still enabled to survive, even where continually hunted, we have hints of a time when the inherited intelligence of the game will in a measure—if not in large measure—compensate for the universal diffusion of rapid-firing arms of precision, and for the increasing numbers of the hunters.

THE LIBERTY OF THE FIELDS.

SHOOTING conditions in this country are changing in no respect more rapidly than with those which govern the privilege of entering upon fields for shooting and fishing. In the old days—and they were not so long ago, either—the gunner who sought shooting privileges was, for the most part, a resident of the vicinity, known by sight at least to the proprietor of the land, his neighbor in fact; and the same neighborly feelings prevailed here as in other affairs. To go at will upon a farm and into woodlots for birds or squirrels was a matter of course. No one ever expected to ask for any special permission to do this, nor to have it asked. There were even then posted lands, but these were the exception and not the rule. The notion of forbidding free entry upon one's field was not by any means commonly held nor commonly sympathized with. The land owner who treated shooters as intruders and trespassers was himself quite likely to be looked upon as a bit cranky; and when some one got the better of him the community took it good-naturedly and appreciated the humor of the situation.

Moreover, the same neighborly feeling which opened fields and meadows and woodlands freely to shooters and fishermen governed those to whom the privileges were extended. Thoughtless boys who tore down stone walls for woodchucks or rabbits might not stop to repair the damage done, but the elders were as regardful of the property of their neighbors as of their own, and the proprietor whose lands were hunted over had no reason to interpret the booming of guns in his fields as so many signals that his property was being destroyed, fences torn down, stone walls demolished and horses and cattle disturbed. He knew that the sportsmen were neighbors, and that they were to be trusted. In their excursion upon his lands he found no cause of alarm, no more than they themselves would have when he returned the compliment and went armed and equipped upon their fields.

In some happy lands the old conditions still prevail; but in very many sections a decided change of sentiment and of practice has been wrought. It was inevitable that this should be so. The hosts of shooters have been multiplied by tens and hundreds. They constitute in season, and sometimes out of season, an army of invasion. They are no longer one's neighbors nor the sons of neighbors. They come from distant towns and cities and States. The railroads unload them upon the community for all the world like bodies of troops for war. The booming of guns, instead of being an incident of autumn days, is continuous for weeks and months, not omitting Sundays. And when the farmer hears the reports he may no longer say to himself, as formerly: "That is Tom Smith's gun. I hope he'll drop in and see us on the way home." For it is not a neighbor who is shooting, nor any one with a neighbor's claim to the privilege of shooting without permission; it may be an entire stranger, devoid of the courtesy which should prompt to a polite request for permission to shoot, and one who, having invaded the fields without so much as "by your leave," assumes to have a natural right to be there, and resents any interference or protest from the proprietor as a manifestation of "popocracy."

Most questions have two sides. This one of shooting privileges and trespass laws will never be settled by denouncing the farmer as unreasonable when he seeks by statute to control his own lands and to forbid or permit entrance upon them for shooting. If the land owners in any given district are actually unreasonable in their demands, investigation probably will show that their patience has been exhausted by the impositions put upon them by unreasonable gunners; and there are as yet, we believe, few game districts where the sportsman who treats others as he would himself be treated if in their place may not find in that considerate regard for others an open sesame to hospitality and good shooting. The game interests of the country have nothing to fear from rigorous trespass laws.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Turtle Chase.

ONE of the most interesting hunting experiences I ever enjoyed was a turtle chase in the Indian Ocean. It is true that I did not take a very active part in it, was spectator rather than hunter, but nevertheless the experience was a most enjoyable one.

I had met a friend of mine at Calicut, where his steam yacht was then lying, undergoing some light repairs. He asked me to go turtle hunting with him, and I gladly accepted the invitation. Next day we started, and after steaming a couple of hundred miles, the yacht pulled up off a straggling group of coral islands.

It was too late to do anything that day, but early next morning we hoisted the native boat over the side and got aboard. It was rather an odd-shaped craft, with a deck fore part and a high-peaked nose like a gondola. My friend and I sat in the stern. Kutti Ali, the native turtle hunter, perched himself on the decked bow, and the men bent to their oars to carry us in among the islands.

It was a perfect day, and the sea was as clear as crystal. I never saw such limpid water. There wasn't a ripple, and we could see the bottom at eight or nine fathoms as though we were looking through a sheet of clean glass. We seemed almost to be floating on air. Underneath us lay all sorts of colored sea shrubs, interspersed with horns and hollows of coral, and among these darted thousands of bright little fishes of almost every conceivable hue.

Gazing down at the bottom, I noticed a long, lazy-looking creature whose jet blackness contrasted strangely with the gaudy colors all around it. My friend informed me that this was the sea slug from which was derived that extensive article of commerce which the Chinese are so fond of using in their soups, *beche de mer*. If you touched this creature, he said, it would exude a liquor which would stain your fingers a dark red.

Having satisfied our curiosity gazing down into the depths, we brought our attention back to the matter in hand. Kutti Ali, the spare and sinewy native, was standing on the bow, with his hand shading his eyes, looking to the right and left for game. Presently he seemed to catch sight of a quarry. He began to make active preparations for the chase. He first gave orders to the boatmen to pull in the direction he desired, and while they were doing so he stripped off everything save his loin cloth, and stood ready for the fray.

For our part, we looked earnestly in the direction in which the boat was heading, but could discern nothing. The water on which we were now gliding was about 12ft. deep, and the bottom was mostly of fine white sand, with here and there a clump of shrubs and coral.

It appears that Kutti Ali, from his vantage point on the bow, had seen a dark shadow pass from one to another of these clumps, which he believed to be a turtle. As we approached its hiding place, Kutti Ali kept his keen eye fixed upon it, so that the quarry should not elude him. Presently he motioned the oarsmen to cease rowing, and we all peered down over the side. We could observe nothing at first, but while we were still looking all of a sudden a big, dark creature darted out of the shadow of the clump and sped away for the shelter of another. That turtle was no fool! Instead of scooting off in the direction our boat was pointed, he rounded on us, and so gained considerable time. Kutti Ali fished up a long bamboo pole and helped to get the boat around, keeping at the same time a sharp eye on the clump where our chase had taken refuge. The water was so limpid and still we could see the spot quite plainly. Once more we were on the turtle's track. This time, however, he did not wait for us to come up, but scooted away at full speed for the deeper water, toward a large patch of rocks and sea shrubbery, which promised him greater safety from his pursuers.

It was now a race for life. If our quarry gained that patch, he would escape us to a certainty, and he had 50yds. start. Kutti Ali turned to the rowers and urged them to increase their speed. They caught his enthusiasm and pulled like sons of guns.

On, on we dashed after that turtle, gaining on him inch by inch and foot by foot, but it was exceedingly doubtful if we should be able to reach him in time. Kutti Ali seemed to fear this, and capered about on his little deck, gesticulating like a madman.

"Valli! valli! oraka valli, kuttigale!" (Pull! pull! pull strong, O my children!) and six pairs of lusty arms made the boat fairly fly through the water.

The turtle was now only about 100yds. from the big clump, and we were still some 20yds. behind. The chase looked to us almost hopeless, but not so to Kutti Ali. He knew several tricks in turtle hunting that we weren't at all up to. Suddenly we saw him raise his bamboo pole and bring the end of it down with a resounding whack on the deck. As soon as this noise reached the turtle he made a spurt forward, but soon fell back to his former speed. Again came the thump of the bamboo, and again the foolish and frightened quarry spouted. This was repeated a third time, and as each spurt had tended to exhaust the stock of air in the creature's windbag, there was nothing for him to do but to rise to the surface and replenish. Up he came, and in such a mighty hurry that he sprang almost entirely out of the water, his head and neck outstretched to take breath; and then down he went again. But this had taken up some of his precious time, and we were now close upon him.

Presently he seemed to grow "rattled." Instead of keeping straight on toward his mark, by doing which he might possibly have reached safe shelter, he sheered off from his course, and so gave us a better chance to capture him.

On he went past the big clump, leaving it 8 or 10yds. to one side. Having got his chase out into the open, Kutti Ali contented himself with racing along overhead and a few yards behind. Before making any further move, he evidently meant to tire the creature out.

Now, what do you suppose that turtle did? Having

drawn us past the clump, he suddenly rounded on us again and scooted back toward it at full speed. He must have judged that he would gain on us that way, and perhaps reach safety after all. If ever a boat came round quickly, it was ours, and we were after our tricky game before he had gained half a dozen yards.

Kutti Ali's mad was up, and it was evident that he wasn't going to be fooled by a lumping old turtle any longer. We saw him get ready to dive, and when the boat came up again and her nose was almost over the turtle's back, Kutti Ali made a spring into the air, twisted his body round so that he faced us, and went down feet foremost just about a yard ahead of his prey.

As our boat shot over the place where he had disappeared, all we could see as we looked down into the depths was a confused jumble of legs and feet and arms and flippers. Next moment we saw the turtle darting out to sea again. He had evaded the fatal grasp which Kutti Ali had tried to get on his flippers, and so escaped.

The sopping hunter came to the surface puffing and blowing, and we pulled him aboard and resumed the pursuit. Once more we gained upon him, for he was now beginning to grow very tired. Presently the native made his spring into the air a second time, twisted his body round as before, and disappeared in a volume of spray. The unfortunate turtle was not so nimble this time as he was before, and though he attempted the same dodge, his hind flipper did not escape the wary diver. We saw the same jumble of legs and arms and flippers, but while we could not witness the feat, Kutti Ali, with the hind flipper in his vise-like grip, reached forward with a quick motion and seized the fore flipper on the same side, and the jig was up. As the man and the turtle rose to the surface, another of the boatmen leaped over and assisted the breathless but exultant diver. With a sudden push upward on one side and downward on the other, the captured turtle was turned over on his back in the water, and after a few long, wheezy breaths through his horny beak and nostrils, and a few ineffectual struggles to regain his natural position, he yielded up the contest.

Our boat was tilted, and with a "heave, ho!" and considerable danger of a capsize, we got Mr. Turtle on board and took him to the yacht. On weighing him we found him to tip the scales at exactly 327lbs., and his shell measured 3ft. 7in. one way by 3ft. 3in. the other.

On the whole, what with the sunny loveliness of the day, the beauty of the scene and the novelty of the experience, this my first and only participation in a turtle chase was one of the most enjoyable incidents of my life.

G. H. W.

Ice Architecture and Winter Carnivals.

WINTER visitors to the hyperborean cities of St. Paul, Winnipeg, Montreal or Quebec, never fail to be enthused by the eclat of the local hyemal sports, which so often culminate in carnivals eclipsing in brilliancy and fervor the fetes of more southern climes. Hearthrug denizens of low latitudes, who are always wont to contemplate zero weather with a shiver, at once fall in love with an atmosphere and climate which yields to both sexes a measure of vigor and health-giving enjoyment such as they had never experienced before or contemplated. Romps on snowshoes, curling, coasting, toboggan whirled, sleigh rides, fantastic processions, ice palaces, and the rhythmic courses of the ice rink, they find, have taken the place in those cities of the enervating indoor pastimes which were once in vogue, and apparently everyone has been the gainer by it. Not to say that social interchanges of the drawing room and tea table are obsolete, but rather that their enjoyment is enhanced and enlarged by the ability and disposition to enjoy which are imbued into the whole system, moral as well as physical, by the potential agency of frost. Youngsters who sport on the streets and rinks are all as rosy as radishes and as tough as hickory nuts, jolly and self-poised, while the old and elderly declare that life is the more worth the living for the vigor which comes to them through the self-enforced duty of turning out betimes into the frigid air to view or participate in the saturnalia of the season. By Pallas! there are no such ruddy and happy damsels as those who tramp with the snowshoe clubs in witchery of fleecy capotes and gaudy tuques of blue and crimson. Instead of poling in for the winter like dull bruin they all exert themselves to make that frigid period hilarious and especially enjoyable. And the whole community profits in every way, for how can sensuality and villainy find place or flourish in healthy and rugged conditions? King Borealis interdicts it.

The universal eclat which has always attended the installation of ice palaces in these boreal cities, and the incomparable creations which have grown up in a night, as it were, like frost work on a window pane, have had the effect to excite a keen interest in the possibilities of ice architecture. Long strides indeed have been taken in this direction since the year when the empress of all the Russias erected her primitive structure on the river Neva. Nothing so fairylike and fantastic had ever been seen before then, and every fur-clad dweller under the arctic line contemplated with feelings akin to awe an edifice which was so solid as to resist the assault of armies, and yet so unsubstantial and evanescent withal as to melt like a dream. The Canadians, who built their first ice palace in 1883, were good imitators of the Neva model, though quite surpassing it in size and architectural design; but the Minnesota city of St. Paul later on was emulous of what Montreal had previously accomplished, and attempted more pretentious lines. The success which she achieved elicited the admiration of all who beheld the wondrous structure which she created. It was a subtle inspiration of genius. The Canadians had attempted only rectangular lines; the others adopted intricate geometrical figures and exquisite curves, with arabesques, which were produced without much additional labor or expense, so that her first inception far surpassed any one of the three Laurentian palaces which had preceded it.

But her second effort (in 1887) was more aspiring still. It was superlative. It was far more elaborate and twice as expensive, while the palaces of 1888 and 1889 were yet unique conceptions, and marvels even to the ambitious men of the Northwest, to whom colossal enterprises are not at all uncommon. Perhaps the palace of 1887 may be regarded as the climax of them all, not only in its tout ensemble, but in its details and boreal accessions. Its exterior dimensions were 200 by 220ft., with a superficial area of nearly an acre. Its principal tower rose to a height of 130ft. Imposing effects were obtained by an ingenious juxtaposition of angles and façades, towers, balconies and turrets, which would have astonished the medieval architects. And the interiors were quite as elaborate as the outside, being divided into many superb apartments, the chief of all being the grand hall of audience, which was a perfect circle roofed in diameter, decorated with ice statuary of heroic size. The throne room at the base of the huge "donjon keep" was an imposing octagon 50ft. across, while the throne itself was a wondrous work of art, massive, rich and chaste, vying with the marbles of Rome. Transcendent effects were produced by electric interior illuminations, which were truly weird, novel and enchanting. Penetrating the translucent walls, they suffused the whole fabric from summit to foundation in a manner more entrancing than moonlight on the lake, or the play of phosphorescent ripples on a South Sea island beach. It was glory en bloc, congealed!

For several subsequent years mild winters prevented repetition, thereby gaining a new character for Minnesota weather, which was supposed to be almost subarctic in its severity. But in 1895 the ice king resumed his sway, and a new structure of ice blocks arose. This time it was a fortress instead of a palace—a simple, rough-work fortification, with parapets 15ft. high, and bastions at the angles, and a central tower rising 30ft. Its area of space of 600 by 300ft. gave ample opportunity for Indian camps, interior games and pageants, and wider scope for the salient features of the winter carnival, which in itself has invariably proved a source of social, physical and pecuniary emolument, as immense crowds from abroad were attracted by the street illuminations and parades and the holiday license which was everywhere allowed.

During the same winter Leadville, Col., made a new departure, and instituted an ice palace in the castellated form which St. Paul had discarded, but circumstances of mood and weather have not prompted a reproduction of the like in any quarter, so that what is written here may pass for history instead of current description. The amounts spent on these ice structures has been considerable, but the investments have proved satisfactory, and it is a safe venture to predict that if the Klondike pans out liberally this year a structure will arise on the Upper Yukon which will shame the Eskimo and beat all previous records in ice architecture. The following are the dimensions of the principal ice palaces erected to date:

Date.	Place.	Length, feet.	Width, feet.	Height, feet.	Cost.
1883.....	Montreal.....	90	90	75	\$2,000
1884.....	Montreal.....	130	130	75	4,000
1885.....	Montreal.....	160	160	100	5,000
1886.....	St. Paul.....	180	160	106	10,000
1887.....	St. Paul.....	220	200	115	20,000
1888.....	St. Paul.....	200	200	132	20,000
1889.....	St. Paul.....	252	202	111	15,000

An Hour with the Gray Squirrel.

In southeastern Virginia, where—before the war—were vast well tended, rich plantations, is now to be found much waste land. Those owning large tracts can generally afford to cultivate but a portion of the land, and the remainder is allowed to lie idle to be overrun with field pine and scrub growth. The merchantable hard wood timber has been cut off of much of the land, but now and then a tract is found whose owner has refused to succumb to the blandishments of the sawmill man. Game of all kinds is plentiful in this section, from quail down to deer. Some men would reverse this classification, but my brother sportsmen will accept it. Quail are especially plentiful, owing to a prohibitory law against killing them in any season, now in its second year.

A walk through our stubble in September resulted in raising (we only flush in shooting season) three fine coveys of well-grown birds, to my regret, all peaceably disposed.

I am law-abiding, but would exercise the universal principle of self-defense, at any time, if attacked by Virginia quail.

While spending a few days in September on a plantation where the timber had been preserved, I went one morning to see if the squirrel was ready for his share of the season's sport.

If you find this gentleman in the hickories then he is game and edible. Slipping from the house at break of day—an ideal morning for hunting squirrels, perfectly still and warm—I crossed the barn lot, scaled a fence and was in the woods—a grand forest of oak, hickory, elm, poplar, gum and other trees, many towering to a height that made me wish for something heavier than the light 16-gauge weapon I carried; for, although a young squirrel is easily stopped in his rush for the den tree, by a well directed load of No. 6 chilled from a 5½lb. 16-gauge, an old fellow in tall timber with a coat that has had two or three winters' tanning will not even stop to scratch for so small a matter.

You need a 10-gauge and No. 55 for the old folks in the big trees, and then you will have to leave one up a tree now and then.

If you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins you will feel a sense of pure delight in being in the woods at daybreak, when all the bird, animal and insect life is awakening. You will thrill with gratitude and fervent content that is almost prayer.

Generally you will wonder at your imbecility in sleeping away such delight, as you have been doing morning after morning for years past, and determine that you will do so no more, but rise early and get into the woods often, if not every day.

This enthusiasm is well founded and real, but tran-

sient. The next morning when you again wake at day-break you will hastily snuggle down with another sense of "fervent content" that you don't have to go into the woods, but can sleep.

The woods does not wake to life like the fields; it is gentle and quiet in the woods at daybreak. Birds call softly, as though loath to disturb the profound stillness. The insect army seems but half awake and droning in whispers. The rollicking rowdy squirrel, who at the first bright ray of sunshine will be threshing down a shower of nuts from the top of a hickory, or barking shrill defiance at a rival a quarter of a mile distant, will be as quiet as the proverbial mouse when he steals through the woods at early dawn. Turn out the first bright morning you wake early and get into the nearest woods for a personal test of this pleasure; you will then see how much the reality exceeds the word picture, even when drawn by an enthusiast.

In plenty of time I made my way down among the tall hickories, where the first stand was to be made, for it was to be a "still-hunt," as the natives call hunting without a dog.

The first faint sounds of woods life were beginning to be heard, and there was what woodsmen call the smell of day in the air.

The trees were dark and spectral low down, but getting quite distinct higher up against the sky.

In a few moments I heard the "swish" of a limb that

for the telltale fall of a nut or "swish" of a limb, apparently coming from a tall hickory about 50 yds. ahead.

Working up cautiously, I took a position that gave me a clear view, and found that I had treed.

A shower of chips was falling through the lower limbs of the tree, showing that at least one hungry fellow was hard at work high up in the hickory shelling a breakfast. When a hungry, unsuspecting squirrel is breakfasting in a nut tree that has thick leaves on it, you never know how many are there. One will make such a fuss and keep the air so full of chips you are ready to believe that you have half a dozen treed.

Growing near the hickory was a poplar tree, whose symmetrical top pushed well up close under its highest limbs.

Cuttings seemed to be falling from the poplar, and I concluded that my squirrel had gotten his breakfast in the hickory and carried it to the poplar to eat. But now on closer inspection it seemed that another stream of cuttings was pouring from the hickory, and I congratulated myself on having two squirrels within range.

I have often heard hunters tell about eight or ten squirrels up one tree, but have thought—charitably speaking—it probably was where trees were very scarce, or squirrels unusually plentiful.

From an experience dating from early youth, when too young to be trusted with a gun, I used to wheedle old Uncle Peter into lending me his "armah cyarbine,"

ately with their hindfeet, growling and spitting furiously.

I could easily have dropped them both with one shot while in this position, but it was the first genuine mill of this kind I had ever seen, and altogether too spicy an entertainment to interrupt. Finally one broke away and retreated up the tree, while the other, seemingly victorious and fully satisfied, crawled up and sat upon the limb, master of the situation, but considerably disfigured.

Concluding that it was about time for foreign intervention, I drew on the retreating pugilist and dropped him, clean killed, with the right-hand barrel of the 16-gauge; then turning my attention to the other one found that he had not moved, further than to crane his neck over the limb to peer down to the ground, where lay his late antagonist. With the left barrel I laid him quiet within a few feet of the other.

At the last shot I heard a rustle, and looking up saw another squirrel making down a long limb of the hickory toward the poplar, and shoving in fresh shells opened fire on him as he ran.

Hard hit at the first shot, he fell, but caught with his forepaws on a limb half way down and began trying to swing back on to the limb, with lots of climb left in him. Giving him the second barrel, I had the satisfaction of seeing him drop quietly down by the two already shot.

Just then another squirrel jumped from the hickory to the poplar, and from there—before I could look—into a



A VISTA FROM THE TRITON CLUB HOUSE. See page 168.

told of a squirrel making for his breakfast in a near hickory. Then came the rattle of nails as he rushed down the scaly bark of a white oak; another faint "swish" and he is safe in some near-by hickory without ever showing fur. But this is no cause for discouragement, for so soon as his toilet is complete, and the tattoo of the woodpecker's ivory on a dead limb announces the near approach of the "king of day," he will begin to shell and cut nuts with a greedy abandon that will quickly lead to his detection. The first squirrel actually located resulted in a most disgusting fumble, as it took four shots to bring them to bag. This will occasionally occur with the best shots, and is hard to explain satisfactorily, but is probably most often due to the thick leaves on the tree hiding the exact location, or else shooting at the squirrel's tail when his body is safely protected.

These are the reasons with which I have always satisfied myself for such fumbles when I made them, but after fifteen years of patient effort I have yet to evolve a reason that fully satisfies my shooting companion when he sees me do it.

After this poor beginning, as misfortunes never travel singly, a handicap appeared on the scene in the person of a little darky—Isaac Suh—and the invariable companion, a cur dog.

"He's a fiset, suh! I jes hear you shoot an' cum to see what you had got treed, an' to see if my dawg c'uldn't git him fur you. O, yas, suh, he is a good squel dawg—he good fur all varmints too."

With good intentions, but poor judgment, Isaac and the "fiset" followed me about, making noise enough for "beaters" instead of "stalkers," until we had found and killed two very unwary squirrels, then to his sincere regret he found that he "Mus' be gittin' 'long down to de pea patch to pick peas."

Left thus dependent upon my own resources, I followed a fence row for some distance, listening intently

and run off hunting, to the present time, when I am using my second hammerless, I have yet to find a greater number of squirrels than five in one tree.

In those dear old carbine days of long ago, when after tramping for many weary miles I sometimes returned successful and triumphant with one poor little half-starved old squirrel (probably an escaped pet) and proudly carried him the full length of the main street, the admiration and envy of all the other boys, I did then occasionally tell about six or seven or ten that I found in one tree, and fit each one with a fearful and wonderful narrow escape from my deadly gun, but now apologize for any of those stories, unforgotten and unforgiven.

I had made out my squirrel in the top of the poplar, and was proceeding to draw on him, when his companion in the hickory, incensed by some insult, real or fancied, dropped the nut he was cutting on, sprang into the poplar and assaulted him in the most vicious and apparently unexpected manner.

I instantly lowered my gun, as a game fight is better than any game to me.

There was some very loud and seemingly profane conversation for a few moments, and a terrible threshing in the leaves in the tree top, then the fray took shape as one, feeling that he was not holding his own, started to retreat down the tree, with the other in close pursuit. Down they came with a rush that sounded like scraping a bushy limb down a tree trunk until they were almost to the ground. Circling the tree, they flew back up about half way to the top, when the pursuer overtook the pursued and they clinched.

Such a fight I never imagined possible for anything less wicked than a pair of dissolute tomcats. They plied tooth and nail, and the fur flew. They lost their balance and fell, close clinched, to a limb roft. below the one they had been fighting on, and over this they hung, one on either side, gripping each other's head, clawing desper-

tall white oak. He was evidently desperately homesick and losing no time.

This was more than I bargained for, and it rattled me considerably; but after a little time lost by trying to crowd both shells into one barrel I got loaded and opened fire, making a beautiful clean miss with both barrels. He was too far away for safe shooting and rapidly increasing the distance, but as quickly as possible I reloaded and threw two more loads of shot after him, with no other result than to make him jump about twice as far as usual each shot.

Waiting for a few moments to see if the old hickory concealed any more surprises, I gathered up my game and made my way to the house in time for breakfast.

I had been out less than two hours; had bagged six squirrels; umpired a game fight; done some fast shooting, and developed an extraordinary appetite. Altogether, created a red-letter day for hours of reminiscence.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Mowing Machines and Nesting Quail.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—A land-owning sportsman living about four miles from this city, has a good and perhaps novel plan for keeping up a fair supply of game. The mowing machines, as is quite well known, are the cause of much destruction of the nests of quail.

During the incubating season he takes his dog to the fields which are to be reaped, and by the dog's points discovers the nests of the birds. Near every nest he drives a stake. So at mowing time he leaves the quail undisturbed, with the grass still waving over and shielding her pretty little head, while the dear maternal heart throbs in glad expectation of the first "peep" of a prison-freed birdie, and no doubt with a hearty "thank you" for the kind consideration by the man so merciful—pro tem.

N. D. ELTING.

Natural History.

The New York Audubon Society.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Audubon Society was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 9, at the American Museum of Natural History. A report was read by Dr. J. A. Allen, of the executive committee, detailing the work done by the committee during the year. Attention was called to the difficulty of carrying on the society's work through a lack of money. Dr. Allen read the report of the secretary and treasurer, Miss Emma H. Lockwood, which showed a deficit of \$64, and comparison was made with the annual report of the Massachusetts Society, which shows a membership of 2,000, with an annual income of over \$2,000, as compared with a membership in the New York Society of less than 400 and a proportionate income. The officers of the preceding year were re-elected. They are as follows: President, Morris K. Jesup; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Miss Maria R. Audubon, Mrs. Samuel P. Avery, Miss Eleanor Blodgett, Mrs. William C. Doane, Mrs. David S. Eggleston, Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, Mrs. William M. Kingsland, Mrs. Francis P. Kinnicutt, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Joseph H. Rylance, Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, John Burroughs, John P. Haines, George Bird Grinnell, Ph. D., Henry G. Marquand, Right-Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Abbott H. Thayer; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Emma H. Lockwood; Executive Committee, Frank M. Chapman, chairman; Mrs. J. A. Allen, Mrs. Melbert B. Cary, Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, Miss Emma H. Lockwood, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. May Riley Smith, Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, J. A. Allen, Ph.D., William Dutcher, Henry Van Dyke, William T. Hornaday, Frederick Peterson, M.D., Henry S. Williams, M.D.

Addresses were made by Dr. R. Heber Newton and Mr. Frank Chapman.

The society has recently issued a number of useful documents. Among these are a poster to be set up in public places giving extracts from the bird protective acts of the State, and a letter from Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent of Schools, calling attention of principals and teachers in the schools of the State to the excellent work done by the Audubon Society, and requesting these teachers to use every effort in protecting the birds. The general circular of the Audubon Society, with a list of officers, appears; also two very attractive short stories, one for boys and one for girls, written by Mrs. J. A. Allen, wife of the eminent ornithologist so well known in bird protective work. A reprint of the United States Department of Agriculture circular recommending the establishment of Bird Day in the schools; a short illustrated explanation of the way egrets are obtained, by Mr. Frank M. Chapman; an essay on the economic value of birds, and an artist's appeal by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, complete the list of the papers in question.

Appealing, as these do, to a very wide public, it cannot be doubted that this literature will do a great deal of good.

Music and the Dog.

I HAVE a small dog that is remarkably intelligent, a good performer of many tricks and extremely vivacious. He is very good at dancing, from which one might suppose the violin to be his favorite instrument. But quite the contrary. The tone of this instrument seems to cause him extreme anguish. The violinist of the family has an instrument of the purest tone, and he draws a smooth bow. One class of tunes seems no more offensive than another, but it seems that those played in the key of C affect him most. When the music begins he will sometimes leave the room with head down, back arched and tail drooping, at the same time piteously whining. But generally he utters long and loud wails, painfully human in tone and inflection, seeming to come from a heart almost upon the point of breaking; and when the violin is laid down he evinces a relief and satisfaction that are not to be mistaken. And what is most singular is the fact that no other instrumental music seems to affect him; he pays not the slightest attention to it.

In our house a mandolin club meets semi-weekly, and all the noise of mandolin, guitar, violoncello, harp, etc., does not disturb him in the least. I have asked myself the question: Does the tone of the violin affect his head, his nerves, or awaken unpleasant emotions? If the first two, why should not the louder noise of other music affect him in the same way? If the emotions are awakened what must be their character? Are they melancholic, or the emotions of pity for one who seems to be in distress? If of pity why are not his demonstrations to the performer well marked? These questions may remain unanswered, but that this dog suffers when the violin is played is obvious beyond all doubt.

N. D. ELTING.

Taxidermy and Sculpture.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Being a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM*, Mr. Geo. H. Storck's astonishing article under the above caption duly came before me. The style in which Mr. Storck waves aside and banishes to the depths of oblivion the work of all his predecessors in the field of taxidermy is more than superb; it is magnificent. And when I read that "taxidermy has now reached the highest point it ever can attain," I wept for joy that I had lived to see this day.

For several years I have lived along in a slipshod way, honestly believing that Richardson and Rowley and Will Palmer and Prof. Dyche and Aksley and F. S. Webster had done a lot of modeling in making their clay-covered statues, and had done a great deal of it with rare and commendable artistic skill. I have heard

several of those men exclaim: "How much easier it is to model a statue than it is to mount the skin of an animal!" And it has for years been my belief that the production of statues covered with modeling clay, duly modeled into form, and with the skin of the animal duly modeled down upon it, all began in 1882; but Mr. Storck says that "later a few men began to model a little."

I have known one or two men to "fall down" in their work and blame the clay for it all. I once knew a painter who used to curse the canvas because his colors did not look right. There may be other taxidermists than Mr. Storck who do not know how to use clay successfully, but if there are, I am sure a few lessons would set them right. I have seen some hundreds of mammals mounted over clay, and never yet have I seen one that had torn to pieces, or even cracked, that had lost shape or had been "burned" by the clay.

Mr. Storck's pictures of a living horse and a plaster model of it are all right; but neither of them is taxidermy! What we old fogies now want to see is a picture of a horse's skin mounted over such a plaster model as that represented. And what we want to know is, how much it costs to mount a horse—or a deer—in that sculpturesque way. We should like to have Mr. Storck give us an ocular demonstration, and have him prove to us with a photograph of some of his work that in his hands, and by his new and only good method, taxidermy really has "reached the highest point it ever can attain."

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

Woodcock Strutting.

SEVERAL articles in late issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* on this habit of the woodcock bring to mind an incident which my brother and I witnessed some five years ago. We were taking a fishing trip to Koskee Lake for bass. About two miles from our destination we had to descend a deep ravine to cross Beaver Creek, a small stream spanned by a bridge. A sturdy growth of alders bordered the rivulet on each side, with numerous gaps through which we could see the water. The road followed close on its banks. As we drove slowly along, enjoying the glorious June morning, we noticed a large saw-log stranded in the shallow water directly in one of these open spaces, and on each end of the log was a bird. We had no trouble in recognizing them as a pair of woodcock.

The one on the upper end of the log particularly attracted our attention by his peculiar antics. He would drop his wings until they touched the bark and then strut down the log 4 or 5 ft., exactly as the gobbler does in the barnyard. He would then turn and strut back again, remain in one place and teeter back and forward a number of times, then stretch his neck to its fullest extent and point his bill directly upward, and then his neck would shrink up until nothing but his long bill and big eyes were visible.

During all this time the bird at the opposite end of the log, which we took to be his mate, remained perfectly impassive and apparently took no notice of the handsome gallant opposite her.

We watched this unique performance for half an hour, not being over 25 ft. distant from the pair. When we resumed our journey the dandy seemed to be as eager as ever to attract the dainty lady's attention. Our only regret was that we had left our camera at home.

KOSHEE.

GRAVENHURST, Ont.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

It had been a very unsatisfactory day in camp. In the first place it had rained hard, effectually preventing the Redoubtable Hunter from bringing in anything but a wet jacket. Then, in the afternoon, it had turned cold, and not a bass would rise to the flies of the Inveterate Fisherman. The tents were full of mosquitoes, the fire refused to burn, and even the Colossal Liar's pipe went out when he removed it from his mouth to expectorate.

"It does beat the world what luck some people have," said he, as he struggled with a damp match to relight the briarwood. "Here we have been for four days, and not a blamed bass worth taking out of the water, while not even old Redoubtable there has done anything for the delectation of our palates. Wish I had gone trout fishing instead of trampoozing away up here."

"Wish you had too," said the Inveterate Fisherman. "It would have saved us many a painful stretch of the imagination in following some of your truthful stories."

"Well," exclaimed the Major, "trout fishing is not so bad; you are bound to have a disagreeable time of it, anyway, either with the weather or the black flies or the general cussedness of the lay of the land; and if you do get a nice basketful of fish, why, bless your heart, no king ever sat down to a finer spread than they afford."

"Speaking of trout," said the Colossal Liar, "reminds me that the first trout I ever caught I captured on dry land."

A groan from the Inveterate Fisherman followed this remark. He muttered: "Now we are in for another, and no place to run to."

"Yes," calmly went on the Liar, "I was hunting once"—a snort of disgust from the Redoubtable—"along the bank of a small stream in Onondaga county, New York. There were thousands of muskrats living under the banks, and the bottom of the stream was covered with ears of corn which they had dragged into the water from a nearby cornfield. Suddenly I saw a big fellow poke his nose out of a hole directly opposite me, and instantly I drew up my rifle and fired at him. With the report a beautiful trout darted out from under the bank at my feet, and went flashing away up the stream. I knew that the water ran very shallow only a few yards above, so I hurried along after the fish, and when he took refuge under a stone I scared him out again with a bit of pebble. He kept right up into still shallower water, and finally reached a place where he could not swim. He continued flapping along, however, until he actually

threw himself out on dry land, and I ran to him, tossed him on to the grass, rapidly scooped a tiny pool in the gravel and put him in it. Then I went to the house, about half a mile away, got a large pail and brought the trout home, where I put him in the deep well."

A great cheer arose from the party at the conclusion of this tale, in which all joined but the Redoubtable Hunter. He sat silently chewing the cud of reflection until the noise had subsided; then he, too, broke forth:

"That's a pretty story; do you suppose anybody is going to believe that yarn?"

"Yes, sir, I do," replied the Colossal Liar; "and if anybody here doubts it, all I have got to say is, let him come with me up into Onondaga county, and I will show him the very creek and the very well."

"That's very well—" began the Story Teller, but at this point the Hunter broke in again.

"Now," he went on, "if you want to hear a true story of how I shot my first rabbit with my boot, I will tell it."

The Fisherman started out of the tent rather hurriedly at this, but it had begun to rain again, and he had to return and take his medicine with the rest of us.

"You see, it was this way. When I was a boy I worked on my uncle's farm in Oswego, N. Y. We had been mowing hay in the orchard, and it lay in great swaths, ready to be cocked up. We were engaged in this work, each with a fork, when all of a sudden a rabbit ran out from under the hay near my feet, and it tore away through some long grass that had not yet been mowed. I instantly dropped my fork and ran yelling like a young Comanche Indian after him. The grass was so heavy and long that bunny could not make very fast progress, and I rapidly gained on him, as I could see by the undulating movement of the grass. All at once he stopped short, and I was so near and going so fast that before I could check my speed I had trampled on him with my heel and broke his neck. And that is how I came to shoot my first rabbit with my boot."

"That reminds me," said the Major, "of a little experience I once had in the Michigan woods with a deer—"

"Hurrah! there she blows!" cried the Inveterate, as a mighty bass broke the water right in front of the tent. The last of the cold shower was over, the sun was peeping out from a mass of scattering clouds, and only the Colossal Liar remained, sympathetically, to hear the Major's yarn.

D. F. H.

NEW YORK.

Lon Shirliff, in the early 60s or the later 50s, was a resident of Quasqueton, a little town on the Wapsipinicon River, in the State of Iowa. He resided, we said, but, more accurately speaking, he "stayed" with his sister, the sweetest and prettiest woman in the village, who was a teacher in the town high school. Lon in legs was the antithesis of knock-kneed, his shoulders sloping as we see in statues of Venus; long neck and arms, and straight as the Decalogue. He had two failings. He was lazy. The ague tackled him, but had to give it up, for he was too lazy to shake, and he was inordinately and uncompromisingly truthful—too lazy to tell a lie. The only thing he could or would do and do well was to fish. The fish would come to his hook as natural and easy as love to a gum-chewing miss or cats to an old maid. Pickerel were his favorite, and the civilization of the "Wapsie" not yet being up to spoon and the fly, his recourse for bait was the tail of the bullhead, which he had the knack of putting in most tempting form for this royal fish. His habit, after dissection, was to toss the bullhead back into the water, possibly to give it time to reflect and prepare itself for that bourne from which no bullhead was ever known to return. Certainly bullheads are deserving of a "happy hunting water," more so than some of those who hook them. And so, one day, Shirliff, trolling for pickerel, caught the same bullhead with its own tail. This is no idle tale. He said so, and to those who knew him that was enough. If he had been a common piscatorial liar he would have caught it several times.

E. P. M.

Green Mountain Notes.

MILTON, Vt., Feb. 17.—There has been comparatively little hunting in Vermont thus far this season, on account of the extremely unfavorable weather, and the good days that come few and far between are of little use, for the deep snow in the woods makes hunting a hardship. Rabbits are very plentiful, and a bag of half a dozen, even without the help of a dog, is a common occurrence. The favorite method of hunting is to go to some place where birch trees have been recently felled. Around the birch-brown heaps the rabbits congregate to feed on the tender buds, and when alarmed manufacture tracks in double-quick order for safety; and to many of the bunnies flight does mean safety, for it requires a steady hand and an alert trigger finger to pot a rabbit with full head of steam on.

Partridges are almost a thing of the past. In the thickets, where they formerly existed in flocks, only an occasional bird is seen, and the fact is evident that the grouse must be wholly protected for a time, else total extermination will be the result. The pheasants introduced here in Vermont several years ago by Dr. W. Seward Webb seem to be suited to our frigid winter climate to perfection. On the estate where they were first introduced, in the town of Shelburne, they have greatly increased in numbers, and have spread over a considerable area of surrounding country, and have, as a result of protection grown so tame that they frequently come to the farm buildings in search of food, and often mingle with the farm poultry. Unfortunately, they build their nests in the fields, where the mowing machines destroy many eggs and young. Birds have also been set at liberty in this place and at Sheldon and St. Johnsbury, and in spite of persecution from law-defying hunters are reported as doing well. KENEWAH.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sheep and Snowshoes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 12.—Mr. Calvin S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., who was my companion in the winter hunt in the Blackfoot Reservation last year, starts next week, in company with Mr. George B. Harrison, of Troy, for another try after a specimen or so of sheep and goats. Mr. J. W. Schultz, of Kipp, Mont., will again be the guide. The party will make the goat hunt first and then move into the Two Medicine Valley after sheep. Mr. McChesney says he is tempted to take his umbrella along again, but I am moved to urge that he leave it at home. Should he do this, I am satisfied that we will get his ram's head this time sure, for the game is there, and Mr. McChesney was only prevented last year by the worst kind of hard luck from getting the coveted trophies. The work of the snowshoeing and winter camping will be all the easier this year, and I not only wish him, but prophesy for him, full success on a trip in which it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to join.

Mr. Schultz wrote me this week from Kipp, Mont., saying that he has some good grizzly bear country located, if I knew of any one who has lost a bear.

Mr. Fletcher Walters, of Arlington, N. J., asks for a little advice about snowshoes.

"I am led to believe," he says, "from reading your various articles of trips taken on snowshoes, that you understand these things. I expect to make a trip this winter in which the Canadian snowshoe will figure to a great extent, and having had no experience in their use, I thought I would ask you for some advice. Will you kindly tell me what you consider the proper foot gear and leg covering for shoeing; also the best method of securing the shoes to your feet to insure comfort and to hold the shoe properly in position. I know enough of shoeing to know that people differ in their method of adjustment, and of the different ways some must be better than the others. Please give me your method."

I have at times spoken of the best foot wear for snowshoeing. In the very far North, where the cold is steady and the snow very dry, a large moccasin with plenty of socks under it is good foot wear. For any country where the snow is apt to melt and soften, the moccasin does not compare with the soft, heelless rubber known as the Gold Seal brand. This rubber is not stiff, but soft as a moccasin, and the shape of the toe makes it far easier on the foot than a moccasin, since the straps cannot chafe the foot so much. In some Western towns these rubber shoes can be bought with a leather top. I sewed canvas tops on my own. In dry snow they do not need any tops. In any snow they should be worn over two or three pairs of heavy stockings, the felted German sock being best. This does not mean the felt boot of the teamster. Nothing stiff or hard must be worn about the foot. I should use this Gold Seal rubber for any snowshoeing in the United States. If I were going into an arctic country I might prefer the moccasin, or would use the rubber very large and over duffle socks.

As to the snowshoes, it is much a matter of fancy. I have tried many varieties, from the New Brunswick flat bow to the Montreal turned toe, and the lumbermen's oval, from the bear-paw round to the narrow Cree model shoe, and the still longer shoe used by the sub-Arctic Indians. As I stated in the story in the trip which Mr. McChesney and I made together, I took with me a pair of "Alaska model" snowshoes sent to me by Messrs. Metz & Schloerb, of Oshkosh, Wis. These shoes are 5ft. long, 1ft. wide, and have a strongly upturned and narrow toe. We tried several sorts of snowshoes on our winter trip in the mountains, but all liked these Alaska shoes best. Mr. McChesney tells me that he has ordered two pairs for his trip this month. These shoes are the best I ever used. I do not like a flat-bowed shoe. The upturned toe of these shoes prevents all tripping on crust, and always keeps one's feet up and forward, which is what you want. The long heel keeps the shoe down behind, which is also what you want. As to needing a short and broad shoe for brush work, I cannot see the utility of such a model. With the Alaska shoes I can go anywhere that a man can go with the Canadian shoe, and some places where he cannot go. In hill work the narrow tread of the shoes was found a benefit, and for a long, steady tramp they are the easiest I ever got into.

The question of straps is far more complex. All there is to snowshoeing is the straps. If the tenderfoot gets the right straps on his shoes he can walk off at once, and will never know anything about *mal de raquette*. Thong ties have been used on snowshoes because the men who use the snowshoes had no other kind of straps. They are an abomination when once you have had the right kind of straps. These I cannot very well describe, but will try once more to do so roughly. The toe strap is a permanent one, made with a buckle so that it can be tightened or loosened at will. It is about 3/4 in. wide, is made of stout leather, and passes over the toe, through the side holes and under the bottom of the foot beneath the shoe, thus stiffening the webbing. To prevent the buckle from hurting the toe, a broader and softer piece of leather is let under the toe strap by means of loops, like a collar pad under a hame strap. On level ground a good shoer does not need much of a strap excepting the toe strap, but when it comes to hills it is different. In this rig a heel strap, provided with a buckle like a skate strap, is fastened to the sides of the toe strap, close down to the shoe. This is made of harness leather about 1 in. wide. It rests on the heel below the ankle cords, and is kept from falling below the heel by means of an instep strap. In putting on his shoes with such a rig as this, the snowshoer kicks his toe into the toe strap, fastens one buckle on the side of his foot on his heel strap, and the thing is done. Such straps do not chafe and do not stretch a great deal. They hold the

foot firmly and yet loosely to the shoe, which is what snowshoe straps should do. Thong ties would kill a man in the mountains, but we found this harness very comfortable and effective.

In Arizona.

Mr. J. S. Cullinan, of Chicago, who is spending the winter at Phoenix, Ariz., writes me that for the past two weeks they have been having fine weather; average maximum temperature, 75 degrees. There is no wind and the air is still and clear, a characteristic of southern Arizona. Mr. Cullinan says the climate is the finest in the world in winter.

"Summers, as you know, are very hot," he says, and adds: "I have been hunting jack rabbits and shooting at quail with a Winchester 'pump gun.' I can't get used to the way the quail rise, without letting one know they are going to flush behind you; mostly, therefore, my bags are indifferent; but it's sport."

Poisoning of Doves.

Near Folsom, Cal., a farmer named Daniel Faukenheim put out a quantity of wheat soaked in strychnine for the purpose of killing the doves which were feeding on his grain. Game Warden Helms went out to investigate the matter, and found some 2,500 dead doves scattered about. Under the law there was no penalty for this destruction.

Spring Shooting in Iowa.

At the instance of the Dubuque Gun Club, of Dubuque, Ia., Representative Nolan has introduced in the Iowa Legislature a bill prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl. This is quite in line with the recent stirring up of protective matters in the middle West, and it is all the more gratifying in that the measure originates from a point on the Mississippi River, along which stream a good many shooters live who do not believe in cutting off the spring duck shooting. It is to be hoped that the measure will carry. Minnesota is almost certain to eventually adopt a law prohibiting spring shooting. Wisconsin has already partially adopted such a measure. Illinois may do so in the course of a hundred years or so.

A Chicago Rabbit Hunt.

We were about out of meat at my house this week, so I thought it was time to go on a big winter hunt, and my friend Organ being in somewhat the same condition, to say nothing of John Watson, who had not had a taste of rabbit for months except in the way of charity, we three took the trail to see what could be done. As there were ladies, dogs and snowshoes mixed up in the enterprise, it took on something of a tribal nature, and the party was freely accepted by the public as a portion of the Klondike hegira, though really we were only going to Maksawba Club house on the Kankakee River, where the main herd of rabbits had lately been located by the runners of the tribe.

This was the first time in many years that I have deliberately gone out hunting for rabbits, but it was like going back to the old love of one's youth. When I went out hunting for the first time it was with my father, for rabbits, and I believe the first thing I ever shot was a rabbit. The occasion I remember very well. The rabbit was discovered solus, sitting under a brush pile, wrapped in thought. I was too small to hold the gun, so my father held it and trained it on the game, allowing me to pull the trigger. Methinks there must have been some slight movement of the muzzle of the gun, for instead of striking the rabbit in the head it caught him about midships, and all that was left was, in the words of the poet, a rag, a bone and a hank of hair. We did not eat that rabbit. Yet in those days, the deer and turkeys and even the quail being exhausted, my father and I were wont to hunt rabbits very faithfully, and we had the old smokehouse about full of skinned and frozen rabbits all the time, much to the disgust of everybody else connected with the domestic economy.

I remember that in those days many of our neighbors would not eat rabbit, saying they would as soon eat cat. This, as Mr. Organ very justly remarks, depends largely upon the way one has been raised. I always preferred rabbit, and I have known for many years that rabbit is good to eat if you know how to prepare and cook it—the younger and fatter the rabbit, and the nearer to a cornfield, the better.

But I digress from the winter hunt. Mr. Watson, Mr. Organ and myself, with the rest of the village, left Chicago at 5:40 in the evening and reached Maksawba Club house, sixty miles down in Indiana, at about 8 o'clock. We found that Ira Pease, the keeper, with his good wife, were ready for us with a good, hot dinner, and they told us the rabbits were fairly running away with the country. We passed the evening nicely in the historic assembly room of old Maksawba, and by 8 the next morning were hungry again. Such buckwheat cakes, such cream and honey and butter are not to be found anywhere else upon the range.

After breakfast we all piled into a big wagon box sled, three couples of us, a driver, Melville Fancher, one of the club pushers and guides, who was born and raised on the Kankakee bottoms, and knows all its game the season through. It was a pleasant winter day, and the snow was just right for rabbit hunting, so everybody was happy. We drove about a mile, and Fancher stopped us at a brush patch of a few acres.

"We ought to pick up two or three on here," he said, and so, indeed, we did. A rabbit started off to the right and crossed near Mr. Organ, who tickled it a bit, but did not stop it. I killed it a few moments later at the edge of the thicket to the left. This afforded the ladies no idea of things, as they were off at one side, but a moment later, when John Watson had them all paternally in charge, he instructed them all to jump in concert upon a certain brush pile. They did so, and squealed as a nice, fat rabbit ran out from under their feet. This John Watson did not stop promptly, so the rest of our battery cut loose at long range, and finally the dog caught the rabbit, much to the delight of everybody. Then we went on again over a bit of grass. Fancher's dog Queen pointed hard and fast, and we knew we had a rabbit sure. Queen is a pointer, but the ethics of the Klondike require a dog to point everything, including

mink and skunk. This rabbit Roll Organ kicked out, but he only threw snow over it with his close-choked gun, as it dodged for cover. John Watson was at one side, and both John Watson and I wiped Mr. Organ's eye. The ladies began to think rabbit hunting was a lot of fun.

We now got into the sleigh again and drove a couple of miles further, stopping at one of those timbered islands peculiar to the Kankakee country. Here we fell foul of many rabbits, and each gun picked up one in a few moments, the ladies, who tramped close up, dressed warmly and shod with heavy stockings and moccasins, seeing all the fun very comfortably, and getting quite into the notion of the sport. We walked slowly around a hundred acres or so of this cover, and by the time we got back to the sleigh we had eleven rabbits in all. Then we drove back to the club house and had a good lunch. Isn't that a Sybaritic sort of way to go rabbit hunting?

After lunch we took our time, and drove off in a different direction to another stretch of scrub oak cover. It was now colder and snow began to fall, but the weaker members of the hunt were game and resolved to finish the day. We jumped three rabbits before we had gotten well started, Messrs. Watson and Organ doubling on one very long shot in open woods. The falling snow had covered all the old tracks so that we could see the fresh record of the woods before us. Tracks everywhere, so that one would have expected to see a hundred rabbits, but, rabbit fashion, the makers of the tracks kept well on ahead. Fancher now told us to spread out in line and meet some of these rabbits as they came back in their circle (as the rabbit will nearly always do). This we did, and John Watson picked up four rabbits at his end of the line in a little while. Then Fancher stationed us all on stumps and began a wide circle, giving tongue in an excellent imitation of a hound—the very last of the Kankakee marsh hunters' tricks I have seen put in practice. The rabbits, thinking that now all was lost, began to scurry about, and once in a while we got a shot. Cramped up on my stump top, I missed one easy shot, which Roll Organ bettered a moment later as the rabbit passed him. Then a very sportsmanlike chorus from the ladies of "Mark! Mark!" drew my attention to a rabbit that looked about as big as a cow, which I added to my pockets. Thus it went, and in a little while we had nine more rabbits, which we voted quite enough for all our wants. It was something of an old story for us men, but the experience for the ladies was new and interesting.

That night it snowed very hard, and the next day there was in full swing the great storm which passed on east of here this week. The temperature was lower and the air was so full of flying driven snow that one could hardly see. It was too much for the ladies, and as we had all the rabbits we wanted, Mr. Organ and I turned it into a snowshoe expedition and had a nice tramp, without any guns at all, the snow being perfect for that sport.

We came back to the city that afternoon, considering that our winter hunt had been very much a success. We have meat in our houses now. Let no man scoff at rabbit, lest thereby he betray ignorance alike of venery and cookery. Let me describe. As soon as a rabbit was killed Fancher eviscerated it with a long cut and a sharp flint of the body, grasped head and foot in his two hands, an operation which did not soil his hands. This should always be done as soon as a rabbit is killed. At home I personally conducted the rest of the operations, relying on my early training and not on that of any cook. I picked out the smallest and fattest rabbits, skinned carefully and dressed them nicely. (To skin a rabbit, break the skin in the middle of the back and pull the hands apart, one-half of the skin thus coming free in each hand, and no hairs being left on the flesh.) Then I butchered out my venison carefully, throwing away all blood-shot pieces. I cut off each hindleg and then cut a couple of sections or saddles across the back, trimming off all the thin flank meat up to the edge of the loin. I carved off the forelegs, taking out the shoulder blades nicely. The meager and bony residue of the rabbit I discarded, and thus I got a platter full of fine, firm, red and white meat, as nice looking as any venison that ever was. This meat can be stewed or boiled gently for an hour or so, and then fried and served with a thick brown gravy, and prepared in this way it is tender, delicate and toothsome. It can be fricasseed like chicken or can be broiled or fried direct without parboiling. A friend to whom I gave some rabbits said that he had them broiled whole, basted with butter, and he declared them good. Others like to soak the meat over night in water slightly salted. I think myself that a rabbit is improved by being hung up dressed and allowed to freeze for a few days. Somewhat depends on the way a rabbit is cared for when shot and in the manner in which it is dressed and cooked, but depend upon it, the individual who says rabbit isn't good is one who says so because he doesn't savvy how to kill, carve and cook it. Cats, forsooth! I will go bail that anyone who ate one of our Maksawba rabbits would never have cared to go back to cat again so long as he lived!

Notes.

At Necedah, Wis., on Feb. 5, ex-Member of the Legislature Wheelihan was fined \$129.99 for shooting partridges out of season. Mr. Wheelihan may thus be placed upon the list of sheriffs, wardens, justices of the peace, etc., compiled by the FOREST AND STREAM during the past two years, of persons in high places who have not been above breaking the game laws.

At the Wardens' Convention here last week the odd information came up that Michigan has a statute prohibiting the hunting of squirrels by means of ferrets. It is stated that this measure is the remnant of a session in which it was jocularly attempted to pass a law protecting the Spanish mackerel in Lake Michigan.

This same Wardens' Convention was held at the Great Northern Hotel, and in the course of the proceedings Mr. Davis, of Michigan, asked Warden Loveday what was the law on venison in Illinois. On being told that it could not be sold at this season, Mr. Davis said he had bought some that day at his lunch at the Great Northern Hotel! At least, it was listed as venison, though it did not taste like anything. Mr. Loveday said he valued this as a tip.

The old organization known as the Cumberland Gun Club was recently merged into a new one known as the Cumberland Lodge Club, with thirty members, the membership being full at this date. This club takes over the property of the Cumberland Gun Club. Treasurer Henry Stephens tells me that the item in regard to the unpaid taxes of this club arose from the fact that the taxes for 1896, running under the name of the Cumberland Gun Club, were unpaid until recently. The grounds near Lowell, Ind., will be maintained as the home of this representative shooting club.

Prof. Frank Russel, a graduate of the State University of Iowa, 1892, has lately been elected Professor of the Department of American Archaeology and Ethnology, recently established in Harvard College. It was Prof. Russel who, after his graduation, made the trip for the Iowa University to the Barren Grounds of the far North in search of specimens of the musk ox. He made this trip with no blare of trumpets either before or after its accomplishment, yet his was the most successful enterprise of the kind ever attempted. He was gone nearly two years in all, and secured a number of perfect specimens of the musk ox, with much other material for the museum of his university.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, reports for the committee on bird protection to the American Ornithologists' Union that he finds in January of 1898 a distinct advance in the work of the Audubon Society. He finds that about 75 per cent. of the hats worn are trimmed with feathers, but only 25 per cent. of these are the feathers of wild birds. The feathers of domestic fowls are made up and dyed in imitation of those of wild birds. This, however, does not prevent the insatiate demand for the plumage of the egret, for Mr. Deane learns that one wholesale millinery house in Chicago last fall sold \$5,000 worth of egret plumes. The heron roosts on the Kankakee River have not been troubled much this year, and the birds are increasing.

This Looks Familiar.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—A friend sends me a clipping from the Los Angeles Daily Times of Feb. 1, this being an article on the small game of California, written by Count Jaro von Schmidt. The latter goes on to recount the different kinds of game found in that State, and speaks of the causes which have led to the decrease in the supply. He then goes on to say:

"Now a new danger threatens, which is more serious yet. It is the wholesale gathering of eggs in Alaska and on the northern coast by the natives, who find willing purchasers at the many mining camps and fish-canning factories. The eggs of geese and ducks are gathered whether they are fresh or incubated (and, therefore, unfit for human food) and sold by the cartload.

"If this vandalism is not stopped by our Legislature, our coast will be soon stripped of their visitors from the North, who add so much pleasure to our sportsmen and to our table every fall and winter. The present game laws of California are now fairly good, and it is hoped will be enforced more and more, as the citizens of the United States see more plainly the absolute necessity of protection."

Rabbits.

At a jack rabbit hunt held at Garden City, Kan., last week, 1,205 rabbits were killed in one day, an average of thirty to each gun.

At Perry, Mo., 1,800 rabbits, cottontails, were killed in one day in a side-hunt in which thirty men were engaged. The losing side, captained by R. M. Judy, paid for the oyster supper last Tuesday night.

In one day this month 80,000 rabbits were received in the St. Louis markets.

The tempest in Ohio over the rabbit law seems to resolve itself into the clamor of some individuals to want to shoot rabbits all the time. The claim that the rabbits would eat up all the farm produce is more imaginary than well founded. Mr. Volney Rogers, of Youngstown, has this to say about the rabbit law:

"I think our game laws should be enforced, and that the law as to rabbits should remain as it is. Farmers are authorized to destroy them now if found doing damage on their own premises, and if all protection is removed it will simply result in poachers hunting and killing all kinds of game at any season, under pretense of hunting for rabbits."

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes me that they are having considerable sport rabbit hunting in that country just now, and that rabbits are very abundant. He speaks also of the killing of two fine specimens of the Arctic owl.

Is this the Fantail?

In the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, dated Jan. 27, 1898, Mr. Edgar A. Mearns describes what he claims to be a distinct species of deer, stating that the typical animal from which he made his studies, as well as other specimens, will soon be placed in the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C. Mr. Mearns, in his report on this species, says:

"The small white-tailed deer of Texas differs so materially in size, proportions, coloration and cranial characters from the other members of the *Dorcelaphus americanus* group as to necessitate its separation. (Scientific description given in full, of which the following is a part.)

"The horns of the type approach those of the Sonoran deer, *Dorcelaphus couesi* (Coues and Yarrow), in size and form. There are two basal snags, one directed upward and backward (length 75mm.), and one forward (length 37mm.), with four additional points to each horn, making twelve points in all. The length of the beam, measured to end of anterior point, following the curves of the horn, is 440mm. The horns are symmetrical, their longest points measuring 175mm. in height. The beam is strongly curved upward, forward and inward, the tips of the anterior tines approaching within 70mm. of each other. The total expanse of the horns is 330mm.; the circumference of beam, at base, 80mm.

"Remarks.—Numerous skins of this deer from Texas and Mexico south to San Luis Potosi have been examined, and found to agree in size and coloration with those above described. The horns vary within ordinary limits, but those of the type represent the usual size and form,

except that there is more often but one basal snag. The bucks weigh in the neighborhood of 100lbs. and the does about 75lbs.

"While the Texan deer differs sufficiently from the white-tailed deer of southern Mexico and Central America, as well as from the forms recognized in the United States, to warrant its separation, the available material is insufficient to furnish a reliable indication as to its intergradation with them. Therefore, for the present, it is proper to regard it as a species."

Mr. Mearns goes on to compare this new deer from Texas and northern Mexico with the white-tailed deer of Virginia and Carolina, with which he conceives it cannot agree, more especially in its relatively heavier dentition. Neither does he find it coinciding with the Florida deer (*Dorcelaphus osceola*). Nor can he observe it to agree with *Dorcelaphus macrourus* (Rafinesque), "a large pallid form of the northern plains region, characterized by restriction of the dark and corresponding expansion of the light areas. It has widely branching, often scraggy horns, very different from those of *D. texanus*." He goes on to say:

"The only remaining deer of the United States requiring comparison with the small Texan species is the Sonoran deer, *Dorcelaphus couesi* (Coues and Yarrow), a still smaller and more pallid animal, having much larger ears, on which the black edging and tips were wanting. The dentition of *D. texanus* is much heavier and the tail considerably shorter than in *D. couesi*.

"The only Mexican deer with which the present form requires comparison is the animal that has been known by the specific name *mexicanus*. This name was first applied by Gmelin. According to Dr. J. A. Allen, 'the *Cervus mexicanus* of Gmelin, however, is a vague composite species, only in part referable to deer from Mexico, and in all probability has no relation to the little Sonoran deer described by Baird.' The name *mexicanus* may, however, be regarded as fixed to a deer of southern Mexico, very different from the Texan deer."

The type taken by Mr. Mearns was collected in Kinney county, Texas, near Fort Clark. I regret to note that the tail is mentioned as shorter than that of another deer, but it may still be long enough to allow it to fill the description of the animal we used to call the "fantail deer," over which so much discussion has arisen at one time and another. Those who scoffed at the fantail idea said that they knew this little Texas deer, and that it was the same species as the white-tailed deer (*virginianus*). Since Mr. Mearns has now, in the fullness of time, come forward with the contention and the scientific proof that one small Texas deer is a species distinct from the ordinary white-tail deer, what ground is there left for the scoffers to stand upon who once declared the "fantail" species impossible? If *D. texanus* (Mearns) is a distinct species, it either is or is not the fantail deer. If it is the fantail, we old-fashioned hunters are vindicated on the spot. If it is not the fantail, we are vindicated anyhow, for the point is established that *virginianus* (or *americanus*) does not cover all the deer with white tails in Texas, and to grant a part of the contention is to grant it all. No scientific man would accept the hunter's name of "fantail," but it is very possible that if a hunter brought the scientific man a fantail he might call it *Dorcelaphus texanus*, "a new deer." Really it would not be a new deer at all, but an old deer, about which the hunters knew and talked long ago. The scientific name of the animal would not interest the hunter, but he would know the species by his own keen and trusty eye and under his own name, the latter far more permanent than the scientific nomenclature, which, meant to be indelible and permanent, is really the most changeable thing in the world (as witness the secession from the time-honored *Cervus virginianus* to *Cervus dama americana*, which is now claimed to antedate the former by seven years!)

Really, it would seem that everything in the world will come to you if you only sit down and wait. For many years I stood with the hunters against the scientists, who said we had but two species of bears in America, the black and the grizzly. Along comes Dr. Merriam and hands out more species of new bears than you could shake a stick at. For the hunters and the fantail I also held out, and here is Mr. Mearns with a fresh package of fantails and a basketful of proof of what the hunters knew. Some of these people are going to feel mighty bad some day, when I come blowing in with a fresh hornsnake showing a spike in his tail about a foot long.

I am indebted to Mr. Charles Hallock for the copy of the Proceedings of the Biological Society showing the discovery of the new species of small Texas deer.

Wisconsin Deer.

It is stated that in Douglas county, Wis., this year nearly 1,000 deer were killed. Four years ago 2,300 were killed there. In the past ten years, it is believed, fully 15,000 deer have been killed in that county alone. Old hunters say the deer are as abundant as ever there.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Michigan Quail and Snow.

ZILWAUKEE, Mich., Feb. 15.—In your issue of Feb. 12 I saw a letter of Mr. W. B. Mershon's, under the heading of "Winter and the Game," in which he says he fears that the snowstorms and extreme rough weather will kill the quail. Now, agreeing perfectly with Mr. Mershon as to the amount of snow we have had, but having the occasion to be over last fall's hunting grounds after the snowstorms, I found fully as many quail signs, and in fact saw as many birds, as at any time after the season closed. As to mink, they are scarce here, and we have nothing to fear from them; so, unless something unforeseen happens, we will have good shooting again next fall.

H. L. B.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Laws of Long Ago.

THE general public is prone to think that laws for the protection of fish and game constitute an innovation upon the rights and privileges of the people; but there are many, a great many, thinking people who strongly approve the efforts which are being made to save thoughtless people from the dire consequences of their own beliefs and acts. Game laws are not an invention of the present; they are, in fact, almost as old as our colonial history. The need of such protection was felt 200 years ago, when game was far more plentiful than it is now, when there was an honest disposition to preserve it from wanton waste, as there is now. Doubtless there were men in those days, as there are now, who cried out against game law legislation, men of such selfish disposition that they cared for naught but to gratify their own greed in all walks of life.

It is a somewhat curious fact that all along in the statute books, from the laws established in 1665 by the Duke of York for the government of the Colony of New York to the present time, there are protective laws for game and fish, and some of the earlier laws were even more strict than those in these days. The first edict issued by the Duke of York related to the destruction of wolves as being one means of protecting game. It was somewhat odd in its character, sufficiently so, perhaps, to warrant its reproduction here:

"If any Person, either Christian or Indian, shall at any time bring the head of a Wolfe or Wolves to any Constable upon Long Island, the said Constable is required to Call two of the Overseers to him and then and their to Pay and Satisfie such Person or Persons to the value of an Indian Coat; to be allowed out of the publique Charge in the Toune Rate Provided alwayes that the Constable and Overseers shall require the Oath of such Christians, that bring the head of a wolfe or wolves, that he killed the said wolfe or wolves, * * * that the Constable and Overseers have due regard to such wolfe or wolves brought by Indians, that they appear to be fresh. * * * The Constable and Overseers are to cause the heads to be nayled over the doore of the Constable their to remain, as also to Cut off both the Eares in token that the head is bought and paid for."

In 1683 (Nov. 1) "the Govern'r Council & Representatives in Gen'l Assembly met and assembled" enacted a law in reference to wolves which declared "Thatt whatsoever Christian shall kill a grown wolf upon Long Island; hee shall be paid twenty shillings P. head, in the County where itt shall so happen (the same being proved as in ye Law is set forth), & for a whelp about a halfe a Yeare old, he shall be paid halfe as much." The act also made provision for a bounty to Indians and for the protection of other localities within the Colony of New York.

The first legislation for the protection of game was passed for the Colony of New York in 1705 (Aug. 4). It was then declared that:

"Whosoever within the Countys of Suffolk, Queens County, Kings County, West Chester or Richmond, Christian or Indian, Freeman or Slave, after ye first day of January which will be in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred & five shall kill or destroy any Buck Doe or Faun or any sort of Deer whatsoever, at any time of the Year except only between the first day of August & the first day of January, shall forfeit & pay the sum of Twenty Shillings lawfull money of New York, or in default thereof Suffer Imprisonment for ye time and Space of Twenty days without Baile or Mainprize, unless within that time he or they pay the forfeiture aforesaid. The one-half whereof shall be to him who shall prosecute & sue for ye same before any one of her Ma'tys Justices of the Peace where such offence shall be committed who is hereby Authorized Impow'rd & required to hear & determine the same at his Discretion and the other half to the Poore of the respective County where any person or persons shall be of such offence Convicted.

"And be it also Enacted by the Authority aforesaid That whatsoever Dog or Dogs shall be found hunting or Chaceing any Buck Deer or Faun or any Sort of Deer whatsoever between the said first day of January & the first day of August Yearly shall & may be and hereby are required to be shott and kill'd or otherwise destroy'd any Law to the Contrary hereof notwithstanding, and the Sevrall Justices of the Peace within the said Countys & every one of them are hereby required to Se this Act and every Clause therein put in Execution According to the true Intent and meaning thereof.

"And be it further Enacted by the authority aforesaid that the keepers of the Goales for the Countys aforesaid respectively having a Warrant from one of her Ma'tys Justices of the Peace for that County shall receive Such Offender or Offenders into their respective Goales and him or them in safe and Clase Custody keep for the Term aforesaid on penalty for neglect or refusall to pay Double the Forfeiture aforesaid to be recovered in any of her Ma'tys Courts of Sessions and to be appl'd in manner before Exprest. Provided alwayes, that this Act shall be & remain in full force for the Space of Seven years from the first day of January next & no longer."

This "act" seems to have been so popular that in 1708 "An act for the more Effectual preservation of Deer and other Game and ye Destruction of Wolves and Wild Catts and other vermin" was passed. The act was specifically designed to protect not only deer, but also squirrels, wild turkeys, heath hens, "partridges or quailles, their eggs or young ones at any time of the year except the times and Seasons herein after mentioned and exprest, that is to say, for deer between the first day of August and first day of January and for turkeys, heath hens, partridges and quailles between the first day of August and the first day of Aprill shall forfeit and pay" certain fixed sums of money or be imprisoned.

There was no "Section 249" in those times under which game could be sold every day of the year. And people who object to game laws in these days would do well to consider what effort was made almost two centuries ago to protect game—what economy was exercised. The third section of the act under consideration gives excellent suggestions to legislators, particularly to those who do not know the iniquity practiced under

section 249 of our present code of laws. It reads:

"And for the better Conviction of the Offenders in all or any the Cases abovesaid Bce it Enacted by the Authority aforesaid That whatsoever person or persons with whom shall be found or Shall Expose to Sale any green Deer-Skins, ffrsh Venison or Deers fflsh, Wild Turkeys, heath-hens, Partridges or Quailcs, their Eggs or young Ones, at any other time of the year than what is before Excepted, shall be held, Deemed and Judged Guilty of said offence, and be therefore Convict, unless he or they shall prosecute and Convict some other person to have done the same; and that the same green Deer skins, ffrsh Venison or Deers fflsh, Wild Turkeys, Heath-hens, Partridges or Quailcs, their Eggs or young Ones, so found as aforesaid, or any other probable Circumstance, at the Discretion of the Justice before whom such offence shall be tried, shall be held to be good Evidence in the Offences aforesaid."

Early attention was also given to protecting fish from waste. In 1714 it was enacted that Garrett de Graeuw and his assigns should be singly and alone entitled "to the Fishery of Porpoises during the term of seven years." Here, too, was perhaps the first legislation in this country for the protection of an invention, a patent law, as it were. De Graeuw invented some kind of a contrivance for taking porpoises which was deemed both valuable to the inventor and profitable to the colony, in that it would save fish from waste; so the exclusive use of it was given to him, and "any person who shall undertake to carry on the said Fishery, by the Inventions of the said Garret De Graeuw, contrary to and Frustrating the true intent and meaning of this Act, he or they shall forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred Pounds Current Money."

In 1730 "an act for the preservation of oysters" was passed, and in 1733 a law was enacted for the preservation of the English pheasants.

If this article were not already too long, attention might be called to many instances of the frugality shown by the colony. Wastefulness of all kinds was abhorred. Think as we will, as we look backward from our pinnacle of civilization, there was much in the habits and customs of those "old colonial times" which, if they could but enter into the lives of the people of to-day, would make our boasted civilization still better. D. H. B.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., February, 1898.

An Old Single-Trigger.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun."

As we grow older we realize more fully that the saying is not far from the literal truth, and that whatever we are tempted to call new has been aforesaid in the bygone and forgotten days of the olden and long-vanished years of the past.

The columns of FOREST AND STREAM have lately contained numerous allusions to the fact that the different gun manufacturers are each trying to bring out a single-triggered double-barreled shotgun, and some of the articles have tacitly hinted that such a thing is a matter of difficulty, and requires much study and careful thought in order to succeed.

When I saw the first of these allusions I smiled to myself; when I saw another I laughed; and as they grew more numerous I wondered where the difficulty lay, and even went so far as to call my boy's attention to the matter, and to tell him that I had seen and shot such a gun nearly thirty years ago, and that it had done good work, but that I had seen but the one.

I heard of that gun in the winter of 1859-60, but I didn't see it until in the spring of 1869. My uncle lived in Missouri, and came in to Pennsylvania in the winter named to see his parents—my grand-parents—who were growing old, and I remember of hearing him tell his father of his gun, and that he had rigged it up so that it had but a single trigger. Grandfather had been a mighty hunter in his day, and took great interest in all that related to sport and to sporting materials, and I can remember how interested he seemed in the one-triggered gun that uncle told him of.

In '69 I went out to Missouri to visit my uncle. I inquired about his gun. He brought it out and showed it to me, and told me that he had got it up himself; that the trigger was a broad one inside the locks of the gun. I afterward took off the locks and examined the mechanism. The trigger was in the slot that had originally held the trigger for the right lock, the sear-spring of the right lock was much weaker than that of the left, and he told me that he had made it so on purpose; the slot that had held the left trigger he had filled up with a piece of steel inserted while the trigger plate had been hot, and then filed down in a workmanlike manner. On the left side of this single trigger was a plate making the trigger broad enough to reach and raise the sear of the left lock of the gun. In firing, the trigger first raised the right sear, and thus the right barrel of the gun was discharged. If the pull was continued the right sear was still further raised, and the plate above mentioned coming in contact with the left sear raised it and discharged the left barrel of the gun. The trigger pull of this gun, I should say, was for the right barrel about 3lbs., and for the left barrel did not exceed 4lbs.

Of course the gun was a muzzleloader, but the barrels were fine Damascus, and it was a great shooter. Uncle told me that he had paid \$75 for it in St. Louis. I asked him why he had changed it, and he said that he didn't like the two triggers; that they had sometimes fooled him, and that when he bought the gun he had tried to have the dealer change it to a single-triggered gun, but had been told that it could not be done, or that if it could that it would not give satisfaction. He had come home, taken a piece of steel, and after annealing it had made the trigger as I saw it with a file and a small drill. That he then had taken the sear springs out of the locks and had adjusted them so that the trigger pull suited him, had placed all in position, and had never had any further trouble with the gun, except that he had taken it apart and oiled it whenever there seemed to be need for it. He had killed much game and many deer with this gun, and every one of his neighbors knew or knew of his gun. I have often fired it, but did not like the single trigger. Both barrels could be discharged very nearly together, but there was a perceptible difference in the trigger pull of the two barrels, and I think such must always be the case.

I have not seen any of the recent productions of single-triggered double guns that have come out of the manufacturing, but I think that the same objections that existed to uncle's gun may be found in them. A single trigger, however, is a step in advance; whatever lessens the number of motions requisite for the handling of a gun, as a gun, necessarily adds to the efficiency and ease of use of the weapon. AMATEUR.

The Ohio Ducking Law.

From the Cleveland Leader.

In another column we republish an article which appeared in the Leader of Sept. 13, 1896, giving a history of the restrictions placed upon shooting ducks and wildfowl on Monday and Tuesday of each week. The restrictions as to these days should be repealed.

It is decidedly unfair to prohibit shooting wildfowl on Mondays and Tuesdays on the marshes contiguous to Lake Erie (if they should happen to be little bays and estuaries) and not in like manner prohibit shooting wildfowl on marshes which are not estuaries of the lake or upon other parts of the State. Almost all sportsmen who have expressed their views upon this subject for the past ten years, since the restriction was first introduced into the game laws of Ohio, maintain that the limitation, if enforced, would not aid in protecting game. It is claimed that bunching the shooting into the last four days of the week leads to more destruction of game and careless shooting than if hunting were allowed on the six days of the week. And the law has not been enforced and cannot be. In the opinion of many the better way would be to shorten the open season and omit all restrictions as to week days. If wildfowl need further protection, make the open season commence Sept. 15 instead of Sept. 1, as now. But the injustice of the present condition must be apparent to all members of the Legislature. Some of the Lake Erie marshes are bays and estuaries, others are not; and as the law stands the members of one club can hunt and at least shoot at ducks six days in the week, while others within a short distance cannot do so on Mondays and Tuesdays. In addition, it is a constant menace to honest sportsmen who will try to obey it, while some will ignore it entirely, knowing that the game wardens cannot enforce it. Any attempt to prevent the shooting of ducks on Mondays and Tuesdays and permit the shooting of other marsh game on such days is absurd. To make such a law effective as to wild ducks the restriction should also apply to all wading and swimming birds, such as coot, rail, snipe, plover, etc. But the idea is absurd, and all restrictions as to Mondays and Tuesdays should be eliminated from the game law.

From the Leader, Sept. 13, 1896.

One of the most trying subjects for the average legislator to understand seems to be the proper protection of game and fish. Other States have the same trouble in this matter that has existed in Ohio, for the incongruities of almost all of the game laws of the various States are notorious. But the experience of the Ohio Legislature in trying to prohibit the hunting of ducks and wildfowl on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week so as to strengthen the law against Sunday shooting is ridiculous in the extreme.

In March, 1887, the Legislature passed a game law which made an attempt of this kind for the first time, and it was published correctly in the book of laws for that year. For several years previous the farmers living in the neighborhood of St. Mary's reservoir and other inland lakes had been greatly annoyed by the hunters from the cities flocking to these places to shoot ducks and other game on Sunday. When on these trips a great many depredations were committed. The Legislature was finally appealed to, and in March, 1887, passed a game law which provided for the seasons in which game should be killed, and after prohibiting the destruction of nests and eggs of game birds and wildfowl the following complete sentence was added:

Excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof, no person shall, in any place, catch, kill or injure, or pursue with such intent, any blue-winged teal, mallard, wood duck, or any other duck, on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week, between the 1st day of September and the 1st day of April of any year.

The prohibition of Sunday shooting was thus made a part of the game laws of Ohio, and in order to aid in its enforcement the hunting of ducks and wildfowl was also prohibited on Mondays and Tuesdays of each week excepting in Lake Erie and the contiguous marshes, the latter being owned largely by clubs which do not hunt on Sunday.

At the legislative session of 1888 some member of the Legislature had another amendment to make to the game law, and as is usual in such cases cut out the old law, and after putting in his amendment or addition had it printed and passed. The printer, however, made a mistake, and the words "excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the bays and estuaries thereof" were added to the clause prohibiting the destruction of eggs or nests of ducks and wildfowl, the law appearing as follows:

No person shall destroy or disturb the eggs or nests of any birds named in this section, excepting in the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof; no person shall in any place catch or kill or injure or pursue with such intent any wild ducks on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of December of any year.

In effect then it was unlawful to destroy the eggs and nests of any ducks or game birds excepting on Lake Erie and contiguous marshes. This gave the people of Toledo and other small towns in the marshy district an unfair advantage, or it was a reflection upon their methods of supplying material for their omelette. The members of the Legislature and the clerks of that body from 1888 to 1894 ought to have found out that the laying and nesting season with wildfowl is in the spring and not the fall. The Leader frequently called attention to this blunder, but no attention was paid to it, and the law in its bungled form appears in the revised statutes for 1890. In 1894 some member of the Legislature had an amendment to make in the game laws,

and after adding his amendmert had it again passed without, however, correcting the blunder made in 1888. So that up to 1896 any evil-disposed person on Lake Erie could destroy game birds, nests and eggs with impunity if he so desired. But all sportsmen throughout the State knew what the law was intended to mean, and we believe it was fairly observed. Those living on the shores of Lake Erie and the members of contiguous clubs continued to hunt on Mondays and Tuesdays as before, as there had never been any objection to it.

During the last session of the Legislature (spring of 1896), however, some new member saw a point in the game law that he thought needed amending. After making the desired amendment he came across the peculiar combination of blunders dating back as far as 1888. He was an intelligent and well-meaning man, and saw that it was not exactly proper or fair to permit residents on the shores of Lake Erie to destroy eggs and nests of ducks and wildfowl without permitting other residents of the State to do the same. He did not, however, examine the history of the affair far enough back to see that the clause "excepting Lake Erie and its bays and estuaries" was inserted in the law so as to permit hunting on Mondays and Tuesdays in that locality, while the intention was to prohibit such hunting in other parts of the State. He therefore rewrote a part of the section, and after the usual prohibition regarding the destruction of eggs and nests the new law says:

"No person shall kill any wild ducks on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio or in or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof."

As the law reads now it is unlawful to hunt on Mondays or Tuesdays on the reservoirs of the State or upon Lake Erie and adjacent marshes if they are considered estuaries of Lake Erie, but nothing is said about other parts of the State, or of marshes on the shores of Lake Erie which are not bays or estuaries of the lake. In reality therefore as great a blunder is made by this new law as was made in 1888, because the inland lakes, rivers and creeks needed this restriction. In all probability the Legislature intended to only correct the blunder in punctuation in the old law and restore the part relating to Monday and Tuesday hunting as it was in 1887, and it is likely that residents and members of clubs along Lake Erie marshes will continue to hunt on those days as usual. It is very singular, however, that some one cannot be found in our Legislatures who can frame an intelligent and just game law.

A Friendly Deer.

DR. WILLETT KIDD, the fish and game protector, visited Cooley, a small hamlet in Sullivan county, on Saturday at the request of a man named Melvin Carley, who had a wild deer confined in his barn, and was uncertain as to what disposition to make of the animal.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, while Mr. A. G. Welsh, a resident of Cooley, was eating his supper, a large deer bounded into the dooryard. The surprised farmer hurried to the door to get a better view when the deer stepped up on the stoop and tried to enter the house. Mr. Welsh closed the door on the unexpected visitor, and the deer, having made unsuccessful efforts to get in, looked into the window at Mr. Welsh as if seeking protection. Mr. Welsh had no particular use for the pretty creature, and it finally departed. The deer was breathing hard and was very tired, apparently it had been chased a long distance.

Not having found friends at Mr. Welsh's home, the deer continued her journey, and next called at the home of Mr. Carley who lives near the first named. At Mr. Carley's house the fugitive made her presence known in a somewhat startling manner. Mr. Carley was within, when he heard a slight noise at the window. Glancing up, he saw the deer looking longingly inside. Mr. Carley took compassion on the gentle, soft-eyed creature, and easily got it to follow him to the barn, where he locked it up. The deer had been run nearly to death by lawless hunters, and had also been shot in the back near the spine. The wound slightly affected its traveling.

Having rescued the animal from butchers, Mr. Carley was at a loss to know what to do with it, as it is a violation of the game laws to have deer in the possession. On the other hand, if he turned the deer away it would fall an easy prey to some conscienceless pot-hunter. Therefore Mr. Carley took the wisest course and notified Dr. Kidd.

The game protector and Mr. Carley went down to the barn, and when the door was opened the prisoner, a large and handsome doe, bounded down to meet them. Mr. Carley had made a great pet of the animal, and directly it began to sniff around in the pockets of Dr. Kidd's overcoat for apples, of which it is very fond. Dr. Kidd examined the wound in the back and found that it had probably been made with buckshot. There was another hurt in the leg, which looked like a gunshot wound, but which might have been made by a wire fence barb. The deer was sleek and fat and was rapidly recovering from its wounds. Mr. Carley is a good-hearted man, and had given his pet plenty to eat, and had cared for its injuries.

The tameness of the animal is surprising, for it is without doubt a wild deer. However, instances have been known where wild deer which have been wounded and chased nearly to death by dogs and cold-blooded hunters have sought human beings for protection. A while ago the Sun gave an instance where a tired fawn had dashed into a little town in Maine and put itself in care of a lad, who led it safely to his home.

Under the circumstances, it seemed best to allow Mr. Carley to keep his pet, and when the game protector gave such a decision Mr. Carley was well pleased. The people for miles around come to see the pretty prisoner, for while the residents of that particular community see many dead deer brought in by hunters they have about as few chances to see live ones as do Newburghers.

Many residents in and about Cooley conduct boarding houses during the summer, and there is probably not one of them but would gladly give \$100 for the pet, as it would be a rare attraction for the city folk who spend the warm months in rugged Sullivan. No amount of money, however, could buy that particular deer. It is significant too that Mr. Carley has put a strong lock on his barn door.—*Newburgh Journal, Feb. 14.*

Sea and River Fishing.

The Triton Club.

The accompanying illustrations are of the Triton Fish and Game Club, in the Province of Quebec. They show the club house and view down Lac a la Croix from the house. The Triton preserve is twenty-four hours from New York. Leaving Quebec by the Quebec and Lake St. John R. R., we begin to climb up toward the mountains, passing through the quaint little Indian village of Lorette, where the last remnants of the once powerful tribe of Hurons live on the reservation provided by the Government of Canada, and it is from here we procure our guides for the Triton Club; and good, honest, hardworking, painstaking guides they are.

After a ride of five hours through a wild, mountainous country, with a view from the car windows every few minutes, as we pass along, of some little lake nestled in among the mountains, we finally run along up the Batiscan River for forty miles. The Batiscan is a wild, rushing river, winding in and out of the mountains until it seems we must get lost even if we are on a railroad.

At a distance of 108 miles from Quebec the train comes to a stop, and we find ourselves at our journey's end, so far as the iron horse will take us. There we come to a beautiful little chalet built of logs, with the sign "Triton Fish and Game Club" across the front of it. This is the depot, and belongs to the club, having been built by the club, and on their own land. The cottage consists of a large room with fireplace, chairs, and two bedrooms and other furnishings, with a guide house attached. A telephone connects with the club house, and a man with boats and men meets all trains. There are no other houses at the station, and the train only stops for those going to the club.

From the station down the Vermillion River and into Lac a la Croix, where the club house is situated, is a trip of a half hour only; and here, as one may readily see from the accompanying cuts, members have a beautiful summer home. The house contains a large hall, reading room and thirty bedrooms. Near by are a boat house, large enough to contain 100 canoes; guides' house, ice house, and a garden of four acres.

All this in the midst of the Laurentian Mountains, 1,700 feet above tide water. These mountains, geologists tell us, are the oldest mountains in the world.

The club tract contains some 800 square miles, and is a virgin forest, not a stick of timber having ever been cut upon it. The tract contains over 100 known lakes, only about one-third of which have ever been explored except by Indians. The largest known lakes are Troix, Carabou, Lac de Passe, Mouise and Batiscan; and they are from five to thirteen miles long. Only brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are found in the tract, and every lake and stream is full of them. The largest fish caught since the territory has been formed into a club was caught last summer by Hon. William B. Kirk, ex-Mayor of Syracuse, and weighed 9lbs. But before the club was organized, in 1894, trout had been caught weighing over 10lbs.

Since the organization of the club a few of the large catches of fish have been:

Dean Robbins, of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, 12 fish weighing 72lbs., the two largest weighing 8¼ and 8½.

Charles H. Mowry, editor Sporting Goods Gazette, Syracuse, 33 trout weighing 110¼lbs.; average 3lbs. 5oz. each, the largest 6½lbs.

A. N. Cheney, New York State Fishculturst, 35 trout weighing 117½lbs.; the largest, 7lbs.

The Triton abounds in game—partridge, duck, caribou, moose and bear—and in fur-bearing animals there are muskrats, mink, otters and beavers.

The daughter of Hon. Charles Andrews, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, killed two caribou last year, and as she expressed it, could have killed twenty more.

Commenting upon the election of Mr. G. F. Gregory, of Syracuse, as president of the Triton Club for 1898, the courier, of that city, says:

"The election of G. Fred Gregory, of Syracuse, as president of the famous Triton Fish and Game Club, of the Province of Quebec, serves to call attention to this unique organization, in which Syracusans play a most important part. Mr. Gregory has been a member of the club since 1895, and ever since he joined the association he has labored with energy and enthusiasm to promote its interests and to advance its prosperity. A true sportsman and a lover of nature, Mr. Gregory takes delight in exploring the Canadian lakes and wilderness, while his sportsman's instincts are stimulated and more than gratified by the success which attends the efforts of himself and fellow-members of the Triton Club to woo the unequaled brook trout from their native element. Largely through Mr. Gregory's efforts the membership of the Triton Fish and Game Club has been made to include a large number of prominent Syracusans who spend from two to six weeks each summer in hunting or fishing or in enjoying outdoor life."

The home of the Triton Club is located on the preserve situated within the deep recesses of the Laurentian Mountains, in the Province of Quebec, and is an ideal resort for those who desire to get as far as possible from the haunts of man in their search for rest, recreation and enjoyment. Geologists say that these mountains are the oldest in the world, but whether this be true or not, there is no doubt that the trees that cover them are a virgin forest which has never been cut or interfered with by the hand of man. Here one may find conditions which have existed undisturbed perhaps since the flood, and no more interesting or attractive locality exists on the American continent, at least to those who enjoy outdoor sports and exhilarating recreation hundreds of miles from the haunts of man. The Triton Club house is easily reached from Syracuse in twenty-seven hours in a sleeping or parlor car. Having reached this comfortable club house, members can remain there if they so desire, for there is good fishing at its very doors. And the scenery is wild, beautiful and deeply impressive. The club preserve contains 800

square miles, so it will at once be seen that there is no chance that the quarters will ever be crowded, and there is plenty of opportunity for the members to "spread out" and become explorers in a region never trodden save by the foot of the Indian.

From the club house there is a choice of five or six different routes leading into the deep recesses of the virgin forest. Supplies, such as tents, canoes and provisions and camp outfits, are obtained at the club house, and with their Indian guides as pioneers the Syracuse members of the Triton Club strike out from the club house for a twenty-five or more miles' tramp and exploring tour through regions as primitive in their char-



THE TRITON CLUB HOUSE.

acter as the mind of man could imagine or conceive of. After a long day's tramp and carry, the camp is struck at night, and the tired fishermen and hunters, after partaking of a hearty supper prepared by the Indian guides, who are the best of chefs, stretch themselves upon the ground and enjoy a sound night's sleep and rest. Every lake and stream teems with brook trout, and remarkable catches are constantly reported during the fishing season.

Mr. Cheney states that in all his life he had never found fishing to approach that in the Triton Club preserve. Surely the true sportsman could wish for no higher gratification of his sporting proclivities than may be obtained in this favorite spot. But it is not fishing alone that lures Syracusans to the Triton grounds. Hunting is not the least of the pastimes afforded, and the game is royal game at that. Caribou, moose, bear, partridge and duck are to be found in abundance, and such fur-bearing animals as the beaver, otter, mink and muskrat.

Syracusans have enjoyed the royal sport of bringing down a caribou. Among those favored in this respect were Mrs. William S. Andress, an enthusiastic hunter;



THE CLUB HOUSE FROM THE LAKE.

Douglass E. Petit, Morris A. Smart, Charles Mowry, John Moore and others. No more exciting and exhilarating sport could be imagined than the successful chase after these royal denizens of the primitive forest. Surely the true sportsman could desire nothing more than a season of enjoyment in the wide-reaching preserves of the Triton Club among the recesses of the Laurentian Mountains. Summer or vacation life in this famed resort is wild, but free, and untrammelled by the customs and rules of everyday existence. Here a man may "rough it" in the pure air of the mountains, enjoy camp life with a good bed and an abundance of good food, follow the bent of his inclination to hunt or fish, and gain health, while pursuing sport to a degree never before experienced, and such which cannot be experienced under like conditions in any other spot on the American continent.

New England Sportsmen's Exposition.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—Secretary Walter L. Hill, of the New England Sportsmen's Association, says that features of the exhibit in March are already arriving. There are to be several live moose—one report says seven, but Mr. Hill is not sure of so many. Two caribou are already at hand; also a silver-gray fox. A Canada lynx is assured, and two black bears are on the way. California and Southern quail are to be shown, as well as numerous other game features. All these creatures will be there and alive. There is to be no faking. Fakirs and outside issues are not to be tolerated. Men of means as well as lovers of outdoor sports have taken hold of the affair for the sole purpose of making a genuine sportsmen's exhibit. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Proverbs of Angling.

Compiled by Shaganoss.

1. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Perhaps that is so, but most men had rather go fishing than rock cradles.

2. "Speak gently of the erring."

That is wise, especially if the "erring" party is bigger than you are. He may pitch you out of the boat.

3. "Nemo bis punitur eodem delicto."

This means, when fishing, don't lick yourself twice for the same mistake. Once is enough.

4. "There's many a slip 'twixt the hook and the landing net."

An excellent toast, should be drunk in silence, with the gas turned down low, and at the end of the feast.

5. "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

This means that he always spit on the bait.

6. "Necessity knows no law."

When you get a hook in your finger, get it out the best way you can.

7. "Errare est humanum."

Yes, especially when fishing; and the worst of it is that the errors are always in favor of the fish.

8. "De gustibus non est disputandum."

If an angler chooses to carry his worms in his mouth, it is nobody's business but his own.

Still this is a practice which I cannot recommend. Ladies are liable to object to it sometimes.

9. "A fish in the landing net is worth sixteen in the water"

—especially if it is a big one.

10. "Let me carry the bait bottle and I care not who pulls the oars."

11. "Caveat emptor."

This is an old Latin phrase, which means that when a man, returning at night with an empty creel, stops and buys his fish at the market house, it is a good plan to cut fish-hook holes in their jaws before he shows them to his wife.

12. "De minnowis lex non curat."

This means that stealing minnows is not a crime known to the law.

13. "Thy friend and thy father's friend forsake not"

—except when the fish bite, and then give them "the grand shake."

14. "One fish lie, well stuck to, is better than a wheelbarrow load of cold facts."

15. "He that taketh a fish is better than he that ruleth a nation."

16. "Dulce est desipere in loco."

When you want to make a fool of yourself, it is a good plan to see that nobody is around.

17. "A man is known by the company he keeps."

Some men are; others are known by the fishing yarns they tell.

18. "Keep thy bait with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of the trip."

19. "Dum vivimus, vivamus."

When you are fishing, fish. Don't waste any time swapping jack-knives.

20. "Dulce et decorum est mendacium dicere."

Marc Anthony one day unloaded some of his fishing yarns upon Mrs. Cleopatra. The above terse remark constituted her reply. She evidently knew Marc thoroughly.

21. "Time and tide wait for no man."

I never knew them to—at least, not since the time of Joshua, B. C. 1451. But this is too old a case to be relied on as a precedent.

22. "Too much of a good thing"

—is unknown in fishing. Don Quixote hit the nail squarely on the head when he remarked: "That which is good is never superfluous."

23. "Ex nihilo nihil fit."

Which means that the man who tries to catch fish without bait is tolerably sure to get left.

24. "Piscator nascitur, non fit."

This is a fact, and it doesn't make any difference who his parents are, either.

25. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

This was Solomon's way of saying that a fishing party is no place for mugwumps, kickers or drones. "Fish, cut bait or go ashore" was the rule then, as now.

26. "The lame and the lazy are always provided for."

This isn't true, though, for reasons strictly personal to myself, I wish it was.

27. "In hoc signo vinces."

Make sure that you have good bait before you start out.

28. "Concensus facit legem."

Freely translated, this means that when the other fellows lie about their scores, it isn't worth your while to stick to the truth.

29. "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*"

The man who got this up never went fishing—or, if he did, he intended it for what Artemus Ward used to call "sarcassum."

30. "*The exception proves the rule.*"

There are no rules in fishing. They are all exceptions.

31. "*Verbum sat sapientibus.*"

Don't follow the advice of anybody, unless he knows more than you do.

32. "*Honi soît qui nial y pense.*"

The old tradition that this phrase arose in connection with somebody picking up a woman's garter is pure fiction. It is a fisherman's motto, and means that simply because a man has had bad luck, and comes home at night with an empty creel, it is hardly proper for him, on that account, to kick his wife, cuff the children, stone the dog and throw the cat down the well.

33. "*Ignorantia legis neminem excusat.*"

If a fish gets off on a slack line, you will have nobody to blame but yourself.

34. "*Facilis est decensus averni.*"

Freely translated, this means that it is a bad practice to swear at a fish that gets off. It don't hurt the fish a bit, and it may affect your moral standing in the remote future. Don't do it.

35. "*Economize on the necessities of life rather than on the luxuries.*"

It is easier to worry along on second-class beefsteak than with poor bait.

36. "*It is not possible for anybody to know everything.*"

Some people think they do just the same.

37. "*In aqua, veritas.*"

I wish this was true, but it isn't.

38. "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

When a fish is hooked, get him in as soon as possible.

39. "*Non multa sed multum.*"

When fishing, I prefer both.

40. "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

The author of this old proverb lacked what Rufus Choate once called "felicity of expression." Being asked one day what kind of fishing he preferred, he replied as above. What he meant was this: That all kinds of fishing were good—that any of them "would go" with him. While he expressed himself somewhat awkwardly, his meaning is clear.

41. "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

A steady rain during your entire outing, especially if you are living in a tent away outside of civilization, may be a pleasant thing to recall about twenty-five or thirty years hence.

42. "*Eternal vigilance is the price of success.*"

Just remember this the next time a fish steals the bait off your hook while you are thinking about the girl you left behind.

43. "*Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.*"

Evidently this means that a man who would lie about his fish-score wasn't to be believed on any other subject, even under oath. Not a bad sort of a rule, either.

44. "*Tempora mutantur.*"

The fishing is not as good as it used to be. Sad, isn't it?

45. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Freely translated, this means that when a man deeply in love goes fishing, he needs to look out that some other fellow does not run off with his best girl before he gets back.

46. "*Ab uno disce omnes.*"

This is a lie—a pure, unadulterated water-proof lie. One fish caught, and weighed, cannot be relied upon to prove the weight of the next fish which the hook will bring up.

47. "*Carpe diem.*"

Go fishing every chance that offers—an excellent rule even yet.

48. "*Prior tempore, prior jure.*"

The first man to hook a fish has the best claim to it. This is not much of a proverb, but it will "go."

49. "*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

This was a very awkward way of saying that the fish were "few and far between," and "not many of them," either.

50. "*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*"

Better: Prove all things; hold fast everything which gets on the hook.

51. "*Noli me tangere.*"

That is what the worm said to the fish; but it didn't stop the funeral.

52. "*The end justifies the means.*"

If, at the end of a fishing trip, you haven't enough fish to show well in a photograph, the photographer will ordinarily supply you with enough stuffed and painted "dummies" to make a good showing. Borrow and put in as many of these as your conscience—if you have one—will stand.

53. "*Misfortunes never come singly, but in battalions.*"

I get them both ways.

54. "*Mistakes occur in the best regulated families.*"

Yes, but that fact does not help you a particle, when you suddenly discover that you have left your favorite rod six miles back, at the other end of the last portage.

Fishing on Forbidden Waters.

EMPTYING into the Delaware River, up in New York State, is one of many noted trout streams. Starting high up, and miles back in the woods, amidst rocks and bogs, it meanders its tortuous way, gathering up the outpourings of numberless springs en route, and finally reaches the river a grown-up stream of some importance.

Fresh, cool and sparkling from the woods, it crosses the main street of the village, under the old wooden bridge, and then flows through a meadow for half a mile just before it tumbles into the swift-flowing waters of the Delaware.

This half mile of meadow was fenced in, and was part of a farm owned by a crabbed, testy old farmer, McShane by name, notorious throughout the county for his sharp and oftentimes very questionable trading.

Paving stones had been found in his baled hay; his milk sent to town had been watered; he had killed diseased cattle and sent their meat to market, and a number of other similar transactions had been brought home to his door.

Although he had never caught a trout in his life and was never known to ask a neighbor to his farm to enjoy an hour's trouting, it was nevertheless a source of delight with him to know that he had on his land the best half mile of brook trout fishing, perhaps, to be found in the State.

He had reason to know that there was not a man or boy in the village, fond of fishing, but who would make almost any sacrifice, were it possible to get an afternoon's fishing in that stretch of water.

It did his covetous old eyes good to see the boys and men stop at the fence and gaze with longing eyes on that water, which at times was fairly alive with jumping trout. Fishermen would start fishing well up the stream and work down toward the river, only to finally come up against the fence, crossing the stream just when the fishing gave promise of being the best, and to read the conspicuously posted sign: "No fishing allowed. Trespassers will be vigorously prosecuted. Keep off."

The reputation of McShane for temper was not of the best, so much so that he was credited with a disposition to run one through with a hay-fork or perhaps slash you with his scythe, and accordingly the boys had great respect for that signboard—and incidentally for McShane as well.

There was a tradition that in former days McShane had almost killed a trespassing fisherman, and not even the boldest who might venture over the fence and cast his line into the forbidden precincts—with one eye always on the farmyard and the other on the water—was brave enough to stand his ground when the lank, cow-hide-booted, jean-appareled, straw-hat-crested form of McShane loomed up in the distance, fork, spade or scythe in hand, shouting the stereotyped cry of: "Gol darn ye! Git off'n there quick, or I'll break every bone in yer body!"

The stream, as well as the river, was fished "hard" in the spring, but this half mile of water was left in peace and quiet, as it were, a wild and natural preserve. It was a self-selected spot haunted by both big and little trout, the small fish coming from up the stream and hugging the shallow places, and the large fellows, great lusty fish of 2 and 3 lbs. in weight, coming from the river and crowding into the pools.

In May, when the flies were stirring, one standing at the fence could witness the leaping trout as they struck the falling flies when they touched the water. The fish were there in hundreds, and the surface of the water never seemed free from ripples made by rising fish. During the night the trout undoubtedly made excursions up the brook and out into the river, but when daylight came they found their way back to their haven of refuge, where worms on hooks, rainbow-tinted flies, swishing rods and wading men were unknown.

If the stories told from day to day by enthusiastic and imaginative anglers were so, as to the jumping trout seen in that stream, rolb. fish would have been at a discount. Because they were forbidden fish they seemed so much the larger.

Nothing but pure cussedness and meanness seemed to be the motive for posting that stream. The meadow along the waterway was rocky and swampy almost the entire length, so that no possible damage could result from one fishing the stream, even from the banks, in the way of trampled crops and meadow.

And as season after season went by, the trout in that sanctuary waxed lusty and strong and became numerous beyond count.

One of the village boys, who had been to New York studying to become a lawyer, returned one spring to his country home a full-fledged attorney-at-law, and without delay secured an office over the village post-office, and his shingle, bright and glorious in luminous paint, was exposed to the gaze of the villagers.

The many weary months he was cooped up between bricks and mortar in the great and noisy city, during which he wended his laborious way through the dry and dusty paths of legal lore, were not forgotten, and now that restraint was off and he was again among the hills and streams of his boyhood days, his intention was to enjoy them as the opportunity presented.

He had spent many Saturdays as a boy along the brooks, luring the trout with worm and alder pole from the cool recesses of the shelving rocks and overhanging banks. Often had he, after a day of indifferent fishing, stood at the forbidden fence and watched the trout jump when his string was far from filled.

His study of the law had convinced him of the power of speech, and he had assiduously cultivated that faculty. Being small of stature, he made up, therefore, in tongue what he lacked in physique.

He had set his mind on fishing in that sanctum sanctorum of old McShane's. If sued for trespass he would defend his own case, and if beaten, pay the damages—probably six cents. As to physical violence, he would rely upon his tongue to protect himself from that.

He was out with pole and bait before daylight, and

started in to fish, well up the stream, and work down toward the village. Luck was fair and the sport delightful after his long enforced abstinence. As the day wore on he neared the forbidden ground. He planned to reach the spot about 6 o'clock and watch for McShane until he went to supper, and then start in, thinking thus to improve his chances of a longer undisturbed fish.

Watching the farmer enter his house, he crawled under the fence and made for the pool on his hands and knees where he had seen the big fellows jump, and selecting an open spot, free from rocks and bushes, so that when lying down he could handle his rod fairly, he cast his line into the stream, and the fun began from the first cast.

It was hard work, prone on his stomach, handling those big fellows, but he was fishing with an alder pole and a stout hook and line, so that the trout had it not all their own way, as if up against a willowy 50z. rod.

Fish after fish, fine, plump, heavy fellows, did he add to his string, and still the war cry of old McShane sounded not in the distance.

Gee whiz! but the sport was great! Splash went his grasshopper upon the water again, and this time the line tugged as it never tugged before. He had the daddy of the pool, for as the fish turned in the water after taking the bait, his massive head and shoulders were a sight to see. A 5-pounder sure! He was fishing without a reel, and unless carefully handled the fish would tear loose from the hook and be off. Nothing must prevent him saving that fish, come what might, so up he stood, straight upright on his feet.

Instantly from the distant precincts of the farmhouse window came the well-known and old-time familiar cry ordering him off and consigning his body and soul to Sheol and all the side stations on the map. But our fisherman heeded not; his eyes and thoughts were on that fish and nowhere else. It made no difference to him that the sound of McShane's profanity advanced nearer and nearer, he must land that trout. After a few more sweeps of his pole he had the trout on its side and slowly drew it toward the bank, when stepping into the water and getting his fingers under its gills he drew the dripping beautiful fish from the water just as McShane, scythe in hand, came up panting, breathless and white with rage.

Our fisherman was cool and not at all disturbed even at the hostile demonstrations of McShane, who held the scythe drawn back as if prepared to mow off a foot or two of the trespasser's legs, and as McShane drew breath the fisherman calmly but firmly remarked, "Be c-a-r-e-f-u-l, for I'm a lawyer."

Only recently McShane had been hauled into court on a flagrant milk-watering transgression, and the recollection of the various things in a pecuniary way done to him, not only by the prosecuting lawyer, but by his own attorney as well, flashed across his parsimonious mind. The lawyers had been to him as a buzz saw.

Dropping his scythe, he exclaimed: "Be you a lawyer, well, I want to know!" After a little further palaver McShane invited the lawyer to "set you down," and then and there began to question him on the law of trespass, and assault and battery. It was the chance of McShane's life to get some cheap legal advice, and he embraced the opportunity.

The farmer listened to a very learned dissertation on the law, liberally sprinkled with Latin sentences, but boiled down at the last McShane learned that for trespass he might secure six cents damages, and as for jabbing a man through and through with a fork, or slicing off one's legs with a scythe, criminal or civil proceedings would result and end in either imprisonment or a matter of a few thousand dollars damages. It was now about dark and they wended their way to the barnyard, and our lawyer friend stepped out upon the high road on his way home the happiest fisherman in three States.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant no such catch of trout had come into the village.

Selecting the largest fish, they were displayed on a block of ice in the principal shop window of the village, and were universally admired.

Callers trudged up his office stairs all day, congratulating him upon his phenomenal luck, and if asked once he was asked a hundred times "Where did you get them?"

Within a week the lawyer made out the following bill:

John McShane, Esq., Dr.	
To John Countryman, Attorney at Law:	
Consultation had and advice given as to law of trespass	
and assault and battery.....	\$25.00

and depositing the bill in the mail duly addressed awaited results. And the results came good and fast in the person of the old skinflint, foaming at the mouth and beside himself with rage. He stormed; he swore; he yelled that it was a swindle, an outrage. He bellowed like a yearling bull.

Countryman was on his own dung hill, so to speak, so McShane had to dance to another man's music. The lawyer made but one reply—that bill must be paid. And McShane left, threatening to run the lawyer out of town and do other dire and dreadful things.

In another week the village combination of constable, sheriff, pound-master, etc., served the farmer with papers in the suit of Countryman vs. McShane, and when it came to trial McShane would hire no lawyer; he would conduct his own case. In selecting the jury Countryman took care to see that every juror was personally acquainted with the defendant. Of course a verdict for the full amount was given for the plaintiff—some of the jury asking the justice if there was any law against making the verdict for \$100, at which McShane almost collapsed.

Nothing was left now but for McShane to haul out his safety-deposit-vault stocking and pay up or have a cow or two seized to satisfy the judgment.

Outside of the fun created at the trial, Countryman had gotten unlimited advertising out of the case. Every farmer in the country for miles around had driven in to witness the trial. The number of teams tied up around town made one think of fair day.

Countryman sent for McShane and agreed to let up on him under one condition, and that was that he should permit free fishing on the stream in future, and McShane signing a paper to that effect the judgment and costs were waived.

The stream at once became open fishing, and as a

consequence the trout scattered, and that particular stretch of water afforded no better fishing than the rest of the stream.

Countryman's reputation as a lawyer was made in those parts, and every one said that any one who could "come up" with that rascalion of a miserly, domineering old McShane in any such way deserved credit, success and all the consequent good things in this life usually hankered after by man.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The World's Seal Fisheries.

BY C. H. TOWNSEND.

[Read before the Fisheries Congress at Tampa, Fla.]

IN wasting our resources we not only lose the supply of food or useful articles derived from them, but we break up the organized industries by which means our products are preserved and distributed. When we permit the destruction of a fishery it means, therefore, that we not only do without the products of that fishery, but we injure the vessel builders, manufacturers of apparatus, transporters, dealers, and the whole line of persons directly or indirectly connected with it. Civilization needs every source of supply and every commercial industry it can get. The history of the world's seal fisheries is one of wasted resources. Commercially seals are the most important of carnivorous animals. They are of world-wide distribution. Their pursuit has been carried on in the Antarctic regions almost as extensively as in the Arctic. The fisheries of the Antarctic are now exhausted.

Although we have, during the past ten years, been hearing a great deal about the fur seal fisheries, they are not the only seal fisheries of importance.

The Newfoundland seal fishery is one about 100 years old. It is prosecuted with a large number of men and a great number of vessels. It appears to have reached its height about thirty or forty years ago, when there were about 400 sailing vessels employed and some 13,000 men. Since that time the catch of seals has decreased and has varied greatly from year to year. The annual value of the fishery now is not more than \$600,000. The sailing vessels have been replaced by steamers, whose numbers have decreased to about twenty, employing about 4,000 or 5,000 men. This fishery is based on the Greenland seal, or harp seal, which has a very wide distribution, and is probably the most abundant of any seal species. It lives upon the drifting Arctic ice, and occurs from Newfoundland to the head of Baffin's Bay, and from Greenland all the way across to the perpetual ice fields lying to the north of Europe. The greatest number of seals taken in any one year was in 1844, when the number reached nearly 700,000. During recent years the catch has varied from 130,000 to nearly 400,000. The catch in 1896 was 187,000. The vessels now employed are steamers of large size, some of them 500 tons burden. The method of taking the seals is to find their breeding places on the drifting ice, when the crews of the vessels land and club the younger seals, which do not take to the water until they are two or three months old. The bulk of the catch is made up of young seals. Owing to the fact that these seals are taken upon the ice fields, and that the ice fields are so broken up at times by storms that the seals are difficult to get, and the vessels engaged in the fishery subjected to so many dangers, the annual catch of seals is subjected to natural limitations. In the larger steamers the crews number from 100 to 300 men. As the fishery reached its greatest development, and the steamers began to replace the sailing vessels, it became necessary to place restrictions upon the slaughter of the seals. At the present time sailing vessels do not leave on their voyages before March 10, and the period in which the seals are taken upon the ice lasts a little longer than a month. Notwithstanding the fact that the palmy days of this fishery are over, it will undoubtedly continue to be an important one. The regulations now in force restrict the hunting season, while the vast extent of ice fields upon which the seals breed, together with the difficulties attending their capture, will prevent the commercial extermination of the seal. It has been, and continues to be, the most important fishery of Newfoundland.

The capture of this species of seal is also participated in by a number of vessels from the north of Europe, seals being taken on the Arctic ice and about the islands of Jan Mayen.

We naturally associate the seal fisheries with the sea, but one of the most important seal fisheries of the world is that of the Caspian Sea, which has long been carried on in this brackish lake, which has no natural communication with the sea. The seal which is the basis of this fishery is a species peculiar to the locality, and no doubt found its way to its present habitat in very ancient times. About twenty years ago the average catch in the Caspian Sea was slightly over 100,000. The seals are taken somewhat after the manner of the Greenland seals, as they resort in the winter to the ice in the northern portion of the Caspian Sea, where their young are born. They are also taken on certain islands, and the usual method of killing them is with clubs. The Russian Government derives an annual income from the sale of permits for the hunting of these seals. The fishery is apparently on a good basis. Notwithstanding the presence of vast seal herds, the ordinary fisheries of the Caspian are to-day, and always have been, very productive.

Another remarkably situated seal fishery is that of Lake Biakal, in the heart of Siberia, but the range of the seals is restricted, and their numbers here are too small ever to have reached much importance.

Sea Elephant and Walrus.

One of the exhausted seal fisheries is one based upon the sea elephant, or elephant seal, that once abounded on many of the islands off the southern portion of the South American continent and the Antarctic islands generally. It existed on its favored breeding grounds in great numbers, and for many years ships visited these localities and killed large numbers of the animals for their oil, the skins having almost no value. No precautions were ever taken to preserve the race, and this

species has now become very rare. The taking of sea elephants as an industry has died out. The animal was very large, the males sometimes reaching the length of 20ft. A northern offshoot of this race of seals formerly occurred along the coast of western North America from the islands of southern California to the lower part of the peninsula of Lower California. For many years it was the basis for a sealing industry of no small importance, but was abandoned many years since on account of the practical extermination of the species in consequence of indiscriminate slaughter.

The walrus, which is of circumpolar distribution, is another seal that has been the basis of a fishery of some importance from time to time, but the species has been exterminated from all of its more accessible resorts, and is now found only in scattered hiding places in the Arctic. Less than a dozen years ago there were important numbers in the Bering Sea along the north shore of the Alaska peninsula, but they were speedily killed off, and are now found there as stragglers. At the time of my first visit to Bering Sea, a dozen years ago, I learned of 1,600 walrus being slaughtered on a sandbar in one day, the whole number being washed into the sea by an unusually high tide, and thus lost to the improvident hunters. A century ago the walrus was found in the Atlantic as far south as the St. Lawrence River.

Walrus' ivories continue to reach the world's markets in small quantities, but the supply in quantities of commercial importance can no longer be reckoned on.

These are merely the principal hair-seal fisheries, based on species still sufficiently plentiful to warrant their capture systematically. There are minor seal fisheries in connection with nearly all other species of seals scattered about the world. Many of these species are of restricted range, and their unregulated pursuit has led to their practical destruction from an economic point of view.

Fur Seal Fisheries.

The various species of Antarctic fur seals were found about the southern shores and islands of south Africa, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the Antarctic.

About the close of the last century a traffic sprang up in the skins of fur seals, and as a result of many voyages made to those distant regions enormous numbers of fur seals were taken. From this time on there was no respite for the fur seal as long as it could be found in numbers worth taking. The various varieties exist to-day as mere remnants of the great races that were once found in those regions. By 1830 the supply of those fur seals in the southern seas was nearly exhausted. In carrying on this fishery no discrimination was made in the character of the seals taken; all seals whose skins were of any value were slaughtered, and the newly born, usually left on the killing grounds, died in consequence. In the rush for seals to the Antarctic sealing grounds the markets were frequently glutted and much of the catch wasted.

There are few parts of the world where seals of some species do not occur whose preservation would not result in the world's increase of resources in skins and oil. With most of these species their re-establishment, even at this late day, would be quite within the range of possibility. As a rule, all seals breeding on dry lands return after their migrations to the ancient and accustomed breeding places with great persistence. They can seldom be driven away from these places, and stupidly linger about them until extermination overtakes them. So regularly do they breed, and so certain are they of returning to their old grounds, that the re-establishment of the different species would undoubtedly result from the protection of these places, and the result would be the building up of valuable seal fisheries for the future.

One resort of the southern fur seal, the Galapagos Islands, lying on the equator, about 800 miles west of Ecuador, furnishes a striking illustration of this. Seals were taken from the Galapagos Islands in important numbers by the early voyagers. Between 1870 and 1882 these rookeries were visited by sealers, and as far as the meager records which I have been able to collect from the sealers still living who engaged in this fishery, about 20,000 seals were taken. The last paying voyage to the Galapagos Islands resulted in the killing of all the seals that could be found. The log book of this voyage, which was made by a sealer of San Francisco, is now in my possession. At the time of my own visit to the Galapagos Islands, in 1885, I was informed that there were only a few seals remaining about the uninhabited westerly islands of the archipelagoes. During the long-continued Bering Sea controversy, when all matters pertaining to the world's seal fisheries received a general overhauling, the history of the Galapagos seal fishery was examined, but no one supposed that the race of seals there had in any degree revived. It was with the greatest surprise that during the past month I received from San Francisco the log book of a vessel which had just returned from the Galapagos Islands with a catch of about 230 fur seals. No one supposed that there were any seals left in these uninhabited and remote islands, but the few that had escaped the slaughter of the last voyage of fifteen years ago had established themselves on the identical rookeries from which they had been driven, as comparisons of the two log books show, and the nucleus of a fine herd existed there unknown to any one. There is no doubt that it could have been developed into an important seal fishery, if the fact had been known in time to prevent its destruction by raiders. It is quite possible that a few individuals have escaped this last slaughter, and that by the prompt protection of these rookeries by the Government of Ecuador a fishery could be established.

Another species of fur seal and the most northerly offshoot of the Antarctic race of fur seals formerly inhabited Guadeloupe and other islands off the west coast of Lower California. From the scattered records that have been found, it appears that 15,000 seals have been taken there within very recent years. During my own visit to Guadeloupe Islands, a few years ago, straggling fur seals were observed about the islands, and it is possible that there is a sufficient remnant to warrant the belief that the race could be re-established if the islands were properly protected by the Government of Mexico.

It would be a good project to-day for some government to annex and protect all the inhospitable Antarctic islands where there are struggling fur seals remaining, upon which one of these profitable fisheries would in a few years be established.

In all the history of Antarctic sealing there is but one chapter of wise management and thought for the future. The Government of Uruguay has, throughout all these years, carefully preserved the fur-seal rookeries of Lobos Island, at the mouth of the La Plata River. The small rookeries of Lobos Island represent the good resulting from the careful protection of the fur seals upon their breeding grounds and exempt from the effect of pelagic sealing in adjacent waters. Although it is directly in the track of commerce, and within five miles of Maldonado, a town more than 150 years old, a profitable seal fishery has been continued to the present time. Commercial sealing was carried on at Lagos Island prior to 1820. The present lessees of the island, operating under the direction of the Government of Uruguay, placed upon the London market, from 1873 to 1892, 250,000 skins, or an average of about 13,000 a year, all these being derived from an island less than one mile in length. In 1888 I found the fur-seal herds of Sts. Peter and Paul's Island, in the Straits of Magellan, nearly exterminated by the hunters there, working among the Furgian Islands, and have no doubt that the supply was exhausted.

The history of Robbin Island, in the Okhotsk Sea, is especially interesting in this connection. This island is only about 600yds. in length, and less than 100 in width, and yet incomplete records show that more than 60,000 seals have been taken by raiders since 1870. The remnant of this herd has always remained to populate the rookery, which at the present time contains little more than 1,000 seals, and is protected by the Russian Government.

As in the case of Robbin Island, the scattered rookeries in the chain of volcanic islands stretching northward from Japan, known as the Kurils, or Smoky Islands, have been destroyed by raiders during recent years. The history of the extermination of these seals, as furnished me by men who engaged in the slaughter, is exceedingly interesting. Notwithstanding the fact that raids were made year after year, the scattered remnants of the herds still clung to their own breeding grounds. The incomplete records show that more than 25,000 seals were taken from these islands by raiders since 1880. These rookeries were visited by the Fish Commission steamer Albatross last year, and all the rookeries were found to have been wiped out of contents with the exception of one, upon which there are about 100 seals remaining. It is believed that these will certainly be protected by the Japanese Government, to which they belong.

There are only two other seal fisheries to be considered, and these are the most important of our seal fisheries of the present time. The two most important outposts of the diminishing fur seal are those of the Pribilof and Commander islands, in Bering Sea. The United States and Russian governments, to which these islands belong respectively, have for some years past been engaged in a struggle to prevent the fur-seal fisheries connected with these islands from being ruined. Upon the discovery of the islands, more than a century ago, seals were found in great multitudes. For many years they were killed indiscriminately, but the Russian Government finally took charge of them and directed the fisheries in such a way that they were regularly productive. The Pribilof Islands of St. Paul and St. George for twenty years after the accession of Alaska yielded to the United States Government in the taxes of sealskins alone more than \$7,000,000, the price paid for the entire Territory of Alaska. About ten years ago the industry of pelagic sealing, or killing of seals in the open sea, sprang up, since which time the fisheries have steadily declined.

I shall first refer to the methods practiced by the two governments in utilizing the fisheries of the two groups of islands.

During the winter months the seal herds migrate southward into the Pacific Ocean; in summer they resort to certain anciently established breeding places on the islands. There are about fifteen important rookeries on the Island of Pribilof, and a certain number of seals is selected from these, in accordance with the natural habits of the animals. The natural history of the fur seal, briefly told, is something like this: These animals are highly polygamous. Every adult male, or "see catch," as he is called, fights for the possession of a large number of females, the number varying from one dozen to 100 in extreme cases. This highly polygamous habit results in a large number of males, which surplus, when the rookeries were at their best condition, amounted to about 100,000 immature males a year. The half-grown males herd by themselves, and it is from them that the annual catch of seals on the seal islands has always been made. The United States Government has never allowed any disturbing of the breeding rookeries and has never permitted the killing of female seals. The breeding stock upon the islands has, therefore, remained undisturbed, and would, until the present time, have continued in its original abundance, had it not been for the destructive effects of pelagic sealing, which, as I have said, is practiced in the open sea, and permits of no selections being made, males and females, young and old, being killed indiscriminately. In ten years pelagic sealing, as practiced in the adjacent waters and in the Pacific Ocean, destroyed the value of the Pribilof Islands as a United States Government property, an industry for the employment of a large number of natives residing on the islands, and a profitable business for the American citizens to whom the islands have been leased. The separate rookeries on the Pribilof Islands of St. Paul and St. George are known as the Northeast Point, Polovina, Kitoyi, Lukanon, Reef, Garbotch, Lagoon, Tolstoi, Zapadni, North, East and Staraya Artil. Adjacent to each of these breeding rookeries lie the so-called "hauling grounds" of the immature males, the class of seals available for killing. These animals are quietly surrounded, and without any difficulty whatever are driven inland, entirely away from the rookeries, as easily as a band of sheep. The band

is divided up in small groups and the animals killed by striking each a single blow upon the head with a club. The skins are rapidly removed by the natives, counted by agents of the Treasury, and placed in the salt-houses of the lessees for a month's curing, when they are shipped to San Francisco. The selecting and killing is accomplished without noise or disturbance, and everything is done decently and in order.

The seals arrive at the islands in June; their young are born the latter part of June and the early part of July. After the young are born the female seals, or "matkas," as they are called, go to sea, frequently swimming as far as 200 miles from the islands, returning at more or less regular intervals to nurse their young.

The different rookery communities are divided up, as stated, into harems, each one jealously guarded by a large male. The males who arrive at the islands first fight furiously for the possession of territory. The females, arriving soon after the males have established themselves, are divided up among them. The young seals remain with their mothers for about a month, not learning how to swim until the latter part of August. The entire seal herds remain about the islands until late in the fall, when the annual migration to the Pacific Ocean takes place. The class of skins obtained under Government direction on the Pribilof Islands is of the highest quality, the animals selected being three-year-old males of nearly uniform size, killed when the fur is in best condition, and making a large number of skins of one grade. The pelagic catch, on the contrary, is obtained at sea, in season and out of season. It consists of young and old, male and female, and the skins more or less injured by shooting and spearing, the two methods employed in taking them. While the pelagic skin has only a value of from \$7 to \$10; the value of the Pribilof skin ranges from \$20 to \$30.

The merits of the claim in the United States in the long-protracted Bering Sea controversy may be seen at a glance. Our resources are wisely and economically managed, and would preserve the breeding stock forever; pelagic sealing is wasteful to the last degree, and is a suicidal industry that has practically cut its own throat. The pelagic sealing fleet, as a whole, has been losing money for two or three seasons. Renewed efforts were made by the United States Government during the past season to put a stop to it, but negotiations are for the present closed. In the meantime American citizens, a small number of whom were engaged in pelagic sealing, have been prohibited from engaging in the pursuit of seals at sea, and Congress has recently passed laws prohibiting the importation of seals taken in pelagic sealing into the United States. These restrictions, together with the fact that the seals are fewer in number each season, will probably result in driving the remainder of the foreign pelagic sealing fleet out of existence. So long as pelagic, or indiscriminate, sealing in any form remains, the restoration of the seal fisheries will be impossible. The Bering Sea controversy was precipitated by the capture of Canadian sealing vessels in Bering Sea. Later on the matter was placed in the hands of the Tribunal of Arbitration at Paris. This tribunal, having decided that the United States had no jurisdiction over Bering Sea outside of territorial limits, the Canadian Government presented claims for damages on the part of those whose vessels had been seized, and their value having been considered by the recently appointed Bering Sea Claims Commission, they will be paid for by the United States. Pelagic sealing, however, has been continued in some form during the past ten years, and the seal herd is now so greatly decimated that the surplus males available for killing do not amount to more than 10,000 a year.

The earlier dealings of the Russian Government with pelagic sealers on the Asiatic side were even more summary than those of the United States Government. The punishment for poaching on those waters was prompt. Many vessels were seized and many sealers imprisoned; in some cases the unfortunate hunters were condemned to the mines in Siberia. Sealing has been engaged in chiefly by vessels belonging to British Columbia, a few from the United States and Japan taking part in it.

Pelagic Sealing.

The ocean sealing fleets frequent four hunting grounds during the year—two in Bering Sea, adjacent to the Pribilof and Commander Islands, and two in the Pacific Ocean, off the American and Asiatic coasts. The Pribilof, or Bering Sea, sealing ground lies to the westward and southward of the Pribilof Islands. The Commander Island sealing ground extends almost around the islands, its most important part lying to the southeastward. The Japan sealing ground, which during the last four or five years has been the most important of the Pacific sealing grounds, has its southern limit in about the latitude of Yokohama. Its southern and central portions are about 400 miles wide. The American, or northwest coast, sealing ground extends from Santa Barbara, Cal., northward along the coast to Bering Sea, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles. It is divided into three favorite sealing areas. The first extends for about 100 miles north, south and west of San Francisco. The second, and most important, from the coast of Oregon to the northern end of Vancouver Island. The third extends from Sitka, Alaska, to Middleton Island.

Sealing vessels, starting out for the full season's work, engage for a short time in sealing in the winter on the northwest coast sealing grounds; then, proceeding directly across the Pacific Ocean, begin operations on the Japan coast about the middle of March. By the end of June the seals have left this region on their northward migration, and they are followed by the sealing fleet to sealing grounds around Pribilof and Commander Islands, in Bering Sea. As the sealing about the Pribilofs is not concluded until late in September, the vessels return to British Columbia generally after a cruise of nine or ten months. Although this voyage is a long one, and many of the schooners of small size, the number of disasters that have occurred is surprisingly small. The number of schooners operating in these waters has until recently varied from 75 to 100. It does not appear that the various tracts of ocean frequented by the fur seals during their migrations have any direct

relation to the coast fishing banks. The greatest part of any sealing ground is entirely off soundings, and the investigations of the last two or three years have shown that the actual food of the seal consists of squid, and not fish.

The American and Asiatic seal herds migrate nearly between the same degrees of latitude. The length of the route followed by the former is nearly twice that of the latter. It extends not merely through twenty-five degrees of latitude, but through fifty-five degrees of longitude, while the Asiatic has but thirty degrees of longitude to traverse. The greatest extreme range of the American herd is but little short of 3,500 miles. Both herds arrive at and depart from their summer habitat in Bering Sea simultaneously, and in their migrations follow the continental shores.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Hickory Bend.

The other evening, when I was at the home of a friend of mine, the lady of the house introduced a novelty in the way of comestibles, to wit, a large dish of shellbark hickory nuts, the same all cracked and ready for immediate consumption. This I call a novelty, and such it is in the city, though there was a time when it would have been no novelty either to my friend or myself. As it so happens, both he and myself spent our youth at points adjacent to the same stream, though he was about a hundred miles lower down the river than I was, and neither of us had at that time ever heard of the other, though I once walked all over his country quite in ignorance of his existence. Now all along that stream, which in its way was a wonderful one, grew many forests of those trees common to the middle West—maple, elm, hackmatack, basswood, and above all, the hickory tree. Hickory timber, more or less scattered and solitary-looking as it usually is, grew in spots back from this river, and was native to all the country lying along it for 200 miles. Even so far down the river as the point where my friend lived when he was a boy there sometimes grew that most prized tree of all trees prized by boys, the giant "shag-bark" hickory, which produced the huge hickory nuts we called the "shag-barks." All other hickory nuts were as dross to these, and the family which started in to winter with a couple of barrels of them down cellar was held one to be socially envied. These nuts cannot be bought in open market very often at any price, for the entire United States do not produce any very large crop of them.

The best of our big shag-barks in the old days were about twice as large as a large English walnut—so large that a man could not meet the finger and thumb of his hand about one of them. The meat was very sweet, not so oily and bitter as that of the average hickory nut. We boys watched very jealously the crop of any big shag-bark we had discovered, and after the first frosts had ripened and loosened the great nuts we were early on the ground with our sacks. These fine, large nuts, with red-faced apples to aid them, made the basis of many an evening's refreshments for "company" in the old days. Many a time I have mashed my thumb cracking these big nuts with a hammer, the anvil for this operation consisting of a flatiron held between the knees. Nowadays we folks who belong to the *haute noblesse* and live on souffles and that sort of thing most all the time rather feel superior to anything so good as a shag-bark hickory nut, so that I may say the hickory nut is not recognized so fully by society as, for instance, the peanut. But when I saw these big shag-barks the other evening I fell upon them with joy, and I mixed with them a plenty. It was like a section of the old times come back again, although these nuts, it was said, came from some place in Ohio, and were not quite so big as those my friend and I used to gather on our old river when we were boys.

I remember so distinctly one great horseshoe bend in the old river, known far and wide, even beyond the confines of our county, as the "Hickory Bend." Here there was a space of high, rich alluvial soil held in the bent arm of the river, perhaps a hundred acres or two in extent, and on this particular piece of soil grew a grove of the giant trees which I have mentioned. I do not know of any such trees anywhere unless it may be in parts of the rich cane-covered delta of the Mississippi River, and I cannot speak as to the nuts of that locality. In this hickory grove there were perhaps not a hundred trees in all, but each tree would in a good year shake down, I should say, a sack or perhaps two sacks full of these great nuts. I know that farmers came there from many miles away and loaded wagons with the nuts; and I recollect very well the hostility we boys felt toward grown men who thus poached on our preserves. The farmers would sometimes begin the harvest too soon, climbing the trees and threshing off nuts not yet fully ripe. Such a course was against our creed. We preferred the nuts which had fallen of their own weight, and which lay, the end of the great rough husk just temptingly open, in the rustling brown leaves which made a carpet over that rich bottom ground.

The Hickory Bend—dear me! I wonder if it is still there, or has any vandal dared to cut down the great old trees for wood? I hope it is still as it was in that respect, though in many others it can never again be what it was. Here, in the very old days, when my father was hunting deer, before I was born, this bend of the winding river was a famous place for a deer. Many is the wild turkey my father shot there, this with the old squirrel rifle which was born in Ole Virginny, and which, so they tell me, was in that gentleman's hands about as good for a turkey flying as if sitting, provided it was a fair shot on the rise. My father always said that a wild turkey would jump up high in the air and then line out its flight straight, but stopping for an instant as it changed its perpendicular to its horizontal flight. If one caught it just as it stopped at this instant, it was a stationary mark and easy for a good rifleman to hit.

In my time the wild turkeys were about all gone from that country, but I remember once seeing a flock in that bend, when we were out hunting there for wild grapes. I often saw the turkeys which my father killed, but I was not big enough to hunt then. I can just re-

member, very vaguely, of seeing the carcass of a deer once on our kitchen floor. When I began to hunt we found the Hickory Bend a good place now and then for a flock of quail that had strayed in from a nearby cornfield, and we found rabbits there, and it was one of the best places on the whole river bottom for squirrels. Here, too, was one of the best points we knew for ducks, for this bend ran far out into the bottom grass grounds, and the duck flight passed over a corner of it as it made up or down the waterway, which, at that time, was a great thoroughfare for waterfowl in their migration. I know that one time I started out rabbit hunting, one day late in the fall, when there was a little snow, and seeing a few flocks of ducks crossing the country toward the river, I kept on walking that way, some seven or eight miles, till I got to the river bottoms. At a point on the bluff opposite the Hickory Bend I saw as fine a sight as often greets a boy's eyes. Great ribbons of wildfowl were moving up the river bottom, a solid string of ducks, it seemed, almost as far as the eye could reach in either direction, and apparently inexhaustible. Slowly, confused by the storm, they seemed to be crawling along the timber in search of shelter, at a loss to know where to go. Slowly, as though pulled by some irregular hand, the vast dark ribbon wound along the wide and shallow valley, now and then rising in a deep curve or again dropping down, but always clinging to the edge of the timber. I can see that picture to-day as plainly as I could then—can see the deliberate, dull flight of the fowl, and even remember the forks and splits in the big dark band as it moved steadily up the river bottom. That was a great day for the gunners, had many known it, and when late that night I got home my father was as much excited as I.

In the fall we made a favorite picnic ground of this valued spot of the Hickory Bend, and sometimes we would make up a family camping party and spend a night there. I think it was in that same bend of the river that I spent my very first night away from home and my first night in camp; and every incident of that fearsome experience will linger in my mind always, I presume. They told me that the owl was a wolf, and I believed their cruel jest and shivered all night in terror.

The way into the arm of the Hickory Bend was a winding and long one, known not to all the drivers who could follow the plain, "main-traveled road" out from town. Here bayous at high-water times cut off the higher ridge, and one needed to know what soft places to avoid and where to keep to reach the high ground and how to dodge the tangled thickets of bush and brier. Once in to the shelter of the big trees, no wind could harm us, no matter how it howled up above. Our simple camping outfit served to make us all very happy, and we had enough to eat from the spoils of the land.

At one corner, so to speak, of the Hickory Bend was one of the deepest "holes" known in all that part of the river, and here we caught catfish at night on set lines and bass and wall-eyed pike on our minnows. One of those keen pictures which one so often carries with him of some experience of the forest or stream I have now in mind—one that happened here on one of our fishing trips. We were catching wall-eyed pike in the deep water near to the bank, and I had a bite from one of those wary fish. As I pulled up the line slowly, the fish followed up the bait and got above it, watching as it rose and apparently eager to strike it if it made any attempt to escape. The fish hung poised in the water, clearly visible, with its body partly bent and seeming full of suppressed action. Every fin all over its back was erect in anger or eagerness, and the whole attitude was plainly that of the animal about to spring. I could almost say its eye shone eagerly, but one needed not to see that last expression of keen, keyed-up vigor and readiness. The whole picture was one of indescribable grace and strength, and I can see it still, with other views from the old bend of the river, remembering it especially as the only time I ever saw a fish with anything which resembled expression or character of its own.

Such were some of the attractions of a stream which both my friend and myself knew well, and I wish we might either of us find another country which could offer the same delights that this once did. All these things are called up by the sight of the big shag-bark nuts. I am sure my friend must be mistaken in the locality from which these nuts came. Surely some of them, at least, dwarfed in these dwarfing days, must have grown on that very spot where I used to gather them when I was a boy, in the old Hickory Bend; else there could not have uncoiled from one of them so long a panorama of mental views in and about that comfortable spot. There, as they say, was the whole thing in a nutshell!

Failure of the Whitefish.

Superintendent Nevins, in the course of his report to the State Fish Commission of Wisconsin, finds occasion to comment on the scarcity of the whitefish in the waters of Lake Michigan and inland lakes. He says:

"On account of the close season in Michigan we failed to get any whitefish eggs on the west and north shores of Green Bay, where we have never failed to get a limited number heretofore. On Dec. 7 I went with a crew of four men to Long Lake, Washburn county, to get inland lake whitefish eggs for the Milwaukee hatchery. We had twenty-seven gill nets and one pound net. In eighteen days' fishing we got only 560 fish, about 100 of which were females. The result of it all is we have no whitefish eggs in the hatchery this winter."

Charles Higgins, a fish dealer of Milwaukee, says of the whitefish in his latitude:

"Twenty years ago we could go out two miles with a couple of men and a few yards of netting and catch thousands of pounds of fish, while to-day we have to employ steam tugs to go out twenty miles or more with miles of nets, and less than 1,000lbs. is the reward of a day's work. We haven't a whitefish in Lake Michigan to-day, and the trout are rapidly disappearing."

There is nothing in the above of a special interest to sportsmen, excepting the rather astonishing fact that even such large waters as the Great Lakes not only can be, but have been depopulated of their choicest fish through persistent fishing for the market. The black bass and the muscallunge are no longer taken in the

nets which ply in Lake Michigan. All the great market-fishermen realize and admit, what portions of the more inconsiderate public do not realize, that protection and restocking are necessities for even the greatest, the most inaccessible and the most prolific waters. The following table of distribution of the fry by the Wisconsin State Fish Commission during the past year shows what is being done in the way of restocking for the benefit of not only the market-man, but the sportsman: Brook trout 1,949,000, rainbow trout 1,241,000, whitefish 18,000,000, lake trout (fry) 10,000,000, lake trout (yearlings) 10,000, wall-eyed pike 23,300,000, white bass 9,115, black bass 4,500, muskellunge 1,100,000; total, 55,613,615.

Michigan Spearing.

They are having quite a circus over in Michigan on the question of spearing in inland waters. The new law has the following clause: "It shall hereafter be lawful in the months of December, January, February and March in each year to take, catch or kill through the ice, by a spear, all kinds of fish, except brook trout, rainbow trout, German or brown trout, grayling, landlocked salmon, and black bass, in any or all of the inland lakes and streams of this State, including Lake St. Clair and that part of the St. Clair River below the village of Algonac, in St. Clair county, the channels through which said river empties into Lake St. Clair, and other channels and bayous comprising the waters of said lake. Provided, that all waters, lakes and streams in this State except Maple River below its entrance into Gratiot county, which are now protected from spearing by any local act of the Legislature of this State, shall be exempt from the provisions of this act."

Believing that under the above wording of the law it was legal to spear in the Maple River, a great many persons have been thus operating along that stream, although the lawyers have been divided in their construction of the ambiguous clause regarding that water. Last week some forty persons were found spearing on Maple River, in Gratiot county, many of them having killed large quantities of fish. A test case will probably be made, it being the belief of the game warden that the best construction of the law will forbid any fishing along the Maple River within the limits of Gratiot county by any means except those of hook and line.

Duluth Fly-Casting Club.

The city of Duluth, Minn., is in the heart of one of the finest angling regions of the West. In that country the angler can go fishing and catch something, whether he be after trout, bass or muscallunge. Duluth has a great many skillful fly-fishermen, and a number of gentlemen met last week and organized the Duluth Fly-Casting Club, electing the following officers: President, J. P. Harris; Vice-President, C. H. Hoecker; Secretary, F. W. Edwards; Treasurer, D. J. Greensward.

Tip-ups Taken.

The sport of tip-up fishing continues this winter on many Minnesota lakes in spite of the law, the lakes near St. Paul and Minneapolis being especially well patronized by ice fishermen. One day last week over 300 tip-ups were found on Bass Lake. Some thirty men were operating these, and after a lively chase seven of the fishermen were arrested. All the fish found on the ice were confiscated.

Illinois Fishermen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 12.—The Illinois Fishermen's Association is composed of market fishers operating along the Illinois River, the same being banded together for the purposes of getting what they want. Some 1,400 men are employed by this Association. An idea of the magnitude of the business carried on by these men may be gained by a glance at the figures submitted in the second annual report of the Association, shown in the following table:

Kinds of fish.	Total pounds	Net value.
Carp	5,489,990	\$164,699.75
Buffalo	3,061,454	61,229.08
Catfish	235,000	9,400.00
Bull pouts	285,000	8,550.00
Sunfish and ring perch	120,468	2,409.36
Striped bass	35,431	1,771.55
White Perch	394,680	23,140.00
Crappie	40,654	2,032.70
Black bass	40,621	3,249.68
Total	9,703,298	\$279,482.07

It has come to the ears of many market fishermen of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers that the Chinamen of Mott street, in New York city, consume quantities of dogfish, a species not commonly accepted as food by the public. These astute fishermen conceive that there must be a market for this fish in New York city, and some of them have asked me to learn where it is the Chinese buy their dogfish. Will any gentleman who lives in Mott street be so good as to advise me on this head? I have long been engaged in the industry of supplying jack rabbits to the worthy poor, and don't mind taking on the task of procuring the succulent dogfish for the sagacious celestial.

The Illinois State Fish Commission is on record as being in favor of the carp, although the general public is coming to believe the question of the carp is much like that of the man who caught the panther by the tail. He didn't know how to turn it loose. The Fish Commission of Missouri gives an instance of the disagreement of doctors. That State has spent a great deal of money in establishing the carp, and now it is spending a great deal of time in wishing that it had not done so. Carp have proved to be a nuisance in a great many of the waters of Missouri. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

How the Great River was Stocked with Bass.

THE man who makes two ears of corn or two blades grass grow where only one grew before, Swift held, would do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together, probably because he postpones thereby that evil day which Malthus feared, when population should outstrip production.

So he is a public benefactor who inaugurates or encourages the increase of our food fish into new waters, or better into the old.

The first introduction of bass into the Potomac is now a familiar historical incident.

Small-mouthed black bass from Wheeling Creek to the number of about thirty were carried in 1854 and '55 over the mountains in the tank of a locomotive tender and placed in the Cumberland Basin. Not long after the war made the Potomac River a skirmish line for both sides, and for some years a man who attempted to fish on either side was liable to have his cork pulled under with too much lead from the other.

Fish pots were abandoned and pulp mills were unknown; stock had disappeared and the river will probably never again be as free of pollution. The fish were thus effectually protected by their environment, and as the river was full of vast quantities of fish food the bass multiplied and spread the length of the river until it became the most noted bass stream in the world, with a far greater supply than those rivers where the bass were indigenous, but where there was less bass food and otherwise less favorable conditions.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission in 1873 said that the Potomac supplied the markets of "our chief cities with this excellent fish. The annual catch in this river is beyond computation."

But the pollution of the waters killed off some bass, and more of their food, and their great numbers in the confined territory so reduced the food left there was no longer enough to go round, and they were driven to more and more feed on each other until the yield was so reduced as to be noticeable throughout the whole course of the river, and to attract the official attention of our National Commission.

Efforts at artificial propagation of bass have never been successful. The glutinous nature of the ova which fastens them to whatever they touch and the difficulty of securing the milt from the living male has so far defied successful handling and hatching, though we may be sure it is only a question of time and study when it will be as easily accomplished as is that of the other millions we turn out annually. Other glutinous spawn that was long thought impossible has yielded to the persistent efforts and patient research and inventive genius of intelligent fishculturists, and the time must come, and it is easy to believe soon, when bass will be manufactured and incubated by the million, as shad are now.

Meanwhile fortunately the bass' noble character, his love for his young—as long as he isn't hungry—and his ferocious fearlessness of anything that swims make him so excellent a parent and producer that we are constantly planting more than we feed, and they destroy each other. He has been much abused for his cannibalism, but this to me seems unjust. But for this all must have starved in famine times. As it is, if there is anything in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest we have saved the best. The extraordinary care which the bass manifests for its eggs and young give so high a percentage to the progeny reared that it has heretofore been amply sufficient to turn the fish loose in suitable waters, to have them multiply fast enough for all practical purposes. Given clean water and food in plenty and their increase is abundant to the verge of the miraculous.

When the Potomac was at its best its bass were the descendants of at the most fifteen pairs. The trouble to-day is they are starving to death. If half the efforts expended in adding new stock were devoted to furnishing those we have with suitable food and water the increase would be an hundred fold better than now.

For many years the Illinois Fish Commission has been throughout the State distributing native fish netted in the sloughs and lakes in the bottoms of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. When the spring freshets overflow the banks of these rivers the waters carry out into the shallow depressions many, many fish ripe for spawning. When the floods have subsided these pools are found to be swarming with the fry of the native fish. Under the laws of the State only such places may be netted as would in all probability dry up, or freeze the fish so confined.

Even with this restriction there are millions available, and ten years ago the National Government recognized the value of this work.

Up to that time the United States Fish Commission had not taken any great interest in bass, and while admitting an urgent demand from various quarters for stocking purposes were disposed to discourage its introduction. About '88, however, they formed a sort of partnership with the Illinois Commission, paying half the expense and placing Dr. Bartlett, then Secretary of the Illinois Commission, in charge. The first year they distributed 100,000 fish from this source. Later, when Dr. Bartlett severed his connection with the State Commission, United States Commissioner McDonald appointed him in charge of the Government distribution from that point, known as the Quincy Station.

Most of the fish for this fall distribution are procured from the lowlands bordering the Illinois River.

Since that time thousands of bass have been distributed by the Commission, and thousands of anglers made happier in anticipation and in the realization of better sport.

Many waters have been stocked, and many a pond and creek that knew no higher sport than a bob and worm for sucker or catfish are now favorite resorts for fly-fishermen. Indeed in my own home in southern Illinois artificial ponds are built, and even dry and unsightly sink holes have become fish pools, in which it is a matter of gratification, but not surprise, to take 5lb. bass.

As an example of what may be done with the help of the Fish Commission, I want to tax your patience for a few moments with a letter written by a chum of mine,

the coroner of our little county, to the Illinois State Commission, and made part of their last report. As you will see by the size of the document it is most of that report, and all there is of it on this subject.

I feel of course more than a usual interest since it is from my own home and by a friend who helped surprise me with my first fly-rod, then a great curiosity in that country. Now, as you will learn from the letter, the fly is so well known that even the catfish are educated to rise to the occasion. The report says:

While it would be impossible for us to attempt to give a list of the clubs that have been formed throughout the State for the protection and propagation of the fish in our various lakes, or to give the names of those who have built ponds for the cultivation of fish, yet we cannot refrain from citing the work of that nature which has been accomplished in one section, viz., that adjacent to Waterloo, Ill., as an instance of what is being done and what might be done throughout the State.

We quote from a letter of Dr. Sennott, written in compliance with a request for a summary of the clubs and their work in his neighborhood. The Waterloo people have always been firm supporters of the Commission and its work.

"Your request for a brief synopsis of the names and locations of the various lakes and ponds in this vicinity, with a history of the organizations controlling them, has been received. I will comply with your request as far as I can. Gilmore's Lakes are situated three miles from Columbia and ten miles from Belleville, and are leased by the Belleville people under the name of the Gilmore Lake Fishing Club.

"The membership is limited to twenty and is always full. The lakes are two in number, known as Long Lake and North Lake. Each covers an area of about four and one-half acres. The water varies in depth from 1 to 20ft. They are natural lakes surrounded by forest trees and have been well stocked with black bass, crappies and sunfish. A good club house has been built on the lake.

"Island Lake, two miles north of Waterloo, is a natural body of water, crystal in its clearness, and was the first lake leased and protected as a resort by the Waterloo sportsmen. It contains a little over four acres of water, and the fish taken from it are noted for their gameness, beautiful color and fine flavor. The Waterloo Hunting and Fishing Club had this lake under their care for the last twenty years. It is now owned by a private club of Waterloo citizens. * * *

"Near Island Pond is Catfish Pond, owned by Mr. E. Grosso, and stocked with bass, crappie, catfish and sunfish. * * *

"Mr. C. Kalmer, one-half mile north of Waterloo, has a nice artificial pond well stocked with crappie, channel catfish and a few bass. These were placed there by the State Fish Commission and have thrived wonderfully. The channel catfish in the pond take the fly as quickly as do the bass, and put up as good or better fight.

"Mr. J. Herchenroeder, two miles east of Waterloo, has a lake made by damming up a small valley, which is well stocked with a variety of fish.

"The mill ponds at Waterloo have been stocked and give promise of fine fishing. * * *

"Mr. M. Crowe, five miles east of Waterloo, has an artificial pond on his farm, and it is stocked with black bass and catfish. * * *

"Lake Bartlett is a natural body of water over four acres in extent, varying in depth from 1 to 25ft. It is situated four and one-half miles southwest of Waterloo, and is leased by the Lake Bartlett Fishing Club, consisting of ten members. * * *

"The lake and club were named for Hon. S. P. Bartlett, secretary of the State Fish Commission. * * *

"Schorr Lake Fishing Club, of Waterloo, has the largest membership and is the oldest sporting club in existence in this country. It was organized by members of the Waterloo Hunting and Fishing Club, which disbanded when Island Lake passed out of their hands. This club has a beautiful club house at the lake, which is a little over a mile south of Waterloo. The water is supplied by springs that never fail, and the lake is said to be one of the finest artificial ones in the State. This club also controls Beaver Lakes, three lakes situated five and one-half miles south of Waterloo. These lakes were all stocked by the Illinois Fish Commission.

"While not in our neighborhood literally, yet near enough to count, is the lake of the Chester Fishing Club, Lake Langford, named for the late secretary of the Illinois State Fish Commission. * * * The lake is an artificial one, fed by springs, and was made by throwing a dam across the ravine. * * *

"The interest in pond culture and the care of our lakes has made fishing very popular, fly-casting being the prevailing method. Many of our boys have become quite expert. A size limit as to fish caught is a rule in most of the clubs, and our people are being educated to the necessity of the protection of our waters in every way possible."

This, gentlemen, illustrates what organization and the help of the Commissions will do. This little town of which my friend writes has not many more than 2,000 inhabitants; the county has no fish streams, and yet we have raised carp of 28½lbs. in weight and bass of 6lbs., and what is better have afterward taken that 6lb. bass with a fly. This is not intended as a challenge, but only for encouragement.

I am indebted to Mr. Ravenal for the list of bass deposited in the Potomac:

When.	Who.	Where.	Number.
1891-2...	Woodmont	Potomac River	2035
1892-3...	Wash. R. & G.	Piscataway	1000
1892-3...	Peyton, Wash.	Upper Potomac	400
1892-3...	Woodbridge, Va.	Occoquan River	1100
1892-3...	Loudon Co.	Broad Run	1000
1892-3...	Loudon Co.	Goose Creek	2000
1892-3...	Fairfax Co.	Accotink	1000
1892-3...	Fairfax Co.	Pohick	100
1892-3...	Pr. Wm. Co.	Neapsco	1000
1892-3...	Pr. Wm. Co.	Quantico	1000
1893-4...	L. D. Wine	Eastern Br.	100
1893-4...	F. A. Heitmuller	Brightwood	50
1893-4...	Jefferson Co.		400
1894-5...	Woodmont	Potomac	100
1894-5...	Zoo	Rock Creek	263
1894-5...	Fairfax Co.	Johnny Moore	50
1894-5...	Loudon Co.	Catoctin	100
1895-6...	Pr. Wm. Co.	Occoquan	100
1896-7...	Fairfax Co.	Accotink	200
1896-7...	Pr. Wm. Co.	Powell's	200
1896-7...	J. H. Hunter	Potomac	500

1896-7....Woodmont	Potomac	1992
1896-7....Riverton	Shenandoah	500
1896-7....Hancock	Potomac	750
1896-7....Zoo	Rock Creek	2000
1896-7....Great Falls.....	Potomac	*150
1896-7....Little Falls.....	Potomac	*100
1896-7....Woodmont	Potomac	1000
1896-7....Cabin John.....	Potomac	75
1896-7....London Co.....	Little River	1075
1897-8....Kensington	Rock Creek	670
1897-8....Woodmont	Potomac	500
1897-8....Woodmont	Potomac	700
1897-8....Woodmont	Potomac	*309
1897-8....Overall	Shenandoah	*1000

Total23519

* Small-mouthed black bass.

Besides these there were returned to the waters of the Potomac last year from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal about 12,500 bass, and this year already in the neighborhood of 1,000.

There are bass plenty in the river. The embouchure of every creek in the Lower River fairly swarms with large-mouth black bass. Tide water gives them feed in abundance, and a 7-pounder was captured at Chopevamsic last year. With clear water there will always be good fishing to be had below if the small bass can be protected.

Above something must be done toward introducing feed. The minnows are gone and scarcely anything but carp remain, and these soon outgrow the small-mouth bass. The mills and mines help kill off the feed. The situation mathematically stated is that if we can add to the feed and subtract the pollution the bass will multiply in a geometrical ratio, and of course we'll have more to divide. Q. E. D. HENRY TALBOTT.

Game Qualities of the Rainbow.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for more than ten years; and as I like to hunt, fish and go camping, and have paddled, rowed and sailed on Grand Traverse Bay for nearly thirty years, it is needless to say that I read it from cover to cover with keen pleasure; but I sometimes come across things that make me shake my head, and I am tempted to get up and speak in meeting; but I find that the more I learn the less I seem to know, especially about fishing.

But when one writer says the rainbow trout lacks in gaminess, I boil over. There are lots of them within five miles of where I am sitting, and there would be more if I were not, and if my tackle had been stouter there would be less, so I feel confident in asserting that for downright fight they lead my list of the acquired. They have smashed my rods, broken my leaders, and run off with my bait, as well as reduced my stock of flies to hardly more than a few ends of gut. I have known a 3-pounder to go out of water fifteen times, clear around my boat three times and under it once, all inside ten minutes.

Now let not somebody bob up and say I don't know what other fish can do, because I do know, having gathered in trout along a hundred miles of the North Shore of Lake Superior, and bass and pickerel and perch and bluegills and sunfish, muskalonge and herring and whitefish and suckers and—and there are others. Still the rainbow, like the Ben Davis apple, may differ in different localities. The apple grown in Missouri is said to be of fine flavor, while here even an Indian won't steal one.

I was much pleased with Shaganoss' article in the issue of Dec. 18 last. Surely he in his old age has arrived at wisdom. He knows more than I do, for I don't know that as a rule bass and trout won't bite just before a severe storm. On memory's wall there is a vivid picture of an evening on the pond just above the Boardman River Electric Light Co.'s dam. My wife and I were out just at dark. There was not a breath of wind, and all around there rested that ominous calm that is only met on the eve of a furious rain and wind squall. In the east the moon rode serene, while high above the opposite horizon towered dark masses of clouds, seamed and jagged lightning, and occasionally the earth fairly trembled with the distant thunder.

Fish were rising occasionally, and Mrs. M. hooked a rainbow that weighed over 3lbs. the next day. Then there was fun fast and furious. It was the largest trout she had ever tied to, and he went into the air, under the boat and back, and finally in desperation started for the bottom. Now, there are logs and brush about 6ft. down in that neck of the woods, and I shouted—yes, fairly hollered—to her to hold him up, which she immediately tried to do by slipping her right hand up to the middle of the butt, and—the second joint let go. Did we lose that trout? Not much. I seized the line and hauled him up, gaffed and had him under me in the boat before he knew what the trouble was all about.

When we had time to look up the storm was almost upon us, and we made a break for camp, where we put in some lively work keeping the canvas over our heads.

And there are other pictures. One I remember is of two of us clad in oilskins, standing on either end of a 16x36in. canoe and hauling in bass after bass while it thundered and lightened and rained till we had to go ashore and empty the water out of our boat, as it made her rather unsteady under foot.

Now, this does not prove anything except that fish don't bite unless they feel like it, and then they will at any hour of the twenty-four.

My experience has taught me just one thing for sure, which I wish every beginner would paste on his nose where he could feel it when it is too dark to see; and that is, if you are going fishing, hunting or sailing before breakfast, eat breakfast first, and a good breakfast is a cup of good, hot coffee with bread, butter and a couple of eggs. I spoiled many a morning's pleasure before I learned this. V. E. MONTAGUE.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 14.—Indications point to a very early movement of coastwise fishes. Already the herring are on the move; quantities have already been taken in the lower waters of Barnegat Bay. Perch and bass also are in evidence in that paradise of waters for the angler. Should the warm weather continue we will

undoubtedly have them with us in the early part of March. While the perch are taken during the entire winter in some localities, still their movements in estuary waters appear to be governed largely by the herring, as they are much together and ascend the streams at the same time. While their food undoubtedly is of an entirely different character, still nature's prompting has something in common for both species, and where one is the other may be looked for.

The recent assertions in metropolitan publications that the perch does not descend to salt water is of a most absurd character, inasmuch as they are often taken in the nets and fikes of our local fishermen, and I have taken hundreds in our tidal streams, using shrimp bait. As if to more particularly emphasize the fact, one was picked up on the beach at Belmar on the 6th of the present month, and was still alive. Besides, hundreds are taken every spring by the boys in their dip-nets in the surf when they are plying for herring. LEONARD HULIT.

A Labrador Opportunity.

DR. MORRIS has given us permission to publish this note, telling of a Labrador opportunity which we are sure will be eagerly embraced by some reader of FOREST AND STREAM: "I have given up my plans for an outing in Labrador next summer, and my two good men will be out of employment. Don't you know of some one who would like to make use of them? Their charges are \$3 per day (for both together), and they furnish the big trap boat that I knock about in. They are both good rough cooks, tireless and cheerful workers; and they know the whole coast and the entrances to the rivers. Salmon and sea trout and brook trout are to be had in abundance, with plenty of shooting at seals, bears and caribou, if one cares to hunt for them in the summer time—I do not. I will give particulars to any one wishing them. ROBERT T. MORRIS."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 1.—Baltimore Kennel Association's third annual show Baltimore. W. P. Riggs, Sec'y.
March 8.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.
March 15.—Kansas City Kennel Club's second annual show, Kansas City, Mo. A. E. Ashbrook, Sec'y.

Alabama Field Trials Club's Trials.

THE second annual trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club, run at Madison, Ala., were distinguished, from every point of view, as one of the most successful efforts ever attempted by any State organization. They were run at Madison, Ala., beginning on Feb. 7. Four stakes, a Derby, all-age, puppy and champion, were hotly contested, and were good exhibitions of their respective classes.

The attendance was large, not less than from thirty to forty horsemen following the dogs each day. Among the visiting sportsmen present were Messrs. H. H. Mayberry, C. F. Eastham, T. H. Spencer, F. W. Dunham, T. T. Ashford, Drs. George Eubank and G. Chisholm, Birmingham; Hon. R. H. Lowe, W. E. Everitt, A. Moore, J. H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.; W. H. McKleroy, Anniston, Ala.; D. E. Rose and J. Myers, of Tennessee; E. J. Hudnall, Pratt City, Ala.; W. J. Allen, Bessemer, Ala.; Gen. H. T. Peebles, Mooresville, Ala.; H. and C. S. Tiney, Swancott, Ala.; Caleb Toney, Triana, Ala.; William N. Hundley, Greenbriar, Ala.; George Gray, Appleton, Minn.; J. B. Stoddard, Thomasville, N. C.; Dr. Darwin, C. E. Meglemry, C. Scruggs.

The judges were Messrs. W. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss., and W. B. Stafford. Their decisions were in every instance well received.

The weather was fine throughout. On Wednesday it was exceedingly warm. The fields are broad and open, and so free from ditches and creeks that riding in them is a pleasure, although in regard to this it may be stated that the horses were poor performers under the saddle.

Madison is in Madison county, a county in the center of the northern part of the State, and bordering on the Tennessee boundary line. It incloses a part of what is called the garden spot of Alabama. Level in character about Decatur, as one approaches Huntsville the surface is noticeably rolling. There is too much cotton for a first-class bird country. There is also a scarcity of feed, and the ground being so free from cover, the hawks make an easy prey of the birds. It is hardly necessary to add that birds were scarce. Nevertheless, be the horses uncomfortable to ride and the birds scarce, everybody had a most enjoyable time.

A meeting of the club was held on Feb. 8. It is in good financial condition, with a large membership. Several new members were elected. The following distinguished gentlemen were elected honorary members: Ex-Gov. R. W. Cobb and Gov. J. F. Johnson, of Montgomery; J. S. Cox, Birmingham; Mayor W. T. Garner and Capt. J. H. Floyd, Madison; Col. R. Barwell Rhett and W. M. Holding, Huntsville.

T. T. Ashford was elected President; First Vice-President, Hon. R. H. Lowe; Second Vice-President, W. H. McKleroy; Secretary-Treasurer, H. H. Mayberry; Game Wardens, Monroe Hardage and F. G. Hertzler; Veterinarian, Dr. A. Gibson; Board of Governors, Dr. G. Chisholm, T. H. Spencer, Dr. G. Eubank, H. H. Mayberry, H. S. Smith, J. J. Odom, R. H. Lowe, W. H. McKleroy, F. G. Hertzler, W. M. Hundley, C. E. Mitchell, W. E. Collier, Dr. R. S. Henry. The club decided to hold another trial next year. A vote of thanks was extended to the judges.

The conditions of the Derby as to entering were \$2.50 to enter, same amount to fill. The all-age stake conditions were the same. No entrance was required in the puppy stake.

Monday—The Derby.

The competition was begun in the Derby first. Prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of entrance money.

T. H. Spencer's b. w. and t. setter dog Tony Dick (Tony Boy—Blue), owner, handler, with J. B. Rosenstihl's b. and w. pointer dog Dan R. (Love's Kent—Brook's Belle), W. M. Hundley, handler.

R. H. Lowe's b. and w. pointer dog Mack L. (Ripsaw—Cricket), owner, handler, with W. M. Hundley's l. and w. pointer dog J. J. O. (Ripsaw—Cricket), owner, handler.

J. W. Beard's l. and w. pointer dog Jack Spratt (Miller's Jack—Cleo Kent), W. M. Hundley, handler, with Nat Stanley's l. and w. pointer dog Hull Gull (Von Gull—Mack's Juno), T. T. Ashford, handler.

W. E. Everett's b. and w. pointer dog Dick the Devil (Lad—Cricket), W. M. Hundley, handler, with W. J. Allen's b. w. and t. setter bitch Volena (— — — — —) owner, handler.

C. E. Meglemry's l. and w. pointer dog Rex of Birmingham (Old Top—Lou H.), W. M. Hundley, handler. A bye.

First Round.

Tony Dick and Dan R.—Down at 9:40; the heat lasted 45m. The country was open and favorable for good ranging. A bevy was flushed by horses. Tony pointed a bunch of singles and was steady to shot. The birds were scattered along a fence, where the handlers might have secured more points had they handled their dogs better. The setter made the better showing.

Mack L. and J. J. O. were cast off at 10:45; down 45m. The brace was worked near woods most of the time. A bevy was seen to flush ahead, both dogs running about at the same time. J. made a point on one which flushed wild. Mack made a flush and chase, and gave tongue. Next Mack made game, but failed to locate. J. made a flush. Both were fairly good goers, Mack the better. Both had puppyish ways.

Hull Gull and Jack Spratt ran a very ordinary race of an hour's duration, no birds being found. They were put down again after the first series was finished (2:45) and then ran 17m. Spratt flushed a bevy and dropped. No points were made on the singles, though the dogs were worked on them.

Dick the Devil and Volena were cast off at 1:32. Dick made a point on a bevy in a plum thicket and was unsteady. Next Dick chased a bevy. The performance was ordinary. Dick was the best mover.

Rex ran alone from 2:15 to 2:42. Soon he pointed a bevy and was unsteady to flush. He showed good bird sense and his range was quite fair.

Second Round.

Tony Dick and J. J. O. began at 3:15. They ran nearly an hour without any success in finding. They hunted diligently and their range and speed were good.

Dan R. and Mack L. were cast off at 4:15 and ran 30m. Mack made a point in a plum thicket and drew about, showing some timidity when working on the trail. He stopped on the bevy. It flushed and he chased, after which he chased one of the singles on his return. Each made a point on the singles, but on the whole it was poor work.

Rex and Volena were started at 4:53; down 32m. Rex showed the better speed, range and judgment.

The winners were: First, Mack L.; second, Tony Dick; third, Rex of Birmingham.

Tuesday—The All-Age Stake.

There were 19 entries in the All-Age Stake, and out of these 7 started. Prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of entrance money.

Rex of Birmingham with H. H. Mayberry's pointer bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arron—Lady Mull), owner, handler.

T. T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer bitch Hattie D. (David of Hessen—Fitz's Fay) with W. B. Townsend's pointer dog Kent Elgin II. (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine), Dr. G. Chisholm, handler.

Wm. M. Hundley's l. and w. pointer dog T. T. A. (Kent Elgin—Cleo Kent), owner, handler, with Tony Dick.

R. H. Lowe's pointer bitch Cricket (Osborne Ale—Queen Fan), owner, handler. A bye.

First Round.

Rex and Alabama Girl showed some playfulness at the start, but soon settled down to hunting. Girl pointed a small bevy at the edge of woods. Sent on. Girl pointed a bevy, which flushed ahead. Rex was close by it, standing. On the singles in woods Girl made two points; Rex one. Girl was the faster ranger and the steadier worker. The heat lasted 35m., ending at 9:37.

Hattie D. and Kent Elgin II. were started at 9:45. They ran 29m. Kent made a point on a bevy and chased it. On singles he made a point and a chase. He showed good speed and range. In working for himself he seemed to have good capability, but he was not trained.

T. T. A. and Tony Dick started at 10:16; down 36m. Dick pointed a bevy, and afterward made a point on one of the single birds. His nose was keen and he was industrious.

Cricket was worked alone. He was steady, reliable, heavy and fat. He pointed a bevy in woods. The birds were not followed. Down at 10:55.

Second Round.

Tony Dick and Alabama Girl started at 11:30. Dick pointed a bevy in sedge. Girl made the better display of speed and range. Dick was industrious, however, but he seemed to be weary. Up at 12:05.

The Puppy Stake was run in the meantime.

Rex and Tony Dick were cast off at 3:00. Rex pointed a bevy in a plum thicket. A lot of time was devoted to work on the singles without any success. The birds were in very thick cover. Sent on. Both pointed and drew, but failed to locate. Sent on. Rex made game and went on, and the birds were afterward flushed by the horsemen. Poor work. Up at 3:43.

First, Alabama Girl; second, Rex of Birmingham; third, Tony Dick.

Dick showed better work in locating the birds. He did not abandon the scent when he found it if the birds were there.

Puppy Stake.

There were four starters.

Dan R., W. H. Hundley, handler, with T. H. Spencer's setter dog Clay Gladstone, owner, handler.

T. Peeble's b. and w. pointer dog Tom Tee, W. M. Hundley, handler, with C. L. Smallwood's l. and w. pointer dog Ben Eder, T. T. Ashford, handler.

Dan R. and Clay ran 38m., beginning at 1:00. Dan showed good speed and range. No birds were found. Clay was a young puppy.

Tom T. and Ben were cast off at 1:44. Ben was the better in every way. Tom, a young puppy, would not hunt. Up at 2:02.

Ben and Dan started at 2:18. Ben followed his competitor at first, then hunted quite well. Dan was the better in range and speed. He showed good quality and is a good puppy.

No birds were found by the puppies.

Dan R. won first.

Wednesday—The Champion Stake.

The event of the trials and the one most anxiously expected and most hotly contested was the race for the cup and the title of champion of Alabama. There were six starters in this contest. This stake was open to any dog owned in Alabama.

Ashford & Odom's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull with Alabama Girl.

C. E. Meglemry's l. and w. pointer dog Rex with J. J. Odom's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McA., owner, handler.

F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash, Dr. Chisholm, handler, with Dr. George Eubank's b., w. and t. setter dog Landseer, owner, handler.

First Round.

Von Gull and Alabama Girl began at 8:00 and ran 2h. Girl going at speed flushed a bevy in cornfield. She turned, came back and more birds flushed. She next made an uncertain point on a bevy. Von pointed a single. Sent on to find a new bevy. Von made game in a likely place, raking the ground very close with his nose. He worked very close to a feeding bevy, then went on hunting. The birds were flushed by the horses. It was a wretched piece of work. A lot of time was taken up in looking for singles without any work on them being secured. Both dogs finished well, and they worked much alike as to range and speed.

Sport McA. and Rex of Birmingham were cast off at 10:00 and were run 2h. Sport was first to find. He dropped to a point on a bevy and Rex flushed it. Sport behaved well. Sent on, Sport pointed as a single flushed. Again sent on. Sport made game for some distance on a sedge ridge, but failed to locate. Some of the spectators said that the birds had flushed. Sent on. A bevy was seen to flush, and on the scattered birds afterward Rex was seen to be suspiciously near as they flushed. After a long search Sport made game; Rex close by flushed the bevy. On the scattered birds in woods, Sport made a point. Rex pointed one, then chased it.

Landseer and Elgin's Dash began at 12:30. They also ran 2h. Both were wide rangers, Dash the faster. Landseer at the edge of sedge drew to a point; Dash was already in before him and had the birds. The birds flew but a short distance, and each made points on them. The dogs soon afterward were worked on new ground. Landseer after some slow work in trailing a bevy pointed it; the work was fairly well done. On the singles Dash made a point and a flush. The weather was then very hot. The dogs covered a lot of ground and showed excellent capabilities in a general way—that is, in range, speed and bird sense.

Second Round.

Von Gull and Elgin's Dash were cast off at 3:40 and were ordered up at 4:05. After quite a lot of ground was worked out Dash made game. The birds flew some distance back on the course. Dash made a point on a single marked bird, to which he was coached by his handler, the point was of no special merit. Sent on. Dash made a long cast and pointed a single bird. Von soon pointed a part of the bevy. Both then made a good showing on singles, each securing three or four good points. This was the best work of the trials.

Von Gull won first. I thought that Dash should have won. He showed the best nose and best work on birds. He ran two heats in a hot time. Von's work on a bevy in the first heat was bad, as has already been related. The scarcity of birds was a drawback to the trials. The club intends to stock its grounds for the competition next year.

Boston Dog Show.

(Special Report.)

THE fourteenth annual dog show of the New England Kennel Club was scarcely the success as a show of dogs the management anticipated. Boston has always been a favorite show town, but with one exception the shows have never been a success financially. The management therefore this year determined to curtail expenses and make the exhibitors pay for their own fun by adhering to the former entry fee of \$4 and charging \$5 to enter a kennel. This was a radical reform, and naturally the professional dogman was disgruntled, and not seeing his expenses, stayed away. This made light entries in many breeds, and especially so in the pointer and setter classes, compared to old days. However, the new move resulted in a more amateurish show; the amateur element in affairs canine was out in force, and at no show held lately was this so noticeable. To make the point more conspicuous, it is understood that many of the exhibitors took advantage of the club's offer to give cups and medals in lieu of money. This is always a healthy sign in sport.

The arrangements of the show, under the careful eyes of Mr. James L. Little, the secretary, and President Samuel Hammond, were complete. Mr. Jean Grosvenor was also well up with his work. The show used its own clean benching, affording a very attractive appearance.

Under the superintendency of Mr. T. Farrer Rackham the details of good show management were carefully looked after, and the ring paraphernalia was very

complete. Mr. Edward Brooks had charge of the ring stewards, selected from members of the club, and these attended to the rings in fine style.

The number of dogs benched was 398, and entries numbered 535. This was a falling off of about 400 from last year. The catalogue was gotten up very carefully, and there will be few errors to come under Secretary Vredenburg's axe.

The attendance was very good, excepting, of course, during the blizzard of Wednesday; but for this the club would have come out ahead. As it is, the financial ends about meet. The best of feeling prevailed during the show.

The club have claimed Feb. 14 to 17, 1899, for their next show, and the management, having had enough of reform prize lists, will make every endeavor to have a jubilee show for their fifteenth annual.

The judging was completed the first day, excepting a few specials.

The sporting special was won by the cocker spaniel champion Baby Ruth, owned by the Mepal Kennels, the beagle Blitz, owned by Howard Almy, being the runner-up.

Mr. R. D. Perry judged foxhounds, and contrary to expectation, the Brunswick Fur Club did not support the show; consequently the entry was light and not of very good all-around quality. The best dog was Yorick, an English-American hound, well set up, especially in forepart. The winner of the B. F. C. Derby last year was generally preferred to Song for second place, but had to give way to Snowflake, a rather lightly built sort. A capital bitch came forward in junior bitches, A. B. McGreor's Gipsy, to my mind a better all-round hound than the ultimate winner of the winners' class, Yorick; Snowflake again nipped in for second, but Fashion is a good hound, and more on the lines of the winner.

Mr. George W. Lowell judged pointers and accomplished his task well, although he had no very momentous question to decide. The novices may be passed over with light comment. The winners, F. J. Lenon's Trilby Bang Bang and Zella Strideaway, are faulty in heads, but Trilby's running gear and body were praiseworthy. Mollie Strideaway, third, is a rather soft-looking sort all round. The winner in junior dogs, E. W. Foote's King of Lynn, is a good old-fashioned sort, though a bit heavy in shoulder. He had nothing much to beat. Flintlock (R. Flynn's) is an excellent dog, but his head is poor. Betty M., the winner in bitches, is one showing much quality, and had one of the best heads on the bench. But the two best pointers in the show were Urada and Kent's Kate, placed as named in the free-for-all class, and owned by F. J. Lenon. They are well known as good typical pointers.

Dr. H. Clay Glover judged the setters, and he made no error; he has had many a harder judging task. The setter exhibit was poor, with only a few really fine dogs. The puppies in English setters did not amount to much. In junior dogs a very well-made one, H. A. Belcher's Gus Rockingham, a little dished in face, but well built throughout and well shown, was first over two moderate animals, Mr. Robinson's Lem Bondhu and N. L. Chaffin's Jack, the latter very plain. Albert's Ranger was the best setter, and won alone in senior, free-for-all and winners' classes.

Irish setters were few in number and nothing extra in quality. The three winners in junior dogs were little apart. Royston Redman was better in body and legs than R. W. Ropes' Robert. Miss Stranie's Prince Echo, third, was third one on the English setter type. A capital bitch, Toronto Mollie, came forward in junior bitches, rich color, nice head and body, in which she excelled Monroe's Iver. Red Cloud, a frequent winner, was first in senior, and in the free-for-all division Pride's Beauty scored; she is a little weak in muzzle, but good elsewhere. Chief Red Cloud was counted the best in the lot in the winners' class.

Gordon setters were poor. Dan B. is just fair in formation, but his coloring is not rich enough. Lilly B. is a very plain sort, according to bench show form; her head is too short and lacks character. All the other classes were empty. In the novice class for all setters, Calla E., a sister of Gus Rockingham's, was an easy first, sweet quality and beautiful build, especially in rib development; an Irish setter, Rory O'More VII., though a very fair-looking dog, is just about as far removed from the style of his noted ancestor as his numbers denote.

The spaniels were judged by Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding. He had not a task that demanded much judicial acumen. There were no Clumbers or Irish water spaniels. A very pretty cocker bitch was exhibited, Mepal's Opal, a well-formed little one that was, however, beaten by her sister, Topham's Fantasy, a coarse bitch more of the field stamp, but looks like work. Topham's Selma was too fat.

Beagles were out in force, and made a very attractive display. The best were a promising puppy by Hempstead Beagles' Florist and his sister, Beautiful. Millard R. made a meritorious win in novices, a well-built hound that gets his tail up too high. A very pretty bitch is Gladstone, the winning bitch; shows much quality, and is of sturdy build. Almy's Blitz, a capital all-round hound of good type and quality, beat Millard R. in the field trial class, and a good-bodied one, Leader, was reserve; his head is not so good as the others. A capital bitch, about the best beagle in the show, was Purity. She is a well-set-up hound all over, but a bad shower in the ring. She won in junior bitches over 13in., and also the special for best bitch. In the corresponding dog class Blitz and Millard R. were the winners. Among the small-sized ones Leader scored over the poor-headed Orator, who, however, does well in body and legs. A pretty bitch is the junior class winner, standing about 12in., and built like a little cart-horse, plenty of bone. Frances was the only senior entry of this size. Purity won the free-for-all prize easily. Blitz was in the dog winners' class and Purity in that for bitches. The best two dachshunds were Bronzie and Jangle. Others, with the exception of Choc'lit, were only moderate.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies: 1st, P. Player's Psyche. R., Keyes' Lady Elmo. Junior class—Dogs: 1st, H. A. Belcher's

Gus Rockingham; 2d, Robinson's Lem Bondhu; 3d, N. L. Chaffin's Jack. Senior class: 1st, S. W. Carey's Albert Ranger. Free-for-all class: 1st, S. W. Carey's Albert's Ranger. Winners' class: 1st, Carey's Albert's Ranger.

IRISH SETTERS.—Junior class—Dogs: 1st, Royston Kennels' Royston Redman; 2d, R. W. Ropes' Robert; 3d, Miss D. Straine's Prince Echo. He., A. C. Train's Dan Train. Bitches: 1st, Douglass & Chamber's Toronto Mollie II.; 2d, J. A. Monroe's Iver. Senior class: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud. Free-for-all class: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty. Winners: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud.

GORDON SETTERS.—Junior class—Dogs: 1st, T. M. Gollin's Don B. Bitches: 1st, R. Price's Lilly B.; 2d, Smith Bros.' Dellmont. All setters—Novice: 1st, H. Belcher's Calla E.; 2d, Ellen Joy's Rory O'More VII.; 3d, Smith Bros.' Dellmont.

POINTERS.—Puppies: 1st, R. Flynn Jr.'s Tick; 2d, J. B. Austin's Max Strideaway; 3d, H. L. Haddock's Slick. Novice class: 1st, F. J. Lenon's Trilby Bang Bang; 2d, R. Robinson's Zella Strideaway; 3d, Austin's Mollie Strideaway. R., Flynn's Flintlock. Junior class, 55lbs. and over—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Foote's King of Lynn; 2d, A. H. Houghton's Houghton's Bang. Under 55lbs.—Dogs: 1st, Flynn's Flintlock; 2d, Tucker's Kent II.; 3d, G. B. Boothby's Duke Kent III. Under 50lbs.—Bitches: 1st, McQuillen's Betty M. Free-for-all class, any weight: 1st and 2d, Lenon's Urada and Kent's Kate. Winners' class: 1st, Lenon's Urada.

BEAGLES.—Puppies—Dogs: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Boaster; 2d, M. M. Billing's Barty; 3d, Round Plain Kennels' Ranter. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Beautiful; 2d, Ridgewood Kennels' Rosemary. Novice class—Dogs: 1st, A. J. Purrrington's Millard R.; 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Boaster; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator. R., Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Harker, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Comedy Kennels' Gladstone; 2d, G. L. Stewart's Jessie; 3d, Round Plain Kennels' Melody. Field trial class: 1st, H. Almy's Blitz; 2d, Purrrington's Millard R. 3d, Ridgewood Kennels' Fashion. Over 13in.—Junior class—Dogs: 1st, Almy's Blitz; 2d, Purrrington's Millard R.; 3d, Round Plain Kennels' Timothy. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Purity; 2d, G. F. Reed's Reed's Flirt; 3d, Baldwin's Ado B. Senior class: 1st, Ridgewood Kennels' Fashion. Under 13in.—Junior class—Dogs: 1st, The Hempstead Beagles' Leader; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator; 3d, Sunset Kennels' Satanic. Bitches: 1st, S. E. Thurton's Fan R.; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Marjory; 3d, Hempstead Beagles' Beautiful. Senior class: 1st, Glenwood Kennels' Frances. Free-for-all class: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Purity; 2d, Rogers' Ben Perley Poore; 3d, Billings' Barty. Winners' class—Dogs: 1st, Almy's Blitz. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Purity.

The New York Show.

THE twenty-second annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club commenced on Feb. 21 under most unfavorable conditions in respect to weather. The cold rainstorm which set in on Saturday was still unended. The day was damp, slightly foggy, chilly, with a slight drizzle betimes. The weather predictions were more favorable for a change to good weather. The opening was not marked by any specially heavy attendance, and in this respect the unfavorable weather alone would have an unfavorable effect on amusement seekers or enthusiastic fanciers.

Dr. H. Clay Glover, the club's veterinarian, reports that the dogs arrived in remarkably healthy condition. Only three were rejected.

The judging was progressing slowly up to the middle of the afternoon of Monday. Mr. George Raper, who has crossed the ocean five times to judge at this show, arrived only the day before on the Campania. The Squantum Kennels lost two Boston terriers from suffocation. The quality of the dogs was very good as a whole.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Some time ago Mr. Luke W. White, then of Baltimore, was charged with violation of the City Code in refusing to remove a dog when ordered to do so by Mayor Hooper. Mr. White at the time was maintaining a dog hospital, and on complaint of his neighbors the Mayor took action as above mentioned. Mr. White refused to obey the notice, and in consequence he was indicted by the Grand Jury. Judge Stockbridge, on Feb. 15, decided that the ordinance was invalid, thereby sustaining Mr. White's demurrer, interposed by his counsel.

The judge held that the Legislature had clothed the Mayor and City Council with ample power to deal with the matter at issue—that is, the existence of alleged nuisances—but they had gone too far in constituting the Mayor the sole judge of what constituted a nuisance, and this on an ex parte hearing.

Mr. George W. Rogers, secretary of the National Beagle Club, writes us that "An executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held Feb. 8 at 171 Broadway. Members present, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., John Bateman, G. Mifflin Wharton and George W. Rogers. Alfred B. McClay was elected to membership. A new form of payment in the Futurity stake was submitted and ordered sent out to beagle owners. A brass die was donated by Messrs. Kernochan & Appleton, to be used at all dog shows by members of the club, each die designating the name of each dog entered by a member of the club. Members can secure them by applying to the secretary."

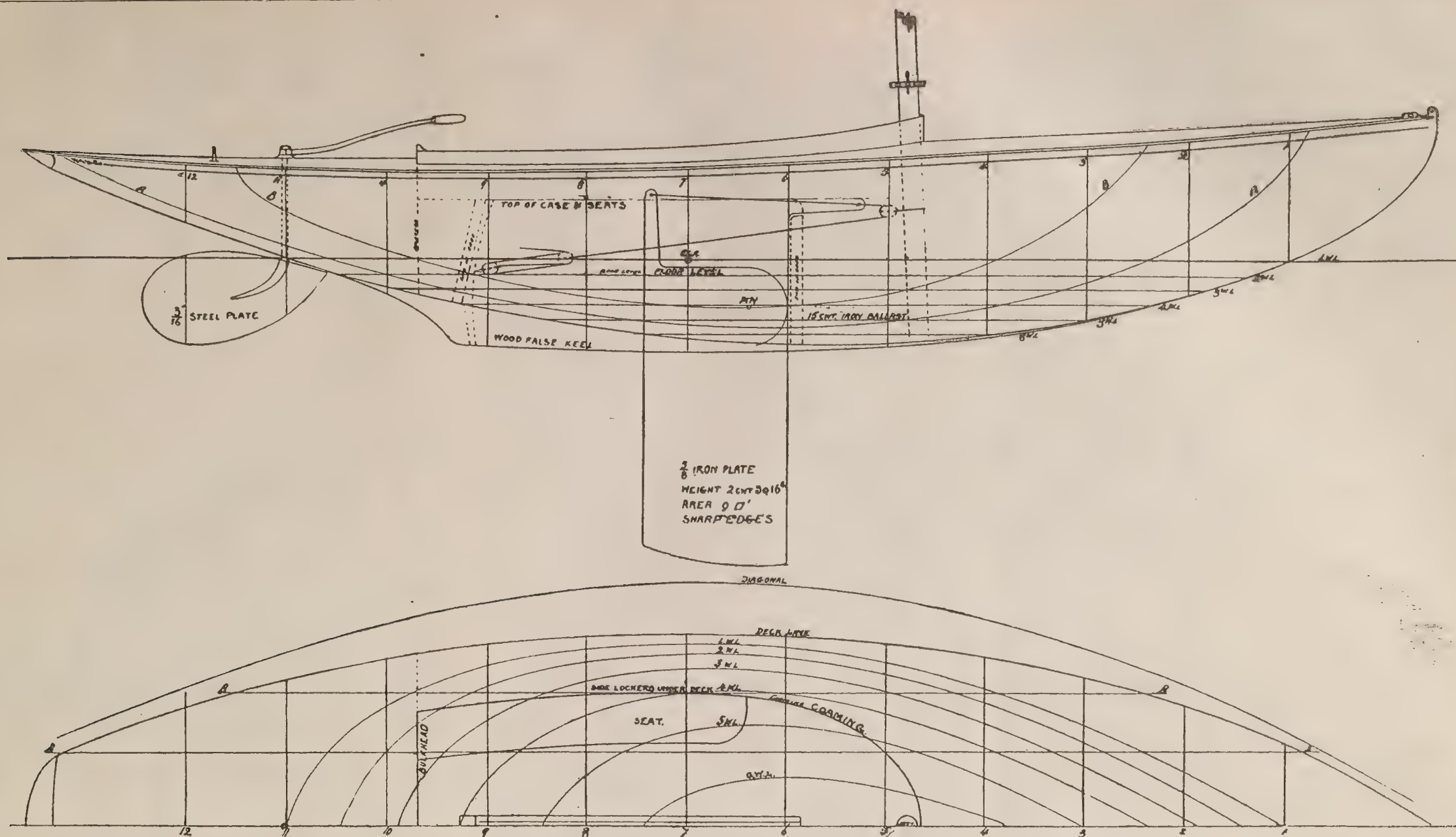
The coursing for the Waterloo cup was concluded on Feb. 18. Wild Night was the winner. The Waterloo purse was divided between Real Turk and Jissy Smith. The Waterloo plate was won by Genetive.

Yachting.

AND now the well-known Yampa is to be robbed of her old name, to start life anew under the more ambitious appellation of Iduna. Of course, it might have been worse—Meteor III., for instance—but still the yacht has now lost her individuality and the reputation she has made as a deep-water cruiser on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Belfast Lough Jewel Class.

WE reproduce from the Yachting World the accompanying design of a very useful type of centerboard boat, from which the Jewel class of the Ulster Sailing Club was built. The design was made in the fall of 1896 by Mr. Linton Hope, and eight boats were built, at a cost of £52 each (\$260) by William Roberts, of Chester; two more have since been added to the fleet. The boats



JEWEL. BELFAST LOUGH ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

have proved very successful, affording excellent sport in the races, of which some two dozen were sailed last year. The dimensions are: Length over all, 24ft.; l.w.l., 17ft.; beam, 6ft. 6in.; draft, 1ft. 6in.; with board, 5ft. 6in.; least freeboard, 1ft. 6in.; sail area, 275sq.ft.; ballast, centerboard, 3cwt.; iron cast to fit inside, 15cwt. The roller jib is so fitted as to be swung out, serving as a spinnaker.

The Luck of a Calm.

My friends had congratulated me warmly on my good luck in getting a junior partnership with the firm of Scroggin & Swayles so soon after completing my law course. No doubt it was a good thing compared with the likeliest alternative—a small back office on my own account, with few clients and precious small earnings for a year or two.

But after the first few months of satisfaction I began to think that after all Scroggin & Swayles were having the best of the bargain. My share of the profits under the agreement was less than the salary of one of our clerks who did far less work and had not a tithe of my responsibility. To be sure I was getting a living, but the senior partners were getting so much more, I really felt that my services to the firm must be altogether underestimated, and determined to speak to Scroggin about it. He was the man who directed the affairs of the firm with an iron hand, and whose fiat was always final. How much he consulted Swayles I could not exactly make out. If ever they failed to agree, it was in private, for to the office an unbroken front was maintained, and that front was always Scroggin Q. C.—the eminent counsel who was quite accustomed to having his own way even with refractory witnesses.

With him I must deal finally, but as a preliminary I sounded Swayles and stated my case. He listened quietly, as he did to everybody, and did not offer comment or interruption until I had finished with a somewhat excited declaration of my intention of "tackling Scroggin." Then he smiled and shook his head. "No use," said he. "At least it would be no use to tackle Scroggin the way you have tackled me. He would simply take a professional delight in arguing you down. And a man who commands the fees he does for an argument is not a novice at the business. You have not been in the firm very long, and you are not doing so badly after all. Whenever the opportunity offers I will certainly not only agree, but urge that your share of the profits be increased. But you had better leave the initiative to myself or — Scroggin. I know you are working hard, and he knows it too, although you might not think so. We never do things by halves, and it's a long road that has no turn. If you happen to distinguish yourself, particularly in connection with any case, it will likely hasten the turn. But if you take my advice you will not push matters at present."

I took his advice, and said no more about the matter. I was kept busy enough, but mostly with routine work at Osgoode Hall and general office humdrum—not the kind of thing to give me any chance to distinguish myself. I was on the lookout for lucky accidents, and of course they did not come my way. Rather the opposite occurred, particularly in regard to one case that from an office standpoint was very satisfactory—that is our client had lots of money and was willing to spend it in litigation.

It fell to my lot to get some of the evidence in shape, in which process it appeared that a young lady residing in Rochester, N. Y., would be a very material witness. For some reason our client left it to us to secure her attendance, which could only be by consent, as she was out of the jurisdiction of the Ontario courts. I went over to see her, armed with instructions to offer a substantial witness fee in addition to all expenses; she told me quite frankly all she knew about the matter, and it was just the evidence we wanted too. When I broached



JEWEL.

the subject of her attendance at court, she hesitated. I thought I would clinch matters by mentioning the witness fee, and she at once became highly indignant and declined to make any promises. I had evidently bungled the thing, and after in all probability making matters worse by more urging and argument I came home crestfallen. Scroggin was handling the case and he received the report of my trip with an amused smile, which annoyed me more than anything else.

That was early in May, and the case was not to come on until September. Time was on our side and the young lady might yet be induced to come over and help us. Meanwhile work on the case continued, and every time it turned up I felt a twinge of annoyance. If Scroggin was at all worried about it he did not say so, but proceeded with the work as though the witness was of no consequence, until he suddenly discovered

that he needed a trip to Europe, and bounded off, leaving everything to Swayles. I one day suggested that another attempt should be made to secure her evidence at the trial, but Swayles seemed very indifferent about it, and I concluded that he and Scroggin had decided to get along without her. Their indifference to the matter might have reassured me, but it had the opposite effect. To my mind that witness was indispensable, and I gradually worked myself up to the belief that if we lost the case the absence of her evidence and indirectly my failure to secure it would have to bear the blame.

By the middle of July Swayles concluded that there was nothing to prevent his going to Muskoka for six weeks, and away he went, leaving me in full charge with formal instructions to keep him posted and consult him on matters of importance, modified by something like a wink and a caution not to bother him about

trifles. Evidently the firm had considerable confidence in the junior partner, so much so that the individual members had left him no chance for summer vacation. However, one may enjoy a summer in Toronto, and my opportunities in this direction were good.

I had a half interest in a 25ft. yacht, just the thing for afternoon sailing, and comfortably fitted out for cruising. The other half was owned by D'Arcy Renfrew, a good yachtsman and excellent companion for an outing, and between us we did not let the canvas mildew for want of hoisting. Bright and breezy afternoons frequently induced me to desert the office at an early hour, while every week end saw a cruise to Oakville or Frenchman's Bay, and once in a while Niagara or Port Dalhousie. So the summer passed until Civic holiday came due, and D'Arcy and I concluded to make it a chance for a longer run than usual.

On the previous Friday night we stowed an extra supply of provisions and made everything shipshape for a start as soon after lunch on Saturday as possible. Unless there should be a head wind we were to work along the east shore, making a good long sail of it, with Sunday and Monday to get back in. Saturday morning of course saw me at the office hastily opening the mail and hoping that nothing would turn up to prolong the morning's work beyond noon or half past, not only for my own sake, but for that of the staff, who were all going out of town, as various satchels and general holiday attire showed plainly. There was nothing much in the mail—the "case" turned up and annoyed me as usual, but beyond that I got through early, signed the salary checks, and was off by noon after wishing all hands a good time.

D'Arcy had been as lucky as myself, and we met at the entrance to the yacht club wharf. The old salt who looked after the small craft assured us that our supply of ice, milk and bread had been put aboard, and we lost no time in manning the dinghy and getting there ourselves. The sail cover came off and the mainsail went up with a snap and vim that showed the crew was used to working together and the gear in good order. The working topsail went aloft next and then the jib was run up, the mooring slipped and the cutter Rosalie paid off on the starboard tack with a fine southwest wind lifting her along to the eastern channel and every prospect of a long spikaker run ahead. In this we were not disappointed. The wind held well and we scudded before it past Scarboro Heights and the Palisades, past Port Union, which is not a port at all; past the Rouge and Frenchman's Bay and still to the eastward, reveling in the steady summer breeze and the glorious sunlight.

Five o'clock found us nearly abreast of Whitby, and I asked D'Arcy if he wanted to put in there, not expecting at all that he had any such desire. "No," he said, "why should we? The town is two miles from the harbor and no good when you get there. With this breeze we shall make Cobourg to-night. It is a decent place and there are some jolly people there that I know. Let's stand on and make use of a fair wind, now we have it."

I quite agreed with him and suggested that he get supper ready, for I was decidedly hungry. He plunged below and rummaged about the galley, lighting a fire and spreading our little swing table with the choice variety of delicacies that always turn out on the first meal of a cruise. It was well we started the supper early, for it takes time to get a meal ready on a small craft, and we had to take turns at steering and feasting.

By the time it was over and the dishes carefully washed and stowed the wind had fallen light and we were prospecting on the chances of the weather with easy indifference. We were in no hurry. The wind would likely shift and come off shore after sunset. That would suit us very well. It would take us into Cobourg. If necessary we could drop into Darlington.

By 8 o'clock the wind had dropped altogether, and we took in the spinnaker and proceeded to tidy up our gear. It was clouding up over the shore and looked a bit uncanny; we thought it meant wind before long and that was what we wanted, for there was some sea left by the afternoon breeze, and without steerageway we plunged unsteadily. An hour passed and the night had settled down dark and damp, no moon and no stars visible, nothing to be seen in fact except Darlington Light blinking faintly in the distance.

I was feeling a bit sleepy and chilly as well, and the prospect of an all night sail did not fascinate me. I suggested to D'Arcy that when we did get a breeze we might as well put into Darlington and get a fair night's rest, and leaving him to keep a lookout went below to put on a heavy coat. The well-lighted cabin looked exceedingly cheerful after the murkiness outside, and it was warm too, for a few coals still glowed in the galley stove and the kettle was full of hot water. A little Scotch whisky would not hurt me, and when I was about it I took it hot, then filled my pipe and lounged back on the cushioned locker for a lazy smoke. The pipe did not draw well, so I laid it aside.

I must have dozed off then, for some time later I was awakened by D'Arcy's voice on deck shouting "Ahoy!" I started up and asked what was the matter.

"I don't know," he said, "I heard a voice out in the lake—it sounded like a cry of distress, and it was a woman's voice too. Perhaps somebody is in trouble out there."

"Very strange," I remarked, and we both listened intently for a couple of minutes, straining our eyes over the water, although there was little chance of seeing anything. Then he shouted again, but no response came. "You must have been mistaken," I said, but he stuck to his story, and even spoke of going out in the dinghy to investigate.

He got a lantern on deck, although our side lights were burning brightly, and shouted again. This time there was a response that we both heard, a shrill voice that really answered his description, only it was nearer, he said, and taking the lantern he pulled off in the direction of the sound. I watched the light bobbing up and down in the boat as he pulled out fully a quarter of a mile, then suddenly changed his course and stopped. Presently he came back again at a slower pace, the reason of which was evident when he came alongside, for he had another boat in tow.

"Catch that skiff," he said, meanwhile coming aboard and making fast his own painter in the starboard rigging.

As I did so a lurch threw the light from the cabin port holes on the face of a woman sitting in the bottom of the skiff. "Help her out," said D'Arcy, and we each took a hand and fairly lifted her on deck. She was almost too weak to stand, but D'Arcy helped her down into the cabin and got her comfortably seated.

He took it all very coolly, as though he was quite used to that sort of thing, but then he had the faculty of getting along with women that always astonished me. I said nothing and let him alone, for the first of the land breeze was coming off shore, and I busied myself making fast the two boats astern and trimming the sheets to get the yacht under control. I took the helm, and on looking down into the cabin saw him administering a glass of brandy and water to our passenger, and then he watched her with the air of a physician. The effect was immediate and beneficial, for she revived sufficiently to talk a little.

"Thank you so much," she said, "I feel better now. I could never have stayed out in the boat another night. You see I went out rowing yesterday morning when it was quite calm, and I must have got a long way from shore. Then it got rough so suddenly, and I could not get the boat back. The more I rowed the further from shore I seemed to get. After a time I could not see the shore at all, and I was so frightened. It has been rough ever since, and I did not know what to do, and I was too tired and sick to row any more."

"Where did you start from?" asked D'Arcy.

"From Charlotte; I live in Rochester; and, oh! my friends will not know what has become of me."

"We will telegraph them as soon as we get into port," he replied, "and now I must introduce myself. My name is D'Arcy Renfrew, and my friend is Fred Weston. Come below, Fred."

So he had recollected me at last. I went down, leaving the Rosalie to steer herself in the light wind.

As skipper of the craft I did not propose to allow the crew to do all the honors. She looked at me curiously, and then started as though recollecting herself, "I am Miss Armour, of Rochester, and—why I think I have met you before, sir."

D'Arcy looked at me in blank amazement.

She was my much desired witness. "I am so glad," she added. Just what this meant I did not know, except that she was reassured to find herself not in the company of entire strangers.

The awkward pause was broken by D'Arcy, who suggested a cup of tea and some supper, and set to work to prepare them. A sudden heeling of the yacht warned me that the breeze was freshening, and excusing myself I went on deck. D'Arcy soon had the table spread, and our guest did not need much inducement to eat. He looked after her and himself also, while the skipper was treated to a hand-out on deck. Later on he induced her to have a nap on the locker and joined me.

We went on for Cobourg, and tied up at the piers just at daybreak on Sunday morning.

The first duty was to telegraph to Miss Armour's friends, and this was managed at the early hour through the operator at the Grand Trunk Station. After that I proposed to escort her to a hotel, but she disliked the idea of her adventure exciting any publicity, so D'Arcy, who seemed to consider her his special charge, hunted up some of his friends—a risky thing to do at such an early hour—and confided her to their care. Then we turned in on board the Rosalie and slept until noon. After dinner we made some calls, including Miss Armour, and found her looking quite well, thanks to a good sleep and a general fixing up.

Needless to say, I had no intention of letting the occasion pass without making some further attempt to secure her as a witness, but after my previous bungle I was doubtful how to proceed. Had the trial been coming on immediately I might have got her served with a subpoena before she left Ontario, but I was mistrustful of any attempt at coercion, and concluded I must depend on gentle persuasion. Seizing a chance for a quiet chat I introduced the subject cautiously, when she met me half way just as promptly as she had previously declined my offer of a witness fee.

"I know what you want, Mr. Weston," she said, "and although I dislike the idea of appearing in court, and am not very friendly to your client, I would not think of refusing to oblige you personally after your kindness to me. Only I want no fees of any kind—I would not touch a cent of your client's money, and besides I do not need to."

Of course I let it go at that, and on Monday Miss Armour left for Rochester on the North King, while we went back home on the Rosalie with a fine off-shore breeze. She was as good as her word, however, and came to Toronto for the trial in September. Thanks to her evidence, as much as anything, in my opinion, we won the case, and whether it was a coincidence or not I cannot say, but soon after Scroggin asked me to step into his private office and sign a new partnership deed, much more favorable to me than the first one.

The romance ended there so far as I was concerned, but I am not sure about D'Arcy. He was quite attentive to Miss Armour when she came to Toronto, and he has been to Rochester since on several flimsy excuses. But, as I said before, his dealings with the gentler sex are beyond my comprehension. W. Q. PHILLIPS.

The Interlake Y. R. A.

THE annual meeting of the Interlake Y. R. A., of Lake Erie, was held at Cleveland on Feb. 12, the following delegates being present: Capt. E. P. Sharp, Buffalo Y. C.; Com. George T. Bliss, Erie Y. C.; Capt. E. W. Radder, Cleveland Y. C.; Capt. George Anderson, Sandusky Y. C.; John Holloway, Put-In Bay Y. C.; Com. Henry Tracy, Com. S. O. Richardson, Com. J. E. Gunckel and O. K. Schimansky, Toledo Y. A.; Capt. William Jupp, Detroit B. C.; Otto Barthel, West End Y. C.; and John Rathbone, Detroit Y. C.

The following officers were elected: Com., A. I. McLeod, of Detroit; Vice-Com., Henry Tracy, of Toledo; Rear-Com., George T. Bliss, of Erie; Sec'y-Treas., Otto Barthel, of Detroit; Meas., J. W. Hepburn, of Toledo; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman, of Cleveland.

Race Committee—George F. Anderson, of Sandusky; W. R. Huntington and Ed Overbeke, of Cleveland; J.

A. Rathborn, of Detroit, and George Waite, of Toledo.

Capt. E. W. Radder, of Cleveland, was re-elected delegate to the North American Y. R. U., and a vote of thanks was tendered him for his work in the past in that capacity.

The delegates to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes are E. W. Radder, B. F. Hower and Otto Barthel.

The following amendments were adopted:

1. Add to Section 2, Rule 8: "But such increase of rating shall affect the R. L. of such yacht for purposes of time allowance only, and not for purposes of classification."

2. Strike out "galley fittings and" in third line of Section 1, Rule 14.

3. Amend Section 1, Rule 15, by substituting "five" persons in place of "six" as the number allowed on 27ft. class boats.

4. Substitute the following in place of Section 3, Rule 15: "In all races each yacht of 42ft. R. L., or under, must be steered by a Corinthian, who must be a member of a recognized yacht club belonging to one of the associations of the Union; and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any such yacht may carry the number of professionals regularly employed on the yacht, but not more than two in any case."

Under caption of "Meetings" in by-laws change time of annual meeting from second Wednesday in February to "second Saturday of each February."

A committee was appointed to consider the question of a one-design class to take care of the boats under 22ft., inasmuch as the rules of the Great Lakes Union do not provide for that size class. It was decided to hold the annual regatta at Put-In Bay on July 25. The table of scantling prepared for the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes by W. P. Stephens was submitted to the delegates, all present expressing the opinion that only good results could follow from it. After the meeting the delegates were entertained at a reception given in their honor.

The Defense of the Seawanhaka Cup.

THE Montreal correspondent of the Boston Globe writes as follows:

The most interesting thing that is yet known about the arrangements on this side of the line for the Seawanhaka cup races is that Æmilus Jarvis will again compete for the honor to sail the cup defender. The offer made, it appears, by Mr. H. Montague Allan, the Montreal head of the firm of A. & H. Allan, of which Bryce Allan is the Boston head, to build a boat, was made on the express condition that Jarvis was to sail her. If the commodore agrees to do so it will add greatly to the interest, for a race between Jarvis and Duggan is of even more interest to Canadians than one between Crane and either of the Canadian skippers.

Naturally the consummation of the Allan arrangements has been somewhat delayed by the absence of the commodore in England, and as it is nothing will be known for some days as to what will happen. Some profess to believe that Jarvis will refuse the offer because during his visit here with his queer craft, Bonshaw, last summer he positively stated that he would enter no more championship matches, but would only sail in future in friendly club races. Still, the temptation to break his resolutions then made is great in this particular case, for it is understood that he can either design and build his own boat or can have her designed and built when he gets here. Besides, another brush with Duggan must be a hard thing for him to refuse.

As far as preparations in general go, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is away behind the Seawanhaka Y. C. To come down to hard pan, really only one boat has been ordered yet in a definite manner, and that is the one for the brokers' syndicate. There are others spoken of, like that of Mr. Allan, but they are still problematical. One thing is certain, and that is that unless they hurry up, the members of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. will find themselves in the middle of the summer season without any new boats ready to go into the preliminary trials.

Several of the old boats of last year will go in again this year, particularly Glenowen and the victor, Glencairn II.

"The Yachting Monthly."

Having attained the dignity of its fifteenth volume and a success which it has well deserved, our contemporary the Yachtsman has launched a new and ambitious venture in the shape of a monthly magazine devoted exclusively to yachting. The first number of the Yachting Monthly Magazine, which reached us last week, needs none of the excuses usually claimed by the initial number of a new publication, but is quite capable of standing on its merits. No doubt the future numbers, of which we hope there may be many, will show improvement, but the first one is a marked exception to the usual run of nautical experiments in the publishing line. Its letter-press pages, numbering 94, are supplemented by four large folding plates of designs and four half-tone plates of yachting scenes.

The leading article is on the "Probable Revival of Schooner Racing," by Harry Horn, an appropriate subject just now. Mr. Horn gives a very interesting history of schooners and schooner racing from 1851 down to its decline in the early 80s, but falls into the usual error of British writers of calling the famous sloop-schooner Maria, built by the Stevens Brothers, the Black Maria. There is no record on this side of the ocean of the yacht ever having carried such a name.

The table of contents, in addition to this article and a short introduction, is as follows: "Poor Little Spunyard," "Notes from a Leafless Notebook," "A Fortnight in a Half-Rater," "Our Designs," "A Ladies' Match," "The Search for a Name," "A Tamar Trip," "Thames Sailing Punks," "A Lost Rowlock," "The Log of the Dabren," "Outmaneuvered," "In Sydney Harbor," and "A Channel Pirate." This list includes cruises in various sizes of craft, descriptive articles, and yachting fiction; the illustrations, of which a number appear in the text, being really excellent.

The publishers of the two journals have instituted a series of quarterly designing competitions, open to all persons who have never prepared a design for money, the subject being announced in advance. A first prize of £5 and a second of £2 10s. are given, the first design being published in the Yachting Monthly Magazine and the second in the Yachtsman. The subject of the first competition was a cruising yacht of 36ft. l.w.l. and not over 7ft. draft, the winning design, Serpolette, by R. E. M. Lengerke, being a handsome little keel cutter of moderate form, 50ft. over all, 36ft. l.w.l., and 11ft. beam, with full limit of draft and 1,826sq.ft. total sail area. She has main and ladies' cabins, a good steerage and roomy fore-cabin. The subject for the next competition, closing this week, is a single-hand cruiser. One of the large plates shows a very handsome open sailing boat, designed by the late Mr. John Gordon Kelly, of 18ft. 13in. over all, with nearly plumb ends, 5ft. 8in. in beam and 2ft. depth amidships, with knife board. The subscription is 15s. 6d. per year. Apropos of the designing competition, the first one brought out seventeen designs.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held their usual monthly regatta Saturday, Feb. 5. The wind was light from the northeast. In the first class there was only one entry:

First Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Britannia	0 49 12	0 49 12
Swallow	0 45 59	0 45 59
Uncle Sam	0 58 00	0 57 56
Gypsy	Did not finish.	

Winner, Swallow. PAUL M. ASTON, Sec'y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on Feb. 16, the following officers being elected: Com., Clarence A. Postley, schr. Colonia; Vice-Com., Edward S. Hatch, yawl Huron; Rear-Com., Charles F. Ulrich, schr. Carlotta; Sec'y, Oswald Sanderson; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees to serve three years: Edward J. Greacen and William B. Jenkins. The secretary's report showed a membership of 567 and a fleet of 314 yachts. The committee appointed to consider the advisability of the club joining the Yacht Racing Union of North America made its report, and on motion of Oswald Sanderson the club empowered the board of trustees to take such action as they deem advisable.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, was held on Feb. 15 at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Samuel L. Swett, sloop Volante; Vice-Com., George G. Tyson, schr. Nirvana; Rear-Com., Charles E. Simmons, schr. Osprey; Treas., Charles Chamberlain; Sec'y, W. Irvine Zerega; Meas., Lincoln Moss; Governors: 1900, Charles Pryor, Charles E. Simmons and Charles Chamberlain; 1899, George F. Pelham, W. Wharton Hollingsworth, M.D., and Frank Sargent Grant, M.D.; 1898, George G. Tyson, Samuel L. Swett and E. Handford Sturges. The following committees were reported: Regatta, W. Irvine Zerega, W. P. Stephens and O. H. Chellborg; Delegates to Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, W. P. Stephens and W. I. Zerega. After the meeting the club and its guests enjoyed an excellent dinner.

Intrepid, schr., E. T. Hunt, sailed from New York on Feb. 10 and arrived at Bermuda on Feb. 15. Capt. John Holly is in command.

The annual meeting of the Quiney Y. C. was held on Feb. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., John T. Cavanagh; Vice-Com., Edwin E. Davis; Sec'y and Treas., James S. Whiting; Meas., William C. Harrison; Executive Committee: William P. Barker, Henry M. Faxon, George E. Pfaffmann, John W. Sanborn. Ex-Com. John Shaw was made an honorary life member of the club by a unanimous vote, and Mr. Henry M. Faxon was made an honorary member. The sum of \$500 has been raised by subscription for the new interclub trophy for the 21ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and designs have been submitted by the leading New York and Boston silversmiths.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, who has had such an active part in the organization of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, and later in the North American Y. R. U., has given up his former business and will in the future devote himself to yacht brokerage and similar work; he is located at 29 Broadway, New York.

After serving the Yacht Racing Association as secretary from its organization in 1875 until the present time, Mr. Dixon Kemp has been compelled to resign on account of ill health. The Association has just elected Mr. B. Heckstall Smith as secretary.

The Yonkers Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., T. J. Shaughnessy; Vice-Com., William J. Bright; Treas., J. W. Shaughnessy; Fin. Sec'y, W. B. Pink; Recording Sec'y, Sydney Media; Fleet Captain, George Warren; Meas., William Brazier; Trustees: George B. Warren, John J. Murphy, H. James, and J. Pitchford; Delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association: T. J. Shaughnessy, William J. Bright and E. C. Williams.

The famous old 40-tonner Tara, one of the most successful racing craft during the 80s, is being broken up at Fay & Co.'s yard at Northam. She was built in 1883 for Mr. Francis Taylor, by Hatcher, Clifford & Co., at Southampton. She was altered from a cutter to a yawl in 1891, when she was purchased by Mr. W. East, her present owner, and put back under the cutter rig in 1896. Tara was the crack of the 40-tonners in 1883, but May in the hands of Capt. John Barr sailed her very hard and won almost as many prizes. Tara was the longest of the old 40s, and had an enormous displacement for her dimensions. The Yachting World, from which we copy the preceding, might have added that Tara was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, and like her smaller sister Freda did much to establish his reputation as a racing designer.

The skimming dish has still a home in Germany, as instanced by a yacht now building at Heidmann's yard, Hamburg. She is 58ft. over all, 38ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam, with 2ft. 6in. draft, and a sail area of 2,200sq.ft.

Mr. J. J. Astor has appealed from the adverse decision recently rendered in his suit against the owners of the steamer Mary Powell, which steamer ran down and sank the electric launch Coreyra last fall.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has elected the following officers: Hon. Com., Lord Strathcona; Com., Mr. James Ross; Vice-Com., Mr. A. F. Riddell; Rear-Com., Mr. W. Barclay Stephens. Committee: Messrs. G. H. Duggan, F. A. Crathern, A. W. Morris, W. A. C. Hamilton, J. E. Schultze, Robert Lindsay, E. K. Greene, Jr., C. H. Routh.

A yacht club by the name of the Reed's Lake Y. C. has just been organized at Grand Rapids, Mich., the officers being: Com., William S. McKay; Vice-Com., F. W. Toby; Sec'y, E. E. Dryden; Treas., A. E. Robinson; Meas., Alfred Baxter. Racing Committee: A. W. Hompe, E. E. Dryden, R. N. Irwin. The clubs starts out with the following members: William S. McKay, Charles Baxter, Dr. Collins H. Johnston, E. E. Dryden, Charles Rood, M. B. Walton, Walter Winchester, A. W. Hompe, C. S. Bacon, A. Baxter, G. W. Gere, F. W. Toby, K. Van Hoi, R. W. Irwin, A. E. Robinson, Charles Luce, Percy Reed, Ralph Tietfort and Cyrus Hatch.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 14 at the Waldorf, with Com. Gould in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Vice-Com., Harrison B. Moore, steamer Marietta; Rear-Com., J. Herbert Ballantine, steamer Juanita; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., George Hill; Trustees: J. Rogers Maxwell, George J. Gould, Newbury D. Lawton, Philip G. Sanford, Thomas L. Watson and J. Fred Ackerman. Committee on Membership: Howard P. Frothingham, J. M. Ceballos and Henry B. Howell. Regatta Committee: David E. Austen, George W. McNulty and Henry C. Barnet. The following amendments to the by-laws were unanimously adopted: Chapter 4—Regular meetings of the club shall be held on the second Monday of February, April, June and September. The meeting in February shall be termed the annual meeting. These meetings shall be held at a place and time to be appointed by the commodore or the board of trustees. Notices thereof shall be mailed to each member at least three days prior thereto. Chapter 5, Section 7, to read as follows: The commodore when afloat shall carry a broad rectangular pennant, blue ground, white letter A, similar to the club signal, with sixteen blue stars in the letter A. The vice-commodore shall carry a pennant similar to that of the commodore, excepting that where that is blue his shall be red. The rear-commodore shall carry a pennant similar to that of the commodore, except that outside of the letter A the ground shall be white and the letter A shall be red, with sixteen white stars. The acting commodore's pennant shall be the same shape as that of the commodore, but entirely blue. The fleet captain's flag, to be displayed when he is on duty (as a boat flag or as circumstances may otherwise require), shall be rectangular in shape, color blue, with red letter A, similar in form to that on the club signal. The racing rules of the Y. R. U. of N. A. were accepted by the club. The dates of June 7 and 14 were discussed for the annual regatta, the choice being left to the commodore. Twenty-four members were elected. The club has increased its membership by eighty-three during the past year, making 483 in all, with 250 yachts in the fleet.

The steel steam yacht Niagara II., built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. for Mr. Howard Gould, was launched at Wilmington on Feb. 19, being christened by Miss Katherine Clemmons. The yacht is 272ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., 36ft. beam, 27ft. depth, to spar deck, 19ft. deep to main deck, and 16ft. draft, bark rigged, with twin screws. The contract called for her completion in April, but it will be some time later before she is ready for sea.

Canoing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Canoe Racing in Winter.

THE members of the American Canoe Association hold each spring, in some available locality in New England, a "meet" of canoe men; but this year, at the Sportsmen's Show, in Mechanics' building, Boston, March 14-26, they will have the unusual advantage of a midwinter "meet." Valuable individual prizes will be offered for such contests in canoes as can be run off in the miniature lake. They will include the following events.

1. Club tug-of-war; nine men to each canoe; one-minute heats; best two in three.
2. Tug-of-war in war canoes; picked teams; one-minute heats; best two in three.
3. International tug-of-war between winners of event No. 1 and picked Canadian team.
4. "Club 4" tug-of-war; four men to each canoe; one minute heats; best two in three.
5. Tug-of-war; four men to each canoe; picked teams.
6. Tandem hand-paddling upset.
7. Club tandem tug-of-war; three men in each team.
8. Tandem tug-of-war; picked teams; three men to each canoe.
9. Blindfold hand-paddling race.
10. Hurry-scurry race.
11. Exhibition upset.
12. Tournament.
13. Tug-of-war; four men to each canoe; Micmac Indians versus picked team.

All communications should be sent to L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass. Entries close March 1.

The New England Sportsmen's Association will also present a most attractive schedule of swimming events, both professional and amateur, and will award valuable trophies to the winners. The miniature lake will be about 60ft. long and contain 220,000gals. of water, and will offer exceptional facilities for these events. The following amateur events have been arranged:

1. Team race; four men in a team; eight lengths of the lake; team prize and individual prize.
2. Open single race; 100yds.; first and second prizes.
3. Open single race; 200yds.; first and second prizes.
4. Water polo; team and individual prizes.
5. Diving competition; first and second prizes.
6. Tub race; first and second prizes.

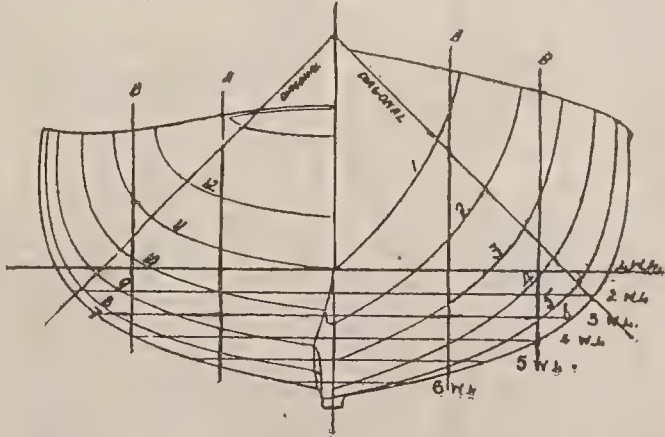
The following is a list of the professional events:
1. Open single race; 100yds.; prizes \$15, \$10 and \$5 in the event of more than three entries.
2. Open single race; 220yds.; prizes \$30, \$20 and \$10 if more than three entries.
3. Open single race; 440yds.; prizes \$35, \$25 and \$15 if more than three entries.

Relay races and team races will be arranged, provided a sufficient number of entries are received; and the management reserves the right to run off all events in heats if deemed advisable, according to the number of entries.

All entries should be made before March 1, to L. S. Drake, room 6, Pierce building, Boston, where full information may also be obtained.

Rushton's Canoes.

WE have received from J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y., the 1898 catalogue of canoes, boats and launches made by him. The Rushton canoes and boats are too well known to need description, but the long list of models has been thoroughly revised, the best and most popular, both of canoes and boats, being retained and improved. An important addition to the catalogue is the line of power



craft, from 11ft. 6in. in length upward. The smallest of these are of rowboat model, with square stern, fitted with a 1 H. P. Sintz gas engine. The same engine is also fitted into a 17x34 hull of canoe model, with elliptical counter, carrying two or three persons. From these the list runs up to larger hulls and engines. Mr. Rushton still sticks to white cedar as the best material obtainable for light craft. He now lists a serviceable houseboat, with hull 32ft. by 9 and house 20ft. by 9. The book includes a full list of sails, canoe and boat rigs, camping outfits, oars, paddles, etc.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

Samuel J. Bennett, Brooklyn C. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Central Division.

F. L. Danforth, Buffalo, N. Y.
Chas. F. Kilboller, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—The marksmen at Shell Mound range were favored yesterday with good shooting conditions. A large number of the National Guard were out for practice. The Germania Schuetzen Club held its regular all comers' shoot. For the diamond medal, only one entry allowed, D. W. McLaughlin made 226, Dr. Rodgers 213, F. Schuster 213, L. Bendel 205.

On the 3-shot contest A. Strecker 72, J. Utschig 71, Dr. Rodgers 70, Mr. Morken 70.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores for the day:

Pistol, 50yds., Columbia target, only one entry:

Champion class: F. O. Young 43, J. E. Gorman 47, A. B. Donell 48, Dr. Rodgers 51, and M. J. White 65.

First class: G. M. Burley 64, D. W. McLaughlin 70, and F. E. Mason 80.

Second class: Mrs. M. J. White 66, A. Hinterman 66, and A. H. Cady 95.

Third class: B. P. Jonas 95, J. P. Cosgrave 96.

The 10-shot pistol shoot for the Siebe medal, open to all comers, was held with this score: J. E. Gorman 38, F. O. Young 44, A. B. Donell 50.

In the 50yds. .22cal. rifle shoot for ladies for the Ross trophy Mrs. M. J. White scored 38-44, and Mrs. J. Manuel 95.

For the all comers' rifle medal at 200yds.: T. E. Mason 48, A. H. Pape 53, Dr. Rodgers 58, F. O. Young 55, D. W. McLaughlin 61.

For the Bushnell medal: F. O. Young 46, A. H. Cady 40-40.

For the members' rifle medal: A. B. Donell 54, J. E. Gorman 62, A. H. Gehret 80, A. H. Cady 97.

For members only:

Champion class: D. W. McLaughlin 55, A. H. Pape 56, Dr. Rodgers 57, F. O. Young 60, A. Strecker 83.

First class: J. E. Gorman 73, O. A. Bremer 87, J. E. Klein 90.

Second class: G. Borley 77, M. J. White 95, A. Hinterman 99, A. H. Cady 157.

Third class: B. Jonas 118, E. Woenne 151, Mrs. White 160.

ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the recent annual meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club officers were elected as follows: Henry W. Myer, Captain; Bernard Kumm, Recording Secretary; H. B. Michaelson, Corresponding Secretary; George Wehrenberg, Financial Secretary; N. A. Bevesten, Treasurer; Barney Zettler, J. C. Bonn and Frank Facompre were chosen shooting masters. Thirty-four members participated in the shoot on Feb. 11. The contest was at short range, 10 shots, possible 250. The scores:

Frank Facompre 237 points, Dr. C. Grosch 236, J. C. Bonn 234, J. A. Christen 232, C. F. Offerman 228, J. G. Thoecke 228, Peter Feigel 227, Henry Norbruck 227, H. B. Michaelson 225, Bernard Zettler 224, J. N. Herrmann 223, Charles Steffens 221, Charles Sievers 220, N. Bevesten 220, A. W. Lamcke 220, H. W. Meyer 219, John Gobber 218, Fred Feldhusen 217, William Wessel 213, Henry Koster 210, G. T. Lawrence 208, Charles Mann 207, A. O. Lederhaus 205, George Golle 204, B. A. Wragge 204, F. H. Ehlen 200, J. Riebeschl 198, J. A. Caplan 193, A. A. Bankauf 192, Henry Decker 190, G. F. Doehl 190, Henry Hoerenberger 189, F. S. Schulz 187, John Paradeis 151.

Wahnetah Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 12.—The Wahnetah Rifle Club, of this city, made the following scores at their range during the past week:

German ring target, .22cal. rifle, 25yds., possible 250. First challenge: W. Devoe, on his four rounds, made the descending scale, as follows: 241, 239, 235, 234; P. Yost on his three rounds followed suit with 235, 234, 232. H. Young on his only round scored 210; J. Yost followed with only 223.

Second challenge: W. Devoe rung up 239, 234, 236, 234, 239, 235, 235. P. F. Yost brought his figures to 224, 225, 230, 233, 236. J. M. Yost scored 227, 233, 221. Thomas Wallace scored 218, 221, 223. George Knox scored 178, 147. W. Jones scored 206. M. Reese scored 164.

ARTHUR A. FINK.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 8-10.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tournament of the St. Thomas Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money, and an international live-bird trophy. Under the management of Jack Parker.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 22-23.—Stanhope, Ia.—Central Iowa shooting tournament, for amateurs only. Gold medal representing Iowa championship. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for price of targets and birds.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 28-30.—Galena, Kans.—Interstate shoot. Two days targets; one day live birds; \$50 a day added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 19-22.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets: \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, G. M. Walden, Pres.; Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.
 May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.
 May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.
 May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
 June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magastrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.
 June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.
 June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.
 June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.
 June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Blue-locks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.
 June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.
 June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Sioux Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.
 July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

Wide-Open Shoots.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of last week Mr. G. M. Walden, president M. S. F. and G. P. A., enters with much spirit into a discussion of wide-open tournaments, and strongly advocates them. It is a very interesting subject. Concerning the Missouri State shoot, he announces that it is open to the world, excepting as a matter of course such events as are limited by local or special conditions, such as State shoots, individual championships, etc.

Everyone will concede the right of every organization to arrange its competition as it deems best. If the general and special conditions which pertain to it are such that it can give a better and more satisfactory competition if no shooter is barred, such conditions are quite the proper ones to recognize and adopt. It is the proper policy for any association to consider the legitimate support which contributes to its best success. But, granting this, we may ask if the special policy which is so beneficial to one is to be recognized as a rule for all? Hardly so. In fact, no individual club can make a cast-iron policy for even its own guidance year after year. Such changes are made year by year as experience shows to be necessary. It therefore may be assumed that the policy of any one club, based on its own individual interest, is not necessarily the best policy for all other clubs, nor permanently for itself. At the same time there must be some general principle of competition which will give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number, and which will also be the most equitable.

In respect to paid shooters at tournaments, Mr. Walden touches more generally. He favors them as factors in tournaments, and cites as analogous certain other kinds of professionalism which, unfortunately for his argument, can hardly be considered as analogous. To better demonstrate the absence of analogy, his main points are quoted:

(1) "If I were in the sporting goods business I certainly would bar all professional shooters, for the following reasons: Everything in the line of guns, ammunition, shooting costumes, etc., is furnished by the manufacturers, hence he is a poor customer of the retail sporting goods merchant. If I were only an ordinary shot I would keep Mr. Good Shot away from all tournaments, in order that I may be able to earn a second-class gun or some article of merchandise hardly worth the freight or express charges home.

(2) "The amateur base ball team has for its audience the rabble, whose enthusiasm reaches out to the limit of the precinct of the ward in which the lot is situated, and on which they play ball. The same can be said of foot ball and other classes of athletic sports.

(3) "Except in isolated cases it's the 'way-upper' that we spend our money to see, that draws the crowds. Amateur theatricals live only for a night, and then only in the midst of its friends."

(1) The trade reason from the retailer's standpoint that the paid shooter pays nothing to him, nor to any one else for his guns, ammunition, shooting costume, etc., and therefore that he would be pleased to see the paid shooter barred, is quite in consonance with retail interests. The amateur views the matter in a liberal manner, yet also one reasonably consonant with his own interests. He buys his guns, ammunition, etc., of the dealer or manufacturer. It is he who supports the trade, as is quite proper, having received a valuable equivalent in return. However, the guns and ammunition, so paid for by the amateur, again afford a means of revenue to the paid professional, since in their use in competition they are engaged directly in line with the latter's business. The man who belittles shoots for pleasure can never equal in skill and success the man who shoots for business. The amateur, generally speaking, is such a performer as he may happen to be, an uncertain one at best, and one difficult to classify, owing to the irregularity of his performance. On the other hand, the paid professional must be a class man, one up to an extremely high standard of certain skill to secure, first, his position, and second, to hold it afterward. He within reasonable limits is a known, certain quantity in competition. His nerves are seasoned to steadiness before a crowd; his mind, eyes and hands are schooled to quickness and precision, and the problems of any flight of bird which can be offered him have been solved many times before. For him the merchandise shoot has little interest. He much prefers the cash events, and that there are such events proves conclusively that Mr. Ordinary Shot makes entries in them; that is to say, up to a limited number of times. He learns in time, to beat the Defender, that a common road horse cannot beat a trained racer; yet he may concede that, while it is plucky to try to beat them, it is bad judgment as well as expensive to attempt to do so.

(2) We fail to discover any analogy in the citation of competition between base ball teams. Let us make one. The amateur base ball teams are many times the schools from which the experts graduate. They afford pleasure to their respective groups. The professional teams engage in professional spectacular events, depending for revenue on the gate receipts. The spectators, non-professional, pay a fixed amount at the gate; securing a defined and fixed amount of pleasure in return, in which the professional has no part. Let us consider the audience as being amateurs. They are not in competition either directly or indirectly with the professionals. If they were invited to contribute \$1 at every inning, to compete with the professional or retire, and were they then given a short competitive run for their money, then there would be a true analogy. There can be no analogy in point between a group of men on the one side engaged in competition and another group on the other side not engaged in any competition.

(3) As to theatricals, they also fail in being analogous in any respect to the matter under consideration. They are simply spectacular and amusing, on a professionally business basis. The patron pays a fixed sum at the door for an evening's amusement, which is considered a full consideration for the amount paid. At no time is he in competition. If he were required to put up \$1 at the end of every half hour, in a contest in enunciation or expression or lofty tumbling with the performers, etc., he might plead that he was only an amateur and that he wanted to go home and there stay.

In regard to amateur tournaments, Mr. Walden has struck a good note when he mentions an equitable and intelligent handicap, although a rather difficult matter to secure. However, "my friend from the brush" with \$6 is hardly the true type of the amateur. He is no more a representative of a class than is the man who by pinching himself in respect to the necessities of life, saves \$5 to hear a Patti, etc., etc., a representative of the true class of theater or opera goers. The true class of trap-shooters is not found in a few paid men at one extreme, nor in the poverty-stricken men at the other. There are men in every thriving community who can set by \$100 or \$500 for the pleasure and recreation derived from trap-shooting. They form the rank and file of the trap-shooting class. In past years, in the transitional stage of guns from the muzzleloader to the breechloader, and in the use of nitro powders, the paid man served a useful mission as a teacher to the whole class of shooters. That time has passed,

The Hot Springs Tournament.

THE Hot Springs tournament was held last week, Feb. 15-19, under the management of John J. Sumpter, Jr., and Jack Parker. Owing to our going to press this week one day earlier than usual, on account of Mr. George Washington having been born on Feb. 22, we cannot give a full account of the proceedings at this shoot. Below will be found matter received from our correspondent Paul R. Litzke, up to the time of going to press:

First Day, Tuesday, Feb. 15.

It is rarely the case that the averages on the first day of a tournament run as high as they do on the succeeding days. Those made to-day proved no exception to the rule, as out of all the hot company present only three reached the 90 mark. There were abundant opportunities to scoop first money alone if there had been any one equal to the occasion. True there were some of the participants who accomplished this feat, but in three of the eight events no straights were made, while two men divided first money in the 25-bird event on 24. In this event Powers lost his 24th and Christianson his 23d, Fulford made the only straight score in No. 1, and Gilbert did the same thing in No. 7. Faurote was lucky in the first extra, as his was the only straight, Trimble being unfortunate enough to lose his last bird.

The table shows Gilbert first with 92.1 per cent.; Heikes and Fulford are tied for the next two positions with 90.3 per cent., followed by Faurote and Trimble, who are also tied for fourth and fifth places. These are the winners of the high-gun moneys, and but one of these belongs to the amateur class. Faurote made the longest straight run of the day, going 63 without a skip. This is not evidenced by the tabulated score below, as part of this run was made in the two extras that were shot after the regular programme. In these two events he made a 20 and a 19, which gave him 101 out of last 105 shot at. This was really the best piece of shooting during the day. The entries were not nearly as large as had been expected, forty-nine in all taking part, though of these forty shot through the entire programme, which would lead one to infer that those who are present have come to stay. The weather is just simply superb, and nothing could be asked for in this respect. The prospects are equally bright for the morrow.

Scores in to-day's events are:

Events:	Scores of Feb. 15.								Shot at	Broke	Av.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	20	20			
Gilbert.....	19	20	17	19	18	21	20	18	165	152	92.1
Heikes.....	19	18	16	18	19	22	18	19	165	149	90.3
Fulford.....	20	19	18	19	16	21	18	20	165	149	90.3
Faurote.....	17	17	17	17	17	23	19	20	165	147	89
Trimble.....	18	16	17	20	18	22	18	18	165	147	89
Powers.....	19	15	19	19	17	24	16	17	165	146	88.4
Elliott.....	18	18	18	18	19	20	19	16	165	146	88.4
Jackson.....	19	20	16	17	16	21	18	16	165	143	86.6
Budd.....	16	17	19	16	16	22	19	17	165	142	86
Parmalee.....	17	17	17	17	19	23	18	17	165	142	86
Glover.....	15	19	19	17	17	18	18	18	165	140	84.8
Sumpter.....	15	17	19	18	14	20	18	18	165	139	84.2
Beck.....	18	19	15	15	14	20	17	20	165	138	83.6
Christianson.....	16	17	17	15	15	24	15	18	165	137	83.6
Eaton.....	17	17	15	20	13	21	15	18	165	136	82.4
Graham.....	17	17	18	15	17	18	16	16	165	135	81.8
Garland.....	18	15	17	17	15	20	15	15	165	135	81.8
Funk.....	16	15	17	15	19	18	16	16	165	135	81.8
Loomis.....	18	19	18	15	19	18	11	11	165	135	81.8
Fanning.....	12	14	17	18	16	19	13	19	165	134	81.2
Wilson.....	18	14	17	17	16	23	13	13	165	134	81.2
McMurchy.....	17	19	16	20	17	20	15	17	165	131	79.3
Howard (J P Easton).....	16	16	16	11	16	21	15	19	165	130	78.7
Gray (Dr West).....	14	18	15	12	14	21	19	16	165	129	78.1
Young.....	15	16	16	15	14	19	15	18	165	128	77.5
Densel.....	18	15	14	12	23	13	16	16	165	127	76.9
Garrett.....	12	15	17	13	16	19	19	16	165	127	76.9
Apperson.....	14	14	14	14	16	19	17	18	165	126	76.3
Hallowell.....	12	17	15	16	15	20	11	19	165	125	75.7
Parker.....	17	15	17	13	15	20	14	14	165	125	75.7
Courtney.....	11	18	15	11	13	20	15	15	165	122	73.9
Taylor.....	16	13	14	15	12	16	13	17	165	116	70.3
Conlisk.....	14	12	15	13	18	19	13	7	165	112	67.8
Norman.....	15	13	9	13	16	14	13	17	165	110	66.6
Brady.....	15	13	16	15	12	8	16	16	165	110	66.6
Sergeant.....	14	19	10	12	14	16	7	18	165	110	66.6
Weller.....	9	14	11	14	11	20	16	15	165	110	66.6
Reichert.....	14	16	17	14	13	17	12	8	165	110	66.6
Martin.....	12	13	14	14	10	7	15	17	165	102	61.8
Mark.....	10	12	9	11	12	14	10	14	165	92	55.7
Nesbit.....	40	34	85
Rix.....	40	31	77.5
Ferguson.....	40	25	62.5
Little.....	40	25	62.5
Brown.....	10	10	13	11	80	44	55
Lane.....	7	14	8	60	29	45

Second Day, Wednesday, Feb. 16.

The averages for to-day are much higher than those of yesterday, and the shooting done by some of the contestants was of a sensational order. Several long runs were made during the day, in this respect Heikes leading with 80 consecutive breaks to his credit. Gilbert has the nice run of 73, and Powers 66. Heikes dropped his first one in the 25-bird event, and then ran the remainder of the programme straight, as well as 16 more in the next extra. Gilbert made his run commencing in the second event, and winding up in the 25-bird event, wherein he lost rather early. Powers started in almost as soon as he got on the grounds. An extra was shot before the regular events were started; in this he lost the very first target he shot at, finishing with 19, and then ran 47 more straight in the regular programme. That first straight of his was also one of the lucky places of the day, as it netted him first money alone. Trimble too was fortunate, as he scored the only 16 in the third event, which paid him \$8.10.

In the 25-bird race there was some great shooting done, and the Indian squad ran up the great total of 121 out of 125, Budd and Loomis going straight, Powers and Gilbert got 24 and Parmelee 23. There were five straights and six 24s, and of these Martin lost his last bird.

Gilbert again took first average with .957, though Powers and Heikes, who were tied for the next two positions, ran him a great race, being only a single break behind with an average of .951. The next man is Budd with .927, followed by Elliott with .915. These are the five high guns for the day, which pays each of them \$4. There were forty-seven shooters taking part—two less than on the previous day—of which number thirty-nine shot through the entire programme, just one less than yesterday.

The weather was again fine, though there was some wind that occasionally made the targets erratic. Toward evening it was clouding up.

Tuesday's scores are as follows:

Events:	Second Day.								Shot at	Broke	Av.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20			
Gilbert.....	19	19	20	20	20	24	17	19	165	158	95.7
Powers.....	20	20	19	18	18	24	20	18	165	157	95.1
Heikes.....	19	17	19	18	20	24	20	20	165	157	95.1
Budd.....	17	18	18	19	19	25	18	19	165	153	92.7
Elliott.....	19	17	18	18	18	25	18	18	165	151	91.5
McMurchy.....	17	17	18	20	15	25	18	17	165	150	90.9
Loomis.....	18	16	18	17	19	25	19	18	165	147	89
Trimble.....	18	16	18	17	17	25	19	16	165	147	89
Funk.....	19	20	15	14	18	23	15	15	165	146	88.4
Faurote.....	18	18	18	18	19	21	16	17	165	145	87.8
Glover.....	19	17	17	19	16	23	16	17	165	144	87.2
Parmalee.....	17	15	20	15	16	23	19	19	165	144	87.2
Howard.....	16	18	18	17	17	25	14	19	165	143	86.6
Macalister.....	17	14	17	18	17	23	20	16	165	142	86
Graham.....	17	14	17	16	18	21	17	16	165	141	85.4
Wilson.....	16	20	17	16	18	21	17	16	165	141	85.4
Martin.....	15	16	17	18	14	24	18	19	165	139	84.2
Fanning.....	16	18	18	18	14	23	18	19	165	138	83.6
Hallowell.....	16	16	18	16	17	23	13	19	165	138	83.6
Sumpter.....	15	19	18	16	16	22	14	13	165	138	83.6
Fulford.....	17	17	15	19	15	20	15	19	165	138	83.6
Garland.....	17	18	17	17	17	22	14	14	165	136	82.4
Jackson.....	16	15	18	19	16	17	14	20	165	135	81.8
Brady.....	16	18	15	17	14	22	13	17	165	132	80
Apperson.....	16	16	15	17	15	20	13	19	165	132	80
Parker.....	16	18	15	14	14	21	17	16	165	131	79.3
Eaton.....	13	15	19	17	14	23	12	17	165	130	78.7
Courtney.....	15	18	18	16	13	23	14	15	165	130	78.7
Beck.....	14	15	18	16	17	19	15	20	165	129	78.1
Young.....	14	16	14	16	17	19	15	20	165	129	78.1
Christianson.....	18	14	15	17	17	20	11	15	165	127	76.9
Conlisk.....	14	17	17	17	16	19	9	14	165	123	74.4

Densel.....	14	18	17	17	13	21	14	14	165	123	74.4
Weller.....	14	16	18	14	15	17	15	14	165	123	74.4
Garrett.....	15	17	15	15	16	24	12	12	165	123	74.4
Norman.....	14	19	13	16	14	19	12	15	165	122	73.9
Sergeant.....	13	15	8	14	18	22	13	12	165	116	70.8
Mark (J M Lilly).....	16	15	9	16	13	16	12	16	165	113	68.4
Nesbit.....	15	15	13	11	7	20	12	14	165	107	64.8
Clements.....	16	20	12	12	..	85	60	70.5
Taylor.....	14	13	40	27	67.5
Ferguson.....	..	14	12	9	11	..	50	46	57.5
Miss King.....	11	11	..	40	22	55
Smith.....	12	9	..	40	21	52.5

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo, which was shot on Jan. 28-29, was won by an Englishman who has been but little known at the traps until comparatively recently. Mr. Curling, the winner, first came into prominence at the meeting in Ostend last summer, and was hardly looked upon as dangerous in the Grand Prix, although he has done some good work at Monte Carlo this winter. The birds trapped in this event were a magnificent lot from all accounts; so good were they that 67 out of the 139 competitors in the event lost their first birds, the score in the first round showing 67 misses to 72 kills. This will sound remarkable to American trap-shooters, being but little over a 50 per cent. gait. But then Monte Carlo birds and Monte Carlo's conditions and boundary do not exist in this country. At the end of the 8th round there were only three possible straight scores out of the 139 shooters. One of the three dropped his 9th bird, while another dropped his 10th. This left Mr. Curling as the only possible straight, with two more birds to shoot at. Amid the greatest excitement he scored both birds and won about \$4,300 and a handsome silver trophy as the result of his 12 straight kills. The conditions of the Grand Prix are 3 birds at 26 meters and 9 birds at 27 meters. As a meter is about 39 1/3 in., 27 meters is 29 1/2 yds. Mr. Curling shot a Branquaert gun and Schultze powder. It is worth noting that the Grand Prix has been won eight times out of the last twelve shoots by a shooter using Schultze powder. The Branquaert gun is manufactured at Mont St. Martin, Liege, Belgium.

Mr. W. W. McIlhenny, secretary, in writing us concerning the Interstate shoot at Galena, Kans., mentions that "This shoot will take the place of what has heretofore been known as the Owl shoot of Missouri and Kansas, as the latter will not be held this spring. Programmes will be issued later, and the shoot will embrace two days at targets, with eight regular 20-target events each day, and \$50 a day added money; all moneys divided on the Ross system. The third day will be devoted to live birds, and in addition to sweeps the third open contest for the Kansas State wing shot badge will be held. The Galena Gun Club grounds are well fitted up and the club will endeavor to make this a pleasant occasion to all visitors."

Capt. A. W. Money won the first prize gold watch put up for competition by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. The club puts up one watch every two months, shoots being held twice a month, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month; the shooter winning the watch the greatest number of times out of the four shoots takes the watch; in case of a tie there is a shoot-off. Capt. Money won the first two shoots in January; the president of the club, Mr. E. A. Jeanneret, won the third contest, Mr. J. Gerow Dutcher winning the fourth and last shoot on Feb. 16. Thus Capt. Money, with his two wins, took the watch. A new series commences on March 2. The conditions are 50 targets per man, \$1.25 entrance, handicap allowances. Anybody is welcome to shoot for the watch, the contest not being one "for members only."

As an international affair in every sense of the word, the Grand Prix ranks second to none. The following figures show the different nationalities represented, and the number of each nation's representatives: 45 English, 40 Italians, 30 French, 7 Belgians, 6 Austrians, 5 Germans, 3 Russians, and one each from America, Turkey and Spain. The American representative was Mr. W. Rogers, who lasted only until the fourth round, when he retired with one kill to three misses. Among those who missed their first 3 birds was M. Journu, the celebrated French shot, who won the Grand Prix in 1896. Sixteen shooters in all missed their first 3 birds.

Jack Parker's recent records at live birds are worthy of note. Here are some figures on them: On Jan. 15 he scored 32 out of 38 on the Post street grounds at Detroit; at the Hamilton tournament he totaled 56 out of 58 shot at; at the Old Reliable grounds, Detroit, on Jan. 29 he ran 34 straight, and at the same place on Feb. 5 he ran 42 straight. All these birds were shot at in miss-and-out events, with the exception of some of the birds shot at during the Hamilton, Can., tournament. His grand total shows 164 out of a possible 167 consecutive birds. Of course after doing the above excellent work, he wants us to mention that he did it with King's Smokeless and Peters' Victor shells.

Aaron Doty, of Paterson, N. J., is shooting very well just now. In a 25-bird race at the grounds of the Lyndhurst, N. J., Shooting Association on Thursday, Feb. 17, he was the only one to score 25 straight, killing some very good birds indeed while running up that total. He was placed on the 29yds. mark. Jack Brewer scored 24 out of 25 from 31yds. mark, his last bird being literally chased out of bounds by poor retrieving. Ferd Van Dyke, 29yds., scored 23 out of his 25 and took third money, the three mentioned taking all the money there was in the pot, something over \$100.

Louis Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., is in this city, and promises to make one of the entries in the Grand American Handicap. Mr. Harrison is very popular with the boys, and is renewing old acquaintances as well as making lots of new ones. He took part in the monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club on Feb. 15, and killed all 10 of his birds; his eighth bird, however, fell dead out of bounds, his total score being 9 out of 10.

Frank M. Faureto, of Dallas, Texas, is one of the very best target shots in the South. He showed this very conclusively on the first day of the Hot Springs shoot, Feb. 15, by running 63 straight in the sweeps. Mr. Faureto has done a lot of good shooting in the past, but on this date he was pushing everybody very closely, landing a tie for fourth and fifth daily averages with Ralph Trimble, of the Du Pont Powder Company.

Manager John S. Wright is already figuring on the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club's all-day shoot at targets on March 10. The programme will be arranged so as to suit the shooters who always attend these popular gatherings in goodly numbers. Special prize events with handicap allowances will be features on this occasion. An awning is to be erected permanently over the score at the club's grounds, thus permitting shooting in comfort at any time, rain or shine.

A. H. King, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., shot a race with his fellow member C. S. Guthrie, on the club's grounds, Feb. 11. The conditions were 100 birds per man, \$100 a side. King took the lead from the start and was never headed, winning by 3 birds with the score of 89 to 86. The pigeons are said to have been the fastest lot ever trapped on the club's grounds.

The Hunter Arms Co. have made a somewhat radical change in the manufacture of their guns which will be of interest to the general shooting public. In their No. 2 guns crown steel will be used, with an option on Damascus, and No. 3 will have their new material, called nitro steel, a composition which they assure the public comes nearest to Whitworth Fluid steel of any gun offered.

It is getting very close to the dates for the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, March 22-24; only four weeks more. Entries will close three weeks from Thursday of this week; shooters should not fail to keep this fact prominently before them. Post entries cost \$10 extra—that is, \$35 instead of \$25.

The next big tournament of note in the East is the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Utica, N. Y., March 15 to 18. Both live birds and targets will be trapped, the E. D. Fulford system of under-ground trapping for live birds will be used at this tournament.

The Providence Gun Club, Providence, R. I., elected a list of officers recently as follows: President, P. H. Randall; Vice-President, H. W. Bain; Secretary, J. F. Russell; Treasurer, R. C. Root; Captain, S. E. Wilson; Directors: O. M. Staniels and E. C. Whitaker.

The many friends of Mr. Geo. W. Work in this vicinity have missed him from among their ranks for some time, and many are wondering as to what became of him. He is at present enjoying the shooting about Phoenix, Ariz.

The regular shoot of the Mount Vernon Gun Club, 8 East First street, Mount Vernon, N. Y., will be held at Pelham, on Feb. 22. Four events are on the programme, one sweepstake at 15 targets, four moneys. Three handicap sweeps, 5, 10 and 15 birds respectively.

There will be a live-bird shoot at Flemington, N. J., Feb. 26. One event is a two-men team match, entrance \$25. Birds 15 events.

Among the visitors to New York last week was W. F. Tappan, of Altoona, Pa. Years ago Tappan used to travel the Jersey meadows around Newark and score heavily on the English snipe that haunted there. Later he moved to Altoona and took a position in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's shops, and that are to be found in the woods of the Alleghenies. He also waged a consistent and effective war on the ruffed grouse ports that last season was one of the best he has known for grouse; and also told how he and Jack Killits secured in the neighborhood of thirty woodcock and a few "pheasants" in a few hours one day in the vicinity of Claysburg, Pa. Altoona can boast of many good brush shots, but Tappan has always been somewhere near the top of the list.

Mr. T. H. Keller, secretary of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, under date of Feb. 19, has sent out a circular to members, as follows: "A meeting of the directors of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association will be held at the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, No. 377 Broadway, New York, on Monday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 P. M. You are requested to send a representative of your organization, as matters of importance to the future welfare of the Association will be discussed. If your club has any proposition to offer in reference to holding the annual tournament, be prepared to offer same. There is no reason why New Jersey should not have as prosperous a State organization as any in the Union. Won't you come and help boom it?"

A series of three 100-target races has been arranged between T. W. Morfey, of Lyndhurst, N. J., and Chris Wright, of Paterson, N. J. The conditions are Sergeant system, 100 targets per man for a consideration, and loser to pay for the birds. The first match will be shot at Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., on Feb. 28; the second match will be shot shortly after the above date on the grounds of the new Lyndhurst Shooting Association, at Lyndhurst, N. J. After the above two matches have been shot the toss of a coin will decide where the third and final match shall be shot.

Noel Money did not get beyond the fourth round in the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo. He scored one out of his three birds from the 26 meters mark, but lost his first bird when moved back with the rest to the 27 meters mark, according to the conditions of the Grand Prix. He had plenty of company, however, and much of it quite hot company, as twenty-eight men dropped out in the same round with three misses out of the four birds shot at. Among the number was Signor Guidicini, the celebrated Italian shot, who won the Grand Prix in 1886, '90 and '93; Signor Calari and Signor Grasselli.

The Maryland Handicap, one of the live-bird events scheduled for the tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association next April, will have \$500 guaranteed by the club as usual. The conditions will be 25 birds per man, \$25 entrance. The Association will add \$200 in cash to the purses in the target events.

The daily averages for the first day at the Hot Springs tournament, Feb. 15, went to the following: Gilbert first, Heikes and Fulford second and third; Faureto and Trimble fourth and fifth. Fulford and Gilbert each made two straight scores of 20, each man getting first money alone for their straights.

The Savage Repeating Arms Co. has been reorganized under the name of the Savage Arms Co., and is incorporated under the laws of New York. They contemplate building and equipping a suitable plant for the manufacture of rifles and ammunition.

The J. Stevens Arms Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has its New York office in the store of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York city. The office is in charge of Mr. Whittemore.

The programme of the Bridgeport Gun Club's all-day tournament, April 8, provides for twelve events at targets. Four moneys in all events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; \$15 added money.

For More Varied Styles of Shooting.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading your article "For More Varied Styles of Shooting" I am willing to put the chip on my shoulder.

I believe that if the shooter that shoots for records could produce better ones than his rival at swift-thrown birds and sharp, hard angles it would go further toward convincing the public that he had a better product in gun or ammunition than the scores made at the two easiest systems of shooting known, namely, "known traps and angles," and "known traps and unknown angles."

I have noticed in some of the scores at tournaments that some of the best shooters have dropped out of some of the events of the programme. I can only guess at the reason, but consult the programme and you will find the events they did not participate in were "reversed," "expert," "pairs," or the "one-man-up system."

Now a good shooter will average at "regular" and "unknown angles" about 90 per cent.; at reversed 86 per cent.; one man up 84 per cent.; doubles 80 per cent.; expert 78 per cent.—this with the best gun and ammunition.

Give any of the shooters who could make that per cent. at that class of shooting an inferior grade of ammunition and you would not lower his per cent. near so much at the regular and unknown angle systems as you would at the others. And I think that the systems of shooting are so well known by most of the shooters that a high score at easy shooting is no great proof of good ammunition.

I know that the high scores look well in print, but let us have some good sport while we shoot.

As I am the father of the reversed system, I will speak for that first. It is the most difficult, single-bird, known-angle system in use for amateurs; but after the expert gets used to it it becomes easier. For each day's shooting about one-quarter of the programme ought to be the reversed system.

Best of all shooting (both for the shooters and the spectators) is the one-man-up system, unknown traps, regular angles; perhaps not so good for the target and ammunition dealer. But still I am inclined to believe that if this style of shooting was used more we would have more shooters at the traps. I should like to see every programme for the next six months with more than half of the events on them of the more difficult system of shooting, and I think it will improve the interest and attendance at tournaments.

Now, boys, I know I lay myself liable to get hit, but when trap-shooting gets as low as it is in Massachusetts let us say something and also do something.

I have not attended any of the large tournaments of the Middle and Western States, but I expect to before another year passes, and I should like to see them run on different kinds of shooting, and let all tournaments be open to anybody that sees fit to enter the sweepstake events. I hope to hear from many in the interest of more difficult styles of trap-shooting.

A. W. WALLS.

The Sergeant System.

IN response to a request that has been made to us we give below a description of the Sergeant system as we understand it:

Three expert traps are used in this system of trapping targets, the traps being generally set a yard apart. It will be found better, however, to set the traps at least 1 1/2 yds. apart, as this enables the trapper boys to do far better work than when the traps are closer together, besides doing away with a great deal of danger to the trappers themselves from traps springing and hitting them. Although we cannot speak positively as to whether or not Mr. Sergeant meant each trap to throw unknown angles, we believe that the most satisfactory method of throwing unknown angles from these three traps is for the boys to change each trap either every time or quite frequently; the latter course is preferable, as it keeps the shooters "guessing" better than changing them every time. When traps are set at regular angles for this system a close watcher of the targets just thrown from the traps can tell just what flight to expect, thus making the system really "known traps and angles" to him.

The positions of the shooters are marked off in a segment of a circle that has a radius of 16yds., the distance being measured from the center trap. While this brings Nos. 1 and 5 in a squad rather nearer the outside traps than it does the men at the other scores, the men on the corners find the sharper angles much more difficult to negotiate than if they were standing in the middle. The positions of the shooters are in fact the same as when shooting over the magautrap, this style of shooting giving much the same angles as the magazine trap does.

The system was devised by Mr. G. W. Sergeant, not Sargent, of Joplin, Mo., to facilitate fast trapping at tournaments, and there can be no question as to the success of his plan. There is practically no delay should a target break in the trap; the shooter again calls "Pull," and away goes another target; there's no waiting until the trap is loaded.

A specially advantageous feature of the system is that it does

away with at least two trappers, while two husky boys of say, sixteen or seventeen years old can easily attend to two traps at any ordinary club shoot, and can give better satisfaction than any five trappers can do under the older system of five expert traps.

There is, however, one objection to the Sergeant system in our opinion: There is only one style of shooting that it suits satisfactorily, viz., known traps, unknown angles. Doubles or pairs are much easier under the Sergeant system than when the traps are 5yds. apart; this stands to reason, as anybody can see at a glance. Again, you can't shoot expert rules, one man up, from only three traps set 1 1/2 yds. apart. Also you cannot shoot reversed order. And there you are. It is just the one style of shooting; the style that is the most expensive, because it's the fastest.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Feb. 12.—To-day being Lincoln's birthday, and also the regular semi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, there was a good attendance of members of the club, despite the heavy rain of the early part of the day, and the thick fog that held sway until the afternoon was at least an hour old. J. Gaughen was in great form, and captured the two cups with 26 straight kills. He did not win either cup without a struggle, having to kill 6 straight in the miss-and-out shoot-off for the Lincoln cup, and 3 straight in a similar shoot-off for the special cup, three others being tied with him on 10 straight in the latter event. The runner-up for the Lincoln cup was D. C. Bennett, who shot well, but with poor luck, all the day. He scored in all 35 out of 38 birds shot at, but lost birds just when he wanted them badly and when a kill would have counted. Scores were:

Lincoln Cup.	Ties.	Special Cup.	Ties.	Prize Shoot.	Ties.
J. Gaughen.....2222222-7	122222	29..1222221221-10	111	28..1022
D. Bennett.....1211212-7	111220	29..1112201212-9	...	28..21220
W. Lair.....2112210-6	80..0121022122-8	...	29..21113	22122
F. Thompson.....2012122-6	29..2111222212-10	10	29..22202
D. Deacon.....2222022-6	80..1210102220-7	...	29..12112	22220
W. F. Sykes.....2210122-6	29..012	...	29..20211
C. Furguson.....2002222-5	31..2222222222-10	220	30..22222	10
Conny Fur gueson.....1002200-8	28..2222222222-10	20
M. Van Brunt.....0020202-8	28..211211011-9

The scores in the two 5-bird races were:
No. 1: Sykes, Bennett and C. Furguson 5, Thompson 4.
No. 2: Sykes and Bennett 5, C. Furguson 4, Thompson 3.
E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 14.—The Cuckoos held a shoot-to-day at Rockaway Park. The scores were as follows:

	Points.
J. Jones, 30.....11101110010100111101110101011	-20 6
L. S. Pete, 28.....1110111110110111111111111	-21 7
Edw. Spott, 28.....11101110100101000011101011111100100	-22 8
Edw. F. Bourke, 38.....0101111011110100001010001001011	-18 4
J. Stoney, 38.....01101011011011010100101011011001-21	7
F. Coleman, 38.....0000000000001001001101011111001011-16	2
Chas. Glier, 38.....110111001100100100001000000010100-15	1
Gay Sterr, 38.....100000011001000101111001101000000-16	2
Joe Bourke, 38.....011000000100001100000100101010001000-11	0
W. Wagner, 38.....001000010010000010101010000101110010-18	0

The averages for the day follow. These include star sweeps, miss-and-outs and regular events, known traps, unknown angles, Sergeant system:

Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
H. P. Scott.....163	133	.815	Major Spott.....133	66	.496
C. F. Dudley.....154	119	.773	J. Stoney.....103	51	.486
L. S. Pete.....98	75	.765	Tom Duffley.....35	16	.455
H. Otten.....152	113	.743	Gay Sterr.....35	16	.421
R. Woods.....70	50	.714	C. Glier.....38	15	.394
J. Jones.....55	38	.690	F. Coleman.....48	17	.354
G. E. Loeble.....69	47	.681	Wm. Wagner.....38	13	.342
H. R. H. Mallard.....69	38	.650	Joe Bourke.....38	11	.289
E. F. Bourke.....43	23	.534			

JOHNNY JONES.

Emerald Gun Club.

Feb. 15.—The Emeralds had a big turnout at their monthly live-bird shoot, held this afternoon at Dexter Park. Thirty members and three guests took part in the shoot, three of that number getting clean scores. These three were: D. O'Connell, 29yds.; E. J. Clarke, 29yds., and W. Sands, 28yds. Among the guests was Louis Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., who scored 9 out of his 10, the bird he lost being a screamer that fell dead just over the boundary. The birds were a good lot, and made the men shoot well to make good scores. Below are the records of the day:

Club shoot, 10 live birds per man:		
J Roberts, 25.....2211200200-	6	B Amend, 28.....1010221110- 7
J H Swan, 28.....1112222220-	9	T Short, 28.....22211*2010- 7
H Meyer, 25.....0220001102-	5	W Joerger, 28.....12111*2122- 9
E Weiss, 25.....01200*110-	4	Dr Richter, 25.....1102121221- 9
C Mollenhauer, 25.....0111220120-	7	C Stutzle, 25.....*21011101- 6
T F Codey, 25.....0001220121-	6	E A Vroom, 28.....*21011111- 9
J Roberts, 25.....2211200200-	6	D O'Connell, 29.....2212212222-10
G Grief, 25.....2022220022-	7	R Regan, 25.....2002101210- 6
F W Place, 28.....0020212120-	10	G Kitching, 28.....*2122021212- 8
W A Sands, 28.....2222222222-	10	H Fessenden, 28.....12221122* 9
E J Richards, 29.....2222222222-	10	Dr G Hudson, 28.....12121*1021- 8
W J Amend, 28.....20020122*2-	6	C W Billings, 25.....1210011221- 8
J H Moore, 28.....0110111022-	7	J S S Remsen, 28.....1212212222- 9
A Brown, 25.....01010*0122-	5	G B Hillers, 28.....0222020222- 7
L Harrison, 29.....211221*22-	9	Dr McFarland, 28.....2112200202- 7
J Woelfel, 28.....2202012020-	6	Dr Ruyl, 28.....00220100*2- 4
S Van Allen, 28.....2222020202-	7	

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 11.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. The day was all that could be desired. A large number of spectators witnessed the shooting.

The enthusiasm of the members is unabated, and the shoots are well attended.

Several of the members have provided themselves with new guns, and each is trying the various combinations of shot and powder to find the load particularly adapted to himself. The improvement in shooting is encouraging, as the following scores will show; the average for the day's shooting has risen from 42 per cent. Jan. 14 to 56 per cent. made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Frazier.....	5	7	5	4	7	7	6	8	6	8
Falls.....	9	8	7	7	6	8	7	6	3	...
Hoffman.....	5	7	5	5
Rail.....	9	5	9	8	6	9	7	8	7	7
Tompkins.....	4	7	6	5	5	5	6	7	6	5
Finn.....	6	4	5
Eschrich.....	5	5	9	9	10	5	7	7
Sator.....	5	4	1	2	3	4	4	7	4	...
La Boyteaux.....	5	4	2	3	5	5	7	3	3	2
Bryant.....	5	7
Knowlton.....	7	9	6	4	...	6	4
Willey.....	7	3	8	8	3	4	4	8	7	7
Bailey.....	4	3	6	8	...	7	6	6	6	6
Miller.....	7	7	8	7	6	8
Gelder.....	...	2	3	3	1
Kramer.....	2	3	1
Fenstermacher.....	8	4	6	2	1
F. Eschrich.....	3	5	6
McWhorter.....	8

WILLEY, Sec'y.

Trap at Sidell.

SIDELL, Ill., Feb. 16.—Herewith please find scores made at Sidell, Ill., in target tournament. It was a cold day, with not very large crowd present, but everything passed off very smoothly:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	5	5	10	5	10	10	10
F. Jackson.....	9	7	..	5	10	6	9	8	7
W. A. Gray.....	7	7	..	2	4	..	8
H. J. Sconce.....	10	10	7	4	10	9	8	8	10
J. McDowell.....	8	6	..	4	7	..	10	9	7
Wm. More.....	5	8	..	3	5	..	4	6	..
Wm. Mitchel.....	..	8	7	5	9	8	8	7	7
Rawlings.....	4	9	8	7	10	10
Linder.....	..	9	6	5	8	7	6	8	6
Forker.....	6	..	5	8	..
Events 3 and 6 were at doubles									

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY, {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

{ VOL. L.—No. 10.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

A woodsman may blaze his way through the trackless forest, but he leaves the gash on the tree as a sign of his course, while the gypsy can travel a thousand miles and leave no sign that any eye but a gypsy's can see, and yet the route he has gone is perfectly plain to the laggard who follows a day's journey behind. Gypsy has followed gypsy hundreds of miles, day after day, guided only by the patteran—the mark at the cross-roads. The patteran is sometimes made of a handful of grass, sometimes of a heap of sticks placed with significance, sometimes of a pile of loose stones so arranged that they show the way the wanderers have taken. Different families have usually a different form of the patteran, but all know and rely upon it.

Paul Kester.

FLORIDA AND MAINE.

In his paper on "Florida Fish and Fisheries" Dr. James A. Henshall contends for the appointment of a competent Commissioner to promote the fishing resources of the State. The plea is well considered and reasonable. In this day no State possessing fishery interests of the magnitude of those of Florida can be considered abreast of the progress of the age if it fails to control those interests by wise regulations and to foster them by the direction of intelligent fishcultural experts. Florida should have a Fish Commission; if a single-headed one, so much the better. Gov. Bloxham, having displayed such interest in the subject of the fisheries and their protection, may be relied upon to urge the Legislature in the next session to create a Commission.

The Legislature should not stop here. Florida stands in need not only of supervision and control of its fisheries, but supervision and control of its game resources as well. The game protective doctrine promulgated by Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, may have sounded strange in Tampa, but it was eminently sound and sensible. Maine and Florida, the one at the extreme north and the other at the furthest south of the Atlantic seaboard, are separated not more widely geographically than in the wisdom and the folly of their respective courses with regard to game protection. Both have incalculable pecuniary interests involved; in Maine and Florida alike vast revenues are derivable from tourist hosts, attracted in large measure by the opportunities for shooting and fishing. Twenty-five years ago Florida was more famous than Maine as a game country; the quarter-century has witnessed the increase of game in one State under a provident system of protection; and in the other practical extermination over wide areas, because of wanton, unrestrained and fatuous killing. What might have been a permanent and profitable attraction has been recklessly destroyed.

It is customary to lay the blame for this upon the original, native, way-back Florida cracker, who without a qualm kills game in the breeding season and makes venison of does heavy with fawn; but paint him black as one will, it is yet to be said for the Florida cracker that he does not kill in wantonness. Nor indeed has his hunting taxed the resources of the State in any degree which begins to compare with the destruction wrought by his detractors. If the resident Floridian, who should have known better, and the tourist gunners from the North and West, had been restrained, even within the simple bounds of decency, there would have resulted no such dearth as now prevails.

We never heard of Florida crackers fishing for the sake of making a bigger catch than some other fisherman; nor shooting a big bag of quail for the sake of bragging that he had slaughtered more than some other shooter. The seine fisherman and the big bag gunner are found among an altogether different class. They

are creatures of idle hours and ignoble ambition, whose petty pride it is to see their names in the society journals prefixed to such records of fish and game killed as a sober and sensible person should be ashamed of. The hotels encourage this purposeless and wicked destruction by proclaiming the perpetrators of it as heroes who have achieved noble deeds.

NATIONAL PARK TRANSPORTATION.

In our issue of Feb. 5 we took occasion to criticise adversely the management of the business conducted in the Yellowstone National Park by the Wylie Camping Co. This has brought to us in reply communications which are printed on another page. The writers contend that the conditions upon which our strictures were based do not exist, and that in consequence the FOREST AND STREAM has not fairly represented the character of the Wylie enterprise.

These statements of our correspondents evidently coming to us in good faith, and being accepted as correctly stating the conditions as they exist, it is manifest that our remarks were based upon a misapprehension of the facts in the case. For transportation and camping facilities conducted as our correspondents assure us the Wylie business is carried on there is a well-recognized place of usefulness in the Park. They unquestionably fill a public need, and should in every way have encouragement, being subject to the same control and supervision by the Superintendent of the Park as are now exercised with respect to the hotel and stage companies, and being conceded by the authorities at Washington and in the Park corresponding privileges and opportunities. Whatever agency makes the National Park in actual realization what it is in theory, the pleasure ground of the people and of as many of the people as possible, is commendable. As was stated in the article referred to, we believe that there is room for just such a business, where the rates charged shall be less than those demanded by the regular transportation and hotel companies. The people who visit the Park are of many classes, and have varying depths of purse. There should be accommodation for all.

Having cheerfully accepted the good faith of our several correspondents, we need hardly add that nearly twenty years devoted to a successful defense of the public's interest in the Yellowstone Park has established the position of FOREST AND STREAM so firmly that no one familiar with this journal needs any explanation of its motives. During these years we have had frequent occasion to point out their duty in connection with the Park to high Government officials, to wealthy corporations and to individuals of all degrees of standing in the community. In doing this we have been governed by a single motive, the best interests of the public, to whom this wonderland belongs.

SNAP SHOTS.

ON Tuesday last, March 1, the forest reservations passed under the care and direction of the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Bliss is deeply interested in this subject, and may be trusted to do all in his power to set on foot before long the beginnings of a forest service which will be immediately useful to a large section of the country. During the year that has passed since the forest reservations were set aside, public sentiment in their favor has steadily grown, and we believe it will continue to grow. During this year, too, there have not been wanting efforts to remove from some of these reservations everything on them that was of value; but it is to be hoped that with the organization of the forest service such efforts will cease forever.

Mr. Stark's experiences of foxes and game is that of many another man who has spent much time out of doors in New England woods. No one doubts that a fox is willing to capture game birds if he can, but also no one doubts that a fox or any other predatory creature will live chiefly on that food which is most easily obtained. Except in the breeding season—when the foxes no doubt destroy some ground-nesting birds and their broods—the food of the fox may be presumed to consist almost wholly of mice, varied occasionally by squirrels, and still less often by rabbits. On more than one occasion we have seen where a fox had captured a gray squirrel while he was digging through the snow for

nuts, and an old fox hunter of our acquaintance actually witnessed such a capture, and then secured the fox. It must be remembered that for ages the fox and the game birds have been carrying on their warfare just as they are carrying it on to-day, and yet the balance of nature was well enough preserved, and both foxes and game were plenty until man came to have a gun and to know how to use it. When this came about the destruction of game by foxes at once became insignificant by comparison with that wrought by man; so trifling, in fact, as not to be worth considering.

The quaint picture of Florida deer hunting is from the pencil of Jacques Le Moyne, the French artist, who accompanied the expedition of Laudonniere in 1564, and whose illustrations of life and nature as he found them in the strange new world were published in one of De Bry's series of voyages, at Frankfort-on-Main, in 1591. The engraving has been reproduced for the FOREST AND STREAM directly from the three hundred years old original. It was a hunting custom with the inhabitants of Florida, Le Moyne tells us, when they stood in need of venison, to clothe themselves in the skins of deer, and repair to the streams where the unsuspecting game came to drink. The game of those days must have been less circumspect than the Florida animal to-day, or the savages were more expert in their masquerading. It would defy the skill of the craftiest white hunter of this age to assume a deerskin disguise and approach game in the open as these Florida Indians are represented as having done.

The relations between men and animals at that time were very different from those of to-day. With his fewer wants, his crude weapons, and general helplessness, the Indian was not a formidable enemy of the wild creatures. He played but meager part in reducing the stock. The old chronicles are filled with accounts of the wonderful supply of furred and feathered creatures everywhere found in the southern country; while, if one may believe the narratives of the explorers, the crocodiles (known to us as alligators) were so numerous as to be a continual menace to man; so much so, Le Moyne averred, that the chief concern of some of the tribes was how they might defend themselves from falling prey to these reptiles.

Mr. Lacey's bill to add game propagation to the scope of work of the United States Fish Commission has been favorably considered by the House Committee on Marine and Fisheries, whose report is published elsewhere. While the work of game protection and game importation and restocking belongs legitimately to the several individual States concerned, it would be difficult to discriminate between the principle here involved and that which controls the practice of the Fish Commission with respect to fish, or of the Agricultural Department with respect to the distribution of seeds. If the Government collects fish in one State and gives them to another State, no good reason suggests itself to forbid the collection of birds in one State for transfer to another.

The special interest of the current report of the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club, which is given on another page, lies in the fact that it records actual work accomplished. The club is composed of members who are personally and actively interested in game protection to the extent of contributing money and effort and time to actual endeavors to execute the laws. Their chief attention has been given to abating the grouse snaring which has long been an established industry in Massachusetts. The club detective has destroyed many miles of snare lines, and arrested and brought to conviction the snarers. Quietly and without any blowing of trumpets the club has broken up the traffic in snared Massachusetts game. It deserves cordial and substantial support.

The sentiment that it is not all of fishing to fish nor all of shooting to shoot is one which sounds well when interjected into a record of success in the field; but gives sorry comfort in alleviation of the disappointment and chagrin which crown an utterly barren enterprise with rod and gun. When one goes for game or fish he wants something tangible to show for it; that is, unless he shall be content to dodge all his shooting friends, or to cultivate the arts of deceit and dissimulation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Down in the Sac and Fox.

I HAVE noticed that when a man tells a story that is rather of a joke on himself, and that the average man would not tell because he would be a little ashamed of it, that it is more generally read than a very decorous Sunday-school tale about a good little boy who went to a picnic, and when he found a potato bug in his pie immediately ate it so as not to offend his dear teacher who made the pie. No, I was not the good little boy, and I didn't eat bugs, but I had quite a time down at the Sac and Fox opening.

The opening of the land that belonged to the Sac and Fox tribe occurred, I believe, in the fall of 1891. I got word on the 7th that it was to open on the 10th, and went at once to Guthrie, Okla. Ter., with \$25, an overcoat, a blanket, a .45 six-shooter and a plug of tobacco. I had long before exhausted all my rights to take up any of Uncle Sam's land, and the only chance I had to take up anything legally was to get a city lot or two in the town to be of Chandler. Ten thousand of us rushed in at the hour of 12 noon on the 10th, at a breakneck pace, on horses, mules, road carts, buggies and old wagons. Away we streamed, a mad mob, through jack oaks and over gullies where many a bold rider came to grief; and at last my party of four landed at the edge of the town site, to be told that the opening was to be postponed ten days, as the survey was not finished. We saw that we were in for it, and at once made a camp near water; surrounded a piece of ground about 80 ft. in diameter with a ball of white cotton string drove inside and unhitched our old buggy, which we had hired in Guthrie at \$10 a day, and unpacking our rather scanty cooking kit, proceeded to settle down and keep house under the greenwood tree. That night, and for the next ten days, 10,000 men and a few women camped there; and what times we did have, to be sure. One of our party wrote:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
Dodge City Headquarters.

on a piece of dirty white cloth, and in two days our acquaintances had found us, and came and camped inside the white cotton string—about twenty in all. And it was funny. Short of cooking utensils, short of grub, few blankets, no tents, and lovely weather. I ran out of money. It was forty-two miles from Guthrie, and so I borrowed \$5 from a friend. Two years before this we had been in a county seat fight on opposite sides. One day the two towns had a heated discussion with guns, in which we were both engaged, and exchanged half a dozen shots at 200 yds. with Winchesters. Very fortunately we didn't hit each other. There was a slight coolness between us for six months, and then we met and made friends, concluding that the war was over; and we have been all right ever since.

My private party sent back the old carriage the second day, to save expenses; and there we were. There were several horses left in the headquarters, however, and we could get a mount when we wanted it. I took care of an old pony for a friend who had gone to Guthrie with our living team; so I was all right.

The camping ground was a broad valley, dotted with trees between two low hills. It was a beautiful sight at night to see the camp-fires. There were generally one or two evening meetings going on, and the air is so heavy down there that we could hear everything as distinctly in our camp, 400 yds. from the nearest meeting, as if we were close to the preacher.

One morning I went down to a pool of water in the bed of Cowskin Creek to water my pony. The pool was right in the center of the camp of 10,000 people, who had been there at least a week. I noticed a dimple on the water, as if a fish had risen for a fly. It didn't look like very fishy water, but I concluded to try it. I got a hook after hunting around among the camps a little for it; made a line out of black thread, doubled twice, got a grasshopper and tried it; and, oh! the fish—cats that weighed about a pound; black bass from half a pound to a pound or two, and great big sunfish that came out flopping and glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. I had fished perhaps fifteen minutes when another man came to water his horse. When he saw me flipping out the fish he looked surprised, and said: "I didn't know that there were any fish here." I told him how I had found it out, and he immediately asked the loan of hook and line. I only had one, and told him so; so he bolted off to get fishing tackle. Before he got back at least five other men had seen me, and within half an hour there were 100 men fishing at the pool. The pool was 50 yds. long and 10 wide, but I think every man got a fair mess of fish. That day I got as much as I could conveniently carry, say 60 lbs., and that night the Fifth Avenue Hotel had fried fish and some for breakfast. But the pond was skinned. There were always two or three men fishing in it whenever I went down to water the pony, and they seldom had anything.

Then grub got very seldom at the Fifth Avenue, and I had only \$1.50, and most of the boys were broke or said they were. My sleeping mate was very blue one morning at breakfast, which was quite light, and reviled the country, the United States Government, and in fact everything; and declared his intention of stealing a horse that night, of riding into Guthrie and going home from there on the cars as blind baggage, reserved seat. I told him that if he would not be rash he should have a good breakfast the next morning and some money to go home with, if he wanted to quit. He asked where the money was to come from, and I told him I would make it somehow, though I didn't have the slightest idea how. It took me about two hours to figure out the situation, and then I went to Buff and unfolded my plan and declared him in and my partner. He promptly declared himself out again, and said I'd get killed. I told him that I would take all the risk, and that I only wanted him for tent doorkeeper. But he wasn't game enough, and I had to get two men. My plan was to shave off my mustache, black up, put on an old calico

dress, and having a tent for a night to tell fortunes as the Witch of Cow Creek, 192 years of age, and the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, who still exists and has an equal knowledge of the future and the past. I have no particular mode of telling fortunes, but when I went to the Gunnery School in Washington, Conn., I fortunately had a good deal of experience in acting in what were called impromptu charades—made and acted while you wait—and I concluded to take chances. My boy, if you had seen those people—rough, dirty and many ignorant. It was a good field for a fake, but it would have been death to be caught. I had seen a very good-looking girl camped near the East Spring, with her sister and her sister's husband. Their names were Cooley, and they were from Guthrie. The young lady was tall and finely developed, and as pretty as she was big. So I went and made a talk to her, and told her I wanted to buy an old wrapper. I told her, under promise of secrecy, what I wanted it for. She called her married sister, and I had to rehearse my tale to Mrs. Cooley, who, by the way, still lives in Guthrie, and does not know my name. She looked at me a moment, and then said: "The man is all right, Clara; sell him an old dress." She sold me a pink Mother Hubbard for \$1, and then rather timidly asked me what I was going to do with my mustache. "Shave it off, of course," I said. And she said, "Oh!"

I tore open the cushion of a buggy and got some curled hair and made a wig; bought a pair of women's stockings, and hired a tent from a man for the night for \$1, to be paid in the morning, and got an old pack of cards, a saddle blanket and a candle. Then I wrote a sign on cotton cloth: "Cow Creek Witch. Reads Past, Present and Future. Your fortune told for \$1." And now, with a doorkeeper and a booster, I was ready for action. Off came the mustache. I blacked up; rolled up my pants and put on the stockings; slipped on the dress and wig, surmounted by a red handkerchief, turban fashion; lit the candle and squatted on the blanket, awaiting callers. And they came. I satisfied most of them; and there were 107. But at last in burst the booster with: "Run, Dick! here come a lot of those Arkansawyers, full of whisky, to hang the witch." I stayed not on the order of my going, but went at once, out under the back of the tent, first putting out the light. I rolled my Mother Hubbard under my arm as I imagine the patriarchs of ancient times did when they got caught stealing melons from the Gentiles, and flew up the road for the Fifth Avenue. When I got there my doorkeeper and booster were both in bed. They must have flown, for I ran.

I sent two other men down to rescue the tent. The mob had it torn down, and my friends claimed it and put it into a drug store. In about an hour Hall, from Beaver City, and I went down and got it. The night was so dark that I lost my way, got in among a company of soldiers and was arrested for a horsethief. I talked out of it and at last got to camp. It commenced to rain soon after I got there, so we put up the tent, and all slept in it. The man who owned the tent came around in the morning in an awful stew; he thought his tent was torn up. I bought it, paid my boosters, gave Buff \$15, sent him home; and when we ran into town got a lot that was not worth over \$5. I saw the young lady with her brother-in-law and his wife, riding past next day, and she recognized me and pointed me out; but I dodged, and Mr. Cooley has never seen me. I am not going to take off my gun and do myself up in an old red dress to act again for such an unappreciative audience without a better bodyguard.

I told every man who consulted the witch that night that there was a woman he had promised to write to, and that because he had not done it she was feeling badly. I knew that was so, for I had promised to write to my wife and had neglected it. Every one slapped his leg and said: "By gum, that's so." And the postmaster said that the mail was twice as large as usual the next morning; but he would not divide the cancellation with me, though I asked him politely. W. J. D.

Just About a Boy.—VI.

THE sky was gray and dull, hanging like a sheet of lead over the world, and there was a "snowy feel" to the air that seemed the forerunner of a storm. Sounds were muffled and subdued, and there was a waiting air over everything.

The boy came swinging around the corner, his coat wide open and hands deep in the inner recesses of his cavernous pockets, as he strode along whistling merrily and glancing upward occasionally.

"Say," he said, as he saw me, "goin' to have a trackin' snow to-night. Less go huntin' to-morrow, will yeh? I know where they's a lot of quails 'n' cottontails 'n' jacks 'n'—maybe a few chickens. Can't tell for sure 'bout the chickens 'cause they don't stay much in one place in the winter, nen they're pretty cute too 'n' hard to get up to. 'But the quails 'n' the rest are all right, 'n' we can get all we want. Will yeh go?"

"Yes, if it snows I'm with you," I answered, for I felt like taking a trip with the gun, and was glad of any excuse that offered.

"Where'll we get a dog?"

"Huh! don't want no dog," the boy said, disdainfully.

"Dogs is a nuisance. They run around soss yeh can't git a thing 'less yeh juss happen to. I'll show you more game 'n you can shoot, all right, an' I don't want a dog neither. Take lots o' shells 'n' be ready for all day 'n' we'll go over among the brakes by Stoll's place. Some good ground over there 'n' we can have a bushel o' fun. I'll be ready 'bout half past seven 'n' come this way."

"All right, I'll be ready," I answered, and the boy said, "So long," as he disappeared in the fast-gathering darkness.

When morning came there was a fine tracking snow on the ground, and the boy and sunrise came together. We shouldered our guns and plunder and hurried through the half-awake town, across the river and into the corn-clad hills, where the brakes ran back to the divide.

"We'll go over along that hedge first," said the boy. "You take one side 'n' I'll take the other, 'n' we ought to get a cottontail er two. Yeh see, they ain't went to the brush, 'n' they're kind o' hangin' 'round their summer stamping grounds yet. When the snow gets a little deeper they go to the brush and weed patches 'n' cornfields, nen you got to hunt different. Look out now which way yeh shoot, 'n' don't shoot at all unless yeh know where I am, 'n' I'll do the same."

We walked along for a few hundred yards before the boy said, "Woap, I see one!" I stopped, and his gun boomed, tearing up the snow at the foot of the hedge where a lot of "tumble weed" had blown up and lodged against it.

The rabbit was killed sitting in his form, and as the boy went to pick him up a bunch of quail whirled up a little further ahead and went on down the hedge, pitching to the ground again within a couple of hundred yards.

"Gee!" said the boy. "Now we're goin' to have a picnic, sure! They lit in the hedge an' they'll get up scatterin', so we can have wing shots at 'em one at a time. That's the way I like 'em. Now you take the ones that get up on your side an' I'll take care o' the ones on this side, 'n' we'll have some fun. Look out for tracks too, 'cause some o' 'em may run out in the grass. Ready?"

"Yes, so ahead," I answered, "I'm with you."

Slowly we went to the place where the birds had pitched down, and suddenly "Whir-r—" went one of them on my side, and so startled me that I forgot to shoot. "Why didn't yeh git him?" asked the boy, laughingly.

"Whir-r—bang!" on the boy's side. "Got him," he said, laconically, as he broke his gun and threw in a fresh shell.

"Now look out 'n' when yeh see one shoot, whether you get him or not, 'n' watch 'im down," he added, musingly. In a few moments I rather enjoyed the unexpected rattle of wings and swift flight of the birds, and was blazing away as though I had shot that way all my life.

The boy's gun was busy too, and when we counted heads at the end of the fence we had nine fine quail between us. I had missed as many as I had shot, and the boy gave me advice in this manner: "Yeh got to shoot snapshot; this way, see? Now the way I do is to go 'long with my gun down in both hands, my thumb on the hammer 'n' my finger on the trigger, 'n' when a bird gets up I juss watch the bird 'n' jerk up the old gun 'n' blaze away juss as soon as she touches my shoulder. As I pull up, I cock it 'n' touch the trigger as she touches my shoulder. That way you can't hardly miss 'n' it's easy when you get the hang of it. Your gun jumps to your shoulder juss right on a level with your eye. So all you got to do is to shoot 'n' down goes Mr. Quail. Juss as easy as eatin' pie."

"All right, I'll try and remember what you've told me," I answered, "though I expect to score a whole lot of misses before I get the hang of it."

We wandered along through several cornfields, and at last came to the edge of a piece of wild hay land.

A jack rabbit track struck out of the corn into the grass just where we came to the edge of it.

"Now we'll trail this feller up 'n' git him," said the boy. "Reckon he's strikin' for home when he made these tracks." The boy took the trail, telling me to be ready "'cause he might git up a-runnin' any time."

Winding about through the knee-deep tangle of wild grass, we followed the trail, sometimes so broken by the snow that had fallen in it as to be nearly lost to any one but the boy, who followed it swiftly and walked with a long, easy stride.

Presently he stopped short and said: "Now this feller was a-huntin' a place to sleep when he come out here. 'n' he's fooled around this way 'cause th' snow hangs on th' grass too much 'n' he knows it'd come dribblin' down all over him if he holed up under a bunch in here. Now I reckon he'll git disgusted purty soon 'n' light out right 'cross toward that pasture over there 'n' set down 'n' under a wad o' bunch grass in there. Yeh see, the bunch grass don't hold th' snow like this blue stem does, 'n' Mr. Rabbit knows it, 'n' he'll be mighty apt to be in that pasture, 'n' not far in either. C'm on, less go git him."

Again we followed the winding of the trail, and soon it struck a straight line, with long distances between the tracks, showing that the jack had fulfilled the boy's predictions, based on his intimate knowledge of jack rabbits and what he read in the trail of this one's doings.

We had just crawled through the barbed-wire fence that surrounded the pasture when a flurry of snow made a halo around a bunch of grass, and out of it came the rabbit under full sail.

"Shoot!" said the boy, and my gun sounded a "hurry-up" call that had the effect of lengthening the distance the fleeing game made between his footprints. Like an echo the boy's gun cracked, and the jack did a combination handspring running fall, mixed indiscriminately with a dozen or so first-class somersaults, bringing up on his back with a thump, quite dead. That snap shot of his did it quickly and effectively.

We were now on top of the divide, and our tramp had so roused the inner man that lunch was decidedly the thing, and it was forthwith produced. We could see miles of country spread out in gentle rolling hills, white with the mantle of new snow, against which the dark lines of timber along the creeks and river wound in contrast. The winter sun shone with the prairie brilliancy and the air was just cold enough to be bracing. It was a day to tramp abroad and enjoy shooting—one of those rare winter days that are as bracing as good wine.

Lunch disposed of, we struck out again through the withered fields of corn, across the tangle of wild grasses and through the weed patches that filled the bottoms of the brakes or draws. Cottontails scurried out and turned handsprings as the guns cracked, quail whirled up into the air and came down dead as the smoke curled from the muzzles, until the sun hung low and our hunting coats were stuffed with game.

"Less go home," said the boy at last, and then we pulled the shells out and slung our guns with straps over our shoulders so we could "hit the trail" without hindrance.

"Gee, I'm tired!" said the boy. "Never seem to git tired till I strike for home, nen ever' step seems like



FLORIDA INDIAN MODE OF DEER HUNTING.
From Le Moyne's Narrative—1564.

it's harder'n the last one, 'n' when I get home I'm plumb done up."

"Same here," I answered.

The sun hung like a ball of gold and reflected pink tints on the snow as we crossed the river, sleeping under its icy coat, and climbed the hill into town, where blue smoke spirals wound up from chimneys and savory odors came down the gentle evening air, as the busy housewives prepared the supper for tired men.

"Hello, been huntin'?" "Git anything?" inquired our acquaintances as we passed.

"Yep," answered the boy, and they all knew him well enough to know that he meant a good bag.

"Well, so long," said the boy, "let me know when yeh run out o' meat. I know where we can get more."

"So long," I answered, turning in at the gate and walking up the broad path of light that made a ruddy glow on the creaking sidewalk. EL COMANCHO.

Natural History.

Value of the Mole to Agriculture.

BULLETIN No. 31 of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture has lately been issued. It has to do with the economic value of the mole in its relation to agriculture.

Mr. Thomas Edge, State Secretary of Agriculture, has commissioned Harry Wilson, of Gum Tree, Pa., to prepare a report on this interesting subject, and in a brochure of forty-two profusely illustrated pages our author presents the results of his investigations on "The Economic Status of the Mole." Appreciating the high standard of scientific work now being done by American students in economic ornithology and mammalogy, we are naturally curious to know who Mr. Wilson is and how much he has done to enlighten the Pennsylvania farmer and zoölogist on the vexed mole question.

It may make little apparent difference to the agriculturist, but the zoölogist is not a little shocked to see in his Letter of Transmittal that Mr. Wilson has a very limited acquaintance with nomenclature or the construction of ordinary zoölogical names. In consequence, throughout Part I., pages 11 to 25, we have abundant errors of spelling, classification and use of words, indicating a lamentable lack of ordinary literary fitness for the task imposed. As an instance, we may cite page 11, in which, at the outset of the work, there are three typographical errors, two misspelt names and two serious mistakes of nomenclature, in the short synoptical key at the top of the page. The author quotes (or rather misquotes) freely from Prof. Baird's work of 1857 as to the characters of the species and genera, evidently ignorant of the fact that Mr. F. W. True had published* a complete revision of all our American moles, in which the entire subject covered by Mr. Wilson has been brought to date from a scientific, and in some respects an economic, standpoint.

On page 17 Mr. Wilson gives us some "Miscellaneous Notes" on the common mole (*Scalops aquaticus*), which are of value as adding somewhat to our knowledge of the habits of that species, the actions of this mole in swimming evidently being based on his personal observations, though the author fails to say so. The fact that *Scalops aquaticus* can swim, however, is not an argument in favor of the propriety of Linnaeus's specific name, as Mr. Wilson inclines to think. The most strictly terrestrial mammals can, when forced to take the water, swim better than the common mole, and it remains a fact that our knowledge of the habits of this species shows it to be one of the least aquatic of the American Talpidae.

In his treatment of the star-nosed and Brewer's moles the author not only follows the misleading systematic arrangement of fifty years ago, but in such a way as to show that he had no personal acquaintance whatever with either species, and he makes no attempt to treat of their habits.

In Part II. the economic relation of these moles to agriculture and their distribution in Pennsylvania is discussed. The economic question is treated on the basis of the examination of thirty-six stomachs of *Scalops aquaticus* taken in eastern Pennsylvania between June 19, 1896, and Oct. 13, 1897. No examinations of the stomachs of the star-nose mole are recorded. Fortunately these mole stomachs were submitted in several cases to the proper specialists, and the identifications can be relied upon as representing the fullest and most accurate record of the food of the common species throughout the year which we yet possess. In this respect, and this only, has Mr. Wilson's work justified the time and expense devoted to it by the State Department of Agriculture, an expense, however, out of all proportion to the results attained.

Of the 36 specimens examined, all contained animal food-matter; 27 had eaten earthworms in common with other material; 7 had eaten earthworms alone; 27 had eaten insects of which a large proportion were injurious species, as *Lachnosterna*; 9 had eaten insects only, and 10 had taken vegetable matter in connection with insect food. None had taken vegetable matter only. Only 2 of those containing vegetable matter could have devoured it intentionally; one of these had short sections of grass blades in its stomach, apparently bitten off piece by piece, but as this stomach also contained a June bug or May beetle, Prof. Howard thinks the mole was only indirectly responsible. In the other case the fragments of nearly a whole grain of corn were found.

Mr. Wilson's conclusions as to the economic status of the mole, referring in this case solely to the common *Scalops aquaticus*, may thus be summarized: 1. Stomach examinations with very few exceptions (and these perhaps fortuitous), acquit the mole of intentionally devouring vegetable food. 2. The mole is strictly insectivorous (independently of its earthworm diet), devouring a larger proportion of injurious than of beneficial insects. 3. Having so proved it, is equivalent to proving that its work is beneficial to agriculturists, the mechanical injury to vegetation due to its burrowing being more than compensated by its destruction of noxious insects. 4. The ravages of field mice and other small burrowing rodents which follow the runways of the mole are almost always the cause of the popular prejudice against the latter animal.

We agree largely with these conclusions so far as they go, and only wish that our author had been able to give judgment as to the star-nose mole. From what we know of its habits and distribution, however, as well as its scarcity in arable lands, it is safe to say that a more harmless mammal than the star-nose does not exist. As to the excessively rare Brewer's mole, Pennsylvania agriculture has still less to fear. Mr. Wilson questions its existence in Pennsylvania, but Mr. True records a specimen in his "Revision" taken at Hollidaysburg, in Blair county. The habitat of this species is largely confined to deep, cool, coniferous forests.

An important and generally ignored subject in the economy of the mole is the significant fact that its food consists largely of earthworms. Most investigators seem to think that if it can be proved that the mole eats nothing but earthworms and insects, then he is clear of suspicion and an unmixed benefit to agriculture. One of Mr. Wilson's correspondents significantly says that he considers the common mole injurious to growing crops "by its destruction of earthworms"! It seems most pertinent that the next question for our agricultural de-

partments along this line of research should be first to decide whether Darwin's views as to the value of earthworms to soils and agriculture are correct. This once decided in the affirmative, it remains for the champions of the mole to prove that its destruction of worms is a necessary check to their excessive increase, and that the mechanical effects of the mole worker on soils are of greater volume than that of the worms it destroys. Another matter, in which the mole figures largely in hilly districts, where the soils are easily washed by rains, is its agency in the denudation of top soils. In some parts of the Ohio Valley the effect of their tunneling on arable hillsides is most disastrous.

The forty answers from correspondents to 125 circulars sent out by Mr. Wilson for information as to the habits and distribution of the common mole and the star-nosed mole in Pennsylvania, are of some value where coming from trained or conscientious observers. On going over the list, however, it is evident that a large percentage are not only unable to distinguish between the two species (many observing people never saw a star-nose mole), but also do not distinguish between the underground labors of a mole and those of the Wilson's meadow mouse (*Microtus pennsylvanicus*) and the pine mouse or burrowing field mouse (*Microtus pinetorum*).

Mr. Wilson's studies have evidently made him a friend of the mole, but on page 33 he gives us some hints as to how to banish or exterminate it where its workings in the lawn and garden become particularly vexatious. His suggestions as to banishment are to be recommended, not only from a humanitarian standpoint, but as of practical utility, for it is notorious that the destruction of moles by traps or other device is most ineffectual.

Viewed as a whole, Bulletin No. 31, of the Pennsylvania State Department of Agriculture, on "The Economic Status of the Mole," is, to say the best of it, a disappointing brochure. From the standpoint of the zoölogist and scientist it is lamentably behind the times, and on that account misleading.

Did we not know that the methods pursued by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture in its Division of Economic Zoölogy have as yet failed to utilize the naturalist in preference to the favorite and the politician, Pennsylvania scientists would have greater cause to look to their laurels. In 1896 the State Zoölogist under the new regime, no doubt desirous to make some showing of his fitness for the position, issued Bulletin No. 6, on "Taxidermy"! appending thereto the game and fish laws of the Commonwealth. Under the transparent guise of a manual for students in "Economic Ornithology," this Bulletin teaches Pennsylvanians how to collect birds and their eggs, with no other object, apparently, than that of the ordinary writer of such works who follows taxidermy merely as a matter of business.

It would be interesting to know what Thomas J. Edge, our Secretary of Agriculture, thinks of this Bulletin, with its "game panels" and "screens" and directions for blowing birds' eggs, as a factor in economic ornithology. If the as yet half uttered verdict of scientists, naturalists and Audubon societies were made his criterion, no doubt Mr. Edge would prefer to say nothing about that Bulletin.

We are glad that the Mole Bulletin, despite its lamentable defects, represents conscientious effort, and that it furnishes those who are able to detect its errors some valuable data upon the subject, and that in direct bearing upon economic zoölogy. For this we are thankful and willing to give Mr. Wilson fullest credit, realizing how hard it is to refuse the honors and responsibilities which men will thrust upon us. Meanwhile, let us pray for that form of civil service in our Commonwealth which will soon enable Pennsylvania to keep pace with American progress in the far-reaching domain of economic zoölogy.

S. N. RHODES.

ACADEMY NATURAL SCIENCES, Philadelphia, Feb. 2.

* Proceedings Nat. Museum, Vol. XIX., 1896.

New York Zoological Society.

THE amount stipulated for in the bill appropriating \$125,000 of city money for work on the grounds of the New York Zoological Society has been subscribed, and work on the park will begin with the opening of spring.

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the Society, held at the residence of the president, ex-Gov. Morton, it was announced that the subscriptions to the special fund for buildings, collections, etc., now amount to \$103,550.

Of the sum of \$250,000, which the Society is obliged to raise for buildings and collections in order that the grant of the land may be permanent and the collections maintained by the city, \$100,000 was required to be in the Society's treasury by March 24, 1898, and everyone interested in the work will be gratified to learn that this condition has now been complied with. It is hoped that the park may be open to the public, and that collections of animals may be on exhibition there a year from the coming spring.

All plans are in readiness for active work on the buildings, and the Park Department is expected to make the ground improvements necessary to prepare the park for the erection of such buildings and for the reception of the public. Additional funds, however, are greatly needed by the Society, and it can hardly be doubted that the many wealthy men of this city who have not yet subscribed will be glad when their attention is called to this matter to add their names to the list given below. Besides such larger subscriptions the list of annual members of the Society ought to be markedly increased, and this will unquestionably grow as the Society and its work come to be better known. A gift of \$5,000 entitles the donor to be called a founder of the Society; the giver of \$1,000 or more becomes a patron; the gift of \$100 entitles one to life membership. The subscribers to the building fund are as follows:

O. Ottendorfer.....	\$5,000	Mrs. W. H. Osborne.....	\$1,000
P. R. Pyne.....	5,000	Samuel Thorne.....	1,000
W. K. Vanderbilt.....	5,000	Henry W. Poor.....	1,000
Levi P. Morton.....	5,000	George Crocker.....	1,000
W. E. Dodge.....	5,000	C. W. Harkness.....	1,000
Robert Goellet.....	5,000	George T. Bliss.....	1,000
J. P. Morgan.....	5,000	W. C. Schermerhorn.....	1,000
J. H. Schiff.....	5,000	J. Howard Ford.....	1,000
W. D. Sloane.....	5,000	W. C. Osborn.....	1,000
W. C. Whitney.....	5,000	Abram S. Hewitt.....	1,000
C. P. Huntington.....	5,000	Mrs. J. B. Trevor.....	1,000
H. A. C. Taylor.....	5,000	H. McK. Twombly.....	1,000
George J. Gould.....	5,000	James C. Carter.....	1,000
J. L. Cadwalader.....	2,700	H. O. Havemeyer.....	1,000
John S. Barnes.....	2,500	Henry H. Cook.....	1,000
Philip Schuyler.....	2,500	George F. Baker.....	1,000
F. A. Schermerhorn.....	2,500	Walter H. Burns.....	500
Tiffany & Co.....	2,500	E. G. Blackford.....	500
Morris & Co. Jesup.....	2,500	J. H. Higginson.....	500
Henry F. Osborn.....	1,000	S. D. Babcock.....	500
A. N. Morris.....	1,000	W. G. Langdon.....	250
E. J. Berwind.....	1,000	T. M. Marc.....	100
William H. Webb.....	1,000		
C. T. Barney.....	1,000	Total.....	\$103,550

Linnaean Society of New York.

ON March 17 a public lecture will be given in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, on "The Mammals of North America," by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson; illustrated by views from nature and from original drawings by the lecturer.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Jackson's Hole Game.

JACKSON, Wyo., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am much gratified that I may report that our winter here seems to be broken, with not more than 4 in. of snow in the valley at present, and with a great portion of the foothills bare. The elk, which a few weeks ago were within sight all around the ranch, are already working back into the hills out of sight. They are still in good condition, with no loss whatever from the winter. If it should turn on and storm, the condition of the elk is such that they could stand a great deal of rough weather without suffering any loss; and the chances are favorable for them to increase to their old numbers two years ago. I inclose report from a recent News-Register, relating to the Glidden outfit.

S. N. LEEK.

The News-Register reports:

The people of the valley, with few reputed exceptions, are jubilant over the recent actions of the State Game Warden, upon request of Gov. Richards, in the revoking of the permits to capture and ship elk, etc. This question is one which has solidified the people upon its being carried out as was indicated it would be when the question first came up. As matters progressed it looked favorable to the game. The stand taken by the game warden in the first instance, followed by the opinion of the Attorney-General, indicated that we as a people were more directly interested than any one, and would be compelled to take a stand. Then came the news that the game warden had issued a permit to ship forty head of elk. The fact of the elk being shipped, and the assertions of one Glidden (which threw an unjust suspicion upon the Governor of the State as well as the State Game Warden), and the fact of his having obtained three separate permits to capture and ship game, so de termined every person in the valley to make a request for at least a modification of the orders granting permits, which now remains to have been issued upon misrepresentation; 95 per cent. of the people of the valley made a demand that Glidden's commission of game warden be revoked, and substantiated the petition with affidavits as to Glidden and his practices, which connected him, and justly, as being a person with whom misrepresentation was a part of his stock in trade. The Jackson Hole Gun Club, in behalf of the game interests, made a strong request for the revoking of the permits to capture and ship elk. The action of the game warden, accompanied in a letter to the people from Gov. Richards, revokes absolutely the permit to

H. K. Glidden to ship fifty head of elk, the permit of Margaret Adams to ship five head of elk, out of a prior permit to ship forty head of elk, thirty-five of which had been shipped; and the permit to M. W. Pettigrew to ship two head of elk. Also the revoking of the commission of a deputy State game warden, issued to said Glidden in December last, and the further statement that under no circumstances would any more permits be issued to capture or ship wild game from the State. This makes us feel glad. We feel that the game interests have not been subverted to any personal ends. It is evident that the Governor was misinformed in some respects as to the condition of the game interests in this locality; it is evident that Glidden and others in his employ disregarded the truth, and under numerous promises to be good, etc., got something which is now granted as lost. The people of this valley thank the State officials for favors in this regard, and appreciate the full and complete actions taken in behalf of the game interests of Uinta county.

Foxes and Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the many enemies of small game the fox has—and perhaps unjustly—been condemned as one of the most destructive. In this part of New Hampshire the ruffed grouse is what we to a great extent depend upon for our shooting. We also have a good many red foxes. During the past twenty-five years I have hunted pretty steadily in this vicinity. Following up the birds from the opening of the season until snowfall, and then turning to the foxes in our New England style of hunting them, I should not care to form an estimate of the number of miles I have tramped when after them, or the hundreds of tracks I have seen. It is enough to say that I have shot a good many, and am now on my third hundred.

I have never as yet shot a fox which could be called thin in flesh, and many were quite fat. I have often wondered what they lived on, particularly during the winter months when the ground is covered with snow, as in all my tramps after them (and I have taken pains to observe) I have seen not more than five or six places where they had caught grouse or any other birds. I have followed their tracks on deep snow when they went quite close to where grouse were lying under the snow, and I can recall but one instance where I saw where a fox had tried to catch one under such conditions. The fox made quite a long leap, landing apparently fairly over the bird, but the grouse was too quick, and got away, leaving a few tail feathers. I have followed many a fox track through swamps where the snow was completely trodden down with rabbit tracks, and the foxes took no notice of them. I occasionally see where one has caught a rabbit, but not on an average once in each winter. I saw once a fox following a rabbit. I had shot a fox that day, and was on my way home when I saw one of our large white rabbits running fast toward me. When a few feet away the rabbit saw me and turned to one side. I waited to see what was coming next, and in a few moments a fox came trotting along on the rabbit's track. At the rate he was going he would never have caught up, and he seemed to think so. When some 30 yds. from me the fox stopped and smelled of the track he was on. I watched him for a moment and gathered him in.

I have often cut open the stomach of a fox when it appeared fuller than usual, and almost always have found remains of mice; and if early in the winter, when there was but little snow, there would be quite an amount of chewed-up apples. A fox which my dog holed a few minutes after starting, I found, had just eaten a grouse. I know well that foxes are great mousers, and that the squeak of a mouse is very attractive to them, as I have shot quite a number by calling them to me, even when a dog was after them; they would always come if the dog was not too close.

I know that foxes are very destructive to poultry, and the people about here have long since given up raising turkeys on account of the foxes. Last fall a fox came with unfailing regularity every night into my yard, taking a duck each night until the ducks were shut up; then he would come within 50 yds. of the house and bark; and I would let my hound out, and he would chase him all night. I have that particular fox's skin hanging with some others I have.

During the breeding time foxes may do considerable damage both to eggs and very young birds, although I have never seen any evidence of it. I have often found grouse nests full of eggs within a few feet of cattle paths near the edges of the woods, and there were sure signs that foxes had traveled those parts, apparently never suspecting the presence of the nests. I have heard that a grouse when on a nest gives out no scent. I never knew of a dog's pointing one under such conditions.

I think your correspondent, Mr. Sullivan, is correct when he says that a certain class of sportsmen, in blaming the foxes for the decrease of some kinds of game, wish to find a scapegoat for their own deeds.

When I first began shooting about here, twenty-five years ago, I could start fifty grouse where I would do well now to find a dozen. Foxes were also many times as numerous. My neighbors then, men and boys, nearly all went gunning more or less; and when any of them shot a grouse it was out of a tree or on the ground. Should a bird get up right at their feet, they never thought of shooting. To-day almost every one owning a gun shoots on the wing; and many do it well. My nearest neighbor, a young man who previously to last fall had killed but one grouse on the wing, shot last season, using a \$6 gun and no dog, sixty-five grouse; and the way in which he would drop his birds, even in very hard places, shows why the game is growing scarcer.

In the times past when game was plenty not much attention was paid to the game laws. Never have they in this section been so well enforced as at present. With the exception of five grouse killed this winter by a man living some six miles from here, and for which I hear he was promptly fined, I do not know of a single in-

stance where a game bird has been killed in close time since last spring; and this is more than I can say of any previous year.

Of course foxes, skunks, mink and such animals do destroy some game; but the very worst enemy our game has is the market shooter. Almost invariably he is a rattling good shot and an untiring worker, hunting from daylight to dark, day after day. He wants every bird he starts, and sticks to it until he gets most of them. His dog is a genuine meat dog, and knows well how to do his work. Next to the market shooter comes the sportsman who shoots for sport, and never thinks of selling any of his game. He is seldom anywhere near as good a shot as the market hunter, nor is he such a worker; yet he will kill all he can. His dog, although of bluer blood, is not "in it" with the meat dog. Considering the numbers both of market shooters and of sportsmen who are daily in the field during the season, it is a wonder the game lasts as well as it does.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Feb. 24.

Maine's Game Revenue.

IN his address before the recent Tampa Fisheries Congress Commissioner L. T. Carleton said of Maine's fish and game resources, their magnitude, value and administration:

You will pardon me, sir, when I declare to you that Maine in this respect, as in many others, leads the world. In her limitless forests roam countless numbers of the monarch of the forest, the gigantic moose, the bounding caribou and the graceful, beautiful Virginia deer.

In her more than 2,000 inland seas and lakes are found in greater abundance than elsewhere the square-tailed trout and the landlocked salmon.

The great dailies and sporting papers of the American continent are in the habit of referring to Maine as the "Paradise of the Sportsman," and this is a very appropriate title, and nowhere is there such sport to be had for either rod or rifle. We have an area of about 30,000 square miles in extent, and from the nature of the soil and climate affording food and cover for numberless herds of deer, caribou and moose, not to speak of the countless flocks of birds, both indigenous and migratory, including the ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe, wild geese, black duck and wood duck, and an endless variety of sea birds, and the whole world is fast learning of our advantages in this respect.

In her majestic rivers, those great highways from the mountains to the sea, is found, in ever increasing numbers, the best fish that swims the ocean blue, the Atlantic salmon. Wise, well-considered laws we have, and an enlightened public sentiment.

Ten thousand citizens of other States during the open season last year, now just closed, came to Maine to fish and hunt, employed our 1,300 registered guides, skilled guides, and spent \$4,000,000 in shining gold among our people, and killed 10,000 deer, 250 moose, 230 caribou and 160 bears, while \$6,000,000 more were spent there by non-residents last year, by visitors to our seashore and inland summer resorts, making \$10,000,000 expended in Maine last year by non-residents for pleasure.

Do you wonder that the people of Maine are marvelously interested in fish and fisheries? We follow the example of the great Apostle Peter—we go a-fishing and invite everybody to come and do likewise.

We have a health-giving, invigorating climate, wondrously charming and enchanting scenery. There's not to be found a poisonous reptile, nor ravenous beast, nor poisonous insect, in all her borders, and in her mountain streams, numerous as the sands of the seashore, are the protected nurseries of our lakes, wherein are millions of speckled beauties, the brook trout, and these feeders are so numerous, so well protected and re-stocked by artificial propagation as to give assurance that fishing in Maine will be better and still better as the years go and come in an unbroken, endless procession.

Something has been said here about the constitutional right of a State to enact restrictive and protective laws, regulating the times in which and the circumstances under which inland fish and game may be taken. That question has fortunately been settled for all time in the United States. The United States Supreme Court in a late decision has declared that the people of a State in their sovereign capacity own the fish and the game within its borders, and may say through its Legislature how, when and where it may be taken, and what may be done with it after it has been taken; in other words, the Legislature may give a qualified property right or ownership to fish and game lawfully taken.

We have found by experience that protective laws are necessary, and that these laws must be enforced.

Why, do you know that down in Maine if a person is shot by another while hunting it is called an accident, but if a person shoots a moose or a caribou unlawfully we imprison him four months in prison "without the benefit of clergy."

As true disciples of Izaak Walton we propagate artificially the trout and the salmon, and aided most greatly by the United States Fish Commission, we are constantly making the fishing better, and the multitude is constantly growing larger of those who come among us. And let me say, though I am no prophet, or the son of a prophet, but only a down East Yankee, that in these time of wages growing less and still less, and the army of unemployed constantly being augmented, that the Congress of the United States can display wise statesmanship by giving earnest attention to the improvement of fishing, better fishing to those who go down into the sea in ships, better opportunity to secure this good, wholesome food, greater opportunity to willing hands to engage in this great industry.

Dollar wheat may be a blessing to the farmers of the West, but it means dearer bread to the toiling millions; but better than dollar wheat would be a great abundance of fish and game and enlarged opportunities to our laboring people to engage in this great and important and growing industry.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Relic of the Past.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 19.—From the Blackfoot reservation in Montana Mr. J. W. Schultz writes me in regard to a recent find made by his son of a relic which carries one back to the days of the Indian and of the buffalo.

"Riding up the steep rocky side of a butte near my ranch the other day," he says, "my son found a flint-lock gun lying upon the gravelly slope. It was cocked, there was a priming of caked powder in the pan, and later investigation shows that it contains a load nearly 3in. in length. The ramrod had been chewed into small bits by the prairie mice or other rodents, probably for the grease it contained, and the stock is quite rotten where it touched the ground, but the side exposed to the weather is still sound, and, although quite rusty, the gun is still in fair condition. It is stamped on the lock "Parker & Field, 1861," and the barrel is stamped with the British crown and other proof marks.

"This is one of the guns the Hudson's Bay Co. used to trade to the Crees and other northern Indians, and was probably lost by its owner during a raid down here against the Blackfeet. It is possible the owner may have dropped it in flight, but more likely he was wounded and died where the gun was found. Quite near the place the gun laid is a deep crevice, into which the wolves would have dragged the body, and the freshets long since have covered the bones.

"News of this find soon spread, and Indians from all directions have flocked to my house to view this relic of the olden times. Each one's eyes have glistened as he beheld the ancient piece and reverently handled it. We have, figuratively, been wading waist deep in gore and blood, for all the battles with their ancient enemies, the Crees, have been recounted by my visitors, and I've had visions too of fleeing herds of buffalo, pursued by the naked warriors mounted on their fleet-footed ponies, and along the trail the yellow prairie has been dotted by the huge dark forms of the slaughtered creatures. And with these simple red men, I too wish we could have those times over again. Who wouldn't trade the cattle and the railroads and all this tame civilization for the wild, free life of those other days?"

What historic ground is this upon which this old Hudson's Bay piece was found, and what a train it does indeed bring up of regretful recollections of the once glorious, but now fading and forgotten West of the good old days!

Sun River Slaughter.

The North Fork of the Sun River, in Montana, is a good game country, especially in the winter, when the elk, sheep and deer are driven down out of the mountains. For some weeks skin hunters have been operating in that region, and have killed some hundreds of elk, deer and sheep. This action has been taken up by the press of Montana, and the sportsmen of Helena and other cities have undertaken a crusade to stop the slaughter. Deer hides net the killer from 50 to 75 cents each. Elk hides bring \$2 and upward. One man killed sixty-five elk. Last winter a party of these same men had a bunch of elk corralled for shipment East, but the animals were too weak, so they were shot and skinned.

A Western Interstate Meeting.

The convention of State wardens and legislators at Chicago last week has attracted a great deal of attention all over the West, and the idea seems in a fair way to receive expansion. The Salt Lake, Utah, Herald takes up the idea editorially in the following form:

"Why cannot such a conference be held by the game wardens of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and Nevada? The natural game seasons in all these States are about the same. If the open and closed seasons were made the same in all of them it would make impossible, to a very large extent, the illegal traffic in fish and game that now goes on in all the States above named. When a game warden caught a hunter or dealer with game that was out of season it would be impossible to say that it was killed in or shipped from Idaho or Colorado or Wyoming or Utah, as the case might be.

"It is only within a few years that the importance of protecting the fish and game has been fully realized in the West, but now it is, and public sentiment is in favor of all measures that will tend to preserve and increase the game. Uniform fish and game laws in the States above named would have a very strong tendency that way."

Michigan Deer Licenses.

Deputy Warden Brewster, of Michigan, has prepared his statement of the deer licenses, resident and non-resident, issued by the State of Michigan during the season for 1897. In detail it is as below, for the counties respectively:

Alcona 30, Alger 423, Allegan 114, Alpena 161, Antrim 185, Arenac 50, Baraga 219, Barry 87, Bay 123, Benzie 87, Berrien 83, Branch 32, Calhoun 79, Cass 38, Charlevoix 213, Cheboygan 271, Chippewa 415, Clare 28, Clinton 141, Crawford 102, Delta 372, Dickinson 459, Eaton 107, Emmet 479, Genesee 120, Gladwin 47, Gogebic 95, Grand Traverse 233, Gratiot 126, Hillsdale 52, Houghton 286, Huron 11, Ingham 108, Ionia 75, Iosco 129, Iron 203, Isabella 46, Isle Royal none, Jackson 86, Kalamazoo 60, Kalkaska 143, Kent 206, Keweenaw 1, Lake 79, Lapeer 119, Leelanaw 26, Lenawee 52, Livingston 166, Luce 75, Mackinac 199, Macomb 54, Manistee 149, Manitow none, Marquette 844, Mason 152, Mecosta 63, Menominee 366, Midland 104, Missaukee 95, Monroe 47, Montcalm 107, Montmorency 93, Muskegon 54, Newargo 87, Oakland 156, Oceana 84, Ogemaw 217, Ontonagon 127, Osceola 202, Oscoda 66, Otsego 125, Ottawa 32, Presque Isle 102, Roscommon 88, Saginaw 170, Sanilac 20, Schoolcraft 397, Shiawassee 133, St. Clair 46, St. Joseph 53, Tuscola 112, Van Buren 80, Washtenaw 35, Wayne 137, Wexford 186.

Licenses issued to non-residents: Alger 2, Alpena 7, Dickinson 26, Gogebic 1, Iron 1, Marquette 3, Menominee 2, Schoolcraft 2.

The State realized \$4,051.25 on the licenses, and the counties \$2,962.

Common Carriers.

Suit was brought by Deputy Warden Slocumb, of lower Illinois, against the Adams Express Company last week for \$2,000 under the charge of being in the possession of illegal game, and a similar suit to this has been commenced by Attorney Mead, of Shell Lake, Wis., against the Adams Express Company for accepting illegal game for transportation. This case was brought up by that of John B. Olson, who shipped a lot of birds and venison to St. Paul labeled as poultry. Olson was fined \$125 and lost his birds, which were seized at St. Paul by the State warden.

Spring Ducks.

Ducks have appeared in large numbers along the Kankakee River, and have come in on the Tolleston Marsh, nearer to Chicago, in good flight. At the Calumet Heights Club, along Lake Michigan shore, the deep-water ducks were numerous this week, and a fisherman who also shoots a bit made a big bag from the edge of the ice fields. Still nearer to town, off South Chicago and along the Seventy-first street piers, the birds have been seen and shot in numbers. A sad result of this was the drowning this week of two South Chicago hunters, Michael Lutkoski and John Ofchrosky, whose boat was capsized while they were out attempting to put out their decoys just outside the ice pack. The men were entangled in their decoy lines and lived but a short time in the icy water of the lake. They had been tempted by the heavy flight of bluebills along the edge of the ice.

Bob Whites for Washington.

Sportsmen of Pullman, Wash., have ordered ten dozen Bob White quail from Kansas, and will try to establish that bird in the region around Pullman, where they will be protected until 1900. While I have no definite word to that effect, I should not be surprised if behind this movement would be found Prof. John A. Balmer, once of Vincennes, Ind., who moved to Washington later. From what I learned of Prof. Balmer in course of several days' shooting with him in the fall of 1893, I am disposed to think that he would never be entirely happy in any country which did not have Bob Whites in it. I suppose it was a case of either moving back to Indiana or moving quail out to Washington.

"One Dollar, No More, No Less."

The finance committee appointed at the late convention of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association at Peoria have begun the work of soliciting funds from the members of the Association all over the State. The committee will not ask any contribution larger than \$1 from any man, and will not attempt to hold up the sporting goods trade for donations, but it will ask each and every man who belongs to the Association or cares to have better laws and better means of enforcing them to come forward at once with his \$1. Subcommittees of finance, composed of three or five members in each club, will be appointed, and these will be asked to apportion out the club lists. To each member of each club a statement will be sent of the sense of the late convention on game matters, as shown in the answers to the list of questions sent out, and as voted upon by the convention. Each member will also have sent to him a brief statement to the effect that a bill will be drawn in accordance with the above sense of the Association, and that the passage of the bill will require more than idle methods and will imply the raising of funds to send a delegation to Springfield. The request will be for "\$1, no more, no less." After receiving this request the sportsman will know very soon what he wants to do about it. The subcommittees will take up their canvas after this advance information has been sent out, and each man of such committee will have a subscription list, which will serve as a record, each man who contributes \$1 putting down his name. After the club canvas is made the total of the contribution is to be forwarded to the finance committee. The work is now in progress, and it should not take very long to complete the canvas if the local committee go to work at once and do not allow delay in the collections. It is not much to ask, \$1 for good laws. The man who will not loosen to that extent does not really care what the law is. All will be treated alike in this plan, so that no one ought to complain and all ought to pay. Sportsmen have sometimes been accused of a disposition to pass resolutions and not pass any cash. Let us see if this old accusation shall not be proved to be in this case unfair.

Mass Meeting.

In another column I have submitted the complaint of a young sportsman who states facts regarding violations along the Rock River of this State. It seems that he has not been alone in his discoveries or in his reflections upon the same. A mass meeting of the citizens of Rockford, Ill., was called on the evening of Feb. 15 and a gratifying action is shown. Organization was made, with R. G. McEvoy as president, and Chas. Baldwin secretary, and the intention is to keep up the body permanently, with a membership of over 100. The plan is to charge a membership fee, and also dues of perhaps 50 cents monthly. This is not much, but \$50 a month spent in protection will rid the beautiful Rock River of nets and stop illegal gunning around Rockford. It is not really so very difficult to do, but the way to do anything is to do it. The local press has taken up the fight for decency in game laws, something which the average local paper is afraid to do for fear of offending some country subscriber who owns a seine or shoots out of season. Let me suggest to my friends Messrs. Cohen and Bartlett, of the State Fish Commission, and to State Warden Loveday also, that since the men of Rockford have taken hold of this work in earnest, it would be a graceful thing to send them deputies who shall help them as much as possible.

Spring Ducks in Illinois.

The rising waters have cleared the ice from many of the streams in Illinois and Indiana, and the north-bound water fowl have appeared in good numbers all over the usual ducking grounds of this region. A number of heavy bags have been made along the Kankakee.

Another Record Moose Head.

Since the opening up of the Alaskan regions by the gold-seeking rush, much has been printed in regard to the big moose of that far-away hunting ground. A spread of 69½in. was thought the top notch for a time, but two weeks ago a local fur dealer here, C. F. Periolat, showed a head from the Copper River country which measured 73½in., this grand specimen having come from the agent he had sent up to the Copper River country for the purpose of buying furs and specimens. This moose head was considered in turn as the last best offering of the Alaskan woods, but this week a yet larger one came down from the same source, and this head scales 74 3/8in. from tip to tip of the antlers—truly a phenomenon which could come from only such a terra incognita as that of Alaska, so soon to become one of the famous hunting regions of the earth.

These big moose which Periolat has shown were killed by his man, R. C. Raddatz, and the latter writes that he killed this last one with the .30-30 rifle, the soft-nosed bullet passing entirely through the body back of the shoulders. He says that the ball tore a hole as big as a dollar on the far side of the animal—this at a distance of over 300yds. Now that the Winchester people guarantee the nitro powder to do its work in any temperature, the small-bore rifle with the above work to its credit would seem to be all that could be asked as a weapon suited to the extreme North.

Mr. Raddatz also got a fine specimen of the white Alaskan sheep (*Stonei*?), the horns being stated to measure 64½in. over the curve. This animal was pure white and very beautiful. Truly the latest hunting stories from this land of wonders are of a sort to make men uneasy and anxious to pack their outfits for the upper trails.

How it Works.

The working of reciprocity in matters of game laws was illustrated this week by the seizure by Warden Loveday in Chicago of two barrels of partridges which were shipped from St. Paul, and which are being held for the action of the Minnesota authorities. When the violators of the law find that these contraband goods are not safe either going or coming, they may perhaps not be so willing to engage in the business of handling the contraband stuff.

Speaking of contraband game, there is at hand the record of a very important seizure made by Deputy Phillip, of Minnesota, of 800 partridges from the celebrated, or infamous, district around Tower, Minn. This game was seized in a peculiar way. An agent of an outside commission house posed as a stranger, but excited suspicion, and was shadowed by Phillip. At a little wayside station far up in the northern country a number of boxes of game were found resting by the railroad track. The engineer made a mistake about the stopping point and pulled past the place where the goods were lying. The deputy, satisfied that he had found the contraband game, got off the train and seized the boxes. The arrangement of the agent for 1,000lbs. of freight was thereby somewhat disarranged. Local merchants at Tower and other points will be promptly prosecuted.

Illegal Deer.

A market hunter who has been killing illegal deer for a Chicago commission firm was last week arrested near Hermansville, Mich. This man had been in camp several weeks killing deer, but had only twenty-two saddles of venison on hand when he was arrested.

Selling Illinois Game.

Warden Loveday, of Illinois, this week prosecuted John Purdy, of Canton, Ill., for selling Illinois game. For this Purdy was fined \$25 and costs. He was then waked up with the other hand on a charge of having illegal game in his possession, which cost him \$55 and costs. Mr. Purdy now sleeps in jail.

As was stated last fall, Circuit Judge Ramsey, of Illinois, handed down a decision establishing the Illinois chicken law dates as Aug. 15 to Dec. 1. This question has not been taken to the Supreme Court, and Warden Loveday is going right ahead and finding men who began their chicken shooting in August. He has several cases at Sterling and Monmouth.

By the way, if Warden Loveday had been on the Chicago & Alton Railroad train between Chicago and St. Louis this week, he might have found a very nice menu on the dining car, which contained among other items the following: "Prairie chicken, half, with jelly, 50 cents; quail on toast, with jelly, 50 cents." Evidently this railroad should revise either its menu or its methods, and I trust Mr. Loveday will assist it in this regard.

Costly Rabbit.

A couple of weeks ago a Michigan man crossed the line and went into Ohio, where he shot a rabbit. It was not a rare or especially beautiful rabbit, but it cost him \$62.50, without counting his traveling expense or ammunition.

Topknots in Idaho.

A wealthy ranchman by name of John Sparks has imported 700 California quail, which he has turned down in Cassia county, Idaho. E. Hough.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Sport in Shanghai, China.

ONE OF FOREST AND STREAM's subscribers writes from Shanghai, Jan. 19:

"Just back from our annual shooting trip. Had fifteen clear days and bagged 297 pheasants, 44 geese, 54 teal, 5 mallards, 15 black ducks (yellow nibs), 28 woodcock, 19 partridges, 13 deer, 8 hares, 7 bittern, 7 snipe, 8 quail, 1 civet cat and 1 fox—507 in all, though we do not as a rule count snipe or quail in summing up the total of a bag. We had three guns in the party. The sport was not up to the usual standard. We found the birds uncommonly wild and scarce, and there were too many natives hunting for the market. They had reached remote localities where we had never before met them.

Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club.

The Secretary's Bulletin.

Boston, Feb. 10.—The last bulletin was dated Oct. 6; but although there are many things to tell, this one will be cut as close as possible, that members may read it through.

As was stated in our last report, the trial of Everett Horton came off Oct. 12, and his fine of \$40 and costs probably cut his net profits for the season considerably. He entered an appeal, but afterward paid his fine; we think he saved money thereby.

At North Easton last year's experience was not sufficient. Mr. Mackay has different ideas about game wardens who use the Wood roads now, and it cost him \$20 besides court expenses.

We had hoped to write of another party, but can only say that we met our match. It was a drawn game, however, as they abandoned their snares.

Since the annual meeting the cold weather and snow closed the time when snaring could be done, and your warden, although constantly on duty, had no special work to do until Jan. 12, when, in response to three appeals from different persons to stop the killing illegally of black duck in Plymouth Bay, he started for a trip among the ice cakes. Jan. 18 was cold on the bay, but Shute and Caswell found it colder and more chilly than their native New Hampshire hills on Thursday, the 27th, for \$10 each and costs was the verdict.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Thursday, Dec. 2, at Young's Hotel, President William Minot presiding. The treasurer reported: Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1897, \$441.02; received from assessments, \$900; received from Medford Shooting Club, \$26.39; total receipts, \$1,367.41. Disbursements: Printing, stationery, etc., \$25.89; legal expenses, \$69.50; railroad tickets, two at \$20, \$40; warden's wages, \$675; total, \$810.39. Balance Nov. 28, 1897, \$557.02. The secretary reported the past year has been one of prosperity, encouragement, work and success. Our membership is now 116.

During the year we have added thirty-seven new members, and nine have resigned.

Our club has lost, through death, Mr. Francis Tuckerman, Mr. Thomas Nelson and Col. William H. Forbes—all true sportsmen who joined our club to help on a good work.

We have been interested in five cases of violation of the fish and game laws, and conviction has followed in every case, with a total of fines of \$510.

Besides the above, in two cases it seemed best not to press law beyond true justice. The first was a case of partridges after Jan. 1, it being plainly shown that they were shot in open season in another State and taken home by a sportsman for personal use; the other, of one quail shot by a boy in the summer. Probably they will be more careful of the law in the future.

Also, over forty men found in the country with rods or guns have been cautioned and followed till they left for home.

In addition to members' subscriptions, our club has been honored by gifts of \$23.69 from the Medford Sporting Club, and \$10 from Hon. E. D. Buffington, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game. We hope to appreciate and use these well; also to deserve and receive others still.

Our warden has worked hard and well, and has accomplished much, only a very small portion of which can be shown by bare recital of results. He has been at work constantly, has visited almost every township in the State east of Worcester, besides many others west of that city, and has dealt a blow to professional snaring which will show for years. If the work is continued and our stand of the past two years maintained, in a couple of years wholesale professional snaring will be dead.

We have run the club on "business principles;" we are respected both by sportsmen and by law-breakers; and the support given us by members and the public show plainly that our methods and work are appreciated. We entered our work with the promise that we would work first, talk afterward. I believe we have kept our first promise, and will leave the rest for others.

The following list of officers was unanimously elected: President, C. P. Curtis, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, William Minot, John Fottler, Jr., Henry J. Thayer; Secretary, Walter C. Baylies; Treasurer, William N. Lockwood; Membership Committee, Edw. M. Weld, William C. Thairlwall, William H. Aspinwall.

It was voted that at present the club consider that its work is in the field and not in the State House; that we use the tools provided for us, only hoping that the Legislature in its wisdom may give us better laws to work with and to enforce.

HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y pro tem.

That Denver Barbecue.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 5 it was stated that the National Stock Growers' Association at its recent barbecue in Denver advertised to serve buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and quail, and that the press dispatches said that such game was served in large quantities.

This statement is erroneous, so far as the previous advertisement by the Association is concerned. The newspaper reporters so advertised, but without authority. They are also responsible for the subsequent assertion that the game was served. The fact is that several half-breed buffalo, a bear and some "possums" were served, which was as near to serving "game" as they came.

We have some very active reporters in Denver, who do not always hesitate to elongate facts when they can make a sensation by so doing. They did this both in regard to the serving of game and as to the rush at the barbecue when one of the tables broke down; an affair which was not only greatly magnified here, but grew in magnitude as it traveled eastward.

These reporters are mostly young men from the East, and are at first so affected by the altitude that it is doubtful if any of them would be able to detect the difference between a Fort Collins lamb and a mountain sheep, if properly dressed and cooked.

The game law has been better enforced in Colorado during the past season than ever before, and it is quite certain that if it had been violated at the barbecue the Commissioner would not have overlooked it. There has been no game in the market this past season, and the small quantity served at the hotels, and which was imported by them direct, has got them into trouble.

If the hotel keepers could look ahead a little bit, they would see that if the game is protected until it increases there may come a time when it will be plenty enough to serve occasionally in hotels, whereas if the extermination for market continues it will be a very few years only when the annihilation will be complete, and it will not again be seen either at hotels or on private tables.

D. C. BEAMAN.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 22.

United States Fish Commission and Game.

THE House Committee on Marine and Fisheries has reported favorably on the measure introduced by Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, to add to the scope of the Fish Commission by authorizing it to introduce and propagate game in the several States. The report, which was presented on Feb. 23, reads:

The Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, having had under consideration House Bill No. 3,589, recommend that it do pass without amendment.

The Commission of Fish and Fisheries has been in existence for many years, and its operations have been in a high degree successful and to the great advantage of the people. Many streams that formerly teemed with fish had become almost or quite barren. New stock has been introduced, and the various States, recognizing the mistakes of the past, have enacted suitable laws for the protection of fish, and a healthy public sentiment has been created for their preservation and propagation.

The destruction among the game and other useful birds has been even more ruinous than that which has overtaken our fishes, and State laws for their further protection have been very generally enacted. The desire for restocking fields and forests is quite general, and with the machinery now in the control of the Fish Commission great good could be done with but a moderate expenditure of money. The bill has been submitted to the late Fish Commissioner, and he has expressed his warm approval of its provisions.

It is believed that birds may be successfully transferred from one part of the country to another, and there propagated and extinction of valuable species retarded or prevented. The beautiful and valuable grouse, now so plentiful in Oregon, could no doubt be successfully introduced into North Carolina and Virginia. The prairie chicken, which is becoming very scarce in the Northwest, would be welcomed with friendly enthusiasm in Eastern States, where it is now wholly unknown.

Birds introduced by the National Government, it is believed, would be protected by quite a different state of public opinion from that which has prevailed as to birds introduced by private individuals or shooting clubs. The wild pigeon, once so abundant, has been practically if not totally exterminated, and many of our most valued feathered friends are becoming so scarce as to lead to fears of their early extinction. Interest manifested by the Federal Government in the further preservation and propagation of birds will go very far toward a creation of that healthy public sentiment without which all protective laws are inoperative.

The farmers generally have become earnestly interested in bird protection, and the interest in the subject is no longer confined to sporting clubs, but the general usefulness of bird-life has become more fully understood by all people.

The proposition of the bill does not involve the creation of new officials nor large expenditures, but only authorizes an existing commission to perform additional duties, and the question as to the amount of expenditures for such purpose will always be under the direct control of Congress.

The future continuance of the efforts contemplated by the bill will depend upon the annual appropriations, which may be larger or smaller, as experience shall demonstrate to be wise.

Your committee heartily concur in recommending the passage of the bill.

Night Gunners in Maryland and Virginia Waters.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a clipping from the Virginia Enterprise, the county paper of Accomac county, Va.; this county joins our county, Worcester, which is the last on the eastern shore of Maryland:

"Wild geese and redhead ducks never were so plentiful as this year in our waters. Our sportsmen are making from \$20 to \$30 in a day and night. We do not say how they are doing it."

In last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM was an article on the fine shooting in Chincoteague Bay, dated Jan. 31 of this year. It has about the same news as the Enterprise item, but fails to end with the same honest statement.

Now, for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and also the vigilant game wardens, whose meetings we hear so much of in our paper, I will state that nearly all the ducks, geese and brant are shot at night with the use of lights of various kinds. The gunners themselves make no secret of it. Any of them will tell you how many shots they had, and the largest kill at one shot. During the full moon of the first two weeks of this month you could stand on my porch and count four, five, six, and even as high as nine, lights at one time. So anxious were they to get to work that the sun would hardly be down before the twinkle of lights could be seen; and this was kept up all night, as long as a duck could be found on the water. Night after night this goes on, not only this year, but every year; although I must say I never saw so much of it, or such open work, as this spring. I am told that there is a game warden on Chincoteague Island, where the most of the ducks are sold; but I cannot think this is

true, for the shooting is done so near the island that even with cotton in his ears he could not shut out the roar of the guns. Nor is this the only place, for the captains of our oyster boats tell of this night shooting all up and down the coast; yet I never heard of an arrest.

You cannot say in this case, inform on them, like illegal quail shooters. This needs no information; every one who has eyes to see, and ears to hear, knows of it. The ducks are brought in and sold, and the trip is talked of openly and without reserve; and as you see, even the papers write about it.

As for the fowl laws of the Eastern Shore coast of Maryland and Virginia, they are a farce, and the local game wardens are either wooden men or are in it themselves. I have always been a law-abiding citizen, obeying our game laws to the letter. With one exception I am the only one here who has always stood out firm; but I am tired of it. Last fall I saw the quail slaughtered for three weeks before the law opened, and never fired a shot. Last summer I saw the black ducks shot in August and September, and now I see the fowl all driven away, or so wild you cannot get a shot over decoys. Now mark my word, if this goes on next year, with no hindrance from State or county, you can just depend that fellow Foulks has a lantern, and is working it for all it is worth.

O. D. FOULKS.

Maine Snows and Maine Deer.

Boston, Feb. 28.—Reports continue to come in of terribly deep snows in Maine, and that the deer are suffering for want of food. One hunter writes from Piscataquis county that the snow is more than 5 ft. deep. Another report from the upper Kennebec says that the snow is the deepest for thirteen years, and that there is no chance for big game to exist. Then, worse than the deep snow, there is no doubt that a great many poachers are after the deer. A report says that the Commissioners have just sent out circular letters to the 1,400 registered Maine guides, asking them to do all in their power to protect the game, which is entirely at the mercy of the poachers. I am inclined to believe that the reports of the destruction of deer by poachers is true, for I have come across several saddles of freshly killed venison in the places of receivers in the Boston markets. These receivers and marketmen will not disclose the names of the shippers of the deer, though admitting that they must have been illegally killed, and that "they came from down East by schooner." One receiver admitted to me that there were a good many more coming than I had seen; that "it is a shame to kill them when they are so thin and poor; they bring next to nothing." It is a shame that this illegal shipping of game to Boston by schooners and other small coasters cannot be stopped. No railroad or respectable express company, by water or otherwise, will forward game out of Maine illegally. I believe that the settlements along the coast, particularly in Washington county, are mainly responsible.

I have seen a letter from a guide in the Rangeley region, written a few days ago. He had just been into camp to put in wood and ice. He says: "Talk about deer! They have yarded right back of your camp; a lot of them. We saw them almost every day. They come right down around the camp and wood shed. The wire fence you had around the garden to keep the rabbits out, the deer have broken all down." The owner of this camp got two fine deer last fall simply by being out with rifle in hand in the morning; all he desired, even had the law allowed him a dozen. The remarkable feature is that a few years ago there were very few deer in that section.

SPECIAL.

BREWER, Me., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose you may wish to know the truth about how our large game is faring in this deep snow. What one reads in the papers is no more reliable than the Cuban reports. The most who write for the papers have not been in the woods, and simply lie for the sake of seeing what people can be made to believe. I think that our large game has suffered very little, except from inconvenience in getting around. One correspondent writes terrible stories of great slaughter of deer and moose in Washington county. As there is record of only one solitary moose being seen in Washington county for several years, one can judge of the truth of the other part. The fact is, Maine people do not hunt in these deep snows for fun. The skins of good fall deer are utterly unsalable now. They cannot be sold here at 10 cents each. Winter skins could not be given away. Any fair hunter can kill deer much easier on light snow than in deep snow, unless he uses a dog. The moose are very well looked after, and there is no danger of any one killing caribou.

There is simply no object in killing, except for meat to eat. Some will be killed for this purpose, as many back settlers are literally snowed in, and will suffer for food.

The only case I know surely of a deer being killed was that an Indian killed one for food. There were fifteen in the family, and very little to eat. The wardens arrested him, but he was not fined, as he ought not to have been, for the State would have had to feed the family.

The amount of game killed this year has been greatly overstated—purposely. The railroad fall report gave as shipped deer 3,058, moose 100, caribou 64. A great many of these are counted twice—two saddle counts, and then the head is counted. Also, New Brunswick moose are counted which pass this way, and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland caribou heads which are received for mounting in Bangor all count. The railroad shipment embraces about all the deer killed by guides and hunters near the railroad, and lots sent to market. Very few deer are eaten in the woods. The forequarters are eaten and saddles saved.

There is one point overlooked—the wounded which die. I believe that 5,000 will more than cover every deer killed and secured in this State; I think it too large an estimate; but certainly 1,000 is low enough for the wounded, a large part of which die. The count of moose and caribou is plenty large enough.

The snows will allow the lynx and fisher to kill many deer; but the excessive killing of wildcats for bounty will save hundreds of deer near the seashore.

M. HARDY.

Doves in Iowa.

VINTON, Ia., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Hough says that Mr. Hunt, of Burlington, Ia., has introduced a bill in our Legislature making doves a game bird, with an open season from July 15 to Sept. 1. If that bill creeps through our Legislature it will be because the people do not know about it; and I can assure the sportsmen of Burlington that at the next sitting of our Legislature it will creep back again.

Throughout the State of Iowa mourning doves lay eggs and rear their young all through the open season mentioned in that bill, and it would be as cruel, cold-hearted, wicked and unsportsmanlike to shoot them as it would be to shoot prairie chickens and quail during the months of June and July. They are a dooryard bird, and do no harm in any way. They and the blackbirds are the last to leave us in the fall, and more or less of them always make an attempt to stay with us through the winter. We have had snow enough to make sleighing since Dec. 3, and on Dec. 14 I counted twenty mourning doves and one crow blackbird feeding in my stock yard. At this date the blackbird has disappeared, and the flock of mourning doves has decreased to twelve. Shall we for the sake of "fun" begin to exterminate our dooryard birds? I intimated not long ago in *FOREST AND STREAM* that "the pismire age is approaching; it is almost here," but it will never fasten its clutches on the State of Iowa without a struggle.

I feel greatly interested in game matters, but instead of the Hunt bill I would like to see one passed providing for a salaried warden for each county, and for stocking the State with game. I am glad that I can deny myself the hellish enjoyment of shooting song or dooryard birds, and leaving their young to die. MOUNT TOM.

The Maine Cow Moose and the Boys.

BOSTON, Feb. 28.—Commissioner Carleton has appeared before the Governor and Council in defense of his action in allowing the boy moose-killers to escape. So far as I am able to learn, his action will be sustained. The Commissioners are understood to set up the claim that they stand in the position of a judge or the Governor, with the right not to enforce the game laws, if they see fit.

SPECIAL.

A Bangor correspondent writes: "There is intense feeling regarding Mr. Carleton's action in the student moose case. The fact cannot be put away that he took the oath to enforce the laws, and on the first case of illegally killing a moose made a printed statement that he would resign before he would do it. He has done many good things, and I am sorry he has failed in this. No one wished the boys sentenced to the full extent, but every one (or almost every one) feels that they should have been brought back to stand trial, and if convicted have had a nominal sentence passed. It will be hard to get any jury now to convict one of our citizens. In the Moosehead case, sometimes called the Harrington case, there is more than a reasonable doubt that the cow moose shot in open season was killed on purpose. Half a dozen men are shot for deer every year, and no questions are asked; the chances when following a moose track to shoot a cow for a bull by mistake are very much greater."

Spring Prospects.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A week ago last Sunday, which was very pleasant, while strolling through the woods and fields here, I was much surprised and gratified at seeing so many bluebirds in comparison with the numbers that I had seen during several years past. Should think at a rough guess that I saw on that day as many as twenty. Am greatly pleased that so many comparatively are showing up, as I had begun to think that that species of our songsters was nearly extinct. Also have seen more or less of them this year before and since that Sunday. Also saw that day a very large flock of crow blackbirds.

The prospects around here for shooting next fall now seem to be fully up to the average, as several of the local sportsmen and farmers report having seen a goodly number of quail since Jan. 1. Have myself in my wanderings in this part of the State seen several good-sized remnants of beves of birds, enough for the nuclei of large flocks next fall, weather during the remainder of the winter suitable.

A. L. L.

MILHURST, N. J., Feb. 21.

The Boston Exposition.

THE New England Sportsmen's Association is making excellent progress with its exhibition. Among the late accessions to the exhibit is a live beaver or two, secured by Dr. Bishop in New Brunswick. It is understood that the Maine Commissioners declined to have the Maine beaver disturbed, even for exhibition purposes. The anti-announced are arriving, and are in prime condition. Not only are sportsmen, but the public schools are to be interested.

SPECIAL.

North Carolina Quail.

GARFIELD, N. C., Feb. 18.—Mr. G. Harry Squires, of the firm of Henry Squires & Son, of 20 Cortlandt street, New York, has just left my place after spending a few days of very nice quail shooting.

Quail are still plentiful, and there is no doubt but that next fall we will have better shooting than we have had in years, provided we have a good breeding season.

A. H. GRAF.

Pennsylvania Game.

MONROE COUNTY, Pa., Feb. 14.—The game has wintered well in this locality. Ruffed grouse are plenty. The foxes and catamounts have destroyed a great deal of game; and we have destroyed them to some extent. My son and I have killed seven foxes and four catamounts, or bay lynx.

H. T. FRANKENFIELD.

Dimensions of Ruffed Grouse.

MR. JUSTUS VON LINGERKE, of 318 Broadway, New York, was responsible last season for the death of a very large number of ruffed grouse, the majority of them killed in Sullivan county, N. Y. The largest grouse he killed during the season was brought to bag on Dec. 11; as the size and weight of ruffed grouse are often under discussion the following figures and measurements are given:

Weight exactly 2lbs.; total length from tip of the bill to the tip of the tail, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; spread of wings, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Judging from the length and color of the tail, the latter being gray and chestnut mixed, and also from the appearance of the legs, the bird is supposed to have been a very old one.

Yellowstone Park Transportation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to an article in your issue of Feb. 5, 1898, entitled "Nuisances in Yellowstone Park." If your paper desires to be fair, there are statements made in that article which you will be pleased to correct.

I send you herewith copies of briefs submitted in my behalf in the case now pending before the Department of the Interior, which were prepared from the record there, and show the falsity and injustice of the statements to which exception is taken.

My business in the Park dates back to the season of 1880. Since June, 1896, I have maintained during each season tent stations, at four different points in the Park, for the accommodation of my patrons. My tents are clean compartment tents, and the only wooden structures consist of two neat outbuildings at each camp. No other permanent structures have ever been built or used by me. Neither has permission ever been sought to maintain other than the character of facilities for the shelter of patrons which I have. Each of these camps is located in secluded spots, and so far as I am able to learn, no objection has ever been made by reason of any litter or odor at any of these permanent tent stations; and such objection could not be sustained by facts.

After the most open hearing when all of the interests of the Park were represented, and late Acting Superintendent George S. Anderson was present, my plan was fully discussed before Secretary Hoke Smith and the then First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Gov. William H. Sims, and it was decided in 1893 to permit me to do this business upon a one-season tenure. I would not go to the necessary expense without a promise of renewal, which was given in the spring of 1896 by Acting Secretary Sims. This is the last time that Gov. Sims acted in the matter, and was long before my employment of Mr. George H. Lamar as my Washington counsel, being then represented by another attorney.

It is true that Capt. Anderson opposed the renewal of my license in the spring of 1897; that the Northern Pacific Railway Co. circulated just such a false statement as you have published, to the injury of my business in 1897. I exercised my right to employ such attorneys as I pleased. I chose Mr. George H. Lamar, of Washington, D. C., and James A. Blanchard, of New York, whose several ability and high standing in their profession requires no defense at my hands. Secretary Bliss' action in my favor was in harmony with the written promise of his predecessor and the wishes expressed in writing of many of the best citizens of this country, including prominent representatives of the League of American Wheelmen, the clergy, college professors, etc., most of whom had patronized my camps during the season of 1896, and knew whereof they spoke.

You will see that Secretary Noble's action, to which you refer, had no reference to the camping business, and was particularly aimed at the Northern Pacific combination, against which monopoly Congress and the Department "has been always contending."

Relative to your prediction that "if Col. Young's opinion should be sought in this matter," "he would be bitterly opposed to the nuisance which Wylie intends to establish," attention is called to the report of this very officer (p. 18, brief of Dec. 11, 1897), dated Oct. 26, 1897, made specially upon my camps, in which he says that "there exists an undoubted demand for such accommodations and services as Mr. Wylie seeks to render," and recommends the department to "require" their continuance.

In view of the injury which might logically result from your publication, it is felt that fairness and justice would require such space in your columns as may be necessary to refute the untrue statements therein contained.

W. W. WYLIE.

HELENA, Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the caption of "Nuisances in Yellowstone Park," in your issue of Feb. 5, you strongly protest against Mr. W. W. Wylie's permanent camps in the Park, and you state what doubtless appears to you good reasons for your protest. To one living near the Park, and who has visited it recently, and who is, therefore, familiar with this Park question, your editorial is quite inexplicable.

I have been an occasional reader of your very valuable paper for a good many years. I know the high regard and appreciation in which it is held by the true sportsmen of this country. I have always considered it eminently fair in its criticisms of men and measures, but in this instance a very great injustice has been done Mr. Wylie and his thousands of friends scattered over the entire country.

You are entirely in error in your statements regarding the Wylie permanent camps. This can readily be shown by thousands of our best citizens who have made the trip through the Park with the Wylie Camping Co. In your own imperial city where your valuable paper is published are many most excellent people who have made the trip with this company, among the number an editor who will quickly satisfy you that you have been grossly misinformed in this matter.

Knowing the reputation of *FOREST AND STREAM* for fairness and reliability, I ask you to give space to this

communication—not for the purpose of advertising either the Wylie Camping Co. or the Transportation Co., for I have no interest in either, but for the purpose of doing justice.

The granting by the Department of the Interior of the permit for these permanent camps is not a "retrograde step," but a step forward in the interests of the people, very many of whom prefer this method of doing the Park to any other. I know this to be true from conversations I had last summer in the Park with tourists traveling with both companies. Those who have visited the Park enthusiastically indorse the policy of the Department of the Interior in refusing to fly in the teeth of the acts of Congress and grant exclusive Park privileges. The Park belongs to the people, and its great privileges as well. To foster or create Park monopoly in transportation, or in anything, would in my judgment turn the many from the Park, and only the favored few would visit it.

It is true, as you state, that the Interior Department has not respected the recommendations of any officers who has acted as superintendents of the Park, and it is greatly to the credit of the department that it has not. Especially is this so when the well-known fact is stated that the former Superintendent of the Park was most bitterly opposed to Mr. Wylie and his method of doing business, and for no reason that he has, as yet, been willing to give. No good reason can be given why these camps should be prohibited. Objections made by Park superintendents have been proven, upon investigation, to be utterly unfounded. Why Park superintendents continue their objections to camping is best known to them; certain it is they have never given the department nor the public any valid reason why these camps should not be allowed.

"You say: 'This having been granted him' (referring to his license for permanent camps), 'he erected a number of very flimsy board outbuildings, and later other very temporary shacks, log cabins, or huts, in which his passengers might sleep.' Nothing could be further from the fact. The permanent camps are constructed of the very best tent material. The beds and cooking compare favorably with similar accommodations in first-class hotels. There are no 'temporary shacks, log cabins, or huts.' The outbuildings are made of boards, and so are those of the Transportation Co. Indeed, those of the latter company, in some instances, are placed near the highway for the express purpose of being seen and easily reached. These permanent camps are kept free from all refuse and debris. Inspection each day is made by a soldier for the express purpose of seeing that the camps are kept cleaned up.

These camps, instead of presenting an unsightly appearance, "which can be compared to nothing so well as to the buildings of the old-fashioned shanty town that once existed on the rocks in New York city," are always neat and pretty in appearance, and afford a cheering sight to the traveler, wearied with the solitude of the never-ending "primeval forests" of the Park.

Come and visit the Park, and you will find all the corroboration for the foregoing that is needed. Do not be misled by those who, for selfish reasons, attempt to deceive the public in this matter.

It will be most fortunate for the people when our Government grants exclusive privileges in the Park, and thus insures a complete monopoly of all hotel and transportation privileges.

I send you a copy of our daily paper, which has an editorial confirmatory of our statements.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy in publishing this communication, I remain,

E. A. CARLETON,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

HELENA, Mont., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The undersigned committee, composed of members of the Montant Division, L. A. W., has been appointed by Chief Consul J. A. Shoemaker to formulate and forward to you a reply to the article entitled "Nuisances in the Yellowstone Park," in the issue of Feb. 5 of *FOREST AND STREAM*. This committee is composed of members who have made the trip through the Park by wheel, some of them stopping at the Park hotels, and some stopping at the Wylie permanent camps.

The article in question is so manifestly unjust, in that its statements regarding the permanent camps are wholly incorrect, that we feel a reply should be made; and we therefore respectfully request you to give space in your columns to this communication. We do this not because we have a cent's worth of pecuniary interest in any transportation company now doing business in the Park, nor because of a desire to advertise the Wylie Camping Co., but we are led to make this reply, and to ask of you the courtesy of publishing it, simply out of a desire to see justice done to a gentleman who has done as much as any citizen in this country to make known the marvelous attractions of Wonderland. We believe in fair play, and knowing the reputation of *FOREST AND STREAM* for fair dealing and reliable utterances, we confidently believe you will not deny us the privilege of stating through your columns the "other side of the case."

The criticism of the Interior Department, of its policy in granting to Mr. Wylie a license to establish permanent camps in the Park, is unjust to say the least; and the statements regarding Mr. Wylie and his business are wholly unwarranted and erroneous. Instead of the "flimsy outbuildings and other very temporary shacks, log cabins or huts," there have been erected large and commodious tents, comfortable and convenient in their interior, and presenting an exterior which adds rather than detracts from the appearance of the neighborhood in which they are situated. There never has been erected by Mr. Wylie a "log cabin, shack or hut" of any kind. His large and sightly compartment tents are supplied with most of the conveniences found in a well-regulated hotel. They are warmed by stoves, furnished throughout with toilet articles, such as wash stands, towels, hair brushes, combs, etc., and the beds are as comfortable as those found in the hotels of the Park.

You state that "it would be practically impossible to such permanent camps properly, and that the littler that would inevitably collect around them would be an eyesore and an offense to all travelers through the

Park," etc. It is clear that in regard to this matter you have been misinformed. Mr. Wylie's camps are located within easy reach of the soldiers' quarters, and these soldiers give frequent inspection to his camps. They of course have full authority to enter his premises at any and all times, and this freedom of authority is not only cheerfully accepted, but invited, by Mr. Wylie. No refuse or debris of any kind is ever seen by the traveler around these camps. Their cleanliness and general attractiveness are matters of common remark on the part not only of those who stop at them, but of hundreds of tourists who make the trip by the other method.

Our experience has shown that the reason so many people make the trip through the Park by wheel is because they can do so more economically than by paying the regular stage fare; and this being true, they naturally prefer to stay at the Wylie camps for a consideration of \$2.50 a day rather than pay the hotel company \$4 a day.

Aside from the monetary aspect of the case another great desideratum is that when a bicyclist makes this trip by wheel he does it not only for an outing, but to get away from the usual routine of petty constraints and conventionalities. He would rather not go through the Park at all than at the end of each day's ride be reluctantly constrained to go through the prosaic and, to him, too civilized formality of "dressing for dinner" before he can satisfy his bicycle appetite.

The very fact that these camps are so liberally patronized by wheelmen is evidence that there is a substantial demand for them. We do not hesitate to say that with these camps discontinued, and no other accommodation to be had except the \$4 a day hotels, more than half of the bicycle travel in the Park will cease. On the contrary, should they be continued, the Park trip, from the point of view of the bicyclists, would in the near future become one of the most justly celebrated and popular bicycle trips to be had in the United States.

From the point of view of the constantly increasing number of bicyclists who make this trip every year, nothing could be more harmful than that these camps should be discontinued. Respectfully,

GEO. H. TILLY,
L. P. SANDERS,
P. G. SCHROEDER,
CHAS. F. WARD, } Committee.

Sea and River Fishing.

Men I Have Fished With.

LXII.—Wallace Eugene Blackford.

If the stork had been kind to me and brought a boy to our hearthstone that grew to be such a boy as Wallace Blackford was, I would have reason to be proud. Probably the stork knew best, and selected only girls for me, arguing that if I had a boy he would be off in the woods with rod and gun, and be instructed about birds, beasts and fishes to the neglect of other things. Certain it is that a little difference of forty years in our ages did not prevent a close and loving friendship which was broken only by that reaper who harvests the unripe as well as that which is ready to be gathered.

In the spring of 1884 his father, Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, then one of the State Fish Commissioners, said to me: "I have a boy about thirteen years old who wants to take a trout. He wants to begin at the top and take it with the fly; can you take care of him and put him in the proper shape to do it?"

"Is he strong?"

"He is very strong for his age, and is fond of athletic exercises in the gymnasium; he is a good boy, and if you like good boys you'll like him. Why did you ask about his strength?"

"Merely to know if he could handle my favorite rod, which is not a light one, or if I should unpack some boxes to hunt for some lighter rods, which I seldom use; that's all."

He came down to Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, one Friday afternoon in April, shortly after the trout season opened, and was impatient for the morrow. He wanted to know how big the trout grew in the large private mill ponds belonging to the Jones family, as undivided property, and in which I had been accorded the privilege of fishing. He was curious to know who had taken the biggest fish, and when; how many trout could be taken in a day, and his enthusiasm was not only charming, but contagious. What his dreams were that night we can only guess.

After he retired I got out the rod, my 10½ oz. split-bamboo, which is my favorite to-day. I had carefully looked the boy over; he could handle that rod, and if he learned to cast with it he could easily get down to a lighter one, for at that time anglers were using rods of half that weight, and were trying to get a practical rod which would not have any weight. While I believe in light rods for those who have no muscle, and who do not care to develop muscle, I prefer to use a rod that makes my biceps sore after a day's casting, but hardens it in a few days. Therefore I did not search for lighter rods for the boy, but looked the old one over for abrasions of the varnish, faults in the rings or elsewhere; oiled the reel, tested the last 10 yds. of the tapered silk line, soaked the gut leaders for an hour, and then tested their strength and put them away in the box between sheets of damp felt; looked over the fly-book, and journeyed to the land of Nod, where there are not only trout streams, but mines of gold and precious stones, fame, fun and all things which mortals pursue in the mad race of what we call life; a race which sometimes ends in fruition and sometimes in the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum. One generation after another repeats it, learning nothing from those gone before, because each individual considers himself as a special creation, wholly distinct from the great herd. Dreams are not, as Churchill said, "children of the night, of indigestion bred," nor are they, as Mercutio says, "the children of an idle brain," for they come when the brain is busy, and all other parts of the body are at rest and the brain

is at work. If I dreamed that night, there is no remembrance of it, but there is not a doubt that dreams came to my boy guest.

His breakfast was a light one, he was anxious to meet his first trout, and when we reached the dam of the lower pond, where there were no trout, I said: "Wallace, your father told me that you were ambitious to take some trout with the fly; can you cast the fly?"

"I don't know; I think I might, but I've never had a chance to fish with the fly, and only know, in a general way, that fly-fishing is the correct thing for taking trout. How do you do it?"

I found a place free from bushes on the dam, oiled the ferules of the rod in my hair, put it together with reel, line, leader and one fly. "Now," said I, "let me see you cast the fly." He tried to get it out in many ways, but failed; the leader had an annoying way of coming back in his face or of twining around the rod, and after awhile he said: "Let me see you do it!"

He watched the line go on the back cast and then straight out 60 ft., and thought he could do it; but when I called attention to the fact that the whip-snap sound behind him told that the fly had been whipped off, he took hold of the principles of fly-casting, and in less than an hour could get out 40 ft. of line without cracking the fly off on the back cast. I have had many pupils in the art of fly-casting, but never one like this, and we went through the woods on the west to the lower end of the upper of the three ponds, where there was a dam with a long apron and but little water running over it.



WALLACE E. BLACKFORD.

Here he lost a fly in the brush on the back cast, and was admonished to retrieve over the other shoulder, and it did not happen again.

The scholarly angler knows the picture "Steady, Johnny," where the boy with wrinkled brow is straining at a rod which presumably is connected somewhere with a salmon, while the old Scotch fisher rests his hand on the boy's shoulder to restrain him. We would have made a similar picture, if not so picturesque, when Wallace hooked his first trout. He had made several casts, and probably wondered in a boyish way why a trout did not rise at each, but a trout did finally rise, snatched the fly, and the reel was singing merrily when I called: "Check him before he gets into the weeds." And then the fight began. Wallace was disposed to reel the trout in at once, despite its rushes, and I put my hand on his shoulder and gave advice, "Give line," or "Reel in," as the fish rushed or weakened, and when the trout was brought into the shallow at the crest of the dam and Wallace said, "I've got him now, and he is a beauty," there was a rush and the rod bent almost double before I could say, "Let him go!" This was repeated, but the third time the fish was brought near the crest of the dam I netted it. Wallace was pale and trembling with excitement, and said: "It is a beauty, and must have fought me over an hour. Do you think it will weigh 2 lbs.?"

It is not always agreeable to dispel a boy's illusions, and tell him Santa Claus does not come down the chimney; it is safe to infer that he will learn that by degrees, passing through the state of doubt to positive knowledge, as he acquires years; but I could not resist telling him that my watch said the fight had lasted through eleven minutes, and the fish would probably pull the scales down to the ¾ lb. mark. To me this was more pleasure than to take a hundred trout. The excitement and enthusiasm of this boy with his first trout was contagious, and stirred the blood of an old fellow to whom such contests were common, but were always enjoyable—but not with the freshness of youth. I always loved a boy who was companionable and wanted to learn things which I happened to know, and who placed implicit confidence in his instructor. It reverses the condition, for when I was a boy I sat, figuratively speaking, at the feet of "Old Port" Tyler, the professional hunter and trapper, and learned the ways of birds, beasts and fishes from what I believed to be the fountain-head of all such knowledge, and to whom I gave attention such as no instructor in "readin', 'ritin' and 'rith-metic" ever got.

After a few trips to these Long Island ponds my young friend became ambitious to essay the Adirondacks, and a couple of years later we found ourselves at the Mountain Home, on East Canada Creek, near Morehouseville, N. Y. He was now a good fly-caster and brook trout angler, and we fished that stream from Ed Wilkinson's, some ten miles below, to almost as many

miles above, with varying success, taking many other species than trout, such as chub, red-fin shiners, etc., for all of which Wallace entertained great contempt.

He had been listening to some fishing talk in the hotel, and said: "I want to go over to Pine and G lakes, about three to five miles, and fish for lake trout." The wilderness was new to the boy, and his enthusiasm was intense. He wanted to know so many things: "How far do you have to go before you get where the deer are?"

"They are on all these hills; we have passed several deer tracks, but the deer are not apt to be seen by men who talk as much as we do, and most of them are lying down on the hillsides now. This is a well-beaten trail that we are on, and the deer know that men are apt to be on it at any time, and they avoid it as much as possible; but they cross it at times, when necessary."

"Do deer know that this is a path where men go? They surely can't know all the paths in these great woods."

"They surely do. If not run off by hounds, a deer might spend its whole life within a five-mile square, ranging for food or water at different seasons, and would know almost every square foot of it. It is possible that several deer have heard us, and as we kept on the trail they kept still where they were lying and resumed their cud-chewing or sleeping as we passed on. Here is a track; a big buck passed here within twenty-four hours."

And then I had to explain how I knew all this, and play schoolmaster to an eager scholar. I rather like that sort of thing, if a boy takes real interest in the ways of beast and bird, and so we walked and talked until we reached the lake, and found where the boat was hidden. The trout were not rising well, and by noon our catch was two small ones and three fairly large chubs; the whole lot might not have weighed much over 1 lb., but it was time to eat after such a walk as we had, with its trips around uprooted trees and over fallen logs, and I had provided for just such an occasion. A frying pan, coffee pot and tin cups were brought out of a basket, and it was fun to see Wallace hustle around for dry wood while I cleaned the fish. There is a vestige of the nomad left in all of us, a heritage from our wild ancestors which breaks out in civilized man in various ways, and if it does not impel him to live in the woods all his life, as it sometimes does, it tempts him to seek their solitude for rest and recreation; or if this is denied, by reason of lack of time or means, then comes the desire for the excursion, the picnic and the clam-bake on the shore. We all have it, the difference being not in kind, but in degree—a trip to the beach for a day, or a similar outing on a lake or stream being satisfactory to one, while nothing less than a fortnight of life under bark or canvas is satisfactory to others.

Said Wallace: "That frying pan is without a handle; you can't fry fish in that! And, say—you aren't going to eat those chubs, are you? They never send chubs to market, and I wouldn't like to eat them. How are you going to make coffee without a tea kettle to boil the water in first? How long will it take to get dinner? I'm just about as hungry as I can get. Open that basket and let me get at what there is in it."

Before he had finished his questions a wooden handle had been put in the frying pan, and this diverted his attention from his hunger; the water was boiled in the coffee pot and the coffee put in; the fish were fried in salt pork fat, and then the basket was opened. On the birch-bark plates I served him the two small trout and I took the chubs. After the fish came cold boiled ham, broiled chicken and the accessories which go with an *al fresco* lunch, and the amount of edibles that this growing boy put out of sight that noon would have astonished a Maine lumberman.

Dinner over, he wanted to get out on the lake and troll for the big lake trout, of which he had heard; but I said: "No, my boy, we spent part of the morning in getting here because we did not start early, and had only time to try for a trout or two for dinner in the worst part of the day. It is still the worst part of the day, and we may as well rest; and for myself, I propose to crawl into this bark shanty and sleep for an hour."

"Sleep!" said Wallace. "Well, you can sleep if you want to, but I came here to fish, and I'm going to do it."

The sun was hastening into the west when I awoke. It was Wallace throwing the oars into the boat, and that is a sound that seems to fill you ear longer than a rifle shot. He looked disappointed as he said: "I've cast all kinds of flies around this lake, and in the middle of it, and only got three rises, and they were chubs; here they are, but I'll not eat them."

"Come and sit down and rest; in half an hour the sun will be over that mountain, and the lake will be in shadow. Then the fish will wake up, and we will go out and troll for the big lake trout, come in and eat our supper, and get back to the Mountain Home by 9 o'clock. But it will give us more sport if we sleep in this shanty to-night and get out on the lake at early daylight, when the fish are stirring for food. I've got all the necessary provisions, with what we are sure to catch, and a fire in front of this open shanty will keep us warm."

Wallace was a city-bred boy, and imagined all kinds of danger. I told him that the dangerous snakes lived in warmer countries, and that north of Florida no snake was awake at night; that bears and other wild beasts would not come near a fire; but it was no use. I don't think that he doubted my knowledge of these things, but there was an undefinable dread of the wilderness at night which made him prefer a roof. I wanted to stay at the lake, and had prepared for it, but would not insist upon it, and along about 4 P. M. we started in to troll for lake trout. On stiff trolling rods we trolled 202 sinkers, beyond which, at some 10 ft., was a hook baited with a chub, and as we were fishing in 40 ft. of water it was not exciting sport, and I said so to Wallace as I rowed along.

"Well, it's not fly-fishing," he said, "but I want to get a big trout." And he did. He got a strike and reeled in, saying: "That sinker is so heavy that I don't know if the fish is on or not. Yes, he is; I felt him wiggle just now; but it's only a little one." He brought up a laker that weighed close to 8 lbs., and remarked: "That's poor fishing for a fish of that size. Why, I'd rather take a 40z. brook trout on a fly rod than a dozen such lazy things, and with something less than a ton of lead to troll."

"I thought you would come to that opinion, my boy; but you wanted to try it, and are satisfied. The sun is now below the treetops, and we can just about make the Mountain Home in time for supper." We hid the boat and oars, and started, he on the lead, and before we had gone a mile a ruffed grouse got up with a thunder of wings and was lost in the woods before he could see it. He made a big jump and enjoyed his alarm when he learned the cause.

Wallace came down on Long Island very often and stayed several days with me, and he was growing in strength as well as in years. He wanted to contest in the fly-casting tournaments in Central Park, and I put him through a course of training for the purpose; stood on the bridge with him and coached him; "A little more time on the back cast;" "Keep your fly up; throw up as well as back, and keep it off the water behind you;" "Your rod is thrown too far back;" "Count one, two, three, and take as much time on the back cast as on the forward," etc., and so I kept him at it until he could easily beat me. He cast in the tournaments for at least two years and made good records, which are not at hand as I write, and my favorite old 10½ oz. split-bamboo had the hardest service that a rod can get in this work; but it is as good to-day as ever, and Mowry won a contest with it in the tournament last month.

As he grew older I saw that he had great mechanical ingenuity. He was an expert amateur photographer, and made his own cameras. He was also an artist in oils, and made some creditable paintings at the early age of fourteen. He graduated from the Adelphi College, Brooklyn, in 1891, and after a few months' supervision by his father the latter turned over his large business in Fulton Market to him, in order that the father might attend to his banking and other business. After a year at this work, Mrs. Blackford, his mother, joyfully told me that Wallace had made more money in the market in the past year than his father ever did in the same time. It was with a full knowledge of the character of this boy that I wrote the first paragraph of this sketch, and lamented that the stork had not been equally kind to me. Yet, while we know that it is as natural to die as it is to be born, in some cases the reaper follows the stork at a cruelly short distance.

Wallace was born on Dec. 4, 1871, and was married on Dec. 4, 1893. It was a large wedding, in church, and Mrs. Mather and I were there, and also had cards to the house reception. Our seat in the church was far back, but we could see that Wallace was not well, and that after the ceremony he was hurried from the church. Albert Haley gave me the first hint that pneumonia threatened the bridegroom by saying: "It's too bad, Fred; I'd as soon give up a boy of my own as to give up Wallace."

"Do you think he is dangerously ill?"

"Yes, I do; but I hope he will pull through."

At the house reception Wallace was not to be seen. He had been ordered to bed by the doctors, and we hoped that he would baffle the reaper with his vigorous physique, and we enjoyed the music and the feast and then went to our Long Island home.

A week later, Dec. 11, a message came: "Wallace E. Blackford died to-day." The missive was put in a volume of Longfellow, on the page wherein he says:

"O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old?"

FRED MATHER.

Jugging for Catfish.

"Just About a Boy," by El Comanche, and its incidents of the lancewood rod, the black poney, and others, bring back memories of my boyhood days; and I think I now have, and have used constantly since (with only the breakage of one tip) the mate to El Comanche's rod, spoken of in his first paper. I have also taken "cats" from that 3-pounder hole, and also have fished those riffles below the old walnut trees of "Penners" pasture; and as I sit in my study this cold winter's night, with the wind howling round the house and piling the snow in huge drifts, there appears to me through the smoke clouds from my pipe a picture of long ago.

It is September, and I see two black canoes slowly paddled side by side over the calm waters of the river by two stalwart youngsters wearing sombreros, and tanned the color of "Otoes." They are talking to each other in siawash as they glide past Beaver Island to the long reach of the river below the pontoon bridge. "There, by that old stump, last week I took a big 'cat,' and maybe we'll get another on our way back," says the larger of the two boys. "Maybe," I say; "let's go 'shore and get some 'hoptoads' for bait." A little further and we run the canoes ashore and are filling our live boxes with frogs.

"Guess we have enough; let's klatawa," says my chum.

Now, readers of our family paper who have never been "jugging" for catfish, come along with us this afternoon, and I will guarantee you a good time. We each have a dozen empty beer bottles, tightly corked, to which about 3 ft. lines are attached. Baiting the hooks with frogs, we drop these overboard in line of battle across the river, and let them float with the current, while we follow along behind. Lighting our pipes, we watch for the first cat to tip up a bottle. Nothing but the releasing of a line from a snag or a bottle running among the branches of a willow that touches the breast of the slowly flowing stream occurs, till we get opposite the old submerged stump alluded to, when one of my bottles begins to bob up and down, and vanishes from view. I clear for action at once, and with a few strokes of the paddle reach the place where I last saw the bottle. Backing water, I wait for it to rise, for it takes an extra large fish to hold one of these bottles down for long. It soon rises close to the canoe, and grasping it, I pull into the well a fine catfish of 3 or 4 lbs. weight.

But my triumph is short-lived, for, hearing a great commotion in the direction of my chum's canoe, I turn and watch the fun. He evidently has a good one, for he is leaning over the side with both arms submerged to the elbows, and is trying to get hold of its gills. He

looks up from under his sombrero, and with a broad grin on his sunburned face says: "If the durned hook doesn't pull out or break I'll sure get him; he's a whopper—'bout s'teen pounds." Inch by inch he gains line, and with the water swirling and a broad tail churning it into foam there comes to the surface, still fighting, although two strong hands are fastened in its gills, a massive black head, followed by the body of a catfish that when held up to view will weigh at least 10 lbs. "Geel! ain't he a dandy, eh?" comes across the water.

But I am too busy to reply, for two of my bottles are bobbing and starting in opposite directions, and must be attended to. The result is one "cat" of about 1 lb., and the other is a small bullhead; nothing else is caught until after we are by Beaver Island, when we have four bottles going at once, and things are quite lively till we near the ice-houses, when we gather in our bottles, turn loose the rest of our frogs and quietly float down to the boat-houses, comparing notes meanwhile. On landing and counting our fish we find we have just thirteen; although this is an unlucky number, we are much elated over the afternoon's sport, which is another page added to life's diary. May all our friends of FOREST AND STREAM be blessed with such pages, that in after years, when in the midst of business cares and worries, as they are smoking an after-dinner pipe, they may live over their boyhood's past, and be more fit for the cares of the morrow, by having such remembrances to call back to the present.

AK-SAR-BEN.

Florida Fish and Fisheries.

A Plea for their Development and Protection.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

[Read before the Tampa Fisheries Congress.]

THE principal fishing industries of Florida are prosecuted on the Gulf coast, at Pensacola, Tampa, Punta Gorda and Key West, though the shad fisheries of the St. John's River are very important, and considerable business in this direction is also done at various places on the East Coast.

At Pensacola the principal fish product is the red snapper, a fish of good size and of firm flesh of fine quality, which bears transportation well. It is taken with hook and line on the snapper banks in from ten to fifty fathoms, and from ten to fifty miles off shore. At Cedar Key, Tampa and Punta Gorda the bay and brackish water fishes are taken by haul seines on the shores of the bays and inlets; the varieties mostly handled are mullet, red fish or bass (as it is known commercially), sea trout, pompano (the best of all fishes for the table), Spanish mackerel, jackfish, etc., while large quantities are cured by salt. At Key West many of the fishes are entirely different from those of the other waters of the State, and belong rather to the West Indian fauna. They comprise the coral fishes, the salt-water fishes par excellence. All are taken with hook and line, as the various seines and nets cannot be utilized owing to the ragged coral formation of the shores and reefs. The principal fish are kingfish, mackerel, groupers, snappers, grunts, jewfish, etc., which exist in great variety. The catch is almost entirely consumed at Key West. Formerly a fleet of smacks carried live fish in wells to Havana until a prohibitory import duty was imposed by the Captain General upon fishermen from the United States, which compelled the abandonment of the industry and the sale of the smacks to Spanish fishermen, who in addition to taking fish contrary to law in Florida waters carried on a nefarious trade in smuggling vile rum and poor cigars.

The Gulf coast line of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas is more than 6,000 miles in length, being about 1,000 miles longer than that of the Middle Atlantic States, which rank next in extent of coast line of the East United States. Of this extent Florida has nearly 3,000 miles, or one-half.

A statistical review of the United States Fish Commission, published some ten years ago, says: "The Gulf States occupy a favorable location for supplying a large part of the country with marine product. A dozen or more States in the lower Mississippi Valley have the nearest coastal connection through these States, and it will probably be in response to this section's demand for marine food product that the Gulf fisheries will reach their highest development."

The fulfillment of this prediction has been realized; for at present a large demand exists for the food fishes of Florida in all the South Atlantic States, while the choicer varieties, such as red snapper, pompano, Spanish mackerel, etc., are shipped to all the principal Northern cities. The same report says: "This region is favored with many highly esteemed food fishes, which occur in greater abundance than elsewhere on the coast of the United States. The undeveloped resources of the Gulf States invite outside attention and afford a promising outlook for future increase. The possibilities of the region in the matter of oyster production and cultivation are believed to be great."

Few sections of the United States are better supplied with desirable and important marine fishery products, including fish, reptiles and invertebrates, than the Gulf States. Among the invertebrates the oyster ranks first in commercial importance. It is extremely abundant throughout the entire section and constitutes the most prominent fishery product. No other mollusks have as yet attained economic prominence, though in Florida the round clam or quahog is taken in small quantities, and the meat of the conch is used for bait and eaten locally.

"A number of species and varieties of sponges occur off the Florida coast and are objects of an important fishery, the only one of the kind prosecuted in the United States."

Among crustaceans the shrimp is the most prominent. Crabs are abundant in this region. In addition to the common blue crab of the Atlantic coast, there occur the shore crab, the lady or sand crabs, and others of less importance. The stone crab, which reaches a large size and is very palatable, is probably most abundant on the coast of Florida.

The economic value of the reptiles inhabiting the Gulf States is greater than in any other section. Foremost among them is the alligator. There are at least five specimens of the terrapin in this section, which are valuable as food. Four of these occur in fresh water. The salt-water or diamond-back terrapin is also found in the salt marshes from Florida to Texas, and is a valuable article of fishery. The region is included within the range of three soft-shell tortoises. Two species of snapping turtles also inhabit the fresh waters of these States. Three important marine turtles frequent the Gulf of Mexico and are sought by the fishermen; these are the green turtle, the loggerhead and the hawksbill or tortoise-shell turtle.

From the foregoing brief account of the fishery resources and kindred industries of Florida it is evident that the present active demand for fish, oysters, etc., will be largely augmented in the future, especially in view of the fact that there is a material decrease in the supply of these products in Northern waters; indeed there are already many fishing smacks in Florida waters every winter, and lately there have been oyster grounds located and taken up by Northern parties with a view to an increased cultivation of oysters. The granting of these privileges should be paid for by the parties interested and made a permanent source of revenue to the State, the same as is done in the States of Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, etc. This is a very important matter and should be attended to before the best grounds are disposed of gratuitously. A State fish commission could be made self-supporting by the revenue derived from the rental of oyster grounds alone, and there should be therefore an intelligent supervision of this branch of the fisheries in order that those interested may keep pace with the improvements and discoveries that are yearly being made in the cultivation of oysters and be better enabled to foster this important industry.

The same necessity exists for an able and competent supervision of the sponge interest, in which Florida alone is concerned, for in the waters of that State are the only sponge beds in the United States. It is of vital importance then that those beds should be properly protected, the taking of the sponges subject to wise and judicial surveillance, and their cultivation prosecuted with vigor and intelligence in order that the supply may be maintained and increased, and the revenue to the State consequently enhanced.

The shad fishery of the St. John's River constitutes one of the most important branches of Florida fishing industries, and the first shad of the season are shipped thence to Northern markets at a time when they command the highest market price. As the supply has lately been seriously decreasing, it is of paramount importance that the yield should be increased by artificial cultivation. The artificial propagation of shad has been attended by more pronounced success perhaps than that of any other fish, a most convincing example being that inaugurated by the United States Fish Commission in California, where by the planting of less than a million shad fry in the bay of Sacramento a few years ago they have become so numerous that this fish is now sold for a less price than in Eastern markets. When it is considered that prior to this experiment there were no shad whatever on the Pacific coast the argument in favor of artificial culture of the shad is incontrovertible, and its success is at once assured.

The State of Florida could have at least one hatchery on the St. John's River, and as the shad hatching season lasts but a couple of months the expense is trifling, while the results are all important, far reaching and most bountiful.

There has also been a marked decrease in some of the coast fishes, while a complaint of the scarcity of the best food fishes in the inland waters of the State is universal. Now is the time to do something toward a restoration of the fish supply of these waters or at least to prevent a further depletion by the proper and fostering care of a competent Fish Commission—one that is able to cope with the situation and to apply a proper remedy, whether it be by artificial cultivation or by increased protection, and by so doing to increase the food supply of the people.

In the Northern States the fishes of many of the interior streams have either been totally destroyed or very materially decreased by the pollution of the streams through the refuse and offal from manufacturing establishments. It would be the part of wisdom for Florida authorities to be forehanded in this matter, on the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to enact such laws as will prevent a like decrease of the fish from similar causes. The United States Fish Commission has done considerable work in Florida and will do a great deal more; and it is also contemplated to establish a station for the cultivation of fish, oysters, sponges, etc., at no distant day. In view of such an event, therefore, it is all the more important that good protective laws and their effective enforcement by a competent State Fish Commission should be provided for, otherwise the work of the National Commission would be to a great extent rendered nugatory.

It will be readily seen from what has been said that it is of the utmost importance that the fisheries industries of the State should be looked after by an efficient and competent commission. It has been demonstrated in Northern States, and particularly in Florida, that the plan of a complimentary fish commission composed of several who receive no compensation has not worked advantageously, although liberal appropriations were annually made in the older States. Too often such commissions degenerate into mere political machines, for the securing of votes, for the legitimate work of the commission is neglected or frustrated. It cannot be expected that men will give much time and attention to duties for which they receive no compensation; so it follows as a matter of course that if they cannot command dollars they will command votes if possible.

The Fish Commission of Florida is virtually obsolete at present, for notwithstanding the appointment of three Commissioners several years ago, as provided by law, the Secretary of State has informed me that nothing has been done by them, and that to all intents and purposes the Commission has ceased to exist.

What is needed is the enactment of laws that provide

for the appointment of a single commissioner of fish and fisheries at a fair salary; one who has a scientific and practical knowledge of fish and fisheries, and is fully competent to deal with the subject in all its bearings. Such a person would be materially able to augment the revenue of the State by an increased development and a more abundant yield of the various fisheries. If thought best he might also have supervision of game birds and mammals, and see that the laws for their protection are enforced.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its annual banquet Monday evening of this week, Feb. 14. A very pleasant time was enjoyed. The club will send representatives to the angling tournaments at Grand Rapids and San Francisco. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: F. N. Peet, President; C. G. Ludlow, Vice-President; G. A. Murrell, Secretary-Treasurer; I. A. Bellows, Captain; B. W. Goodsell, Director for three years, and F. L. Crosby for one year.

Colorado Trout.

State Warden Swan, of Colorado, this week made a trip to Twin Lakes, near Leadville, to look into the recent monstrous slaughter of trout, occasioned by the damming of the outlet of the lakes by a reservoir company. The water in the outlet was drained, and the trout were left in heaps along what had once been a well-stocked stream. The State warden is disposed to prosecute the offenders to the limit of the law.

Iowa Fish.

State Warden George E. Delavan, of Iowa, in his annual report points out that the sentiment in favor of protecting fish is growing in Iowa. I can remember when Iowa only appropriated \$1,000 to the pay of the whole expenses of the Fish Commission for two years. Mr. Delavan's last appropriation was \$6,000 for two years. A bill has been introduced in the present session asking for \$21,000 for the next two years. This is more like it.

Anglers in Iowa have long had occasion to objugate the memory of the dam at Bonaparte on the Des Moines River. This dam was built by the State in 1850 and was sold to the parties who still own it. The latter agreed to keep it in repair for fifty years. They have kept it in good repair, so good that a fish cannot get over it, and no fishway has ever been put in. Thus the natural run of fish was cut off from thirty-one counties of this rich prairie State. The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, with a petition of 15,000 names, asks the State Legislature to appropriate \$30,000 for the purpose of buying and blowing up the Bonaparte dam.

I notice the following interesting scores of large muscallonge, speared this week in Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.: Two of 30lbs., one of 36lbs., one of 31lbs., one of 37lbs., three of 18lbs. and one of 9lbs. and one of 11lbs. Muscallonge steaks retail there at 24 cents a pound, and the average gross price is 15 cents a pound.

I notice also the following matter-of-fact comment on the above takes, as mentioned by the Jamestown, N. Y., Journal:

"Nearly all of the large muscallonge which have been taken during the two days have been filled with eggs."

We hold up a good many people here in Chicago, and we gold-brick a man from New York every once in a while. But we don't spear spawn-bearing muscallonge in the spring.

Protection for the Rock River.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 24.—The Winnebago County Fish and Gun Club has now been permanently organized for the purpose of protecting the Rock River, of Illinois, which has been the scene of many violations of the fish and game laws. The annual dues will be \$1. The officers are as below at this date:

President—A. E. Savage.

Vice-President—P. A. McPherson.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charles S. Baldwin.

Concessioners.

On Feb. 12 another conference was held in this city between the State Fish Commission and the larger fish dealers of Chicago. The practical result is immunity for the fish dealers except in flagrant cases of the violation of the law. The trouble seems to be that we have some deputy fish wardens in this city who are making things too beastly hot to please the big dealers. The latter claim that they cannot afford to lose a barrel of fish because some shipper has allowed a few short-sized fish to get into the lot. The Fish Commission has tried to meet the market fishermen half way, and the latter have promised to do as much. This is the American way of enforcing the law. When I used to live out in a cow camp, we never knew any law except the Sheriff, and he always told us to behave about the way he thought was right. I suppose this is the way with the Fish Commission.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Frozen Fish Thawed Out.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For many years I was employed in a factory situated within a stone's throw of a pond of several hundred acres, well stocked with perch, pickerel, bullheads and smaller fish. This pond furnished the water power for three mills, and was drawn down about 6ft. or more every summer. The highway, at a point near our factory, cut off a part of the pond. The two parts, however, were connected by a stone culvert, or "bridge hole." The bottom of the main pond was several feet lower than that of the Meadows, as we called the smaller part; the Meadows consequently were shallower, filled faster, and flowed into the main pond when it was half full or less.

Owing to a dry autumn the pond was very low, and the water from the bridge hole flowed over the stones in a wide, shallow stream about 20ft. before reaching

the pond below. It was about the third day of a very cold snap when, passing along the highway, my attention was attracted by the struggling of a fish on the stones below the bridge. On investigating I found a number of fish, some of them frozen on to the stones; in fact, some were completely encased in ice. I ran over to the factory for a water pail, and filled it with the fish. They were horn pouts and yellow perch. The temperature was close to the zero point, and they were soon all of a kind so far as freezing was concerned. In that state they were carried to my home, a mile distant, where a large sink was nearly filled with water, and the fish were placed therein. At that time they had been in my possession from an hour and a half to two hours.

Now I cannot say that all of the bullheads revived, but most of them certainly did, and were apparently as lively as ever. As to the yellow perch I am not sure, but my impression is that none of them recovered. It seems fairly evident that the question of recovery depends altogether upon the species of fish frozen. Horn pouts, eels and black bass, in a lesser degree, are tenacious of life, and survive treatment that would prove fatal to trout or smelts.

Some five or six years later fish appeared at the same place under precisely the same circumstances. This time the fish were about all yellow perch (not a pickerel, as far as I know); the run was larger, and more of them; not so numerous as the Kekoskee bullheads, of course, but several hundred, perhaps. Now, what was the cause? I have always supposed it to have been the lack of air under the ice, the meadow being shallow and no air-holes whatever open.

Has any one another theory?

HOCKLEY.

A Proposition for Great Britain.

I HAVE a letter from England which says: "Would Reuben Leonard come over?" Of course this means to cast the fly in public. "I think he could get enough to pay half his rail, sea and living expenses, out and home, if the other half can be subscribed on your side." My correspondent is a solid, reliable man; and if I was in a financial condition to say the word I would say: "Here, Reuben, is a check and an order for you to draw on me for any deficiency. You know that we sent Reuben Wood over there in 1883 and he astonished our relatives who live beyond that damp spot on the map which geographers have named the Atlantic. Now, Reuben, go and show them how a second Reuben and a Yankee arm can get out a Yankee line on a Yankee rod, whether the latter be a 100z. affair or only a toy of 40z."

That is what I would do if I could; and if possible, there would be a great big bonus for Reuben if he did what I know he can do.

My correspondent says: "Of course the recent competition in New York, in a building [italics are his], are not the same as out in the open air, where the wind and the weather have a good look in."

Let us to send Reuben Leonard to England; not as an athlete, to demonstrate physical superiority in an individual, but to show that American rods are the best that the world produces. Let those who believe this send in their subscriptions, and make it more than mere "expenses" for our champion. I will start the ball with a small one.

This challenge, if it is a challenge, is hurriedly gotten up. Without consultation with any person, it seems to me that if our English friends want to get Reub Leonard over there to cast, in order to prove that American rods are the best, they should offer direct inducements for him to cross the water and cast in their contests. It is nothing to me, nor to thousands of others, that Reub Leonard has beaten the world's record in fly-casting. It is much to the firm that Reuben works for, and after considering the subject in that light I think that they, and not we, should send Reuben over the pond to a fly-casting contest.

FRED MATHER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 8.—Northwestern Kennel Club's dog show, St. Paul, Minn. C. E. N. Howard, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.
March 15.—Kansas City Kennel Club's second annual show, Kansas City, Mo. A. E. Ashbrook, Sec'y.

The New York Show.

THE twenty-second annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held in Madison Square Garden on the four days beginning Feb. 21, was one of the greatest ever given by the club, and in some respects the greatest, as in the number of entries, which numbered 1,703—a record breaker for America. The total number of dogs was 1,330. It was also great in the high quality of the dogs as a whole, and the special excellence of some of the classes. It was a model in the matter of superintendence, neat, attractive, and well managed. The benching and feeding were done by Spratts Patent in their usual satisfactory and thorough manner. The eminent veterinarian, Dr. H. Clay Glover, was alert in his duties as veterinary officer of the club.

The judges were Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs; J. Blackburn Miller, New York, Great Danes; Dr. A. H. Heffinger, Portsmouth, N. H., American foxhounds; Charles Heath, Newark, pointers; William Tallman, Greensboro, N. C., English setters; George Jarvis, New York, Irish and Gordon setters; Andrew Laidlaw, Galt, Ont., sporting spaniels; Robert McEwen, Byron, Ont., collies; Charles D. Bernheimer, New York, poodles; J. H. Matthews, New York, bulldogs; J. F. Holt, Boston terriers; H. F. Schellhass, beagles; George Raper, Wincobank, Yorkshire, Eng., all other classes. Their work as a whole was well received.

While the show was well supported in respect to public patronage, there was a noticeable absence of the crowds

which were in attendance at some former shows. In respect to them, so dense was the Garden packed at certain hours of the afternoon and evening that it was difficult to pass through the throngs of visitors. The aisles were so crowded that it was perforce necessary to move with the crowd as a part of it. While the last show was well attended by the public, there was a distinct falling off in numbers as compared to previous years. This might have had no effect on the actual receipts, as there were rumors in wise quarters that there were very few complimentary tickets out, whereas in former years there was an extremely large number of free admissions, quite enough to explain the difference of the attendance this year as compared with the larger ones of previous years. In fact, so close was the management in the matter of complimentary tickets that it evoked much discontent among the exhibitors. They do not look upon their support of a dog show as being wholly a business venture. Each exhibitor considers that his exhibits are a component part of the show, and that there is a reciprocal fellowship and common purpose between the exhibitors and the club members. The granting of a complimentary ticket or two to an exhibitor has been so sanctioned by general usage that it has almost come to be considered a right, so that the sudden transition from the generous giving of complimentary tickets to the giving of a very few was far from meeting the approval of many of those who helped to make the show. Still, there is on the other hand the financial responsibility of the club for the many thousands of dollars expended in conducting the show, and the matter of revenue and expense may have had a direct bearing on the readjustment in respect to the giving of complimentary tickets.

There were quite a number of imported dogs which made their American debut at this show. Of these, Black Peter was quite notable for his excellence. Mastiffs as a rule are devoid of symmetry, but Peter has it to perfection. He is very sound physically. Then there were the bulldog Rensal's Dandy Ven, and the bull terrier Woodcote Wonder; the Irish terrier Leed's Muddler; the collies Border Lad, Old Hall Admiral, Heather Mint and Heather Moll, imported by the Verona Kennels, of San Francisco.

Foxhounds were ten in number, a light entry. As to quality, they rated low. English foxhounds numbered two, one in the free-for-all class for dogs, one in that for bitches. The American division were a bad lot. Legal, first in free-for-all dogs, is a coarse hound; Duke, second, is leggy and but little better than an average hound; Jim Corbett, third, and the reserve and vhc. dogs were very ordinary. There were two bitches in their free-for-all class. Veracity, first, shows some characteristics of the English hound.

Pointers were in good numbers, eighty-one entries, this number including re-entries. There were a few dogs of excellent quality, after which the commonplace prevailed. The Westminster Kennel Club had a kennel of four for exhibition only. In the puppy class for dogs and bitches Island Boy, a good puppy, took first. He is smoothly turned, well ribbed, symmetrical, and stands on good legs and feet. He carries his ears high, which mars an otherwise good expression. Second went to Geisha Girl, plain in head, still a very good puppy. King Chimes, third, is a long cast, large puppy, fairly good in quality. Fairview Graph, first in novice dogs, is well built, symmetrical, a good all-round dog. Ridgeview Lad, second, is narrow in muzzle and heavy in skull. Island Boy took third. A well-ribbed, good-bodied bitch, Ridgeview Blithesome, took first in novice bitches, second going to Highland View Revel, third going to Daisy Belle, plain in head, good otherwise. Light-weight junior dogs was won by Fairview Graph, second going to Furlough Bang, a low-set dog, a trifle out at elbows and flat in skull. Ridgeview Prince, narrow in muzzle, the reserve in the novice class, took third in this class. Heavy weight junior dogs brought out quite a strong competition. Dustaway is a large pointer, of excellent muscular development and symmetry, soundly built, stands on good legs and feet, and is as active as a light-weight. He is upstanding and gamy in appearance. Second went to Prince's Lad, an upstanding, well-built dog, lacking in smoothness of finish. Ridgeview Lad was third. Free-for-all dogs was won by Lad of Kent, second going to Sir Walter, third to Ridgeview Comet, all old competitors and well known. The strongest rivalry was between first and second. Lad also captured the honors in the winners' class. Fay Templeton, a cobby bitch, was first in light-weight junior bitches. Ridgeview Blithesome and Revel were second and third respectively. Jane Faulkner, reserve, was very poor in head. Furlough Bloom, in good condition, was first in junior heavy-weight bitches. She is a well-known competitor. Ridgeview Blooms was second. Daisy Belle third; the two latter were in the novice bitch class, wherein Belle was third and Blooms reserve, the judge thus reversing them. Fay Templeton won in free-for-all bitches, Kent's Kate, a good all-round bitch, scoring second, and Urada third. The latter two are well-known winners. Fay Templeton also won in the winners' class. George Gould's exhibit took the kennel prize.

English setters rated low in quality, although there were a few good individual dogs to relieve the mediocre showing. In puppies the competition was weak, as it also was in the novice class. In junior dogs, Gilhooly first, Orangeman second, Baron M., light in muzzle and a little slack in build, took third. In free-for-all dogs, Cincinnatus Pride, a dog of rare symmetry, took first easily, over Gilhooly and Orangeman, first and second respectively. Junior bitches was won by Blanche G., a fairly good all-round bitch, second going to Laundress, light in muzzle; third going to Lady Victress Llewellyn, plain in head, but good otherwise. Free-for-all bitches numbered four, first going to Ruby D. III., a lanky bitch, plain in head; second going to Minnie K., light in bone; third to Lady Victress Llewellyn. Cincinnatus Pride took first in the field trial class, over Montell, and the Eldred Kennel took the kennel prize.

Irish setters were poor in quality. Miss Rockwood had a walkover in puppies. The novice class first was won by Tuppeny, a snipy-nosed dog, light in color, and a dog of average quality only. Second went to a long-cast dog, Rockwood Dash, third going to Hunter, coarse

in head and flat in ribs. Junior dogs was won by Londonderry, light in muzzle, and he might be better ribbed. Second went to Hunter, third to Shamrock O'More, a good, large dog, good in color, first at New York in two previous years. He was much the best dog in this class, which was not of a noticeably high character as to its entries. Free-for-all dogs was won by the well-known Kildare, looking in good condition, while Hunter and Shamrock took second and third respectively. Kildare also won in the winners' class. Junior bitches was won by Meg Merrilles II., plain in head, thin, weak feet, light in loin. Red Belle, second, was better in every respect than the winner. She is a fairly good all-round bitch. First went to Time, heavy in shoulders. In free-for-all bitches, the well-known Queen Vic took first honors. She was in good condition and carries her years well. Duchess and Ruby Glenmore II., both well known, won first and second in the order named. Queen also won in the winners' class. The field trial class had three entries, first going to Lady Alice. Joe Lewis' kennel won the kennel prize.

Gordon setters had a light entry. The two puppies, Lady Clinton and Lassie, first and second, were commonplace. There were four entries in the novice class, of which Echo Clinton, having a coarse head and flat ribs, took first; Lassie, beefy in appearance, took second, and Black Chief, cowhocked, coarse in head and light in body, took third. Doc was first in junior dogs; Beaumont, Jr., second; third going to Don B., light in bone, good color. Free-for-all honors were taken by Doc, second by Heather Bruce, third by Heather York, all well-known winners. Doc also won in the winners' class. Lassie was first in junior bitches, second going to Sallie Beaumont, third to Pinemont, all winners in previous competitions. Free-for-all bitches were, first, Heather Bee, second Lassie, third Flomont, all being previous winners; the first mentioned taking first in the winners' class. Flomont and Sallie Beaumont were first and second respectively in the field trial class.

Beagles were an excellent exhibit, both in the number of the competitors and their quality. The kennel prize was taken by the Hempstead Beagles, and their Parson took the Pickhardt cup. The juvenile challenge plate was won by their Primate. A. J. Purrinton's Millard R. took the medal for the best beagle placed in any field trial.

FOXHOUNDS.—Free for all—English—Dogs: 1st, A. B. McGregor's Songster; 2d, L. H. Parson's Song. American—Dogs: 1st, J. Gibbs' Legal; 2d, A. B. McGregor's Duke; 3d, Dr. C. A. Foster's Jim Corbett; res., J. H. Van Dorn's Rice. Bitches: 1st, J. Gibbs' Veracity; 2d, A. B. McGregor's Gipsy.

POINTERS.—Puppies: 1st and 3d, W. G. Brokaw's Island Boy, and King Chimes; 2d, A. M. Hopper's Geisha Girl. Novice—Dogs: 1st, C. P. Wilcox's Fairview Graph; 2d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Lad; 3d, W. G. Brokaw's Island Boy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Blithesome and Highland View Revel; 3d, F. A. Hodgman's Daisy Belle. Light-weight, junior—Dogs: 1st, C. P. Wilcox's Fairview Graph; 2d, George J. Gould's Furlough Bang; 3d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Prince. Heavy-weight—1st, Frank Clark's Dustaway; 2d, George S. Mott's Prince's Lad; 3d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Lad. Free-for-all—1st, George Jarvis' Lad of Kent; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Sir Walter; 3d, George J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet; res., Geo. W. Lovell's Shotaway. Light-weight, junior—Bitches: 1st, R. A. Fairbairn's Fay Templeton; 2d and 3d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Blithesome and Highland View Revel; res., J. H. Bradley's Jane Faulkner. Heavy-weight, junior—1st, George J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 2d, Highland View Kennels' Ridgeview Bloom; 3d, F. A. Hodgman's Daisy Belle; res., George Ferguson's Beggie. Free-for-all—1st, R. A. Fairbairn's Fay Templeton; 2d and 3d, F. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate and Urada. Winners—Best dog, Lad of Kent; best bitch, Fay Templeton.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies: 1st, G. S. Raynor's Chief Rival; 2d, J. M. King's Rod Star; 3d, H. G. Ogden's Empress; res., J. M. King's Ornament. Novice—1st, T. Watt's Highland Fleet; 2d, Royal Blue Kennels' Comtesse Bijou; 3d, Kalmia Kennels' Maud III.; res., H. D. Ogden's Neil of Burnett. Junior—Dogs: 1st, C. J. Gaylor's Gilhooly; 2d, John Brett's Orangeman; 3d, Meadow City Kennels' Baron M.; res., James M. Bullock's Frank S. Free-for-all—1st, E. A. Burdette's Cincinnatus Pride; 2d, C. J. Gaylor's Gilhooly; 3d, John Brett's Orangeman; res., S. W. Carey, Jr.'s Albert's Ranger. Junior—Bitches: 1st, Meadow City Kennels' Blanch G.; 2d, Eldred Kennels' Landress; 3d, W. J. Davis' Lady Victress Llewellyn; res., Royal Blue Kennels' Comtesse Bijou. Free-for-all—1st, James E. Borden's Ruby D. III.; 2d, Dr. E. H. Kessler's Minnie K.; 3d, W. J. Davis' Lady Victress Llewellyn; res., Kalmia Kennels' Maud III. Field Trial—1st, E. A. Burdette's Cincinnatus Pride. Winners—Best dog, Cincinnatus Pride; best bitch, Ruby D. III.

IRISH SETTERS.—Puppies: 1st, James M. Bullock's Miss Rockwood. Novice—1st, Jas. M. Claxton's Tuppenny; 2d, James M. Bullock's Rockwood Dash; 3d, P. F. O'Neil's Hunter; res., E. R. Ladew's Massasoit. Junior—Dogs: 1st, Jas. B. Blossom's Londonderry; 2d, P. F. O'Neil's Hunter; 3d, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More. Free-for-all—1st, Joe Lewis' Kildare; 2d, P. F. O'Neil's Hunter; 3d, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More. Bitches: 1st, J. M. Bullock's Meg Merrilles II.; 2d, Joe Lewis' Red Bell; 3d, Dwight E. Bowers' Trine; res., Jas. B. Blossom's Rosamond. Free-for-all—1st and 2d, Joe Lewis' Queen Vic and Duchess; 3d, E. W. Tynan's Ruby Glenmore II. Field Trial—1st and 3d, Jas. B. Blossom's Lady Alice and Bedford; 2d, W. L. Washington's Finglas. Winners—Best dog, Kildare; best bitch, Queen Vic.

GORDON SETTERS.—Puppies: 1st, Kugler & Cook's Lady Clinton; 2d, L. Prasse's Lassie. Novice—1st, W. G. Kugler's Echo Clinton; 2d, C. E. Squire's Lassie; 3d, H. A. Smith's Black Chief; res., H. Blake's Prince. Junior—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Doc and Beaumont, Jr.; 3d, Thomas M. Gollin's Don B.; res., H. Blake's Prince. Free-for-all—1st, 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Doc, Heather Bruce and Heather York; res., Dr. F. S. Nostrand's Rex. Junior—Bitches: 1st, C. E. Squire's Lassie; 2d and res., J. B. Blossom's Sallie Beaumont and Venus; 3d, C. J. Reynolds' Pinemont. Free-for-all—1st, 3d and res., J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee, Flomont and Sallie Beaumont; 2d, C. E. Squire's Lassie. Field Trial—1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Flomont and Sallie Beaumont. Winners: Best dog, Doc; best bitch, Heather Bee.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Junior—1st, F. A. Carson's Mollie C.; 2d, Samuel W. Orr's Blarney. Free-for-all—1st, T. A. Carson's Dan Maloney; 2d, Miss A. Green's Dennis.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Puppies: 1st and 2d, M. A. Viti's Royd Monarch II. and Trouble. Novice—1st and 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Popcorn and Saybrook Boss; 3d, George R. Preston Jr.'s, Donnie; res., Miss A. Green's Topsy. Black—Junior—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Miss A. Green's Wardleworth Sweep and Dark Despair; 3d and res., R. P. Keasbey's Black Night and Saybrook Boss. Any other color—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Popcorn; 2d and 3d, C. T. Mead's Napoleon and Woolton Wonder. Free-for-all—1st and res., C. T. Mead's Woolton Baron and Woolton Wonder; 2d, M. A. Viti's Royd Monarch; 3d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. Black—Junior—Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Minnie; 2d, George R. Preston, Jr.'s, Princess Alice; 3d, Miss Anabel Green's Honey. Any other color—1st, C. T. Mead's Walton Dagmar; 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Cypress. Free-for-all—1st, C. T. Mead's Walton Dagmar; 2d, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Princess Alice; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Cypress; res., M. A. Viti's Scandal. Winners—Best dog, Woolton Baron; best bitch, Walton Dagmar.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Puppies: 1st, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cleo; 2d, F. E. Adler's Elm City Doc; 3d, George Douglass' Axtel; res., Montrose Kennels' Montrose Surprise. Novice—1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Princess Flavia; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cleo; 3d, F. E. Adler's Elm City Beauty; res., W. Douglass' Queen of Spades. Black—Junior—Dogs: 1st, George Douglass' Ono; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Ono; 3d, F. W. Fiske's Chief; res., George Douglass' Axtell. Red or Liver—1st and 3d, George Douglass' Red Mack and Harvey; 2d, H. G. Charles-

worth's Nugget; res., Terra Cotta Kennels' Red Coat. Any other color—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cupid S.; 2d and res., W. F. Payne's Pebbledash and Kite; 3d, H. J. Lord's Puck. Free-for-all—Black—Dogs: 1st, George Douglass' Premier; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Ono. Junior—Black—Bitches: 1st and 2d, Mepal Kennels' Little Egypt and Mepal's Opal; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Princess Flavia; res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Village Belle. Red or Liver—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Banner Mattie; 2d, Montrose Kennels' Rosamond; 3d, George Douglass' Silver Queen; res., Terra Cotta Kennels' Amusement II. Any other color—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Banner Rita; 2d, W. T. Payne's Kingston's Tansy; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Jeane; res., Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Lynbrook Bridal. Free-for-all—Black—1st and 2d, Mepal Kennels' Little Egypt and Mepal's Opal; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Princess Flavia; res., H. G. Charlesworth's Simcoe Rose. Any other color—1st, W. T. Payne's Blue Bells II.; 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Amusement II.; 3d, Miss Ada Caldwell's Toby Adams. Winners—Best dog, Premier; best bitch, Blue Bells II.

BEAGLES.—Puppies: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Primate; 2d, W. Saxby's Turpin; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Medley. Novice—1st, Hempstead Beagles' Parson; 2d, A. J. Purrinton's Millard R.; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator; res., H. Fitzsimmon's Yankee Ben. Junior—Not exceeding 15in.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Hempstead Kennels' Laughter and Hector; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator. 13 to 15in.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Parson and Nimrod; 3d, A. J. Purrinton's Millard R.; res., Windholme Beagle Kennels' Robino II. Free-for-all—1st, Hempstead Beagles' Florist; 2d, Windholme Beagle Kennels' Robino II.; res., Waldingfield Beagles' Orator. Not over 13in.—Junior—Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Tragedy; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Marjory; 3d, F. E. Thurston's Fan R. 13 to 15in.—Bitches 1st and 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Oransy Matron and Welcome; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Medley; res., George F. Reed's Reed's Flirt. Free-for-all—1st, Hempstead Beagles' Oransy Matron; 2d, Franklin Field Trial Beagle Kennels' Belle Summers; 3d, Windholme Beagle Kennels' Totteridge Lovely. Field Trial—1st, A. J. Purrinton's Millard R.; 2d, George F. Reed's Scorch R.; 3d, Hempstead Beagles' Leader; res., W. Saxby's Doubtful. Winners—Best dog, Parson; best bitch, Oransy Matron.

Club Meetings.

American Kennel Club.

THE annual meeting of the American Kennel Club was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 23. The president and vice-president were absent. Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, the secretary, was called to the chair. There were present: Associate members, G. W. H. Ritchie, A. C. Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood; Baltimore Kennel Association, W. P. Riggs; Butterfly Bench Show Association, D. E. Waters; Collie Club, James Watson; Columbus Fanciers' Club, J. M. Taylor; French Bulldog Club, W. W. Watrous; Gordon Setter Club, James B. Blossom; Mascoutah Kennel Club, C. F. R. Drake; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; Pacific Fox Terrier Club, B. Waters; Pointer Club, G. Jarvis; San Francisco Kennel Club, C. B. Knocker; American Dachshund Club, Dr. C. Motschenbacher; Milwaukee Poultry and Pet Stock Association, J. Mortimer; Philadelphia Kennel Club, F. G. Taylor; Metropolitan Kennel Club, G. M. Carnochan; St. Louis Kennel Club, C. A. Pratt. The credentials of G. Muss-Arnolt, delegate of the Great Dane Club, and J. H. Van Dorn, delegate of the Brunswick Fur Club, were accepted.

Credentials from the Pug Club and the Central Beagle Club were received too late to be acted upon at this meeting. The quarterly report of the secretary was read and approved.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$4,994 on hand.

The report of the stud book committee contained nothing of importance beyond the mention that the stud book will probably be ready for distribution next month. The committee recommended that the championship medals be confined to such breeds as are entitled to registration. The report was accepted.

The old board of officers was re-elected as follows: President, August Belmont; Vice-President, Edward Brooks.

Stud Book Committee—James Watson, Chairman; H. F. Schellhass, C. B. Knocker.

Field Trial and Coursing Committee—H. F. Schellhass, Chairman; Horatio Nelson, H. S. Joslin, Arthur B. Sharp, J. H. Van Dorn.

Constitution and Rules Committee—H. K. Bloodgood, Chairman; James Watson, H. F. Schellhass, G. W. H. Ritchie.

Finance Committee—A. Clinton Wilmerding, Chairman; James B. Blossom, Leslie A. Burritt.

Membership Committee—G. M. Carnochan, Chairman; C. D. Bernheimer, A. P. Vredenburg.

After a lengthy debate the changes in the new classification, as announced in the Gazette, were adopted by a decided majority. The classification is now as follows:

1. The puppy class shall be for all dogs over six months and under twelve months of age. No entry can be made or accepted of one under six months of age, or whose date of birth is unknown.

2. The novice class shall be for all dogs never having won a first prize at any recognized show, wins in the puppy classes excepted.

3. The limit class shall be for all dogs never having won four first prizes at any recognized show, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted.

4. The open class shall be for all dogs of any age over six months.

5. The winners' class shall be open only to the winners of first prizes at any show, giving at least three of the before mentioned classes, one of which must be the open class, and the winner of three first prizes in this class will thereby become a champion of record, be so registered by the American Kennel Club, and will be entitled to an American Kennel Club champion medal. Before awarding "reserve" in this class, the dog or dogs having been placed second to the winner in any of the regular classes must be brought before the judge for competition with the remaining dogs in said winners' class. No class winner can be withdrawn from competition in the winners' class, and no entry fee shall be charged for said competition in said class. A dog that has already won one or more first prizes in the late challenge classes shall retain these wins to its credit, toward becoming a champion of record, the remaining qualifying wins to be gained in the winners' class. The winners' class can be divided by sex, provided the required three classes are also divided by sex.

The above classification to go into effect at once.

On motion it was carried that the new rules shall not

go into effect in respect to clubs whose prize lists have been published prior to March 1, 1898.

The senior class has been cut out, and what was the free-for-all is now the open class. The recommendation of the committee to strike out Article XIII. Constitution, was adopted. The proposition to change the name American Kennel Club to The Association of American Kennel Clubs could not be acted upon at the meeting. The name, being a part of the constitution, would need to be acted upon as in any other changes in the constitution, formal notice of such being required. It was pointed out that the new name gave a truer idea of the club's manner of organization, and thereby would tend to dispel any idea that the club was a clique or an independent aggregation of individuals. The amendments concerning the preservation of old championships in new competition was lost.

It was carried that an annual convention of the Pacific coast clubs shall be held in February, and they shall elect four delegates of bench show clubs and three of specialty clubs as members of the advisory board.

The Cedar Rapids Kennel Club was admitted to membership. The resignations of the Rhode Island Poultry Association and the Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were accepted.

The action of the executive board in the matter of the suspension of Messrs. Toon and Thomas was confirmed. The following cases were referred to the board: T. A. Howard versus Al G. Eberhart. A. E. Smyth versus F. Kirby. J. Tilburn versus J. Whelan. J. H. Parrott versus E. H. Moore. In the matter of the suspension of Dr. F. A. Davis, the action of the New England Kennel Club was indorsed. The matter of the suspension of J. Simpson for striking the judge in the ring at the late Boston show was referred to the board. The action of the N. E. K. Club in disqualifying the dog Dr. Jim, which was being shown by Simpson at the time, was not sustained. Mr. Wade Collins, pending the action of the Pacific Advisory Board, was suspended. The Central Beagle Club's application for permission to so amend its constitution that it can hold shows was referred to the board. The appeal of the Hempstead Farm Beagles from the decision of the N. E. K. C. was referred to the board.

Dr. Huidekoper, as representing the committee, submitted the report on their investigation in the matter of rabies. The replies to the committee's inquiries covered a large area, and were quite voluminous. The country was divided up into sections and apportioned off to different members to facilitate investigation. A table was added summarizing the results from the different States, also a map with the infected areas marked on it in red ink. He reported that the disease was unknown north of Massachusetts, though there is a small area in eastern Massachusetts where occasional outbreaks appear. In Connecticut there are only isolated cases. Of the Middle States, Pennsylvania has an infected district extending some fifty miles south of Philadelphia, and which originated in the suburbs of Philadelphia in 1870. The remainder of the State, and Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia, were free from the disease. There was but little proof of the existence of rabies in the Southern States which bordered the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. Less than 100 cases were reported in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma and Kansas. The disease is unknown west of the Rocky Mountains. The daily press received a most scathing rebuke for the sensational and untruthful manner in which it treats the matter of rabies.

About eighteen clubs were in arrears for dues. They were given thirty days in which to properly respond, failing which they will be dropped from the roll.

In response to an inquiry the secretary informed the meeting that the cost of the championship medal was just about \$3.

It was carried that the club shall pay the mileage expenses of the executive board for the ensuing year.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

A MEETING of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held in Madison Square Garden Feb. 22. Ten members were present.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Phelps, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, S. C. Bradley. The next trials will be held at Newton, Nov. 11. The following stakes will be run: Members' stake, Derby, all-age and subscription stakes; the same purses will be offered and the same rules will govern as last year, except in the members' stake; dogs competing in this stake must be the bona fide property of the member or members who enter them. Dogs having been placed in public field trials are barred from running in this stake. Dogs must be handled by owner. Special prizes offered for members' stake by Messrs. Hodgeman, Baker and Brown.

The purses offered are: \$600 for Derby; \$600 for all-age, and \$500 for subscription stake.

The Derby entries close June 1. All-age and subscription close Oct. 1.

Messrs. S. C. Bradley, Edmund Osthaus and Arthur Merriman were selected to act as judges.

The club grounds at Newton, N. C., now consist of nearly seven thousand acres.

The treasurer's report was read and accepted. It showed a good balance on hand.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

THE eleventh annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held at the Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, at 8 o'clock P. M., Feb. 9.

Present: G. B. Borradaile, G. Soames, F. G. Simpson, John Wootton, W. F. Ellis and W. C. Lee. Proxies, G. A. Gouin, Thomas Cowan and W. E. Macara, represented by G. B. Borradaile; F. W. Jones and Thomas McCaffry were represented by F. G. Simpson. President Simpson was in the chair.

The audited report of the honorary secretary-treasurer, G. B. Borradaile, showed that after the club had paid all their prizes and expenses in connection with their 1897 trials, a substantial credit balance remained.

The secretary-treasurer's report as read was adopted, and the club tendered him their thanks for the able manner in which he had conducted their affairs.

On being nominated for president Mr. Simpson expressed thanks for the honor the club wished again to confer upon him. He pointed out that for the last five years he had been the club's president, and during that period his business had not always permitted his attendance at their trials. He considered it the duty of officers to be present on such occasions. He further pointed out that in his opinion the best interests of the club were not served by electing the same officers year after year; under the circumstances he could not allow himself to be nominated.

The club tendered their thanks to the retiring president for the untiring efforts he has always used to make their trials a success.

Officers were elected as follows: President, John Wootton, of Manitou; First Vice-President, Thomas McCaffry, Winnipeg; Second Vice-President, N. G. Leslie.

Mr. Borradaile informed the meeting, on being nominated for secretary-treasurer, that business obligations demanded his undivided attention, especially at the time of the club's trials. For this reason it was impossible for him to accept any office.

The club tendered its retiring secretary-treasurer a hearty vote of thanks for the manner he had filled the office.

Mr. W. C. Lee was elected Honorary Secretary-Treasurer.

Managing Committee—W. F. Ellis, W. E. Macara and Thomas Cowan.

Auditors, G. B. Borradaile and D. M. Telford.

The club will hold its twelfth annual field trials at Morris on Sept. 8 next.

The Management Committee was authorized to select a judge or judges for the club's 1898 trials.

The club's 1898 events will consist of an amateur, Derby and all-age stakes. The following prizes will be given and competed for under the following conditions: Amateur stake: Dogs eligible must be the property of an amateur residing in Canada. The following are barred: Dogs having won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year, or whose owner may have trained for money. All dogs to be handled by owner or other amateur. Entries close Aug. 1, 1898. Prize, silver sup, suitably engraved; \$2 forfeit, \$3 to start.

Derby stake is for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897. Entries close July 1. Purse \$225; first, \$100; second, \$75; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. Starters, \$10.

The all-age stake is for setters and pointers who have not won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year. Entries close Aug. 1. Purse, \$225; first, \$100; second, \$75; third, \$50. Forfeits, \$5. Starters, \$10.

A vote of thanks was extended to the club's patron, his Honor Charles Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, for his kindness in judging the club's trials, and to F. Sprado.

National Field Trial Club.

At a meeting held in Madison Square Garden, at 4 P. M., Feb. 22, the National Field Trial Club was organized to run a national produce stake, with charter members as follows: Messrs. E. H. Osthaus, N. T. Harris, George Crocker, F. W. Dunham, J. B. Becker, F. R. Hitchcock, S. C. Bradley, Theo. Sturges, W. B. Meares, G. G. Williamson, Hobart Ames, J. E. Gill, W. Allen Peirce (Boston), C. H. Phelps, Jr., Dr. J. S. Brown. Messrs. Hitchcock, Sturges, Bradley, Meares, Becker, Brown and Phelps were present. The officers elected were: President, George Crocker; Vice-Presidents, Edward Dexter and Norvin T. Harris; Secretary-Treasurer, C. H. Phelps, Jr.

It is expected that the membership will be increased to twenty-five when all the parties who have been invited to join have been heard from.

The National Field Trial Club's produce stake will be run in the South on quail in Dec., 1899, or Jan. or Feb., 1900, and succeeding years. It is open to the produce of all setter and pointer bitches whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. Bitches to be nominated by June 1, 1898. Fee \$10. Entries of puppies to close Jan. 1, 1899, with \$5 fee. Second forfeit \$5, payable Oct. 1, 1899, and \$10 additional to start. The stake will be for a guaranteed purse of \$1,250 cash, of which \$500 to winner of first place, \$300 to winner of second place, \$200 to winner of third place, \$125 to breeder of winner of first, and \$75 to breeder of second, and \$50 to breeder of third. The nomination of the bitch may be made by anybody, and any number of puppies of a litter may be entered. Should less than fifty bitches be nominated, the right is reserved to abandon the stake for 1900. Efficient judges and suitable grounds will be selected.

It is intended to run the stake each year, commencing in 1900; but for stakes after 1900 nomination of bitches will close on a date to be later recided.

The Pointer Club of America.

The annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America was held Monday evening, Feb. 21, in Madison Square Garden Café. The president and vice-president being absent, Mr. F. J. Lenoir was elected temporary chairman. The report of the treasurer was accepted. Both the treasurer's and secretary's reports showed the club to be in a very flourishing condition.

The Northwestern Kennel Club, of St. Paul, Minn., was donated \$10 for special prizes, divided as follows: \$5 each for the best pointer dog and best pointer bitch, to be competed for by members of the Pointer Club at their show to be held March 8-11.

The replies received from members as requested by the secretary, relative to the suggested breeders' trophy, were read, and it was resolved that the matter shall be dropped. This decision was further arrived at as the W. Gould Brokaw four challenge cups have filled the present requirements.

It was also resolved that the holders of the four W.

Gould Brokaw cups, competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's bench show, shall furnish with the secretary a bond of \$200 to insure their return until won outright, and that the secretary shall be the custodian of the cups until this requirement be fulfilled. The cups to be returned to the secretary thirty days previous to the opening day of the Westminster Kennel Club's bench show each year; said bond to be filed with the secretary, and to be acceptable to the board of governors.

Resolved, That the Pointer Club of America shall offer a breeders' trophy, to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's bench show. The competition governing said trophy to be arranged by the board of governors.

Resolved, That the award made to the pointer dog Shotaway at the Metropolitan Kennel Club show at Brooklyn, and which reverted to the Pointer Club by disqualification, on the grounds that his owner was not a member of the Pointer Club of America, shall be paid to the owner of the pointer dog Prince's Lad, Mr. Geo. S. Mott.

Mr. F. R. Vernon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected to membership. The names of four other gentlemen were offered for membership.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted unanimously as follows: President, W. Gould Brokaw; Vice-President, James Mortimer; Secretary, William H. Brush; Treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Board of Governors, J. D. James, George Jarvis, Thomas Blyth, J. Roger McSherry, William C. Root, George S. Mott; Delegate to the American Kennel Club, George Jarvis.

National Beagle Club.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 22. The members present were George B. Post, Jr., James W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhass, George F. Reed, William Saxby, A. J. Purinton, John Bateman, George W. Rogers, H. L. Kreuder, James L. Kernochan, Harry T. Peters, D. F. Summers and G. Mifflin Wharton.

After the minutes had been read the officers for the year were installed as follows: George B. Post, Jr., President; Herman F. Schellhass, First Vice-President; James W. Appleton, Second Vice-President; James L. Kernochan, Third Vice-President; G. Mifflin Wharton, Treasurer and Secretary; A. Wright Post, George W. Rogers and John Bateman, additional Executive Committee; Herman F. Schellhass, Delegate; Official Judges, George B. Post, Jr., George F. Reed, James W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhass, W. T. Clark and Bradford S. Turpin.

The report of the treasurer was read and ordered placed on file.

The committee on the standard were requested to make a definite report at the next quarterly meeting. The chair is to appoint a member in the place of Mr. Clark on said committee.

The report of the secretary of the Produce stake was read, and also that of the secretary of the Futurity stake for 1898.

Messrs. R. L. Bohannon, William G. Rockefeller, H. L. Pierson and Roy B. Baker were elected to membership. Messrs. Horace Porter and W. C. Duff were dropped.

G. MIFFLIN WHARTON, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Feb. 22, at 8 P. M., the president, Dr. G. G. Davis, in the chair. Present: Dr. G. G. Davis, James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements, Woodruff Sutton, George H. Thomson and, by proxy, F. L. Cheney. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with. The treasurer's report, showing a balance of \$70.46, was read and approved. The resignation of W. L. Washington, Esq., of New Castle, Pa., was read and on motion accepted.

It was resolved to offer \$40 at bench shows, open to members only, and \$60 at field trials, open to all, during the coming year, the manner and time of application of the money to be left to the executive committee. It was decided that the secretary be empowered to employ such means as he considers necessary to inform Irish setter men of the above resolution.

The following gentlemen were then elected to hold office during the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Vice-President, James B. Blossom, New York; Secretary-Treasurer, George H. Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Executive Committee, F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.; B. L. Clements, New York; Woodruff Sutton, New York; J. Maxwell Bullock, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; Ray Tompkins, Elmira, N. Y.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Collie Club.

THE annual meeting of the club was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 22. Some business of a routine character was transacted, and last year's officers were re-elected. They are: President, Jenkins Van Schaick; Vice-Presidents, J. Pierpont Morgan and John L. Lincoln; Executive Committee, Jenkins Van Schaick, J. Pierpont Morgan, James Watson, S. L. Stewart, W. T. Ford, H. Jarrett, F. M. McWilliams, John L. Lincoln, Robert McEwen, J. A. Long and C. Y. Ford.

JAMES WATSON, Sec'y-Treas.

Irish Terrier Club of America.

BOSTON, Feb. 28.—The annual general meeting of the Irish Terrier Club of America took place at Madison Square Garden Feb. 22, at 3 P. M. The following governors were elected for 1898: President, Oliver Ames; Vice-President, W. L. Beadleston; Treasurer, S. D. Parker; Secretary, O. W. Donner; Delegate to A. K. C., Singleton Van Schaick; G. Gordon Hammill, T. Dudley Riggs, Morton E. Cobb, W. W. Caswell.

O. W. DONNER, Sec'y.

Great Dane Club.

THE annual meeting of the Great Dane Club of America, which was held at the Madison Square Garden on Feb. 21, 1898, at 8 P. M., resulted in the re-election of the old officers, viz.: Charles G. Peters, President; J. Blackburn Miller, Vice-President; C. H. Mantler, Secretary and Treasurer; G. Muss-Arnolt, Delegate to the A. K. C.

The Executive Committee will consist of Messrs. C. D. Bernheimer, A. P. Ramsdell and Clifford Wood.

Applications for membership in the club will be received by C. H. Mantler, secretary, 60 Water street, New York.

Bull Terrier Club.

A MEETING was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 22. The officers of the past year were re-elected. A new medal, handsome in design, was adopted. There are now twenty-six members in the club, and many more are expected to join in the present year.

The Greyhound Club.

THE club held a meeting in Madison Square Garden, and elected E. R. Ladew, President; L. C. Whiton, Vice-President; R. F. Little, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer; Executive Committee, Mrs. W. W. Green, Dr. S. D. Barr, with the officers of the club.

Western Canada Kennel Club.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 23.—The Western Canada Kennel Club's second annual show came to a most successful close on Saturday, Feb. 12. In point of numbers and excellence of quality it far surpassed that of last year. There were some fifty or sixty entries. The pointers were especially good. The setters far outnumbered any other class, there being some fifty-six English alone, although hardly up to the pointers in merit. The smaller classes, including fox terriers and cocker spaniels, can be improved on, but are gradually getting stronger each year. For the first time a genuine Russian wolfhound bitch was shown, and was purchased by Winnipeg parties. They have sent East for a mate, and no doubt in a short time the prairie coyote will be trying conclusions with these beautiful hounds. Some fair specimens of the Scotch deerhound were also on hand, one especially eliciting much admiration. The "ribbon" setters and pointers will, if present intentions are carried out, visit New York show next season.

W. L.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The premium list of the Kansas City Kennel Club can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. E. Ashbrook, Lyceum building, Kansas City, Mo. Typographically it is gotten up with rare taste. Entry fee, \$2. Entries close March 8.

Mr. Arthur Trickett, of Little Rock, Ark., who has long and favorably been known to fanciers as a bench show handler, owner of good dogs and bench show judge, has resolved to go to the Klondike in search of fortune in the gold region. In recent years he has had charge of Mr. C. A. Pratt's kennel of St. Bernards. If his success is in accord with the wishes of his many friends, good fortune will come to him quickly and largely.

Mr. Henry Klee, of the firm of Klee & Dean, New Castle, Pa., writes us as follows, under date of Feb. 10, concerning the bench show at Youngstown, O.: "The bench show that closed here this evening was very satisfactory, and attracted a large attendance. Fine dogs, especially in English setters and pointers, were abundant. The judge was Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich."

Mr. A. E. Ashbrook, of Kansas City, Mo., writes us under date of Feb. 26: "By referring to Classes 131 and 132 for Boston terriers you will notice that it reads 25lbs. and over, and under, while it should read 23lbs.; and this correction will be made in our catalogue. Our prospects for a big show are very bright, as we have received up to this time a great many entries, and inquiries are coming from all parts of the United States for prize lists. Last year we had 253 entries, but I think this year we will have over 500. We will have almost 100 dogs from St. Louis alone. All of the judges named in the prize list will be present, and everything points to a very successful show."

Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, the well-known fancier, had a narrow escape from death Monday morning, Feb. 21. A fire broke out in an apartment below the one he occupied on the third floor. Dense smoke drove him and his wife to the street; then he remembered that Watnong I., his spaniel, was in the apartment. He rushed back through the stifling smoke, but before he could find the dog impending suffocation forced him to the window, where a few gasps at such fresh air as was within reach revived him sufficiently to continue a hurried search for his pet. Fortunately he found him quickly—both much the worse from smoke inhaled, but neither suffered more than passing injury. The fire was extinguished before it did any damage to Mr. Wilmerding's home.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Yachting.

THE latest development of the Seawanhaka one-design class promises a new and interesting variety of interclub competition that will be most welcome at a time when there is practically nothing in the way of large yachts to claim public attention, and which cannot fail to be of benefit to the parties directly concerned. As is well known, the Seawanhaka fleet of one-design boats, which Mr. Stearns has announced is now completed, to the number of twenty-five, except for the launching and setting up of spars and rigging, has been duplicated by two other clubs: the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, and the Country Club, of Westchester county. The Corinthian fleet, now partly completed at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington, numbers seven yachts, and may be increased to ten before the season opens. The Country Club order was for nine yachts, to which one more may be added. These two fleets are built under Mr. Stearns' supervision, and to the standard Seawanhaka design. It has been intimated to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. that the owners of the Corinthian yachts would like to visit New York waters and sail an interclub match with an equal number of yachts—seven—and at the meeting of the S. C. Y. C. last week the race committee was given full power to arrange such a match by issuing a challenge to the Corinthian Y. C. to visit Oyster Bay, and to offer a suitable trophy for the winning fleet, and if considered desirable individual prizes for helmsmen, etc. At the same time the committee was empowered to challenge the Country Club fleet to a similar interclub contest of three races, at Oyster Bay, Pelham Bay, and on a neutral course.

The absolute equality of the yachts, making the contest depend solely upon the skill of the club representatives, will add a novel element to the contest between the Delaware River and Long Island Sound, and there is little doubt that the matches will afford the best of sport to all directly interested and awaken a general interest on the part of yachtsmen and the public, while such a friendly competition must be to the advantage of both parties. The date suggested for the Corinthian matches is the end of July, following the trial races of the 20-footers off Oyster Bay (July 11, 12, 13) and preceding the New York Y. C. cruise and the international matches with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at Montreal, the latter beginning on Aug. 13.

Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with much interest both the report of the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the subsequent resulting correspondence in your journal relative to the adoption of some new mode of measurement of yachts for racing purposes, I take the liberty of addressing to you my little contribution to the general fund, not with the idea that the position that I assume is impregnable, but that if many lights are thrown upon this vexed question there is a possibility of perhaps approximating in time to a felicitous result.

Will the following axioms not be generally admitted?

1. The rule of measurement must be a simple one and not complex.
2. A measurement to be practical must be capable of being expeditiously made and while the yacht is afloat.
3. The measurement should be such that the designer or builder cannot easily cheat the rule.
4. Yachts should be so classified under the rule that the more powerful boat shall be in the higher class; in other words, that power shall be the basis of measurement.

It seems to me from an extended investigation of this question ranging over a period of many years, and viewing the subject from very many points of view, that theoretically (and I believe this will commend itself to every thoughtful person) the truest and most accurate method of comparing yachts is by their respective stabilities at some fixed angle of heel, say 20 degrees; in other words, the simplest and truest form of comparison would be to multiply the displacement of the yacht, expressed in tons or in pounds, into its righting lever at some fixed angle of heel.

Now to obtain this result means not only long calculation, but a knowledge of naval architecture, which can only be acquired by diligent and persistent study; so that we are practically barred from this means of comparing yachts.

Let us look a little further, however. Is there no feasible and readily obtained equivalent of this expression of the stability of a yacht? We have not far to go in search. The righting power of the yacht expressed in pounds multiplied by righting lever has an exact equivalent, easily and expeditiously obtained without wading through tons of calculations, and that is the force that retains the yacht at its angle of heel in equilibrium, viz., the area of the sail multiplied by the height of its center of effort above the center of gravity of the vessel. This moment multiplied by a given wind pressure, expressed in pounds, which would be a constant for all yachts, would precisely represent the expression of stability sought for.

Now it seems to me that, so far as the height of the center of effort above the center of gravity is concerned for purposes of measuring yachts, this factor can be wisely discarded, leaving it to the choice of the designer whether to cut his sails high or low, according to his fancy or the exigencies of climate, surroundings, etc. The constant, so many pounds wind pressure per square foot, can also be discarded. What then do we have left? Simply the area of the sails, and this is the form of measurement which seems to me the mode which sooner or later will at least be given a fair trial.

It may be said that it is a very radical change. That is true, but it is generally felt among thoughtful yachtsmen that something radical is needed in order either to develop a type of yacht wholesome in character, combining beauty with speed, and possessed of every good quality which can be imparted to it by skill in design and skill in construction; or if not to develop such a type to at least place such a boat on a fairly equal footing with craft built solely for racing.

Moreover I ask this simple question: What do we as Americans desire in our yachting world, and what is our aim? We have freedom in everything; why not have freedom in design? It is often said, let the fastest boat win; and this is precisely what we desire to accomplish.

What is our aim? To obtain absolute speed or speed relative to some standard, fixed by cramping taxation of elements which go to make speed and in some instances tend to detract from it. For instance, our English cousins tax girth; in other words, wetted surface, and wetted surface is generally considered to be a hindrance and not an aid to speed.

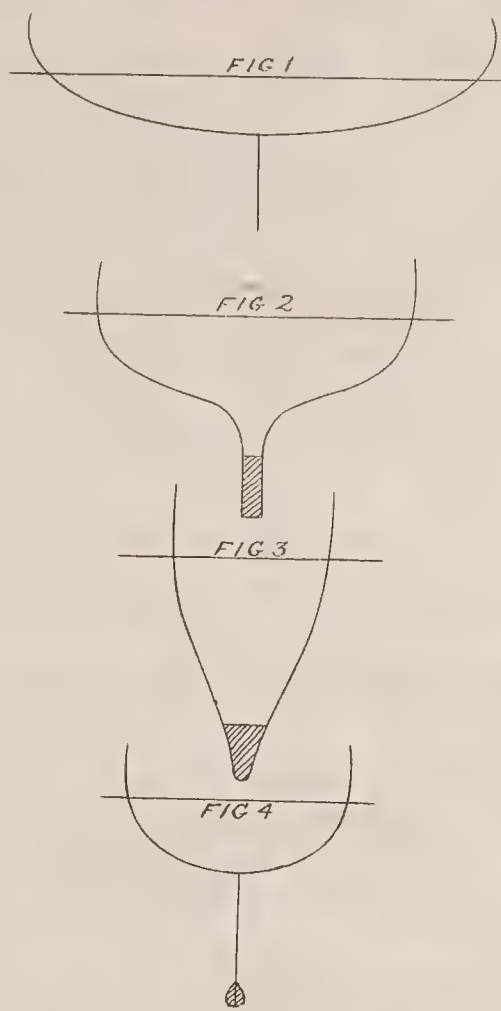
I contend that speed absolute is what is dear to the American heart.

Say we classify yachts by their sail area, making classes of 500sq.ft., 750sq.ft., 1,000sq.ft. of sail, etc. Take, for instance, a small yacht well known in Boston waters, the jib and mainsail Privateer. Here we have a 2ft. waterline boat that carries 1,100sq.ft. of sail. Is it not probable that with the same sail spread a faster yacht could be turned out, and would not this be a move in the right direction? More especially if the yacht would thereby gain certain good qualities which perhaps in the eyes of some she does not possess to-day.

Let us now view as far as we may be able the probable effect of such a rule. Take four examples of types, each carrying say 600sq.ft. of sail: Fig. 1 representing the broad and shallow centerboard type; Fig. 2 the medium wholesome, fixed keel type; Fig. 3 the deep and narrow boat of former English fashion, and Fig. 4 the bulb keel of the present type.

We will assign for means of comparison the same righting power to each; that is to say, each boat will carry the 600sq.ft. of sail equally well.

Under these questions No. 1 will be the shortest on load waterline, and will have light displacement, because the natural righting lever is largely increased by adding to the beam. She will have rather large wetted surface.



No. 2 will have slightly greater length and slightly greater displacement, but aided by a lower position of center of gravity and less wetted surface will be more compact.

No. 3 will have still greater length, but to compensate for the very much shortened righting lever at moderate angles of heel will have largely increased displacement and wetted surface will be great.

Of No. 4 not much need be said. She will be fast, and at first appearance one might say your rule would produce simply bulb keels, that is all.

Not so fast. Many can remember (and it is to a certain extent the case to-day) when boats were divided into two classes, viz., centerboards and keels. To-day many keel boats not only equal, but in many instances surpass the centerboards. Why not, following out this idea, divide boats not as centerboards and keels, but as fin and bulb keels (accurately defining them) and other boats. Then if a man wishes to build a bulb keel he is at perfect liberty to do so, and he will find others of like tendencies who will be ready to race with him; but the man who desires something more than a mere machine, who wants a boat that will be strong and serviceable, and on which he can visit a sand bank now and then without fear of damage, will choose No. 2, I believe, and in so doing he will possess a good all-round boat, good in any weather, and good enough to race too on even terms.

That there are pros and cons on this question I am very ready to admit, but there is one matter to which I would call your attention. America leads; does not follow. If any good rule is adopted in this country it should spring up in this country. We cannot adopt somebody else's rule unless somebody else's has shown splendid qualities.

If I had time and was not disinclined to weary you I should like to speak of the types of yachts which each well-known form of measurement has given rise to in England, in France and in the United States. But these facts are well known to your many readers and can be passed by.

To be sure the mode of measuring yachts by sail area alone was advocated by that pioneer in English yacht designing P. R. Marrett, but there is one thing to say, the rule has never been adopted. Other measurements have been employed, and in the opinion of thoughtful men have failed to develop in general what may be considered the best and most wholesome types.

Why not try sail area and see what type will result? Experience alone will prove its efficacy or its deficiency.

The locality would largely regulate the type of yacht constructed under this rule, and what could then be more general in character or better adapted to the exigencies of widely different conditions such as prevail in the interior of this country and on the sea board.

It may be thought by many that such a rule would tend to produce very attenuated forms. But a competent naval architect well knows, give a boat small area of midship section, with extremely fine lines forward and aft, and such yachts are only good in light weather, and more powerful hulls will quickly outstrip them with a rising wind and a rising sea.

Moreover, so far as small yachts are concerned, they will always be given a fair proportion of beam, because it is a natural law in yacht construction that as the tonnage diminishes so should the proportionate beam and consequent sail carrying power increase in order to enable the small craft to overcome the natural obstacle which she has to encounter in the way of speed, viz., that for a given volume the surface exposed is largely in excess proportionately of that for craft of larger tonnage, and to make a good showing in point of speed she must be relatively to the larger yacht a more powerful craft.

By using sail area as the mode of measuring and classifying yachts no time allowance is needed.

In actually measuring the sails it seems to me advisable to confine the tax to what may be designated working sails. For example, a cutter or sloop, measure:

First.—Area of mainsail.

Second.—Area of forward triangle, the three points of which would be: (1) Where jib stay cuts bowsprit; (2) where jib stay cuts mast; (3) intersection of forward side of mast with deck.

Third.—Area of working topsail triangle, the three points of which would be: (1) Topsail halyard sheave; (2) topsail sheet sheave; (3) intersection of main gaff with after edge of mast.

Free latitude is thus given the use of large clubtopsails, jibtopsails and spinnaker untaxed. These sails are only carried in moderate weather, and the presumption would be that yachts would be constructed to carry the sails for which they were taxed in good fresh breezes, and in moderate weather they would fly their kites.

Now I am not going to write a treatise, but in closing this article I cannot refrain from speaking of one or two matters which bear directly upon the question in view.

First.—What has been the result in England in the experience of the Yacht Racing Association in passing from Dixon Kemp's rule

Length × Sail Area
6,000

to the present girth rule so far as small yachts are concerned? Norman, built by Sibbick under the old rule, is a better boat than Heartsease, by the same builder under the girth rule. And why was a committee of very competent men, including Mr. Froude, selected to devise a formula which would produce a better type of boat in the smaller classes? The present rule therefore does not give satisfaction. What did the committee recommend? To leave out of the formula sail area and to tax length and especially beam and depth heavily. This committee struck the keynote, correct in principle, either tax your hull or tax your sail. Don't tax both. The committee (if I may be permitted to venture an opinion) with deep English conservatism hit beam and depth pretty hard, and so the Y. R. A. would have nothing to do with its recommendations.

Second.—In our own country lately several excellent formulæ have been proposed. These formulæ could not but give good satisfaction, as they have been devised by very experienced men.

The formulæ seem to me, however, open to this objection: The measurement results from these formulæ would have to be deduced from accurate drawings of yachts, and therefore such formulæ would not seem to be adapted to the quick needs of a yacht measurer, who would only take such results on faith, and that would not mean measurement.

In closing I may appropriately quote a few words by William Cooper (Vanderdecken), one of the truest yachtsmen that this century has produced. He says, speaking of the far-famed America: "Then there is a very important element in the construction and fitting of a yacht, which tends more than anything to success, and that is, the proper adjustment of displacement and driving power, and we are quite sure that in this respect the America had no rival, and I have a strong idea that her great achievement may in part be attributed to the care and attention bestowed upon her in this important matter."

ISAAC B. MILLS.

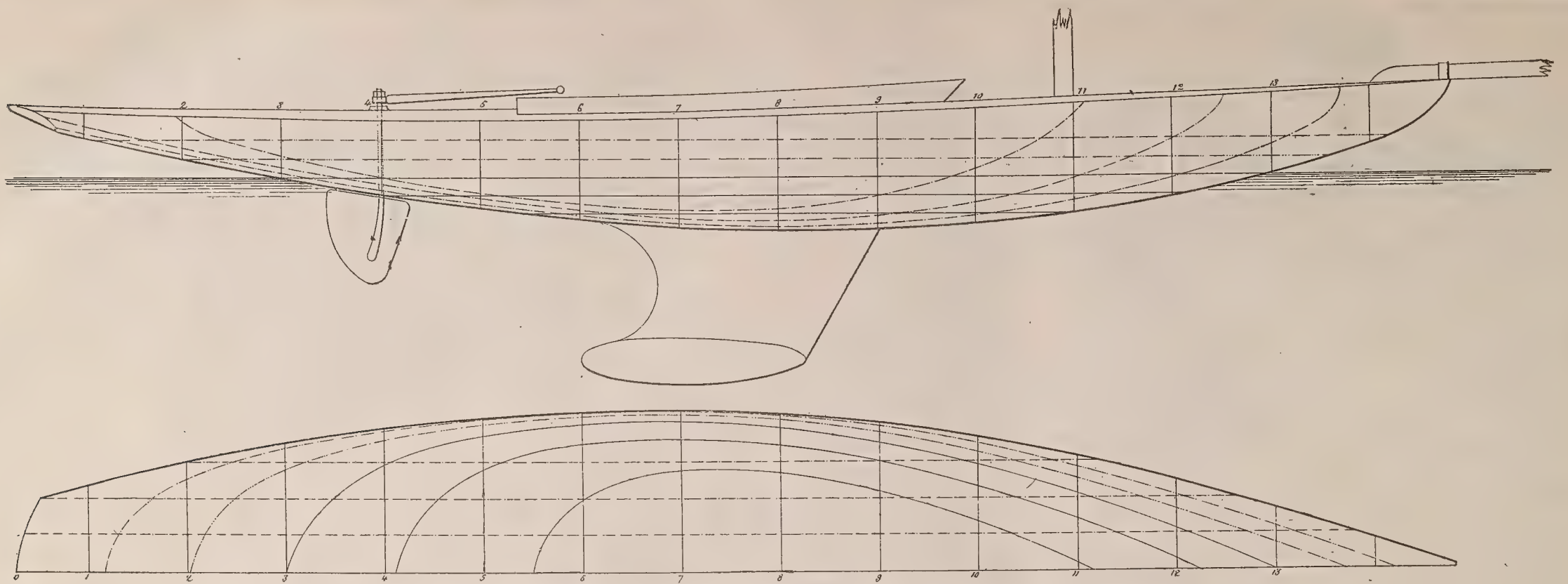
BOSTON, Feb. 5.

Treatise on the Construction of Sailing Yachts.

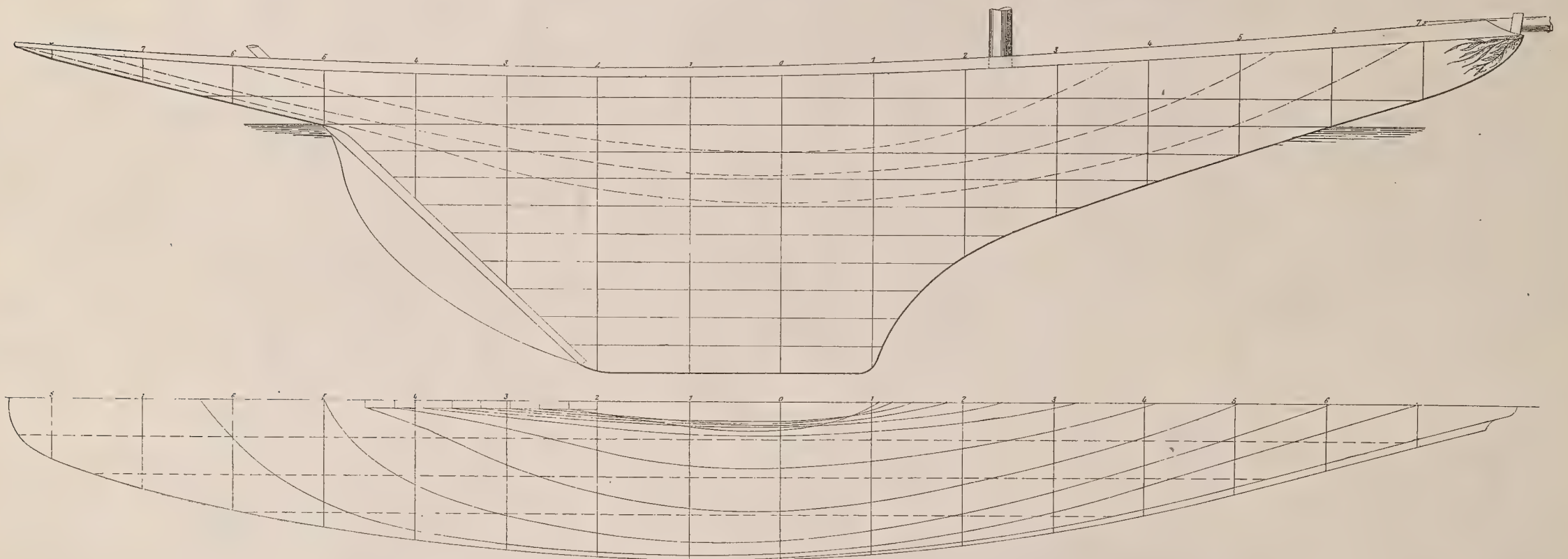
WE have frequently had occasion to comment on the growth of yachting literature in France as evidence of the progress and prosperity of yachting in that country, and we note with pleasure the publication of a new and important work, the latest addition to the "Library of the Union of French Yachts," published by Messrs. E. Bernard & Co., Paris. This series already numbers such standard works as the French edition of Dixon Kemp's two books, and the "Elements of Astronomy and Navigation," by J. de Chabannes la Palice, the noted French yachtsman. The latest edition is entitled "Traité de la Construction des Yachts à Voiles" ("Treatise on the Construction of Sailing Yachts"), the author being Mr. C. M. Chevreux, the French yacht designer.

The book, which is an octavo volume of over 300 pages, is devoted exclusively to practical yacht construction, the author explaining in the préface that this subject was selected as of more immediate value to builders than the subject of the geometry of the yacht (practical drafting and designing), which would naturally precede it.

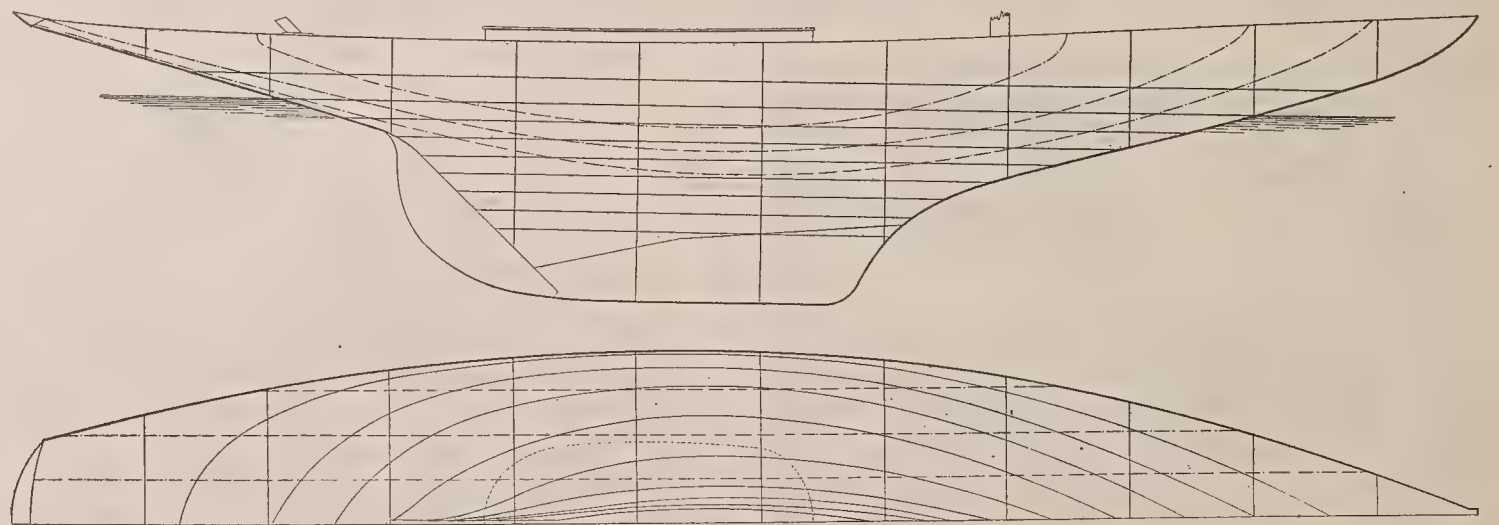
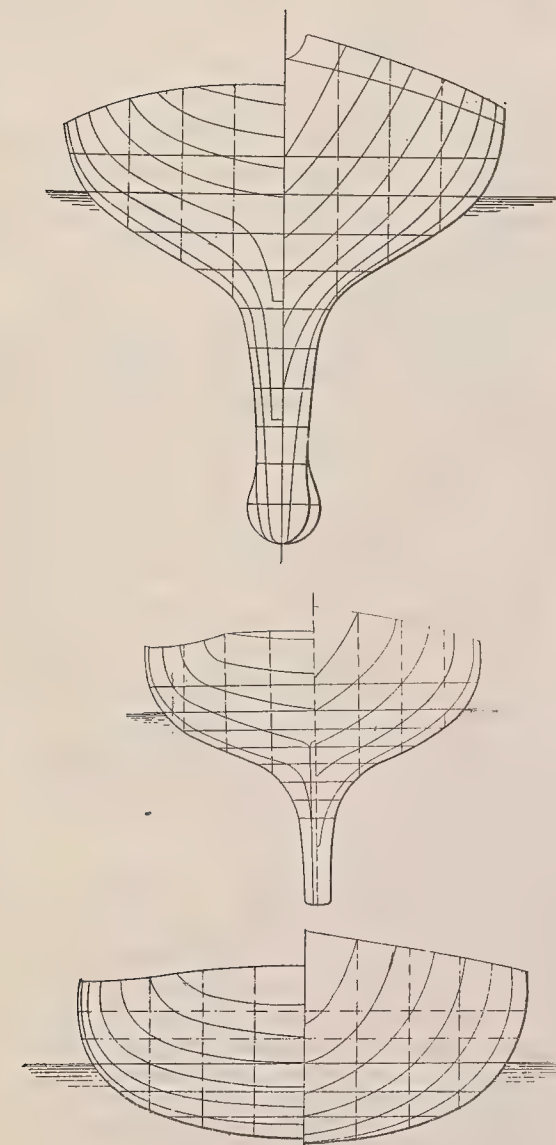
The book begins with the assumption that the design is completed and all calculations made, the first work of the builder being the consideration of the table of scantling, presumably furnished by the designer. The dimensions of all parts determined on, the table of offsets is described, with the practical operation of lay-off



LIBELLULE.—ONE-TON FIN-KEEL, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY MR. GODINET.



LUCIOLE II.—RACING 10-TONNER, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY ABEL LEMARCHAND.



NOUGATINE.—DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED BY MR. GUEDON.

lead keels and their details, centerboards, special methods of planking and fin-keel construction. Chapter VII. deals with riveting, fastening, painting, launching and ways for hauling. Mast and rigging fills the eighth chapter, with dimensions of spars and details of rig; the working drawings of spar iron work which illustrate this part being particularly good. In Chapter IX. the subject of yacht boats, with sizes of boats for different classes of yachts and details of boat building, are treated very thoroughly. Chapter X. deals with the internal arrangement and fittings of yachts, and the final chapter with the woods used in yacht and boat building.

We have already mentioned the illustrations accompanying the letterpress, which are numerous and excellent, including many detail plans of parts. In addition to these are two photo reproductions of small yachts, Trilby and Quatre-Etoiles, under construction in the shop.

Accompanying the book is a portfolio of plates, thirty in number, and each 30 by 11 in., with designs of modern French yachts, the work of such designers as Messrs. Sahuqué, Lemarchand, Tellier, Caillebotte, Guédon and the author. These designs include all types, keel, centerboard and fin-keel, both racing and cruising; the details of construction being given in many cases as well as the lines. We reproduce three of the designs: Libellule, the fin-keel one-tonner by the U. des Y. F. rule; the 2-tonner Nougatine, and the noted 10-tonner Luciole II.

In this book Mr. Chevreux has done much for the advancement of yachting in France, both in showing to the world what has already been done, and in giving to French builders, amateurs and yachtsmen most valuable assistance in their future work. Though written in French, the book is so general in its treatment of the subject as to be valuable to American builders and yachtsmen.

Yacht Stoves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Answering your request for stove experiences, I have used apparatus for this purpose in the following order: Plumber's gasoline furnace, Sestalit or patent fuel stove, wick burner stoves of the Florence type, gasoline stoves and oil gas stoves.

I have cruised for ten successive seasons; two in a 20ft. open gilling skiff, with a plumber's furnace for a stove, with a lanyard fastened to the frame to save it should necessity arise to tip it overboard in case of accident.

Five seasons in a 28ft. cabin sloop with Sestalit, or patent fuel stove, inhaling the fumes, our nostrils and throats doing the duty of chimneys; wick burner stoves of the Florence type, which smoked badly in a seaway, and gasoline stoves with reservoirs containing enough explosive to blow us out of the water.

Three seasons in a 40ft. sloop with an oil gas stove, which I found satisfactory except for the expense attending the replacing of burners and retorts. In the order named each stove is better than its predecessor.

This season I shall install kerosene stoves of the Primus type, and from my observations of their work on other yachts last season I feel confident that they will give good service.

I shall be glad to give you my experiences with this form of machinery at the end of this season.

JULNAR.

on the mould loft floor. Following this comes the taking of the bevels from the body plan and the preparation of the various moulds. The second chapter deals with the preparation of the keel, stem and sternpost, the laying of the keel blocks and keel, getting out and beveling the frames, general systems of construction of frame, counter, etc., the erection of the frame, the planking and decking. All the details are illustrated by numerous diagrams and plans.

Chapter III. is devoted to metal and composite construction, with tables of scantling for iron and steel. The fourth chapter treats of the deck fittings and attachments to the hull, such as bulwarks, cleats, keels, mast bitts, bowsprit bitts, skylights, companion and other hatches, rudder, etc.; and the fifth is devoted to the hull iron work, both being very fully and clearly illustrated. Chapter VI. deals with special constructions, including

WISSAHICKON HEIGHTS, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having seen in looking over the latest number of the FOREST AND STREAM a general inquiry as to the best kind of stoves to use aboard cruising yachts, I have thought that possibly my limited ex-

perience might prove of some use to any one thinking of cruising in a small boat.

I have cruised more, or less along the Jersey coast, snipe hunting, in the late summer and early fall, and consequently employed rather a small yacht. The boat in which I did most of my cruising was a 23ft. cat, of the fore-and-aft overhang type, and it was necessary to have a stove which could be stowed out of the way when necessary, but which would perform efficiently the duties required of it. I first used a gasoline stove, which I found heated the cabin to such an extent when preparing supper that it was very difficult to get it cool enough for comfortable sleeping on warm, quiet nights by the time we were ready to turn in. At the same time gasoline is rather an uncertain quantity, and one does not care to take too many liberties with it, particularly as I often found it necessary to cook, eat and sail all at one time.

I used the gasoline stove for one season, and then purchased a three-burner kerosene-oil stove. I had more satisfaction out of this one little stove than one would imagine. It never seemed to make the cabin uncomfortably hot, and in the evening this is most important, as any one who has cruised along the Jersey coast during the warm months will readily understand, owing to the unceasing efforts of the Great Jersey Razor-bill (mosquito), who makes cooking or anything else in the open air in the evening next to impossible. It never appeared to me to be in any way dangerous, and I never felt anxious when my boat was knocking about in a small sea and the stove was going at the same time.

Another advantage which a coal-oil stove possesses over some others is shown by the ease with which kerosene may be procured almost anywhere, while it is comparatively hard to find gasoline and some of the other stuffs used for burning in stoves. My stove had three burners, set over the reservoir for the oil, and over each burner was a grating on which to set pots, kettles, pans, or anything else, all joined in a solid top. It was about 3ft. long, 1½ft. high, and about 1½ft. across, with no "outrigging," so to speak, which could be in the way. The reservoir held, I should think, about 2 to 3 gallons. Altogether it answered exactly the purpose for which I wanted it, and never gave me the slightest trouble.

I have written this simply from my own experience, which has not been a very extended one at the best. And it will probably interest only those who care to do the kind of cruising which I do; but for such purposes I do not think any one can very much improve on a stove such as the one I have just described.

CHARLES M. HARRIS.

Aluminum in Naval Construction.

APROPPOS of the important paper on Defender and aluminum in naval construction by R. P. Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N., recently reprinted in the FOREST AND STREAM from the Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute, the last quarterly issue of that journal contains the following, by Prof. A. H. Sabin.

My own (unpublished) experiments have shown that rolled aluminum plates have a foliated structure, and while the corroding action of sea water is rather slow on the sides of a plate it is rapid and penetrating where it acts on the edges. A plate ⅝in. thick was not rusted through by immersion in sea water (in a cask) in eight months, but was entirely destroyed to a distance of ⅓in. from the edge and the edge was swelled up to a thickness of ¾in., looking like a bunch of paper. The plate experimented on was pure aluminum, and was not exposed to galvanic action. It seems to me that this throws light on the corrosion around bolt holes and the like; the water gets in and then it destroys the metal around the edge of the hole. This agrees with the statement of Mr. Hobson that the joints swelled and strained the rivets. No doubt the presence of some other metal aggravates the trouble by inducing galvanic action.

It is quite practicable to coat aluminum so as to effectually protect it from sea water. The "pipe coating" described in my paper gives practical protection. The trouble with any coating is that it is liable to be scratched or worn off, and I do not see how this difficulty can ever be avoided. For example, it is of very little use to depend on a coating for protecting the sides of a hatch because it will be rapidly worn off, while an air pipe or cowl may probably be kept in good condition for a long time. Even if it gets scratched off in places, these may be retouched by some suitable air-drying varnish; but no coating can ever be depended on for resistance against constant wear. No coating has ever been applied which is of considerable thickness, and in the nature of things it is liable to be worn or scraped off. I have no confidence in protecting the outside of the bottom of a vessel by any coating if the metal is aluminum; on steel, which is much less liable to corrosion, it may possibly be of some substantial use. All our experiments show, and I think have fairly proved, that by far the best protection is given by a properly made baked coating; and this is reasonable, for if the material used will stand the heat it is hardened and made more impermeable, while its adhesiveness is not lessened. It is entirely practicable to apply this process to articles of considerable size; it has already been used on pipe sections 25ft. long and 5ft. in diameter, and it can be quite as well applied to even larger objects. It would of course be advantageous to get the same results with a coating not needing baking, but it has not yet been done. Some of the varnishes have, however, given excellent results. If a varnish is used it should be of special quality, and a considerable number of coats should be applied—not less than three, and probably eight or ten would be better. I have no doubt that in this way aluminum may be efficiently protected, but if the coating is scraped off the protection ceases at once.

Andrew Peterson, the Excelsior boat builder, is in receipt of an order for a mahogany sailing yacht, to be 40ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., to cost \$1,000, and be of a different type from the class that made him famous. She is to be a keel boat, and when completed will be shipped to China. Rumor has it that the order came from John Goodnow, Consular-General at Shanghai. The boat will be sloop rigged.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Ibis, steam yacht, of Boston, arrived at Nassau on Feb. 11. Utowana, steam yacht, A. V. Armour, is now in Florida waters. May, steam yacht, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, was at Savannah on Feb. 19, en route from Philadelphia to St. Thomas.

Penelope, steam yacht, nee Cleopatra, under charter to John Shepherd, of Boston, sailed from New York on Feb. 20 for Tampa, Fla.

Barracouta, steam yacht, D. P. Reighard, arrived at Nassau on Feb. 12 from Philadelphia.

Hildegard, schr., G. W. Weld, has wintered at her builder's yard, Wilmington, where she has been refitted recently with a new sea-going rig, under the direction of A. S. Chesebrough, her designer. She will sail this month for a West Indian cruise.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. has made a change in its catalogues this year. In place of one large catalogue it is issuing a number of smaller ones, each describing a special branch of its work. One of these is devoted to small power launches, another to small sailing craft suitable for one-design classes, and a third to yacht boats. The latter contains some excellent photos of dinghies, cutters and gigs lately built for different sail and steam yachts: Buccaneer, Tampa, Enterprise, Intrepid and others.

The February meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held last week at the town club house. The race committee announced that it proposed to build one and possibly two 20-footers from designs by C. H. Crane, the estimated cost being \$2,000 for one and \$3,800 for two, including the expense of sending one boat to Montreal and racing her for the cup. It also announced that the members of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia who would own the new one-design knockabouts were desirous of visiting the Sound for a series of intercity matches; and on motion the committee was empowered to issue a challenge to the Corinthian Y. C., and to make all arrangements for such races; also to challenge the fleet of the Country Club to a similar series of matches. It was also announced that the races for the Seawanhaka international cup would begin on Saturday, Aug. 13.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for a design for a 32ft. R. M. cutter under the rules of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes for Mr. R. H. Fenwick; of Chatham, Ont., and also for a racing yacht 26ft. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 7ft. beam and 2ft. draft, for Mr. John Robson, of Boston.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead announces the following fixtures: June 18, club race; July 2, club race; July 16, first championship; July 30, club race; Aug. 3, 4 and 5, midsummer series (invitation); Aug. 6, open race; Aug. 13, second championship; Aug. 27, third championship; Sept. 3, 4 and 5, Labor Day cruise. Ladies' day to be announced.

At its annual meeting on Feb. 21 the Jeffries Y. C., of East Boston, elected the following officers: Com., Elmer E. Gray; Vice-Com., F. L. Tilton, M.D.; Fleet Capt., Walter S. McLaughlin; Treas., Ambrose A. Martin; Sec'y, Alfred E. Wellington; Treas., Walter S. McLaughlin; Regatta Committee: Ambrose A. Martin, Jacob Rood, Charles L. Joy; Directors: Elmer E. Gray, William B. Pigeon, Charles L. Joy, W. B. Starkweather, Ambrose A. Martin, Jacob Rood, Alfred E. Wellington, George A. Anderson, Walter S. McLaughlin, Herbert F. Vaughn, John Marno, Frank H. Tilton, M.D., H. H. Smith, E. A. Skinner. On May 1 the club will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Muriel, c. b. sloop, has been sold by Herbert F. Nute, of Boston, to F. M. Randall, of New York. Muriel has been very successful as a racer in the Y. R. A. races about Boston.

The Norwalk Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 26, the following officers being elected: Com., Philip G. Sanford; Vice-Com., George A. Jennings; Rear-Com., John H. Ferris; Treas., Jos. R. Taylor; Sec'y, Horace S. Hatch; Ass't Sec'y, Robert G. Mitchell; Meas., Orlando I. Allen; Governing Committee: Gilbert E. Bogart, Alfred E. Chasmar, Aurelius J. Meeker, Herbert A. Mathewson, Herbert R. Smith; Regatta Committee: Samuel Lynes, Wm. F. Acton, Frank Nash.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Buffalo Canoe Club Dinner.

By One who was There.

FIVE commodores, ex-commodores, vice-commodores and rear-commodores, by name Dunnell, Hogan, Dater, Hale and Pinkney, set sail for Buffalo on Saturday night, Feb. 19, to attend the fifteenth annual dinner of the Buffalo Canoe Club on the eve of Washington's Birthday. The commodores landed about 10 o'clock the next morning, and were immediately seized upon by Com. Forbush, Willy Williams, Frank Danforth and Walter English, with his latest double-spinaker collarette, who jostled them into a nearby restaurant, after the preliminary cordialities had been finished, and filled them up with the good things of this life, as the train was over two hours late, and five aching voids needed attention. This was but one instance of the genuine heartiness of our welcome, and the cordial attention extended us during our entire stay. Truly, the Buffaloes are right jolly blades, and ideal hosts. We New Yorkers will doubly certify to that, even if we are awakened in the middle of the night to do so.

But I am digressing. An elegant little dinner at the Niagara Hotel was enjoyed a few hours later by eighteen or twenty of us; a drive to the Country Club through the handsome residence portion of the town, and a delightful little supper at Mr. Danforth's for some of us, while the rest were most royally entertained by Charley Forbush, finished up the first day of our stay in that royal city.

Next morning we arose at 6 o'clock, and Dad Thorne engineered a trip to the Canoe Club house, which is delightfully situated on the Canadian shore of the lake, but which is rather difficult of access in the winter. The trip nevertheless was most interesting, and all who went were most enthusiastic.

Remember, the Buffalonians housed, fed and transported us, and in every way evidenced that brotherly love which is common to all canoeists, be they navigating the land or the water, and the unanimous verdict of the five commodores was that they would not "do a thing" to the boys when they again struck New York.

Com. Forbush (God bless him!), those royal good fellows ex-Com. McNab, Willy Williams, Charley Skis-senhoefer (who will lead the choir at next year's meet), Allen Monroe, Kelly, the Messrs. Lansing, Potter, Jarvis, and a host of others, certainly did everything up to the queen's own taste, as Howell, Sparrow and Wilson, the commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, will certainly testify.

The dinner occurred Monday night. But before going any further I wish to state that a party of thirty of us went to Niagara Falls Tuesday morning in a parlor trolley car, a distance of twenty-three miles, stopping en route at the site of the Pan-American Exposition to be held some time in 1898; the famous power house, through the medium of which the great falls are harnessed, and to the bottom of whose pits the water falls 185ft. on turbines. The rest of the day was spent about the Falls, lunching, and a trip down the "George," as Ho called it. About 2in. of snow had fallen the night before, and as there had been no wind the effect on the trees and "shrubbage" (again Ho) was extremely beautiful and enhanced the natural attractiveness of the scenery.

And now the dinner. Ye gods! Last Monday night, and I am still smacking my lips. Dad Thorne worked like a slave to decorate the large dining room of the Niagara, and it was a fairyland when he rested from his labors. Flags, plants, pictures, trophies filled all the available crannies, and testified to the ability and artistic instincts of the Captain. The dinner itself was delightfully served and excellently cooked, and the liqueurs slipped down one's throat as though one had been used to such things all one's life. Com. Forbush presided most gracefully, and again and again evidenced the merits which had elected him to his office. Com. Dunnell was the first speaker, and outlined to the boys the nature of the A. C. A. camp, and gave them a clear understanding of the royal good times we have there; and when he had finished Com. Forbush promised him thirty men from his club at the 1898 meet. Com. Dunnell acknowledged the courtesy of the Buffalo Canoe Club in agreeing to use the one and one-third fare round trip granted by the railroads, as this enabled him to carry out his plans, which would probably have otherwise miscarried. Speeches were made by the organizer of the club, Mr. Lansing; Com. M. T. Bennett, who was the guest of Dad Thorne, and who was not included among the five commodores first mentioned, as he did not travel with the "push;" Com. Dater, Captain "G. B. Y." Hogan, who borrowed Harry Dater's hearty "God bless you," and almost improved upon its delivery—but not quite; recitations by Mr. Paul Jarvis, who ultimately responded to the toast, "The Ladies," and songs by an excellent quartet, of which Charley Skiss was first tenor, which sang admirably, as did one or two others present; all of which tended to make the dinner one of the most successful that had ever been held by the Buffaloes or any other club.

We New Yorkers went home Tuesday night, vowing that the Buffaloes were the best fellows that ever lived; and I do not think we came far from it. As I said before, they are ideal hosts, and I have left many warm friends there whose acquaintance I hope to renew at the meet, if not before. As Ho and Harry Dater say, "God bless them."

H.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

J. C. Hull, Jr., Sing Sing, N. Y.
L. M. Parsons, Brooklyn.

Eastern Division.

T. W. Burgess, Springfield, Mass.
C. A. Shamel, Springfield, Mass.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 8-10.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tournament of the St. Thomas Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money, and an international live-bird trophy. Under the management of Jack Parker.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 17.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. Sweepstakes optional. Targets, 15 events. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

March 22-23.—Stanhope, Ia.—Central Iowa shooting tournament, for amateurs only. Gold medal representing Iowa championship. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for price of targets and birds.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 28-30.—Galena, Kans.—Interstate shoot. Two days targets; one day live birds; \$50 a day added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament. Added money later. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

Under date of Feb. 25 Mr. John L. Lequin, secretary of the Interstate Association, writes as follows: "We have received inquiries from most all directions recently, from a number of shooters who are desirous of entering the Grand American Handicap next month, concerning the weight of guns, and whether the fore and hold and recoil pad will be counted as a part of the gun when weighed. The subject has been placed before the tournament committee of this Association, which committee has decided that the guns will be weighed naked."

The chief feature of this day's events was the phenomenal

Of those who finished with 24 McMurchy came the nearest to killing out, as his lost bird, a hot left-quarterer, fell dead only a few feet out. Trimble's lost bird was one of that peculiar kind. It was knocked down and to all appearances it was dead, but when the boy went to retrieve it it got up and struggled out of bounds. Fanning's bird, not a very fast one, apparently was not hit with either barrel, yet it flew against the fence with an

4 2 3 3 3 3 4 5 2 5 3 3 2 2 4 3 5 1 5 4 4 3 5 4 1
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21
 mpter, 81.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

1870

Beck, 28.....	3 2 5 2 2 5 2 3 4 5 5 1 2 1 4 3 8 4 4 8 4 5	—19
Sergeant, 29.....	5 2 4 4 3 5 1 3 2 3 1 2 4 3 2 3 4 2 2 2 3 4	—18
Funk, 28.....	3 4 3 5 1 3 1 5 2 4 1 4 2 4 3 1	—18
Norman, 29.....	1 5 5 3 4 4 2 2 4 5 5 4 4 4 2	—12
Edeline, 27.....	3 4 4 3 4 1 2 1 2 4 5 5 4 2	—11
Apperson, 28.....	2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 0	—9
Hallowell, 28.....	2 4 3 4 1 4 3	—4
Conlisk, 28.....	2 1 1 4 2 4	—2

Hot Springs Vapors.

Mr. G. F. Simmons, of Peoria, Ill., secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, arrived in the Springs several days before the commencement of the tournament, but was unable to remain, being called home on account of the serious illness of his wife.

Funk and Garrett, the two Colorado shooters, created a most favorable impression. If they are a fair sample of the Western shooters, send along more of them next time.

Faurete perhaps felt as though his handicap was a trifle too severe. However, he never murmured or complained, but shot along the best he could. A yard nearer would most likely have landed him in the 21 hole, as two of his lost birds just managed to struggle out of bounds. That 99 out of 100 last October was responsible for placing him at 31yds. Frank expects to take in the Grand American. It is then that that supper Heikes and Budd and Gilbert and Bartlett won of him and Winston will be eaten.

Eaton is a quite unpretentious young fellow who will probably be heard from on the Western circuit this season.

That Marshalltown, Ia., trio made a host of friends by their quiet and gentlemanly demeanor. Such sportsmen contribute much toward the success of a shoot.

This was Tom Graham's first trip South, and for some reason or other he failed to shoot up to his usual high standard. Try it again, Tom, and perhaps next time you will demonstrate to the Southerner just how good a shot you are.

Charley Young was clearly out of form on targets. It was amusing to hear him explain how he lost his first pigeon in the handicap. He said: "I hit him right in the middle of the back, and though it brought a cloud of feathers he wouldn't have it, but kept right on."

Col. Martin, he of rotund appearance and genial good nature, shot way up to the top at times, but was hampered by having to shoot all kinds of shells. On the fourth day his was one of the high guns. He missed several occasions to land good money by losing his last target. One of these losses occurred by not having his safety up.

Mr. C. J. Schmelzer, of the Schmelzer Arms Co., of Kansas City, was present at the tournament, and while not participating took much interest in the shooting. Mr. Schmelzer is the donor of the Schmelzer cup, which represents the target championship at reversed angles. It will be remembered that Heikes, Van Dyke and Young tied for the cup at San Antonio in January, 1897, and that this tie was never decided. Mr. Schmelzer states that one of the conditions of the cup is that it must be put up in open competition once a year, and that now more than thirteen months have elapsed and no such contest had taken place. He holds that Messrs. Heikes, Van Dyke and Young had forfeited all rights to the trophy, and that there will be an open contest for it at Charlie Budd's shoot at Des Moines, Ia., the third week in April, 100 targets, reverse angles, entrance price of targets.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Arms Co., was present just long enough to shake hands all around and say good-by. Almost as soon as he arrived on the grounds he received a telegram calling him East at once. The war scare is probably responsible for this.

That \$4 tax on the paid shooter did not work much of a hardship on Heikes, as he got a piece of the high gun money each day, so he was not out anything by this tax.

All those who were fortunate enough to be one of that special-car party from Indianapolis were loud in their praise of Mr. John M. Lilly, as he made all the arrangements for the trip, and left nothing undone that would add to the comfort or pleasure of those who were of the party. To Mr. Lilly belongs all the credit for the success of the trip. Mrs. Lilly and daughter and Mrs. Beck also accompanied the party.

There was a childish display of temper on the part of a certain shooter for some fancied or imaginary defect in his gun, or more probably because he did not point it right; he became so enraged that he deliberately brought his fine ejector gun down on the ground with such force as to wreck it completely.

Pa Beck did not get a part of high gun money, but he managed to make a straight now and then. But above all he kept the shooters in high spirit by the number of good vars he is able to tell. It would be rather singular indeed if Pa did not have a new one to spring on the gang.

Mr. Macalister and wife are sojourning at the Springs. Mr. Macalister's reputation as a shooter is well established, but it is not generally known that Mrs. Macalister is one of the best lady shots in the country. On the Saturday prior to the commencement of the tournament she broke 45 targets out of 50. True, five of these breaks were made with the second barrel, but even at that it was a very creditable performance, and excelled the score made by her husband and Mr. Young on that particular occasion.

Col. Courtney sustained a very severe injury to his thumb, which pained him so that he was unable to shoot the programme out. Herbert Taylor, the only other trade representative who dropped out, was handicapped by a new gun.

Jack Fanning's work on targets was very indifferent, but it was in the live-bird handicap that he showed what a really good shot he is. To score 24 out of 25 of such birds as were trapped in the handicap from the 32yds. mark is truly a performance to be proud of. This was equalled by only one other scratch man, Frank Parmelee duplicating the feat under precisely the same conditions.

The guns and loads used at this tournament foot up as follows: Guns—Smith 18, Parker 12, Winchester 6, Greener 5, Wesley Richards 1, Purdy 1, Claybrough 1, and Daly 1. Powders—Du Pont 26, E. C. 9, Schultze 5, Hazard 4, Gold Dust 4, King 3, and W-A L. Shells—U. M. C. 24, Winchester 16, Peters 3, while five others shot U. M. C. and Winchester combined.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. The attendance was smaller than usual, due no doubt to the threatening weather, but the afternoon proved to be pleasant, and the members who ventured out to the grounds were well paid for their trouble, as the sport was fine. Everybody went away satisfied that they had gotten their money's worth of shooting for one day. The club's best previous average for a day's shooting was raised three points to 59 per cent., as the following scores will show:

Event No. 8 was at unknown traps, known angles:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Rail	9 8 4 8 6 10 7 7 7 9
Eschrich	4 5 4 3 2
Bryant	4
Knowlton	8 8 5 6 8 6 7
Bulley	5 6 5 5 0 3 6 4 5 4
Finn	6 3
Folts	5 5 5 5 7 7 4 6 5 1
McWhorter	8 9 8 8 6 7 8 7
C Eschrich	5 8 6 8 5 8 9 7
Wiley	4 1 6 6 5 8 5 7 6 4
Tompkins	7 8 6 8 6 6 7 6 9
Miller	6 6 4 5 6
Ta Boyteaux	3 2 1

WILLEY, Sec'y.

Holiday Shoot at Pawling, N. Y.

PAWLING, N. Y., Feb. 22.—To-day being Washington's Birthday, the Pawling Gun Club held an all-day shoot at targets. The weather of the past four days was such that it was sufficient to discourage any but the most enthusiastic trap-shooters from braving the elements in search of sport. To-day was not much better, only instead of rain it was a case of snow squalls all day. The attendance therefore was quite light. There was but little wind, but the light was very deceiving, and the background of wooded hills made it hard to see the targets. The club too has a set of bluerock expert traps that can and do throw the targets "out of sight" in more senses than one. When keyed up for business, as on this day, they threw the targets fully 60 to 65yds. The slope of the hill side, on which the grounds are located, made it extremely difficult to properly gauge the flight of the targets. Hence many lamentable "fall downs."

Among those present from a distance were: Edward Banks, secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Co., shooting Lafin & Rand's W-A powder; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Cincinnati, O., looking after the interests of King's Smokeless and Peters' cartridges; Jacob Pentz, of New York; H. Nelson and J. G. Dutcher, also of New York; H. Lefurgy, of Hastings, N. Y.; W. H. Hyland and Miss M. E. Hyland, his young daughter, from Tarrytown, N. Y.; I. Tallman and C. Foster, Millbrook, N. Y.; C. Schou, Jr., and H. Sisson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., etc.

The management of the shoot was in the hands of F. C. Taber, president of the home club; Mort Haynes, its secretary, and G. A. Daniels, the club's treasurer. Mr. Daniels, assisted by Mr. Lefurgy, took charge of the cashier's department in a most efficient manner; T. E. Roberts acted as referee, and did his work well, his eyesight being better than that of most of the shooters; Ferd Chapman, the puller, did his work capably, balks being very few and far between. Three traps were used, being set Sergeant system, the angles on quartering targets being specially acute. The club's small club house was well filled, many spectators being on hand to watch the shooting; yet there was room for the shooters as well, although the crowd was a little bit thick when the time came to attack the free lunch set before its guests by the Pawling Gun Club. All in all, it was a very pleasant shoot, notwithstanding the weather.

Below are the scores made in the programme events, Van Dyke carrying off first honors quite easily:

Programme Events.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	10 10 20 10 20 10 15 10 15 20 10 15
E Banks	5 6 16 9 12 9 12 5 13 15 10 12
H Nelson	9 6 13 5 13 6 9 7 7 7
F Van Dyke	7 10 14 8 19 9 13 8 11 13 8 9
C Schou, Jr.	6 5 10 5 12 6 7 4 4 6 5 6
J G Dutcher	6 7 16 6 12 8 11 5 12 10 8 6
G Holmes	8 6 2 2 1 4 8 8 4 5
F C Taber	4 6 2 2 5
I Tallman	8 5 17 7 13 8 13 8 12 17 6 11
C Foster	7 5 8 3
H Sisson	6 6 6 3 6 7 6 6
W H Hyland	10 7 9
H Lefurgy	9
H Holmes	1
Miss M Hyland	5 8

After the programme events had been shot out, twelve extras, all 10-target events, were decided. All these events, like those on the programme, were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 8, which was at 5 pairs. In this event Banks won first with 9, Van Dyke was second with 8, Dutcher and Tallman divided third on 7. Scores in the extras were as below:

Extras.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Banks	9 6 9 9 6 9 8 9 10 9 10 10
Nelson	4 6 5 8 7 5 7 6 6 5
Schou	4 6 5 3
Van Dyke	9 8 10 9 7 10 9 8 10 8 10 10
Dutcher	6 3 7 3 2 7 4 7 7 6 8 5
G Holmes	6 3 6 5 5 3 3 5 3
Taber	4 8 6 3 5 9 7 5
Tallman	4 9 6 7 7 6 10 7 6 9 9 8
Foster	8 6 8 5 8 6 8 2 6
Sisson	6 8 5 7
Hyland	2 8 5 10 9 8 9 10 8
Miss Hyland	6 5
Wanda	7 3 6 5

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 19.—Harry J. Coldren, wing shot, of this place, has challenged Epler, who I think shoots under the name of Wellington, the champion of Harrisburg, at 100 live birds, for \$100 a side. The event will take place at Lebanon, Pa., if Epler accepts.

Schuylkill Haven, Pa., Feb. 18.—The following is the result of a sweepstake live-bird shooting match held by J. A. Binkley, of this place. Lincoln Kline, of Pottsville, was referee; Walter Bast and Thomas Miller judge and scorer respectively. Money divided; first between Walker, Johnson, Kepner and Burns. First event, 7 birds, entrance \$5, birds extra: D. Walker, Pottsville, 6; D. Wise, Minersville, 5; I. H. Becker, Schuylkill Haven, 3; Achenebach, Schuylkill Haven, 3; Canfield, Cumbo, 4; James, Schuylkill Haven, 1; Zimmerman, Schuylkill Haven, 5; Roeder, Schuylkill Haven, 4; Schaffner, Schuylkill Haven, 5; Lawren, Mahanoy City, 4; Johnson, Pottsville, 6; Burns, Schuylkill Haven, 6; Kepner, Orwigsburg, 6; Albright, Orwigsburg, 1.

Over 100 birds were shot at in miss-and-out events, and after the live birds were all gone the blue rock traps were put in use. The principal event at blue rocks was 15 blue rocks, entrance \$1.50, which was won by Zimmerman, of Schuylkill Haven, break-13 out of 15. Another large shoot is being arranged for Feb. 26.

Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 16.—Sportsmen from Reading, Royersford, Pottstown, Spring City, Churchville, Fagleysville, Boyertown and a number of other places were present at a live-bird tournament at Swamp P. O., near here. Good shooting was interfered with by high wind. Summary:

First event, 5 birds: Trumbauer, Shaner, Evans, E. Nettles, 4 each; Sheeler, Nuss, Urner, Fink, Benner, Leavengood, 3 each; F. Nettles, Yergler, Beist, Major, Bauer, Wein, Croll, Rambo, Rodgers, 2 each; Stauffer, 1.

Second event, 7 birds: Trumbauer, 7; Hartman and Sheeler, 6 each; Croll, 5; Yergler, Nuss, Esterly, R. Smith, Hawkins, Roshon, Evans, Geist, Fink, Leavengood, 4 each; Benner, F. Nettles, F. Smith, Ziegler, Stauffer, E. Nettles, 3 each; Shaner and Bauer, 2 each; Wills and Wein, 1 each.

Norristown, Pa., Feb. 15.—There was a lively shooting match at live birds at Fairview Park. The first event was at 4 birds and the other four events miss-and-outs.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
W Weideman	4 1 0 3 3	Cope	3 2 7 1 5
E Weideman	4 5 7 1 5	Drill	2 5 2 3 5
Johnson	4 4 8 3 5	Clegg	1 3 3 4 0
Steiner	3 4 2 5	Umstead	2 2
Tyson	3 1 3 4		

Owing to the scarcity of birds in the last event E. Weideman, Johnson, Steiner, Cope, Drill killed 5 straight and divided the purse.

Chadd's Ford, Pa., Feb. 17.—One of the most interesting shoots of the season was held by the Chadd's Ford Gun Club at their new grounds this afternoon, which was attended by a large number of crack shots from Wilmington, Oxford, West Chester, Hockessin and other places. Blue rock targets were used. The results follow. Each event was miss-and-out:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Steele	2 3 0 0 6	Beebe	0 0 0 0 0
E Malin	4 3 1 2	Pierson	9 0 0 0
Roser	3 2 2 2 4 1	Ritter	2 0 0 0
Brooke	3 4 1 0	Jordan	2 0 0 0
F Malin	2 1 3 1	Hunt	5 1
Alexander	4 6 6 4 2 11	Johnson	0 11
Henry	3 2 3 4 1 7	Huber	0 11
Sellers	0 7 6 1 3		

ARTHUR A. FINKE.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

FEB. 16.—To-day the Hell Gate Gun Club held its weekly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park. Former medal winners being barred, Moersch won on the shoot-off. The scores: H. Meyer 7, H. Leopold 9, Dr. Hudson 6, F. Sauter 4, J. Bantén 0, F. Kromberg 0, J. Meisterhatter 6, J. Moersch 7, P. Garms, Jr. 6, H. Neusch 2, J. Schlier 9, A. Lucas 5, J. Dannefelder 7, J. Wellbrock 6, J. Radley 3, C. Jacob 7.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

E. C., New York.—Will you kindly inform me under E. C. in your "Answers to Correspondents" whether European birds sometimes, while migrating or otherwise, accidentally lose their way to the shores of this country? If this occurs could you name me any of such birds? Ans. Yes, it is true of some land and many water birds. Of the first class Stoni chet skylark and wagtails are examples. Of the last, European woodcock, widgeon and teal.

C. A. L., Jamaica, N. Y.—1. Where and when do English snipe breed? 2. When do they appear on Long Island and New Jersey coasts? 3. When is the open season on Long Island and New Jersey? Ans. 1. They breed from the middle districts north to the British possessions in late May and early June, according to latitude. 2. They reach Long Island and New Jersey coasts on the northward migration in late March and early April, and on their return appear in numbers in September and October. 3. Open season for New Jersey: the months of March, April and September; open season for Long Island: July 1 to Dec. 31.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Improved Service to Florida, East Coast, New York and Florida and Palm Beach Limited.

THE present season, now at its height, has been the most successful one the South has ever known.

The social summer life of Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Lenox and all the chief resort centers of the North, has been transferred to Florida, Aiken and Augusta.

The winter climatically is the most delightful one in many years at all of these places. Golf, shooting and fishing, bicycling and tennis rule the day, and concerts, entertainments and balls occupy the evenings.

On the East Coast of Florida surf bathing and bicycling upon the hard boulevard-like beaches are the popular diversions.

The New York and Florida Limited, "The Florida Short Line," the most magnificent train in the world, has been the greatest factor in making the Southern season successful, because it has made the journey itself a veritable delight. When the announcement of the New York and Florida Limited was first made public, it was heralded by the press through the length and breadth of the land as an illustration of the extreme limit which it was possible to reach, both as to speed and the refinements of travel. Many expressed the belief that the fast time advertised could not possibly be made. To cut down old established schedules from twelve to eighteen hours seemed impossible; to be able to lunch in New York one day and St. Augustine the next, preposterous.

And yet all of this has been done; not on a few special occasions, but regularly for several seasons by the New York and Florida Limited, and its remarkable time has been maintained with the regularity of clock work. Thousands of delighted passengers who have made the journey on this train de luxe between New York and Florida have realized that upon it traveling has been brought to a fine art.

Aiken, S. C., and Augusta, Ga., are most comfortably and quickly reached by the New York and Florida Limited, a through Pullman drawing-room car to and from these popular resorts being part of the equipment of this train.

Passengers leaving New York at 11:50 A. M. reach Aiken at 9:45 A. M., and Augusta at 10 A. M. the next day.

Jekyll Island and Brunswick, Ga. (the gem resorts of the Georgia coast), are reached by the New York and Florida Limited through its punctual service via Everett, Ga.

The New York and Florida Limited is operated jointly by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Southern Railway, the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad, and the Florida East Coast Railway. It leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 11:50 A. M., and reaches St. Augustine at 2:20 the next day.

Palm Beach Limited leaves St. Augustine upon the arrival of the New York and Florida Limited, daily, except Sunday, reaching Palm Beach 10 P. M., composed exclusively of parlor cars. For further information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, East. Pass. Agt., 271 Broadway, New York.

Two other fast trains, the Washington and Southwestern Vestibule Limited, leaving New York at 4:20 P. M., and the United States Fast Mail at 12:05 A. M., are also operated by the same system. Each carries through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars between New York, Jacksonville and Tampa. Also affording perfect sleeping car service between New York, Augusta, Aiken and Brunswick.—Adv.

Florida.

THE fastest service ever operated between New York and Florida is by the Atlantic Coast Line, working in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad and Plant System. This is the eleventh season of the "New York and Florida Special" running via Richmond and Charleston. This vestibuled train, composed exclusively of Pullman vestibuled sleeping, dining, library and observation cars, steam heated and electric lighted throughout, will run daily, except Sunday, from New York and St. Augustine, taking also through Pullman cars between New York and Tampa Bay, making close connection to Brunswick and Thomsonville, Ga., and Palm Beach, Fla. The equipment embraces all the up-to-date improvements, and the trains are not only of the highest class, but run over perfect roadways, thus affording the patrons of the line faster time than ever before attained, and the most complete service that could possibly be had. The trains of the Atlantic Coast Line this season will leave New York morning, noon and night. To be exact, the hours are 9:20 A. M., 12:20 and 8:50 P. M. The "Florida Special" leaves at 12:20 noon, and will arrive at Jacksonville, Central time, 1:10 next afternoon, and St. Augustine 2:20 P. M. Passengers for Tampa Bay go through without change, leaving Jacksonville at 1:20 P. M., arriving at Tampa at 3 the same evening, making the run from New York to the Gulf in 32 hours. Passengers are due at Palm Beach at 10 P. M. This is the fastest time ever offered to the Florida East Coast and West Coast. The General Eastern office of the Atlantic Coast Line is at No. 229 Broadway, where all information can be had, and arrangements made for trips to Florida and Georgia, as well as to Aiken and other South Carolina resorts. This line offers the quickest service also to Havana, Nassau and Jamaica.—Adv.

Florida.

LAST TOUR OF THE SEASON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE last of the Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train of Pullman palace cars on Tuesday, March 8.

Round-trip tickets, valid to return on regular trains until May 31, 1898, and including railway transportation in each direction, and Pullman accommodations (one berth) and meals on special train going, will be sold at the following rates: New York \$50, Philadelphia \$48, Canandaigua \$52.85, Erie \$54.85, Wilkesbarre \$50.35, Pittsburg \$53, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; Thomas Purdy, Passenger Agent Long Branch District, 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District; Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

A Handsome Medal Paper Cutter and Book Mark

Combined

SENT free of postage under sealed cover on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. The latest, best and most serviceable adjunct of every library and office. Address Geo. H. Heafford, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

Brook Trout Stocking.

DURING the New England Sportsmen's Exposition Mr. C. C. Wood, superintendent of the Plymouth Rock Trout Co., will be at the Fishery Exhibit booth of the Association, where he will be glad to meet friends and give information about stocking waters with trout.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 11.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

I will lay aside my discourse of rivers and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called balaena, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubics long; and that, in the River Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in the sea only when tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. The Complete Angler.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. McLAUGHLIN'S measure relative to the wearing of birds' plumes as articles of dress has been introduced in the New York Legislature again this winter. It is in line with the Massachusetts law enacted last year, but which proved inoperative because declared by the courts to be unconstitutional. The McLaughlin bill amends the section of the statute applying to wild birds other than game by adding this clause: "No person shall expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, or wear upon his or her person for the purpose of dress or ornament, the wings, feathers or plumage of any bird whose taking or killing is prohibited by this section." The excepted species are the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow blackbird, common blackbird and kingfisher. The prescribed penalty is a fine of twenty-five dollars.

We print elsewhere a summary of the recommendations made by the New York State League for amendments of the game law. The League has profited by the experience of last year when its omnibus measure failed because of an unimportant provision respecting salt-water fishing, and has this year embodied its recommendations in separate bills, so that all may not be sacrificed to some one. As is rightly said by the committee, the most important amendment urged by the League is that providing for the repeal of Section 249, the iniquitous all-the-year game sale clause, which vitiates the force of the statute by keeping the great New York market open for the reception of game at all times. It is the duty of every good citizen of New York, who appreciates the importance of adequate game protection, to urge personally upon his Assemblyman and Senator at Albany the repeal of this section. The reason it remains in the law is found in the inactivity of sportsmen. How many gun clubs of the State have actually taken any steps to influence legislation at Albany on this question? Is it not a fact that if the larger part of our gun clubs and associations had taken up the campaign in earnest they would have secured their object?

We give in our shooting columns to-day an interesting and instructive examination of the constitutionality of non-resident shooting license laws. The paper is from the pen of a member of the New York bar who entered upon an examination of the North Dakota statute with the object of satisfying himself as to this phase of it. His conclusion is that the law would stand the test.

The non-resident license may now be considered as a permanently engraved feature of our game protective system; and it will in all probability come in time to be adopted by other States which because of their game supply attract visitors from outside. That the discrimination policy is a wise one has yet to be demonstrated. If the purpose of such legislation be to reduce the number of visiting sportsmen, that end is certainly gained; if it be to secure additional revenue, the attainment of

the purpose is at least questionable. More money may be carried into a State and left behind by visiting sportsmen where shooting is free than where a license fee is exacted. This is of course purely a subject of speculation; but the revenues derived from non-resident hunting licenses in States where the system is already in force make a paltry showing in comparison with the sums spent by visiting sportsmen for transportation, board, boats and guides; and it is human nature to spend more freely where there is not that sense of imposition which so many feel when they are called upon to lay down their money for shooting permits.

Maine is perhaps unique among the States in having laws coming down from early colonial days, and still in force, which operate to forbid the establishment of game preserves within her borders. The Massachusetts Bay Colonial Ordinance of 1641, as amended in 1647, declared that the right of free fishing and fowling for all in and upon any great pond lying in common and containing more than ten acres in extent, with the incidental right to "pass and repass on foot through any man's property for that end, so they trespass not upon any man's corn or meadow," that is, his improved land, "shall never be abridged." The court of last resort has held that this right thus secured has never been abridged, but is the law of Maine to-day; and further, that this law gives the right of free hunting for wild game on all unimproved lands, as well as free fishing and fowling in all great ponds, or ponds of more than ten acres in extent. While the game preserve might be independent of any great pond or right of access thereto, it must consist of "unimproved land," and so comes within the definition of territory declared open to the public for free hunting. Some years ago the matter was passed upon by the courts. A corporation owning a large neck of land containing thousands of acres, and surrounded on three sides by the ocean, fenced the third side, thus inclosing many deer, over which the members claimed to exercise exclusive dominion; but the courts held that this could not be done. In spite of the old law to the contrary, there are game preserves in Maine—the Megantic, for example. Here, however, control is secured not by inclosing the territory, but by the agency of the fire laws, which forbid the building of a camp-fire on a territory without the permission of the owner. To secure exclusive fire privileges—that is, exclusive camping privileges—on a tract of wild land is equivalent to holding it exclusively for whatever purpose may be desired.

At the recent convention of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association, a proposition was broached to prohibit by law absolutely cold storage of game; but when some one pointed out that such a prohibition would affect the sportsman as well as the game dealer, human nature asserted itself and the proposition was not urged. As one of our German contemporaries said the other day, if we had in this country the universal military service system, so that the war shouters would need take their own skins to market, there would be less shouting for a war with Spain. If cold storage could be forbidden the goose but permitted the gander, it would be in high favor.

While every effort should be made to discourage and prevent the cold storage of game for commercial purposes, work in this direction will have a substantial basis of reason and common sense if it be founded upon a determination to restrict a traffic in game which is unduly destructive of the stock. That is, in fact, the only reasonable contention upon which limitation may be put upon the sale of game. If the supply were so abundant that the market could be stocked the year around, a wise economy would encourage the killing of game for market and the perfection of refrigerating and cold storage methods. Since the supply falls short and cannot stand the drain upon it, cold storage is to be discouraged simply for checking destruction. To make a crusade against the practice of keeping game in ice chests, on the ground that refrigerated game is not good to eat, is as fantastic as the attempt made some years since to stop spring duck shooting by an alarm cry that ducks in the spring were infected with parasites which made their consumption as food a menace to health. Mankind had been eating spring ducks for thousands of years, and refused to be scared by the spring duck worm discovery. The world has been eating game birds, and domestic poultry and other meats kept in cold storage by the hundred thousand tons, and it is not now to be deprived

of its refrigerated market supplies by resolutions that such meats are not fit for human food.

We have said that the only sensible reason for limiting the traffic in refrigerated game is that same law of supply and demand which should forbid the sale of game at all seasons. It is a principle which applies to our present game conditions in America. In Great Britain the case is different. There game is provided by artificial breeding in such over-supply that dealing in refrigerated game birds is in many respects on a par with dealing in domestic poultry; and so refrigerating plants for the storage of surplus game are recognized as legitimate institutions. Here, for illustration, is an advertisement from a London shooting journal:

Game preserved by freezing for 12 months without suffering any depreciation.

The Leadenhall Market Cold Storage Company, Limited, freeze and store large or small quantities of game in their cold chambers for later sale, or consumption during the close season, at an inclusive charge of 3d. per head per calendar month.

Parcels of stored game sent to customers' or any other addresses on receipt of post card.

Example.—Say a sportsman stores 50 head of pheasants, and requires one or two brace for consumption or presentation. He forwards a post card or letter, giving the address to which he requires same to be sent, and they are despatched forthwith.

"J. S. Jones, U. S. A., Retired," writes from Bath, Me., to the Army and Navy Journal to relate a recent hunting exploit of Orderly Sergeant Richardson, U. S. A., of Fort Popham. The party of four hunters left Bath on Feb. 12 to go into camp in the upper part of the State. On the 15th Sergeant Richardson scouted to within long range of a band of five caribou, and in the presence of two companions as eye-witnesses distinguished himself by killing one of the caribou at 500yds., a second at 450yds., a third at 600yds., and a fourth at a distance unspecified, whereupon the fifth took to its heels and disappeared in the direction of Canada. This, relates the veracious Jones, U. S. A., Retired, "gave us four caribou out of five shots fired, and by only one man at that. We went into camp with flying colors, and were the center of attraction that evening." The summary of the hunt is tersely given, with due credit to the marksmanship of Richardson: "Our party were on this hunt for several days and killed six deer, two elk and four caribou, of which Sergeant Richardson killed four caribou, three deer and one elk, and he killed them all over 300yds., except one deer, which he shot on the run, and about 150yds. distance, breaking his neck." The Sergeant's rifle fire is so deadly to the game of Maine, we may well feel thankful that it operates only in a vivid imagination which stocks New England woods with elk and is unhampered by any knowledge of game close seasons.

The Sportsmen's Show given by the New England Sportsmen's Association will open in Mechanics Hall, Boston, next Monday, March 14. The projectors and managers have gone about their enterprise in the right way, and the affair promises to be notable for the wealth and variety of its attractions. It will be not merely a trade display of the equipments and appurtenances of the varied fields of sport of to-day, but a most effective exhibit of natural objects and woods life. Many thousands of dollars and weeks of planning and working have been devoted to providing special features which will gratify the sportsman's tastes. There will be on exhibition numerous specimens of game, large and small, drawn from the Corbin preserve and elsewhere; fishes from the United States Commission at Washington; Indian camps; a miniature lake, with boats and canoes; and in short, a realistic bit of the wilderness transported as by magic and set down in the midst of Boston. The Exposition will extend through two weeks, March 14 to 26.

A game case which found its way into a justice's court in Orleans county, N. Y., last week, had to do with the ownership of game when killed. A fox-hunting party had pursued a fox several miles, when finally it was killed by their hounds on a farm; and when the hunters came up they found that the game had been seized by the farmer owning the land. They laid claim to it, on the ground that it had been pursued by them and killed by their dogs. The farmer resisted on the score that it had been killed on his land. The hunters brought suit to recover the value of the fox, and the jury found for the plaintiffs, declaring that to the hunter belongs the game which he or his dogs killed or disabled.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—VII.

WHEN the snow banks had disappeared and the pussy willows were covered with little balls of bloom that looked strangely like white caterpillars, I met the boy on the way down town one morning.

"Hello! Say, gee! the spickerls (wall-eyed pike) 'r' runnin', 'n' we c'n have a picnic. Less go 'n' git the fishin' tackle 'n' have some fun, will yeh?"

He was all excitement, and eager to wet a line, after being kept away from fish by the ice of the winter.

"Are you sure they will bite this early?" I asked.

"Sure! I was juss down by the dam, 'n' the water is all cleared up again, 'n' I saw a whole lot of 'em right at the east end. They wasn't suckers er redhorse er buffalo, neither; they was juss spickerls, 'n' lots of 'em. Say, we c'n have more fun 'n a box o' monkeys—some ole Balaams 'mongst 'em, too. C'm on 'n' git yer line, 'n' I'll hustle the minnies, 'n' we'll sure git 'em!"

"All right, we'll go," I answered, for I was just as ready for a go at the pike-perch as he was, and if they bit at all I knew we would have good sport and get a mess of fine fresh fish—a welcome addition to the larder when you catch and dress them yourself, too.

"I'll meet yeh at the dam," said the boy as he started for his outfit in a regular boy hurry; and you know the busy man can never "get such a hustle" into his gait as an enthusiastic youth can communicate to his.

Shortly afterward I found him wading in the swirls that threatened to engulf his long rubber boots, working like a beaver to seine the needed bait. Minnows were scarce, but he soon had a couple of dozen in the bucket, and we clambered over the flume, white with the flour dust that sifted down from the rumbling mill on the bank.

"Now take yer line 'n' put juss a little bit o' sinker on 'bout 3ft. from the hook; nen hook yer minnie soss he hangs straight 'n' nice, like he was alive," said the boy.

"Yeh see," he continued, "the swirls 'n' eddies down there 'll keep him a-wigglin' 'round like he was swimmin', 'n' when ol' Mr. Spickerl sees him he juss opens that mouth o' his, 'n' down goes yer bait, hook 'n' all. This time o' year they ain't quite so lively as they are 'long about June, 'n' they kind o' swim away slow 'n' don't get hooked right at first, so yeh don't want to be too quick 'n' pull it away from 'em. When yeh see yer line begin to move crost the current kind o' stiddy, juss let him go 'n' give him plenty o' time, nen jerk kind o'—er don't jerk at all; juss give him kind o' a pull, soss to sock the hook into his mouth solid. If yeh jerk quick yer liable to jerk it away 'n' not git him, see?"

We had baited and cast into the boiling eddies under the fall of the dam, and sat down on the stone pier waiting. A strong, fresh wind came up out of the south, bringing the perfume of the willow catkins, the bursting cottonwood buds, and that earthy smell of spring when the old world wakes up again.

The day was bright and warm; robins and bluebirds crossed the sky at intervals, bound north, or just house hunting there by the peaceful stream. The dull roar of the falling flood filled the air and sung a monotonous chant that somehow goes well with fishing.

"You got one!" said the boy.

My line was moving out steadily across the foam-flecked current, and I let it go 40 or 50ft., then struck as I would for bass. Instantly the line tightened and began to sing through the swift water as the reel screamed and the rod bowed to the strain.

"I got one too!" was the boy's next remark, as he scrambled down on the top of the dam, so we would not foul each other. I was too busy to watch the boy, and he had landed his with a long-handled net before I got mine where he couldn't fight. When I brought him to the top the boy landed him for me, and we had a pair each of about 4½lbs.

"Gee! this is the right kind," said the boy as he baited again and cast for another chance in the river lottery. One by one they struck and fought a vain fight until our string grew long and heavy, while the boy's eyes shone and a healthy outdoor flush tinted his beardless face—enjoyment personified, if I ever saw it.

Several 5 and 6-pounders had been vanquished, and we were thinking of going home, when the boy struck again and then yelled: "Gee! I've got a whale!"

Sure enough, his rod was see-sawing furiously, and the reel screamed above the roar of the flood as his fish rushed into the current and far out into the river, in spite of the drag.

The boy fought him coolly enough until the great fish leaped out of the water a hundred feet away, giving us a momentary glimpse of what the boy called the "daddy of all the spickerls," and then became so excited that he stepped too near the edge of the dam and went over the plank "apron" that pitched, moss covered and slimy, to the river below.

Luckily the water only trickled over the top just here, and was only about waist deep below. Almost before the water that flew up as he dropped in had reached its level the boy bobbed up, scrambled to his feet and began reeling in his line as he stood there, waist deep in the cold water, dripping, shivering, but full of fight and anxious to get his fish.

When he found he still had his fish hooked he let out a yell and scrambled up on a little rocky shelf that jutted out from the pier foundation, and then got down to the business of fighting that big pike.

Time and again he got him up only to have him rush away at a speed that threatened wreck for the rod, reel and line. The boy said nothing, but fought like a general, eyes and hands working together in cool precision that was a joy to the onlooker.

I had climbed down the niches in the stone pier, and stood ready with the net as soon as the fish should come within reach. Several times I saw him rush through the water under me, and each time his dark length seemed longer, and I began to think he would surely get away, just because he was the "big one."

At last he came within reach, broke water and lashed

out with his broad tail in two or three exhausted, weak splashes; the net shot under and raised him, a gasping captive, still snapping his fanged jaws and flashing fight from his big eyes.

Then the boy went wild. "Yip, yip, hooray! Gee! yip! yip!" he said, dancing around in the deeper water, where he had slipped in his excitement, and gone under again with a gurgle as he disappeared.

He forgot about the cold, about being soaked, about everything except his fish, and I had to talk to him five minutes before he understood that he would have to wade around the flume and carry the fish that way while I brought the rest over the flume.

When we got together on the bank we voted unanimously that this fish was a sure whale, and that we had enough. Rods were quickly unjointed and packed, and then we went up town to hunt a pair of scales.

Sixteen pounds strong was the verdict, and the fish looked half as much more. No one in town had ever heard of one as large being caught in the stream, and I believe it is the record fish yet in this Western river, for times are changing, and fish growing smaller there each year.

This stream waters one continuous farm now from source to mouth, and the black soil has made a slimy, muddy bottom and a murky flood where only suckers and bullheads dwell, instead of the clear, swift-flowing river that was there babbling along over its rocky bed when the boy caught the "daddy of all the spickerls."

EL COMANCHO.

Camp of Two Cranks.

White Water River, Indiana.

My friend Tom Smarr is a 33d degree fish crank. I am in the same category. Tom would rather fish than eat. I am afflicted much in the same way. Tom is never happier than when poking along a stream hunting for a deep hole or an enticing sheet of water below a riffle that looks "bassy." "Me too."

The similarity might end there except for some trifling details, for Tom is a youngish sort of fellow, struggling with a widely scattered, pin-feather moustache that keeps him in a perennial state of great expectations. But Tom is a most excellent companion to be out with; as good as ever flipped a flapjack in a fryin' pan, waded a stream for minnows where the ice had to be broken to use the seine; or sat on a soft rock for three hours without getting a nibble. Tom has done all this, and would do it over again if the occasion warranted. Tom has been my Sunday partner in a good many one-day trips for bass in the fall during the past four or five years, after my annual to the North Woods of Michigan or Wisconsin was over, and we have usually kept it up till the lines would freeze to our rods, and then reluctantly put them away till the dogwoods bloomed in the spring.

The streams usually fished have been the big and little Miamis, the East Fork, Stone Lick, Seven-Mile Creek and the White Water, none of the trips taking us more than an hour's ride by rail from the city, except Seven-Mile, and we have spent many a pleasant day together and caught "quite a few" bass, as they say in Michigan; however, on some days one would get nothing on account of the waters being too high or muddy and, on other some days, with the water and other conditions perfect from an angler's point of view, the bass wouldn't respond to the most persistent coaxing and enticing baits and lures at our command; the reason for which no man has ever found out, and "I don't believe no man never will find out"—a chunk o' grammar borrowed from my friend Jim M., who "don't believe in hifalutin' airs when yer speakin' plain English."

But it made no difference whether the fish bit or not; it was good to be along the stream and in the woods anyhow. If we got caught in a rainstorm and caught a soaking we made the best of it, and on all occasions and in all weathers Tom has been cheerful and light of heart; ready to wade to his neck if necessary for minnows, and has always done his level best to make things pleasant on our various trips.

All this is why I like Tom, and is a sort of preliminary to a "really camp" we had together last October, "jest Tom an' me."

After returning from the "annual" last August I was given a hint by an old angling friend about some very good bass fishing to be had in the East Branch of the White Water River, near Brownsville, Union county, Indiana, fifty-nine miles from Cincinnati, and he advised me to take a day or two off and go up and try it. I told Tom about it, and he said, with a solemn and serious expression, "Hickory, let's take it in." I was willin' as usual, but as we thought it a little early for good fall fishing we concluded to wait three or four weeks and go up for a few days about the first or second week in October. Meantime we planned for the trip and indulged in much fish talk and expectations.

I made a new mess box in which to pack a couple of fryin' pans, a camp kettle, coffee pot, tin plates, pans, cups, knives and forks, spoons, etc.—these from my old North Woods outfit—with room for provisions enough to last us four or five days, the time agreed on for our stay on the stream.

Then when the time drew near I packed one of the big canvas bags with bedding, the old slicker suit, a pair of rubber boots and one of the tents, tied an axe on the tent poles and waited for the day to start. Meantime Tom and I talked some more about fish. I had written to the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel at Brownsville about a conveyance to take us up the river a couple of miles to where we wanted to make our camp, and everything was arranged to our pleasement, even to a bucket of good minnows that he would have caught for us for a starter.

Oct. 5 we took the 9 P. M. train on the C., H. & D. railway and were at Hamilton, twenty-five miles out, before we were fairly settled down for a smoke and a trifle of fish talk to keep us from getting drowsy.

From Hamilton to Indianapolis the C., H. & D. boasts the best piece of railway track in the country—so conceded by railroad men—and we slipped along so "slick an' easy" that the brakeman called "Brownsville!" before we knew where we were at.

On the platform we ran against a man who was waiting to pilot us to the hotel, where we were to stop for the rest of the night, and drive up the river early in the morning.

We stored the "calamities" in the station baggage room and followed our guide Bill M.—man of all work about the hotel—across the track and down the street a few rods, and were ushered in and upstairs into a room 8x12 for the rest of the night, albeit we didn't get any rest to speak of. The room was furnished sparingly, only a bed, a wash-stand, a couple of chairs and a strip of carpet in front of the bed; but everything was clean and neat-looking, and we undressed and turned in for a good sleep and rest, but somehow we missed the combination.

The "ingredients" of that bed were past finding out, but Tom and I made a guess that the foundation of it was a cast-iron slab, then a half-inch shuck mattress, a feather tick with about as many feathers in it as there were hairs in Tom's moustache, and last topped off with a quilt and a clean white counterpane.

We may have been wrong in our "diagnosis," but it was as near as we could figure it out without ripping it all up for a more critical examination. And if we were in error about the aforesaid bed we stand ready to apologize and take it all back. Anyhow, we didn't sleep an hour for turning over, first on one side and then on t'other, trying to find a soft place in that tick or mattress or slab, as the case might be—and cussin', for it was a case that called for some of the most scientific profanity. But all things come to him who waits, and Tom and I were waiting for daylight. It came at last, and we dressed and went down stairs and out to get our bearings and limber our j'int's a little before breakfast. This came also at last, and was so much better than we expected that we set it down as a sort of balance to offset the bed, and called it square.

The landlord, Mr. Harvey, and his estimable wife treated us with regular old-fashioned hospitality, and if they will only add a few more feathers to that bed—if we go up again next fall—we'll "hooray" for the Commercial till we're hoarse.

Every village near a stream or lake has its oracle—its Izaak Walton, so to speak—and the Brownsville oracle showed up while we were waiting on the corner for Bill to come around with the conveyance, and the yarns he told us about the big bass that he had taken out of that stream nearly caused Tom to do a turn at standing on his head. He had evidently known of our coming, and was "loaded an' a-layin' for us." He seemed to be a well-informed, intelligent talker on fishing, and doubtless knew every foot of water for miles up and down the stream, and as Bill told us afterward was the best fisherman in town.

We are more or less susceptible to the blandishments of the average oracle, mayhap, and I always make it a point to listen to and believe all they say if I can; but Tom seemed at last to have some doubts about the exact dovetailing of some of his yarns, and made a sign to me "onbeknownst" to the oracle, which read plainly, "He's talkin' for a drink."

"Now," continued Izaak, "the fishin' is better down stream to'ards Quakertown than it is up to'ards Yankeetown, but as your idee is to camp up above to'ards Yankeetown, I'll tell ye where there's a good place, an' maybe I'll come up to-morrer an' see how yer gettin' along."

We invited him to drop in on us at any time that suited his convenience, and this gave him a fresh start, but just as he got the place mapped out the appearance of Bill cut us off from a whole lot more valuable information, and we left him standing on the pavement looking "drier'n a fish," Tom saying as we got out of earshot, "What a pity we haven't a bottle; that old fellow's so dry he can't tell the truth."

Bill had a light little spring wagon, to which was hitched a finely built bay mare, "a thoroughbred and a goer," as Tom declared, "and just sweet enough to hug." (Tom's a Kentuckian, and of course has an eye on good horses.)

We waited a few minutes while Bill went down to the river a few rods away and brought up a big bucketful of minnows that he had seined with a piece of mosquito bar out of a small stream near town the day before, and driving over to the station and loading the outfit we were off up to'ards Yankeetown at a clip that proved the correctness of Tom's estimate of the little mare—Daisy, Bill called her.

After getting clear of the village, Bill let her out to show us her pace, and the way we "swapped saplin's" along the base of the hill for the next mile was a caution to the "Mackinaw flyer" on the C., H. & D. to look for a new record. The pike was hard and dusty, and as the little mare warmed to her work we left a streak of stirred-up dust that could be traced as far back as we could see the road. Once Daisy shied a little at something at the side of the road and broke the steady swing of her trot, and Bill had quite an argument to get her down to work again. "Hi, there, Dais'," he said in a quiet tone; "what's the matter of ye? Want to run off ag'in, do ye? Whoa, thar, come down out o' that foolishness an' git into yer gait. Stiddy, gal, Bill's at the lines, an' ye know Bill." And as Dais' settled to her work again under Bill's skillful handling and quiet talk he said, "My! but ain't she a clipper? But the little heifer 'll run off at the drop of a hat 'less'n she knows who 's got a holt o' the lines."

"Run off with a dude sort of a chap a week er so ago—that feller didn't have sense enough to drive cows—an' like to 'a' broke his neck, an' pity she didn't—stiddy, Dais, gal; don't git too gay so airy in the mornin'!"—as the mare showed a disposition to break again.

"Ye see," turning slightly to me, but keeping an eye on Daisy, "I take care o' Dais' an' feed 'er all the hoss nicknacks I kin git holt of, an' pet 'er an' talk to 'er an' we understand each other, an' she never wants to run off with Bill. Nothin' like knowin' yer hoss, an' nothin' like yer hoss knowin' you; come, Dais', don't let the grass git to sproutin' under yer feet," and with such quaint and kindly talk Bill beguiled the way, and it was a pleasure to listen to him, for his heart was in it, and the little mare seemed to understand it all.

We stopped about a mile and a half above town, at the Riggles (I am not sure of the spelling of the name) farm, and tying Daisy to the fence took our way through



PRONGHORN ANTELOPE.

From a Drawing for the FOREST AND STREAM by Carl Rungius.

a field of tall corn in the river bottom for a hundred yards to the stream to look at a place the oracle had spoken of, and which Bill also said was a good place to camp, and "right by a mighty good fishin' hole."

Tom and I looked it all over, and were well pleased with the place, albeit the water was low on the riffles and too roily and milky to promise good bass fishing. There had been no rain around there for weeks, Bill said, and the water seemed to have become thick and muddy looking, and needed a good rain to clean out the stream.

Thinking that we might find a place further up that would suit us better, we got back in the wagon and drove on nearly a mile further and then forded the stream at a riffle to look at another spot Bill recommended.

It didn't remind us of anything, however, and we drove another half mile, crossed back and came through Yankeetown—three or four houses and a big flouring mill—without seeing any holes that suited us as well as the one first looked at.

We went back and carried the outfit through the cornfield to the spot we had first taken a notion to just beyond the corn rows near the edge of a bank 8 or 10 ft. high, overlooking the water, where there were trees and bushes enough to afford a good shade. While Tom and I put up the tent, Bill took a stout cord that I had brought along for just such a "want" and went up to the farmhouse on top of the hill thirty rods or so from the stream and 100 ft. or more higher than the camp, and brought down a great back load of clean straw, with which we made a bed that would knock the spots off the one we had tried to sleep on the night before. First a layer of straw 2 or 3 in. deep; spread over this the big rubber piano cover; then straw a foot deep on top of it; then a light cotton mattress, blankets and a

big comfort, and we had a bed that, as Tom said, "was good enough for a dog."

We made a table under two trees near the bank by matching together a tongued and grooved box lid 4 ft. square that I had brought along for another "want," driving four posts in the ground for legs, and while I put the finishing touches on it, Tom got together a lot of flat stones, with which the bank was lined, and made a fireplace 3 or 4 ft. from the edge of the bank, on which were placed the two $\frac{5}{8}$ in. square iron bars, 4 ft. long, that had done service in many a camp in the North Woods of Michigan in days gone by.

Our camp was made and we felt as proud of it as two schoolboys with a new sled.

Bill had left for town before we were done camp making, borrowing my little minnow seine with a promise that he would go up the creek about three miles that afternoon and "ketch a bucketful o' bully chubs," and bring them up next morning. By the time the camp was finished it was past noon and we were as hungry as a yaller stray dog.

Tom made a fire in the new fireplace and put the kettle on, while I took a tin bucket and went up to the farmhouse after milk for our coffee and some eggs to put an edge on the bacon. While Mrs. Riggles was getting the milk I struck up an acquaintance with her baby, a chubby nine months old, good-natured youngster, and we had a great romp together, and I got my hair and ears well pulled during the festivities. The friendship ripened rapidly, and we had a heap o' fun together every time I went up to the house for milk, eggs and other produce that we needed at the camp.

I took a great notion to the "boss o' the ranch"—he was their only child—and I trust that as he grows up he will develop a hankerin' after "goin' a-fishin'," for

it has always seemed to me that a boy who takes a notion to a fishing rod and a gun is somehow a better sort of a boy than the one who don't.

Back at the camp I found Tom with the dinner well along (among Tom's other good points he's a first-rate camp cook), and soon after we sat down to our new table on a couple of camp stools—brought along because the evening camp-fire never seems to burn just right without a camp stool to sit on—and figuratively cleaned the platter, and Tom had to fry another course of eggs and bacon, which we "let on" was the dessert—cake, pie, puddin', ice cream, an' sich.

We were too eager to get to fishing to waste time washing the dishes, but we promised them a good cleaning up before they would be wanted for supper.

I don't hold this up as a good example to pattern after in a camp, but sometimes the exigencies of a case warrant a "suspension of the rules," and this appeared to us to be a case with a whole lot of exigencies in it.

The rods were taken out of the case and put together carefully, and with a deliberation taught by years of practice and experience. It is a good rule, and time well spent, to put your rod together carefully and accurately; joints snugly fitted, and guides in line. This may apply to the veterans as well as to the youngsters of the gentle art.

Ten yards or so above the table the stream made almost a square elbow, and 100 yds. above the elbow was the tail end of a long riffle. Forty or fifty yards below the camp the stream was split by a very small grassy island, on each side of which was a few yards of quick water, and below that a strip of quiet, deep water for 200 yds. or more to another square elbow in the stream that led to the left and on down past the town.

At this elbow the stream was 25 to 30 yds. wide, and

from 5 to 15 ft. deep—a mighty promising looking place for fall bass fishing. Just above the camp was a long crib of heavy timbers filled in with rock—"ripraps," Bill called it—to keep the water from eating away the bank when there was a flood in the river.

From the tail of the riffle above, along past the rip-raps and the camp, down to the little island, the water was from 2 to 10 ft. deep, and was a very "bassy" looking piece of water had it been clearer.

Tom chose the rip-raps from which to make his first cast, and I went down along a path through the bushes to another crib of stone at a slight kink in the stream, a matter of 100 yds. below the camp.

The river bottom in this bend was as nature made it, except for the long field of corn between the camp and the road along the base of the hill. The bank of the stream from the camp down around and below the elbow was lined with willows, bushes and trees, some of them gigantic sycamores, with the natural woods reaching back to the cornfield. On the west side, where the stream made the turn, were well wooded hills, along which we frequently heard the barking of squirrels, which stirred up memories of boyhood days, and made us sorter wish for a gun. Altogether it was a very satisfyin' place for a camp, lacking only a good spring to make our cup of happiness run over, albeit we got periodical whiffs of a pestiferous skunk, whose whereabouts we couldn't locate, but which seemed to be within "smell" most of the time. Barring these two drawbacks and the muddy condition of the water, we had nothing to wish for to make our little camp more perfectly enjoyable.

But then we can't always have just what we want; if we could there would be nothing to growl at.

I fished the lower rip-raps for an hour and got nothing, and went on down fishing, when I could get to the stream for the bushes, to the bend below, but still got no sign of a bite.

This was a trifle discouraging, and I went back to the crib and sat down on the soft side of a flat, ragged stone near the water and fished patiently till the sun dropped below the top of the hill across the stream below, and then made my way back to camp with one bass that would weigh probably a pound and a half—poor satisfaction for the afternoon's fishing, if satisfaction were measured by the number of fish taken—but that one looked like a good many to me, considering the condition of the water.

Tom was still fishing along the rip-raps above the camp, and when I told him of my catch I could see him "hump himself" with a suppressed chuckle, and I knew he was quietly laughing way down in his socks at the idea of "layin' old Hickory out," for he triumphantly held up his stringer, on which were four bass and a channel cat that would run from 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. in weight.

Five bass and a cat made rather a poor showing for an afternoon's work of two old bass fishers, notably my part of the showing, but—"it is not all of fishing to fish," blessed be the memory of brother Dawson for the utterance of that truth.

Tom quit fishing and started a fire for supper preparations, and I made another trip up the hill road to the farmhouse for some fresh milk and another "rastle" with the "boss o' the ranch."

We kept our promise and washed the dishes before supper and after, and then built a camp-fire and sat in front of it and smoked and planned for the morrow till it was time to try our new bed, and, oh, my! that bed! it was so restful and full o' solid comfort that I don't think either of us turned over once till daylight was abroad.

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

An Animal Portrait Painter.

The spirited antelope head which looks out from the page is the work of Mr. Carl Rungius, a young German artist, whose work is more or less familiar to our readers.

Carl Rungius was born at Berlin in 1869, and is the son of a clergyman, who wished his son to follow the same profession. He was educated in a Latin school in Berlin, but at the age of eighteen determined that he would become an artist, and left school. In order to get a practical knowledge of large work and its effects he engaged himself with a fresco painter in Berlin, and worked during the summer in the buildings there, devoting the winter months to study at the Industrial Art School of Berlin. After some time at this he began sketching animals in the Zoological Gardens at Berlin, and continued this work for a year. The sketches made during this time having been shown to Prof. Meyerheim, a prominent German animal painter, he at once took Rungius into his class at the Academy of Fine Arts. Here the young man worked for a year, and at the end of that time was honored with a diploma of proficiency.

The first work that he exhibited was a lion's head shown at the great Berlin Art Exhibition in 1893. The head was much admired, and was reproduced in certain of the art monthlies. After this Mr. Rungius served his year in the army, and during his term of service was promoted to officer's rank.

The summer of 1894 Mr. Rungius accepted an invitation from an uncle residing in Brooklyn, and came to America. Before he had been here long he recognized that there was in this country a great field for animal study, as well as for big game hunting. In the autumn of 1894 he visited the Maine wilderness, hunting and sketching, and became very enthusiastic about the possibilities of wild life here. In 1895, at the Sportsmen's Show, he formed the acquaintance of Ira Dodge, well known as a Wyoming guide and mountaineer, and spent four months of the following summer and autumn at Dodge's place in Wyoming. From this visit he returned in November with many sketches and trophies of his trip, all of which he carried back to his home in Berlin in 1896, where he at once set about working up the material he had gathered. Here he met Richard

Friese and a number of other well-known animal painters. His association with them was not only pleasant, but undoubtedly very useful.

Several of his paintings and studies of scenes in the further West he sold at Berlin, but the attractions of America were too strong to allow him to remain in Europe, and in 1897 he returned to New York. He at once set about preparing for another and more extended trip to Wyoming, and spent a great part of last summer and autumn in the less known mountain ranges, whence he brought home in the late fall another good series of heads and sketches. During this trip he gave great attention to observing antelope and elk, and brought back a very large number of studies of these two species, both in pencil and oil.

Mr. Rungius is a keen and painstaking observer of nature, and has learned a great deal about the life of many species of our big game. Besides this he is a good and untiring sportsman, while his industry and his artistic skill with the brush are not to be doubted. The hand that knows how to pull the trigger at the right moment can wield the brush at home with equal dexterity.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

It is well remembered that in 1896 the Field Columbian Museum sent out to East Africa an expedition under the charge of Mr. D. G. Elliot to collect examples of the large wild animals of Africa. This expedition was remarkably successful, and as we have before stated, obtained a large series of very many of the species inhabiting the country which it traversed. Besides these specimens there were brought back as well photographs, casts of heads and muscles and full measurements of the specimens obtained. The proposed expedition was to penetrate deep into the interior, but the illness of the members caused it to fall short of accomplishing this purpose, and for this reason the list of species is not absolutely complete.

Through the kindness of the Director of the Field Columbian Museum, and the leader of the expedition, who made a full report to the museum, we are permitted to publish the following notes on some of the more striking species obtained.

WART HOG (*Phacochoerus africanus*); NATIVE NAME, *Dofar*.

The wart hog was frequently met with throughout the country traveled by us. The first one seen was at Mandera, near the base of the Golis Range—a splendid boar with tushes over 10 in. long outside the mouth, and 10 in. across from tip to tip. He had seen me and sought refuge in an almost impenetrable thicket of thorn bushes. I took a position on one side, and sending the men into the bushes from the other, drove him out. He presented a grand appearance as he came, trotting majestically along, without the slightest evidence of fear, his tail held upright with the tassel pendent forward, and his mane, very long and thick, raised above the neck and back. He passed within 6 ft. of where I stood, and only the click of the hammer answered the pull of the trigger as I threw the muzzle of my rifle toward him. My shikari had forgotten to throw a shell into the chamber before handing me the weapon. Of course the hog disappeared at once among the bushes, and we were obliged to track him a long way before I got a snap shot at him about 100 yds. off, and broke his back. He was the personification of rage when I walked up to him, champing his tushes until the foam flew from his mouth, as he made frantic but unavailing efforts to reach me. Another bullet laid him lifeless.

We always seemed to see these pigs when they were running, and never when going quietly about their business, the very open condition of the country generally permitting them to see us before we could them. They appeared to be somewhat independent of water, for we met them in the middle of the Haud where certainly the nearest water hole must have been fifty miles away, too far, one might suppose, for them to seek daily. The wart hog is a fine-looking animal for a pig, the long mane and rather majestic carriage of the body, especially in the full-grown males, adding greatly to their appearance. They have the courage of their race, and a wounded wart hog at close quarters would be a dangerous antagonist, as he could inflict fearful injuries with his formidable tushes. It is the only species found in this part of eastern Africa. It obtains its trivial name from the peculiar wart-like excrescences upon various parts of the head. These are very prominent and usually pointed, and produce a very peculiar effect, not, however, one of beauty. The natives being Mussulmans will not touch a hog or anything that has come in contact with one, so the European who desires to preserve one of these animals, either as a trophy or for scientific purposes, must do all the work himself, while his followers squat around him, criticise his skill or the lack of it, and make comments about him generally. When the members of a litter arrive at an age between one and two years they leave the parents and shift for themselves; at least this I imagine to be the case, for young pigs that I saw, and some of which I killed, roaming about without any adults near, and apparently quite independent of a parent's watchfulness and care, were at least over a year old. It is difficult to estimate the number of young usually found in a litter, but I should suppose from four to eight would be nearly correct. Many fall victims to carnivorous beasts, leopards being especially fond of pork, so that the species is kept from undue increase.

SWAYNE'S HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis swaynei*); NATIVE NAME, *Sig*.

This rare antelope, to obtain which I made a special trip to Toyo Plain, is only found in a few localities on the elevated plateau south of the Golis Range and north of Ogaden. It dwells in the open, grassy plains, such as those of Toyo, Silo and Marar Prairie, and is never found among bushes, but keeps to the bare country where its vision is uninterrupted by any object, trusting to its great swiftness to carry it beyond the reach of its enemies. This hartebeest goes in troupes and herds from a half dozen to many hundred individuals. On

the plains inhabited by these animals the bushes are rarely over 2 ft. high, and very few in any place, so that stalking, in the usual acceptance of the term, is practically an impossibility, as the hartebeest see the hunter much more quickly than they themselves are observed. Generally they are first sighted along the horizon line of the plain, looking like black spots in the distance, but recognizable from their peculiar shape. It is an ungraceful creature both in appearance and in action when in motion. The hindquarters are lower than the withers, and the animals seem always to be standing up hill. But while it moves away in a lumbering kind of canter, it possesses the greatest staying power and is really the swiftest of all the antelopes, always graduating its pace to that of its pursuer, and keeping the same distance between them, looking back occasionally as if to satisfy itself that its enemy had gained nothing in the chase. Single bulls are approached most easily, but the larger the herd the more difficult it is to get near them, as the courage of the entire number is only equal to that of the most timid, and as soon as one begins to run all are off at once. When one is seen in the distance on the plain the hunter walks toward them in a direct line if they are busy feeding or moving slowly away, but should they stop to look around them the pursuers take a slanting direction as if intending to pass them or had not seen them. Sometimes, when almost near enough to try a shot, they begin to run in their rather slow, clumsy-looking canter, but which is not usually kept up for any great distance, when they stop and turn to look back. Where this happens, and it usually does many times before the quarry is secured, or runs away altogether, the hunter has all his work to do over again. It is therefore only by exercise of much patience and considerable staying powers a sufficiently near approach is gained for a fairly certain shot, anywhere between 200 and 400 yds.; nearer than the first can seldom be secured, and frequently the latter is exceeded. An animal, wounded not in a vital part, or with one leg broken, will often run clear out of sight and escape, and it is practically useless to follow such a one, as it rarely permits a favorable opportunity for a second shot. On the plains it inhabits there is no water, save what may occasionally fall in showers during the brief so-called rainy season, and this antelope must go practically without drinking, at all events for long periods. Those we killed were in excellent condition, but like all the ruminants of the country, possessed no fat whatever. Swayne's hartebeest cannot be considered a game animal; there is very little sport or excitement in its pursuit, and if I had not needed specimens for scientific purposes, after killing one I should not have cared to shoot a second. The "Sig" stands between 4 and 5 ft. high at the withers. Both sexes possess horns, and these vary according to age both in the extent and manner of curvature. Some horns of bulls measure over 23 in. from tip to tip, but the majority is much below this. The flesh is dry and on account of the absence of fat is only fairly palatable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Taxidermy and Sculpture.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above title there appears in a recent issue of this journal a peculiar article, which is full of very loose misstatements. Its writer tells us that "it was only a few years ago that some of the most enlightened taxidermists began to use a form of excelsior." Now, its common use began at least fifteen years ago, in special cases much earlier. "Then [that means after] some one suggested the idea of covering that manikin with a thin coat of papier maché or wet clay," etc. Many persons have positive knowledge that clay was used over thirty years ago, but of course our friend knows nothing of that. He goes on to tell us: "For this reason the very best of their specimens were void of form save for a few outlines and for their attitudes, which were often correct." "Void of form," then "correct," is good. Our gentle critic tells us of a "great drawback to the use of wet clay manikins," namely, "the bursting of the skin caused by the clay being next to the skin and continually absorbing the animal matter out of the skin. After a while this dries and burns the skin," etc. I understand by this that the bursting is caused by the absorption of animal matter (he does not tell us what animal matter) by the clay, and that the burning takes place afterward; that is, after the animal matter is absorbed! What other meaning can it have? Now, burning of a skin is caused by the oxidation of the fat left in the skin; but of course this writer knows nothing of such a common, simple thing as this. "Burnt skins" are common, but they rarely come in contact with clay. Besides, what absorption of animal matter by clay can take place that is not equally traceable to the drying powers of the air? I can confidently assert that clay is not the cause of a skin cracking or opening down a seam. The abuse of clay and its unskillful use undoubtedly cause trouble, but this does not often occur.

Now our friend makes no distinction in his approval of the method he mentions between mounting a long-haired animal and a short-haired one. Undoubtedly a plastic method with fineness of modeling is exceedingly useful for the latter case; but thinking of the artist wasting his time and energies when 4 in. of hair hides his fine details! What use would it be? But he makes no distinction. There are in the National Museum many mammals mounted on clay manikins; yet, except in one case, there is no sign of bursting. The exception was not due to clay. Hornaday's zebra, elephant, tiger and others are unchanged; they are as they were when they left the artist's hands. The extravagant language of our writer is only too evident when he tells us he is "greatly handicapped by a skin." The form of a horse he illustrates is not taxidermy; it is sculpture; the mane and tail prove this, for such things belong to the skin, not to the manikin or model.

It is the rule in taxidermy that skins reach the taxidermist's hands rough, with few or no measurements, perhaps no bones, no photographs, no notes. Perhaps there is no good picture extant; or if so, how often is it accessible to the individual who most needs it? It

is no extravagance to state that 90 per cent. of all skins mounted are in the condition given above; yet these facts play no part in our writer's scheme. Moreover, the taxidermist has to produce quantity under influences almost entirely to his disadvantage; he knows little of the anatomy; he can know but little of the animal whose skin he is working on; he has little time to learn; perhaps he cannot. The average taxidermist works under a very great disadvantage, but he generally satisfies the capabilities of his employer's pocketbook, and if his employer wants a finely modeled result, and is willing to pay the price, he can always get it. In a word, our friend indorses a method well known and useful, but applicable, all things considered, in comparatively few cases, and then only under the best conditions; but the price must fit. The average of taxidermy has been greatly raised in this country of late years; this has been almost entirely accomplished by manikins and the use of clay under proper conditions; let us not burn the ship that has carried us safely over, but rather treasure it for the good it has done and will do yet.

WILLIAM PALMER.

Some Oddities of the Field.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—I write to ask as well as to give information about curios of land and water. Two seasons ago at Wappanocca Lake, Ark., I killed a perfect cross of mallard and pintail, and this season at the same lake Mr. J. A. Austin, of Memphis, killed another distinctly and beautifully marked pintail-mallard drake. Mine had the dark green head and neck, with white ring, purple breast and court beauty-spot of black and white of the mallard drake, but excepting also the mallard's yellow bill. It was an excellent pintail in back, dark feet and finely pointed tail, also in shape of body; Mr. Austin's hybrid had the mallard body, head, neck, breast and rear beauty-spot, but slate-colored bill and feet and perfect sprig's tail.

Passing through Freyler's Corner during an extremely violent wind, my boat put thousands of ducks and hundreds of geese to flight, but I did not fire, so they would return. Watching the wheeling, rushing, circling myriads, my punter, Adam Green, said: "Look! a duck is falling," and sure enough the lightning down-winders had collided with a bested up-winder and knocked him down, though he rallied from an icy bath and human touch.

At Atoka, Tenn., while quail shooting with Wm. Elison, we fired at a bevy of quail flying through thin woods near a cottage, when a fine hen bird, which was, like Lot's wife, looking backward, crashed against the house and killed herself. We added six more to give the rosy matron a Sunday feast as she opened the door to our supposed knock. Once before in a storm I saw part of a flushed covey fly against a cannon-ball express train.

I was recently paddling through a wooded arm of Wappanocca Mud Flat when three geese crossed in front, and firing at the middle man, though rather high for duck shot, I wheeled my revolving chair sharply to left to kill an easy one that rose at report from wet grass, when my punter yelled, "Dat fust goose dun broke hees own wing a-climbin'," and it was even so; a small chilled shot had pierced the wing bone, and the weight and strain of "climbin'" snapped it.

My next tale is of a fox squirrel's tail, and my excellent cruiser was and is Ebenezer Wingfield. We had thirty ducks by 11 A. M. (the limit is fifty), and as we cruised along the "cypress side" a fox squirrel on a "knee" was eating an oily cypress ball and never dropped it as he scurried up to a flat limb, and spreading out, shook his red flag at us like a Spanish girl's flaring scarf at a mad bull. Eb begged the gun and two goose shells to "hist him wid one and bust him wid tuther bar'l," and turned loose "the Thunderer" from a rest. Down rushed the bob-tail squirrel on Eb's blindside, and again "the Thunderer" belched fire, as Ebenezer shot through the grapevines at only the tail, which ends here.

W. A. WHEATLEY.

A Word for the Red Squirrel.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice that the characteristics and habits of that erratic and lively little rodent, the red squirrel, have been pretty thoroughly discussed. It reminds me of an old story.

It was said that Daniel Webster, when about sixteen years of age, made his first plea on a case of trespass. Dan's elder brother, Ezekiel, had caught a woodchuck in the bean patch. According to the unwritten law punishment for trespass by woodchucks was the death penalty, and Zeke was preparing to kill the animal when Dan interfered, contending that the chuck should be set at liberty. While the contest was waxing hot between the two boys the elder Webster came along and proposed to be judge and jury, and that Dan and Zeke each should make his plea for and against the prisoner. It was said that Zeke made out a pretty strong case against the prisoner; but before Dan got through with his plea his sympathetic appeal had worked on the old man's feelings so powerfully that a tear could be seen in the corner of each eye, and he cried out: "Zeke, let that woodchuck go!"

My opinion is favorable toward the red squirrel. It is true that in my boyhood days there was always a sort of good-natured warfare between us; he was fond of stealing my butternuts, and I was just as fond of throwing stones at him, in which I generally came off second best. He had a trick of laying flat on a horizontal limb and dodging every stone that was likely to cut very close by slipping over on the opposite side, then coming back on the top ready for another throw. The result would be that he would come off unscathed, while I occasionally came off with a lame arm; and you may be sure that it required considerable stone throwing to lame a boy's arm in those days.

In my very early youth, when six or seven years of age, I caught several red squirrels with a little rat trap, and dressed the skins, and of them my mother made for me a very nice cap, which was about the first head covering I remember wearing.

But I have never wantonly destroyed many red squirrels, nor wished that their numbers were any less. They store up provender when it is plenty, and they are well able to forage for a living when it is scarce. Their diet consists of a great variety of food, and if nothing better is found they can live on the buds of the willow and soft maple; and mushrooms or toadstools are their delight. They are the most lively and active of all squirrels, and are out in the coldest days of the Northern winters, when they are found in the beech and maple woods and in pine and hemlock forests, and they are plenty in butternut groves. I believe that red and black squirrels are not found in this State.

ANTLER.

Bluebirds and Robins Winter in Connecticut.

HAMDEN, Conn., Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I send you a few sprigs of swamp, or pussy, willow. Their velvet buds will show that spring is coming, and I send them as that glorious season's first harbinger. I cut them in a small swamp to-day—a place where the cold never seems intense, and where bluebirds and robins live the year around. It is an indisputable fact that nearly all individuals consider the bluebird the first harbinger of spring. In this vicinity, however, I have abundantly proved, to my own satisfaction, that this notion is an extremely erroneous one. During the past three winters I have closely observed this cheerful little warbler, and can emphatically declare that some of them stay with us through the coldest weather. Especially through this winter have I kept a vigilant watch upon them, and the results of my observations have afforded me considerable gratification. Not only have I seen them whenever I felt so inclined, but I have heard their warble, at some time, in every month since winter commenced.

One warm day about the middle of January a robin perched himself in the top of an apple tree near the house and regaled us with a burst of melody.

Some Sunday near the last of April, after the frost has disappeared and the cowslips are in blossom, some hibernating, petty city politician will break away from the side entrance of his favorite saloon, don his new spring suit and sally forth to the outskirts of his political bailiwick; here he will hear a bluebird warble. He will then hustle back and disclose the astonishing intelligence to some eight-dollar-a-week reporter on one of the city dailies. Then the electrifying news will be heralded far and near that "Councilman So-and-so saw the first bluebird of the season to-day. Spring is surely with us."

I simply judge from established precedent in this vicinity.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Intimations of Spring.

MILHURST, N. J., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The vernal migration of the avian hosts is fairly on throughout this section, as one can at almost any time see large flocks of both crow and red-wing blackbirds, and also robins in considerable numbers; besides, the bluebirds are coming fully up to their old-time numbers, seemingly. Many of the ground birds and the bush birds are also here. A great many meadowlarks live in this part of the State—more in proportion than in any other district that I have ever been in.

Along the brookside the spathe of that highly odorous harbinger of spring in the vegetable world in this latitude—skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus foetidus*)—is already out in its full size and beauty. By the way, there are more points of beauty in the spathe—yes, and in the leaves also—of that plant than many who are admirers of plant-life, and others who are supposed to be well versed in botany, are aware of. Catkins on the willows also are out—another sign that spring, with all its floral attractions, will soon be with us.

A. L. L.

The Third Linnean Society Lecture.

THE third Linnean Society lecture in the American Museum will be delivered by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson on March 17. It was provisionally entitled "Mammals of North America. It should have been "A Picturesque View of Some of the Mammals of North America." The lecture is to be limited practically to the mammals of the Yellowstone Park, and is to be fully illustrated with lantern slides of sketches and photographs taken there last summer by Mr. Thompson. The slides will illustrate: Tracks in the snow; tracks in the dust; dogs, gophers and coyotes; beavers and their work; bands of elk; the bears of the Park; the gray wolf hunting; trapping the gray wolf.

The previous lectures were by Prof. D. G. Elliott, of the Field Museum, and Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum. The final lecture, April 7, will be by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Department of Agriculture.

Early Spring Birds.

NEW YORK.—While walking along the West Drive of Central Park on Feb. 26 I saw, close to the smaller reservoir, a flock of white-throated sparrows. They were in full song, and allowed me to get quite near them.

Is this not rather early for them?

I had heard song sparrows in the same neighborhood on Feb. 17.

WM. COFFIN DORNIN, JR.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Non-Resident Licenses.

FRIENDS in the West recently told me of certain experiences which they had while on a shooting trip in North Dakota. The questions involved were of so much interest to me that I went to some trouble to look them up, and I now venture to send to the *FOREST AND STREAM* the results of the search.

My friends' experiences were connected with the taking out of permits for shooting, which is made necessary by recent legislation in North Dakota, and which in the case of non-resident sportsmen has a tendency toward making a lean purse.

The legislation to which reference has just been made is so important that perhaps it will be best to quote at length from the statutes. The North Dakota statute is as follows:

Laws of North Dakota, 1897, page 128, Section 1643: It shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, kill or wound, in this State, any of the wild animals or birds mentioned in Section 7677 of the Revised Codes of North Dakota, as amended, without having first obtained a permit as hereinafter provided for, which permit shall be subject to inspection by any person upon demand, and any person violating any of the provisions of this section is guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than \$20 nor more than \$50, or may be imprisoned in the county jail not more than thirty days, or may be subject to both such fine and imprisonment; provided, however, that nothing in this section shall prevent any resident of this State or member of his family living at home from hunting on lands owned or controlled by him during the open season, as provided by law. Unless such person, either alone or with another or others, uses any dog in hunting, setting, pointing or retrieving any game, in which case such permit must first be obtained.

Section 1644: The State game warden shall cause forms of such permits to be printed, which shall be substantially as follows: State of North Dakota. County of —, ss. * * * a * * * resident of North Dakota, is hereby licensed to hunt in North Dakota under the provisions and conditions of the game laws thereof from Aug. 20 to and including the 15th day of December next after the date of this permit. This permit is non-transferable.

Dated at —, this — day of —, 189—. —, County Auditor.

Such permit shall be indorsed by the State game warden and issued by him to the county auditors of the several counties of the State.

Section 1645: The county auditor shall fill out and issue one of such permits to any person applying therefor on payment of \$25 if the applicant is a non-resident of the State, and on payment of 75 cents if the applicant is known to the auditor or satisfactorily proven to him to be a resident of this State. Provided that any non-resident who may own cultivated lands, or be carrying on the cultivation of any lands in the State, not less than one-fourth section, for a period of not less than one year prior to the time of making application for such license shall be entitled to take out a resident's permit, whether such non-resident is the owner of the lands so cultivated in whole or in part. Provided that such non-resident shall take out such permit in the county where such cultivation is carried on. * * * Such permit shall authorize the holder to hunt throughout the State either with or without dogs. * * *

Emergency: Whereas an emergency exists in that there is no adequate law on the subject matter of this act, therefore this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and approval. Approved Feb. 26, 1897.

The Revised Codes of North Dakota, Section 7677, referred to above, mentions prairie chickens, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, woodcock, plover, wild duck, wild goose or brant, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, caribou or mountain sheep.

Another statute on similar matters in South Dakota is as follows:

Session Laws of South Dakota, 1897, page 184, Chapter 66, Section 1: It shall be unlawful for any person not a bona fide resident and citizen of the State of South Dakota to pursue, hunt, kill or capture in any way or manner, or by any means or device, within the borders of said State, any buffalo, moose, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep or mountain goat. Approved March 9, 1897.

It may prove of interest to men fond of shooting if we take a look at these statutes and see whether they are likely to be held constitutional by the courts of the United States in the event of litigation in the matter.

Wisdom requires that our first step should be to go to our files of *FOREST AND STREAM* and see whether that paper can give us any aid. We find that, as we had expected, the *FOREST AND STREAM* has spoken at length upon a subject near enough to our present subject to give us great help. The kindred subject is discussed in the number of that journal for March 26, 1896, and there is printed in that number in full a most scholarly and learned opinion by Mr. Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the famous case of "Geer against Connecticut."

This opinion of Justice White seems to contain the proper material to form the ground work and basis of our present discussion. In order to bring the facts to mind we now give a short statement of the issue in the case of "Geer against Connecticut."

In the language of Justice White: "The sole issue which the case presents is, was it lawful under the Constitution of the United States, Section 8, Article I., for the State of Connecticut to allow the killing of birds within the State during a designated open season; to allow such birds when so killed to be used; to be sold and to be bought for use within the State, and yet to forbid their transportation; or, to state it otherwise, had the State of Connecticut the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State, and forbid its transmission outside of the State?"

The majority of the Court agreed that the State of Connecticut did have such power, and that its exercise was not in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

It will be noticed that the question in the Geer case turned upon the proper interpretation of the "commerce clause" in the Federal Constitution, Section 8 of Article I., which says:

"The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes."

We shall find, I think, that the question in the Dakota statutes does not involve the commerce clause of the Constitution of the United States, but does involve certain other important clauses of the Constitution, to be referred to shortly. In spite of this difference between our case and the Geer case, the opinion of Mr. Justice White will throw great light, I am sure, upon the problem which confronts us.

The solution of our problem, I apprehend, requires an answer to these questions:

(1) Are the Dakota statutes in conflict with the "privileges and immunities" clause of the Constitution? This clause is found in the Constitution of the United States, Article IV., Section 2, which says:

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States."

(2) Are the Dakota statutes in conflict with the "equal protection of the laws" clause of the Constitution? This clause is found in the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, Article XIV., Section 1, which says:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Inasmuch as the discussion of the above questions may require some length, it seems as well to give here the answers, and then try to protect the answers by building for them a fortification of precedent in legal decision.

I think a negative reply should be given to each one of our questions, though any one familiar with "the dry bones of the law" will probably pardon me for adding that I venture this opinion with hesitation. One can never be sure of what conclusion courts will come to upon questions arising under the Constitution of the United States.

Now for our attempt to make a fortification in protection of the answers given above.

At the very outset it becomes necessary to get a clear and distinct notion of the nature of the property in game as recognized by law. For this purpose we cannot do better than to refer to the opinion of Mr. Justice White in the Geer case. The Justice has there, with great care and with keen judicial reasoning, traced this subject from the earliest days down to the present. Any one interested should certainly read in full the opinion of Mr. Justice White; but in this article it will perhaps suffice to give in a brief and general way merely the conclusions to which the Justice comes. These conclusions are that uncaptured wild game in a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity, and that the States have the right to control and regulate the common property in game. The Justice says in his opinion:

"While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rests have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from the common ownership, is to be exercised, like all other powers of government, as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government, as distinct from the people, or for the benefit of private individuals, as distinguished from the public good. Therefore for the purposes of exercising this power the State, as held by this court in *Martin against Waddell*, 16 Peters 410, represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership is thus stated in a well-considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California:

"The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, and they may if they see fit absolutely prohibit the taking of it or traffic and commerce in it if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good."—*Ex parte Maier*, 103 California 476.

"The same view has been expressed by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, as follows: 'We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State, not as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative, and for the benefit of all its people in common.'—*State against Rodman*, 58 Minn. 393."

The learned Justice says also in a later portion of his opinion that the State has power to preserve game under the police power.

"Aside from the authority of the State, derived from the common ownership of game, and the trust for the benefit of its people, which the State exercises in relation thereto, there is another view of the power of the State in regard to the property in game, which is equally conclusive. The right to preserve game flows from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end, which may be none the less efficiently called into play, because by doing so interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected (cases cited). Indeed the source of the police power as to game birds (like those covered by the statute here called in question) flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply. (Cases cited.)

"The exercise by the State of such power therefore comes directly within the principle of *Plumley against Massachusetts*, 155 United States 461, 473. The power of a State to protect by adequate police regulation its people against the adulteration of articles of food (which was in that case maintained), although in doing so commerce might be remotely affected, necessarily carries with it the existence of a like power to preserve a food supply which belongs in common to all the people of the State, which can only become the subject of ownership in a qualified way, and which can never be the object of commerce except with the consent of the State, and subject to the conditions which it may deem best to impose for the public good."

Having now gained, I hope, a clear idea of the nature of the property in uncaptured wild game, and the power of the State to regulate the taking of game, we are in a position to examine the statutes in question, and see whether they are likely to stand or fall if the batteries of the Constitution of the United States are ever brought to bear upon them.

Taking up first the "privileges and immunities" clause of the Constitution, does the statute which charges a non-resident \$25 for the permit allowing him to shoot violate one of his "privileges or immunities" under the

Constitution of the United States? It would seem not, for, whatever may fairly come under this clause of the Constitution, it is tolerably certain that the right to shoot would not come under it. The right to shoot is a right which tends (strongly or weakly according to how well he can shoot) to give the shooter an interest in the common property, that is, in the wild game, of the citizens of another State. It is held that "The second section of the fourth article of the Constitution, which declares that 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States,' does not vest the citizens of one State with any interest in the common property of the citizens of another State." See *Macready against Virginia*, 94 United States 391. In that case it appears that "A law of Virginia by which only such persons as are not citizens of that State are prohibited from planting oysters in the soil covered by her tide waters is neither a regulation of commerce nor a violation of any privilege or immunity of interstate citizenship."

Mr. Chief Justice Waite says in his opinion: "The principle has long been settled in this court that each State owns the beds of all tide waters within its jurisdiction unless they have been granted away. (Cases cited.) In like manner the States own the tide waters themselves and the fish in them, so far as they are capable of ownership while running. For this purpose the State represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. *Martin against Waddell*, 16 Pet. 410. The title thus held is subject to the paramount right of navigation, the regulation of which, in respect to foreign and interstate commerce, has been granted to the United States. There has been, however, no such grant of power over the fisheries. These remain under the exclusive control of the State, which has consequently the right in its discretion to appropriate its tide waters and their beds to be used by its people as a common for taking and cultivating fish, so far as it may be done without obstructing navigation. Such an appropriation is in effect nothing more than a regulation of the use by the people of their common property. The right which the people of the State thus acquire comes not from their citizenship alone, but from their citizenship and property combined. It is in fact a property right, and not a mere privilege or immunity of citizenship."

By Article IV., Section 2, of the Constitution the citizens of each State are "entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Mr. Justice Washington, in *Corfield against Coryell*, 4 Wash. c. c. 380, thought that this provision extended only to such privileges and immunities as are "in their nature fundamental; which belong of right to the citizens of all free governments." And Mr. Justice Curtis, in *Scott against Sandford*, 19 How. 580, described them as such "as belonged to general citizenship." But usually when this provision of the Constitution has been under consideration the courts have manifested the disposition not to attempt to define the words, but "rather to leave their meaning to be determined in each case upon a view of the particular rights asserted or denied therein." This clearly is the safer course to pursue when, to use the language of Mr. Justice Curtis, in *Conner against Elliott*, "we are dealing with so broad a provision, involving matters not only of great delicacy and importance, but which are of such a character that any merely abstract definition could scarcely be correct, and failure to make it so would certainly produce mischief."

"Following then this salutary rule, and looking only to the particular right which is here asserted, we think we may safely hold that the citizens of one State are not invested by this clause of the Constitution with any interest in the common property of the citizens of another State. If Virginia had by law provided for the sale of its once vast domain, and a division of the proceeds among its own people, no one, we venture to say, would contend that the citizens of other States had a constitutional right to the enjoyment of this privilege of Virginia citizenship. Neither if, instead of selling, the State had appropriated the same property to be used as a common by its people for the purposes of agriculture, could the citizens of other States avail themselves of such a privilege. And the reason is obvious; the right thus granted is not a privilege or immunity of general, but of special, citizenship. It does not 'belong of right to the citizens of all free governments,' but only to the citizens of Virginia, on account of the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. They and they alone owned the property to be sold or used, and they alone had the power to dispose of it as they saw fit. They owned it, not by virtue of citizenship merely, but of citizenship and domicile united; that is to say, by virtue of a citizenship confined to that particular locality."

"* * * Virginia, owning land under water adapted to the propagation and improvement of oysters, has seen fit to grant the exclusive use of it for that purpose to the citizens of the State. In this way the people of Virginia may be enabled to produce what the people of the other States cannot; but that is because they own property which the others do not."

It would seem that the point decided in the Virginia case was extremely like the point we are trying to decide. If we change the language used in the last part of the above quotation from the Virginia case to make the language fit the facts of our case the result appears to bring about a chain of reasoning which is as good for our question as it was good in the Virginia case. We have this language produced by the change: "The Dakotas, owning the uncaptured wild game in their respective States, have seen fit to make restrictions as to the pursuit of that game which are harder on non-residents than on residents. In this way the people of the Dakotas may be enabled to get game in a way that the people of the other States cannot; but that is because they own property which the others do not."

The language in the Maier case quoted above, in the opinion of Mr. Justice White, seems strong to show that the Dakota statutes are good under the "privilege and immunity" clause of the Constitution. Surely if the people of the State may "absolutely prohibit" the taking of game they may regulate it as they have done in the Dakotas.

Now we come to our second question, namely:

Are these statutes good under the "equal protection of the laws" clause of the Constitution?

Here the Macready case seems to give us more assistance when it says: "But that is because they own property which the others do not." We find that the basis of classification in the Dakota statutes is the ownership of property. The people resident in the State, the owners of the property in the wild game, are formed into one class; the non-residents, who do not own such property in the game, are formed into another class. It is certainly fair to make classes, with this good and valid distinction between them as a basis.

When once the classes are formed, every one in the same class is treated alike, and no one is denied the equal protection of the laws. Each man gets as much protection as does every other man in his class. When you can prove that the basis of classification is a fair one, and that all in a class are treated in exactly the same way, the "equal protection" clause of the Constitution is satisfied.

In *Home Insurance Company against New York*, 134 United States 594, the court, speaking through Mr. Justice Field, said: "Nor does the amendment (14th) prohibit special legislation. Indeed the greater part of all legislation is special, either in the extent to which it operates or the objects sought to be obtained by it, and when such legislation applies to artificial bodies it is not open to objection if all such bodies are treated alike under similar circumstances and conditions in respect to the privileges conferred upon them, and the liabilities to which they are subjected. Under the statute of New York all corporations, joint stock companies and associations of the same kind are subjected to the same tax. There is the same rule applicable to all under the same conditions in determining the rate of taxation. There is no discrimination in favor of one against another of the same class." (Citing a long list of authorities.)

If our reasoning is correct, it appears that sportsmen must put up with the burdens of these Dakota statutes. The only other way open to them seems to be to "Move your family westward," as the old song goes. Ardent sportsmen may find it advantageous to go to the Dakotas and become bona fide domiciled residents of those States. The many worthies who of late years have been going to the Dakotas for their divorces seem to have found material advantages in gaining a Dakota domicile.

Yet there may be one more way left to the non-resident gunners. Why could they not become owners, "in whole or in part," of one quarter section of cultivated lands a year before the shooting season? The part of the quarter section owned by the sportsman might be a very small one and yet come within the statute. Doubtless some obliging farmer friend could be persuaded to sell out a very, very small interest in the quarter section. Who knows but that this may not be after all the solution of the question? If it is, we have a modern illustration of the way in which statutes were evaded long ago. Mr. Williams says of a method of evasion of an old statute relating to real property:

"It was not long, however, before a 'loop hole' was discovered in this latter statute, through which, after a few had ventured to pass, all the world soon followed."

Perhaps all the world of sportsmen will follow some daring gunner through this "loop hole" in the North Dakota statute, if "loop hole" it should prove to be.

WILLIAM A. TALCOTT, JR.

NO. 44 BROAD STREET, New York.

Washington's Depleted Game Fields.

OROVILLE, Wash., Feb. 24, 1898.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Along the Okanogan River, below Oroville, there is a very rough country, and to take a birdseye view of it from a distance one would not think there was level ground enough on which to set a hen; but when you get up among the rocks there are numerous little flats, and the grass and weeds start there much earlier than anywhere else, and the deer come out from the mountains to get the first green food of the year.

Friday, Feb. 18, as I came down from Oroville, I met eight Indians, all on foot, going hunting up in the rocks. As the chinook wind was blowing from the south, the Indians went up to the north end, and then scattered out and hunted back for some five miles. The next day I saw one of them, and asked him how many deer they had killed; he told me one. I asked how many they had seen, and he said five. This shows that it will not be many years before venison will be a great luxury, as well to the Siwash as to his pale-faced brother. There are a few mountain sheep still left on Mount Chapacca, some twenty miles north and west of here. Our local paper gave an account of an old hunter killing five a few days ago, and wounding three more.

Yesterday I met an old friend, who told me he had been at work up across the line, and that the deer were plentiful up there; and he had killed two at one shot this winter. He said the deer seemed to know just where the line was, and stayed well on the other side. And so it will not be long before magpies and coyotes will be the only kind of game left to be hunted by

LEW WILMOT.

Megantic Club.

At the annual meeting of Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, held in Portland, Me., the following directors were elected: Clarence A. Barney, Albert Bernard, L. Dana Chapman, S. F. Johnson, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. A. Macleod, C. W. McConnell, D. C. Pierce, Arthur W. Robinson, H. W. Robinson, Harry W. Sanborn, F. W. Webb, Boston; George H. Burt, Hartford, Conn.; Philander Cutler, Binghamton, N. Y.; G. A. Gibson, Medford; A. W. Gleason, New York; Dr. J. B. Harvie, Troy, N. Y.; A. R. Justice, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jeremiah Richards, New York.

Dr. George W. Way, of Portland, was chosen clerk and L. Dana Chapman assistant clerk. The treasurer's account showed receipts with cash on hand at the beginning of the year of \$15,812.48; expenses for the year with cash on hand at its close \$15,812.48. The assets of the club in cash, bills receivable and value of the property held amounts to \$23,621.64, against which are liabilities to the amount of \$4,161.17, not including capital stock and surplus account, and of these liabilities the amount of \$3,650 is in mortgage and bonded indebtedness, leaving the floating indebtedness \$511.17, against which the club has accounts receivable of \$1,503.11.

the inside. It is very warm and is thick, but soft and pliable. The way to wear it is to put a pair of wool socks on first, then the German socks, then overshoes, rubbers or moccasins. Unless one had very large rubber boots he could hardly wear them over these socks. A more suitable sock for this purpose would be a heavy knit one. I once purchased the German socks of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, but later learned that they were not carrying them, although they may be doing so now. I think M. F. Kennedy & Bros., of St. Paul, could supply them. They are more apt to be found in the Northern towns where the lumbermen outfit, although not all "lumbermen's socks" are the real German socks to which I have earlier referred.

Mr. J. H. Pierce, of Hebron, W. Va., called at the FOREST AND STREAM office to-day. He is on his way to Seattle, Wash., and expects to go thence to the gold country of the Klondike. May he have the best of luck.

E. HOUGH.

Making the Most of It.

NATE and I had agreed one evening while watching the snowflakes come floating gently down to try for a jack rabbit the next morning. The jack rabbit is rather a scarce article in this vicinity, yet Nate had secured several already this winter and thought he knew a locality where more might be found. I was not greatly in want of a jack rabbit, but was glad of any excuse to try my new gun stock. The stock as sent out from the factory had only a drop of about 2½ in., which obliges a man of my height (6ft. 4in.) to draw his neck somewhat in the shape of a letter S to take aim along the barrel. Fearing I might acquire a permanent crook in my neck, to say nothing of the inconvenience of so straight a stock, I had made a stock to suit my own notions, as well as to fit my elongated neck. This stock has a very decided pistol grip and a drop at the heel of 4 in.

It was a lovely morning, just cold enough so the newly fallen snow lay on the ground without thawing. A drive of a couple of miles in Nate's cutter behind a good horse brought us where we expected to find jack rabbit signs. After hunting over cornfields and meadows for over an hour without so much as finding a jack track, we concluded to follow the editorial advice on the first page of FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 15, entitled "Making the Most of It." And so we drove about a mile further east, where we knew there were a goodly number of cottontails in a large weed patch of some five acres extent.

Nate went through one side of the patch and I parallel with him through the other side. The fun commenced at once, and in an hour we had twenty-one rabbits. As we did not want all the rabbits in the country we quit and drove to East Indian Creek, and we started up the stream. The first thing to attract attention was a wolf track, which we followed 200 yds., when it turned toward the heavier timber. Knowing it was useless to follow the wolf track, we went on to the spring, about a quarter of a mile from the road, where we had tied the horse.

This spring, known to all the old settlers as the Johnson's Grove spring, has been flowing steadily to the knowledge of the oldest settler for over forty years. The water bubbles up from a slight depression in the creek bank, not more than 40 ft. back from the creek. Ten years ago, while standing by the spring one summer day, watching the bubbles float on the water a short distance and then burst, the question came up in my mind as to what made the bubbles. When I put a lighted match to a floating bubble there was a miniature flash, such as would be made by a grain of gunpowder when ignited. The bubbles were evidently caused by escaping gas from the depths of the earth. The water standing in little puddles along the margin of the stream bore on its surface an oily coating. The spring still flows and bubbles, and even in the dead of winter the oil shows on the surface of the puddles. Who knows but some day this region may develop into a great gas field? There have been other good gas indications along this stream, and about eight miles south from the spring a number of years ago a man boring for water struck a flow of gas at a depth of about 70 ft., which he utilized for several years for heating and cooking purposes. There has never been any prospecting done in this locality with a view of finding gas in large quantities, but that it does exist I am satisfied.

On our return to the cutter we added four more rabbits to the pile, making an even twenty-five. As fifteen of this number had fallen to my gun, I announced to Nate the fact that I had reached my limit. Nate not wishing to hunt more we started for home. My new gun stock seems to fit all o. k., as I killed fifteen rabbits, missing only two.

JOHN C. BRIGGS.

NEVADA, Ia.

New York Game Law.

PROPOSED amendments to the game laws of the State of New York, recommended by the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, at its annual meeting held at Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1897, which are respectfully submitted to our Representatives in the State Legislature, and all others who are interested in game and fish protection, are:

Sec. 34. A new section to give protectors a right of search, in case they have reasonable cause to believe that fish or game have been illegally taken, or held in possession out of season. Without this power they cannot untie a bag string.

Sec. 41. To amend it to agree with Sec. 40, which permits the possession of venison up to Nov. 10, while Sec. 41 makes it illegal after Nov. 1. Sec. 40 was amended without changing Sec. 41.

Sec. 49. Squirrels and Rabbits.—To shorten the open season (making it Sept. 15 to Dec. 31) for protection.

Sec. 74. Grouse and Woodcock.—To make open season from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, for protection.

Sec. 79. To make the same open season for meadow-larks. By these amendments the open seasons of sections 49, 74 and 79 are uniform.

Sec. 110. Black Bass.—To make open season June 15 to Oct. 31. Very few fish for bass after Nov. 1, but the season is kept open. This enables the netters to sell their bass through November and December. Bass

are growing scarcer, and artificial propagation is as yet a failure. By saving adult fish in the fall (November and December) we will have just so many more spawners in the spring. For twenty years only two things have been done to protect this noble fish: making the 8 in. limit, which is good, and making the season to open June 15 instead of May 30, which is also good, but this is better than all.

Sec. 111. To make the limit of bass gin. instead of 8. In Canada and the St. Lawrence it is 10. Another good move for protection.

Secs. 117, 118. To repeal the sections as to fishways and signboards. These sections are merely a surplussage in the law. No attention is ever paid to them. They are valueless. They should be weeded out.

Sec. 134. To make meshes of nets in Lake Ontario 2 in. bar instead of 1½. Millions of young whitefish weighing only about ½ lb. are now taken. By increasing the size of mesh they will weigh at least 1 lb. The "babies" cannot then be taken.

Secs. 149, 151. To repeal those parts permitting general licensed netting. It has proven a failure.

Sec. 155. To establish a system of bounties for nets seized. It is a good idea. A few old nets may be turned in for the bounties, but the supply cannot last forever. It should pass as a measure of protection against illegal netting. The protectors need its assistance.

Sec. 234. To be amended so as to permit a verdict for only one penalty for the first offense. Throughout the State case after case has been lost by a jury bringing in a verdict of "no cause of action." The penalties are too heavy with a body execution behind them. It is believed that by giving this discretionary power many more favorable verdicts can be had and much more good be done.

Sec. 249. To repeal it. It permits a cold storage man to keep and sell game the year round, in season or out of season, if he can only show it came from a place 300 miles from the State line. This is very easy to do.

We ask the careful consideration and support of the foregoing proposed amendments by all our Representatives in the Legislature, since they have the unqualified indorsement of all true sportsmen, and all others who have any regard whatever for the protection of fish and game.

In submitting and recommending these proposed amendments it has been the particular aim of this Association to eliminate all local provisions, to the end that the fisheries, game and forest law may be made more uniform, intelligible and comprehensive in its terms and of universal application throughout this State.

We have diligently sought to properly and efficiently protect fish by commending the abolition of all spearing and netting in the inland waters.

Above all we most earnestly recommend the absolute repeal of Sec. 249 of the fisheries, game and forest law, which is a blot upon and a blight to all game protective interests.

We firmly believe that these recommendations of amendments are wise and wholesome, and that their adoption will secure just and proper protection to our fish and game, and we therefore urge you to give them your earnest and hearty support.

W. S. GAVITT, Pres.
ERNEST G. GOULD, Sec'y.

Caribou in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Feb. 20.—The following clipping from a Newfoundland paper will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a pretty fair idea of how plentiful this noble animal is in the island, and how it is being sacrificed:

"This time the Virginia Lake went up to White Bay after venison, and 600 carcasses were brought on board. Never before have so many caribou been seen or heard of in that direction; by day they can be described browsing like cattle on the hills, while one can go a mile in from the sea, and cross herds of hundreds. The winter is evidently very severe in the interior, and these are driven to the coast in quest of food. From Connaigre Bay to Fortune Bay herds of thousands have been seen, and only about eight or ten miles inside Burgeo whatever number are required can be killed with ease. In the bottom of the bays they have come to the very winter-tilt doors, and one man is reported to have shot a large stag while it was looking in his door. Under such circumstances the people are not short of fresh meat, and the 600 carcasses brought here will make venison a cheap article for the next fortnight."

The markets are blocked off with venison as a result, and it is quoted as low as 3 cents per pound. It is prohibited to kill deer after Feb. 1 till July 15, or from Oct. 9 till Oct. 20 in each year. The fishermen and poor settlers organize hunting parties, and not only secure venison enough for their own consumption, but also send large quantities to St. John's for sale. Notwithstanding the numbers slaughtered every year, there does not appear to be any great diminution in the herds. Of course such wholesale slaughter will soon have the effect of exterminating the species. Sportsmen are allowed to kill and take three stags and two does, and as this latter class only hunt during the late summer and autumn months, and hunt then for "heads," they do not affect the herds very much. These deer are all killed near the water line, so that the immense deer parks in the interior of the island fortunately remain untrodden.

W. J. CARROLL.

Maine Deer in Boston Market.

BOSTON, March 7, 1898.—When your correspondent, Mr. Hardy, declares that Maine big game is wintering well, and attempts to convey the impression that little, if any, hunting of deer in the deep snows is going on, I am satisfied that he is talking about that of which he is not well informed. If he had been with me Thursday, on a trip through the Boston markets, I could have shown him the saddles of at least a dozen deer, freshly killed. Then he might have asked the marketmen where they came from. Did they come from Maine? He would have been answered, as I was, "We don't know where they came from." Then he might have believed such a statement, or have granted that they did not come from

Maine. Earlier in the day he might have encountered a team with the same deer on board. He might have asked the teamster where he got them, and would have been answered: "Down 't th' wharf." Going to the wharf and making inquiries, he might be able to find that the deer came by coasting schooner. Why Mr. Hardy should wish it to appear that there is no illegal deer shooting going on in Maine, and especially in Washington county, I am at a loss to understand. If the Commissioners do not believe that the game is suffering from the poachers, why have they issued an appeal to the registered guides? Why have they started all their wardens off into the woods on snowshoes?

If Mr. Hardy will come to Boston, and marketmen will talk to him as they will talk to me, he will be convinced that at least fifty deer, illegally killed, have been received here during February and up to date in March. Had Mr. Hardy been here the other day I would have introduced him to a gentleman right from the Maine woods, where the snow is more than 5 ft. deep on a level. Lumbering is going on there, and the gentleman would have told Mr. Hardy that the deer are badly stranded by the snow, and in the struggle for existence they frequently get down into the lumber road. Ahead of the men and teams they have run two or three times along the road nearly down to the settlement; then, jumping to one side in the snow, they have floundered for a few minutes, then given up and been approached by the men, who have left them a wisp of hay. This they have most hungrily devoured.

SPECIAL.

The Boston Exposition.

EVERYBODY is talking about the big Sportsmen's Show to be given by the New England Association in the Mechanics building in Boston, March 14 to 26, which, with its six acres of floor space and its elegant appointments, is undoubtedly the finest and best equipped show building in the country. Daily accessions to the game park are being reported, many magnificent specimens of moose, elk, deer and caribou coming from Maine and New Brunswick, while the game of the famous Corbin preserve at Newport, N. H., have been placed at the disposal of the Association by their generous and public-spirited owners. From Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland come reports of elaborate exhibits demonstrating the fish and game resources of those countries, including many superb specimens of the larger game animals and several fine mounted collections.

The artificial lake occupies the center of Grand Hall, and will contain 220,000 gallons of water. Its shores slope gently from the level of the floor, and are fringed with moss, rocks and shrubbery, thus enhancing its realistic effect. On this lake various aquatic contests will occur, including expert canoeing by thoroughbred Indians, tugs-of-war, swimming, diving, upset races, etc., each day's programme being varied and interesting. The lake will also serve for the demonstration of launches, ducking boats, kayaks and other craft of interest to sportsmen, and here also the art of life-saving will be illustrated by expert swimmers and divers.

The entire area of the stage in Grand Hall has been metamorphosed into an Indian camp, scenic and realistic beyond anything hitherto attempted, where Indian braves, squaws and papposes, all wearing the primitive garments of savage life, will be found engaged in making snares, traps, weapons and canoes, and otherwise engaged in daily toil and occupation. Log cabins, tents and shelters will greet the visitor at frequent intervals, all practically equipped and occupied by guides and hunters; and echoing through the building will be heard game calls of all kinds by skilled huntsmen, specially engaged for this purpose.

Game birds from all sections of the country will also be seen to the best advantage, many of the species being practically unknown east of the Mississippi, and will be shown for the first time at any public exhibition in this city. These will include mallard, black, sprig-tail and canvasback ducks, and wood duck, the most elegantly plumaged game bird in America; American blue-wing and American and European green-wing teal; brant, snow, blue snow, white-pointed and Canada geese; Virginia (Bob White) and California mountain and valley quail; prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, and a fine collection of pheasants—Chinese, Japanese, Wallachian, golden, English, ring-neck, white, silver, and many rarer kinds, including the tragopans.

An event of interest to sportsmen was the recent arrival of a lot of live mountain quail, which made the journey across the continent, and are in excellent condition. This collection of birds will be viewed with great interest by New England sportsmen, most of whom will see this species of quail for the first time at the Sportsmen's Show.

An extensive exhibit of live game fish will be made with the co-operation of the United States Commissioners at Washington, who are sending a large number of mammoth glass tanks in which a great variety of the finest game fish of the country will be exhibited. There will also be a thoroughly equipped fish hatchery, which will prove of the greatest interest to students of fish life, not less than to the great army of anglers. Many of the specimens of live fish will be of noble size, and will include landlocked salmon, lake and brook trout, rainbow trout and large and small-mouth black bass.

The rifle and revolver competitions bid fair to prove of great interest, a number of prominent organizations and individuals having already entered. Among the crack teams who will compete will be one from the Brooklyn Revolver Club, another from the Massachusetts Rifle Association, and still another from the Smith & Wesson Revolver Club, of Springfield, Mass., who will represent America in the international tournament at Bisley next summer. The trophies for these competitions are very rich and elegant, being of sterling silver, with buckhorn handles, and mounted on ebony bases. Mr. F. B. Crowninshield, whose skill in handling the revolver is so widely known, is personally in charge of these competitions.

An art gallery, devoted exclusively to exhibits of amateur photography incidental to sportsmanship, bids fair to prove a most delightful feature, and is under the direction of Mr. Joseph Prince Loud, president of the Boston Camera Club.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me.

"THE Superlative Man is abroad in the land. Everybody has met him, everybody has been bored by him; everybody knows him well, and yet few men will recognize him by his proper title."

We looked at one another through the pipe smoke, curling blue in the tent, and then looked at the Major, to see if we had understood him aright.

"Maybe you mean the Superfluous Man," remarked the Redoubtable Hunter, with a sly glance at the Colossal Liar; "in which case you are mighty near right."

"Being bred to the correct use of the English language, I mean what I say, sir," replied the Major, who both in and out of the woods is somewhat of an observer. When he gets into a talkative mood, he usually says something which, to quote the Colossal Liar, 'may or may not be so,' but which is, nevertheless, worth listening to.

"The distinguishing characteristic of the Superlative Man," went on the Major, "is an inability to state an unadorned fact. He is the man who cannot tell of what he has seen, heard, or done, unless he dresses the narrative out in adjectives of the superlative degree. I sometimes wish that there were no degree of comparison, but only the positive; because in that case we would all be saved a world of ridiculous exaggeration. Limited experience is the trouble with him. He forgets that other men have had experiences; the little that he sees, hears, or does, strikes him in every instance as being most remarkable. Hence, when telling of it, he makes so great a story out of scant material."

All eyes turned, as by one accord, toward the Invertebrate Fisherman, who puffed away obliviously.

"The Superlative Man is sometimes a fisherman," Vigorous nods of approval from all but one of the listeners. "He is the man who knows the best place to catch fish, and who never catches any but the very largest ones; who always has a Roland for your Oliver bass story. He is the man who is eternally telling about the 'biggest trout I ever caught'; and every time he tells about it, it is a different fish, in a different place, and captured under different circumstances. The newspapers call him the fish liar; but he is not a liar. He is only unable to see, or hear, or do anything that does not seem to him to be superlatively great.

"The Superlative Man is sometimes a yachtsman"—here the Story Teller's jaw fell—"but he never goes out for a quiet sail, and comes quietly home again. He is always dashing along, like an express train, under double-reefed mains'l and storm jib, lee rail buried under water, sir, and waves mountains high; he never saw such a black night, and oh-h-h! how it did blow. How he will pile up the adjectives to describe a barren little cruise in a tub of a boat that could not make three miles an hour without starting everything aboard; like a general who should let off a park of artillery, and then order up the whole line to dislodge a solitary sharpshooter.

"The Superlative Man is often fond of hunting"—Old Redoubtable began to look wild-eyed—"but he never killed a squirrel except from the very topmost branch of the tallest tree in the woods. He never blew a common chippy into annihilation, as most of us have done at some time in our lives; he could not see one; it would be as big as an eagle to him, and he would tell the story so. He never stopped a woodcock that was not making some phenomenal gyrations at an incredible distance; he could not shoot a plain, everyday partridge, on an easy quartering flight, because he never saw such a mark, and he never will. He simply could not see it—in that light. It would be 'Soyds. away, sir, and going like a rifle ball,' at the very least."

The Major paused a moment for breath, when the Redoubtable Hunter, who has been to Congress, seeing the floor vacant for an instant, struck in: "Speaking of partridges reminds me of a time when I was hunting in a piece of woods with a couple of friends. As we were leaving to go home I bethought me of a small, thick clump of second growth, where I could usually put up a bird. Calling my dog, I set off for the spot, which was near by, and upon entering the brush, sure enough, old Jack made the most beautiful stand you ever saw. I cocked the gun, and told him to 'put 'er up.' There was a tremendous uproar, and twenty-three partridges rose and thundered out of there. I let drive at the only one I saw, and brought him down, at least 60yds. off. He was a ———," and Old Redoubtable gathered himself for a creditable expression, while the Major, seeing his opportunity again, said: "If it was the only one you saw, how do you know that there were twenty-three birds in that covey?"

"How do I know? Why, by the noise they made as they flew out," replied the Redoubtable Hunter, somewhat nettled.

"You illustrate my remarks," pursued the Major. ("The old fool must mean 'interrupt,'" whispered the Hunter to the Story Teller; but the Major was under full headway, and all listened.)

"The Superlative Man does not usually like to have his yarns questioned; he tells the story precisely as he saw it; but he sees all things with magnifying vision. His whole being is a large exclamation point, and his conversation bristles with italics. Mind you, he is not profane; when a man tells a story which abounds with big oaths, one is pretty safe in doubting the truthfulness thereof. But it is not so with the Superlative Man; as profanity is only used by liars, and men of small vocabulary, he needs none of it. He does not want for words, and he is not a liar. He is only just superlative."

The Major knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and rolling himself in his blanket, slept the sleep of the just; but we all hated him for twenty-four hours. D. F. H.

New York.

Sea and River Fishing.

Some Virginia Men and Fish.

BY FRED MATHER.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of May 1, 1897, there is a sketch of Delaware Bradbury, a Pamunkey Indian with whom I fished, and as the name is variously spelled—Bradbury, Bradby and Bradley—I expected some of the Richmond sportsmen would set the question at rest before I embalm Delaware in a second volume of angling companions, for the first one has been so well received that next fall may see another collection hurled at the public, and they most probably will cry "enough." But there were things in that article calculated to make some Virginian rise and tell some yarns about Delaware and his brothers, who are kept busy in the open season by sportsmen, especially those from Richmond; but there was not a rise made to this fly.

A few weeks in the fall of 1875 I was busy, at Blacksburg, where I made the acquaintance of your old angling correspondent, Dr. M. G. Ellzey, then a professor in the Military and Agricultural Academy there. We talked of fishing in New River, and planned a trip which never came off. The stream there was not fit for a salmon hatchery, and I took one of his students, Mr. W. F. Page, and went up into Rockbridge county, by advice of Dr. Robertson, of Lynchburg, then a State Fish Commissioner; and the late Col. Marshall McDonald, a professor of mathematics, if memory serves, in the fine State Military Institute at Lexington, had most comfortable quarters assigned us in the State building. Here was the necessary fall to the water, and as soon as the hatchery was planned and under way I left the carpenters to finish the work, with Page to oversee it, and I went off to Richmond to fish with Mr. Alexander Mosely, then editor of the Richmond Whig.

At this time politics in Virginia had cooled from a white heat through the different shades known to those who temper steel until it might be said to have reached the stage of "cherry red," but was still red hot. Mosely, whose particular brand of politics is forgotten—for he only talked of fish to me—said: "I can't fish with you to-morrow, as I promised, as I have important engagements to-night and to-morrow; but come with me and meet an enthusiastic fisherman with whom you can swap lies, and we will fish later. He introduced me to Capt. Jack Yeatman, commanding a packet on the James River and Kanawha Canal, whom I had met in his native town of Lynchburg, but did not know that he was an angler.

Capt. Jack talked of catching "jack," and as this is an old English name for pike, when below a certain weight, I naturally talked of the pike of New York, which grows to a weight of 30lbs. or more, and we got all mixed up.

"Yes, sir," said I, "in the State of New York we get 'jack,' as you call them, which occasionally—not always—weight 30lbs.; the people there commonly miscall them 'pickerel,' but they are the true pike of Europe, where a small one is called 'jack.' I have no ambition to pose as a champion fish liar, for there are too many aspirants for the belt, but in the North we have a brother to the pike which we call a mascalunge, with more or less variety in spelling and pronunciation, which has been known to reach a weight of 80lbs."

Capt. Yeatman's eyes ran up and down my 5ft. 6, looked me in the eye and said: "Let's have another lemonade."

Just then Mr. Mosely and friend dropped in, and after a general talk on fish, and pike in particular, Mosely said: "Our Yankee friend is right, Capt. Jack. This little fish in our Virginia waters, which was named for you, centuries before you were born, is only one of a family which has members that exceed ours in weight as much as Barnum's fat woman exceeds the avoirdupois of the average Virginia dame. Is that a correct statement, Yank?"

"Yes, the statement is correct, but you must take into consideration that the species are different. We have your species and two larger kinds, as well as the little brook pike, which seldom exceeds 8in., and abounds in most streams on the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Florida. The great lake pike and the mascalunge have been often taken of 30lbs. weight, but the large ones are not as common now as they were fifty years ago. Your jack is called pickerel in the North, but there they misapply that name to the pike also. But what I tell you about the weights of these fish is true."

"That reminds me," said Capt. Jack, "that last year I had a passenger who said that they took a jack in a net at Point Pleasant, where the Kanawha comes into the Ohio, that weighed 16lbs., and I know that there are no jack in the Kanawha, for I've fished it from Dublin, on New River, to Point Pleasant. I told him that there are no jack west of the Alleghenies, for I've fished the Big Sandy and all the principal rivers on that side; but if he was correct, it must have been one of your big Northern fish that had somehow strayed from the fold."

Mr. Mosely asked if this could be possible, and I told him that one of the big pikes was occasionally taken in waters in the Ohio Valley. At that time I did not know of which species, but have since learned that it is an unspotted mascalunge.

By invitation of Mr. Mosely, Capt. Yeatman would fish with us, and early on the second morning we hired three darkies with boats to take us down to where Butler's Dutch Gap Canal and the James River met. "Here," said Mr. Mosely, "we will try for chub and jack. If you catch any you may call them black bass and pickerel, but we'll stick to the old Virginia names for a while, until the spread of angling literature has its effect on a younger generation."

We fished, lunched and fished until it was time for the darkies to resume the oars and row up stream. They had partly drifted down and had slept, or pretended to sleep, all day, and now they were to earn their money. They kept the boats alongside so that we could talk on the way up the canal, and Capt. Yeatman was disposed

to get my views on the strategic value of the canal which Gen. Butler cut in order to leave Richmond, an inland city, a few miles back from the river, but which is now used by boats to cut off miles of travel to the State capital.

Said I: "Capt. Jack, in cutting this canal Gen. Butler did not hurt the Confederacy a little bit, but he saved many catfish, then unhatched, many miles of laborious swim, and if they had speech they, or their descendants, would rise up and call him blessed."

We had a good catch of black bass, something like a dozen pickerel, and some perch and other fishes. Mr. Mosely had absorbed enough of modern ichthyology to distinguish the two black basses. I say modern ichthyology because it was shortly after the time when Dr. Gill had brought order out of chaos and condensed the many nominal species into two; and I can never forgive Mr. Mosely for writing to FOREST AND STREAM that the big mouth was a "vulgarian." The word was new to me and to others, but it "took," and that slanderous remark rests on a good game fish to-day. Dr. Henshall and I have fought this prejudice, but it seems to be fated to remain, and it probably will remain as long as one species of black bass appears on the statute books of New York as "Oswego bass." At an early day I will say more about this abominable misnomer.

Mr. Alexander Mosely was a bachelor, and slept above his editorial rooms, where I saw his collection of rods and pipes, but he had a dinner fit for anglers prepared for us at a café, and shortly afterward sent me a rare collection of pipes from the roots of Virginia laurel, or rhododendron, and of "bamboo," which I think is known as "cat brier" in New York, and the bundle of stems included "seven-barks" and other woods which are supposed to impart more or less flavor, or coolness, to "the weed of Ole Virginny."

Because Mr. Mosely died a few years after this fishing trip, and Capt. Yeatman followed him a dozen years later, it is not fair to infer that I am a hoodoo, because there are men now living that I fished with, and among them is Col. Charles H. Raymond, of New York, with whom I fished in A. D. 1840, and he is taking salmon and shooting ducks when the time comes to do those things, and seems likely to continue these practices indefinitely.

From Lynchburg up to Lexington was a bit of most delightful travel. It was "slack water navigation," which meant that the river was dammed and used as a canal. We slept peacefully at night, after leaving Lynchburg, if the boat did not bump too heavily in the locks, but in the morning there was some three hours on deck, after breakfast, winding among the mountains, the musical horn blowing for the locks and the mist which partly concealed and partly revealed the next turn in the river and brought startled water fowl suddenly in view. * * *

But there is a railroad there to-day. Will there be any pleasure in travel, for travel's sake, in the next century?

Dr. Robertson, of Lynchburg, was the head of the State Fish Commission then, and I had to run down from Lexington to consult with him about the stream where the quinnat salmon fry should be planted, for this was my order from Prof. Baird. Dr. Robertson was a bachelor who had not the slightest element of humor in his make-up. He was a most excellent man, but to me he was, as the diplomats say, "persona non grata," and my frequent visits to Lynchburg ended in Capt. Jack Yeatman's office, if he was in town, for there was cheerfulness and sunshine. One day the Captain showed me a rod of his own make which was at least original. It was a whole cane, except the extreme top, and just above the upper reel-band he had tunneled into it and then burned out the partitions which occur at the joints, and had put a ferule on the tip to keep it from splitting.

"There," said he "is a rod that will have an even strain along its whole length, and not on outside rings where the line makes the chord of an arc when the rod bends. Now, I've tried the line to the stove-leg; take hold of the rod, and note the spring of it."

I tried, walked back and felt the line go through the rod, and remarked: "That's an excellent rod for one thing."

"What's that?"

"For encouraging the trade in fishing lines. Did you ever use it?"

"No, only finished it a few days ago; I don't know that I understand you exactly."

"I thought you hadn't used it. Take hold of it, and put a strain on the rod, and walk backward and feel the line run through."

He did this, and said: "I thought I had it smooth inside, but it isn't."

"No, and I doubt if it can be made smooth; see here," and I picked some fine particles that came from the rod off the floor and showed him more in the line, which was a good cable-laid linen one which was entitled to better treatment. "If the inside of the cane was of enamel, like the outside," I added, "the line would run smoothly, but would probably wear more than it does in rings or in standing guides, especially if the latter were agate lined."

He thought a moment before he said: "I wonder if a little thin varnish poured through wouldn't keep the soft fibres close? Probably not. Well, that's not the first original idea that flattened out, but I don't know but it might be done with some close-grained wood, like greenheart or lancewood; I'll think this over." *

During the building of the hatchery and the troughs and trays, I had quite a picnic either with the cadets in the Military Institute at Lexington, or swapping yarns with Capt. Yeatman. At the Institute there was much of interest beside the drills and dress parades. Here Stonewall Jackson had been Professor of Physics and Artillery Instructor, after his service in the Mexican War, and Col. Marshall McDonald, Jackson's chief of engineers, was then an instructor and was afterward United States Fish Commissioner. He was my pupil in fish-culture. He seemed entirely devoid of humor; but when all was ready and the great, handsome eggs of the quinnat

* I don't know whether Capt. Yeatman followed this up or not; it was a pet idea with him because it was his own. The tubular rod was made in steel some dozen years ago, but was abandoned, the friction being too great.

nat salmon came, a full quarter of an inch in diameter, and highly colored, McDonald watched the opening of the cases, the thermometer tests, and the final deposit in the troughs; then, gathering a handful and putting them in a newspaper, he said to me: "Come along."

He passed "Old Specs" without remark, but we went into "Old Gimlet's room," where that individual was in conversation with ex-Governor Letcher, the old "war Governor." The cadets at Virginia's great military academy are not more respectful than boys in the rest of the world, and Gen. Smith, the superintendent, wore glasses, and hence was "Old Specs." For some reason, now forgotten, every surgeon at the post, for years back, was "Old Gimlet." I had become well acquainted with the Governor, had taken lemonade, mint tea and peach and honey at his house, but I had no idea what McDonald was up to until he said: "Doctor, try this new kind of currant we've been raising. Governor, have some."

The Doctor and the Governor both took them in their hands. They were large, cool, and looked inviting. As the Doctor put his in his mouth Gov. Letcher must have seen something in my eye, for he paused long enough to see the effect on the Doctor, and to hear his remarks. The Governor passed.

Those disrespectful cadets! They would come into my room, sometimes a dozen, and say: "Old Yank" (I was then forty-two), "we have just dropped in to have a sociable smoke with you and listen to your chirp. Ah, thank you; your tobacco is always good." Or a single one would drop in and remark: "Gen. Yank, you flatter yourself that you can play a fair game of chess, and I thought I'd drop in and knock that conceit out of you."

Sometimes the cadet went off a victor, but it was not a grand victory, because the game is the only one I love. I am only a duffer at it. But I loved many of those boys, and thought how eagerly their predecessors of a little over a dozen years before had sprung to serve their State, and were cut down at New Market, if that is the place where some of the finest of Virginia's youth fell. The boys all knew that I had fought on the other side; I would despise myself to conceal that anywhere, and they seemed pleased to learn that I did not object to being called "Yank"; and so we got on in good shape, and if there was a little fight to be settled with fists under the hill, "man fashion," I always got notice in time to be there. The authorities winked at it, if they heard of it, for most men agree that this is the best way for boys to settle all grievances. If the trouble was between boys where the disparity in size forbade a settlement in this way, the smaller could readily find a knight to take his place who had the requisite avoirdupois to make the contest an equal thing at the start. This is the rule at West Point and in the German academies. I believe in fighting, and enjoyed the "scraps" under the hill. War is the natural state of man, as all history, Biblical and other, shows; and a boy who is a coward has no standing among boys, no matter how he may stand in his classes. Malthus said that a war was a necessity every thirty years, in order to kill off the surplus males and so keep the world from over-population and pestilence and plague. I agree with him, although I have considered the opposite theory that war carries off the strong men, while famine and pestilence take only the weak. But the fact remains that immigration from over-populated Europe has built cities, States and Territories in America, where the wolf should howl and the buffalo should range on land that should be left for our children's children for the next ten thousand years!

This is entirely in line with the policy of FOREST AND STREAM in the preservation of game for men yet to be born. We may use what nature offers us; but it is ours in trust. We may not destroy in order to increase personal gains, but we should ever remember that our sons will come after. These are the thoughts which a recollection of the cadets' fistic battles under the hill have brought up. It is natural to fight. Boys love to snowball and to storm a snow fort, and the play of all young animals is a mimic combat. When the Peace Society succeeds in changing the whole nature of man, war will cease, and the great nations will not descend on helpless China and divide her, as they are doing to-day, because she has neither an army nor a navy worth mentioning.

Capt. Yeatman one day said to me: "You seem to pay a great deal of attention to the darkies that go along the street, and just now you left your chair to watch one go by on the other side of the street. What interests you so in them?"

"I see more quaint character than—no, not than you do, but, to put it correctly, I am more impressed with it than you are, who have been brought up among it. The darkies of the North have not the careless abandon and ragged picturesqueness that they have here, and it is a treat to me to see them. Before I came South I thought the old-time minstrels exaggerated the negro, but that long, lanky man who just passed would have been a model for Dave Reed or Nelse Seymour."

"Who was Dave Reed—an artist?"

"Yes, artist enough to draw \$100 per night from Bryant's Minstrels, in New York, for a ten-minute act—singing:

"Sally come up,
Sally come down,
Sally come twist yo' heel aroun'.
De ole man, he's gone to town;
O, Sally, come down de' middle."

Not much in the way of poetry, nor music, but there was much in Reed's long legs and the way he did that chorus. The darky who just passed had Reed's trick of dropping his hip that others tried, and as I watched him go up the street just now I could imagine that he was doing the 'Sally, come up' act."

"I see; you like that sort of thing; I wondered what you copied that darky's motions for."

"Well, if I did follow them it was involuntary, and perhaps I was doing the act mentally. By the way, there was a man from somewhere in Virginia who invented the banjo, or at least put the thumb-string on it, and he came to my native town with a circus and played and sang in the ring, and he taught me to play a little, for I was wild over it and sought him out. He had a song

about Lynchburg. The chorus stated that he was 'gwine down to Lynchburg town, to tote my 'bacca down dar.' One verse went:

"De ole Jeems Ribber I float down,
I run my 'bacca boat agroun';
De drif' log cum wid a rush an' a din
An' stove bofe ends of my ole boat in.
But it'll neber do to gib it up so,' etc.

He came to Albany for three years, and I was with him every minute that he allowed me. That was about 1846-48, when I was thirteen to fifteen years old. His name was Jo Sweeny."

"Well, well!" said Capt. Jack, "so you knew 'Old Jo' Sweeny! He was a native of Virginia, about Appomattox, and he and his brother Richard both died in 1860. There was another brother—and they were all banjoists—who was somehow connected with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; but whether as an entertainer or a staff officer I don't know."

This explained why a letter to Jo Sweeny, in care of Gen. Jubal A. Early, C. S. A., was not answered; as a prisoner taken at Spottsylvania who stopped to listen to the banjo of Color Sergt. George Drysdale, of my regiment, expressed himself to the effect that if he wanted to hear real banjo playing he should hear Sweeny, etc.; and by the time Drysdale told it to me there was a change in the personnel. Gen. Stuart was killed in 1864, about the time I heard that Sweeny was with him, and it is not to be wondered at that my letters from Confederate prisons, some two months later, were not answered:

"Capt. Jack," said I, "one of the grandest musical treats of my life was at a corn-husking near Burkville, Va., in the fall of 1865. Most men have a taste for music of some kind, and as a sort of retaliation for your observation on my watching Southern darkies I will tell you that I have heard you humming, or whistling, 'My Old Kentucky Home' and 'Way Down on de Swanee Ribber,' and therefore know that you are possessed of both melody and rhythm, which comprises all there is of music to my ear. The harmony of an operatic chorus is wasted on me."

The Captain thought a moment, and replied: "You are fond of the songs of birds; they sing without rhythm."

"Perhaps so, but with melody."

"Ever hear a catfish sing?"

"I've heard the sounds they make when pulled out of the water with a hook in the mouth, if that's what you mean."

"Just so," said the Captain; "we will hear some of them sing in about an hour." And we did, as well as some horned dace which the Captain called roach. I took some of these, and perhaps the fall fish also, at Lexington. I refer to the two species of *Semotilus*, which I could not well distinguish in those days.

My friend Judge A. K. Leake, of Virginia, told me this story: "Upon my father's plantation, in the long bygone days, was an old superannuated negro whom we called 'Uncle Phil Hatcher,' to distinguish him from another Phil on the place. Old Uncle Phil's working days were over; he had 'laid down de shubble an' de hoe,' and was allowed to pass his declining days in any manner that pleased him, which was in fishing if the weather was right; but on cold, rainy days when he had 'roomatics in his laigs an' de misery pains in his back,' he was to be found close by the stove in an outhouse which was used as a kitchen for the 'hands,' in which his sister, old Aunt Milly, reigned supreme as the cook.

"He had a genius for fishing that probably was born with him, and the scenes of his exploits were a large creek and a mill pond, both on the plantation, and at the mouth of the creek where it empties into the James River. In my early boyhood the holidays were doubly welcome if the weather permitted Uncle Phil to fish, and I could accompany him. He was remarkably successful, and it seemed as if the fish refrained from taking others' hooks in order to sample Uncle Phil's bait. It made no difference if he baited my hooks; he would catch a dozen to my one, and big ones at that. His tackle consisted of a strong cotton line, spun and twisted on the place; an ordinary sized hook, a float made by him out of the soft root of the ash, and a cedar rod cut and peeled when the sap was running up.

"The fish he would catch—using our local nomenclature—were Southern chub (black bass), pike, silver perch, carp and flatback. The two last named would bite from February to April and from October to January. I have never seen these fish elsewhere than in the waters of the Piedmont section of Virginia, and do not know their scientific names. Both have the small, round, sucker mouth, and in cold weather are very good eating. The carp is a rather flat fish, with large fins, a sharp back and large silvery scales. The flatback is a round fish with small dark scales on the back and sides. You will recognize the other kinds. There were other fish in these streams, sun and yellow perch, mullet, white chub, catfish, etc.; but the fish just named were the only ones that Uncle Phil deemed worthy of his steel, and he looked with undisguised contempt on the silk lines and painted corks which I had. He lived and died in blissful ignorance, no doubt, of such an art as fly-fishing.

"His invariable bait for carp and flatback was cornmeal dough, mixed with cotton, and put on the hook in shape of a ball as large as a buckshot, while for the other fish he used live minnows. He lived to a great old age, delighted in a 'chaw' of tobacco, and there is no record of his ever refusing a drink of whisky. If he ever did such a thing, it must have been many long years before my advent.

"Apropos of his taste for 'nutritious beverages,' on one occasion when we were fishing near an old mill of my grandfather's he pointed out the site of an old distillery where, he said, my grandfather made excellent whisky, apple and peach brandy, and he could, in those good old days, get a drink as often as he wanted one.

"Dey was de good ole times," said Uncle Phil; "dey don' neber come no mo'; it was worf while fo' to lib in dem days, 'deed it was, an' yo' gran'fader—well, dey don' seem to make men like him now days; an' he made good whisky too—not such stuff as dey makes now. Hole on, I got a bite—nuffin' but a little sun perch,

an' no 'count. But yo' gran'fader get along fus trate tell bimeby ole Gen'l Coke he cum 'long. Ole Gen'l Coke he one dem temp'rance men, an' he talk an' talk till yo' gran'fader actilly jine de temp'rance. He was a-gitten along in years, an' I 'spects his mine was a little 'sturbed, an' he neber do a t'ing like dat. But ole Mahstah he jine, an' he neber had any mo' health; he jes' pine away an' die."

Judge Leake and I had been fighting our battles over again in that fraternal spirit which the true American soldier shows when he meets a fair, manly opponent, and I remarked: "My dear Colonel" (he has forbidden me to address him by the military title which he should be entitled to as an ordnance officer in A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and so I will say no more on that subject)—"my dear Colonel," I replied, "what you say reminds me of two stories, and they run in this way. A Northern traveler in Kentucky asked a darky: 'Whose large house is that?'"

"Keyurnal Johnson's, sah."

"Do you happen to know with what corps Col. Johnson served during the war?"

"No, sah; the Keyurnal didn't git into de wah; he was too young. He was bawnd a Keyurnal, sah!"

"Judge," said I, "that story represents the Northern idea of the Southern gentleman. At thirty he is a captain (there is no lower grade); at forty he is a major; at fifty a colonel; and then he is a general, ten years later—that is, if he is a man of prominence in his community. In the North the tendency was to drop them after the war, unless a man was a real, sure-enough general; but as the war veterans get older there is a disposition to revive military titles. But I'll tell you a story:

"What your old darky, 'Uncle Phil,' said about your grandfather 'j'inin' de temp'rance' recalls a story of a New Yorker who visited a Virginia gentleman, and seeing mint growing in profusion, proceeded to make his host acquainted with the flavor of a mint julep. Many pleasant days passed, and the traveler went his way; but a few years after he found himself near the old plantation, and inquired for the proprietor. An old darky came to the door and said: 'De young Maas Brown he dun gone off awn a deer hunt, an' de ole maas he gone daid.'"

"Dead! Sorry to hear that. What did he die of?"

"He was livin' 'long fus rate till a Yankee cum down yeah an' teach him to drink grass in hees rum, an' he died; I 'spect dat'll kill anybody, sah."

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Eastern Branch.

NOTHING perhaps so impresses one who wanders up and down the Potomac as the abundant evidences of a hundred years of nature's forces in the filling in of by-gone channels.

Whether there is really much less water than formerly is doubtful. At any rate in the lower river the tides must rise to their accustomed level, but everywhere in the tidewater creeks, where history and legend tell of former channels and commerce, we find to-day mud instead of water, and an occasional scow instead of busy ships. The Eastern Branch is one of these, and in Revolutionary times Bladensburg was the head of navigation. Now one may hardly reach Bladensburg with a canoe at low tide, and a channel is only maintained by dredging as far as the Navy Yard.

The upper end of the branch is principally wild rice, cattails and other aquatic plants that cover a swamp of considerable extent, and where at high tide in the season fine reed bird and sora shooting may be found.

The lower end is a wide expanse of mud flats, showing here and there decayed stumps of piles and wharves and wrecks. It is not a thing of beauty at either end, but so much depends on the point of view. Many a man has come away from it with a string of ducks or fish or rice birds or ortolan, as the rail is misnamed here, and thought it one of the most pleasant resorts in the country.

A book might be written of the century of associations which cluster around its banks, from the entry of the British into Washington, through Bladensburg, the old dueling ground when the code was the law among gentlemen; past Benning's, the great natural game preserve and sporting resort in later days; past the ruins of the old bridge, over which Booth rode at midnight while a nation wept; past the Navy Yard—busy once in the building of wooden ships, busier now in the manufacture of the greatest steel ordnance in the world; past Buzzard's Point, with its unsavory recollections, to the Arsenal at the point, more a playground for the city than a point of defense. But we came to fish.

The marshy character of the low banks and the ever-changing tides make a boat almost a necessity, though many fish are sometimes caught from the bridges and the rude wharves.

Three or four boat houses near the Navy Yard bridge furnish boats at moderate prices, and the direction we are to take depends something on the tides and something on what the angler seeks.

Up the creek on the further side are great beds of the wankapins, or little yellow waterlily, and in these, especially at low water, it is easy to find great numbers of the sunfish, or tobacco box, as this pugnacious little fish is locally called, and with a 102. rod they afford first-rate amusement. As a rule eight years is the limit of enjoyment for this sport, but children of a larger growth have found them attractive and were not ashamed to acknowledge the weakness.

"Everybody knows the sunfish, bold in biting and fearlessly fighting to the last on the hook. On fine tackle they give quite good sport; and I have frequently quit fishing for large-mouthed bass and pickerel in some warm water lake in summer because I preferred taking the bold biting and voracious sunfish." Thus wrote J. Harrington Keene; but then he was writing for boys, and was rightfully encouraging their probable sport. It is perfectly fair to guess that when he left off fishing for bass and pickerel they were not rising well, and the latter probably not at all in warm water. They have a bad habit of disappearing when the thermometer rises.

About the piers of the high bridge that extends to Pennsylvania avenue, a half mile above the boat house,

are schools of white perch, and indeed these may be caught almost throughout the course of the stream. In the upper shallows a good many carp, catfish and eels are taken by the natives, who know something of their haunts and habits. A stranger would grow weary trying to find a carp, notwithstanding their plenty.

Just above the bridge the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses a low trestle, overlooked by the Congressional Cemetery, and beyond this the flats were formerly known as Lickin's, and most fishermen started from here for their day's sport. Still further up are three islands, known in commercial days as Thoroughfares Nos. 1, 2 and 3. The course of the canal boats, which were poled from the canal in Washington with supplies for Bladensburg up this channel, depended on the state of the tides. At high tide the boats made a short cut behind the islands, but at low water threaded their tortuous way around. One of these boats lost its captain, and his widow Peg managed the boat for several years, but she too in an unlucky moment fell off her unwieldy craft and never rose again. This spot is still called Peg's Hole, and is said to then have had a depth of 40ft.

From this place, as far as one may go with a boat, club or fall fish may be found by one careful enough for this wary fish. In deep water any one can get them with bait, but the angler who can coax them to the surface, where they can take a look around, and keep them there long enough to take the fly is already a pretty fair fisherman.

Tall waving ribbon grass that hardly shows at high tide packs down into solid looking flats at low water, through which it is difficult to work a boat; but just along the edges of the channel this grass is favorite cover for the perches—white, yellow and sun.

Opposite and below the Navy Yard white perch are plenty, and about the timbers of a couple of old wrecks nearly sunk in the mud we have found them of first-rate size, though for the most part the deep-water bait-fishing takes a larger average in weight at any hour before dark. From then until 10 or 11 o'clock, if the tide is right, the fly will take the largest in the neighborhood. The reason is to be found in their natural shyness and the neglect of the angler to take sufficient precautions. There are places and times and conditions when 6ft. of rod and only as much of line will catch perch as fast as they can be unhooked, but for the most part to fish "far and fine" is as much better in perch fishing as for trout, especially if one fishes the same water long. You get the stupid ones caught out after a while, and those which have been pricked learn caution, as does all life from danger; and the plebeian perch is no slower about it than his fellow citizen with a longer pedigree and more gorgeous coat of arms.

The flats at the mouth of the Eastern Branch have long been a favorite seining ground, as have all the broad openings off the river front, like Gravelly Run at the south end of Long Bridge, Four-Mile Run, etc. These fishermen, some of whom live in house boats on the river, have set nets and seines, and have worried the authorities and anglers not a little.

Some of the fish they are catching now are already heavy with spawn, as yellow perch. A good many fish too are taken called by these seiners capital fish, nearly golbs. being caught at a single haul on the 11th inst. These are like the goldfish in general build, but silvery in color, and are apparently a deterioration of the Chinese carplet. The Potomac has a great many goldfish, descendants of stock escaped from Washington ponds and aquariums, and these of fairly good color and as large as the golden ide may be often seen in the waters below the city. This capital fish may be a decadent, the color modified by changed conditions of sunlight and muddy water and feed. Though eaten they are not considered delicacies, and as they do not readily take the hook are of no interest to sportsmen, save as a possible supply of food for better fish. If the seiners did no other harm than to remove these there would be but little opposition to their depredations. But when they are reported as hauling their seines to the shore and leaving the small fish to die on the gravel, using them afterward, if at all, for fertilizer, anglers grow frantic; some of them incoherent.

Efforts are being made to prevent this destruction in the District, but the press reports that on the trial of one the other day his defense was that the law only forbid such seining in the Potomac, and though the information located the offense in the Eastern Branch of the Potomac it was in reality Anacostia River, and an old map, on which the Eastern Branch bore that name, was supposed to fortify that position. If the alleged offense had been committed in the main stream it would probably be considered a sufficient defense to exhibit an older map, on which the Potomac is Pot-o-wam-meck, to let a culprit go "unwhipped of justice."

The case is still pending, and it is to be hoped the defendant is innocent of any violation either in Anacostia or the Eastern Branch. One thing only is sure, Eastern Branch it has been for a hundred years and Eastern Branch it will remain. These fishermen who depend on their nets for a livelihood cannot understand the antagonism of the sportsmen. They think he desires to rob them of their hard-earned chance to get bread and butter; that fish in tide waters ought to be free; and that it is only another instance of the oppression to which the rich are always subjecting the poor. In this he is mistaken. The anglers who feel most the effect of the havoc wrought by these illegal nets are themselves poor. The well-to-do sportsman takes his outing at a distance, and goes to waters where the fishing is different. Most of them indeed have a contempt for anything but a trout or a salmon, and they have as much trouble as the man with the nets in understanding anybody's objections if all the fish in the neighborhood were taken. Even as fertilizer is better than no use at all, and they haven't the slightest use for the little fishes.

But the clerk and the laborer, whose means and duties will not permit him to leave the city save for a few hours at a time, and who needs these hours in God's sunshine worse than any, these are the people who are hurt, to say nothing of the thousands of boys who have some rights to a nearby place to cast a line, and the still poorer, whose only chance for a bit of fish is of their own capture.

The legitimate netting is not objected to. The hard-earned pittance of the toiling fisher in the wet and mud

is not begrudged. He has sympathy instead for all this, and the absurd prices he must accept for the small fish turned in. It is only when he breaks the law, not only as it is written, but the laws of humanity and decency, in the wanton destruction of the ripe fish and tiny fry; when he throws these upon the sands to die, or on the fields, that the lover of the rod waxes indignant and denounces the class and the business in terms perhaps too general. Then the netter gets indignant and says that if Sunday angling could be restrained fishing would get good again. Who can blame him? Yet one haul of his net may work more destruction to next year's supply than all the anglers here may do in a season.

If the seine hauler would only show some consideration, ever once return the useless fish, the babies, to the water, better relations might be established, and his own chances of prosperity increased. One trouble lies in education. He has been taught to drag his net to shore, and knows no other way; if he would lift his net in the shallow water and turn it over after culling he would get more sympathy and less abuse, but we cannot forgive the destroying of the little ones.

At the bridge across the Eastern Branch, just above the Navy Yard, many rock fish are caught, and of good size, by the light of the bridge lamps on summer nights, when the May fly is out and the tide is flood about 10 P. M.

Nearly any sunny summer day with a fly first-rate sport may be had in and out among the numerous piers by quietly stealing along with a light skiff and throwing your fly around the corners. When the water is clear and the tide runs swift these shadows are favorite shelters for rockfish, perch and sunfish. But when the nose of your skiff reaches an opening the fish are gone. It is sometimes tantalizing, but this is always a part, and a principal part, of the pleasures of the chase.

HENRY TALBOTT.

An Invitation to Angling.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In these days, while we are yet surrounded by the evidences of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, as well as that of "Old Probs," there comes now and then a balmy day suggestive of the approach of spring. Ah, yes; the coming of spring, with its promises of flowers and fishing, makes the pleasures of hope to dim even those of pleasant memories. Once more my heart, like that of the Psalmist, "panteth for the water brooks"—for the freedom of the primeval forest and its balsamic odors—the murmurous music of the pines—the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the camp-fire by night—the mysterious cry from the sylvan shades, as the ghost-like owl

Hoots his melancholy lay
Away, in the twilight soft and gray.

—the loon's weird nocturnal laughter from the lake—the drowsy perfume of the bed of balsam boughs and the soul-subduing lullaby of summer showers.

I am blessed with a brother-in-law who is an Episcopal clergyman; and who is withal a thoroughly good fellow in every respect, and especially as a companion for an outing. His particular delight is like that of the elegant piscatorial poet of your own city, to escape intramural monotony; and with that author's "Little Rivers," Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," Rowland Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Outing," Thoreau's works, and a few more of that sort of literature, to "flee into the mountains of Hepsidam." He is of large and imposing presence, and I have not inappropriately dubbed him "The Bishop"; and my pious aspiration is that he may yet wear the lawn with all the dignity and grace which is native to him. I have recently written him a letter on the subject so dear to both our hearts; and as it may interest your readers to speculate upon their own feelings, had they been the recipients instead. I will venture to insert it:

"My dear Bishop:

"Lo, many revolving years have shed their blossoms of beauty and their snowdrifts of sorrow upon our heads since I first began our correspondence on the subject of vacations in the wilderness; but bearing in mind my recent remissness in this respect, I now approach thy pontifical presence with due humility, having a lively appreciation of my penitential position as regards your hierarchical highness of the miter. Speaking of bishops and miters, I never see a picture of one of those episcopal monstrosities, looking like an absurd pineapple cheese with a long, acute wedge taken out of its top, without being tempted to call bishops 'split-heads,' from the form of the chessman of that name.

"Well, my dear old 'split-head,' I understand that you have recently been suffering with the premonitory symptoms of the Waltonian fever. No, I will not call it Waltonian, for the much belauded old duffer from whose name the adjective was constructed was not my kind of a fisherman. Nay, don't hold up your hands in holy horror; I know that you are bound by your birthright as an Englishman to venerate all that pertains to that home of the oldest civilization on earth; and generally speaking, I am with you; but I draw the line at Izaak. That delightfully innocent old manufacturer of golf stockings never really 'went fishing,' in the sense that we use the phrase. He was simply hampered by his natural environment; and his little 'pent-up Utica' compelled him to be merely an amiable and harmless old crank who liked to hear himself lecture on natural theology, while his clumsy old 'pole' was stuck into a claybank, as his float bobbed peacefully up and down on the placid waters.

"When his didactic discourse had been duly delivered, and the doxology sung, this tired and tiresome old gentleman would excavate the butt of his rod from the bank, haul up the float which had been submerged unnoticed for perhaps two hours, hoist up a mud-flavored carp or tench—Heaven save the mark—and then proceed to inflict upon his gasping and wondering companion and victim a recipe for disguising the beastly taste of his captured water-hog; all of this being couched in florid and pedantic phrase fit only to stuff his fraudulent fish with. Oh, yes, I am a 'disciple of Walton'—I don't think. Why, bless your apostolic eyes and limbs, if the ghost of old Izaak should rise in the gloaming, on a lake in northern Wisconsin, and seat itself in my boat, I would furnish that beneficent and silly old shade with

a 5oz. split-bamboo, an automatic reel, a fine braided silk line, and a lively creek chub for a lure; and when a 3lb. small-mouth struck him, that unfortunate old spook would get right up and howl, and frankly admit, then and there, that while in the flesh he didn't know the first principles of 'goin' a-fishin'.

"After this long exordium it is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I too want to go fishing; and I want some one for a companion—somebody who is companionable, and not quite as expert as myself, for I do not wish deliberately to wound my own self-esteem; and after canvassing the list of my eligible acquaintances I have concluded that you will fill the bill elegantly. And now, if you will consent to bear with your usual patience the peculiarities (to use no worse name for 'em) of a tolerably rough and careless old boy who delights to dabble in water, catch the various denizens thereof, smoke a corn-cob pipe and write sentimental verses about fish and females—or, combining the two, 'mermaids'—if you can stand that kind of a combination another trip, suppose we talk the matter over and arrange for an outing whenever your 'parochial' duties will permit. Apropos of fishing and versification, *FOREST AND STREAM* has honored my muse by publishing my song of the 'Kentucky Reel,' which seemed to have met with your Reverence's approval when I sent it to you. Permit me to make my acknowledgments for your high encomium upon my effort; and inasmuch as you suggest that I should 'strike the lyre again,' presuming that you mean that I should 'hit the same old fish liar again,' I will take you at your word and proceed to reach for his solar plexus thusly:

A SUNSET IN SUMMER

'Tis a sunset in summer, and fold upon fold
Glow the clouds in their draping of scarlet and gold
And the bright dimpled waters are sinking to rest,
Lulled to sleep by the breeze breathing out of the west.

The oars are abandoned—we gaze with rapt eyes
On the occident mantling with exquisite dyes,
As the pearl and the amethyst mingle their glow
With the turquoise and ruby that glitter below.

So we drift as we watch the magnificent sight
Of the rich tints evoked by the magic of light;
Until nearing the shore, when, as quick as a flash,
The picture's forgotten—there's a musical splash

Of a bass, as he leaps from his watery lair,
Flinging glittering drops on the soft summer air.
The boatman, in warning, gently raises his hand,
And points to the circlets just kissing the land.

Then deftly he hooks on a minnow with care,
And whispers: "Now make a cast just over there."
When away flies the lure with such delicate skill
As scarcely to ripple the waters so still.

A moment of waiting, then a tentative bite.
And the fish steals away with a motion so slight
I can hear my heart beat. Ah! the thrill that I feel
As the silk slowly glides from the low clicking reel.

Now he halts, and I strike—a magnificent jump—
And my heart in response gives a rattling thump;
For my bass is a beauty—what are gorgeous skies
To the bronze and the pearl of an angler's prize?

"There, no matter if the poetry isn't up to grade, just give it the stamp of your approval, and like Horace's head my old bald pate will scrape the welkin. Just think what that celebrated Brooklyn divine did for a no less celebrated brand of soap; and reflect what a proud thing it will be to you in after life to boast that you discovered and encouraged a struggling fish poet. Your own reputation will doubtless be enhanced, and your glory be gilded by the dazzling coruscations which will light my pathway to Parnassus.

"Oh, yes, Fred; you work up a little favorable sentiment in my behalf—make 'em believe that in our gas factory we manufacture the genuine afflatus, and that I am the high priest of the cult—and at the risk of my reputation I will try and convince the people that you are an eloquent preacher, ram jam full of unuttered eloquence, silver-tongued oratory, soulful syllogisms, etc.; and the first thing you know, your pet name of Bishop will no longer be a mere pseudonym, but a bona fide title. Is it a whiz?
"As ever, your brother angler, ZERO."

Boys vs. Hoodlums.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I willingly accept Mt. Tom's apology for misquoting me in regard to the "farmers' boys," although he seems to think it unnecessary, as shown by heading his letter with a quotation from something I did write six years ago, and which bore no more relation to farmers and their boys than it did to the man in the moon!

I spoke of the "inherent cussedness of the ignorant country hoodlum," referring to that class of idle loafers who infest many of our large villages, hanging around the taverns, stables, saloons or billiard rooms, where there are any, working enough at "odd jobs" to support themselves after a fashion, and stretching all laws fearfully, even if they do not break them. Their highest form of amusement seems to be in doing something to annoy more quiet and steady people.

These are the fellows who on the night before the Fourth of July take down the signs of stores and offices, unhinge front gates and hide them, and carry off any stray chairs that may have been left out of doors. The farmer's boy is "not in it" all, and I never thought of him when I wrote.

I have had the padlocks on boat chains smashed with a stone, or the staples wrenched out of the boat, filth left on the seats, and all sorts of other nasty tricks.

Public attention has been called to the growth of this element in our larger villages by crimes of a more serious nature, which seem to be the result of unbounded liberty degenerating into license, and lead one to think that a slight return to the strict discipline of our Puritan ancestors might be advantageous.

The "yellow literature" of the day has something to do with it; police gazettes, with glaring pictures of every crime, and portraits of every murderer; other newspapers whose columns are filled daily with details of all such occurrences, and that mawkish sentimentality

which sends women to the prisons with flowers for the criminals—all are adding a very bad leaven to the lump and bringing about evil results.

The second quotation of the "farmers' boys," as to fishing on Sunday and selling their trout, is also correct; and if the man who kept the hotel here when that was written, in 1894, were still alive, I could prove every word of it. I am glad to say that his successor does not follow this practice.

Now I am neither Pharisee nor Sabbatarian; I believe one day in the week has been set apart for ages for rest and recreation, and although I never fish myself on Sunday, out of deference to general custom, I do not see any such great crime in it as a recreation, but what I did and do object to is making such fishing a labor for gain, and stripping the public waters of their fish on Sunday to pocket the proceeds in cash.

I have a high respect for both the farmers and the farmers' boys, among whom I was born and brought up, and have always been on the best of terms with them, and I did not like being quoted in such a way as to give the impression that I was "cussing" them. I well remember one, who would have made a good "running mate" for that delightful boy of El Comancho's, and who had the same knowledge of woodcraft and wild things and their habits as that delightful boy whose doings I am glad to see chronicled. Nor is Mr. Raymond Spears' boy "a slouch" either. I will bet they are both farmers' boys, every inch of them. VON W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Along the Rock River.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 19.—Rather a lamentable state of affairs is that set forth by a writer from Rockton, Ill., who wishes to be known as Young Sportsman. It shows very well the depressing feeling which must come to any man who lives in a country once abounding in game, and who witnesses the natural resources of the country decrease from year to year through causes obviously unjust and injurious to the majority of the residents. I may perhaps best present this case by giving a portion of the letter as written:

"I wish to tell you of northern Illinois, at least about the first twenty miles that Rock River flows in Illinois. Here seining, spearing and blowing up fish occur within a quarter of a mile of the town of Rockton, a small, sleepy village of about one thousand souls. Some of the richest farmers hereabout own nets full 200ft. long. They pull these nets generally on Saturday night somewhere between Rockton and Latham. They pull the net till they have got about 300lbs. of fish, then divide up with relatives living within three or four miles of Rock River. When they have picked out what fish they want they don't throw the small bass, catfish, pickerel, pike and perch back, but leave them on the bank of the river by the score. While out hunting I have come to piles of fish bones that if scraped up would fill a half a dozen bushel baskets. I am not stretching this in the least. There are also some pot-hunters here who blow up fish up near the mouth of the Pecatonica River, not a quarter of a mile from Rockton. This part of Rock River was once as good fishing grounds as any one could wish for. There are many fine camping grounds around here, and when fish were plentiful it was a pleasure to go camping for a few days, but now it is as much fun to stay at home. Last summer my chum and I camped eight days, and caught about eighty fish—small black bass, rock bass and silver bass, so small in fact that we only picked out enough of the best to send home a meal apiece and have fish once a day for ourselves, then threw the rest back in the river. Grand spot that!"

"What about the game wardens, fish commissioners? They are the very worst of the lot. If our State officers would pick out a few young fellows like myself, about nineteen years old, who know the country for miles around and don't care whether we are good fellows or not in the eyes of the law breakers, I think we could help them all. Yes, maybe more than they would care to have us. A few years ago a man after working all the week would eat supper, take his pole and a pail of minnows, and go down to some of the river bridges or up to the dam on Saturday night and catch a good mess of fish for Sunday dinner. But alas! no more. Another thing: Fishermen from Beloit come down from Beloit in the spring when it is against the law to fish on their dam and completely cover our dam and bridges, and if we come there to fish we must either fish from boats or in places where the fish don't stay. Why can't our respected law-makers look at this? Wisconsin forbids us to shoot in her territory without a license, but then down in our State—oh, that's different. About prairie chickens, we used to have lots of them, but now these same Beloit fellows and also our Fish Commissioner (?) and several others of our respected "sportsmen" who own dogs commence to hunt about the Fourth of July, and by open season the chickens are so few and far between that a dozen fellows, each going in an opposite direction, wouldn't get a dozen chickens. This in a country that five years ago was alive with game. Rabbits are hunted with a piece of rubber hose, or ferret and shot before they are 20ft. away from their burrow. Squirrels have almost disappeared from this land of ours.

"Can't you help me to form a club of the younger sportsmen that are sportsmen, for the protection of our game laws? I will send you the name of several that are good shots, and along with myself long for the 'shooting of our daddies.' Why don't sportsmen take a hand in politics, put up a sheriff who will help us out? Isn't it breaking the laws just as much to shoot out of season, and shoot, spear and blow up fish as it is to steal? Hoping you will try to interest sportsmen in this matter, I remain

YOUNG SPORTSMAN."

The above correspondent says that he would like this club to be made up of "sportsmen and not of shooters." "By sportsmen," he says "I mean fellows who love the camp-fire. By shooters I mean fellows who go out simply for the shooting. Again I want to ask," says he, "if you consider fellows who own fine dogs, the best of guns and all sportsmen's fixtures, and who go hunting just to have a big drunk, as sportsmen?"

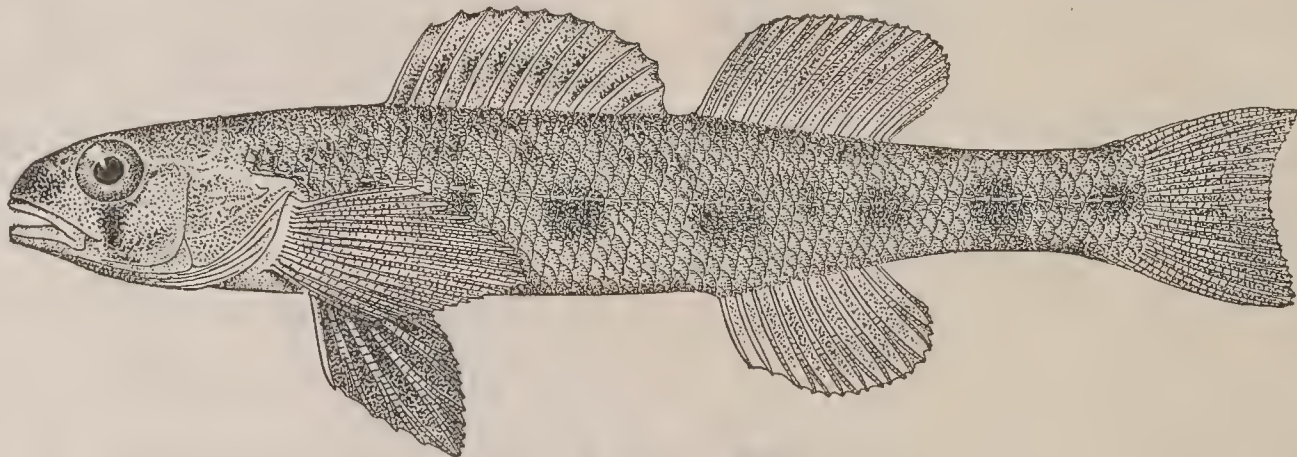
The answers to most of these questions would be easy, and yet they are questions very pertinent even to-day, when the gun and the bottle are no longer considered inseparable, and when the name of sportsman has indeed to be classified apart from that of the shooter. In brief, I will say to the writer of the above that he is happy in being young, for I think he will live long enough to see a better time along the old Rock River. The new ways of sportsmanship and the new ideas of protection gain ground yearly. Providence helps them who help themselves. Let Young Sportsman go ahead and form his club, in which I should be glad to help in any way that I can. Then let the club start out after the violators of the law, not waiting for some one else to do it for them. This week Dr. Bartlett, of the Commission, is looking after some men who have been dynamiting fish under the ice along the lower part of the Rock River. Let us hope he will attend to the men who are injuring the old preserves of our young friend along the upper part of the same stream. I am sure Dr. Bartlett would be able to temperately point out to this writer the wrong of making sweeping and unfounded accusations against the State officers. Get facts, and be sure you are right before you go ahead in a good rule for any young or old sportsman. If you have the facts, no one can shake your position; but get the facts first.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Cheney Darter.

IN an advance publication of the United States Fish Commission Bulletin, giving descriptions of new or little known genera and species of fishes from the United States; by Barton W. Evermann and William C. Kendall, are given results of recent investigations of the United States Fish Commission in Florida, Louisiana and elsewhere, which have resulted in large and important collections of fishes from those regions. The preliminary study which has been given to these collections of fishes from those regions. The preliminary study which has been given to these collections has shown that they contain a number of species new to science, besides several others which have not hitherto been



THE CHENEY DARTER.

taken in the waters of the United States, or are of rare and unusual occurrence within our limits. Among the collections of especial interest which have not yet been fully studied are those made in the St. Lawrence Basin in 1894, in Florida in 1896, and in Louisiana and Mississippi in 1897.

Among the new species figured and described is a darter, from New York waters, which has been named in honor of Mr. A. N. Cheney, "in recognition of his valuable contributions to our knowledge of the food and game fishes" of New York. This is the description of the fish:

Cottogaster cheneyi, new species.

Type, No. 43781, U. S. N. M.; Cotypes, No. 43782, U. S. N. M.; No. 527, U. S. F. C.; and No. 5774, L. S. Jr. Univ. Mus. Length of type, 2 1/4 in. Type locality, Racket River, Norfolk, New York. Collectors, Barton W. Evermann and Barton A. Bean.

Head 4; depth 6; eye 4 in head; snout 4; maxillary 3 1/2; interorbital width 5 1/2. D. XI-12; A. II, 8; scales 7-56-6. Body rather stout, heavy forward, compressed behind; head heavy; mouth moderate, slightly oblique, lower jaw included, maxillary reaching front of pupil; premaxillaries protractile. Cheeks, opercles, breast, and nape entirely naked; scales of body large and strongly etenoid; lateral line complete, straight; median line of belly naked anteriorly, with ordinary scales posteriorly. Fins large; dorsals separated by a space equal to half diameter of eye; origin of spinous dorsal a little nearer origin of soft dorsal than tip of snout; its base about equal to length of head; longest dorsal spine 2 1/2 in head, the outline of the fin gently and regularly rounded; soft dorsal higher than spinous portion, the second to tenth rays about equal in length, scarcely 2 in head, the first, eleventh, and twelfth rays but slightly shorter than the others; anal moderate, its origin under base of third dorsal ray, the spines slender, the second a little longer than the first, whose length is 3/4 in head; longest anal rays about 2-1.5 in head; caudal lunate, the lobes more produced and pointed than usual among darters; pectorals long and pointed, the middle rays longest, about 1-1.6 in head, reaching tips of ventrals; ventrals well separated, not nearly reaching vent, the longest rays 1 1/4 in head.

Color in alcohol, back dark brownish, covered with irregular spots and blotches of darker; side with about eight or nine large dark spots lying on the lateral line; belly pale; top of head dark; snout black; lower jaw and throat dark; a broad black line downward from eye to throat; cheek and opercles rusty; spinous dorsal crossed by a median dark line; ventrals blue black; other fins pale, but dusted with rusty specks.

Fifteen examples of this interesting darter were obtained July 18, 1894, by Messrs. Evermann and Bean in the Racket River near Norfolk, St. Lawrence county, New York. It did not seem to be very common, as only fifteen examples resulted from numerous hauls of the collecting seine.

Named for Mr. A. Nelson Cheney, State Fishcultivist of New York, in recognition of his valuable contributions to our knowledge of the food and game fishes of that State.

Music of the Woods.

PROF. ERNST E. HELD, of Syracuse, N. Y., has found in the Adirondacks inspiration for a series of musical sketches for the piano, entitled "In the Adirondack Mountains." They are intended to give in light outline the impressions received by summer guests during their stay in the mountains, and in the attainment of his purpose the author has been most happily successful. Of the eight numbers, the first is entitled "On the Trail to Camp," in which the melody speaks of the rollicking spirit and joyful anticipations of a party of young men

making their way through the woods. Then, in "Around the Camp-Fire," one of the party tells a story and is answered first by the singing of a quartet and then by many quips, followed by hilarious laughter. Then are heard the "Forest Voices," where rustling leaves and gurgling waters mingle their voices with calls of woodland birds—thrush and whippoorwill—until hushed by the silence of night. Then, with the "Moonlight on the Lake," comes the old, old story, the score picturing a loving couple in a boat on a moonlit mountain lake. The change from this is rapid, but not altogether unpleasant, to the music of the "Trout Stream," in which one hears a mountain brook singing and babbling and gurgling and splashing on its way. The next number interprets the music of "A Rainy Day," where the sound of the rain swishes through the dripping trees and mingles with the sighs and sobs of the imprisoned campers. Then the theme changes and we have the "Deer Hunt," with rollicking music of hounds and shouts of drivers. The final number is a farewell to the woods, in which the score interprets the gratitude, regrets, and vows of fealty of one who reluctantly turns face homeward, and to whom the woods are for a twelvemonths to be but a memory. The music is fittingly inscribed to Hon. A. Judd Northrup, of Syracuse, author of "Camps and Tramps," and one whose devotion to the woods and incorporation of their spirit entitled him to the recognition of such a deduction. The music is published by Theo. Presser, of Philadelphia. It will be sure to please every woodland camper. While specifically named for the Adirondacks, it is universal in the interpretation of the music of nature.

A Spanish Defeat.

From the New York Sun.

"YOU'RE aware that the Canary Islands belong to Spain, but you don't know how widely diffused the feeling against this nation is down there. When I was there in '96 I had a narrow escape from death on that account. After I'd been there for some days I decided on an ocean bath, but I had no bathing suit, and although that garment is not regarded as essential or even usual by the population, I felt that I would be more comfortable

with one on. So I had one made out of an American flag, both for the sake of patriotism, and on account of its buoyancy."

"What buoyancy—the flag's? I never heard—"

"The American flag always floats, don't it? You always hear of it floating. Well, as I'm not a very strong swimmer, I figured that if I got tired the flag would float and float me with it."

"Will you please furnish a diagram with that? The flag doesn't float in water; it floats in air."

"Don't you make the mistake common to inexperience, that diplomacy consists in splitting hairs. Kindly permit me to finish my story. You can take notes as I go along, if you wish, and I'll clear up afterward any points that may be too abstruse for your intellect. To proceed: Adorned with my protecting flag, I swam out into the cove. It so happened that there was a shoal of Spanish mackerel sporting out beyond me. No sooner had they caught sight of my colors than in a frenzy of rage they one and all headed for me, and before I could reach shallow water I was surrounded by the myriads of fish, who attacked me ferociously. With their sharp teeth they tore strips of skin and flesh from me. My blood dyed the water. Escape was impossible. Death seemed imminent. Suddenly I was aware of a terrific commotion in the water about me. The murderous Spanish mackerel ceased to attack me and seemed to be defending themselves as best they could against an aquatic onslaught. Bleeding from a hundred wounds, I made my way to shore. Judge of my amazement and gratitude when I found that I owed my deliverance to the loyalty and courage of a school of starfish and a shoal of striped bass. This combination of stars and stripes, seeing my peril and observing my colors, rallied around the flag, and after a terrific naval battle put the fierce Spanish mackerel to flight. Since then I have never looked upon a pickled starfish or seen striped bass upon a bill of fare that anger and grief have not risen in my bosom."

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 15.—Kansas City Kennel Club's second annual show, Kansas City, Mo. A. E. Ashbrook, Sec'y.

Hydrophobia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article upon hydrophobia by Dr. C. H. Sheppard, in your paper of Dec. 11, appears to me the most important upon that subject that I have ever seen. I have frequently read of the Buisson system of treatment by vapor baths, but understood that it had been tried in only a few cases. The results might therefore have been fallacious, for there is always a possibility of mistaking the symptoms due to certain deranged states of the nervous system for real hydrophobia. Such an error could not occur in eighty cases, and if the information as to numbers supplied to the Lancet be fully reliable, there can be no further doubt of the vapor bath being a certain cure. But if so, the fact of its having been ignored since its first trials in 1826 is a decided reproach to the medical profession.

I can corroborate Dr. Sheppard's statement that the saliva of dogs which are apparently healthy may sometimes communicate the disease. One of my intimate friends, an inspecting veterinary surgeon in the Indian Army, knew a man who died from hydrophobia caused by a puppy licking his face where it had been cut while shaving. The puppy showed no after signs of illness. There can, I think, be little doubt that the germs of this and other diseases may exist in the bodies of certain animals which, individually, are not susceptible to their action; and yet the same germs may prove virulent if other animals be inoculated with them. In this way only can we account for a fact stated by Col. Dodge, of the United States Army, in his work on the Great West. He says that skunks are frequently in the habit of nibbling the faces and hands of men sleeping in camps on the prairies. In the Arkansas Valley these bites invariably cause hydrophobia, although they have no ill effects north and south of that belt of territory. When the men awake, the skunks are easily driven out of the tents, showing no signs of being rabid.

I quite agree with those authorities who assert that the virus remains localized for a time in the cicatrix of the wound. It appears to incubate there at first, like the virus of cowpox, before being absorbed into the general system; for the first symptom usually observed, before those which are specially indicative of hydrophobia, is throbbing and itching in the seat of the wound. Many years ago I read in a medical work of two men who had been bitten by a rabid dog, and whose wounds had healed. Some time afterward they felt the characteristic throbbing, and consulted a surgeon, who cut out all the cicatrices, after which they experienced no further ill effects.

There is some reason for believing that rabies may originate spontaneously in animals of the dog genus. It is hardly probable that the disease is always existent in any race of wild creatures, considering how rapidly they die after being attacked, and yet we hear occasionally of isolated cases among wolves in America and Russia, and among jackals in India.

About two years ago a pet dog belonging to an old lady in London died from rabies. He had not been near another dog, and had never been out of the house except into a back yard from which there was no means of egress into the streets. There was no conceivable way in which the dog could have been inoculated, unless he had been bitten by a stray cat, and of that there was not the slightest evidence.

The subject is difficult to decide about, because there are several ways by which the virus may be introduced into an animal's system without any one being aware of the fact. A dog, for instance, might imbibe it when drinking at a pool which had been visited shortly before by a rabid animal. (The popular idea that a mad dog dreads water is incorrect. He will often plunge his face into it for the purpose of quenching his raging thirst, but is unable to drink, owing to spasms and congestion in the throat.) Cats probably communicate rabies much more frequently than is generally suspected, while in its early stages they would be liable to fight with dogs encountered when they climb over walls into gardens and yards. Even when a cat is in an advanced stage of the disease the owner is not likely to detect it, because that animal does not run amuck like a dog, and rarely bites without provocation.

It has been repeatedly stated that there is an excess of cases of hydrophobia found in the vicinity of Pasteur institutes. I believe the cause of this to be that each institute is a center of infection, and that flies are the chief agents in carrying the virus from the wretched animals, in whose bodies it is "cultivated," to healthy dogs and cats in the neighborhood.

There is good reason for the assertion frequently made, that the Pasteur method of treatment often causes hydrophobia in people who might otherwise escape. The late Prof. J. H. Steel, in his book upon disease of the dog, says: "Although intravenous or intracellular inoculation ordinarily produces 'dumb madness,' furious rabies will follow when the amount of virus injected is very small; and the smaller the amount, the more easily is furious rabies brought on." Now, "dumb madness" is that form of the disease in which the patient is paralyzed, and in nearly or quite all the cases of hydrophobia in human beings who have been previously subjected to the Pasteur treatment paralysis has been a marked symptom. But it has been absent, to the best of my recollection, in all the cases caused by dog bites (and not treated by Pasteur's method) of which I have heard or read during the last fifty years.

Rabies (although other diseases are often mistaken for it) is really very uncommon, and there is no exaggeration in stating that a large proportion of dogs entered as "mad" in police returns have been affected with some other malady.

In the Dogs' Home at London the attendants are, of course, sometimes bitten, yet there was not one case of hydrophobia among them during many years after that institution was founded, and I have not heard of one up to the present time. About 40,000 dogs are admitted annually, and Mr. A. J. Sewell, the veterinary surgeon who attends the home regularly, reported that there had not been one case of rabies in it during the twelve months ending March, 1897.

It is asserted by high authorities that not more than, at the utmost, 20 per cent. of human beings bitten by dogs really rabid are attacked with hydrophobia, and this proportion would be immensely reduced if the wounds were without delay carefully cauterized to the bottom. Every bite ought to be cauterized, even if the animal which inflicts it show no sign of illness.

A celebrated canine veterinary surgeon named Youatt, who lived in London about sixty years ago, was bitten by rabid dogs several times, and once through the lower lip by a rabid cat. On each occasion he applied nitrate of silver to the wounds, and suffered nothing further from their effects.

No one should allow a dog, although apparently healthy, to lick any part of his skin. It cannot be too generally known that an unusual degree of affection and fondness for licking is sometimes the very earliest symptom of rabies. Some years ago a case was recorded in England of a lady dying from hydrophobia caused by a lap dog licking a pimple on her face.

The universal muzzling of dogs, so strongly advocated by some authorities, can never completely eradicate rabies as long as that disease exists among wild animals.

A great deal might be done to mitigate its prevalence by:

1. Posting placards in every district, describing its symptoms, and ordering that every animal so affected be immediately confined in a safe place.

2. Enforcing a law that every dog and cat must be registered, and wear a metal collar with his owner's name and address engraved upon it. The police to be at liberty to capture any animal found without a collar and convey it to a dogs' home, where it might be destroyed if not claimed within a specified number of days.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

J. J. MEYRICK.

Reminiscences of Ben Hur.

PHILADELPHIA.—Editor Forest and Stream: Many a man who loves a good dog will be sorry to learn of the recent death of Ben Hur, of Riverview, owned by Mr. Francis G. Taylor, of Philadelphia. The rule which applies to men, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" (of the dead nothing save it be good), might apply also to dogs. At all events, one who reads of the exploits of hunting dogs in the sporting papers must conclude that this rule is applied both to the dead and to the living.

Ben Hur was about ten years old, and consequently was approaching the end of his career as a hunter; but it was my good fortune to have him in the field but a few weeks before his death, and he was as keen and effective as ever. One could have wished for him, in view of his long successful career in the field, that he might have lived out his quiet old age until the dust from which he came took him unto itself again. But it was not so to be. His painful death was due to a careless accident. A bad cut from the heels of a horse led to lockjaw, in spite of every care to prevent it.

The writer presumes that no one had a greater experience with Ben Hur, especially in the field, than himself. For four years he was a daily companion in a summer home in the mountains, and was used very frequently on woodcock and grouse. In the same period the writer was able to make several hunting trips in the South, and only once was Ben Hur left at home; and several times on that trip his steady, valuable work would have been greatly appreciated.

Most dogs are supposed to have their off days, but I never saw one for Ben Hur. If there were any birds about he was sure to find them.

But, lest my great affection for the dog and my high appreciation of his merits should seem to lead me to exaggeration, let me say frankly at the outset that he was by no means a perfect dog. He was rather complimentary to the man with a gun, for whenever a shot was fired Ben assumed that there were dead birds lying about, and it was very difficult to induce him to delay a search for them. He was very self-willed, always seemed to think he knew more about the place to find birds than his handler, and very often demonstrated his superior judgment. But he was very apt to hunt out his own country in his own way. He was not disposed to point birds at long range, and occasionally got so close that they would not keep him company until the guns arrived. In spite of all this, I have yet to see his superior.

The memory retains many incidents of the field. A few of these will show the kind of dog he was. In hunting in close cover no man alive could keep him in sight, nor could any one lose him. Turn and twist as you might, Ben would soon come galloping up your trail, unless he found game; and if he did he would stay until you found him.

I was once hunting woodcock with Ben and one of his offspring. The cover contained about five acres in a long, narrow strip. I lost sight of Ben, and as he didn't come in I knew he had found birds. For thirty minutes by the watch I hunted every foot of that place, as I supposed, repeatedly blowing the whistle and calling loud enough to scare all the birds in the county. Finally I saw the young dog come to a back. I looked ahead of him and saw Ben in tall grass and bushes, as stanch and as unconcerned as if he had but that minute struck the scent. I flushed the bird, and of course did not kill it. I really felt sorry for a bird that had stood for thirty minutes 3 ft. from a dog's nose. I had been repeatedly within 10 ft. of Ben, whistling and calling, but he was concerned about that bird, and thought I was able to take care of myself.

Ben was not quite as fast as many a dog that I have seen, but he could keep up his pace all day, and by his superior judgment frequently wipe the eye of a faster dog. On the last trip I made with him to North Carolina, but a few weeks before his death I found several times that when I discovered him, after a short search,

he was sitting down. I had never seen him strike that attitude when he pointed, though I had seen him crouch in all sorts of attitudes when he came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a single birds at short range; but I could not understand by what process he came to point sitting.

But one day the mystery was explained. He passed out of sight on the brow of a low hill in a large wheat stubble. After waiting some time in vain for him to return I came to the conclusion that he had found birds, and started off to hunt him up. I soon saw him, close by a railroad—perhaps a quarter of a mile away. I turned and called to my companion, some distance in the rear, to follow me. Ben apparently heard me call, and turned his head, by almost imperceptible stages, until he saw me coming; then he moved it back, pointing straight to the covey. When I first saw him he was standing perfectly erect, but as I drew near I perceived that his hindquarters were settling, but very gradually. By the time I reached him he was sitting down composedly, as much as to say: "I am comfortable now, and you ignorant gunners may take your time in reaching the covey." Ben was tired, and did not propose to stand up all the afternoon waiting for people who did not seem to know where the birds were. But, on the other hand, he was cute enough to know that a sudden movement of the head, or a too hasty squatting, would endanger the repose of his quarry, and he intended to hold them until we came, if it were all day.

Let no hunter of a short experience accuse me of misinterpreting the dog's cleverness, for I happen to know that a sudden movement of a pointing dog will flush birds. But recently a young dog of mine, running across the wind, struck the full scent of a nice covey at close range. He made a beautiful and snappy stop; but he was a little too much doubled up for real comfort, and before I got within range he made a slight movement to ease his position, and the birds flew instantly.

Mr. Taylor always seemed to think that Ben loved to hunt, and he was inclined to give Ben the privilege whenever his friends wanted him; in fact, he was almost too generous for the dog's good.

While, as I said at the beginning, I have many precious memories of Ben in the field, it is a matter of deep sorrow to me that I shall never again see that handsome old fellow pull up on a covey, and that in my walks in the woods next summer Ben will not be my companion.

Ben Hur was finely bred, going back on one side to Champion Gladstone and on the other to Champion Druid. His immediate progenitors were Ben Hill and Zoe W. On Ben Hill's side of the house he had Ruby and Champion Druid, and on Zoe W.'s side Champion Gladstone and Fawn.

Ben Hur was winner at the dog show in Cincinnati in 1890; in Denver in 1890; he carried off the red ribbon at Chicago in 1891; Cleveland in 1891; Kingston, 1892; Ottawa in 1892; and Toronto. In 1893 he won first at Philadelphia and at Denver, second at Detroit, Washington and Philadelphia; and in 1894 he again captured the blue ribbon in this city. He has also won various recognitions in the field.

L. W. B.

Trying the New Coon Dog.

It was a glorious night for a coon hunt, and the visitors were anxious to try the new dog which Burdette had lately purchased in the South for good money. He was indeed a fine-looking specimen, young, keen and active. His owner had already killed three coons that Tan had treed, and was enthusiastic over his acquisition.

Leaving the team at the old house, we had scarcely entered the orchard in its rear when Tan, who was evidently a "track-barker," opened out, full and clear, his splendid tenor ringing through the valley and having in it a wild note that stirred the blood of every listener. Down through the orchard to the brook, then up the half-dry channel for 60 yds., then off to the right again for 60 more, and—"He's barking up," cried Burdette, in eager tones.

"No," answered a more experienced member of the party, "that's a 'ledge' bark; he has run them in."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted Burdette, "but if that is the case he'll not stay there long." And sure enough, in five minutes Tan stopped barking and came back to us.

By the shift light of the lanterns Edgar and I exchanged glances. We knew more about the ledges over there than we cared to tell just at that time.

At the edge of the woods we left the two "heavy" members of the party to enjoy a rest, while Burdette, Edgar and myself struck out for the meadow at the head of the valley. Half way to the Cascades, Tan opened again, right in the brook this time.

"No guesswork about that trail," said his owner; "nothing but coons paddle around in the water."

How the echoes rolled through the heavy timber and resounded from the hills on either side, as, dashing through the mud and water of the swamp, the eager hound drove straight away for perhaps a hundred yards, and then we heard again his baffled "ledge" bark, and again he came back, as though satisfied with having "run them in."

This time the lantern showed a look of wonder in Edgar's eyes. He didn't happen to know about that particular ledge, but saw that I did, and with a quiet smile led the way up the smoothly worn channel of the brook. We listened to Burdette's explanation of the advantages of a coon dog that wouldn't "hang around an old ledge all night," and plodded on in silence. As we skirted the little pond at the foot of the meadow and were looking at the tracks of some deer which had been down to drink, Tan gave tongue again at the edge of the woods, but seemed to lose the scent on the upland, and so we called him off and swung to the left over "Uncle Sam's" hill to the big orchards on its southern slope. We were about ready to call it a bad job when the hound, who had been threshing the brush on the lower side of a stone wall, broke loose again and went tearing down the steep hillside in a perfect avalanche of roars.

"He's right on his back!" yelled Burdette, as he plunged after the dog, to the imminent danger of his own neck, which, as Edgar remarked, was "too short to tie, if he should happen to break it."

"He's got 'em dead to rights this time!" he howled

back to us through the brush: "that's his tree-bark, sure."

We found the irrepressible Tan "barking up" a big hemlock that stood by itself among a dense undergrowth of briars and swamp maple. He had chewed up all the small bushes around the tree, and commenced on the tree itself when we got there, and was making more noise than a brass band.

We set to work with a hatchet and cleared a spot for Mr. Coon to fall in, and just as the "heavy contingent" came puffing and blowing up the hill Burdette buckled on his revolver and climbers, and went up the tree like a telephone man. After he disappeared among the branches there ensued a seemingly long period of suspense, during which Tan continued to bark (and chew bark) in a manner that was surprising even to old coon hunters.

Suddenly, from somewhere above us, came the sound of an explosion, which, although somewhat sulphurous, could not be ascribed to the burning of gunpowder, and a rustling as if the climber was hastily descending.

"What's the matter up there?" sang out the Fat Man.

The answer came back through Burdette's clenched teeth:

"It's a gol-blasted hedgehog!"

H. B. SWETT.

ELKINS, N. H.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A few words dropped out of a line in the report of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, published in our last week's issue, made it appear that his Honor Charles Patterson judged the club's trials last fall. Mr. Thos. Johnson was the judge, and the club tendered him a vote of thanks for his services, which he rendered gratuitously.

Mr. George W. Richards, well known as a successful field trial handler, had an operation performed for appendicitis, in St. Paul, Minn., where he went after the trials were concluded at New Albany, Miss. He desires it known that he is engaged to train for the Verona Kennels for one year.

Yachting.

THE report of Mr. Æmilius Jarvis to the Council of the North American Y. R. U., which we publish this week, gives in detail the story of his visit to England, as already recounted in brief. The report shows in the first place that, contrary to the brief accounts first cabled, Mr. Jarvis met with a most cordial reception, and that his mission was accepted in the same spirit in which it was planned on this side—as a means in bringing closer together the yachting organizations of the two great yachting nations. As to immediate results, Mr. Jarvis, unlike most American yachtsmen who visit the other side, knew exactly what he wanted to see and to learn, and apparently made the most of the opportunities so generously afforded to him by the Council and the designers. He has brought back with him much more valuable and reliable information as to the actual working of the present Y. R. A. than has thus far been current in this country.

On this point, of the beneficial results of the rule, the evidence of owners and designers is apparently unanimous, and it is strengthened by the indisputable proof of the sections of successful yachts of last year and of new ones planned under the rule for the coming season. The time intervening between the giving out of the report and our press day was too short to admit of the reproduction of the diagrams, but we shall publish them next week.

The North American Yacht Racing Union.

TORONTO, Feb. 21, 1898.—To the Chairman and Council of the North American Yacht Racing Union.—Gentlemen: At a meeting of your Council, held in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Oct. 30, 1897, Mr. J. M. Macdonough and the writer were appointed a committee whose duties may be briefly expressed as follows:

(1) To confer with the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain upon the best means of bringing about uniformity of measurement rules upon both sides of the Atlantic.

(2) To obtain definite and authentic information as to the working of the present Y. R. A. rule, namely:

$$\frac{\text{Length} + \text{Beam} + .75 \text{ Girth} + .5 \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Lineal Rating},$$

and (3) To discuss the feasibility of regulating scantling. On behalf of the committee I now submit a report:

We arrived in London on Nov. 10 last, and immediately placed ourselves in communication with the secretary of the Y. R. A., Mr. Dixon Kemp. Owing, however, to his illness, a considerable delay took place, and before any discussion could be had with the representatives of the Y. R. A. respecting the object of our visit Mr. Macdonough was obliged to leave London, and I was left to confer with them alone, and to gather the necessary information. The results of these conferences and inquiries I have now the honor to lay before you.

Owing to the delay above alluded to there was no opportunity afforded me for any preliminary discussion with the officers of the Y. R. A., and consequently when the general meeting of the Association was held (at the Langham Hotel, on Dec. 2) I found that they were quite unprepared to deal with the matters which I had to lay before them, or even to discuss them except in the most general way, and I found it impossible then to bring about an intelligent discussion of the objects of our visit.

I had, however, opportunities subsequently for discussion of these with several members of the Y. R. A., who became warmly interested therein, and a second meeting was called which I was unfortunately unable to attend.

The chairman, Sir George Leach, however, most courteously called a special meeting of the Council, at which I met a few of its most active members.

As the result of this and other conferences I received an official communication from the Y. R. A. (which is appended), firstly, expressing their appreciation of your action in appointing a committee to confer with them on subjects of such importance to yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic; secondly, answering certain specific questions put by me; and thirdly, suggesting a plan of co-operation for the future.

From the members of the Council whom I then had the pleasure of meeting I learned that the present rule has checked the tendency to shoal-bodied boats; that it is satisfactory to the majority of yacht owners; and that it would be impracticable, even if desirable, to make any alteration at the present time. These views were confirmed by other yachtsmen whom I met, members of the Y. R. A. and otherwise, including all the naval architects hereafter mentioned. The consensus of opinion is that the rule is producing what was intended, namely, a fuller-bodied boat, also that it does not encourage in too marked a degree any particular form, as every form of racing yacht may win in its particular weather. This is shown by the following notes on the prize records in the most keenly contested classes:

In the larger class Bona was the most successful. She is a vessel with a full under-water body. Aurora is also a vessel of full body. She was late in coming out, but after some alterations had a fair measure of success.

In the 65ft. class there was no racing yacht built last season under the present rule, and Isolde still heads the list of winners. The racing in this class therefore affords insufficient data for comparison.

In the 52ft. class Penitent and Morning Star were the most successful. Both are vessels with full sections.

In the 36ft. class the first prizes were very evenly distributed—Emerald with 16 firsts, Westra 12 firsts, Hermes 11 firsts, Forella 9 firsts, and Heartease 8 firsts. These craft are by different designers, and vary from exceedingly hollow to full sections.

A similar experience is met with in the 30ft. class, where the first prizes were also fairly divided between three or four, viz., Carol, Gwendoline and Lora. They are also craft varying in form of midship sections.

I have now to speak of another most important and most interesting part of my visit.

Through the introduction of individual members of the Y. R. A. I was most courteously received by the various naval architects, who afforded me every opportunity of studying their designs and many of the craft themselves; and as they were in winter quarters it was a most opportune time for the latter.

I first visited Mr. Linton Hope at Greenhithe, where I saw many of the small craft which he has made such a success of, and a design from which he is building for the 52ft. class. He gave me a tracing of the midship section of this craft, together with one of a successful 24-footer.

I next visited Mr. G. L. Watson in Glasgow, who furnished me with a similar tracing of one of his most successful craft of the past season, together with a tracing of a design from which he is building a 65-footer, also section of a fast cruiser.

I next visited Mr. William Fife, Jr., at Fairlie, on the Firth of Clyde. He gave me tracings of his most successful craft in the 52ft. and 36ft. classes, and showed me designs of a 65-footer building.

I next visited Gosport and went over the yards there. Mr. C. E. Nicholson, of Camper & Nicholson, gave a similar tracing of his most successful 30-footer. While in Gosport I was the guest of Mr. R. E. Froude, of the Royal Naval Experimental Works and a prominent member of the Y. R. A.; he took great interest in the matter and gave me much practical and technical information. As he is a man of world-wide reputation, I have no doubt that his suggestions will greatly interest you, and I inclose with the correspondence a copy of a letter received from him, together with one from Mr. G. L. Watson.

From Gosport I went to Southampton, and there went over the yards of Messrs. Fay & Co., Summers & Payne, and White. At these yards many of the famous racing yachts were in winter quarters, and I had an excellent opportunity of comparing side by side the productions under the length and sail area rule with those of the present rule which takes girth as a factor. Mr. Soper, of Fay & Co., gave me a tracing of one of his large craft which has had a fair measure of success. At Summers & Payne's, side by side, are the 52-footers Niagara, Audrey and Penitent. This afforded an excellent opportunity of comparing the three.

Penitent, as you are aware, has been the most successful in the 52ft. class, and is a boat of full section giving excellent living accommodations for a boat of her size. Here also was a craft built some years ago under the length and sail area rule; for a time she was outclassed by the shoaler-bodied boats, but under the new rule has been again raced with success. Mr. Payne furnished me with tracings of the midship sections of four of his most successful craft, and it is to be noted that the cross sections vary very considerably in style.

I cannot express too strongly my appreciation of the kindness and courtesy shown me by these various designers. Their willingness to impart information, and the unselfish way in which they permitted me to examine their drawings and models, indicated their warm interest in the object of my mission.

As to the third section of our instructions, namely, a discussion of the practicability of adopting a limit for scantling, I found that nothing could at present be accomplished in this direction.

As to the third section of our instructions, namely, a discussion of the practicability of adopting a limit for scantling I found that nothing could at present be accomplished in this direction.

I much regret that owing to Mr. Macdonough's unavoidable absence from England I had not the benefit of his co-operation in the discussions that were held and the inquiries that were made, and as he is still absent in Europe I cannot submit this report for his approval. I append, however, a copy of a letter which I have received from him since my return, in which his views are expressed.

I send you herewith, on sheets numbered 1 to 15, cop-

ies of the tracings of midship sections given to me, referred to above. On sheet No. 1 I have indicated the mode of measuring girth. I am, dear sirs, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

ÆMILIUS JARVIS.

(Copy.)

To Sir George A. Leach, K. C. B., South Kensington, Chairman Y. R. A.

London, Jan. 7, 1898.—My dear Sir: In your note of Dec. 2 last you expressed a wish to be advised as to my movements; therefore I write to say that business calls me to Scotland on Monday next, where I shall be for at least a week.

From your note and from a conversation recently had with Mr. Newton-Robinson I gather there has been a misconception of the object of our visit. Mr. Macdonough and myself were appointed a committee by the Council of the North American Yacht Racing Union to confer with your body upon the measurement rule question and other subjects of interest to yachtsmen, and to obtain authentic and practical information as to the working of your rule—if it was satisfactory on the whole to yacht owners—and what type it was producing. I might say we had an impression it was not altogether popular, which impression no doubt arose from the recent proposed change.

Nothing in our instructions gave us power to bind our Union; therefore it was not expected to commit yours, but merely bring about a state of affairs that should in the future prove beneficial to both bodies, it being evident both are striving to bring about the same result.

Trusting to have the pleasure of meeting you again before my return to Canada, believe me to be, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

ÆMILIUS JARVIS.

(Copy.)

6 Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, Jan. 6, 1898 (crossing my letter of 7th).—Dear Mr. Jarvis: We are rather at sixes and sevens in the Y. R. A. matters in consequence of the resignation of our secretary. I sent your note to Mr. Lake, who is acting pro tem., and he was to call a meeting between the dates you named, Jan. 3 and 8; but as I have no notice from him, it seems probable he has forgotten among other pressing business—for he is a very busy man—to do so.

If you will send me a wire when you receive this I will get a few of the members to meet you on Saturday afternoon or Monday afternoon, if that will be convenient to you. Please give me your address in town, so that I may communicate with you there, instead of through the Montreal Bank, as this will probably save time. Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

G. A. LEACH.

(Copy.)

6 Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, Jan. 7, 1898.—Dear Mr. Jarvis: I have called a meeting at the Royal London Yacht Club, 2 Saville row, West, at 2:30 tomorrow afternoon, in response to your telegram. I hope this will suit you. I have not yet received your letter. Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

G. A. LEACH.

(Copy.)

Yacht Racing Association, 2 Haarlem Mansions, West Kensington, W., Jan. 22, 1898.—To Æmilius Jarvis, Esq., care of Bank of Montreal, 22 Abchurch lane, London.—Dear Sir: The Council of the Yacht Racing Association desires me to express to you the sincere satisfaction with which it welcomes the action of the North American Yacht Racing Association in deputing yourself and Mr. Macdonough to confer as to the possibility of bringing the British and American rules of yacht measurement in approximation, so that the yachts of either country may compete in the other without serious disadvantage.

The Council is conscious of the very great difficulty which would be experienced in any attempt to agree upon one and the same rule for both countries, and if such agreement were attained it is of opinion that differences of climate would cause the evolution of rather diverging types of yachts on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

At the same time the Council, understanding that the general desire of American yachtsmen, like that of our own, is for a rule which will produce wholesome and roomy sea boats, feels confident that your Association will be able to assimilate British and American racing yachts in type by adopting some formula conceived upon similar lines to our own; yet with such variations as the conditions of the American climate and racing courses may render necessary.

In reply to the particular questions which you have addressed to the Council, I am to say that the measurement rule

$$\frac{L + B + .75 G + .5 \sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = \text{Lineal Rating},$$

which has now been in operation in British waters for two seasons, appears to give general satisfaction at present.

It was adopted in order to correct the tendency of the former rule

$$\frac{L \times S.A.}{6,000}$$

to produce yachts of very small displacement and sail area relatively to their hull dimensions.

The operation of the new formula has been decidedly such as was expected by its framer.

In conclusion, the Council hopes that after your Association has thoroughly tested whatever rule it may finally adopt, another opportunity may be afforded for a conference between the representatives of the two organizations, with a view to harmonizing such changes in the respective formulæ as may ultimately appear to be desirable. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

Signed

B. HECKSTALL SMITH, Sec'y.

(Copy.)

London, Jan. 31, 1898.—To B. Heckstall Smith, Esq., Secretary Yacht Racing Association, West Kensington. —Dear Sir: Your letter of 22d inst.: I beg to acknowledge its friendly expression, and the valuable information it contains I feel will be received and appreciated by the North American Yacht Racing Union in the warmest possible manner; and it will give me the greatest pleasure reading its contents and reporting to the Council the results of my observations, and the knowledge obtained through your Association and its individual members on the practical working and type of racing yacht being developed in G. B. under your present formula,

$$L. + B. + .75 G. + .5 \sqrt{S. A.}$$

Your suggestion for us to adopt a rule, if not identical, at least moulded on similar lines to yours, and then, after a few years' experience, both organizations meet in conference to exchange ideas and experiences, appears to me to be a most practical way to bring about uniformity of rule and type of racing yacht on both sides of the Atlantic.

I am returning at an early date, and will at once make my report to the Council, who in due course will, through our honorable secretary, Mr. Jones, address to you our official acknowledgment of the courtesies extended to their committee, Mr. Macdonough and myself. Meanwhile kindly accept our sincere appreciation, and believe me to be, yours very faithfully,

(Signed)

ÆMILIUS JARVIS.

(Copy.)

Yacht Racing Association, 2 Haarlem Mansions, West Kensington, West, Jan. 31, 1898.—Æmilius Jarvis, Esq., 22 Abchurch lane, London, E. C.—Dear Sir: I am in due receipt of your favor of this date, which it will give me much pleasure to read to the Council at their next meeting. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Signed

B. HECKSTALL SMITH, Sec'y.

(Copy.)

108 West Regent street, Glasgow, Jan. 28, 1898.—Æmilius Jarvis, Esq.—Dear Mr. Jarvis: I have been at it night and day since I saw you, and this must be my excuse for neglecting to write you before this. I, however, now inclose midship sections of two racing boats and a fast cruiser, which I trust may be of use and interest to your friends.

With regard to the centerboard question, I think our rule penalizes it out of existence, and that in framing any rule the clause regarding the board would have to be modified. As for American waters, I think it a very necessary adjunct. You have a lot of harbors accessible only for boats drawing under roft., and you cannot get sufficient depth for weatherly purposes in a boat of any size without more draft than this. Were I making any alteration in our rule, I would suggest easing up the penalty on girth. As the rule acts at present, you can put 1½ ft. of beam or 1½ ft. of length for the same penalty as 1 ft. of draft. My feeling is that this encourages too much curtailment of draft—a dimension which gives the best type of stability, and is also necessary of course for weatherly purposes. This I say is my feeling for the rule over here, but with the American yachting ports you want as moderate draft as possible, for there it might do very well as it stands. Yours very truly,

(Signed)

G. L. WATSON.

(Copy.)

North Lodge, Alverstoke, Gosport, Feb. 3, 1898.—Dear Mr. Jarvis: In my previous letter to you of this evening I had not time to say anything about the subject of your mission. As I said in the course of our conversation, it seems very much to be desired that the experts on both sides of the Atlantic should confer and make use of each other's experience when opportunity arrives, and in the meantime it is certainly desirable, in order that our experiences may be mutually profitable, that we should work on somewhat similar lines. If in America you could adopt your present rule, or something similar to it, provisionally, the result would be very interesting and valuable, and not the less so if as you anticipate—and I think you are right—the same rule should lead to a somewhat different boat in the two countries owing to a difference in conditions. If our present rule were not adopted *holus bolus*, it occurs to me to suggest that a very interesting variation would be $L. + B. + .75 G.$ simply, leaving the $.5 \sqrt{S. A.}$ out, and this would tend, I think, to produce more nearly the popular kind of craft in America, viz., a craft of larger cross sections, and more power of cross section relatively to length, than our present rule. For of course the power of taking more sail leads to increase in the hull qualities that make for sail carrying.

Personally I should greatly welcome the adoption of such a rule in America. For I strongly hope myself that if we make any change in our rule we should take the opportunity of abolishing the sail tax, and the experience of the result of its abolition in America would be most valuable to us.

It seems to me that, taking the $L. + B. + .75 + .5 \sqrt{S. A.}$ as a starting point, dropping the $.5 \sqrt{S. A.}$ out, would be very closely equivalent to introducing $K. \sqrt{M. S.}$ with a negative sign in the division, and if so would be an immensely more simple way of producing the same effect. It would be doing away with one complicated measurement, instead of introducing another in addition.

Then again, I think there is a pretty general feeling among those—here—who approve of the present rule and approve of a small sail tax in principle that the present sail tax—i. e., in our present rule—is too light to produce any effect worth having in the way of promoting snug sail plans, and that from that point of view we have all the bother of sail measurement for next to nothing. Yet if you keep the $B. + .75 G.$ and increase the $S. A.$ tax—i. e., put say $\sqrt{S. A.}$ vici $.5 \sqrt{S. A.}$ —you

will almost certainly get a longer and less powerful type of boat than is desired across the water.

For my own part, though I personally prefer a boat that neither requires nor can carry a large press of sail relatively to length—I prefer an easily driven boat—it seems to me absurd for racing purposes that boats should not be allowed to take as much sail as they can utilize to advantage, and therefore I am against all sail tax on principle. Believe me, yours very truly,

R. E. FROUDE.

(Copy.)

Hotel Victoria, Monte Carlo, Feb. 3, 1898.—My dear Jarvis: Allow me to congratulate you heartily on the success of your efforts in England, and to thank you for your kindness in keeping my name forward in the negotiations. If I can be of any use later on, during the month of April, well and good. The final letter from the Council seems in my opinion to leave nothing to be desired. The basis for further negotiations being formed, it now only requires a little tact to keep both sides working in unison. Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

J. M. MACDONOUGH.

We are unable to reproduce in this issue the sections mentioned by Mr. Jarvis, but they will appear next week.

Building on Lake Ontario.

THE order which Crowninshield has from R. H. Fenwick, of Chatham, Ont., is for a boat in the 32 ft. class of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and will be 27 ft. 6 in. l.w.l., 11 ft. 6 in. beam and 5 ft. draft, with a metal centerboard through the keel. The keel will be of iron, and weigh about 6,000 lbs. The boat will have a cabin house 14 ft. long and a roomy cabin, with 6 ft. head room. Under the "waterline and sail area" rule of the Union she will be allowed about 1,300 sq. ft. of sail, which will probably be carried in a jib and mainsail rig.

In noting the order for the boat in these columns the writer said that she would have "quite heavy scantling under the specifications drawn for the Union by W. P. Stephens." "Comparatively heavy scantling" would perhaps have been a better phrase, since the lighter scantling of Boston built boats was in the writer's mind at the time. The Lake boat will by no means be an extra heavy one, and yet she will be heavier in several ways than even a strongly built cruiser here, to say nothing of an out-and-out racer.

Conforming strictly to the specifications of the Union, designer Crowninshield will give the new boat frames which will be 1½ in. square at the heel, 1¼ at the turn of the bilge, and 1¼ at the head. These will be the frames for two-thirds of the length amidships, as required by the rules. At the ends of the boat the frames will be ¾ in. smaller. The frames are spaced 10 in. on centers.

The nearest available comparison for these figures in a Boston boat is the Baker 30-footer of Crowninshield's design, now practically completed at Lawley's. This boat is confessedly a heavily built boat, although she will be raced, for her owner insisted upon a light boat as the first requisite. In the Baker boat the frames are of uniform size of 1½ in. square and are spaced 10 in. on centers.

In the matter of planking the Lake boat is the lighter, since but a thickness of but 1 in. finished is required, while the Baker boat has ¾ in. more thickness in her double planking. In the keel, however, the balance is the other way. The Lake boat has a keel 4½ in. Designer Crowninshield would make it at least a third lighter were he not restricted.

The deck frame of the Lake boat is much the heavier. The deck beams at the partners, the bitts, the traveler, and at each end of the break in the deck for cabin house and cockpit will be 2½ x 2½ in., tapered to 2 x 2½ at the ends. The other beams are allowed to vary from 1½ x 2½ to 1½ x 2. In the Baker boat the big beams are 2½ x 2½, while the others are 1½ x 2½.

The deck planking of the Lake boat will be ¾ in., covered with canvas, while that on the Baker boat will be 1½ in., for the reason that it will be kept holystoned, and must therefore have extra thickness to allow for wear. The deck of a racing "thirty" would be much lighter.

The foregoing figures show that the Lake restrictions compel more than the equivalent of a strongly built boat here, and yet the boats will probably be none too strong to stand the buffeting they are likely to get in the choppy seas of the Lakes.

Although I should build a racing boat for these or any other waters considerably lighter there were no restrictions," said designer Crowninshield, in giving the figures, "I nevertheless think the Lake restrictions an excellent thing, and perfectly fair so long as everyone is compelled to build under them. "The specifications are specially good in their requirements for clamps, bilge strakes and other strengthening parts, but I think the deck frame a little too heavy, even for severe service. "Measurement rule and specifications together provide to give a very good type of the combined cruiser and racer, and I should not be surprised if we found ourselves compelled here in the East to adopt similar construction requirements."

In all of which ideas the writer heartily concurs, except that which commends the "waterline and sail area" rule. That is another question not now under discussion.—W. E. Robinson, Boston Globe.

The Emperor's Cup.

It is announced that the cup given this year by the German Emperor for the race from Dover to Heligoland will be a bowl of egg shape form and stand over 2 ft. above its base. The design was made by His Imperial Majesty, and has been much admired by the connoisseurs of Berlin.

His Imperial Majesty's cup committee met at Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Ormonde, president, in the chair. The other members present were Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.; Admiral Baron von Senden, A.D.C.; Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart.; Prof. Busley, Lord Colville, of Culross, Lord Inverclyde, Admiral von Eiseindecken, Mr. Dixon Kemp, and Mr. Richard Grant, hon. secretary. At the request of the German Emperor the date for starting the match was fixed for Monday, June 20, at 2 P. M., from Dover, entries to close on June 1, at Cowes, with the hon. secretary, and the handicap to be made on June 3 by a subcommittee consisting of the Marquis of Ormonde, Prof. Busley, the Earl of Lonsdale, Mr. R. G. Allan, Baron von Eiseindecken, Mr. Dixon Kemp, Sir E. Sullivan and Mr. Richard Grant. It was directed that a vote of thanks should be sent to the Emperor for his continued support of yacht racing. The match will be open to cruising yachts of 50 tons Thames measurement and upward, the definition of a cruiser to be left to the subcommittee, with the understanding that a yacht which is capable of making a voyage shall be deemed a cruiser. The handicap is to be framed on the lines of that for the Royal Yacht Squadron's Queen's cup.

As the match for the German Emperor's cup has been fixed to be started on Monday, June 20, instead of Tuesday, it is probable that Mr. Gordon Hodgkinson will have his match for the North Sea Cup started on Saturday, June 18.—The Field.

The Defense of the Seawanhaka Cup.

WORD has just been received from Lord Strathcona that he would like to take a more active part in the defense of the Seawanhaka international cup for small yachts than he has in the past, and through the medium of Mr. A. F. Riddell, vice-commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., he has made known his desire to have a fast 20-footer built for the trial races. Mr. Duggan will design her and have full charge of building and the selection of the crew, and it is expected that work on her construction will shortly be commenced at the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.'s sheds.

Another gentleman, who will in a few days begin the construction of a cup defender is Mr. Huntly Drummond, son of Senator Drummond. His boat is being designed by his brother, but will in all probability be built also in the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. sheds. This, together with the brokers' boat, which has been started, and the boat for Mr. H. Montagu Allan, which has only been spoken of, makes the nucleus of what promises to be a very fair fleet of cup defenders.—Montreal Gazette.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has planned a lively season for its initial year at Sea Gate, and the regatta committee has announced the following events:

Opening race, Decoration Day, May 30, special prize to winning yacht in each class; course 15 miles.

Saturday, June 11, Gould cups, open to yachts of all clubs. These prizes, presented by former Com. George J. Gould, are: First, for schooners in racing trim, value \$500; second, for cutters and sloops in racing trim, value \$300; third for the special 30 ft. class, first prize a cup valued at \$150, and the second prize \$25; fourth, mainsail yachts; first prize a cup valued at \$100, and the second prize \$20.

Schooners and cutters will sail the outside course—around the Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships and return—distance 33 miles.

The special 30 ft. class and mainsail yachts will sail the course from Gravesend Bay, off the club house, to the Bell Buoy, off Sandy Hook, thence to Orchard Shoal Light and back, 20 miles.

Annual regatta, Tuesday, June 14, open to yachts of all clubs. prizes to winning yacht in each class.

Saturday, June 18, Adams cups races, open to yachts of all clubs. Prizes presented by Com. Frederick T. Adams: First, a cup for the special 30-footers, valued at \$150; second prize \$25. Second, a cup for cutters and sloops of classes J to N, of the value of \$150; second prize \$25. Third a cup for mainsail yachts, of the value of \$100; second prize \$15. Fourth, a cup for the dory class, of the value of \$50; second prize \$10.

Entries for races may be made to Col. David E. Austen, chairman of the regatta committee, A. V. C., No. 67 Chambers street, New York.

The Chicago Y. C.

AFTER some years of inaction, the old Chicago Y. C., organized in 1876, has been revived, with the following officers for 1898: Com., W. F. Morgan; Vice-Com., George R. Peare; Rear-Com., George Warrington; Sec'y and Treas., Charles H. Thorne; Board of Trustees: C. E. Kremer, James H. Channon, Louis Wachsmuth, William Herrick and the commodore, ex-officio.

The fleet includes the following yachts: Schooner Idler, 107 ft.; schooner Hawthorne, 65 ft. class, 90 ft. over all; schooner Mistral, 65 ft. class, 90 ft. over all; sloop Siren, 44 ft. class, 65 ft. over all; sloop Vanenna, 44 ft. class, 65 ft. over all; steamers Pathfinder, Sentinel, Thistle, Catherine C. and Wilber.

One match has already been arranged within the club, the following agreement having been signed:

"We, the undersigned, of the sloop yachts Vanenna and Siren, do hereby agree to sail a series of best two in three races, under the auspices of the Chicago Y. C., the said races to be sailed on or about July 9, 11, and 18, 1898, for Chicago Y. C. trophy and the championship of the club. This being a special regatta, we will each select a friend, the two to select a third. The three will form a committee to arrange all details of the race.

GEORGE R. PEARE, owner of Siren.
W. R. CRAWFORD, owner of Vanenna.
Mr. Crawford has chosen Mr. Benjamin Carpenter, Mr. Peare has chosen Mr. E. C. Berriman.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound will be held on Monday evening, March 21, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

North American Yacht Racing Union.

A MEETING of the Council of the North American Y. R. U. will be held on Saturday, April 23, in the afternoon, at some place in New York, which will be announced later.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Columbia Y. C., of New York, held its annual meeting on March 1, the following officers being elected: Com., Walther Luttgen, steam yacht Linta; Vice-Com., W. Dixon Ellis, naphtha Rambler; Rear-Com., W. C. Trageser; Sec'y, George Parkhill; Treas., Joseph A. Weaver; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Henry Griswold; Meas., W. E. Quackenbush; Members of the Board of Trustees, to serve for two years: J. F. Hitchcock, W. H. Carpenter and G. W. Taylor. The date of the opening of the club house was fixed for May 7 and the annual regatta for June 9. The club passed a resolution favoring the bill now before Congress prohibiting the defacement of the American flag by printing or painting pictures, advertisements, etc., on it.

On March 1 a special meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held at the Arena, New York, with Com. Tyson in the chair. The date of July 9 was named for the annual regatta, and a fall race, in September, was decided on. A proposal to reduce the annual dues from \$25 to \$20 was rejected. The shape of the officers' flags was changed from the swallowtail to the broad pennant.

On March 1 the Greenville, N. J., Y. C. held its annual meeting, the following officers being elected, all for second terms: Com., Alfred Renshaw; Vice-Com., Alex. Reid; Recording Sec'y, William Everett Hicks; Financial Sec'y, C. R. Sampson; Treas., Alfred Renshaw; Delegates to the New York Y. R. A.: Com. Renshaw, W. E. Hicks and C. J. Leach.

A meeting of the regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held on March 2, the following programme being arranged for the summer: First regatta, Decoration Day, for the open class of knockabouts and one-design dory class. Second regatta, circuit race, date to be arranged by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. Third regatta, annual regatta, all classes, Saturday, July 30. Fourth regatta, fall regatta, Saturday, Sept. 3 (probably). The committee has arranged for an open knockabout class, to include the Seawanhaka boats and all other knockabouts, centerboard or keel, carrying not over 600 sq. ft. of sail. Weekly races will be held for the one-design dory class, with a prize for each race, and also helmsman and record prizes for the season.

Vigilant, cutter, Percy Chubb, now hauled up at Hawkins' yard, City Island, is having about eight tons of lead removed from the keel; the change being made under the direction of H. C. Winttingham. This lead is a part of that shifted from inside to outside in 1895, under Com. Gould's ownership. Since then the yacht has been fitted with full interior joiner work and furnishings for cruising, so that her immersion has been increased. The change will put her nearly at her old load waterline.

The Musquito Fleet Y. C., of South Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., C. P. Mooney; Vice-Com., W. H. Ransom; Meas., A. H. Borden; Sec'y, J. M. Sullivan; Treas., C. J. Driscoll; Directors: Com. C. P. Mooney, Sec'y J. M. Sullivan, James Bertram, Thomas W. Flood and John A. De Lier.

Narada, steam yacht, Henry Walters, arrived at St. Michael, Azores, from New York, on Feb. 17.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

REALIZING the value of a thorough training in the A B C of seamanship, Com. H. W. Fleischmann and Quartermaster Murray have inaugurated a series of ten evening classes in "Ropes, Rigging and Marlinspike Seamanship" in the club, under the experienced and enthusiastic leadership of Mr. A. C. Paynter, of Palmyra, N. J., who has been long and helpfully known to the club members as "Capt. Paynter." During the general fitting up in the spring it is always the Captain's advice which is sought in rearranging and making up rigging, and the boys have learned to rely implicitly upon his judgment and ripe experience in such affairs. The meetings are held weekly in an out-of-the-way corner of old Willing's alley, down town, where after nightfall there are no neighbors in the adjoining office buildings to be disturbed by the applause with which the class is apt to greet the success of a five-thumbed novice who has just mastered a new knot. The course will thoroughly cover the field of rope working and use and general rigging. A log is kept, and at the end of the term a prize will be given the man who has the best record for attendance and work done during the term, and who at the end thereof can make the best exhibition of worked ropes, knots and splices. The class, in addition to affording a convenient opportunity for acquiring useful and necessary information, gives the Red Dragons a chance to meet together in town in a social way once a week during the winter months, when the river club house is snowed in, and the members have shown their appreciation of the opportunity so afforded by attending the meetings in large numbers. J. D. M.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Eastern Division.

George E. Hutchins, Chelsea, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New England Sportsmen's Association.

RIFLEMEN should keep in mind the series of rifle and revolver competitions which will be given at the New England Sportsmen's Association's show, March 14-26. There are three championship events, namely, any revolver, military revolver, and pistol championships. In each of these competitions there will be three prizes, silver cups of the actual value of \$50, \$25 and \$10. For rifles (any .22cal. rifles) there is a 50-shot championship competition, 100 measured feet, 25-ring target; any sights except telescopes; off-hand; any .22cal. rim-fire ammunition allowed. Prizes, three silver cups of the actual value of \$50, \$25 and \$10.

There are re-entry matches for the any revolver, military revolver, pistol, and German ring re-entry for rifles; there will also be a Standard American re-entry for rifles, with a Standard American target, reduced to 100ft., 7-ring black.

The prizes in each of the re-entry matches, with the exception of the Standard American, consist of twelve cash prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4 \$3; twelve prizes, dividing 100, as follows: \$20, \$15, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8; twelve prizes, dividing \$100 as follows: \$20, \$15, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3 and \$2. A total of \$600 in cash and twelve cups, of the aggregate actual value of \$340 will thus be distributed in prizes at this tournament.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 20.—At the regular practice and medal shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, the subjoined scores were made, off-hand, 200yds., German ring target. Mr. Wellington won the Uckotter trophy:

King target:		Union target:		Special scores:	
Gindele	20 18 25 21 16 23 21 22 25 21—212	18 22 20—80	227	217	221
Roberts	17 16 20 16 24 23 14 23 19 16—188	24 25 23—72	219	215	218
Nestler	18 18 21 20 17 21 18 24 18 22—197	17 22—61	211	206	201
Weinheimer	22 12 15 20 23 20 22 16 20 17—167	20 17—54	198	182	171
Uckotter	21 19 20 13 17 10 15 15 23 14—167	18 21—53	196	192	185
Drube	19 22 24 23 18 17 23 20 17 19—201	19 17—48	201	191	187
See	16 20 20 23 19 23 21 15 16 22—195	1 17—12—34	218	209	205
Houck	15 9 15 8 1 8 20 20 17 18—141	7 15 18—40	167	176	142
Wellinger	10 20 23 23 20 20 16 20 21—196	21 17—22—60	221	203	203
*Hake	16 21 18 12 20 15 20 19 16 12—163	15 20 19—54	173	169	159
Topf	19 18 23 22 25 22 11 13 20 21—194	13 25 19—57	183	194	183
Speth	22 13 13 24 22 21 21 21 23 20—200	21 22—66	200	184	...
Randall	20 16 18 21 23 16 19 24 20 19—196	19 25 18—62	191	188	182
Hasenzahl	21 20 19 18 12 12 20 17 25 17—181	18 23 14—55	210	207	203
Strickmeier	20 20 25 1 16 23 16 19 21 20—180	21 22 19—62	214	203	201
* Military.					

Cincinnati Defeats St. Louis.

Feb. 20.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association is rejoicing over a victory in a telegraph match, shot on Feb. 20, between ten men of the St. Louis Sharpshooters' Association and ten men of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. The conditions were 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. The match resulted in favor of the home team by a small margin of 43 points. The St. Louis team had to contend with very bad weather, they having shot during a snowstorm. A return match has been accepted and the date set for April 3. The matches will tend to awaken a great interest in rifle shooting, as it is the correct way to become expert marksmen.

Following are the scores:

St. Louis.		Cincinnati.	
E W Hawkins	21 18 24 23 15 18 21 22 17 18—197	M Gindele	20 22 23 22 23 23 20 20 20—216
H Kebbhart	16 16 17 17 17 23 23 18 21—186	C Nestler	16 21 16 14 21 22 23 25 24—205
A McBean	23 14 19 15 16 22 19 13 20 21—182	C Roberts	25 22 19 17 21 17 18 22 15—199
R Haley	22 17 19 23 22 17 18 20 16 20—194	Wm Hasenzahl	20 23 19 24 23 18 21 18 17 20—203
Wm Bauer	25 15 21 18 20 22 20 18 22 21—202	F See	22 22 22 24 1 17 16 24 21—192
F Kurka	17 17 21 20 23 0 23 18 24 21—174	S Speth	22 22 20 17 17 12 23 22 22—198
S Dorman	21 21 24 17 19 23 19 23 24 18—209	A Drube	23 19 20 15 10 19 18 21 14—177
Wm Roessler	20 20 19 19 16 22 11 19 19 14—179	H H Uckotter	19 19 20 12 12 22 21 22 20 13—180
L Schweighofer	22 22 19 25 20 17 17 23 25 24—214	R Weinheimer	22 12 15 20 23 22 22 16 20 17—187
V Rapp	23 21 23 6 19 20 13 15 20—173—1910	C Wellinger	21 20 15 19 17 22 23 14 23 22—196—1953

Wahnetah Rifle Club Scores.

THE following was the result of a preliminary shoot on the range of the Wahnetah Rifle and Revolver Club, 3935 Germantown avenue, Feb. 26.

German ring target, .22cal. rifle, 25yds.:	
Devote	235 239 240—714
P Yost	231 240 233—709
J Yost	231 234 ...—461
T A Wallace	231 227 230—688
J Sidle, Jr.	225 208 ...—433
J Sidle, Sr.	229 223 223—675

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 15-18.—Utica, N. Y.—Tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. Open to all. Henry L. Gates, Pres.

March 17.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. Sweepstakes optional. Targets, 15 events. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

March 22-23.—Stanhope, Ia.—Central Iowa shooting tournament, for amateurs only. Gold medal representing Iowa championship. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for price of targets and birds.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 28-30.—Galena, Kans.—Interstate shoot. Two days targets; one day live birds; \$50 a day added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament; \$500 added; \$50 high average. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Macon, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 17-20.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, H. McL. Green, President.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magastrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 14-15.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluebirds thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the 300 Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eighth annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Everett Smith, Schenectady, N. Y., writes us that "The Schenectady Gun Club has been presented with an exceedingly rich gold trophy by Mr. John Kilgour, president of the Cincinnati Electric Railway System. Mr. Kilgour has since his youth been interested in wholesome outdoor sports, especially that of trap-shooting, and has a son who is one of the leading shots in the above-named club. The trophy is to remain the property of the club and be shot for by the members at handicap distances each month."

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., has issued an interesting programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot. The open events are bound to draw well, as the club has been decidedly liberal in the amount of added money offered for the shooters from outside the State. Many thousands of targets will be smashed at Shillington, Pa., during the first three days of the tournament—March 29-31. Friday, April 1, the fourth day, is devoted to live-bird shooting exclusively.

A short time ago a series of three matches was arranged between T. W. Morley, of Lyndhurst, N. J., and T. Chris. Wright, of Paterson, N. J., each match being at 100 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system. The first match was shot on Monday, Feb. 28, at Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., Morley winning by the score of 78 to 73. The second match was shot one week later, Monday, March 7, at the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association. Wright started off with 22 to Morley's 17; following it up with 18 to his 16, the scores showing at the end of the 50th round 40 to 33 in favor of Wright. The third 25 resulted in 19 to 17 in favor of Morley, the total scores thus standing 57 to 52 in favor of Chris Wright, with only 25 more targets to shoot at. Bets of 5 to 2 on Wright were offered without takers, and the layer of odds may feel glad that he was not taken up, for before 15 targets of the last 25 were shot at, the men were tied, Morley finally winning out with 74 to 73. The scores were low, but the background is a very hard one. The third and last match will be shot on the Lyndhurst grounds, on Monday next, March 14, at 2 P. M.

The eleventh and last shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League for the season of 1897-98 was held on Saturday last, March 5, on the grounds of the Southwark Gun Club. Each of the eleven clubs composing the League was represented by a team, interest in the series being kept up to the very last of these monthly shoots. The first Saturday in April will see the beginning of a new series, with probably a new system of handicapping in force. The team race, which is the main feature of these monthly gatherings, is a handicap affair, the weaker clubs being allowed a proportionate number of extra targets to shoot at. First place on Saturday last was won by the Wayne Gun Club, which broke 162 out of 214 shot at. Two sets of traps were kept busy all day, there being a regular programme of events at nominal entrance fees issued for the occasion. In these open events Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, won first average for the day. Charles Mink, of J. B. Shannon & Co., was second; C. C. Beveridge also being well up to the front.

The following request of the managers of the Grand American Handicap should be heeded by all contestants: "It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap be made in ample time to permit the sending of a receipt and admission badge, and for same to reach the maker of the entry prior to his departure for Elkwood Park. Should entries be received so late that it will be impossible to reach the maker of the entry by mail until after Saturday, March 19, receipt and admission badge will not be sent. Therefore shooters who make late entry and do not receive receipt and admission badge will be required to pay 50 cents admission to Elkwood Park, which will be refunded on calling at the cashier's office and applying for receipt, admission badge and rebate ticket covering the amount paid at the gate. All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired, and 'shooting name' only used."

The Auburn Gun Club, of Auburn, Me., has energetically prepared for an active season. Mr. L. A. Barker, secretary, under recent date, writes us as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Auburn Gun Club a list of officers was elected as follows: President, O. L. Barker; Vice-President, H. A. Fletcher; Secretary, L. A. Barker; Assistant Secretary, B. Dame; Treasurer, C. E. Conners; Auditing Committee: A. Cushman, Jr., L. G. White and F. E. Francis. It was voted to put in a new set of traps, blind and shooting stand, also to make other improvements on the grounds. A shoot will be held every Saturday afternoon, beginning on April 30 and ending the last Saturday in October, for a gold badge, the badge to become the property of the member winning it the most times during the season. The shoots will be at 25 birds, regular angles. The club has applications from a large number desirous of joining, and feel confident of a successful season at the traps."

Under date of March 2 Mr. E. D. Hicks, Rochester, N. Y., writes us as follows: "Messrs. W. C. Hadley, E. C. Meyer and M. F. Brinsmaid were appointed as a committee last fall by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to make all arrangements for the N. Y. State Association tournament. The committee are doing all they can to put up one of the best shoots in the history of the Association. The tournament will be held on the Rochester Driving Park grounds. At our last State shoot one of the events had 177 entries, which we think is the world's record. There are many new clubs in this State, and we hope to see them all represented at Rochester next June and swell the entries, and make a new record. The committee is well pleased with its success."

Regular entries for the Grand American Handicap close on Thursday of next week, March 17. Post entries will be received after that date on payment of an extra \$10. Entries have closed heretofore on the Saturday prior to the tournament, but this late date has often caused trouble and delay in publishing the handicaps, particularly during the past two years when the extremely large entry list has given the handicap committee a hard task to wrestle with. This year the handicap committee, consisting of Messrs. Jacob Pentz, Will K. Park and Elmer E. Shaner, will sit on Saturday, March 19, to apportion the handicaps. All those who propose attending the great event of the year should not forget the fact that it will cost them \$10 extra if they don't enter on or before March 17.

R. A. Welch shot well at the Riverton Gun Club's annual shoot on Friday and Saturday last, March 4-5. The New York shooters were conspicuous by their absence, C. M. Chapin, an excellent young shot, being the solitary representative. He upheld the honor of his city by tying Welch for first place in the 100-bird race, the two dividing first and second moneys; on the shoot-off for the cup Welch won the trophy. T. S. Dando shot a great gait the first day, and won third money on Saturday in the big event with 87, Welch and Chapin scoring 89 apiece.

John J. U. M. C. Hollowell has started on a missionary trip for his company that will keep him away from this part of the country, except for the Grand American Handicap, until somewhere about the middle of June. On this trip Hollowell will meet the boys and will tell them all that they may want to know regarding the goods of his company. He was present last Saturday at the monthly shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, as he is still a member of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia. His scores were away below his average, his own gun being under the doctor's care, and a strange gun causing all the trouble.

Those who have a desire to see the beautiful and valuable trophy, which will be presented to the winner of the Grand American Handicap, will find it on exhibition in the window at 313 Broadway. It is most artistically designed, the emblematic features being worked into a most harmonious and graceful whole, while the intrinsic value of the trophy is not a matter to pass by unheeded. The whole window is devoted to this grand work of art, save that the floor of the window is profusely covered with U. M. C. Shells, thus making the exhibit suggestive as well as pleasing to gaze upon.

Harold Money, Noel E. Money's younger brother, who is connected with the chemical department at the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company's works at Oakland, N. J., is fast developing into a first-rate target shot. His work recently on the traps of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J., and at the Boiling Springs Club's grounds at Rutherford, N. J., shows what practice can do for any one who is a natural born shooter.

There are one or two good shots at Pompton, N. J., the best of the bunch being E. Everett, who is connected with the manufacture of Lafin & Rand's W-A Smokeless. Mr. Everett is only a beginner, but he promises to have a good look in for some of the prizes at the Jersey State shoot, May 17-20. He is a member of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, and figures prominently in the scores made over that club's traps.

Mr. Geo. L. Carter secretary, writes us that "the Lincoln Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb., will hold its first annual amateur tournament on their grounds at Lincoln, Neb., April 13-15; \$50 per day will be added to the purses. A cordial invitation is extended to manufacturers' agents who wish to display their respective lines. They can also participate in the different events for price of targets only."

Within the past thirty days the Chesapeake Gun Club, of Newport News, Va., was organized with a membership of about forty, nearly all of whom are active members. The secretary is Mr. R. B. James. It is gratifying to note the steady and healthy growth of trap interests in the South as well as in the North.

On the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, commencing on Wednesday of this week, the Boiling Springs Gun Club will hold the E. C. cup handicap, at 15 singles and 3 pairs. Entrance price of targets.

The programme of the fourth annual amateur tournament, to be held at Atchison, Kans., April 13-15, will be ready for distribution March 15. There will be \$500 in cash added, and \$50 for highest average.

The Western delegation to the Grand American Handicap will be housed at the Hotel Norwood, Branchport, N. J., about one mile from the grounds. The Norwood has always been a popular resort for shooters during this week, so that it is scarcely to be wondered at that it has been chosen as Western headquarters, the Elkwood Inn being unable to accommodate the Western shooters.

Secretary John L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company, is a member of the new gun club organized at Orange, N. J. Mr. Lequin has not yet reached the crackjack or dangerous stage of a trap-shooter's career; but if interest in the sport and an earnest desire to improve can accomplish anything, he'll be among the top-notchers before long.

In our issue of March 5 the heading "Three Bridges Gun Club" was erroneously used instead of "Bound Brook Gun Club." The scores were good enough to warrant an objection against any high-handed and wholesale appropriation of them in the manner mentioned.

All shooters who want to get in some preliminary practice for the Grand American Handicap can do so by attending the live-bird tournament at Utica, N. Y., to be held March 15-18, under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, one of the leading trap-shooting organizations in the State of New York. Capt. A. W. du Bray arrived in New York this week, taking a long flight from the far Southwest to be present at the Boston Exposition in the interest of his house, Parker Bros., and afterward he will be in attendance at the Grand American Handicap. He reports excellent upland shooting in Texas and Louisiana.

Under date of March 5, Mr. W. L. Beardsley, secretary-treasurer, writes us that "At a meeting of the officers of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, held March 4, it was decided to hold the next annual tournament of the Association at Ottawa, Kansas, on June 14, 15 and 16 next."

At a meeting of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club officers were elected as follows: President, G. T. Bell; Vice-President, J. H. Davison; Secretary, W. S. Bookwalter; Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Board of Control: G. T. Bell, W. S. Bookwalter, R. H. Fay, W. E. Bell and T. J. House.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., gives notice that the Trap-Shooters' League will hold its annual tournament June 7-8, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

Arizona's Annual Tournament.

Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 23.—The annual meeting of the Territorial Gun Club came to a close yesterday, after a three days' shoot held in this city under the auspices of the Blue Rock Gun Club.

Among the main events on the programme were the following: Individual championship of the Territory at live birds, won by P. Chubb, of Phoenix; individual championship of the Territory at targets, won by Chas. R. Meyers, of Tucson, with 23 out of 25. The team championship of the Territory at targets; this was won by the Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson, Chas. Meyers making highest score in this event, and thus winning the trophy and title referred to above. The Hallowell trophy, a handicap, particulars of which are given below.

At the close of the tournament yesterday the annual banquet and meeting of the Association was held at the French restaurant, covers being laid for thirty guests. The following list of officers for the ensuing twelve months was elected: President, Hon. James Finley, of Tucson; Vice-Presidents, M. P. Chubb, of Phoenix; Walter Miller, of Jerome; C. W. Mandesfeldt, of Prescott; K. L. Hart, of Tucson; Treasurer, J. H. Holmes, of Phoenix; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Chas. R. Meyer, of Tucson.

The by-laws of the Association were after considerable discussion amended to make the individual badges subject to challenge by any member of the Association upon the payment of \$25 and the giving of thirty days' notice to the holders of said badges.

TARGET PROGRAMME.

In the table given below Nos. 1-5 were shot on Feb. 20; Nos. 6-10 on Feb. 21, and the balance on Feb. 22. No. 4 was at 30 singles and 10 pairs; No. 13 was the team race for the championship of the Territory.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	20	10	50	10	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20	10
Chubb	13	14	6	37	9	8	18	7	20	9	10	21	9	
Aitken	12	15	9	37	9	8	17	10	21	9	9	22	8	
Connors	9	12	5			8	8	7		9	9	18		
Morin	13	16	5	26	6									
Holmes	8	14	7	37	7	10	7	12	8	13	9	6	22	6
Wilding	12	14	8	36	9	5	8	17	8	20	9	9	21	8
C Meyers	14	15	7	46	7	8	8	9	10	19	9	8	23	
Weber	13	15	6	37	7			16	4	15	8	6	20	7
De Groff	9					6	5	10	6		6	6	19	
Cochrane	9	12	5			4	4	13						
Hart	9	8	7	30	8	5	5	15	7	20	9	9	20	
W Finley	7													
Darms	4	7												
Rossi		5												
J Finley			7					5		10	4	18	8	
Bonellio				4	5	4	7							
Smith						5	7	16	3	14				
Estudillo														2

The Hallowell trophy, a silver two-quart, three-handled cup, was won by Hon. Jas. Finley with a score of 45 out of 54 targets shot at. The winner had a handicap allowance of 13 extra targets to shoot at, but as no other shooter could reach 45, even if he broke all his allowance, Mr. Finley only needed four of his allowance to reach the desired mark. This trophy is the property of the winner, having been put up for competition by Jack Hallowell, now of the U. M. C. Company, who won the diamond badge at the last Territorial tournament one year ago. The detailed scores were:

J Finley, 63	111101111111011111110111111111111101110111	42
Meyers, 50	1111110010111111011111111111111111011101111	43
Holmes, 52	111111101111111100111111001111111100111101110	42
Wilding, 52	111011011111111101111101100001111111111111111	42
Aitken, 50	11001101111111111111111111111111110011010011	42
Weber, 52	111111110111011101110110011111111111111001101	42
Chubb, 52	011110011000010111111111111111110111011101111	39
Hart, 59	10101110101111111111011011100111111101111110	36
Connors, 57	111111001110100111110111101110110101100111100	36
Darms, 65	00000100111011011000100100111100110011001010	26
De Groff, 63	110011010001111001101110100011010110000110010100	27
Rossi, 65	1011001110001001001000010110010000100010000001	17

LIVE-BIRD EVENTS.

On Feb. 20, the first day of the tournament, there was a 15-bird event at pigeons for the individual championship of the Territory. This title was won by Mr. P. Chubb, of Phoenix, who was the only one to score 14 out of the 15. Mr. Aitken had a chance to tie him, but lost his last bird. Fourteen men in all entered for this event, merchandise prizes being distributed in addition to the championship medal. Mr. Aitken won some ducks, Holmes taking a gun case; Wilding won 200 shells and Meyers a shooting blouse. Below is the score in detail:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
Chubb	222121212112102—14
Aitken	1222122121202220—13
Holmes	021022112212122—13
Wilding	222321012102022—12
Meyers	110222110022102—11
Etchells	001112020120211—10
Darms	022201202001212—10
Morin	20222002102001—9
Hart	121100112000001—8
Findlay	001000211200221—8
Weber	000202010121001—7
Connors	010020001201011—7

Pease.....	100000100112220-7			
Rossi.....	020000021101120-7			
Sweepstakes:				
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.
Smith.....	0010121-4	22212-5	1121101-6	01111-4
Aitken.....	2211200-5	11101-4	0011100-3	10111-3
Findlay.....	2021111-6	01111-4	0020100-2	00111-3
Rossi.....	1021121-6	22020-3	1211210-6	21210-4
Hart.....	1121102-6	22222-5	0011220-4	02210-3
Chubb.....	0112121-6	1202000-4	02210-3	21020-3
Weber.....	1021210-5	212112-7	21111-5	21111-5
Conner.....	1221102-6	2202002-4	10100-2	10100-2
Cochrane.....	1012201-5	1101202-5	02011-3	10011-8
Holmes.....	2212122-7	112001-5		
Wilding.....	0212222-6			
De Groff.....	0002012-3			
Meyers.....				
Darms.....				

Nos. 1 and 2 were shot on Feb. 21; Nos. 3 and 4 on Feb. 22. Nos. 1 and 3 were 7 birds, \$4, four moneys; No. 2 was 5 birds, \$3, three moneys; No. 4 was 5 birds, \$2.50, two moneys. All class shooting, ties being divided.

Cleveland Target Co.'s Tournament.

CLEVELAND, O., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer happened to meet a short time ago one of the class of shooters known as "manufacturers' experts," who had just returned from the Hot Springs tournament. In talking over the Chamberlin tournament for next June I was surprised to hear that he did not intend to attend our tournament, and that the majority of the manufacturers' experts at Hot Springs had also expressed their determination to remain away. Thinking that he did not understand the proposed plan of running the Chamberlin tournament, the writer explained to him how we proposed to run this tournament, and his ideas in regard to coming were immediately changed.

Thinking that it perhaps might be of interest to other shooters of the same class, as well as to the large number of amateurs who are going to attend our tournament, we send you the plan upon which the shoot will be conducted:

As announced in our catalogue, professionals and manufacturers' experts will be barred from participating in the regular programme events, but we will throw for them an equal number of targets free of charge that we throw for any of the other shooters present.



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY.

Our idea is to so conduct the tournament that the amateurs attending same will not be compelled to contest in the same events against the professional or paid shot unless he so desires. To accomplish this result we will have eight events each day, entrance for which will be \$2.50. All shooters, both amateurs and paid experts, will shoot from the same traps and just the same as though they were contesting against each other, in the same event. We, however, will have two entry books; one for the amateurs only, at which they will pay \$2.50 entrance, and one for the paid experts with the same entrance fee exactly. The experts will not be allowed to enter with the amateurs, but those of the amateurs who desire to "mix it up" with the professional shot will be allowed to enter with the professional shot by paying an extra \$2.50 entrance on their entry book. Amateurs who enter on both entry books will pay \$5 entrance fee in each event, and the one score they make in each event will count on both books.

Conducting the shoot in this way, we feel that at least thirty out of over 100 amateur shooters we expect at our tournament will make the double entry in every event, and that the experts can count upon from fifty to sixty entries in every event in which they contest, and which will give them we think as large a tournament as they generally meet, but a trifle hotter company than they are accustomed to, as only the best of the amateurs of course will enter on their book.

The paid shot will be barred from the average prizes, with the exception perhaps that we will have one good prize for the best average in their class.

We hope we have made the matter plain to both the experts and the amateurs, as to the plan we will adopt, which we think is novel and will be very feasible. We have given a great many tournaments in years past, and at all of these tournaments the paid shot has had the best of it; and while we draw the lines a little closer at this tournament than at any of the previous ones, still we do not think they have any cause for complaint, or any reason for staying away. Of course if they so elect we cannot compel them to come to our shoot, but would regret their absence, as we wish to have as large an attendance as possible, and to surpass our other tournaments in that respect.

PAUL NORTH.

Centerdale Gun Club.

CENTERDALE, R. I., Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to inform you that the Centerdale Gun Club organized here the 22d inst. with an active membership of thirty-two members and an honorary membership of twenty-eight, including His Excellency Elisha Dyer, Governor of Rhode Island. The officers are: President, Hon. A. J. Wilcox; Vice-President, Hon. H. C. Tuthcr; Secretary, N. F. Reimer; Treasurer, George Norton; Captain, W. E. Evans. Board of managers appointed by the president are: N. F. Reimer, J. A. McCormick, W. N. Sweet, J. B. Collins, and the president is ex-officio a member.

I think this is the largest gun club ever organized in this State, and one of which a great deal will probably be heard at the traps, as we have a number of good shots enrolled on our list.

The club will open either the first or second week in April and will use the magautrap.

Clay pigeon shooting is booming in this State, and all the clubs are looking ahead for a very successful season.

Active members—A. J. Wilcox, N. F. Reimer, J. A. McCormick, W. N. Sweet, J. B. Collins, H. L. Swendells, W. E. Evans, C. M. Adams, Firth Broadhead, Byron Cooke, A. C. Potter, S. A. Irons, Jr., C. M. C. Freeborn, Edmund Abbott, M.D., C. H. Mathewson, H. C. Luther, Wm. Sherman, W. E. Cotes, W. W. Mosher, Wm. Jackson, R. Tate, D. Webster, C. H. Cozzens, C. S. Mathewson, C. Cameron, M.D., G. T. Naylor, W. L. Naylor, D. McIver, F. Mackie, Geo. Norton, G. E. Searle.

Honorary Members—His Excellency Gov. Dyer, Wm. Evans, G. E. Sweet, G. E. Joslin, Chas. Seamans, G. Cole, Z. A. Wilson, C. Combs, W. Whipple, F. A. Jenks, H. Walling, A. Shaw, J. Kean, C. Quigley, C. McCormick, A. D. Rose, M.D., S. E. Kinnecom, G. E. Rogers, C. A. Murgatroyd, E. Thurber, J. Tonge, F. Rogers, G. M. Hall, T. Emhoff, M. Sweet, H. P. Wood, Wm. Gorton, E. Ellis, P. Murphy.

I will state that honorary members have no voice in the club's affairs, but simply pay a certain sum to become a member.

N. F. REIMER, Sec'y.

Riverton Gun Club.

THE fifth annual spring handicap of the Riverton Gun Club, Riverton, N. J., began under very unfavorable auspices in respect to weather conditions, a stiff northeast wind prevailing, and with it was a drizzling rain, which in the afternoon changed into hail, and later into snow, conditions far from comfortable to the shooters, and adding much to the difficulties of the shooting. The birds were rendered harder and faster by the storm.

Three events were shot on the first day, March 4. Event No. 1 was a 10-bird handicap, entrance \$10. Davis, Hunter and Kuser tied on 10, Davis winning in the shoot-off; Hunter second, Kuser third.

No. 2 was a 30-bird handicap, \$25. In this event Stokes and Elliott tied on 29; Stokes missed his first bird in the shoot-off and Elliott won.

No. 3 was at 15 birds, three misses out, unlimited sweep, \$10 entrance, handicapped as follows: 30yds., one miss; 29yds., two misses; 27yds., three misses. Welsh, Stokes, Elliott and Hunter tied on 14; Welsh killed 20 straight in the shoot-off, and second, third and fourth were divided between Stokes, Hunter and Elliott.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Davis, 27	10	25	11	Elliott, 30	29	14	
Hunter, 25	10	23	14	Barker, 28	28		
Kuser, 28	10	23		Chapin, 27	26	12	
Stokes, 29	8	23	14	Taylor, 26	26		
Welsh, 30	8	27	14	Price, 27	24	13	
Smith, 27	6	26	13	Hector, 27	26		

In No. 3 Hunter and Price were set back to 30yds.

A miss-and-out event, \$5 entrance, resulted as follows: Denny 6, Hector 5, Kuser 5, Davis 4, Welsh 2, Stokes 2, Cropp 1, Denny 1.

The weather on Saturday, the second day, was in sharp contrast to that of the day before. The sun shone clear and pleasant, a gentle breeze from the northeast, shifting later to the west, made the weather conditions agreeable to the shooters and contributed to assist the birds. The birds were a fast lot, getting away promptly from the traps when the latter were sprung.

The event of the day was the 100-bird distance handicap, \$100 entrance. A valuable silver service went to the winner, the money being divided into five parts, namely, 40 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth, and 10 per cent. for the club. Of the fifteen entries, Kaisner, Dolan, Duryea, Upson, Hoey and Daly did not appear.

The contest was waged with varying fortune, as the scores will show, no one of the contestants taking a strong lead at any time, which would indicate him a reasonably sure winner. Welsh and Chapin tied on 89, and they agreed to divide first and second moneys, \$585, and to shoot the match to a finish for the cup, Welsh winning in the shoot-off, killing 8 out of 9, while Chapin missed 3. Following are the scores:

Bob Welsh, 90.....	12220221202212222212111121011212220221120222002222	
	2022121221222220212122222212220222212202222122222	- 89
C M Chapin, 27.....	2222022022021222200122222112022222210222112110121	
	121201121011222122122221212212220222222212222222	-59
T Stokes, 29.....	02220222202222200202212222222100211112121212121	
	222222221101122102222222222022222121220122122122	57
Brewer, 30.....	02202221222222222220222222122022120110222002002022222	
	222222202222222022202222222220002222222220212122222	- 52
J Davis, 27.....	1122120222222220212222020222202221000222201212111	
	02221222222022202202222022202012212121221222022220	-53
E Dale, 27.....	0101112111120212120221221112102221222202122110002	
	1010101212021002221010202121010022210202110112	-74
J Barker, 28.....	202221101122020212011101121222122222102220022202	
	212220202022022122022002020212212202020110210110	73
G B Hutchins, 27.....	0121221220222002020020010011202200122212220221102	
	20201022222022000220201112212101100021212000011w	65
Rawlings, 27.....	2021020020202121220201100100222102200202222110010	
	2222210002121112210200201001001001001w	- 48

Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Feb. 23.—Very cold and disagreeable weather again interfered with the success of our Washington's Birthday tournament. It began snowing on Monday and kept it up until about Tuesday noon, when the sun came out and made good scores simply a thing of an impossibility. We were, however, fortunate in having our club house well heated, which prevented much suffering from the cold. Among those from out of town were John F. Mallory, St. Marys; F. E. Mallory (Cole), C. L. Slayton and Patton, Parkersburg; T. S. Bibbee, Elba, O.; George Alfred and P. Schlicher, Jr., Marietta, O.; and Sol and Wilson, Wheeling.

The following are scores in detail:													
Events:	Ex.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	T'
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	165
Alford	7	9	12	14	9	12	12	16	11	8	12	14	136
F E Mallory	7	6	14	11	9	15	11	15	12	10	14	10	131
T S Bibbee	7	8	12	14	10	9	12	18	11	8	12	11	132
Dade	9	10	12	15	9	13	12	15	7	7	11	10	130
J F Mallory	8	5	10	12	8	10	13	16	10	7	12	13	124
Sol	7	8	10	6	14	10	15	12	10	11	12	123	
A D McVey	7	12	10	7	14	12	14	11	8	11	11	117	
Cole	6	8	12	10	9	13	10	12	8	9	10	9	116
C L Slayton	8	6	11	8	8	13	10	14	12	5	11	10	116
Patton	5	5	10	10	7	10	11	15	12	6	11	11	113
Wilson	7	4	10	8	9	10	11	10	5			6	100
P Schlicher, Jr.	4	4	10	11	5	10	10	15	7	7	7	11	101
Dr Stathers													11

The club shoot for the Pelton trophy took place on the local grounds Saturday, Feb. 26, and was won by Dr. J. R. Stathers on the splendid score of 24 out of 25 blue rocks. Ed O. Bower.

Grand American Handicap Cup.

NEW YORK, March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith you will find a cut of the cup to be presented by the Interstate Association to the winner of the Grand American Handicap, to be held March 23-24. This cup was made by the Bartens & Rice Co., 328 Fifth avenue, this city. It is solid silver and rests on an ebony base, making a total height of 18in., the cup being 13in. high, and is a loving cup with three handles. The support at the bottom of the cup consists of three hammerless shotguns, in the center of which is a trap and pigeon flying from same. In style the cup is Arabesque. It is certainly a magnificent cup, and there is a very handsome case for it.

This cup will become the sole property of the man who wins it, and whoever does ought to be proud to hold it.

JOHN L. LEQUIN, Sec'y-Treas.

Interstate Association Target Events

WESTERN TRAPS.

THE CHICAGO LIVE-BIRD CHALLENGE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, March 5.—There has been some talk lately, some of it of a not altogether pleasant nature, regarding the disposition of the surplus fund left after the entertainment of visitors in the Kansas City-Chicago shoot last December. It was the wish of many that this sum should be devoted to the purchase of a challenge trophy for Chicago shooters, but these expressions having been made by correspondence and not at a regular meeting of those concerned, nothing which could be termed of an official nature had transpired until this week. Mr. Rice, chairman of the Chicago entertaining organization, made arrangements for a badge, and rules, formulated as I understand by Mr. Rice, were published in a local paper. The latter rules, of course, represented nothing pertaining to the Chicago members of the entertainment body until after a meeting had been called and formal action been taken upon them. Such meeting was not held until Friday of this week, March 4, at which time proper rules were formally adopted, the above-mentioned draft being amended in several points, and two additional rules adopted.

The call for the meeting on this matter was sent out by Mr. Rice, chairman, on March 1. The following were present: T. P. Hicks, C. P. Richards, Ed Bingham, J. H. Amberg, R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, W. L. Shepard, H. Levy, E. S. Graham, S. C. Matthews, F. H. Lord, John Glover, Charles Morris, Mr. Comley, Dr. S. Shaw. Mr. J. Rehm sent regrets, stating that the majority action would be approved by him, and Messrs. George R. Thorne and W. B. Leffingwell telephoned to similar effect. Mr. Rice called the meeting to order. He stated the purpose of the meeting and went on to say that he had written to all those who had contributed to the entertainment fund, asking each man his wish in regard to disposition of same. The great majority had expressed the wish that it be applied for the purchase of a Chicago trophy. He had gone ahead and purchased such trophy, and had caused to be published a set of rules on which he had heard no criticism. He stated that he had paid for the medal himself, and if the gentlemen did not care to take it over as their own he would offer it himself. The treasurer's report showed that there remained a balance of \$133.08. The chairman passed up for reading a preamble and resolutions covering his action on this matter up to date. The resolution embodied the contemplated action, as follows:

"Be it Resolved, First, that said surplus be and is hereby dedicated to the purchase of a suitable trophy or badge to be offered, first, in open contest to and by all who may have contributed in a financial way to the success of the recent entertainment of Kansas City shooters. All contestants to be handicapped as hereinafter provided. The holder of trophy as a result of the first open contest shall be subject to challenge as herein set forth. Suitable rules, to be hereafter adopted, shall govern in all contests for said challenge trophy."

It was now suggested that to make the action regular there should be a meeting of the executive committee, and not of the general organization. There were present of this committee: Messrs. Richards, Rice, Shepard and Hough. Mr. Rice called the committee together. The president's report was accepted and all the officers and committees of the original organization were discharged. The committee adjourned, and this was equivalent to the formal disbandment of the Chicago-Kansas City organization.

On motion those present now went into committee of the whole, and Mr. W. L. Shepard was elected to the chair. Mr. Richards remarked that the badge had cost \$150, whereas but \$133 was left on hand. Mr. Rice politely offered to make up this deficit. It was carried then that we accept the badge as shooters of Cook county, and direct the treasurer to turn over the \$133.08 to Mr. Rice. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Rice for his donation.

On Mr. Amberg's motion the draft of the rules aforementioned was taken up and voted upon section by section.

It was voted that the contest be open only to contributors to the Kansas City entertainment fund, and that the first shoot be called for the first Wednesday in April.

Mr. Mussey then made the following motion, which he stated he desired to have adopted as a preamble to the rules:

"All persons desiring to enter for this contest shall make their entry and shall post each \$2 forfeit at least ten days ahead of the first contest. Failure to shoot shall forfeit \$2, the same to be paid over by the handicapping committee to Mr. Watson." This prevailed.

Mr. Mussey moved that in Sec. 1 the word "pigeon" be substituted for the word "birds." Carried. Sec. 2 was passed without change. Sec. 3 was on Mr. Rice's motion made to embody ratification by "general meeting of Chicago sportsmen" instead of the "executive committee." Mr. Mussey moved a substitute for Sec. 10, which substitute was adopted and is shown as Sec. 10 in the complete copy of the rules found below.

Mr. Mussey then moved the adoption of the following to be added to the rules: "In case any legitimate contestant shall win this trophy six times, it shall become his property." This motion prevailed and was made part of the rules, as Sec. 14. Mr. Hicks, seconded by Mr. Levy, moved that the trustees be elected by ballot, their term to be one year, or until their successors are qualified; said trustees to have power to fill any vacancy which may arise by death or resignation. This resolution was later engrossed and made part of the rules as Sec. 15, shown in full below.

A ballot was held for the three trustees. Messrs. Mussey, Shepard and Hicks were elected.

THE RULES.

The following is the official copy of the rules governing the Chicago live-bird challenge trophy. As stated above, they were guessed at earlier. If they are printed again this week elsewhere than in FOREST AND STREAM it will simply be a case of guessing again, for FOREST AND STREAM has the only official and correct copy of these rules. For record of current events it is well to consult the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. If you see it there it is so:

THE CHICAGO LIVE-BIRD CHALLENGE TROPHY.

1. All contests for this trophy shall be at live pigeons, contestants subject to handicap, either by what is known as the bird handicap, or distance handicap, one or both, as may appear best and proper to the committee having the matter in charge.

2. All contests shall be at 25 birds per man, whether at first general or subsequent individual contests, and shot under rules known as the American Shooting Association rules, except wherein the following rules may differ.

3. This trophy shall be placed in the hands of three trustees, such trustees having first been agreed upon at a general meeting of Chicago sportsmen held for the purpose of considering these rules.

4. It shall be the duty of this committee of three, first, to care for the trophy; second, to receive and preserve all bonds given by individuals who may, by winning, for the time hold said trophy; third, it shall be the duty of said committee, or a majority thereof, to properly handicap, according to the best information obtainable and their better judgment, all contestants for possession of said trophy, and if in their judgment a bird allowance in addition to a distance handicap be necessary to the equalizing of two shooters, then such handicap shall be by this committee, or a majority thereof, affixed, giving notice of such handicap to parties in interest.

5. Finally, this committee shall have entire and complete say as to the care of trophy, the bond that shall be accepted, all questions pertaining to handicapping, the appointment of referee, score keeper, etc.

6. After the first general contest, the holder of this trophy shall be subject to challenge for possession of same from any shooter in Cook County who is a member in good standing of any organized gun club.

7. All matches shall be at 25 live birds, the challenger posting a sum of money requisite to cost of 50 birds, and no more. The holder shall name time, giving challenger not less than ten days' notice, and shall, while our respected fellow sportsman John Watson continues to manage a shooting park, name such park as the place for contest.

8. The holder of this trophy shall be subject to one challenge each thirty days, and shall shoot, if requested to do so, within thirty days from date of challenge. A deposit of bird money, together with formal challenge, with the American Field, Chicago, shall be sufficient notice. No other forfeit money or stake shall be necessary except simply price of birds, the challenger in all cases paying for birds.

9. The trophy shall be delivered to the referee on the day of each and every match.

10. If the challenging contestant fails to appear on the day set for the match, unless in case of sickness or for other reasons satisfactory to the trustees, he shall forfeit his bird money, which shall be paid to the holder of the trophy. Should the holder of the trophy fail to appear, he shall forfeit the trophy to the challenger, who shall also have his bird money refunded.

11. In case holder of trophy is not in condition to shoot the race on receipt of challenge, he must immediately notify chal-

lenger and said trustees. Having satisfied said trustees of his actual inability to shoot, the same will be accepted; if not, holder of trophy must shoot or forfeit. In case of bad weather on day of match, the same shall take place on the first favorable day thereafter. No challenge will be accepted or recognized until after the winner or party challenged shall be so declared and known.

12. All challenges must be made in writing, accompanied by bird money forfeit, and deposited with the American Field, of this city.

13. If either holder or challenger of this trophy attempts to take any unfair advantage, such as misrepresenting shooting qualifications, setting time of match on the Lord's Day, or any other scheme to prevent an honorable and fair contest, he shall forfeit trophy and all right to further contests, and the duty of ruling upon these points shall rest entirely with the trustees herein named, whose decisions, or decision, by the majority shall be final.

14. In case any contestant shall win this trophy six times, it shall become his property.

15. The three trustees shall be elected by ballot, and shall hold their office for the term of one year, or until their successors are duly qualified; and said trustees shall have power to fill any vacancy which may arise by reason of death or resignation.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

On March 19 a strong body of the best shots of the Western country will leave Chicago for the East to participate in the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, N. J. There will be about forty-four of these men, representing eight different States, the party having been arranged by Mr. E. S. Rice, of the Du Pont Powder Company. The names of these gentlemen, as nearly as they can be determined from their expressed intentions at date, are as follows, the party including also several ladies:

Chicago: Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rice, W. L. Shepard, Dr. and Mrs. S. Shaw, Ralph Kuss, John Watson, Ed Bingham, Silas Palmer, C. P. Richards, H. Woodruff, Dr. H. H. Frothingham, John Glover, Fred Lord, George Roll, Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Carson, Thomas Hicks.

Illinois: Hon. Tom A. Marshall, Keithsburg; Lee Huckins, Kewanee; Albert Bacon, Henry; E. E. Bacon, Kewanee; Wm. Dunnell, Fox Lake; Henry Dunnell, Fox Lake; Albert Dunnell, Fox Lake; Thos. Laffin, Rock Island.

Undecided: Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur.

Iowa: L. C. Abbott, Dr. Kibbey, Peter Densil, J. A. Lane, Marshalltown; Chas. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake.

Nebraska: Walter G. Clark, George Loomis, Frank Parmelee, Mr. Reynolds, Omaha.

Wisconsin: Dr. J. L. Williamson, Geo. L. Deiter, John Plankington, Jr., Mr. Bush, Milwaukee.

Undecided: Richard Merrill, Milwaukee.

Minnesota: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Shattuck, Minneapolis; Dr. Lewis W. Lyon, St. Paul.

Indiana: J. C. Small, J. W. Hill, Aurora.

Missouri: J. E. Riley, Kansas City.

Undecided: James Porter, Lee Porter.

Arkansas: John Schmelzer, Jr., Hot Springs.

South Dakota: Mr. E. A. Leach, Tripp.

The party will leave here at 7 P. M. on March 19, over the Grand Trunk Railway. They will take in Niagara Falls, and from Buffalo will go East on the limited train of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. There is no need to announce the time of their arrival, for there will be a dull heavy jar in the neighborhood of New York when they get off the train. They go resolved to win first money again this year, and also resolved to bring back the Grand American Handicap to Chicago for 1899. They will be a fine lot of fine fellows, and will be sure to deserve the courteous treatment that has always been accorded them in the East. We in Chicago expect that first, second and third high guns in the greatest of all American shooting contests will come from the West, and if there is anything else lying around loose, we shall expect to have that also, to show there is no coldness. As to the handicapping, our men feel very sure there will be no discrimination against the West, nor against any other section; but should all the Western contingent be put at 40yds., we should expect to win, none the less. The West expects every man to do his duty.

PETERSON-RAY.

A race at 100 live birds, \$100, was shot at Omaha, Neb., Feb. 28, between George Peterson, of Coon Rapids, Ia., and Ray, of the Omaha Gun Club. The match came off at the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club, Mr. Frank Parmelee refereeing. The men tied on 91 out of the first 100. In the shoot-off at 25 birds, Peterson scored 22 and Ray 21, leaving Iowa the victory.

ERB-BECK.

On Feb. 28, at Indianapolis, Ind., Fred Erb, Jr., of Lafayette, won from George C. Beck, of Indianapolis, the Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the State championship. The score was Erb 86, Beck 85. E. E. Neal, formerly of Chicago, but now of Bloomfield, Ind., has challenged for the cup. The race was shot on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

CENTRAL KANSAS SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The success of the sportsmen of Newton, Kans., in their recent tournament has led to the organization of another general organization of shooters. This will be known as the Central Kansas Sportsmen's Association, and will be composed of the gun clubs of the territory bounded by Atchison on the east, Arkansas City on the south, Abilene on the north and Dodge City on the west. Tournaments will be held every three months. This is merely a strong district organization, and does not conflict with the State Association, but will be governed by the rules of the latter. The following officers have been elected: George B. Dougan, of Newton, President; H. L. Ford, of Wichita, Vice-President; H. S. Montgomery, of Topeka, Secretary and Treasurer.

AT MILWAUKEE.

The Milwaukee Gun Club, of Wisconsin, held a two days' shoot Feb. 26 and 27. A very good turnout was on hand from adjacent towns. On the first day eleven events were run off, top scores being made by J. E. Farber, J. A. Ruble, of Chicago; Frank Van Ellis, George L. Deiter, Stephen Meunier, of Milwaukee; W. Schuchardt, of Merton, and Dr. Browall, of Palmyra. On the second day the weather conditions were better, and the shooting more satisfactory. The Wolf trophy contest was begun, but will have to be settled at a later time. Ruble and Browall having withdrawn, the trophy will be contested for by Theodore Thomas and J. L. Lewis, who both killed 10 straight. Thomas, Meunier and Himmelstein were among high guns on the second day.

COMING EVENTS.

The Ottumwa Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., begin their season of shooting this week, and will shoot each Friday afternoon henceforward. They start in strong, and the membership is not apt to fall off during this year. The principal trophy of this club is the Clark and Mollison silver loving cup. This cup will be owned by the man winning it five times in the weekly contests.

Mr. C. E. Grun, of the Pipestone Gun Club, of Minnesota, writes that his club expects to hold a two days' tournament at targets and live birds at an early date, though the latter has not yet been determined. A good local attendance is anticipated.

The Timber City Gun Club, of Maquoketa, Ia., is a new club, but expects to have thirty-five members at its regular shoots the coming season. It is making active preparations for the campaign. The following officers have been elected: J. H. Brown, President; M. W. Clark, Vice-President; Will Cundill, Secretary; George Gurius, Assistant Secretary; M. N. Trumbo, Treasurer; and Guy O. Morse, Ground Manager.

COLLEGE CORNER.

At the weekly shoot of the College Corner, O., Gun Club for the club medal, Caldwell and Wright tied on 18, other scores being Bergan 17, Reid 16, Smoyer 6. Caldwell won the medal on the shoot-off. Mr. L. H. Reid, the secretary, writes me: "We shoot at 20 blue rocks, unknown angles. This is the first gun club we ever had here. We are getting some good guns here, and taking quite an interest in trap-shooting."

CHAGRIN FALLS.

At Chagrin Falls, O., March 1, a hot little shoot was held at 25 birds, with the following results, the Cleveland men showing in the lead: Charles Doolittle, Cleveland, 21; George Bennett, Cleveland, 20; Oliver Burton, 19; P. S. Brown, George Snow, O. Hall, Auburn, 17; Thomas Cathan, 15; Silas Childs, 15; T. D. Brown, Cleveland, 14; James Harper, 13; Burt Bennett, Dr. Leroy, 12; T. N. Bright, 11; F. Bradley, 10; Lloyd Whitney, 9; Paul Curtiss, 3; Frank Vaccar, 2. E. Hough.

IN CHICAGO.

A new trap-shooting club will be added to the Chicago list at an early date, made up from the membership of the Chicago Athletic Association.

AT ELGIN.

The Elgin Gun Club is getting up a series of contests for the Gold Dust cup, offered by the manufacturers of the Gold Dust powder. There will be six monthly shoots at 20 targets, the highest score in the six shoots to win the cup.

EUREKA ANNUAL.

The annual banquet and meeting of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, was held at the Leland Hotel on the evening of Feb. 22, the affair being informal, but very pleasant. Dr. C. W. Carson was in the president's chair and Mr. W. A. Jones at the secretary's place, others of those present being as follows: Messrs. W. F. De Wolf, J. L. Jones, A. C. Paterson, John T. Glover, Ed Steck, T. Frank Liddy, Joseph F. Forbrich, C. C. Hess, Hoyt Shaw, R. B. Carson, H. B. Morgan, W. H. Cornwell, H. Lord, E. H. Goodrich, F. F. Spreyng, Mrs. E. M. Steck, Miss Anna Liddy, Mesdames Joseph F. Forbrich, C. C. Hess, D. Thomson, C. W. Carson, R. B. Carson, H. B. Morgan.

The Leland served a very tasteful repast at nicely decorated tables. At 10 P. M. the ladies withdrew, and business of the annual meeting began, introduced by a brief speech by the retiring president. In the routine work it was shown by the treasurer that the income of the club for the year was \$845 and the expense \$695, this leaving \$150 in the treasury. The officers showed that the club was in a very solid condition, inventorying over \$1,000 worth of fixtures. A graceful act was done in remitting the dues of Mr. Thomas Marshall, who is a non-resident member of the club, who came at his expense all the way from Keithsburg to help Eureka Club in the Eureka-Garfield match last Saturday. On motion of Mr. Lord it was decided to provide a first and second prize badge for each class in the club membership, ownership to be decided by the twelve best scores in the club shoots of the season. The board of directors were instructed to hold an informal ladies' night banquet at some later time, this to be distinct from the regular annual business meeting. The club determined to send one or more teams to the interstate shoot next June. In the election of officers the following very satisfactory results were announced: President, F. H. Lord; First Vice-President, J. L. Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, C. C. Hess; Captain, A. C. Paterson; Directors, A. W. Adams, John T. Glover, E. S. Rice, W. R. Morgan, F. P. Stannard, L. H. Goodrich. Eureka Club is one of the stand-bys of this city, and it enters its career for the coming season fully equipped and enjoying the confidence of the shooting fraternity.

WESTERN SHOOTERS ATTENDING HANDICAP.

Arrangements have been made for the Western shooters attending the Grand American Handicap in March to put up at the Hotel Norwood, Long Branch, N. J., where everything will be made suitable for their comfort and amusement.

CICERO GUN CLUB.

Cicero Gun Club, of Oak Park, Cook county, held an all-day shoot at live birds on targets Feb. 22 at its grounds, west of Chicago. The weather, although cold, was not particularly disagreeable to the few enthusiasts present. The grounds were covered with snow, making a low-flying white bird hard to find; and the birds were as fine a lot as were ever trapped on our grounds, not one of them remaining 10 seconds at the trap. They were three-quarters carrier pigeon stock. The events were as follows:

No. 1, five live birds: Barnard 3, W. Einfeldt 4.
No. 2: W. Einfeldt 3, Nusley 4, Jennings 1, D. Einfeldt 1, Furbeck 3, Barnard 2.
No. 3: W. Einfeldt 4, Nusly 4, Jennings 2, Furbeck 2, Kittlestrings 5, Barnard 4.
No. 4: W. Einfeldt 3, Nusly 3, Jennings 1, Furbeck 2, Barnard 3, Odell 3, Kittlestrings 3, Thurber 3, Billing 3.
No. 5: Einfeldt 2, Nusly 3, Jennings 2, Furbeck 3, Barnard 5, Odell 4, Kittlestrings 4, Thurber 3, Billing 3.
No. 6: Einfeldt 5, Nusly 2, Jennings 0, Furbeck 3, Barnard 4, Odell 2, Thurber 1, Kittlestrings 5, Lowrey 3.
No. 7 was a miss-and-out on the remaining birds, and was divided by Einfeldt and Barnard, each killing 3.

Some target events followed. The snow was very trying on the eyes of the shooters. At the live birds Furbeck was using too long a shell for his pump, and this lost him several birds.

CICERO.

STONY ISLAND GUN CLUB.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The Stony Island Gun Club held a shoot today on its grounds at the corner of Ninety-fifth street and Stony Island avenue. The main event was No. 5, at 10 birds, \$2. The prize was a box containing 100 shells. Illinois State rules governed. Dr. Larkin won the prize.

L Willard.....111111211 —10 S Zimmerman.....111210021 —8
Capt Fyfe.....010102012 —17 Dr Larkin221110111 —1-10
A Shepherd.....011001111 —1 8 Dr Swan0001021202 —2-7
Dr McLaughlin.....111121111 —2-10

Ties:
L Willard.....011221121 —9 Dr Larkin021222112 —1-10
Dr McLaughlin.....220202220 —2-8

On Feb. 19 there was a contest at 25 targets for the medal. Edith Porter won it. The scores follow:

L C Willard.....1111100011111110011010 —18
F E Willard.....001'100111101011001111 —17
S G Zimmerman.....10 0110'0'00010110'0011+ 3-37
W P Schall.....00000000010000'01001011+ 6-13
Jas Porter.....11 0011001000'00100100+ 4-16
Dr Larkin.....'0010'00 10110011011110+ 2-17
Edith Porter.....150'0001101010'00'001101+10-24
E. PORTER, Sec'y.

STONY ISLAND GUN CLUB.

Chicago, March 5.—The following event, for the live-bird medal, was shot to-day, at 10 birds, Illinois State rules:

S G Zimmerman.....0220212100—6 Ties.
L Willard.....211102112—9 211121102—9 11101—4

C. Porter is holder of medal. E. PORTER, Sec'y.

Owego Gun Club.

OWEGO, N. Y., Feb. 23.—Herewith are scores of the sweepstake shoot of the Owego Gun Club over their new magautrap on the 22d. It was most successful. In May the club intends giving a three days' shoot, one of which will be devoted to live birds. All will be invited except professionals and experts. No. 10 was at doubles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	10
W F Brown	9	12	7	11	9	11	6	13	6	7	10	18	..
G F Kendall.....	9	13	8	7	11	8	12	8	5	10	9
F B Tracy.....	10	10	6	8	6	13	6	10	6	6	10	6	9
G H Pumpelly.....	6	12	7	11	7	9	8	11	6	6	13	12	8
J J Carr.....	10	12	8	12	8	13	9	12	9	7	10	14	9
C W Tuttle.....	7	13	7	14	9	10	7	12	9	6	12	11	3
J N Knapp.....	6	13	8	13	7	8	6	10	18	5	..
E Smith.....	7	13	9	13	7	11	7	13	5
Whyte.....	6	13	8	11	8	10	9	10	10	4	7	11	..
Higgins.....	6	5	4	6	4	6	5	10	4	3	7	12	3
Zien Strong.....	..	9	8	13	7	8	9	9	5	3	8	12	7
J A Loring.....	6	11	4	13	7	8	6	11	5	..	7
Feigenspan.....	5	12	4	7	5	6	2	..	6
G W Smith.....	7	7	6	..	2	2	4	10	4
J Van Nostrand.....	5	6	4	5	..	5	5	..	3
Fuller.....	7	8	5	10	..	9
Vaun.....	..	5	5	7	..	7	..	5
Hughes.....	3	6	10	..	5
H Ripley.....	7	10	10	14
F Davis.....	12	4	3	..	12
W Day.....	4	7	12
Hallway.....	11	6	..	6	9	..	10
Baker.....	..	1	5	2	5
J H Waterman.....	1	2
D Keeler.....	1
A B Kirby.....	0

Under date of March 3 Mr. John L. Lequin, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "It seems to be essential that another notice should be given to all probable contestants in the Grand American Handicap that the entries will close on March 17. Post entries of course will be taken up to the time the last man fires at his second bird by paying \$10 extra, or \$35 in all, instead of \$25, if received on or before the 17th of March."

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 22.—The Washington Birthday shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was a grand success, and the events, which constituted the programme, were all well filled. Many visiting sportsmen from nearby towns came and shot in different events. Among them Clouser, C. Eshelman, Diefenderfer, Batdorf, representing the Gibraltar Gun Club; Ritter, of the Independent Gun Club; Kilpatrick and Fleck, of the East End Rod and Gun Club—all took part in the different events. The club shoot, event No. 5 on the programme, proved the most interesting. Each man shot at 25 targets, thrown by the magautrap. Two handsome medals, one of gold and the other of silver, were the prizes, but have to be shot for at twelve holiday shoots, the person scoring the most points gets the gold badge, and second highest the silver badge; first to count 5, and second 3. Honest Davy Knaib was referee and rendered all his decisions in a fair and impartial manner.

Shaaber hit 24 straight, then dropped his last bird. He won the club shoot, with Capt. Wm. Essick second with 23 hit. Shaaber used an L. C. Smith ejector gun, with 42grs. of E. C. powder, while Capt. Essick also used an L. C. Smith gun.

The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10
Shaaber	6	6	7	8	24	10	8	7
F Yost	9	6	8	8	19	6	5	..
Ball	5	8	5	4	22	8
Goodman	6	4	6	6	21	5	4	..
Lawrence	6	6	9	6	16
Miles	9	7	6	6	14	6	5	..
G Miller	5	8	9	9	19	6	8	..
Hill	5	4	3	6	14	3
Jones	5	4	6	3	21
Grossman	4	6	3	..	16
Downs	0	3	2	6	9	1
A F Yeager	6	8	7	..	21
Capt W Essick	8	7	8	6	23
M Eshelman	7	9	6	..	17
E Rhoades	5	4	7	..	11
Harrison	4	2	21
Farr	4	2	3	6	16	3	5	..
C G Wilson	5	3	9
F Gerhard	19	5	4	..
P Tetter	14
Haas	6	2	5	5	..	1	5	..
Clemmens	4	7
H Miller	9	3	6
Vaughan	6	4
Moore	0
Batdorf	4
C Eshelman	8	8	8	..	18
M Rhoades	7
Derr	1	7
Kilpatrick	3	5
Hafer	2
G Ritter	..	8	22
Clouser	..	5	13
Smith	..	8	3	..	19
J Wahl	1	..
P Wahl	7	..

* Denotes guests who helped fill up squad.

Lebanon, Pa., Feb. 22.—The Keystone Gun Club, of this city, this afternoon defeated the Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown, by a score of 76 to 73. Ten men shot on a team, each at 10 birds apiece.

Gibraltar, Pa., Feb. 22.—Chas. O. Eshelman and Geo. L. Diefenderfer shot a novel live-bird match at the Gibraltar Hotel. Mr. Eshelman used a common rifle, while Mr. Diefenderfer used a 12-bore gun. The match was at 10 live birds each. Eshelman shot 10yds. from the trap, while Diefenderfer stood 25yds. from the trap. Score was as follows:

C O Eshelman.....0010101000—3 G L Diefenderfer.....111111010—8

Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 25.—Wm. Fieles, Christiana, this afternoon defeated the Sprenger Lancaster county live-bird championship trophy in the fifth live-bird shoot held for it. Fieles and Wm. Krueger tied on 18 birds out of 20, and in the shoot-off Little Willie Fieles killed 9 out of 10 birds to Krueger's 7. The other shooters scored as follows: Galbraith 15, Hook 8, Gladfelder 15, Rider 14, Baltz 15. If Fieles wins the next match the costly trophy becomes his absolutely, it being necessary to win three matches straight to become its actual owner.

Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 26.—A largely attended live-bird and target tournament was held here to-day by the Shuler Shooting Association. The principal event was a live-bird match between F. C. Clayton (Butler), of Philadelphia, and Harry Trumbauer, of Royersford. Clayton won by 24 to 23. The conditions were 25 birds per man, \$25 a side, American Association rules governed the contests. Trumbauer allowed Clayton to score his first miss a kill.

F C Clayton22*202221221212112222122—24
H Trumbauer11111122221022122011211—23

* Denotes handicap bird, a miss allowed as a kill.
Sweepstakes followed, the first seven events at live birds, the last two at bluerocks:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Birds:	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Trumbauer	5	1	0	3	4	4	7	7	7
Saylor	4	0	2	1	2	7	7
Pennypacker	4	0	2	2	1
Yerger	3	2	2	1	0	..	1
Dotterer	3	0	1	0	..	1	..	6	8
Davis	2
Cole	..	2	1	2	7
Reifsnnyder	0	3	2	0	4	3	6
Clayton	3
Hartman	2
Grubb	4	9
Swartley	2
Dewitt	1
Slonaker	9	8	..
Evans	..	3	0	2	6	4	7	7	..
Hawkins	..	2	0	2	5	4
Wien	..	0	8	8	..
Leidy	5	6	2	6
Nettles	0	4
Crothers	0	..	2
Pierce	0
Emmers	4	2
Major	3	6
Levengood	3
Guldire	1
Scheifley	1	7
Rodgers	7
Newhard

Norristown, Pa., Feb. 26.—At the Washington Gun Club, of Conshohocken, Thomas Smith defeated Paul Johnson this afternoon at 25 live pigeons by the score of 20 to 19. Another match at 5 birds followed between George Righter and Harry Haines resulting in a tie, each killing 2 birds. A sweepstake followed at 25 birds per man, with the following result: F. Johnson 18, Motz 17, Kriebel 22, Jackson 19, Williams 14, Keyser 18, Righter 16, H. Johnson 21, McKenzie 10, J. Smith 9, H. Haines 9.

ARTHUR A. FINKE.

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 25.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. The weather conditions were the most unfavorable for good shooting that we have had to meet so far in our sport.

The club used to-day for the first time the Sergeant system of arranging and working the traps, and we shall no doubt hereafter use that system at our practice shoots, as it seems to be the unanimous opinion of those present that that style of shooting adds interest to the sport; but it knocked our averages higher than Gilroy's kite, as the following scores will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Knowlton	3	4	3	2	2
Eschrich	5	7	7	6	4
McWhorter	5	6	6	6	5	3	9	6	..
La Bayteaux	2	7	4	5	3	2	7	7	..
Falts	3	5	4	..	3
Rail	6	12	8	7	5	6	9	6	5
Bailey	3	3	6	4	4	6	4	4	4
Tompkins	4	5	4	7	3	6	4	4	..
Finn	4	3	6	..	3
Willey	7	10	5	3	5	6	4	6	6
Miller	2	4	3	7	4	3	5	3	5
Fenstermacher	4	7	6	4	5	9
Frazer	5	4	4	7	..	3
Crisfield

WILLEY, Sec'y.

West End Gun Club.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Feb. 26.—I was called out of town on business and could not furnish the reports as promptly as they should have been, but hope you will use them, even though late.

Our first day opened up with fairly good weather and a promising attendance, but the morning of the second upset our hopes. The wind blew a hurricane, and with snow enough already down to stop street car traffic, it came thicker and faster for two days. This cut our attendance to about one-third of what it would have been with average weather. The boys had a good time, however.

First Day.

Event No. 4 was at reversed angles:	1	2	3	4	5
Events:	15	20	20	15	15
Targets:	15	20	20	15	15
Hoffman	9	14	19	14	11
Schricker	12	13	13	6	12
Winbigger	11	15	13	12	..
Schmitting	8
Worthington	15	18	19	15	12
Mortenson	15	16	14	11	12
Clark	11	..	17	13	13
Gilbert	12	16	18	11	14
Holden	15	14	17	11	12
Argroves	14	15	19	6	..
Ben Black	11	19	15	10	13
Morris	12	13	16
Foley	14	14	19	14	14
Baird	9	..	8
Miller	13	8	16	11	..
Blaisier	9	17	18	13	..
E C Holden	10	13	14
Wehrnd	11	12	14
Wetleof	12	12	14	..	13
Gifford	14	15	16	..	11
Bleitz	11	9	..	15	..
Henry	14	17	12	11	..
Gosch	12	14	15	..	13
V Boltenstern	13	8	19	10	10
H E Boltenstern	13	16	17	12	13
G E T	13	13	19	10	14
Gottsch	14	14	17	11	9
Porter	13	15	17	10	15
Cowan	13	19	18	10	12
Al Morris	13	16	18

Nos. 1 and 2 were each at 8 live birds, \$4.

Events:	1	2
Targets:	6	5
Hoffman	4	7
Schricker	4	7
Winbigger	7	5
Worthington	8	7
Mortenson	6	8
Plank	5	..
R Wilson	3	..
Schreitling	4	..
Bleitz	8	7
Gifford	7	8
Argroves	6	7
Moser	6	..
Lafin	7	6
Morris	6	..
Edwards	6	..
Al Morris	7	..
Wehrnd	6	4
Goettsch	5	..
Miller	7	6
Lewis	6	7
Walrod	8	..
Mudd	6	4

Second Day.

No. 4 was at reversed angles.	1	2	3	4	5
Events:	20	25	20	15	12
Targets:	20	25	20	15	12
Hoffman	15	21	15	17	12
Powell	17	23	19	12	9
Schricker	18	22	17	11	9
Worthington	18	24	17	20	12
Mortenson	18	22	19	16	14
Clark	17	22	17	11	13
Gottsch	12	17	18	13	5
Jones	18	19	18	16	8
Mudd	16	22	15	15	12
Ben Black	16	20	18	15	7
Henry	19	22	18	17	13
C Holden	17	21	18	16	..
Lester	9
H Boltenstern	17	22	20	13	..
Wauger	15	..	17
V Boltenstern	17	22	14
Cowan	16	15	13	13	10
Long	18	22	16	14	..
F Clark	15	21	20	14	..
Walrod	13
Bleitz	14
Porter	18	20	19	12	14

Two live-bird events, both 10 birds, \$5.

Events:	1	2
Targets:	8	9
Hoffman	8	9
A L Clark	8	..
Schricker	7	7
Worthington	8	9
Mortenson	9	8
Bleitz	9	6
Lewis	10	8
Gifford	4	8
Lafin	9	8
Miller	6	7
V Boltenstern	9	..
Lester	6	..
Wauger	9	5
Cowan	9	5
H Boltenstern	10	..

Third Day.

Nos. 1 and 2 were 10 live birds, \$5.	1	2
Events:	10	7
Targets:	10	7
Powell	13	14
Schricker	12	9
Cowan	9	13
Worthington	13	15
Nance	9	..
Miller	8	9
Bleitz	8	9
Lester	4	..
Paddock	8	7
Korn	3	..
Mortenson	8	9
Gifford	7	8
Wauger	6	..

No. 2 was shot in a gale of wind, with the snow flying so thick that it took a good pair of eyes to see as far as the traps. The birds were as good a lot as were ever trapped.

||
||
||

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 12.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

WEAPONS OLD AND NEW.

IN illustration of the isolation and antiquated ways of some of the mountain dwellers of Kentucky, it is said that not long since it was discovered that the cross-bow was still employed by them for hunting. If there actually exist Americans who hunt with cross-bows, may their tribe increase. Surely they come nearer than the user of magazine rifle or "pump-gun" to exhibiting that phase of sportsmanship which insists on "pitting one's skill against the cunning of the game." The ruder, cruder, less efficient the weapon, the greater the skill called into play to do execution with it; and the more real the "pitting."

As a matter of fact, in a large proportion of the hunting of the day, the "pitting of skill" is altogether imaginary, fanciful, assumed, and conceded by courtesy. We are forever prating about giving the game a fair chance, and yet all the while seeking weapons that will shoot further and more rapidly and more fatally. The pride of a sportsman is to have the very latest armament, which means the most accurate, certain and deadly equipment to be bought for money. Every step in perfection of shotgun and rifle, powder and shot, bullet, shell, and cartridge, means added facility of game killing, and just so much increased disparity between the shooter and the game at which he shoots. Our discussion of guns and rifles is always as to which is the better of two bores or calibers, and which is the best of all, which means the furthest shooting, the hardest hitting, the most certain to bring from air to ground the most birds in the shortest time, or to "down" the biggest game in its tracks. This is as it must be, in the nature of things, in keeping with the laws of progress. We would be less or more than human if we failed to demand the latest, best and most perfectly adapted to its purpose in our firearms, precisely as in all other equipments of modern life.

But though supplied with weapons a thousandfold more powerful and certain than the antiquated cross-bow, is the shooter of these last years of the century after all so much of a craftsman as his rudely armed fellow of the Kentucky mountains? Is he so close to nature? Does he know the woods and the game so well? Which of the two pits his skill against the cunning of the game? To suggest such speculations is to answer them.

If the Kentucky hunter should make a proselyting tour, to convert shooting men to his faith in the antiquated arm as a suitable hunting weapon, his unanswerable contention might be that a general substitution of cross-bows for repeating arms would tend powerfully to the nurture of the game supply. And once rid of the now all prevailing notion that one's arm must be the most killing engine that the ingenuity of man can produce, the new devotee of the weapon of Robin Hood would find in its use many of those delights of woodcraft to which many a cartridge-belted knight is and ever must be, a stranger.

We commend the cross-bow to those dissatisfied mortals whose lot is cast in barren hunting grounds; they can get more hunting out of a small store of game with the ancient weapon than with the newest fangled gun of the day. A single solitary old bird, like Mr. Hammond's "One-Eyed Grouse of Maple Run," if hunted with cross-bow and bolt, will last for many seasons, whereas a pump-gun belching factory-loaded ammunition would close the campaign in a day or an hour. Podgers, in another column, professes to have reverted to muzzle-loader ways with great delectation; now let some other devotee out-Podger Podgers by making venture of the cross-bow.

THE BIRDS OF GLOUCESTER.

THE great wrong and injustice unwittingly wrought by the Massachusetts Legislature, through the act governing shooting on Cape Ann, should have the earliest practicable reparation. The circumstances were related by our correspondent Hermit in our issue of last week. The Massachusetts game law was so amended last March that it forbade shooting land birds on Cape Ann within certain limits, including Rockport and seven wards of the city of Gloucester, but not covering Ward Eight of that city. The effect of this, as demonstrated last season, was to close a tract of twenty-five square miles of shrub land and forest; to shut out from this territory the army which had been wont to shoot over it, and to turn en masse upon Ward Eight the entire shooting contingent of a population of 35,000. The result, disastrous and pitiful, was told by Hermit last week, and the picture is worth repeating:

Any one with brains enough to think knows the result, namely: Woods and shrub lands alive with gunners; reckless shooting at every moving thing; human life endangered; game and song birds exterminated; Sunday law violated, and people who take the day for a pleasure stroll in the woods are forced to retreat under fire, menaced by the hurtling shot or the spiteful zip of the small rifle bullet.

The gunners that crowd Ward Eight are not sportsmen as a body. A few sportsmen follow the hounds, and a very few tramp the woods for game; these men do not shoot song birds, but the average gunner shoots everything in fur or feathers.

Bond's Hill is a great resort for robins in migration. Food is plentiful, such as black cherries, choke and poke berries. Last fall there was a constant roar of guns on the hill, and later not a robin was left where there should have been hundreds.

It is well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I feed the song birds that come to my cabin dooryard. In migration large flocks of white-throated sparrows, fox sparrows, tree sparrows and black snow birds favor me with visits. Early last fall the flocks were destroyed or frightened away. The tree sparrows and black snow birds winter with me. Not a tree sparrow is left, and fifty or more black snow birds are reduced to a remnant of six. My flock of chickadees was reduced one-half. The tame ones that would eat from my hand were killed—all but one.

The slaughter was fast and furious when the season opened. Now one may walk the woods for days and not see so much as a squirrel. I appeal to the friends of song birds!

Surely no such effect of the Cape Ann prohibition was contemplated or anticipated by the Legislature; and now that the practical working of the law is shown to be so pernicious, no time should be lost in providing the simple remedy of including Ward Eight in the protected area. A petition to this end was recently submitted to the Committee on Game, and refused. It cannot be possible that the true condition of affairs was adequately set forth to them.

GAME PROTECTION IS A PUBLIC TRUST.

At the recent meeting of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association the plan of exacting a license fee from shooters for the privilege of shooting was suggested as offering a means of providing funds for the maintenance of a game warden force. The State, it was said, had steadfastly opposed appropriations for the purpose, and the money must be supplied then by the class directly interested in game protection. If shooters want something to shoot, the argument ran, let them pay the expenses of providing it; if they want game protected, let them protect it; the matter concerns them; it does not concern the community at large.

But the matter does concern the community, and the whole community—both that part of it which goes afield and that part which remains at home. Altogether aside from any consideration of the game supply as a food resource is the influence it has upon the health and stamina of the race, as an agency promoting physical development and well being. This is not in any degree a fanciful consideration of the game supply as a public benefit and game protection as a public charge; it has on the contrary had recognition from early days, and has furnished reason for the enactment and enforcement of game laws. It was true in the days of George Washington, who was an illustrious example of the sportsman who was a more useful citizen because of his sportsmanship, and it is true to-day when we have at the head of the Navy Department a Secretary who has himself more than once in eloquent public speech borne personal testimony to the strengthening and upbuilding influences of the Maine forests. The whole country reaps the advantage when its public men seek the woods for their chosen recreations; the individual community shares the good which its citizens find in camp and field. The

game which prompts to woodland excursions and rewards wilderness outings, it is the right and duty of the State to maintain. Game is public property; those appointed to protect it are the trustees of the public; game protection is a public trust.

PETARDS AND BEAR TRAPS.

THE fatalities self-inflicted by contrivers of deadly engines contributed to the language centuries ago the colloquial phrase "hoist by his own petard," and the expression is still used to-day, when we know nothing of petards. By some malign fatality, spring-guns and set-guns, when arranged for execution upon human beings, are more frequently a menace to the people who set them than to those for whom they are intended. The spring-gun item is encountered month after month in the press dispatches, but it is almost invariably the man who sets it who suffers from it. The set-gun is forbidden by the statutes, but gardeners with melon patches to protect and country storekeepers intent on dealing summary justice persist in setting the deadly contrivances and then walking into them themselves. So universal is the principle that the prohibition against setting spring-guns might fairly be classed as legislation making attempts at suicide a crime.

In one form and another the set-gun is widely distributed over the earth. In his description of Tartary, Hue relates that deceased Tartar sovereigns having been interred with great stores of treasures, the tombs were protected by a kind of bow, or series of bows, so ingeniously contrived as to discharge a number of arrows one after the other. The act of opening the vault door would discharge the first arrow, that one the second, and so on to the last.

Traps set for animals also claim their quota of human victims, who unwittingly walk into bear traps and deadfalls. In Maine log traps or deadfalls for bears are often made; and sometimes the contrivance is a miniature log cabin, having in the front a lift-up door, and a spindle in the back of the house to hold the bait; when the bear enters and touches the bait, the door falls behind him and he is captured alive. The late J. G. Rich, of Maine, used to tell of a trapper who, having constructed such a trap, accidentally sprung the door and was imprisoned, and sustaining life on the bait intended for the game, barely lived until rescued by a search party.

SNAP SHOTS.

Grand Rapids, Mich., announces a fly-casting tournament next June for "the world's championship." There is nothing in the Decalogue nor in the Bill of Rights of the State of Michigan to forbid the anglers of that enterprising town bestowing a "world's championship" medal and title on the winner of their tournament if they are amiably disposed to do so. On the other hand, there is nothing in international law to compel foreign anglers to recognize the earth-embracing championship pretensions; and it is just possible that in their designation of the character of the event the ambitious projectors have gotten out more line than they can retrieve.

The New England Sportsmen's Association is to be most warmly congratulated upon the realization of its plans in the magnificent exposition which is now delighting Boston.

Senator Hoar, who has an unflagging interest in the protection of song birds, on Monday of this week introduced a measure forbidding the importation into the United States of birds or their feathers for ornamental purposes, and imposing a fine of \$50 for each offense.

The ready, speedy, effective and sensible solution of the problem of an over supply of deer on Long Island would be found in the adoption of the suggestion made in these columns some months ago, to establish an inclosed deer park by the State Game Commission, within the confines of which the deer stock might be perpetuated, and the surplus distributed to Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and other counties whose native deer stock has been depleted. Such a Long Island deer park would be a permanent nursery, constantly growing in value and importance as a factor in the game supply.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—VIII.

ONE Saturday in June the boy walked into the shed where I was painting a new canoe, sauntered around the boat and inspected it with critical eye, squinting aft from the bow and "lining up" the bends.

"Good job that. Got 'er's even as one an' one. Ought to be a gickaloodin traveler."

"Ought to be what?" I asked.

"A gickaloodin traveler. Don't ye know what that means?" he answered with a grin.

"No, I never heard that before."

"Well, that's the same as good only it's better," he replied. "Learnt that from an old feller that ust to live down on th' Missouri River, name o' Poo Gee. He ust to always say 'Poo Gee!' ever' time what he felt like swearin', 'n' that's how he got his name. Don't know what his real name was, er nobody else, I guess. Everybody juss called him Poo Gee. He had a lot o' names fer things, like gickaloodin 'stead o' good, 'n' joistaboomerang fer a floatin' log. 'N' one o' these logs 'at seesaws up 'n' down in a current he called a joistocutens, nen a pine timber he called a pine joistus."

"He's a queer ole feller, 'n' 'bout half crazy, I guess; but he knowed how to fish 'n' hunt all right, 'n' lived in a kind o' shanty down there fishin' fer market."

"Well, he must be a character."

"Oh, he's dead now," answered the boy.

"Say," he said, changing the subject, "less go out 'n th' woods 's afternoon, will yeh? I'm feelin' kind o' lazy 'n' no account like, 'n' want to go somers. Don't want to go fishin' 'n' hain't nothin' to shoot, but I juss got a resless notion I want to go out 'n th' timber. If I hook up 'n' come over after dinner, will yeh go 'long?"

"Yes, I guess so. We might take the rods along and fish some too," I suggested.

"Nope," he answered, "don't want to fish, juss want to lazy round in th' shade somers where they ain't nobody to bother."

"All right," I answered, laughing. "If that's the way you feel I'll just go and loaf away a half day too."

"All right, then, I'll be over about one with the buggy. So long."

Then he sauntered up the walk, one hand thrust deep in his trousers pocket and his broad hat tilted at a dangerous angle over his right eye; under the flecking shadows of the grape arbor and out of sight, strolling lazily, but with the easy grace that is as natural as breathing to the outdoor man.

It is health and unconscious strength that makes the springing step and the easy, supple roll in the gait—a mark that nature puts on her gentlemen.

In the early afternoon we drove out into the country, past the growing crops, past the shady hedges, past the farmhouses where busy housewives hastened through their many occupations, oftentimes accompanying their movements with simple song, not very musical, it is true, but from satisfied minds that helped lighten labor.

The farmhouse dogs ran out as we passed and fretted themselves unnecessarily, barking until we were well away from the house. We drove contentedly and unmindful of these things, chatting in a lazy way befitting the day and the trip, the boy pointing out places along the route where he had had sport with the shotgun in other days.

A butcher bird flitted out of the hedge and across the road, alighting on a barbed wire fence. The boy's quick eye noted that the bird carried a burden, so he pulled up the horse and we sat watching.

The bird eyed us suspiciously for a few moments, and then, satisfied that we meant no evil, deliberately impaled his burden on a barb, flicked his beak with a side-wise motion on the wire and winged his way across the field.

"Know what he was doin'?" asked the boy.

"No, I'm not up in that fellow's ways," I answered.

"He's hangin' up his supply o' grub. See, he's got a lot o' truck strung along the wire. Whoa, Bill! Less go over an' see what he's got."

We jumped out and inspected the wire, finding two mice, some big brown crickets and nearly a dozen big grasshoppers, besides some other insects of the beetle variety.

"See, he's layin' in a stock o' grub," said the boy. "Now you'd think he'd eat all o' them things after he went to the trouble o' ketchin' 'em 'n' hangin' 'em up, wouldn't yeh?"

"Yes, I should think so," I answered.

"Well, he don't," said the boy. "At least he don't always, 'cause I've found this kind o' a layout right in winter, 'n' everything on the wire 'd be as dry as powder, 'n' a mouse 'd starve tryin' to live off o' 'em. These butcher birds, shrikes er shrikes er somp'n like that, I b'leeve is the right name of 'em, seems juss to have a leanin' too-words killin' things 'n' leavin' 'em stuck 'round this way. They are cur'ous kind o' birds, anyways."

The boy went on enlightening me on the ways of butcher birds as we circled toward the river. We soon went into the gate and through the blue grass pasture, where the big walnut trees grew in the sandy flood-washed soil of the river bank.

"Here's a good place. Less stop," said the boy, and out he leaped, unhooked the horse, slipped his bridle and turned him loose. We stretched at length on the dry sand that the last rise in the river had left there in the shade of the huge walnut trees, and I filled my pipe for a smoke, while the boy folded his hands behind his head, elevated one knee over the other as he lay flat on his back, slowly chewing a grass stem and looking up through the meshed tangle of leaves at the white clouds floating lazily across the blue dome.

"Gee, it's a long ways up to them clouds, ain't it?" he said. "I'd like to go up 'n a balloon er somp'n 'n' look down at the ground. Bet it'd look funny fr'm way up there, nen a feller could see a nawful long ways too. Reckon he could see most to the Missouri River, couldn't he?"

"Perhaps," I answered. "But I rather think he

couldn't see much even if he could see that far. It is about sixty miles to the river in an air line, and in this atmosphere everything would be lost in a haze. In the mountain country you can see that far easily, for you are up in the air and everything else is too, so the haze don't bother much."

"Say, gee! I'd like to go to the mountains. It must be a nawful purty place, nen, gee! couldn't a feller have fun ketchin' trout 'n' shootin' deer 'n' things! But it's a nawful long ways, 'n' I don't reckon I'll ever git there," he continued, as the smile faded and a dreamy, far-away look came into his bright eyes.

"Oh, I don't know, it wouldn't be such a long journey even with a team and wagon," I answered. "Three or four weeks would take you from here to Denver, and another week would take you right into the hills."

"Gee! less go!" said the boy.

"Well, we can think of that later, and arrange for a hunt that way this fall perhaps," I answered.

"I'll juss go you."

The boy was no longer indifferent and "feelin' lazy," but was alert and talking like an old woman's tea party about the mountains and the great stretch of sun-burned plains that met the sky to the westward of the little river. The sun swung across the blue dome and the shadows reached from bank to bank across the stream before his excitement cooled down enough to think of going home.

When I suggested that we move he tilted his hat down over his eye, squinted at the low-hanging sun and slowly rose to his feet. Gathering up the bridle, he whistled to the black pony and stood waiting for him to come up. The pony understood him too, and came slowly along, nibbling at a tender bunch of grass here and there, reluctant, but knowing that the boy's will was law, and soon he stood hitched to the buggy and ready for the homeward drive.

Back along the country roads we went, the pony suiting himself as to gait, while we chatted and enjoyed the ride, noting the passing landscape and the wild things that were the life of that perfect evening—truly one of those "rare June days."

EL COMANCHO.

Camp of Two Cranks.

White Water River, Indiana.

(Continued from page 204.)

On going down to our wash stand, three or four rods below the tent, at a place where we could get down to the water without jumping off the bank, we found the stream 4 or 5 in. lower than it was the evening before, and considerably clearer, caused, as we figured it out, by the stopping of the mill above over night, as after an hour or so it began to rise again and get milky and muddy looking as before.

Tom bewailed over the condition of the water, and I got in a few bewails myself to encourage him, till he came near forgetting to put the coffee in the pot when we had the breakfast about ready. (Always make your coffee at the last, and you have it at its best, as my old friend Joe Githens used to say, "you get the full aurora of it.")

Tom wound up his bemoaning with "no wonder the bass won't bite much, when they can't see a minny 3 in. from their nose," and we sat down to breakfast with fried cat and bass for the main attraction; these fried in the extra frying-pan by themselves so we would be sure to get the full "aurora of 'em."

While fishing along the rips after breakfast Bill came through the corn with his big bucketful of the finest kind of chubs and black "riffle suckers," at least twelve dozen in all—enough with those we had to last us over a week, even had the water been clear. He got his pay for the minnows, talked fish a while, relieved himself of a budget of village and neighborhood gossip that he was "bustin'" with, inspected our camp to his satisfaction and took his departure, turning at the edge of the corn to say, "I'm comin' up this way Sunday mornin' to shave an ole feller 'bout two mile above, an' then I'll come back an' stay with ye till yer ready to pack up in the evenin' an' start to town. I'll come up with Dais', an' ye know Dais' don't low no grass to grow under her feet, so we needn't leave here till after dark if ye don't want to. So long," and he was off through the corn, and a minute or so after we heard him talking to Dais', and then the quick hoof-beats on the pike and the rattle of the wagon, as they went flying toward town.

Bill was a village "character," we learned from a neighbor, who had seen better days. Four or five years before he had been left a snug little fortune of several thousand dollars by a relative, but an overfondness for "John Barley Corn" and the treachery of pretended friends had cleaned him out of his last dollar, and now he was "grubbin'" 'round the hotel for his board and wash and an occasional quarter maybe; however, he was as happy as a lark, and didn't seem to have a care in the world.

"Bill has a heart in him as big as an ox," said our informant, "and is always ready to go out of his way to do a friend or neighbor a good turn. Bill knows everybody in the village and surrounding country, and everybody knows Bill and likes him, but his besetting weakness keeps him down, more's the pity, for Bill is a good fellow."

Other Bills there are in the land who are in the clutches of "Mister Barley Corn," more's the pity too.

When Bill had gone I selected a couple of dozen minnows, and putting them in an extra bucket took my way up the stream to fish some likely looking holes we had seen the day before as we went up in the wagon, leaving Tom to fish near the camp and keep an eye on it, which he said he preferred to wading the creek a dozen times or more without rubber boots; however, he's rarely in a thoroughly good fishing humor till he's wet to the knees at least, and I have known him on one or two occasions to slip off a steep bank into a deep hole and go out of sight, but come up "a-puffin' an' a-smilin'," crawl out, build a fire, dry his clothes a garment at a time and go to fishing again as if it were a part of the regular performance. I poked along up, wading the

stream now and then when it was shallow and only a rod or so in width, fishing a hole here and there, without getting a symptom of a bite in the most "fishy" looking places.

About a half mile above camp the stream made another elbow, running squarely against the foot of a bluff near the road, at which point there was a long, deep, quiet pool, except for a slight current in the center, made by the rush of water at the tail of the riffle above, that I was willing to wager had bass in it that would run from 1 to 5 lbs. and over, and I was hoping to go back from there to camp with a string of 'em that would rattle Tom so badly that he couldn't tell the butt of his rod from the tip, or when supper time came. Up near the head of the pool, on the side of the stream I was on, the bank was 15 or 18 ft. high and nearly straight up and down, and with no beach along its base to afford a toe hold even; this condition due probably to the wash of former floods. Nearly at the extreme head of the pool was an immense sycamore stump that the floods had caused to slide down till its naked roots on the outside were deep in the water; its top being 6 or 7 ft. below the level of the top of the bank. Around back of the perpendicular wall I made my way up a gradual slope from the sandbar on which I stood, through thick bushes and briars, to where I could look down on the stump, the point from which I wanted to do my fishing. With minnow bucket and rod in one hand, I slid down the steep bank till I found a safe footing near the old stump, and the fun was about to begin—in my mind. I hooked on a big chub and cast out in the gentle current a few yards from the bank and let the line run off the reel till the minnow was 150 ft. away, down toward the bluff, and then reeled in quietly and gently till the minnow was almost directly under me along the submerged roots of the stump. This performance was repeated a dozen times or more without a strike.

"Curious," I said to myself, "if there are any bass in the stream from source to mouth they ought to be right here in this pool," and then I cast across toward the further bank several times, and away down and across to near another great stump anchored out in the stream with water all around it—a famous place for a big bass to harbor. No strike, after covering nearly every available square yard of water in the pool. Then I "still-fished," with a cork on the line, along the mass of roots beneath me, where the water was 10 ft. deep, till I was tired of holding the rod, and with all this patient, careful, conscientious fishing I had failed to get a solitary nibble.

I had started in to paralyze Tom with astonishment at the string of bass I would take out of that hole—but I didn't. "The de'il take the luck and the bass," I said to myself—probably these were not the exact words—and I reeled up, pulled up the minnow bucket from the water where it had been hanging by a piece of strong twine, climbed to the top of the bank with the aid of a friendly bush and headed up stream again, thoroughly disgruntled and chock full of disappointment for a few minutes, for never was there a likelier looking piece of water for a big bass, and never had an old crank fished it with more care and anticipation.

I waded across the stream a short distance further up and fished a few minutes in a less promising hole and didn't get a bite, but I didn't care much, for I was getting used to hard luck and poor fishing, or both, as the case might be.

A few rods further along the stream swung around to the right, toward Yanketown, and I followed it along, wading a good part of the time and fishing a little occasionally in a strip of deep water here and there, till I came to the outflow of the tail race of the flouring mill.

Here was a mighty enticing looking place for bass, and I hoped to make up for the time wasted below, but a half hour's careful fishing failing to get a strike or any sign of one, I went back to the ford, and following the dirt road out to the pike took the back track for camp, nursing a large notion that I would have to begin all over again and learn how to fish for bass.

When I got to the lower end of the big pool, which I could overlook from the road 40 or 50 ft. above it, and which I could have jerked a stone into, I set my face resolutely against its allurements and passed sturdily by and down the hill 100 yds. further on to the stream below, splashing heedlessly across it at divers riffles and shallow places, to save distance, looking hardly to the right or to the left, till I reached the camp in a frame of mind that was little less than "overpowerin'." And yet after thinking it all over I was not so much disappointed after all; I had really enjoyed the tramp, even though I had failed to stir a fin, for it was a perfect day, soft and hazy and dreamy, and the woods and hills along the river were resplendent in their October dress of red and gold and russet brown. Verily, to quote again, "It is not all of fishing to fish."

Tom was fishing at the lower ripraps, but set his rod when he saw me and came up to camp. I was looking for it and it came.

"What luck, Hickory?"

For answer I pulled my fish stringer out of my pocket, still unrolled, and laid it on the table, and then the graceless rascal sat down on a camp stool and rocked himself back and forth with his hands on his knees, and laughed till I felt like pitching him over the bank into the river. Looking at it from Tom's point of view I had to join in the laugh, and when we got through we built a fire, made a hasty pot of coffee, ate a cold bite and went down to where he had left his rod, and the "snickerin' cuss" pulled up out of the murky water a string of five fair-sized bass, and reaching for another stringer near by lifted out on the rocks a couple of catfish, one a "yaller cat" of about 1½ lbs., and the other a channel a trifle heavier than the other one, and then he chuckled some more. He had been "a-layin' for old Hickory" for many moons, and now that he had "wiped his eye," so to speak, on two different days he was tickled to the core.

I left him sitting on his rock that he said he had stuck to all day, and with rod and minnow bucket followed the path along the bank through the bushes to a point 20 or 30 yds. below, where the stream widened and got deeper, and went to fishing in just about the right humor to jerk the jaw off the first thing that bit—bass, cat, carp or mud turkey. I put a very small cork on the

line a yard above the hook to keep the big black ruffle sucker I had hooked on from poking his nose under the rocks at the bottom of the stream; however, I rarely use a cork in bass fishing till I get too lazy to fish.

I made a cast well out in the stream, and sat down on a rock and watched the cork as the big sucker towed it around, jerking it under out of sight for an instant now and then till I got so lazy and sleepy that I could barely keep the rod tip from dropping in the water.

Looking up after a jerky nod, I found the cork out of sight, and the line tightening as something pulled at it, going straight across the stream.

I took my thumb from the reel spool, letting the line run freely out, and got to my feet under the solemn conviction that I had a bite at last, but I could not make out whether it was bass, cat or turtle, and I didn't care much; it was a bite. I stopped the reel, and when the line tightened I struck with such a vicious swipe that I was moved to beg the old rod's pardon, but I felt like jerking the critter's jaw loose—whatever it was—to even up for the strikes I didn't get in the fore part of the day. Almost on the instant a bass went out of the water—I must have jerked him out—over near the further bank; a bass about the size of one of Tom's best ones, and then I waded up, and after a brief but vigorous fight landed my first fish of the day.

Tom couldn't see me for some trees and bushes that hung over the water between us, but he heard the splash of the bass and called down, "Git one, Hickory?"

I didn't answer, but strung my fish and went to fishing again, now fully awake and with more heart in it. I had poked on a big yellow chub, over 4in. long—tough, hardy fellows they are—made a cast in front of a fringe of willows below me that hung over and in the water, and sat down on the rock to draw a little solace from the old pipe and ruminate while waiting for another bite.

Suddenly the little cork went out of sight with a flip, and I got to my feet a little reluctantly, feeling a trifle cross-grained at having my reverie disturbed.

The line began to run off the reel at a rate that reminded me of some old times on the Tippecanoe River, and when at last I stopped it and gave the rod a side twitch, "Jumpin' Jehosafat!" I started a difficulty that would have done Tom's eyes good to see.

I knew by the feel that there was some tough work cut out for the old rod, and I laid the pipe down on the rock to have a fair show, for I never could smoke, chaw, spit and handle a fish at the same time.

The bass—for it was a bass—broke water once away off across and down stream and showed his size—a 3-pounder or over if an ounce. Just then the lazy, drowsy feeling left me; my blood was up for a fight of ye olden kind. When he hit the water he started straight for the overhanging willows to my left, and I had the hardest kind of work to pull him away and head him past me up stream. He made a dash and went for a bush top hanging in the water up toward where Tom was fishing, and then the fight became exciting in earnest.

I had on the reel a fine No. 1 Natchaug line that was old and somewhat worn, and as I looked for it to part under the strain at any instant, I made the oft-tried old rod do most of the work. After a tug that made me hold my breath, I held him away from the bush top and he started across the stream and made a wide circuit down near where I struck him, and then I worked him back, a little at a time, till I had him well in hand near the shore in front of me.

Having by this time a little more confidence in the old line, I held the rod up to give him the spring of it, and just let him splurge and surge and cavort around—give and take—till he wore himself out and gave up the fight from sheer exhaustion.

My, what a game fight the old warrior made for his life! I seem to feel even now the electricity running up my arm through an imaginary line and rod, and "warmin' the cockles o' my heart" from the mere memory of it.

When the last flop was out of him I led him to the bank, and stooping over grasped his lower jaw with thumb and finger—I had no landing net—and lifted him out over the bank, "a thing of beauty and a joy for—old Hickory."

I secured him on the stringer, adjusted the big chub on the hook again—the bass had thrown him out up the line a couple of feet or more, uninjured and as lively as ever—and cast out to feel for another one. I lighted the old pipe and sat down on my rock to quiet my nerves with a few whiffs, for during the recent controversy I had become "a leetle mite narveous."

Tom sat on his rock above and fished serenely, in blissful ignorance of the exciting episode just passed. I fished till I got tired of waiting for a bite, and then followed the path through the bushes around a few yards below to another opening in the brush, where I could get to the bank of the stream. Here I fished till the sun slanted in my face, and I got lazy again and reeled slowly in to quit and go to camp and up to the farmhouse for some milk and a loaf of bread that we wanted for supper.

As the little cork neared the end of an old sunken "John boat" lying with one end against the bank, it suddenly went under water out of sight, and I let the reel run till 10 or 12yds. of line went out straight across the stream, as near as I could judge for the milky water, and when it tightened I pulled and thought sure I had struck a log or a mud turtle. A second more and a bass went out of the water away out in the stream that looked to be more than 20in. long, and then began about the craziest performance that I ever witnessed in a fishing experience of nearly fifty years. When he struck the water he started quartering up stream straight for the place where I had left my fish and minnow bucket, and for fully 50ft. or more perhaps he flashed along with the speed of a rocket, as it looked, with his dorsal fin erect and bristling and an inch or more of his back out of water. He seemed to fairly fly, and I swung the rod up, pulled as nearly into an arch as a rod can shape itself, to hold him out of the willow tops drooping in the water along the bank, and the nearer he got to them the harder strain I put on the old rod, forgetting all about the uncertain strength of the little line. When within less than 10ft. of the willows he went under water and turned toward me, as the lessened

strain on the rod indicated, and the next instant he went nearly 3ft. into the air, and shook the hook and big chub out as "clean an' slick as a whistle," right there under my nose, as it were.

"Land o' the settin' sun! was there ever such luck on the face o' this livin' airth?"

It may have been that he was only slightly hooked, and the hook tore out under the strain I was putting on it; anyhow the spring of the rod jerked hook and minnow a dozen feet toward me before they struck the water. The old, old twitter—"the big ones always get away"—that some idiot is ready to poke at you when you lose a big fish, came in my mind, and it didn't improve my ruffled temper any.

I made the argument to myself that a big powerful fish can get away easier than a little weak one. A big bass of 5 or 6lbs. has ten chances of breaking a hook or parting a line to a little one's none; and if he is only slightly hooked the big one may by main strength tear loose from the hook, while a half-pounder would stand no chance whatever of doing the same trick, because not possessed of the strength to do it.

Thus I figured it out to my entire satisfaction why I had lost that big bass, and I was in just the mood to set those down who are forever chaffing one with "the big ones always get away," as a lot of asses, without sense enough to find out why they get away. So I consoled myself in a measure, but I think I was never more keenly disappointed and upset in my life over losing a fish than I was over the loss of that bass; but he had beaten me in fair open warfare, and I had to bear my defeat with the best grace possible. Still it was a case that called for a whole lot of vigorous expressions, mixed with more or less profanity perhaps, but I couldn't call to mind just then any words or adjectives within the scope of the United States language strong enough to relieve my feelings, so I said nothing at all.

I fished a while longer, with a forlorn hope that the old fellow would take a notion for another taste of the yaller chub (that chub had a few scales scraped off, but otherwise was lively and in good condition to stand another episode), but he seemed to have enough for the day at least, and I reeled up, crushed in spirit, and went around where I had left my bucket and my two fish, and taking old yaller carefully off the hook dropped him in the bucket for another cast for the big crazy bass next day. I went up the path to where Tom still sat on his rock, a picture of indolent content, and held up my fish for his inspection. He set his rod, and after critically looking the big one over and "heftin'" him he said, still looking wistfully at the bass, "My, but he's a darlin'! three pounds an' a half shore's yer born! Where'd ye get him, Jeems?" But he didn't chuckle any; that bass seemed to knock all the hilarity out of him, and he looked about as cheerful as a pug dog at a funeral.

It was a sort of even for his laugh at me earlier in the day. When I told him about losing one down by the old boat that would weigh 2lbs. more than the darlin', he brightened up and said cheerily, "All right, Hickory, I'll go down there to-morrow and catch him for you; let's go up to camp and get supper." The sun had dropped below the hill and it was time.

Back at the camp we tied our fish out near the washstand, and I made a trip to the farmhouse, while Tom started a fire and dressed the two catfish and a couple of the smaller bass. We had for supper cats and bass, bacon and eggs, bread and butter, with delicious honey from the Riggles apiary smeared on it, coffee and some other good things that I don't now recall, which moved Tom to remark, as he had said of our bed, "Hickory, it's good enough for a dog."

After supper we rigged up some set lines and tied them to the roots and stakes stuck in the ground along the bank above the ripraps and baited them with dead minnows; these for channel cats, and mayhap a soft-shelled turtle; for channel cats done brown, and soft-shelled turtle done into a savory stew are "pow'ful good eatin'."

We carried up a lot of wood from a drift near by and sat in front of our cheery camp-fire and smoked and talked of the events of the day till well into the night, and turned in when the fire had burned out as contented a pair of "old comrades" (I am more than twice as old as Tom) as ever made a camp together.

KINGFISHER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(Continued from page 204.)

SWAYNE'S DIK-DIK (*Madoqua swaynei*). NATIVE NAME, *Sakáro Guyu*.

OF the three species of pigmy antelopes inhabiting Somali-land the present is the smallest. It is generally distributed, and we met with it from the coast across the Haud to Ogaden. We have no specimen from that land, where it seems to be supplanted by the two succeeding species, but we did obtain examples a considerable distance south of Toyo Plain, and it is probable that in that direction it extends its range to Ogaden also. It is clearly distinguishable from *M. phillipsi*, the color of its coat being very much lighter and of a different hue. My series is quite large enough to make this fact conspicuously plain, and although the two species are met with frequently in the same localities there can be no doubt I think that they are independent species and not races one of the other. This Dik-Dik is very plentiful, and a larger number would often be seen in one day. It does not go in troops, but usually only the male and female would be found together, sometimes accompanied by a young one. They would bound out of a clump of aloes or from beneath some bush and go rushing away just like rabbits, and it was surprising the speed at which they swept along. They rarely ran in a direct course for any distance, but dodged about among the bushes in the most bewildering way. After running for

a few moments they would stop and intently regard the cause of their alarm, and thus give an opportunity to shoot at them with some chance of success. The female always led the way, the male following a short distance behind. Should a young one be of the party it generally took the lead, and showed fully as great speed as the parents, keeping ahead with apparently no effort. Their slender legs, no larger than pipe stems, move with such rapidity that they become invisible, and it would seem that they could hardly withstand the shocks and hard usage they must receive on the rough, uneven ground their owner delights in. Dik-Dik feed on leaves and shoots of various bushes, and seem to be rather dependant on a supply of water, though where the individuals living to the south of Toyo Plain and similar dry localities procured it, would be difficult to ascertain.

PHILLIP'S DIK-DIK (*Madoqua phillipsi*). NATIVE NAME, *Sakáro Gol Ass*.

Phillip's Dik-Dik is larger than Swayne's, and also very differently colored, its rich rufous, almost at times mahogany flanks, presenting a strong contrast to the dark back and pure white belly. In some individuals this red color intrudes so far upon the white of the under parts as to leave merely a narrow white line in the center of the breast and belly. Placed side by side in a considerable series as that now before me, the strong difference in color between these two small antelopes is very apparent.

A remarkable peculiarity of these little animals is the immense deposit in the antorbital vacuity of a black pigment, which stains everything it touches. It forms a swelling just in front of the eye and from its jet black color and considerable size makes a very conspicuous mark. No trace of this exists in the skin, and as the skull shows a cavity at this point, no one would imagine that there would here be a prominence on the face instead of a depression. The lack of knowledge of such facts as this causes the mounted specimens in museums to appear totally unlike the living animal, more caricatures than the real object, and I have never seen any drawing that correctly represented a Dik-Dik. Waller's gazelle is another species possessing a similar deposit, but of course from the greater size of that species it is on a much larger scale.*

When alarmed these Dik-Dik utter a shrill whistle two or three times repeated, and then bound away in a series of jumps as if they were mounted on springs, flying at times over low bushes, or leaping high in air as if to enable themselves to look back and get a better sight of the intruder on their grounds. Their movements on such occasions reminded me more of the powerful jumps of the mule deer (*Cariacus macrotis*, Say) than of any other animal that I have seen, and in proportion to their respective sizes I think the Dik-Dik could cover more ground in their average leaps. They are very pretty and attractive animals, with a peculiar physiognomy, caused by the black swelling already referred to, and the immense eye, seemingly out of all proportion to the rest of the face. It is an eye that would be naturally associated with a nocturnal animal, and gives the impression that its owner ought to see best in the dark, but I never noticed that these antelopes were ever incommoded during the daytime from lack of ability to see clearly. The iris is a light hazel, which makes the large eye even more conspicuous. Only the males of these species carry horns, about 2.5oin. in length, nearly straight, sharply pointed, and annulated for two-thirds their length. Between and back of the horns is a long crest-like tuft of rufous-colored hair. The figure of this species in Scater and Thomas' "Book of Antelopes" is not nearly richly enough colored. The flanks are too light.

GUENTHER'S DIK-DIK (*Madoqua guentheri*). NATIVE NAME, *Sakáro Gussuli*.

This Dik-Dik, peculiar among species of this genus in Somali-land on account of its lengthened muzzle, is not found so far as my experience goes north of the southern limits of the Haud. We met with it for the first time at Dagahbur, and together with Phillip's Dik-Dik it is found throughout Ogaden. In size it is much larger than either of the preceding species, and has a very differently colored coat, but would without these characteristics be readily distinguished by its long muzzle. It is not nearly so handsome a species as the other Dik-Diks, lacking entirely the strongly contrasting coloring which they possess. It goes in larger troops than either of the other two species, and sometimes as many as a dozen are found together, being in this respect quite different from either Swayne's or Phillip's, of which rarely more than three are started at a time. It may, however, have been possible that as it was the summer months, April to October, when I was in Somali-land, these animals were paired, and that would account for only a male and female being always found alone together. In its general habits Guenther's Dik-Dik does not seem to differ from its allies of the same genus. This species is about one-fourth larger than Phillip's Dik-Dik.

PELZELN'S GAZELLE (*Gazella pelzelni*, KOHL). NATIVE NAME, *Déro*.

This is the gazelle of the lowlands, and is not often seen much beyond Laferug on the road to Hargeisa, where the following species begins to make its appearance. It is the larger animal of the two, and they resemble each other very much in their habits. Pelzel's gazelle frequents dry and stony places, covered with low bushes, and it is difficult to see where or how it can obtain sufficient nourishment from the barren, forbidding districts it inhabits. It goes in small troops of from two or three to nearly a dozen individuals. I think eleven was the greatest number I ever saw together at one time. As a rule it is not a wild creature and readily permits an approach sufficiently near to insure a fatal shot, but of course when much hunted becomes wild and wary. The males were often seen by themselves, and then it was not difficult to stalk them. Their horns are almost straight and annulated nearly to the tips. The female also carries horns, much straighter and much more

* Much additional technical matter as to Phillips' Dik-dik and the other species described will be found in the Proceedings of the Field Columbia Museum.

slender than those of the male. There is considerable variation in the coloring of individuals and I hardly know what causes it. The typical style has a broad conspicuous chestnut band running lengthwise along the body just above the white of the belly. But some individuals, evidently of an equal age, killed practically at the same time and in the same condition of coat, were entirely without this distinguishing mark. It may be possibly an exhibition of individual variation, for these specimens were not confined to any especial locality. I do not think, however, it was in any way an indication of age, for fully adult animals were without the stripe, neither was this peculiarity confined to either sex.

SPEKE'S GAZELLE (*Gazella spekei*). NATIVE NAME, *Dévo*.

This is the gazelle of the high plateau, and first appeared to us at Laferug. The two species seem to meet here, as both were seen in the vicinity of this locality, but Pelzel's gazelle was not found any further to the south, the present species replacing it entirely. Speke's gazelle is smaller than its relative, but can never be confounded with it, as it is easily distinguished by its peculiar wrinkled nose, possessed by both sexes, but greatly modified in the female. It inhabits the same kind of ground as Pelzel's gazelle is found in—stony bare stretches with patches of stunted grass scattered over it—and it is very seldom met with among trees of any size, although I have known it to go into rather dense clumps of jungle. I think, however, on these occasions it sought such retreats as places of refuge and more from necessity than from choice. Both sexes possess horns, those of the females being quite slender and rather straight. The horns of the male are rather stout, deeply ringed almost to the tip, and curved backward at quite a different angle from those of Pelzel's gazelle. It is a shy animal, at times quite wild, and one is obliged to take long shots to secure a specimen. As a rule it seemed as if the males generally led the small bands in the marches about the country they frequented, and I was somewhat surprised at this, for the reverse is generally the case among the deer and antelope. But of course there were instances when I saw the female piloting these bands, the male straggling after her in a very careless sort of way. All the individuals, however, keep a pretty sharp watch, and when anything unusual is seen the whole band stops and regards it intently, for the animals possess a good deal of curiosity and frequently stand and gaze a long time before commencing to run. When first startled they do not go very far, but stop and look back, and if they see nothing will commence to graze again or play with each other, the males indulging in mock battles or chasing one another with a great burst of speed; for they run with much swiftness. If followed persistently for a time they will leave the locality entirely, at least for a short period. This species soon obtained a fair idea of the range of an ordinary rifle, but was deceived by that of the Lee-Metford and Männlichers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

White-Throated Sparrows Winter in the North.

NEW YORK, March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 12 a correspondent who saw a flock of white-throated sparrows in Central Park, New York city, on Feb. 26, inquires whether this is not an early date for the species. The regular wintering of these birds (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) in Central Park is well known to those who observe the wild birds there, and some of them may be found almost any day from early October to the middle of May.

JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR.
[This should have been noted; we have seen the birds wintering not only in New York, but in southern New England.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Old Guns and New.

SAN FRANCISCO.—In a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM I recollect reading some allusions to old-time guns. As I sat in my easy chair after dinner this evening, smoking my pipe, my mind wandered back to my schoolboy days—or I might say my occasional days in school, when I did not run away and spend the majority of them on the waters of the old Susquehanna in my skiff, fishing, to pay the penalty the next morning with a regularity that became chronic. Fishing was varied by stealing the old single-barreled shotgun from the kitchen closet. How well I remember that old flint-lock gun!

It had a history; originally it belonged to an old farmer, who took it out one day to shoot a marauding skunk, which, although but a few steps away, he missed. Then the skunk got in his work on the old man, who in his rage on missing imprecated the old gun and brought it down over a log, bending it in the shape of a rainbow. My governor happening to be driving past at the moment, stopped to laugh. This increased the old fellow's "mad," and he apostrophized the old gun again, saying: "There! blank you! You never did shoot worth a cuss. Here, Squire, take the old thing out of my sight." And he pitched it into the buggy.

A few days later my father took it to the village blacksmith, an ingenious fellow, and said: "Here, Jones, try your skill and see if you cannot straighten the old gun."

Jones scratched his head and remarked: "What a tremendous charge you must have been shooting in it. But I will see what I can do with it." He worked over the old gun at odd spells for a week, and straightened it out, barring a few wabbles that defied his best efforts. But the result was that ever after it acquired the reputation of being the best shooting gun in the town, for long shots and true ones; and many a wild pigeon we boys brought down with it; and later, when percussion locks came in fashion, it was altered to that style.

But the old gentleman's pride was a double-barreled, flint-lock Manton, which was presented to him for legal services by a broken-down gentleman, a New York sportsman, who had nothing else to give. This I was never allowed to touch.

Those were the days of wild pigeons galore, and they

flew in flocks of thousands right through the single street of our village, low enough down to be reached; and my father was wont to stand in our front yard and knock them over by the dozen, supplying all the neighborhood. When I arrived at man's estate my first purchase was a Westley Richards, the cost of which absorbed the savings of many a month's salary; and thereafter my passion for guns resulted in the collection of those of every well-known maker, embracing a William Moore, Greener, and several others, at a cost of \$250 each, all muzzle loaders, for breech loaders had not then come into fashion. And there they all rest, in brackets, in the attic, and for them the best offer I could ever get was \$10 each. But even now, when I go out shooting where game is not over plenty to demand rapid shooting, I take the William Moore or the Westley Richards, and feel sure of bringing down my birds, for they are wonderful shooters. Again, I like to indulge in the old muzzle-loading style. It carries me back to my boyhood days.

My first purchase of a breech loader was made one day in Paris, when strolling along; in the window of Lafourchaux's gun store I saw one for the first time, and going in, purchased it and brought it home. The first breech loader used pin-fire cartridges. A pin in the cartridge came up through a slot in the breech, and when the hammer struck this the cartridge was ignited. I was very proud of my new gun, and one day after arriving home I started out to try it with a couple of dozen cartridges in my shooting coat pocket. Seeing some wild pigeons on a dry tree, I essayed to stalk them, and in doing so had to crawl over a slippery rock. Just when I essayed to rise to get a shot my feet went out from under me, and down I came, striking on the pocket containing my cartridges. Immediately there was a *feu de joie* equal to a Fourth of July, and a hot sensation. I jerked off my coat, but the pop, pop continued until half the cartridges had exploded, and I dumped the lot out on the rock to find the pocket on fire. Strange to say, the shot had not been started, but the paper had been burst through. This was the case in many experiments I afterward tried with pin cartridges, and I think it is the same with central-fire and rim-fire cartridges when exploded unconfined. I continued to use the gun, however, and never had any similar accident; but I was not proud of the gun as a shooter. Central and rim-fire cartridges soon displaced pin-fires; and now the guns of these days are simply perfection. Whenever I am in London I spend days in wandering around looking at the guns in the windows of the principal makers. They are simply beautiful, especially the small calibers, for ladies, .16, .18 and .20. I always feel as if I would like to wear one of them for a scarf-pin, although their size would be a little inconvenient.

It has always been a great regret and sorrow that my dear old governor could not have lived to enable me to present him with a present-day breech loader, and what he would have prized even more, a split-bamboo, for he was a trout fisherman "from way back." He was the only one in that part of the country who used exclusively the fly, greatly to the wonderment of the old farmers, who would stand open-mouthed to see him toss out trout by the dozen from the then prolific creeks. It was my duty to accompany him, carrying a big basket, of an afternoon's fishing, and my backache gave evidence of the weight before the day ended. Every farmer's boy was not then a fisherman, and the brooks of old Otsego and Delaware counties, in New York, were teeming with the king of fishes. So you may not wonder that the undersigned comes justly by inheritance by all this weakness for breech loaders and split-bamboos. And so, when I hear a man say he neither shoots nor fishes, and does not care for either, I button up my pocket and keep my hands on my watch; but on second thoughts I say to myself: "Poor man, it may not be his fault; he may have had a father equally benighted, who had none of the pleasures of life to leave him."

PODGERS.

Maine and New Brunswick Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is truly refreshing to discover that there is one man permitted to live in Maine who has the courage to tell the truth with regard to the false and misleading statistics that are published from time to time to advertise the game attractions of that State. Your correspondent from Brewer, Me., sheds a flood of light on the method of computation pursued by the railway and express companies:

"A great many of these are counted twice—the saddle counts, and then the head is counted. Also New Brunswick moose are counted which pass this way, and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland caribou heads which are received for mounting in Bangor all count."

It was a wise man who said: "Figures won't lie, but liars will figure." Your correspondent might have added that some of the finest moose heads ever taken in New Brunswick are now being shown at the Boston Exposition as part of the Maine exhibit.

Maine is a fine country for deer, but the chance for moose and caribou is rapidly approaching the vanishing point. Even according to the annual report for 1897 of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, it appears that it took 10,509 sportsmen to kill 250 moose and 239 caribou. In other words, the chances were about 20 to 1 against the sportsman shooting either a moose or a caribou in Maine. When it is considered that fully one-third of these moose and caribou came from Canada, and that, as your Brewer correspondent describes, many of them were counted twice, the odds against the individual shooter might safely be placed at 40 to 1.

Comparisons are odious, but what are the facts in regard to big game in New Brunswick? It is impossible to keep anything approaching a correct record of the number of moose, deer and caribou shot by local hunters in 1897, but a record has been kept of the moose and caribou killed by non-resident sportsmen. Eighty-six non-resident sportsmen took out licenses in New Brunswick last fall. Some of them took very short trips which gave them very little time to hunt. Yet these eighty-six gentlemen took out of the Province (and doubtless they all went into the Maine column) eighty-nine moose, seventy-six caribou and eleven bears. Only

six parties failed to connect with either moose or caribou. Not many deer were shot, because they are not plentiful in that section of the Province where moose and caribou are numerous.

Maine should receive credit for just what belongs to it—a beautiful woodland country well stocked with deer, with tags on the guides, tags on the game, rifles resounding on every hill, and all the forest trails blazed with the mark of the mighty dollar. The commercial spirit is uppermost everywhere, and it only needs to locate brass bands, negro minstrel troupes and merry-go-rounds at all the principal camps in order to make the thing complete. When I want to go into the woods I want to go into the woods—not into a country where people with guns are crouched behind every stump, and where the presence of other hunting or fishing parties is continually in evidence.

As for the moose supply of Maine, it is practically non-existent. Even the Hon. Henry O. Stanley, for many years Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game of Maine, is forced to admit this in a recent article in which he states: "But the moose, the most valuable, the most desirable, the most interesting of the big game of our State, are becoming so rapidly depleted in numbers, in consequence of the ever increasing demand for their heads, that their extermination is probable in the very near future unless the strictest guard is put upon them. Indeed, one may say that only the protection already given them has saved them from utter extinction before this time. What few there are are now confined to the eastern part of the State, and Oxford and Franklin counties know them no more."

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, March 8.

The Blue Grouse of Alaska.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE impenetrable jungle of the Alaskan forest, with its windfalls of timber and its profusion of berries and succulent mosses, constitutes an incomparable nursery and cover for its fauna; but it is not a delectable country to hunt over. In "Our New Alaska" I have devoted considerable space to the game of the mountain ranges of the southeastern coast, in the course of which our Admiral Beardslee relates some personal experiences with the ptarmigan, which occupy the lofty barren plateaus above the timber line. But there are other representatives of the Gallinæ which merit the attention of the naturalist and sportsman, inasmuch as the gold miners are too occupied to hunt much or differentiate species. Chief of these are the blue grouse, ruffed grouse and spruce grouse, which are all very abundant in their several habitats, but hard to shoot and difficult to gather when shot by reason of cross-timbers, undergrowth and precipices. The blue grouse is the choicest of these three, and is not unlike the blue grouse of the Rockies; slightly larger than our Dakota sharptails, the hens being of about the same color. The male bird is of a slaty ash hue, and like *phasianellus* carries a large air pouch on his neck, which is red and bare of feathers, a little like a turkey cock's. Along in May and June these male birds sit in the tops of trees and hoot at intervals all day long, but they are more difficult to locate by the sound than the ruffed grouse of New England, which drum on a log, for they often seem a mile off when perhaps they are scarcely 100 yds. away. Writers have hardly mentioned these birds hitherto, because they have not penetrated where they use. It is too tough a job, as will be seen from what follows. A mile through the forests, climbing always, is an all day trip, and not without scratches.

My interest in these birds has been revived at this juncture by the perusal of an old letter in the Hallock, Minnesota, Enterprise, from a resident of Juneau who occasionally takes an outing with the Presbyterian minister as occasion offers; and I dare say your readers will be impressed by it more than by what I might write myself. The trouble with old hunters is that they do not exploit the hardships of an outing as the more unsophisticated are apt to do, so that personal heroism does not play the active part it should in the narrative. But I will let my correspondent speak for himself. His name is H. Beer, and he says:

"I go out about once a week in the season and we have good sport, and what is better we keep in good health by having lots of good exercise. Often we get up at 3 o'clock in the morning. It depends on the tide as to what time to start, and I have started at midnight. [In that latitude it is as light as dawn at midnight in June.] Sometimes you must go over certain shallow bars at high tide, or you cannot go at all. We sail or row a few miles and then go ashore where we know the birds are to be heard.

"As soon as it is day we hear far up the mountain side the hoot, hoot, hoot of the grouse. Then away we start for some of the hardest and most vexatious work I ever did. The birds are certain to be at least 2,000 ft. high; they keep in the upper fringe of the trees just below the snow line. Well, we climb and climb, over moss and fallen logs and loose stones and sharp crags, and most disagreeable of all through devil club. The devil club is very well named; it is a bush that grows 6 ft. or 8 ft. high and is studded thick with thorns from top to bottom. The branches also run along the ground for a foot or two before they turn, so that as you struggle through it it is very apt to give you a slap in the face, and you are almost certain to get it in your hands unless you wear gloves. We still occasionally hear our bird hooting away above us, so we fight our way on and on, and up and up, the perspiration oozing from every single pore. At times we are in peril, a single misstep may send us headlong hundreds of feet down, and leave us at the bottom a bruised and mangled corpse. After climbing quite a distance it may be you find yourself where you cannot get any higher, and you have to retrace your steps and find another way. Presently, after two or three hours of the hardest kind of work, you find yourself breathless and exhausted at the clump where the sound tells you the bird must be. Your troubles have now commenced. It may be that the bird will cease to hoot, and all your climb has been in vain, so far as that bird is concerned. They stand perfectly still and it is impossible to find them unless they hoot. Then again

they seem to be ventriloquists, one hoot seems to be in front of you, another behind you, another to the right and another to the left. I have spent an hour trying to find the bird in the tree after I have located him. At last, when your neck aches from looking so long up into the tree tops, you spy the rascal sitting like a log a hundred feet up in the tree and so hidden that only a part of his body is visible. Ah, now comes an anxious moment. You have had so much work to find your bird that you do not wish to miss him, so you take good careful aim and fire, and perhaps away goes your bird. He was so high up and so hidden that no shot had touched the fatal spot. It was pitiful to see the look on my companion's face when such a fate befell us, as it did more than once.

"But we will suppose that we have been more fortunate this time and the bird falls. Then perhaps the tree stood on the edge of the cliff, and down your bird goes hundreds of feet and there is half an hour's climb to recover him. You can generally find him by the trail of feathers he leaves behind him. I leave you to imagine the feelings of satisfaction when at last you feel the plump fellow in your hand, and, oh! what a satisfaction it is to drop him in your bag.

"It is now not so hard to get your next bird; you are up where he is, and in ten or fifteen minutes you are at his tree and with good luck may have him in the bag in ten minutes more. But grouse hunting is all work, hard and dangerous work, and a very small bag is considered a good day's hunting.

"After we got through with the grouse we went after ptarmigan. This is another of the grouse family, in size about half way between a pigeon and a prairie chicken. He turns white in winter and brown in summer. He is very pretty and looks like a little bantam rooster with his head and tail up, and a hollow with the tips of his wings stuck down nearly to the ground. He lives up in the snow, and never comes as low as the trees.

"Of course there is the labor and danger of the climb to get him, as in the case of the grouse, but he is not hard to find, and is so unsophisticated that you can easily get near enough to shoot. In fact at times he is so tame that he may be killed with a stick, and is called the fool bird. We only got five for a day's hunting, but in the fall some have got eighty or a hundred. Tuesday we shot four bald-headed eagles, and to-day we have been fishing and got two small strings of salmon trout. A man brought in a hundred, but we cannot spare the time to go so far and stay away so long. We have to be home, so our bags are small, but we enjoy the outing very much. This place is the hunter's paradise. There are deer, bears and goats, but the largest quadruped I have shot is a porcupine."

Incidents of a Fox Hunt.

ONE day in February I drove across the bay to Curtain Island, seven and a half miles distant, to try the foxes there and on the marshes, where during the past forty years I have spent some of my happiest days in the pursuit of game. On my arrival there snow was falling fast, and the wind rose; still I was after foxes, and must at least look for signs at the lee side of the island. This I did, and in a few minutes detected the trail of a fox leading up wind in the direction of a neighboring island. The storm by this time had increased, so deciding to retrace my steps, I had barely turned when I observed a fox coming down wind at a lively gallop, lumbermen having started him. I dropped to position behind a tree; the fox came on, and when he was at about 40yds. I fired a shot; but he still ran on, and thinking he was fatally wounded I followed in hot pursuit, but soon lost his tracks in the blinding storm and abandoned the chase. Then, intending to resume the search the following day, I returned home feeling vexed with myself for not making a better shot.

The storm, however, continued for another day, making the roads almost impassable; so I deferred the trip till the following week. But my mind reached out thither. I wanted to recover the fox, and mentally was offering a dollar "just to know" where the cunning fellow had hidden. This to me would be ample reward.

On the following Saturday the wind veered to the west, and blowing a gale, sent the snow, which had recently fallen, into innumerable banks, leaving the ice bare between them. Going to the "spy window" in the gable of the barn, I scanned the shore and marsh critically, and among the many objects revealed, such as pieces of driftwood and bunches of decayed grass and seaweed, there lay the fox on a patch of blue ice on the marsh, stretched at full length with head to the east. I then called Arthur, and to test his sight handed him the glass; and although he discovered several objects, still he did not locate the fox until I had given him the exact direction. Considering the distance—seven and a half miles—and the glass being a common one, costing only \$6, the discovery was something remarkable.

The traveling being heavy and the day far spent, I decided that the fox would be safe till Monday. However, to my surprise, on Sunday night another storm began, and continued with unabated fury till the following Tuesday, thus again covering the fox. The case now looked critical, and called for prompt and speedy action. Lumbermen pass over and in the vicinity of the marsh almost daily; "sports" also go there occasionally; then, too, the pelt of this particular fox had greatly enhanced in value. From \$2, the outside market value, I had it up to \$5, and couldn't stand the strain much longer.

On Wednesday afternoon I started for the island and arrived there in two hours. Leaving the horse in comfortable quarters, I at once took my bearings, and proceeding down the marsh, had gone only a short distance when, to my utter dismay, the footprints of pedestrians were painfully visible, leading in the direction where I had originally located the fox. This was rather discouraging, and partially losing my temper I soliloquized: "The fox is a goner. Yes, those vagrants have stolen him—mean, contemptible sneaks; I'd give something to know them; they'll fabricate a plausible story and exhibit the trophy as a result of their own skill." However, following their tracks to a point where the fox should be lying, I took a survey of the surroundings, and Great Caesar! there, within 8ft. of where I stood,

was the tip of an ear protruding through the snow. Never was a fox more highly prized than when I pulled him out of the snow. Those were happy moments, and I breathed calmly. But reflecting on the past—of my willful and malicious charges, which may have been against good and honest toilers who, to shorten their journey, had passed that way—not to steal foxes, but to pursue their honest calling—I felt an apology was due; but to whom I could not say. Then I said: "Forgive me." I was entitled to the trophy, and now possess it; and as I gaze with admiration on the beautiful skin before me, measuring 58in. from tip to tip, I say: "Poor Reynard! You served your day and lost your life; be at rest!"

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

Maine Game Conditions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent Special takes issue with my statement that very little illegal killing is being done in Maine, and speaks of deer being offered for sale in Boston which he claims to know come from Maine. He fails to show any proof except his own belief. If he really saw deer being carted from a schooner, and is interested to prevent illegal shipment, why could he not spend the time to get the name of the schooner, so that our Commissioners could have some proof, and stop such shipments? It would not have taken so long as to write an article. I do not claim that there is no illegal killing, but I do claim that there is much less than many newspapers report. I believe that the Commissioners and wardens know fully as much about Maine matters as a man in Boston who has talked with a man "from Maine woods, where the snow is 5ft. deep on a level."

One who knew anything about deer would know that visiting logging roads to pick up hay is no sign of a "struggle for existence." Where deer are not hunted they will always visit the roads, even when the snow is only a few inches deep, to pick up the scattered hay, and will often barely get out of the roads to let the teams pass. I have known hunters to kill more deer by walking up and down the roads than they could by still-hunting.

The facts are, the snow is deep—from 5 to 8ft. in many localities. In some places deer have been having hard work to travel around. In all the lower part of the State the crust has been so hard that not only deer could walk on it, but heavily loaded teams could haul full loads on the crust without breaking it. This was done here this week. Over a large part of the State a deer could only be taken by chasing with dogs in the middle of the day.

Some people have written stories of the great slaughter of the game; and papers like the Lewiston Journal have printed them, and people who know little of game have believed them; but this does not make it so. The plain truth is, the thing has been greatly exaggerated. Next summer you will see accounts of deer being counted by the score, just as you did last year.

Special wonders why I speak of Washington county. Here is a report from a warden in the Bangor Commercial of March 10:

"Game Warden French returned Saturday afternoon from a snowshoe tramp in the game regions of Washington county. He visited Danforth, Forest, Waite, Topsfield, and went up the east branch of the St. Croix, but found only a few signs where deer had been killed, in Dyer township, and even these were old. While in Waite township Warden French saw a big bull moose come out of the woods into a farm yard and hang around all day, evidently knowing that it was perfectly safe while the warden remained. Warden French says the crust will easily hold a deer, and even the moose referred to had little difficulty in making his way over it."

Perhaps the warden does not know the situation as well as Special. I also inclose the reply of Mr. Carleton to a long, blood-curdling account of the great slaughter, where names and dates were given. He writes: "I wish to say that there is very slight foundation, if any at all, for the statements contained in that article. I have received this week so far 131 letters from every section of the State, by far the greater number from guides. From among this very large number I select a sample; which is fairly representative of them all. The writer is a well-known guide, a gentleman of ability and character, and an observing and respected citizen, and lives in a town in the near vicinity of Kingman, where Major Lowe, the guide, resides, who knows so much for the papers alone about poaching:

MARCH 5.—Mr. L. T. Carleton, Augusta, Me.—Dear Sir: Your favor of the 2d duly received and contents noted. In regard to our big game, they need the protection of everyone who is interested in the affair, and it should interest every man in this State, whether he is a hunter or guide, or whatever occupation he follows. I can truly say that the majority of hunters and guides in this town are beginning to understand that fact, and where ten deer were slaughtered on the crust or deep snows a few years ago, very few are killed now—in fact, I do not know of a single deer that has been killed this winter in close time by any man in this town. Five years ago there were, I should say, fifty deer killed in close time by men that would not be hired to do such a thing now. I am acquainted with every man for miles around here, and I know that there is as little poaching done in this town as any town you can find that has as many hunters as we have, and I for one will do all I can to help protect our game at all times, both in open season and in close time. The crust is so strong now since we had the big hailstorm that it will hold a man to walk through the woods without snowshoes—in fact, it will almost hold a team of horses where the growth is open—so the deer are pretty safe until we have some warm weather. I was talking with one of our guides last night, and he said that if we could have the privilege of using dogs in October he would be willing to help stop killing game in close time, but as it is now he should not trouble himself much about protection, but this is only one man out of many that are of that disposition.

"I received under date of March 7 a letter from a very estimable gentleman whom I happen to know, a member of the G. A. R. from Molunkus, one of the places in which this Lewiston correspondent portrays deer being slaughtered by scores. He and his son keep a sporting house, and say they employ five guides; and if there was any indication of poaching they would know it, for they are doing all they can to protect the game."

Perhaps Mr. Carleton, after receiving 131 letters, does not know as much as Special. I leave this for your readers to judge. As for myself, I do not usually rush into print unless I can back up my statements.

M. HARDY.

BOSTON, March 14.—It has been decided that no requisition will be asked to bring the boy moose shooters back to Maine for trial, and in that respect Commissioner Carleton has been victorious over those who desired to see the law enforced equally for all. Under date of March 2 the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have issued another appeal to the registered guides to do all in their power to protect the game during the present deep snows. They have sent out 1,000 letters this time. The form of the letter sets forth that the worst is to come, for as soon as the crusts form the hunters can easily get over the snow, while the moose, caribou and deer will be more helpless than before, since it requires a crust unusually strong to support the sharp-footed game. The circular winds up with a most urgent appeal: "Now let us all work together as we have never worked before. You know the Commissioners have not funds to hire sufficient wardens. Promptly let us know of any poaching—confidentially if you wish. Let us make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together. Are you with us for the work?"

I am satisfied that the appeal is no stronger than the case actually requires. It is a shame the way the deer are coming into the Boston markets—the worst of any season since the law forbidding their shipment out of Maine was passed. In addition to the venison here that I have already told the FOREST AND STREAM about, I saw boxes Saturday said to contain the saddles of eighteen deer. One box had been opened and five saddles sold. They brought 8 and 9 cents per pound. "Poor and thin, all hair and bones," in the words of the salesman who showed them to me. "It is a shame to kill them. They come to us without name. There is no marking on the boxes. Nobody knows what is in them till we open them." The worst feature is that these boxes come by rail, though none of the railroads north or east of Boston would have forwarded them had their contents been known. The reader must remember that the people who receive these deer are commission merchants, receiving consignments of poultry, mutton and veal every day, to be sold on commission. They do not buy outright.

SPECIAL.

Under date of March 5 Commissioner Carleton reports of the game situation:

"As everybody knows, we have an unprecedented depth of snow. It is reported by wardens in Franklin county to be 7ft. deep, in Somerset, Piscataquis, Penobscot and Aroostook counties to be 6ft. deep, and in other counties to be from 4 to 6ft. deep. This great depth of snow now places the big game entirely at the mercy of whoever is wicked enough to go after it and butcher it. Storm has followed storm in such quick succession as to cover up the tracks of poachers, making it extremely difficult for our wardens to trace out the guilty parties.

"The reports from wardens and others in Franklin county and in Oxford county would indicate but very little, if any, poaching.

"Reports from the four wardens on the whole Canadian border indicate no illegal killing. From the vicinity of Greenville it would seem that there has been considerable poaching; the same may be said of Somerset, Hancock and Washington counties and southern Aroostook."

The Long Island Deer Situation.

SAYVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the bill before the Legislature at Albany, prohibiting the hounding of the deer for five years, I have to say that this act will provoke the ire not only of the sportsman, but also of the farmer. It is proven enough that the deer in their present limited habitat, north of the South Side country road from Islip to Bayport, and southwest of the Lake Ronkonkoma toward Central Islip, are very numerous. To narrow in the shooting of the deer in the open season to still hunting will have a bad effect, amounts to nothing, and cannot satisfy real sport. The consequences of extending the protection of the deer will be their enormous multiplying, and in expanding their habitat to places where the game has seldom been seen. The depredations on all kinds of truck are fearful, and drive the small farmer who especially suffers to madness and despondency. Ask, for instance, the people of Bohemianville how they have to suffer despite all precautions by putting up of scarecrows, hanging out lanterns, etc., to keep off the deer. Already three or four farms west from Bohemianville are abandoned on account of the unequal fight. In fact, in making such a tremendously onerous game law the State as it were expropriates the farmer without giving him any compensation; the State takes the food out of the toiler's mouth and gives it to the deer. It is hard to understand how the State may enact such a game law in view of the rapidly increasing population of Suffolk county, who have the first claim to be fed.

Think of the anomaly of keeping and expanding a game park (with no fences, the deer running at large) in a district no more than about thirty miles distant from the gates of Greater New York! Instead of encouraging the planting and growing of vegetables to supply the poor with cheap home products, the State forgets its duty and goes to breeding wild animals.

The writer tried before the Board of Supervisors at Riverhead to get some compensation for his losses by the deer. In reply the board said there is in the game law as it stands now no provision to make good to the tiller of the soil the loss he has sustained by the depredations of the deer. Upon questioning, what would the truckers around Mattituck do, seeing their cabbage and cauliflower eaten up by the game, the board answered: "Oh, they should start a revolution." Is that equal right? On the southwest of Riverhead it is expected that the farmer will gracefully succumb to the visits of the deer, whereas it is feared that east of Riverhead this calamity might start a revolutionary disturbance. Justice therefore demands a provision to compensate the small farmer, for he especially has to suffer because the game prefers to prey on small clearings, ready to jump again into the bushes when it scents danger; it seldom enters large stretches of cultivated land. Out of thirty-six young fruit trees in an orchard nineteen were found gnawed off or the stems rubbed off with the horns.

A certain Commissioner of the Commission for Game

and Fisheries some years ago held the opinion that the farmer is justified—notwithstanding the game law—to kill the deer when he finds them depredating his crops; but the present incumbent of the office does not adhere to that reasonable argument.

The Long Island Railroad Co. and all available forces are in combine to build up the country, and it does not demand a very keen prophet to predict that the time cannot be far off when the deer will shy at the presence of man and retire to the thicket.

Why, then, in view of the time near at hand when the deer will inevitably be doomed, owing to the circumstance that the present law already hurts so fearfully the farmer, will a certain clique be allowed to propose such a rigorous game law to the detriment of their neighbors? Let the law alone as it stands at present.

CARL MUNKELWITZ.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

California Quail.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 26.—Mr. L. J. Marks, of Chicago, who is spending a part of the winter at Coronado Beach, Cal., writes informally in regard to the wonderful numbers of quail which still exist in parts of that far Southwestern country, which have not yet been depleted by the market hunter or the seeker for a record. He says: "Coronado boasts with good reason of her ideal location, well nigh perfect climate, and superbly appointed mammoth hostelry; and now she comes to the front with a good claim to the somewhat hackneyed title of 'a veritable paradise for sportsmen.'"

"In witness whereof, Messrs. Dupee, Lester and Turner, of Chicago, who are wintering here, brought in, as the result of a three days' shoot across the line in Lower California, only a few hours distant from this hotel, between 800 and 1,000 quail. 'Life was too short,' they said, for an exact count, so after counting up to 800 they quit and threw in a bushel or so for good measure. The birds were exhibited last evening on the floor of the great lounging room of the Coronado, and they naturally attracted much attention. There appeared to be four or five bushels of them, and the lucky, sun-browned hunters were the recipients of many congratulations.

"Bill Denton, a noted hunter hereabouts, acted as guide and purveyor, and had arranged a very comfortable camp for the party near Carisso. Most of the shooting was done in two days, on account of a drizzly rain which fell almost continuously the second day out. But one dog was used, a very indifferent red Irish setter, whose sole business it was to retrieve the birds, the hunters themselves flushing the game, which sometimes got up in flocks like blackbirds, numbering anywhere from a hundred to a thousand. On account of their surprising swiftness in running, a great number of wounded birds were unfortunately lost. In order to get a bird in bag it must be either killed outright or have at least one leg and one wing broken.

"The party contemplates another trip soon, with two or three good dogs, well able to retrieve the winged and slightly wounded, so that another record may be anticipated in the near future. Lest any should be disposed to condemn such wholesale killing, it may be said that the birds are in such countless numbers, and so little hunted, in the region visited that they are esteemed a pest by the few settlers there; and it must be remembered, too, that the bag above referred to would furnish about one quail for each of the guests now sheltered under the roof of the great hotel."

Draining of Tolleston Marsh.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 12.—It is reported from Indiana that the Supreme Court of that State has instructed for the letting of the contracts on the big drain known as the Jarneke ditch, which would pass across the famous Tolleston marsh, and drain it quite dry in the course of a few years. The ditch would carry the water into the Grand Calumet River. The Tolleston Club has been fighting this case. It is not the policy of this club to give out much talk about its plans, and it never pays attention to mere daily newspaper talk. I have earlier stated that the eventual decision of the Tolleston litigation will rest with the Supreme Court of the United States, to which appeal has been taken. It is possible that the club will find legal measures to stay the ditching machine until after the high tribunal of the land has said they cannot own what the United States have patented to them. There is at present current in the daily press the usual review of fatalities on and around this marsh. The local feeling against this quiet and conservative body of sportsmen has always been intense, and stories of all sorts are started about the club. We may safely say that when we see the Tolleston marsh dry it will be time enough to say it has been drained, and not before.

Later.—President E. F. Daniels, of the Tolleston Club, has been interviewed, and brands the published information as inaccurate, as usual. He says the proposed ditch will not touch the club grounds at all. What the club objects to is an assessment of \$15,000 on its land to help pay for a work that will be of no benefit whatever to the club.

North Dakota Wardenship.

The question of the State game wardenship for North Dakota for the new term is not yet decided. The present incumbent, Mr. George H. Bowers, has done good work and shown himself entirely worthy of reappointment. He is very apt to get the office, as he is a popular man, and his work has been generally appreciated. Other applicants for the place are C. K. Bassett, an editor, of Valley City, and Clarence A. Hale, of Grand Forks.

Arrests in Montana.

James Bussear was arrested at Gardiner, Mont., near the Park line, last week. Bussear had been killing elk. He was taken to Livingston and tried before Justice Rose, who bound him over to appear before the District Court next term.

It would seem that finally a partial check at least is to be given the elk butchers who have been operating this winter along the upper Sun River. Constable Zim-

mers, of Augusta, last week brought into Helena for confinement Joseph Chase and Charles Dando, who were arrested by Deputy Christian and posse at their camp, where full proof was discovered of the fact that they had been doing a wholesale business in skin hunting. Justice Meyer at Augusta bound these two men over to the District Court. There has been a great deal of this wholesale slaughter in the Sun River country. Warrants are out for two prominent citizens—W. K. Flowerree, State Senator from Teton county, and Dr. Winslow, Superintendent of the Fort Shaw Indian School. They, it is alleged, were up in that country after Jan. 1, and brought out a four-horse load of elk and mountain sheep. Evidence is at hand for other parties, and warrants will probably be issued.

Mongolian Pheasants in Texas.

Messrs. Albert and Ed Steves and Gus Critzer, of San Antonio, Tex., have for two or three years been the owners of a small supply of mongolian pheasants, which they imported at considerable expense. The birds have done fairly well, and their owners this week were to have turned twenty-five of them loose in the mountains some sixty miles northwest of San Antonio. The birds will be liberated in a spot some twenty or thirty miles distant from any settlement, and in a country where they ought to thrive. At New Braunfels, Tex., the city marshal has been for some time experimenting with these birds, and he will soon set loose fifteen of them in Comal county, about thirty miles northeast of San Antonio. The Texans confidently expect that this stock will do as much for itself as did the fifteen birds originally planted in the State of Oregon by Judge Denny.

The Spring Flight.

The north-bound ducks are now well up in the North. I hear of increasingly good bags on the Platte River in Nebraska. The flight along the Missouri River is reported good. At Mud Lake, near St. Joseph, Mo., Pat Kane, chief of the fire department, with two friends killed 128 ducks one day last week. Along the Illinois River the birds have come in in good numbers, especially around Browning and points in the lower part of the State. The shooters say that the birds are not feeding along the river, but going out over the country, the mallards feeding on the old corn fields. Along the Kankakee River in Indiana the shooting has been heavy on a few occasions, at water holes in the ice, where the birds circled and tried to get into the water.

A Good Thing.

Dispatches this week from Ohio say that the State Legislature has passed a law giving wardens the right to open packages of illegal game offered for transportation, and to confiscate same, giving all such game when found to charitable institutions. This latter part of the measure is certainly unqualifiedly good. There never was a more risky clause put in a game law than that allowing a warden a part of the money he can get out of confiscated game. Witness the many instances of abuse in this State in earlier years, for instance the Kewanee fiasco, where no attempt was made to fine the man Merritt for a crime, the energies of the warden and his assistants being confined to attempts to get at the great amount of game, which could be sold under the Illinois law at auction, the warden keeping half the funds so acquired. It is of no practical use to take away game from a dealer who holds it illegally and then put it up at auction and let that dealer buy it in and get a legal title to illegal game. This leaves one of the fatal loopholes which vitiate so many laws. I presume the original purpose in such statutes was to provide some means by which the game warden might be able to create a revenue for himself by his own exertions. There is no doubt that the sale of confiscated game is a very considerable source of revenue in this State, for Warden Loveday has often told me so. Yet I imagine that he would just as leave turn this contraband game over to the homes of the friendless as to sell it over again to dealers, provided that he himself were paid as much from some other source as he could get from this odd marketing of game declared illegal by the law and yet sanctioned by the law. The man who handles illegal game is just as much a criminal as a burglar. When we catch a burglar we do not try to punish him, or to pay ourselves for catching him, by a division of the plunder he has stolen. We clap the criminal in jail and give the property back to the owner. Clap the illicit game dealer in jail too, and give the game back to its owner, the State, which has to feed the inmates supported by its charity. If this isn't good sense, I am off my trolley.

Cipher Correspondence.

I have at hand a letter handed me by Warden Loveday, which letter was written by one purporting to be F. T. Hart, of Cainsville, Mo., to E. A. Gaensslen, a commission merchant of this city. The letter is so badly written that it might classify as a cipher dispatch, and it may be that the writer wishes it had been still more illegible and undecipherable. It goes on to say: "Jenuary the 28 mr. ganslen i hav Bin sicK for fower weeks SinCe i saw your sent. i am gittin game rite now i have som e gaw i will sent them in now mr i will do business with you i will sent you som eggs. how long can you Handel Birds privetly mr send priCes onCe a weak is anuf."

This is the way the game comes, "privetly," sometimes. Inclosed with the letter was a shipping tag marked "Birds 78, mink 1." It is a bit rude of Warden Loveday to thus make public a gentleman's private correspondence, when it has such obvious need of being conducted "privetly."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales' Removal.

ON or about April 10 Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales will remove to No. 325 Broadway for a temporary occupancy until the completion of the new store which is to be built for them at Nos. 302 and 304 Broadway.

St. Louis Notes.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 12.—There is probably no better game and fish preserve in the United States than is comprised in what is known as the "Sunk Lands" of southeast Missouri and northeast Arkansas. This region is heavily timbered, full of lakes and streams, and a vast portion of it is subject to annual overflow, so that the whole region is kept well watered. Through this region flow the Little and St. Francis rivers, which the United States Fish Commissioner's report states contain a greater variety of fish life than any other river system in the country.

This section has been the paradise of the market hunter and fisherman, and a large portion of the supplies which come to the large cities along the river have been from this region. Arkansas has a game law prohibiting shipments out of that State of any game or fish, but it has not been closely enforced. Recently, however, instructions have been given by the State officers asking county officials everywhere to be on the watch and to prevent any shipment of game or fish out of the State. While this has been aimed, no doubt, at the visiting sportsmen from other States, it will prove a mighty good thing if the officers will stop the market shipments of the native hunter as well.

The club which has long been known as the Moredock Lake Hunting and Fishing Club will now locate on the Castor River in southeast Missouri, and hope to have a game warden appointed in that section who will co-operate with the warden at New Madrid and prevent illegal netting. The famous Moredock Lake, lying south-east of St. Louis about twenty-one miles in Illinois, has again been leased by a new club, and we understand the club has the consent of the surrounding farmers to dam up the outlet of the lake, which will make it again famous as one of the best fishing resorts in this section of the country. The drainage law of Illinois has been the means of destroying many excellent fishing preserves without any corresponding benefit in the way of reclaimed lands.

The game commission houses and restaurants, and others interested in the preserving of game by the cold storage process, will have a meeting to devise a law for the better protection of the game of this State. We all know what kind of a law these gentlemen desire, and it is to be regretted that the genuine sportsmen do not have the same influence in legislation as do these violators of the game laws of the States. It is to be hoped that some steps will be taken to defeat the purposes of these commission men.

Although it has been a very open and mild winter, our fish market has had very few fresh run fish, but the supply has been mostly from cold storage refrigerators. Whether the enforcement of the game laws has had anything to do with the scarcity of fresh fish is undetermined; but certain it is, however, that the new game warden of this State has made many convictions in the southeast part of Missouri, where the market fishing is carried on.

The King's Lake Club have had their share of troubles, and as is frequently the case the former keeper has purchased some adjoining property, and is doing what he can to take away members from the old concern. This lake has of recent years been of little account for fishing purposes, but duck shooting has been fairly good during the season. At present ducks are quite abundant along the river and fine shooting is reported from the preserves up the river, and also on the Illinois side, in the sloughs. There are few ducks, however, to be seen in the market. It has been a very easy winter on quail, there having been but little snow, and the thermometer not once dropping to the zero point in this section of the country. The birds have come through the winter in excellent condition, and there should be a great increase in the supply. ABERDEEN.

Enemies of Grouse.

I WAS glad to see Mr. Stark's article on foxes and grouse. Experiences differ somewhat. As I never use a dog for any kind of game, I have killed but few foxes; but I have several times seen where they had caught them while under the snow. I have also seen a fox with a rabbit in his mouth. I have known a fox with a fore-leg broken by a shot that day to kill and bury a rabbit. I once surprised a female fox in June which had a large woodchuck in her mouth, which she was carrying to her young. The woodchuck also was a female, and was nursing young.

While foxes kill more or less partridges and rabbits, they do not kill nearly as many as wildcats. I have known a single wildcat to destroy entirely all the rabbits in a large swamp in one winter. In December the rabbits were very plenty, and in a late snow in April not a single track could be found; but I saw a good many places where rabbits had been eaten. I also in the winter saw where he had crept to and killed a grouse.

In this vicinity we have never had any snaring, and very little market hunting. A few grouse are sold, but it is very rarely any one tries to hunt for the sake of any profit; but the grouse have steadily decreased, and we cannot have one-fourth here of what Mr. Stark reports. Horned and barred owls used to destroy a great many. Contrary to the common belief, both hunt in the daytime as well as in the night, and I have seen both with grouse they had just killed in broad daylight. As the larger growth has been cut off, the owls have grown more scarce, but the grouse have an enemy left worse than both owls and foxes. The goshawks stay here all the year round. They nest here, and a pair of them will kill a large part of the game in several miles square in a year, besides killing many domestic fowl and rabbits. Besides killing to eat they sometimes wantonly destroy for the fun of killing, just as city sportsmen often do. One of my men in going to camp one night in winter saw seven grouse budding. In going to his work in the morning he found the remains of five lying on the snow, and saw the hawk which had killed them. They will very quickly run a grouse down on the wing. I have seen one doing this. I think that the larger part of the grouse which they get they take on the wing. Mr. Stark speaks of foxes usually being fat. I had a goshawk brought to me last week which was on the

back nearly as fat as a goose. I have skinned a good many, and never saw a poor one. I think that in the towns near here the goshawks get nearly half of what the gunners leave, before spring; but still the fact remains that in old times the grouse held their own against all their wild enemies. It is the over-gunning which has so disturbed nature's balance. The one great trouble is not altogether the number who gun, but their using dogs. If no one would use a dog, the grouse are so shy here that very few would be killed, and in time they would increase; but as it is, they seem doomed soon to be surely exterminated in this vicinity.

M. HARDY.

Duck Shooting at Currituck.

COINJOCK, Currituck County, N. C., March 10.—On Tuesday of this week, March 8, just as the sun came up out of the Atlantic, peeping through a gray mist, I looked up from my sink box and immediately crouched down as low as possible, for there were eleven plump, fat, ruddy ducks heading exactly for my box. There were five reports, and six ducks lay dead on the water. I only had time to load one gun when another flock came from the same direction, and two responded to the discharge of each load of No. 5s. It was a new way to hunt them, and I was so much pleased with the bag made I hasten to give it to all readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, that they may profit by my experience. I simply place my sink box as near in the line of flight as possible, using no decoys at all. The wind was blowing from the east and the ducks flying north, so that almost every bunch gave me a side shot. It was fine sport, and our bag was a good one. The same day our neighbor, P. Ballance, who is perhaps the best shot in this section, killed 165, bagging 100 in one hour, having fired only 116 shots. The shooting at Currituck has been as good this season as it has been any time during the past ten years, and game of all kinds is still abundant. Our season closes April 1 for ducks, geese and swan, but we have excellent bay bird shooting during April and May and again in July, August, September and October; in fact, we have good shooting at game in season eleven months in the year. I believe there is no other place on this continent where this is the case.

CURRITUCK.

Game Destroyers Numerous.

DR. B. H. WARREN, of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, in his annual report brings out one or two points which will surprise sportsmen and which will make clear to all why game birds have been decreasing so rapidly in some sections of the State. Dr. Warren shows that there are 42,000 foxes, 30,000 minks, 13,000 weasels and 300 wildcats in the State, all of which are great game destroyers.—*Commonwealth*. This all reads very smoothly in a report, but it does not cover the ground. How can Dr. Warren explain the abundance of game birds of all kinds in Pennsylvania when, unhampered and in great numbers, wild animals roamed the forest wilds of this commonwealth? The insignificant outfit of foxes, weasels and minks that yet remain are not the dangerous enemies of game birds. It is the ruthless slaughter by would-be sportsmen and the unrelenting warfare waged by the pot-hunter that is rapidly exterminating game birds in the Keystone State.—*Mechanicsburg, Pa., Daily*.

Bears in the Catskills.

COMMENTING on our recent remark that "if a few years ago any one had predicted that the time would come in the Yellowstone Park when the bears would make a practice of coming up to the hotels to be fed, he would have been laughed at for a lunatic, yet at the present time this is seen daily during the season by crowds of astonished tourists." Mr. Charles Hallock writes: "When I was at the Catskills in 1894, Rush and I used to take the tenderfoots bear hunting out to the swill pile a mile back of the Kaaterskill Hotel. We never failed to find game; coons, too."

Shooting at Chincoteague.

CHINCOTEAGUE, Va., March 12.—Geese are very plenty in Chincoteague Bay, with a good prospect of brant, shell duck and other species for the next two weeks, as these birds are now passing up from their Southern wintering grounds toward the North. T. G. ELLIOTT.

New York Game Law Bill.

IN the following paragraphs are noted the important amendments proposed in the Senate and Assembly to date this session: Sec. 34. To empower any person to seize and destroy unlawful nets; and to provide a bounty for their destruction. Sec. 40. To make open season for deer Oct. 1 to Oct. 31, inclusive. Sec. 41. To make season for possession Oct. 1 to Nov. 5. Sec. 42. To forbid killing does at any time. Sec. 44. To permit hounding during October. Sec. 40. To make open season for deer Sept. 20 to Oct. 20; to forbid killing in the water; to limit a person to one deer in a season. Sec. 41. To make season for sale of venison Sept. 20 to Oct. 31; and to prohibit sale of venison killed within the States. Sec. 44. To permit hounding from Sept. 20 to Oct. 20. Sec. 46. To limit transportation to one deer accompanied by owner. Sec. 41. To make season for possession of venison Aug. 15 to Nov. 20. Sec. 48. To permit possession of moose, elk, caribou and antelope for breeding purposes; also sale of the meat during season for possession of venison. Sec. 49. To remove protection from rabbits altogether; and to make open season for black and gray squirrels Sept. 1 to Dec. 15. Sec. 51. A new section to forbid killing deer in Ulster, Greene, Delaware and Sullivan counties prior to 1902. Sec. 58. A new section to make open season for hares and rabbits Sept. 1 to March 15. Sec. 71. To permit use of bough house for duck shooting on the ice. Sec. 72. To make open quail season Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Sec. 73. Season for possession of quail Nov. 1 to Dec. 31. Secs. 74-76. 81. To make open season for woodcock and ruffed grouse Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; and forbidding taking by one person of more than thirty-six birds in a season. Possession allowed from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31. Transportation forbidden between any points except that if accompanied by owner twelve may be carried at one time, or thirty-six in a year by one person.

Sec. 76. To forbid for five years export of woodcock and ruffed grouse from Oswego county. Sec. 109. To forbid export of brant from Oswego county for five years. Sec. 75a. To make open season for woodcock in Clinton, Essex and Warren counties Aug. 16 to Dec. 15. Sec. 78. To forbid wearing as articles of dress wings, feathers or plumage of wild birds. Sec. 108. To make open season for land-locked salmon in Dutchess, Ulster, Sullivan, Orange, Rockland, Putnam, Westchester and Richmond counties April 1 to June 30, inclusive. Sec. 110. To make open season for pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike, April 10 to Jan. 31. Sec. 110. To make black bass open season in Lake George and Schroon Lake Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. Sec. 114. To fix lawful size of salmon, land-locked salmon and lake trout at 15in. Sec. 132. To extend prohibition of netting within one mile of shore to waters of Lake Ontario in Jefferson county; also to remove the penalty for violation of the section. Sec. 141. To permit fishing through the ice with hooks, lines, tip-ups or spears for pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish in waters inhabited by black or Oswego bass. Sec. 142. To permit: "Pickerel, pike, perch and bullheads may be fished for through the ice with hooks and lines, tip-ups or bobs in Honeoye Lake, Canadice Lake, Conesus Lake and Loon Lake in Steuben county." Sec. 143. To prohibit use of eel weirs and eel pots except as permitted by this section. Sec. 161. To forbid in Long Island waters killing wildfowl with any other than shoulder guns, or from any boat except propelled by hand. Sec. 162. To forbid use of floating devices in Long Island waters except in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay west of Smith's Point, Shinnecock and Peconic bays. Sec. 163. To make open season for snipe and shore birds on Long Island May 1 to Dec. 31. Sec. 164. To make close season for ruffed grouse and meadowlarks on Long Island Jan. 1 to Nov. 9, inclusive; woodcock Jan. 1 to July 31. Sec. 175. To make close season for meadow hens on Long Island Dec. 16 to Aug. 31. Sec. 170. To forbid use of dogs in deer hunting on Long Island until 1902. Sec. 249, which permits sale of game the year around. To repeal it. Chautauqua Lake.—To permit taking muskallonge and billfish through the ice on Mondays and Thursdays only for five consecutive weeks from the first Monday in January. Close season for black bass, yellow bass, rock bass (and muskallonge, except as hereinbefore provided), Dec. 1 to June 15.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Another Snake Story.

"SAM, bring around the mare!" "Yes, boss; yes, sir." Sam was cook and butler for old Col. Barbor, as fat and jolly a banana planter as could be found in all Costa Rica. The colonel originally hailed from Florida, weighed 290lbs., and was known among his friends as a good judge of liquid refreshments. The old mare was brought around to the front of the house, where a substantial cement horse block had been built, for being so portly a man it was impossible for him to mount his horse from the ground. The mare was of somewhat the same proportions as the colonel, very rotund and a weight carrier. It was a rare thing for the colonel ever to put her off a walk, consequently she was as fat as a butter ball. "Now, Sam, hold her head." And the colonel mounts and is off to inspect the plantation. The colonel, a bachelor, was afraid only of one thing on earth, and that was a snake, big or little alike. Perhaps an hour had elapsed when down the road came the mare on a full gallop, the colonel dashing the spurs into her side at every jump. Sam had seen the colonel coming, and he and the housekeeper had rushed out to see what was the matter. In the midst of a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of dust the colonel drew rein to the door, and the first thing he said was, "Oh, Sam, I'm snake bit!" He was already pale, his hat was gone, and he was trembling like a jelly. He was so weak that it took the united efforts of Sammy and the housekeeper to get him into the house. Then Sam broke down with grief. "Poor master is goin' to die," he wailed over and over again; and the housekeeper went into hysterics. "Sam! Oh, Sam! Give me some whisky—quick! Here are the keys."

Sam took the keys and made a quick journey to the store room. The colonel kept two qualities of whisky, one for his especial use and one for the farm hands. Sam not knowing the difference between the two kegs drew out a tumbler full of the poorer quality of whisky and rushed back to the colonel, who took it at two gulps and called for more. Back to the store room rushed Sam to draw off more, not forgetting to take a nip himself. So they gave the old man enough whisky to have intoxicated three men. About this time word had reached one or two of the neighbors that the poor old colonel had been snake bitten, and two of the men had ridden up to see if they could be of any assistance. One gentleman had brought a bottle of fine old Scotch whisky with him, the better half of which he insisted upon the colonel's taking. The colonel was already half tight, and after the Scotchman was gone his condition may be imagined rather than described. Under this treatment it was not long before the colonel would allow the removal of his riding boot, and he was so happy; he did not seem to care whether he was snake bitten or not. The doctor had been sent for, but had not arrived; still it had seemed best to remove the boot. The colonel begged for one more drink of whisky, which was given him. On the outside of the boot were found marks of the teeth of the snake; but examining his leg as closely as they could they could find no marks of any bite. The snake had bitten his boot, but the fangs had not penetrated to the flesh at all. It was nevertheless doubtless true that the colonel would have died of fright if he had not been given the whisky. As the case turned out it was a lucky thing the doctor had been sent for, for the colonel would undoubtedly have died from the effects of the bad whisky poured down his throat in such unlimited quantities; and it was all the doctor could do to bring him back to his original state of health. The colonel did not show himself for some days after this experience, and to this day always leaves the room if any one starts to tell a snake story.

FREDERICK S. LYMAN.

COSTA RICA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Chub at Four-Mile Run.

TWELVE miles away by train, six as the crow flies, nestled in the Virginia hills, is Carlyn Springs, now called Glen Carlyn, where the train drops you to a cinder path, alongside a pretty babbling brook, which ought to be a trout stream, but probably isn't. Mr. Jesse Middleton, who has lived at its mouth for a dozen years, and fished some part of it nearly every day of the season, has had in recent years three consignments of trout placed in the inviting waters; one of California, one of brook, and one of rainbow; and till now none have been found afterward. Each season some one reports a new fish somewhere up the creek, hopes are revived, and each trip brings some disappointment so far as trout are concerned. Just now a report brings the welcome news that trout have been seen, and within a fortnight another effort will probably be made to verify the rumor. How fortunate for the angler that hope springs eternal, and all that. With us, indeed, it is a hardy perennial.

It will be something of a triumph to secure a trout from this stream. What a generous flow of "I told you so's" will follow.

The bed of the brook is rock; its waters clear, cold and clean; but when the little trout drop down from its shallow course for the winter they may get lost, or die in the muddy marsh at its mouth.

But trout are not an indispensable necessity for a pleasant day along its winding course and shady banks. It is in most seasons chock full of chub, or fall-fish, as they are mostly called south. Those who have ever had a successful day with a fly among the chub, large, plenty and hungry, will never thereafter begrudge a kind word for the sport.

We have made this trip, walking down to the mouth of the stream, whipping it all the way, a good many times, and made some good catches in the ripples and pools, and found each day pleasanter than the last.

Before the train is out of sight we are fitting our rods, and commenting on the stage and state of the water and the probabilities of a good day.

To most anglers this would be considered very inferior sport, but one gets his day in the woods, with the sunshine and shadows, the singing water, and the birds, with all the fullness he would on a salmon river, and perhaps less interference with the thorough enjoyment of it all.

But the fishing itself may be a delight. Canon Kingsley, in his charming "Chalk Stream Studies," has apotheosized the chub in such a glowing tribute, as an object of sport, as must convince any reader of its attractions. To quote him will shift the responsibilities of championship to worthier shoulders.

"Very good sport they give, in my opinion, in spite of the contempt in which they are commonly held, as chicken-hearted fish who show no fight. True! but their very cowardice makes them the more difficult to catch; for no fish must you keep more out of sight, and farther off. The very shadow of the line (not to mention that of the rod) sends them flying to cover; and they rise so cautiously and quietly that they give excellent lessons in patience and nerve to a beginner.

"If the fly is dragged along the surface, or jerked suddenly from them, they flee from it in terror; and when they do, after due deliberation, take it in, their rise is so quiet that you can seldom tell whether your fish weighs ½lb. or 4½lbs. * * * No fish, therefore, will better teach the beginner the good old lesson 'not to frighten a fish before you have tired him.'"

He suggests the large palmers for flies, the larger and rougher the better, and the best of all—the imitation of the black beetle, called the 'undertaker' in the London shops.

He admits, however, they are not fine eating, and gives a ridiculous description of a very fair imitation of a cooked chub—a sperm candle, wick and all, stuffed with needles and split bristles, and stewed in ditch water.

Our experiences have not been exactly like his. We have found the chub rather a sudden biter when he comes at all; impulsive rather than deliberative; but if he misses the fly by first intention, whether he be pricked or not, you may as well try the next pool. He is far more wary than either trout or bass, and like opportunity, knocks but once at any man's door.

With a fly, the swift water is to be preferred; always the foot of a fall, but many times upon a shallow riffle, with but a skim of water purling over the shingle, when every shiny pebble is plain, and apparently no possible shelter for a fish—a big one comes from somewhere and gathers in the fly as it touches the water; the broken surface which breaks his view of the angler may hide him too, but it seems impossible, and has always been one of the mysteries to us.

And so we start on our tramp down the stream, and thereby do violence to the teachings of half the anglers who have written on the subject; they say you must fish up. The other half say down all right.

"But there is one great error in fly-fishing as usually practiced, and as recommended to be practiced by books, and that is that the angler 'fishes down' stream, whereas he should 'fish up.'"

Thus wrote W. C. Stewart in Pennell's Fishing Gossip in 1866.

In the American Angler's Guide, the first edition of which was issued in 1845, and the author's name appearing for the first time in the fifth edition in 1876, John J. Brown refers to the controversy already old: "There is much diversity of opinion about the manner of fishing, whether up or down the stream; the great majority of anglers, both in Europe and this country, favor the latter, and very few the former."

Kingsley says: "The next mistake, natural enough to the laziness of fallen man, is that of fishing down stream and not up."

Our Ned Buntline says: "Always, if possible, fish down stream; it is easier. You can detect swirls, eddies,

shaded pools, coverts of rock, mossy banks and overhanging branches. * * * You have also the aid of the current in guiding your fly to each coveted spot after it touches the water."

These are fair types of dozens of authorities on both sides of this long waged and still unsettled controversy. And it never will be settled, because both are sometimes right, depending on the conditions of water and wind, and sun; the character of the stream; the location of hiding places; the nature of the bottom; the trees upon the bank; and much on the skill of the fisherman himself, and his familiarity with the brook and its denizens.

We fish this one down. We get off the train and walk home—that is, to my friend's home, where we are sure of an angler's dinner—and it just makes a pleasant day's tramp of a half dozen miles.

We always carry a dozen large black marshworms for this trip, for there are sundry places we remember where in the tangled roots of some dead giant of the forest, fast set in pools a fathom deep, some of the largest chubs have their local habitation; and if we have been indiscreet, and frightened them, or they were not happening on that particular occasion to be wandering from their own chimney corner, such a delicacy weighted with a single swan shot and dropped down into the lair will sometimes entice them forth; sometimes we leave them the hooks as souvenirs of the invitation, but that's all in the play.

The worm is not perhaps aristocratic, but it will get some fish which no other known bait will, and it is an old proverb that "not all fish are caught with flies."

Who does not recall Irving's story, which is as old as Jonah, but which sounds so fresh in his breezy vein, and seems so real when he vouches for it with such confidence? "I recollect also that after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all of our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and as Heaven shall help me! I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earthworm, and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day."

Frank R. Stockton had little faith in this hoary narrative, for he says of it: "That old story about the little boy with the pin hook, who, ketched all the fish, while the gentleman who stood alongside of him kep' throwin' out his beautiful flies and never got nothin'—is a pure lie."

But if it was ever true, it might have been of Irving's crowd, for the boy was an artist, beside the painful efforts he describes.

He retired early from the attempt, and lying on his back in the grass, building castles in the clouds, and listening to some one else read Izaak Walton, he fell fast asleep—and the boy fished on.

On one of our later trips we took 150 chubs, hoping each one a trout, but returned to the stream all but a dozen apiece, which we brought home to show, and then placed them where they would do the most good.

A mile below where we start in, at Glen Carlyn, the run passes close to the station of Arlington, several miles in the rear of the old Robert E. Lee mansion. Not far from this a little tributary makes in from the north called Lover's Run. This flows through the estate, and the romantic name of Lover's Tryst is still given a pretty stretch along its banks, which legend has it was a once popular stroll, where Cupid's captives were wont to take the air. A couple of miles further down the little settlement of Nauk stands upon the site of what thirty-five years ago was Convalescent Camp. Remains of a rifle pit or two may yet be traced, and between that and the river, almost hidden in the post-bellum forest, are the ruins of a rather imposing mud fort—a grim reminder to the present generation of the horrors of war, but still more interesting as suggesting the strides which the art of destruction has made since then, and the revolution in military methods which the next serious contest will develop.

The last pool before the run enters the marsh at its mouth was reached just at sunset on our last trip. The shadows were already deepening under the trees. Hastily tying on a pair of white millers on No. 6 hooks, three doubles, of ½lb. each, were taken out in almost as many minutes—a fitting closing to a glorious day.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Moosehead Lake Streams.

Report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

THE Commissioners received a petition presented in conformity with Chapter 10, Section 76, of the Revised Statutes, as follows:

"We, the undersigned, believing that it will be for the interests and protection of our trout, especially the smaller ones, that are found in great abundance in the streams flowing into Moosehead Lake, immediately after the departure of the ice, respectfully ask that your honorable board cause to be closed during the month of May, 1898, the mouths of all streams flowing into Moosehead Lake, the same to apply to rivers, and that all fishing shall be prohibited within twenty-five rods of the mouths of such streams and rivers."

The petition was signed by many guides and resident land owners, hotel proprietors and merchants, living in the vicinity of the waters to be affected. There was also a petition presented at the same time asking for a close season to be established in all of the inlets of the lake from Oct. 1 to June 10 of each year.

The hearing, which was largely attended, with much earnestness manifested, was held at the Lake House, Greenville, March 8, 1898. There was developed a great variety of opinions as to what was wanted, some of the petitioners advocating a close time in the mouths of the twenty-one streams (tributaries to the lake), extending twenty-five rods into the lake, till June 1 of each year. There appeared to be unanimity of opinion as to the closing of all the inlets of the lake from Oct. 1 to June 10.

While fully realizing the great importance of these inlets as nurseries to the lake, and being of the opinion that they ought to be closed to all fishing all of the

time, we are of the opinion that no substantial benefit would accrue by simply closing them from the time the ice goes out of the lake in the spring until June 10. The fishing during this time is always good in the lake; and it is not until warmer weather, when it is more difficult to take fish in the lake, that these inlets are resorted to by fishermen.

We do not think the possible benefit to be derived commensurate with the necessary outlay, and therefore do not establish the rules and regulations closing these inlets.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Moosehead Lake is the largest body of fresh water in Maine, and is resorted to annually by many thousands of people from this and other States for purposes of fishing, rest and recreation.

The State annually expends a very considerable amount of money for the purpose of restocking it with trout and landlocked salmon, in order to keep up the supply of these fish for the ever increasing drainage upon its resources.

The petitioners introduced much testimony tending to show that as soon as the ice "went out" from the lake in the spring the trout, especially the smaller ones, gathered in large numbers at the mouths of these streams, and were taken in destructive quantities by steamboat parties and others, to the great injury of the fishing later on in the season. It was claimed that the habits of the small trout are so universally known in this respect, and taken advantage of by such large numbers of fishermen, as to seriously endanger the future supply in the lake.

The Commissioners, in view of the magnitude of the interests involved, and in view of the many earnest protests received from citizens of this State, conclude that we are not justified in granting the prayer of the petitioners to close the mouths of these inlets as prayed for by the petitioners.

The State at large is deeply interested in this matter, to say nothing of the large number of non-residents who are directly interested therein.

To close twenty-one places in Moosehead Lake against fishing, or indeed to close any portion of this great resort against fishing for any period of time in which it is now lawful to fish therein, involves the rights and privileges of so many citizens of the State that in our opinion it is a question that should be dealt with by the Legislature alone.

LEROY I. CARLETON,
HENRY O. STANLEY,
CHAS. E. OAK,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Leap of the Tarpon.

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, I went fishing with two friends, and after an all-night journey on a sleeping car we breakfasted and changed to another railroad and rode for the best part of the forenoon, and then drove ten miles in a wagon to the water in which we were to fish. That, in fact, was about all we did do, except to come home again, for we caught no fish. We did fish, and we got thoroughly drenched in a rainstorm, and the next day we had to take shelter from a windstorm that threatened to swamp our boats; but we did not get a single fish. The people said we were too early for black bass, and that was the fish we were after; but that was not the real reason, for there was a hoodoo on us, and the hoodoo was in the form of a dress coat and a bright red necktie, the latter worn by one of my friends, and the former packed (so my friend said) by mistake for a flannel shirt and a pair of fishing shoes. Had he worn his dress coat with his red necktie, I might not have been here this night at my desk; but as he only put on the red necktie, the hoodoo was fatal only to the fishing, and not to the fishermen.

Little did I think, after that experience, that I would ever start on a fishing trip dressed in evening clothes; but I did, and I now write of it as a solemn warning to others—never, under any circumstances, go fishing in evening dress, if you expect to catch fish. If one has nothing but a dress coat to fish in, don't fish; and if one can only start on a fishing trip in evening dress, don't start. Stay where the evening clothes are the vogue and have the best time one can, for the fish will not bite when such a hoodoo is working. We—and we means Merrel N. Goddard and Shell Fish Commissioner Edward Thompson, both of New York, and the writer—were entertaining the commanders of two of our torpedo boats at dinner at Tampa Bay Hotel, and a social function was to follow the dinner, so evening dress was demanded. That was all right enough by itself, but we had been invited to go fishing the next day, some forty odd miles from the dinner and the function, and we had to get to the place before we could fish, and the only way to do this was to take a late special train from Tampa to Port Tampa, and at 4:30 the next morning cross the bay on a steamer that Mr. Plant kindly offered to place at our disposal, and in this way catch a train that would take us to where some kind-hearted gentlemen would be waiting to drive us to a point where we could catch Spanish mackerel, weakfish and redfish or channel bass. There was no question whatever about our catching the fish if we could reach the place. We held a meeting and discussed the situation. Should we attend the function after dinner dressed in knickerbockers and golf stockings, or should we omit the function and just get ready for fishing in the regular way? Our guests would expect to attend the function, probably, and if so, that would settle that part of it. The function was too much of a function for us to appear in any but evening dress; no excuse that we could dream of would condone the golf stocking, and each of the three knew in his heart that he was wasting time in proposing anything but a "half-tailed coat" and a society smile. Goddard solved the problem when he said: "There is but one thing left to do; we will dress for dinner and attend the function, and put our fishing clothes into a portmanteau and send it to the train; and after we have attended the function we will make a rush for the train at the last moment, go to Port Tampa, sleep if there is any time for sleeping,

and change our clothes there before we cross the bay." It will be readily seen that we did not bring the hoodoo on ourselves; it was thrust upon us, and really we should not have been held responsible when we reached the fishing ground for having a hoodoo secreted about our persons. There were people on the train that night that no doubt wondered what relation dress coats had to fishing rods; but if they did, we did not tell them. Our naval friends went aboard their ship shortly after 1 o'clock, and we went to bed to be called at 4 A. M. To this day I am not exactly sure whether Thompson really had Eastern time, and made a mistake, or thought two hours' sleep was enough; but he called us at 3 A. M. and said he had made a mistake of an hour in his watch. Now there was a watchman to do the watching and the calling, and if Thompson had attended to sleeping and not to his watch we would have had just one hour's sleep when we needed it. We crossed the bay in the dark and got the train and ran up to Clearwater on the Gulf, where our hosts were waiting for us. Up to this point we had no idea that the hoodoo was getting in its deadly work, and we listened to the stories of big catches of fish with undisguised joy, and for my part I secretly decided that I would not make a beast of myself simply because the fish were there in shoals ready to bite my hook, but would content myself with two or three good fish and stop the deadly work. There has been so much of fish slaughter in Florida for the purpose of making big scores that I was determined to curb any inclination that led me in that direction. We discussed this matter among ourselves finally, and all agreed that we would take only such fish as our friends could dispose of at their homes, and that we would take none of the catch back to the hotel. It was a pleasant drive from Clearwater to Bayview on Tampa Bay, through the pines, with doves flying up in flocks from the old fields, orange groves and pineapple farms—giving evidence that frost had not visited that region.

At Bayview a wharf extends far out into the bay, and the members of the party were quickly posted along the wharf, each one fishing as his desires inclined. I was baited for channel bass—anything over 20lbs. in weight—while others fished for other kinds of fish. Our hosts told us that it was a pity that the wind was blowing so hard on shore, for it made the shallow water very roily, and that was bad for the fishing; but later the wind would probably go down. I began to suspect something as soon as I got out on the dock, but I did not wish to confess that we had a hoodoo with us, and was silent when the gentlemen began to blame the high wind and roily water. Even Goddard and Thompson fell in with the wind and roily water theory, and up to this moment I am the only one of the entire party that knows why we got no fish that day; but it has become a burden to my conscience and I am forced to make a confession, that the water and wind may no longer be held responsible. When I was fully satisfied that the hoodoo was actually at work I reeled in my line and went on shore. Goddard says I went ashore to take a nap; that he was no half-day fisherman, but would perch on that wharf until the sun went down. It was not in my heart to tell him the cold truth, and I let him fish on, hoping all the time he would not first fall asleep and then into the water. It is true that I did take a nap, and it was a very good nap and quite refreshing after a week of staying up o' nights; and after the nap I sat on the shore with one of our hosts watching a school of porpoises directly in front of us in the bay. The porpoises rolled nearer and nearer to the shore, and the gulls screamed overhead in a great flock, when suddenly out of the water came a mass of silver in the form of a fish that glistened in the sunlight. My friend exclaimed: "See that tarpon!" But I had seen the fish the moment it appeared. The jump was not a great one, but quicker than I can tell it the tarpon made a second leap, greater than the first, and almost instantly a third leap, and that was a corker. The first and second were simply to get in motion for the third jump, which seemed to be like Reuben Leonard's cast at Madison Square Garden—a record breaker. That leap of the tarpon was alone worth all the night ride, loss of sleep, lack of breakfast, and other minor discomforts, and it almost seemed as though the leap was made for exhibition purposes alone. As I sat on shore the fish was broadside to me, and those on the wharf saw him head on, but every one knew it was the silver king taking exercise. Well, that was all we got of fish—just a leap of a tarpon, nothing on our hooks. Goddard said if the water had been clear we might have hooked a tarpon, but we would not have hooked a tarpon had they been there as thick as range cattle at a round-up, for the hoodoo was safely packed in the portmanteau, and when he reads this he will for the first time know that the water and the wind had nothing to do with our ill luck. Thompson did try to convict me of driving all the fish out of the bay by snoring when I was asleep, but this claim was not tenable, for I did not take a nap until after luncheon, and there were no fish in the morning; and furthermore, as I can easily prove, I never snore except when I sleep very soundly. No; I have given the only and true reason for our lack of fish—it was the hoodoo, and it is the only hoodoo (dress coat and red necktie) that I firmly believe in.

Joe Jefferson's Tarpon Rod.

This is not written to be read by tarpon fishermen, if they are at all sensitive, but even to a man up a tree I think it will be admitted that a tarpon rod is not a thing of beauty when compared with a single-handed trout rod made for fly-casting. It is a sturdy, robust tool, all right enough for what it is intended to accomplish; but to one who fishes chiefly with a fly for trout or salmon the tarpon rod always seems odd. Goddard and I were talking of fish and fishing with Joe Jefferson at St. Augustine. Mr. Jefferson had just arrived from the North, and we were about leaving the South for the North, and were having a little fish gossip about what we had not done and what Mr. Jefferson expected to do, when I mentioned the leap of the tarpon in Tampa Bay. The veteran actor and angler smiled and asked: "Did I ever tell you about the tarpon rod Sandy sent me?" Now the Sandy referred to is a most accomplished salmon and trout angler, and with Mr. Jefferson owns a portion of a salmon river in Canada. He has an abiding faith in the rods made by Forest &

Son, of Kelso, Scotland, as I happen to know. I had not heard of the tarpon rod presentation, and Mr. Jefferson told the story. "Sandy thought I ought to have a tarpon rod, and all unknown to me he sent over to Forest and ordered one, and when it was finished he sent it to me just as I was about to start for the South one winter. I don't know what Forest thought of the rod, but when I opened the package containing it and saw what was in it I concluded that a mistake had been made by somebody, for the tarpon rod was nothing but a billiard cue with guides and a reel seat on it. I concluded that Forest must have had two orders, one for a billiard cue for one of our champions, and one for a rod, and not knowing about tarpon rods had got the two orders mixed and put the guides on the billiard cue; but I was assured that the weapon was actually a tarpon rod, and have never dared to use it—for a fish that requires that sort of a rod to land it would pull me into the water if I should hook it."

The day before this story was told, Mr. Blackford, who had left us at Tampa to go down the East Coast, met us at St. Augustine, and we had a talk about the fishing where he had been. Looking at me out of the corner of his eye in a manner peculiar to him when some kinds of fish stories are told, he said: "I heard of so many pompano (it was a large number, so large I do not wish to put it on white paper with black ink) being taken while I was—well, on the planet Mars—taken with hook and line!" Then I looked at Mr. Blackford out of the corner of my eye, too full of emotion to say a word. Mr. Jefferson said that he was in the habit of going to this place, on the planet Mars, in fact was then on his way there. I was reminded of Mr. Blackford's pompano story, and I asked Mr. Jefferson if it was customary to take a hundred and odd pompano with hook and line in a day. Very emphatically he said: "No," that pompano were taken with hook and line just about as often as herring were taken with a hook—semi-occasionally, and apparently more by accident than design. As this was as I had taught myself to believe of this most excellent table fish, I was sorry that Mr. Blackford was not there to hear what Mr. Jefferson said; but there was something about the look in Mr. Blackford's eye that made me think he did not believe the story when he heard it. It really pains me not to believe any kind of a fish story (and it is safe to believe most kinds), for fish are always doing strange things, and I do not wish to become a doubter. If a man should tell me that he caught 100 pompano with a hook in one day, on the planet Mars, I could not dispute him, for I have never been there, and if I had been there it would be no reason for me to doubt the story simply because I had failed to do the same thing, or because no one else that I had ever heard of had caught pompano at that rate with a hook. Things may be happening all the time in some neighboring precinct that never happen in your own bailiwick, even with fish, and I always try to accept all that I hear that fish have done, or that has been done to fish; and yet, after all, I am glad that Mr. Jefferson explained what he knew about pompano fishing with hook and line in the waters around the planet Mars, for it corresponds to what is commonly accepted concerning the habits of the fish.

Bream vs. Black Bass.

In connection with the National Fisheries Congress at Tampa, there was an exhibition of Florida fishes frozen in cakes of ice, and a fine exhibition it was. One morning I went into the Exposition building to see some fish exhibits, and the card at the base of one of the cakes of ice informed me that the fish imprisoned in the ice was a "bream." The fish to me was a large-mouth black bass, and I assumed that the cards had become disarranged, and I asked the man in charge where the bream was, and he pointed to the black bass, saying: "That's the brim," pronouncing the word as I would if I referred to the brim of my hat. "But," I said, "that is a black bass." "No, it's a brim." "Do you also call it a trout?" "Yes, it is a brim or trout, but not a black bass." Thus it was that I learned of a new name for the large-mouth black bass. I was familiar with the black bass as a trout and as a chub, and had heard of it as perch, jumping perch, black trout, welshman, and a score of other names in which bass formed a part, but it was absolutely new to me to have the big-mouth black bass parade under the alias "brim." A gentleman once wrote to me about a fish which he referred to all through his letter as a chub, and as his letter was dated in New York city I was at a loss to locate his fish, for it did not conform to any chub that I knew of. I have often identified a fish under an unusual common name from the date line of the letter making the inquiry, but this New York chub was too much for me. I asked where my correspondent had caught this, to me, peculiar chub, and when he said Virginia I knew it was the black bass, for the peculiarities fitted the black bass, and if the gentleman had written from his home instead of where he was, visiting he would have indicated the fish to me. Now in my memorandum book there is this entry: "A bream may mean black bass when it is mentioned by a native of Florida."

Stop Nets.

Florida boasts of her fishes and fishing, and well she may, for in spite of the personal experiences already related in these notes her wealth of fishes, of many species, is enormous. With a coast line which, if extended north from Jacksonville, would reach nearly to the State of Maine, and with more lakes within her borders than are possessed by New England, the field for fishing is vast; and more than that, the waters swarm with fish. It is this very abundance, however, that gives rise to waste, and unless the methods of fishing now employed are modified Florida will find herself with some of her fisheries worn out before all are developed. On a trip to Mullet Key I had a long talk with a fish dealer from Georgia, who maintains three fishing stations in that neighborhood. In explaining to me how his business was conducted, how fish were caught and brought to market, he mentioned among other nets in use a "stop net," and it being new to me I asked how it was operated and where it got its name. A small bay is selected, and at high tide a net is stretched across its mouth, and as the tide goes out all the fish in the bay are stopped by the net, little and big, and all kinds are imprisoned by

the stop net, and at low tide the marketable fish are selected and the others take their chances of being left on a mud bank until another tide. My friend the fisherman admitted that the method was destructive and many fish were absolutely destroyed from various causes. The catch might overstock the market or the fish might be "stopped" when the supply of ice was low, so that altogether it was a questionable method of fishing, and was quite apt to operate against a further supply of fish. He said that after listening to the papers and discussions at the Fisheries Congress he believed it wisdom on his part to abolish the stop net in his fishing operations and consider the future as well as the present supply. Where fish are so abundant as they are in Florida it is difficult to comprehend that the supply may be cut off in the future by injudicious methods employed in their capture, and by taking certain species at the spawning season. Already fears have been expressed that the tarpon fishing is now suffering because the fish are killed on their way to the spawning grounds, and that spent fish are killed which offer little or no sport as compared with a fish in prime condition. A letter calling attention to this state of affairs was read before the Fisheries Congress, and it will form part of the printed proceedings. At my request this letter was published in Florida papers, asking that those who knew of the habits of the tarpon would communicate with me, for the habits of the silver king are not yet fully understood; but I have received no communication on the subject.

Fly-Casting in Florida.

It was announced that a fly-casting tournament would be held at Tampa, Fla., during the meeting of the Fisheries Congress, and Mr. Goddard, fresh from victories at Madison Square Garden during the Sportsmen's Exposition, and who was appointed by Gov. Black as a delegate from the State of New York, went prepared to enter several of the contests. The congress resolved itself into a serious business convention, and there seemed to be no place for an entertainment so light and airy as a fly-casting contest with trout rods. A paper on the habits of the oyster, its cultivation and development, aroused a discussion that lasted long after the session of the day, and transporting fish from the net to the consumer would be debated for hours; but not a paper was read or discussion held upon angling pure and simple, and so the fly-casting contest was crowded out. And yet among the serious-minded men gathered at Tampa there were some who desired to see how a fly was cast with light rod for distance, and one evening Mr. Goddard took his rods down to the river and showed the people such casting as they had never before dreamed of; and the enthusiasm was such as to prove conclusively that such a contest would have been extremely popular. At St. Augustine, again, Mr. Goddard was persuaded to give an exhibition before a large crowd, and with a 4oz. rod he cast 86ft., and with a 10oz. rod 101ft.

A. N. CHENEY.

Trouting in the Black Forest.

BY FRED MATHER.

IN childhood the fearful tales of dark deeds done in the depths of the black forest of Germany, the dreaded Schwarzwald, made an impression never to be effaced. Ghastly legends of wayside inns which offered the traveler rest for the night and gave him rest for eternity; of mysterious disappearances of men who could never be traced; and of later discoveries of bones which were past identification. Just where this mysterious and forbidding country might be my childish mind had no definite idea; it was somewhere off in the unknown world, and I never bothered about its exact location any more than I did about the garden where Jack raised his beanstalk, the place where he built his historic house, or where he killed his giants; nor indeed if the three Jacks were all one and the same individual.

Some twenty years ago I was seated in a Berlin café, talking with Count von dem Borne, the noted fishculturist, when he remarked: "You should go to Baden and see the fish-breeding establishment of Carl Schuster, the Ober-Bürgermeister of Freiburg. You will not need a letter of introduction, for he wrote me a week ago saying that he hoped you would visit him."

And so it came about that I took an evening train for Freiburg in Baden, some 300 miles to the southwest. The morning gave glimpses of the valley of the Rhine, and here and there a peep at the river itself, and Heidelberg, Carlsruhe and other historic places were passed. This was well for a while, but unfortunately for me I am constructed on the same general plan of architecture that other men are; and about 10 A. M. there was a loss of interest in the scenery, the fertile valleys and the prolific vineyards. There was that base and ignoble desire to eat which somehow seems common to man and his earthly companions, from the highest mammals to the lowest protozoan. I sighed for the army hard-tack stamped "A. D. 1;" for the anhydrous bean, or the beef dried on the hoof which marched with us in former years. I approached the guard and asked in the best of German how long before "freestick," but alas! he did not understand his own language. "Breakfast, freestick!" I yelled, for it is always best to yell when you are not understood, but as all the passengers made a bolt for a particular room in the station I bolted too, and had a most satisfactory "freestick." The Germans don't spell it that way, and I don't spell it in any other way—it is literally an "early piece," and is just as satisfying as if they called it breakfast. There was good coffee, and the meats were sausage of many kinds, for Germany is the land of sausage, and there might be wurst. Veal and hares rank next, and I ate the hare in both the stewed and roast form.

It is a fact that the hare is an appreciable factor in the food of the Germans. It is found in most all restaurants and cafés, but it abounds in the railway eating houses. In America it is not popular because, perhaps, it has a dry quality; but when this is overcome in a stew it is a good dish, and I often buy our little cottontail in the market, although I do not now take long tramps in the winter after him.

After the generous breakfast, and before we get into

the mysterious region of the Schwarzwald, let me digress in order to consider the hare, rabbit, *et omne genus*, as it exists in America.

Within a fortnight the editor of FOREST AND STREAM put a plain, straightforward question to me in language like this: "Do you consider the rabbit as game or as vermin?"

I gave him an evasive answer, which is not warranted to turn wrath aside, but may sometimes parry a direct question. Said I: "There are two sides to the question, and I will give them both my best judicial attention, without splitting hares, and ferret out the differences between a European hare and a Welsh rabbit, even if I have to call in a 'golden buck' as a rebutter; and will give you the decision later." And so a threatened discussion of the merits and demerits of the non-succulent hare and rabbit was postponed.

A telegram had brought Herr Schuster to the station, and somehow we met. He knew neither English nor my German; and again I wondered; not at his ignorance of English—that was natural—but why no person in Germany understood the language of the country. Afterward I had this fully explained. It was due to the very different pronunciation of the vowels. On the home trip I dropped in to see Dr. Otto Finsch, a world-known zoölogist, then in charge of the museum at Bremen. In course of conversation I said: "While Europe is richer in species of cyprinoids, America excels in the pike family; we have at least five species of *Esox*, while Europe has but one, and that one we also have."

"I do not know the fish you speak of," replied the Doctor; "are you sure it exists in Europe?"

"Surely; it is the common *Esox lucius*, called 'hecht' in Germany; you know the fish well!"

He grasped the meaning at once and corrected what, to him, was my mispronunciation, and drawing a long breath, ejaculated: "Oh, ah! *Aysoax*." And we got along splendidly afterward in our talk about *Esox*, and then it dawned upon me that the Germans understood their own language, but did not know how to pronounce it.

Herr Ober-Bürgermeister Schuster was a strong, intelligent man of fifty-five years then, and I was ten years his junior. He hustled me into his carriage after a hearty handshake and a mutual attempt at conversation which somehow ran into an *abattis* and never got out alive, as has been the case with many braver men.

The coachman stopped before a private dwelling, and Herr Schuster got out and held an animated conversation with a middle-aged, stout gentleman, who came out and said: "Permit me to introduce myself as Capt. George John Malcolm, of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, Retired, and to beg that you will stop with me to-night and rest before you go to inspect the fishery at Selzenhof to-morrow."

There is a suspicion that I have quoted De Balzac in saying: "I can resist anything but temptation." But it will bear repetition, for the temptation was great; it meant an evening with a cultivated gentleman who would not require an interpreter if the talk should stray away from "Eisenbahn, was cost das? Kalbsbraten; ich bitte, halbe flasche Pontet Canet," etc., in which I was fairly proficient. So with an "auf wiedersehen" I shook hands with Mr. Schuster and entered the hospitable door of my new friend. He had married a charming German lady, and his wife and daughters spoke English with more or less difficulty. After supper, when Capt. Malcolm and I were left alone to burn some of the Virginia weed in his den, he told me that of late years he had spoken English so little that it seemed almost a foreign language to him. Our talk naturally drifted to fish-culture and my mission to Germany, and he showed some knowledge of the subject, for Schuster and he were close friends.

"Said he: 'My interest in angling naturally interests me in fishculture, and I've tried to interest Schuster in angling, but have failed. The Germans are fond of shooting, especially of hares and pheasants; but they do not look on angling as a sport; they only regard it as a means of getting fish for the table, and as this may be accomplished quicker with a net, they ridicule my expenditure of time and labor in casting the fly for trout. By the way, do you care to fish?'"

If any man who has written of angling since the first issue of FOREST AND STREAM, say as Charles Hallock and I have done, imagines that his reputation is world-wide and all wool, it will do him good to have a stranger ask him that question. It broadens his views, and like the traveled toad he finds that his voice which re-echoed from the hillocks about his own puddle has not reached beyond those confines. I answered: "From boyhood angling has been a favorite sport, and in later years I have learned to cast the fly and to enjoy that best of all forms of angling."

Capt. Malcolm jumped up, grasped both my hands, and said: "This is a treat. I will drive you to the hatchery in the morning, about four and a half miles, and we will take a few trout in the evening in a nearby stream; but as a fly-fisher I have been lonesome here for years. I want you to promise to make my house your home for at least three weeks and fish the black forest with me. Will you do it?"

"I can't promise you all those weeks, but I've read of the black forest; how far is it from here?"

"My dear sir, you are on the edge of the famous Schwarzwald now, and in fact in it. Schlafen sie wohl!" And he closed my room door.

In a German hotel you can order your bed made as you please, and raise all kinds of a rumpus until you are suited, but in a private house the German bed is not only of feathers, but the only covering is another feather-stuffed abomination; you can't throw off a portion if too warm, and you can't complain. There you are! As I can endure feathers in a pillow, and nowhere else, I dressed, put a pillow on the floor, and slept the sleep of a tired fisherman on a luxurious hard bed—the only kind of bed that truly gives rest and refreshment to the tired man who is educated to enjoy it. The Germans love to sleep on feathers, and my grandmother did. Selah!

A trip to the hatchery and an inspection of the ponds and processes seemed to bore my host; he was anxious to be on the stream. The hatchery was some four English miles from Freiburg, and as the rods were in the carriage I told Mr. Schuster that we would come again,

and away we went to a small brook a few miles away. It was a charming stream, tumbling, rippling and leaping in joy in one place, and then quieting down gradually into a pool as sedate as a schoolma'am when on duty.

Here I saw my first brown trout, one of 4oz., taken on a yellow-sally, and I looked so long at it that my companion took two before I was ready to cast again, and the Captain suggested that I try a few more casts and muster the catch for inspection afterward. We were fishing in waders, and to stay in them out of the water long is torture. I have no love for waders and less for wading a cold stream without them, so I stepped into the cooling water and cast again. We took twenty trout, which in the aggregate weighed over 5lbs., and had a delightful drive home through the cool forest.

In the early evening, after dinner, the strange trout were inspected one by one. No red-bellies, of course—only chars have that color, and the American brook trout is a char. But the red spots, on a larger white spot, varied so much that no two were alike. Absorbed in this, I was unconscious that I was unsociable until my host asked: "What do you think of our European trout?"

"Not as brilliant as the American char, which we call a trout, but for fish of their weight they are fully as game. Of their table qualities I may be better prepared to speak in the morning." Later six German friends of my host dropped in, some of them being men whom he had tried to make anglers of, and he expatiated on the casting and handling of a trout by his friend from America until my cheek got warm and I explained that I was not the only fly-fisher who lived across the Atlantic, and that the American angler was a natural result from the English settlement on that continent, because at the time of the settlement there were no men who fished for sport, and were thereby entitled to be called anglers, except Englishmen.

"Gentlemen," said I, "scholars may trace the name of 'England' to as many sources as they will; but it is my private opinion, here publicly expressed, that the name came from a fish hook. Does not Cleopatra say to Mardian: 'Give me mine angle—we'll to the river'? And Walton: 'I am, sir, a brother of the angle'? And this proves that a bent fish hook was termed 'an angle,' and that the name of 'England' is a corrupted form of 'Angleland,' or a land of anglers, of which Capt. Malcolm, of Her Majesty's Navy, Retired, is one of the most clever exponents and missionaries in a land where sportsmanship is almost wholly confined to the gun." As I sat down after this rhetorical effort, the greatest of my life, there were cries of "Prosit!" "Gesundheit!" and other German exclamations, none of which were intelligible to me; and then the evening was spent in whist, wherein I am a veritable duffer. When the guests had departed the Captain asked what my plans were.

"I think I will visit the hatchery and ponds, give them a careful inspection, and take the evening train for Berlin."

"Is your stay so limited that you must tear off to Berlin to-night and catch the first steamer for New York?"

"By no means. After my mission is accomplished I have Prof. Baird's permission to remain in Europe as long as I like."

"Good! Then let me beg you to make my house your home for as long a time as you please, and fish with me in other parts of the black forest. It will be an act of charity in you to do this, for I have actually hungered for a fly-fishing companion. I go out alone here, and while I do not meet with open ridicule, I know the average German thinks my methods a harmless form of insanity, for the German is not an angler, much less a fly-fisher. There are a few exceptions, but they are scattered, and only emphasize the rule. Neither are the French anglers; they fish, to be sure, but their sole idea is to get fish for the table in some way, and they have no idea of it as a sport, to be conducted fairly, as they would shoot partridges over dogs. Now I beg of you to give me a few days of pleasurable fishing with you."

An angler would be made of sterner stuff than I if he could tear himself away from such a proposition. To fish for a strange trout in the strange, romantic depths of the black forest, and with a host who was as enthusiastic as a boy! It has been said: "Temptation hath a music for all ears," and there was music in this; and I jumped at the bait.

And this was really the mysterious black forest of my childish reading. Until now it never had a local habitation, if it did possess a name, but had seemed like the intangible places mentioned in the stories which began: "Once upon a time," and were as geographically indefinite as they were chronologically. As I lay down, a few stories of human bones being found in the charcoal pits, and in disused wells, floated about the room for a few minutes, and somehow it was morning.

The fried trout were good; in fact, very much like our own trout when taken out of mountain lakes or streams, and had no flavor of mud or weeds, which some of our pond trout have. "Capt. Malcolm," said I, "this is a grand fish to catch, and a good one for the table, and I read that it grows to a weight of 15lbs. or more in England. When I go to America I will try to introduce this trout there for our rivers." The opportunity came in 1883, and I obtained the eggs as a personal present from Herr von Behr, President of the German Fishery Association, and fearing accident to them in the rickety old building which I was using for a hatchery, I presented some to other pisciculturists, and the United States Fish Commissioner, McDonald, took the unwarranted liberty of changing the good old English name of "brown trout" to "Von Behr trout," and at the Caledonia hatchery they called them "German trout"; but those names will never stick, because they do not express the characteristic color of the fish, are not so handy, and brown trout is the good old English name which I imported with the fish in embryo; and I have rights in this matter.

"Promise me a week?" inquired the Captain; and I promised. This gave me a full day with Mr. Schuster without jealousy on the part of the Captain, who kindly drove me out and came for me at night. There was a suspicion of preparation for something in the Captain's family which was manifest in a scarcely perceptible excitement, but I made a mental note of it. The Captain

proposed chess and beat me two games, after which he said: "Schlafen sie wohl," and his next remark was: "Good morning."

After breakfast he asked me to pack my bag—"satchel" in Americanese—for a four days' trip. "We will drive to St. Blasien and take a few there and on the way," said my host; and I could only remark: "That will be excellent." But where or who St. Blasien was did not concern me. The team stepped off lively, and we found space for our legs amid baskets, fishing rods, wading boots, creels and other impedimenta. The morning was clear and the air seemed to inspire a wish for wings to float on it, and the way was all up hill until at noon we reached the Stern Inn, where we baited the horses and ourselves. "We will not fish to-day, but will take a tramp on foot, for I wish to show you some German scenery which will be well worth the shoe leather, and which you may never have another chance to see."

So, filling our creels with provisions, we started, leaving the coach road for a mountain trail, and with frequent rests and as many refreshments—for what so stimulates the appetite as mountain climbing and an occasional spring of mountain water? The springs evidently were placed at the proper distance to restore all moisture spent in breathing, and drink naturally suggested a rest; and then came hunger, more drink, and the column moved forward. About sundown we reached the cabin of a wood-cutter and charcoal burner, and arranged to spend the night. The very place described in the horrible tales of childhood, and to complete the picture in came the charcoal burner and four stalwart sons. Our contribution of tea and sugar was acceptable, and after the men had washed they did not look so diabolical. Our tobacco was better than that they usually burned, and the Captain chatted freely with them; but I was naturally silent. A question to me was answered by the Captain, in which the only recognizable word was "Americanish," with the broad sound on the second "a," and then I felt as if I were a freak in a dime museum on the first day. If I exchanged a word with my friend, all eyes were on me, and I felt my inferiority keenly.

When we climbed the ladder to sleep on the straw in the loft, the story of the lone traveler in the black forest was repeated, except that he understood the language and had gone to sleep and was awakened by the charcoal burners, who spoke in whispers; was he asleep? Then the sharpening of knives, the careful ascent to his loft while he cocked his pistols under the bed clothes, the stealthy tread of a man on his floor who approached his bed, reached up and cut a chunk of bacon which hung from the rafters and went below to have it cooked. With this as a last thought on the bed of straw, a tired mountain climber found that morning had come before he knew he was asleep, and the charcoal burners had gone to their work.

A bite, a short tramp and a halt. "Here," said the Captain, "is the summit of the Feldberg, the highest peak in the black forest. Through the clear atmosphere you can look across the Bodensee, which the English call Lake Constance, for some reason unknown to me, and see the Alps. Turning around, you may see the Rhine Valley, with an occasional glint of the stream, and I hope you think it worth the journey."

He turned off to contemplate the glorious morning sun on the distant hills, and I was so absorbed in the grand vista that it was long before I joined him and thanked him for one of the grandest treats I ever had; and I've been treated many times.

Our horses struck out with vigor past some lakes on the road to St. Blasien, but Capt. Malcolm said that they were good for jack (pike) fishing, but not worth our while. "I like jack fishing," said the representative of Her Majesty's Navy; "it's grand sport when you can't get any better, and I can get plenty of it nearer home with German companions; but I don't capture a fly-fisher every day, nor every year, and I propose to utilize you as long as you will stand it. You are not tired yet, and we will pass these lakes and go on to the trout streams near St. Blasien."

The village of St. Blasien is quaint and picturesque, delightfully situated on the River Alb, in the midst of thickly wooded mountains, and the Hotel et Pension has a good cuisine and good beds, as German beds go, for the Kingdom of Prussia has been described as a "land of tall men and short beds"; but the hotel is usually well filled with travelers, and in such a place one can get blankets instead of the feather covering so dear to the German, but so abominable to many others; the prices were reasonable and the attendance good.

We fished four days with good results; only four fish of our catch weighed over a pound, but what in the name of Izaak Walton does a man want a trout to weigh more than 16oz. for? Give me trout fishing where the fish run just one-quarter of that weight, and I will be happy. In my younger days I preferred woodcock shooting to killing buffalo, and have so recorded my taste,* and I prefer woodcock meat to buffalo meat, and to paraphrase an old saying, it is not all of shooting to shoot. If after a day's fishing or shooting I can't eat my game or fish, I take no interest in killing it.†

But if we did take more trout than the Captain and I could eat, we knew that the invalids, ladies and others at our hostelry would be pleased with a trout sent "with compliments," etc. Verily, a trout well spent is its own reward, and thereby a trout is far and away ahead of another problem, for an unexpected addition to a breakfast party of a few trout brings a return in nods and smiles from fair women and brave men—and here my typewriter breaks down.

I kept no records of this, nor of any other fishing. I hate records as I hate all statistics; they may be useful to scientists, but when I fish I am content with my own work and sport, and if some other fellow has taken a minnow that weighed a hair more than my minnow weighed, it does not disturb me in the least. The

* See "Men I have Fished With," pp. 349-350.

† Here I will again refer to my book, pp. 165-166—where I am disgusted with selling ducks which I have shot, "to be eaten by men who do not thank me for it, do not know me, and may be drunk when they eat them, I wish I had my ducks and he had his money." Of course this is rank egotism, as my companion remarks, but I feel so to-day. If I catch a few more fish than I can use and send them to a friend I expect him not only to enjoy them, but to transmit a vote of thanks, and if he neglects that he is simply listed in this way: Fam.: Porcus; genus *Gamehogibus*; species: *Piscatorialis*; variety: Jim Whatshisname. And Jim is down on my black list.

chances are that he did not enjoy the fishing any more than I did. I wish that there was a death penalty for the man who measures Niagara Falls! There are things which should be sacred to the photographer.

After this digression it is evident that space forbids talking of the fishing in the River Alb, and of other adventures in the black forest; and therefore the editor will call a halt if I don't "sound taps" at St. Blasien.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Some Official Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—I am in receipt of some correspondence forwarded me through the courtesy of Mr. Nat H. Cohen, President of the Illinois State Fish Commission, which brings up the interesting question of the relation of the game laws of one State to those of another State. Perhaps I can best get at this matter by offering the correspondence in full, beginning with Mr. Cohen's letter to me, which reads as follows:

"A few weeks ago I confiscated two boxes of fish consigned to the American Express Co., of this place. The agent delivered them to two parties here; they notified me and asked me what they should do with them. I informed them they would be liable to prosecution if they offered them for sale, so they delivered them back to the express company, and at my suggestion they turned them over to the Poor Farm, and held J. S. Johnson and G. Schiller, of Green Bay, for the charges. The Chicago fish dealers have notified most of the fishermen of Wisconsin and Michigan that they would not receive fish that were not in accordance with our law, and some of them are using express companies to dispose of their illegal products. Inclosed find correspondence connected with the case."

URBANA, Ill., Feb. 23.—J. S. Johnson, Esq., Green Bay, Wis.—Sir: I have to-day confiscated fish consigned to American Express Co. by you contrary to law, violating Sec. 6 of the fish laws of the State of Illinois, and have notified all wardens in the State to arrest any express agent who offers fish for sale under size. Allowing the head and tail off, not one-quarter that were sent here will come within the limit of Sec. 6. I have notified the Wisconsin Commission of this action. Respectfully,
NAT H. COHEN, Pres. Ill. State Fish Com.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Feb. 24.—Nat H. Cohen, Pres. State Fish Commission: Your favor of 23d inst. to hand and contents noted. In reply will say in regard to chapter 6 of the Illinois State game law this does not apply to any law in our State. We have a right under the Interstate Commerce law to ship into State of Illinois and sell in original package anything that is not contrary to our laws of our State, and shall hold you responsible for any or all you may confiscate in the future. And you will have to pay for these fish you have already taken of me and C. Schiller. Yours respectfully,
J. S. JOHNSON.
C. SCHILLER.

URBANA, Ill., Feb. 25.—J. S. Johnson, Esq., Green Bay, Wis.: Your favor at hand, and in reply will inform you that the State of Illinois enacted a law last general assembly regulating the size of fish that would be illegal to sell or offer for sale. It went into effect July 1, 1897, and it is the intention of this Commission to enforce it at all hazards. A test case has been decided by the Supreme Court regarding birds shipped into the State, and they upheld the decision of the lower courts; and fish come under the same head. The Chicago dealers realized the fact, and have issued circulars to fishermen outside of the State not to ship in fish contrary to law; and I have notified our wardens that, should they find small fish of the species named in our law in the hands of express agents, and they offer them for sale, to prosecute them to the full extent of the law, and if you feel like testing the validity of our law, we are ready to meet you at any time. Respectfully,

NAT H. COHEN, Pres. Ill. State Fish Com.

The question of a right of a State to confiscate game from another State, shipped in violation of local laws, is one that has been taken up in different cases, notably in Ohio. The trend of decisions upholds any State in seizing contraband game, no matter where it came from. We have yet to see this principle fully established in Illinois. Far back in the archives of the sportsmanship of Illinois a case was brought against F. M. Smith, a dealer of this city, for having in his possession several thousand head of prairie chickens out of season. I remember that Col. Bond, at that time king of South Water street, told me that the defense Smith would make would be that about 2,500 of the birds were sharp-tail grouse, and not prairie chickens; also that all the birds were killed legally in the States from which they came. This case languished, after the fashion of many sportsmen's cases, and finally faded away out of sight. We are bound to have the same thing come up again some time, and I hope Mr. Cohen may get a test case here, where the principle involved is practically the same as that in the game cases.

Milwaukee Rod and Reel Club.

There will be organized at Milwaukee, Wis., to-day a body of amateur anglers which will be known as the Rod and Reel Club. Their purpose will be the protection of game fish in Wisconsin, and they will aid all they can in the stopping of seining, spearing and other destructive methods of fishing.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

The San Francisco Fly-Casting Club re-elected its officers on March 1 as follows: President, Walter D. Mansfield; Vice-President, John P. Babcock; Secretary, Horace Smythe; Treasurer, H. Muller; Executive Committee, George C. Edwards, James Turner, F. H. Reed, Willis E. Bacheller and C. G. Young.

The Trout Season.

The greater part of Chicago's trout fishers go north into Wisconsin for their fishing. Already there is talk among some of the enthusiasts about celebrating opening day, April 15, in Wisconsin. Several members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club have been in the habit of patronizing the Prairie River near Merrill, Wis., a stream which last year gave very good sport. Mr. Edward G. Taylor, of this city, will be on hand on opening day this year, as last, at the Prairie River, near Dudley. The best flies for the Prairie River are reported to me to be the grizzly king, Reuben Wood, coachman, royal coachman and brown hackle, size No. 8 or No. 10.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—The New England Sportsmen's Exposition opened in Mechanics' Hall, with a private view given to the members and their friends on Saturday evening. The event was made notable by the participation in it of Gov. Wolcott and staff in full uniform. The attendance of the evening numbered between 8,000 and 10,000.

The show more than realizes the high expectations raised in anticipation of it. It is wonderful in scope, variety and completeness. Such perfect simulation of woods surroundings has never before been seen under roof in Boston, nor in America. Suggestions of the woods confront one at the very entrance. The odor of balsam and pine is so all-pervading, the woodsy smell so all-predominant, that to close one's eyes is to be actually in the wilderness. And in fact to wander about through the Exposition halls with busy eyes wide open is not to dispel the illusion. Everything is of the trail and camp; and the fish, though in tanks; the birds, though in coops, and the deer and moose, though behind Page woven wire, are such striking living pictures of the sportsman's realm that they bring vividly to one's mind the lake and stream, marsh and cover; and so accomplish what is after all the successful end of such an affair as this, the realization of nature and nature's influences.

The live game parks are under the personal charge of Dr. Heber Bishop, than whom in all New England no more enthusiastic and capable director could have been found.

The list of live game mammals shown comprises a pair of antelopes, a pair timber wolves, a pair mountain lions, a wild boar and Great Dane boarhound; a collection of eight North American deer, Rocky Mountain sheep, ewe and ram; a pair of caribou from New Brunswick; Southern deer, "Our Pets," with fawn born Jan. 6, 1898; gray squirrels, pair loup-cerviers, black bear, badger, prairie dogs, elk (twelve females, two males), trio of moose, cage of foxes (two red, one silver), cage of raccoons, wildcats, cage of bears.

The exhibits of live game birds, under the supervision of Mr. O. R. Dickey, are the result of the Association's enterprise extending over many months and reaching to the furthest limits of the continent. They include an extremely interesting series of land and water birds.

There are shown mallard, black, sprigtail and canvas-back ducks and wood duck, American blue-wing and American and European green-wing teal; brant, snow, blue snow, white-fronted and Canada geese; Virginia (Bob White) and California Mountain and valley quail; prairie chickens. Of pheasants there are Mongolian, Chinese, Japanese, Wallachian, golden, English ring-neck, white, silver and Tragopans to be seen.

A comprehensive exhibit of the principal game fish of North America has been rendered possible through the valuable co-operation of the Department of Fish and Fisheries at Washington, and the Maine and New Hampshire State Commissions. The space devoted to this exhibit has a frontage of 175ft., showing a long line of 34 glass tanks, a hatchery tray 24ft. long, and a natural lake 15x8ft. The glass tanks contain 20 varieties of fish of all sizes, from the yearling of about 6in. in length to the 12lb. landlocked salmon. The United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries has furnished for these tanks 100 each Atlantic salmon, Quinnat salmon, steelhead, Swiss Lake and rainbow trout; also a quantity of large and small-mouth black bass, white perch, crappie, green tench, golden tench and golden ides, the three latter for ornamental purposes. These fish are from the Commission stations at Washington and Bucksport, Me., and were transported to Boston by one of the United States Commission cars. The Maine Commission has sent from their station at Auburn some very large fish, including specimens of brook trout of 3, 4, 6 and 8lbs. each; also a pair of rainbow trout from 8 to 10lbs. each, and a pair of landlocked salmon of 10 to 12lbs. each. The New Hampshire Commission has furnished several lake trout weighing from 3 to 4lbs. each, a number of Western whitefish, which are very rare in these waters, also several specimens of Loch-Leven trout ranging from 3 to 4lbs. each—a hybrid Aurcolis.

The hatchery department contains 25,000 young trout fry and 10,000 eggs in process of hatching. The hatching tray is fitted with the latest appliances of supplying the water and the food for these young fishes. The hatchery is in charge of Mr. C. C. Woods, superintendent of the Plymouth Rock Trout Co., of Plymouth, Mass. This department is in charge of Mr. Bayard Thayer, assisted by Mr. Richard O. Harding.

Camp life in its various forms of cabin and tent has had special attention to present it as much as possible in its natural setting, and to present it on as broad a scale as possible. The rough cabins are accurate representations of those in use in the forests where the large game is the object of the hunter's quest, or near the shores of the great lakes when following the teachings of the gentle Izaak. There are the Phillips, Dead River, Moosehead, and Aroostook camps, each typical of its own region, and the total of souvenirs, trophies, photographs of shooting and fishing resorts of the vast game region of Maine and New Brunswick, embellishing the different camps and affording practical information, are well worth the seeing and the studying. Natural trees and shrubbery, set in natural groupings, add much to the wild woods realism of the exhibit, and the theme is further carried out by the aid of the artist's brush. The cabin, representative of the New Brunswick wilderness, and the Florida cabin are extremes of a region which contains varieties of game sufficient for him who loves the rifle, shotgun and reel or all combined. Representative members of the region of each exhibit and famous guides from the different sections, give the visitors all the practical information they may desire.

The Indian village and the camps are among the most "drawing" features of the show; and after the live game comes the display of amateur photographs contributed from all parts of the country and comprising many exquisite gems of outdoor life.

An artificial lake 60x40ft. in area and 7ft. deep has been provided for canoe tugs-of-war, swimming competitions and other aquatic sports.

While the trade displays are ranked as secondary in importance to the other features of the Exposition they demand and are receiving a full share of attention. Among them are exhibits by the Hazard Powder Co., Hunter Arms Co., J. P. Lovell Arms Co., D. Kirkwood, Marlin Fire Arms Co., Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Parker Bros., Peters Cartridge Co., Wm. Read & Sons, Wm. R. Scott, Smith & Wesson, and the United States Cartridge Co.

This brief outline of what is to be seen here is sufficient to demonstrate that the attractions provided supply abundant material for study and entertainment for the full two weeks during which the Exposition doors will remain open.

Black Bass in Lake George.

THE open season for black bass in Lake George was formerly Aug. 1 to Dec. 31. The law was afterward amended to make the season for those waters uniform with that of the State at large, June 15 to Dec. 31. A bill has been introduced by Assemblyman Eldredge this session to restore the old dates; and the merits of the question are well set forth in the following correspondence:

HON. TAYLOR J. ELDRIDGE, Assembly Chamber, Albany, N. Y.—Learning that there is some opposition to the Lake George bass bill, which you introduced, I desire to give you some information in regard to previous legislation, history of the bass in the lake, etc.

Lake George is one of the few lakes in the State that originally contained black bass. It was fished for years during the breeding season of the fish until the bass fishing became very poor. Something over fifteen years ago the people realized that something must be done to preserve the black bass, and a special law was enacted to extend the close season for black bass in this lake until July 10. This was found not to cover the breeding season of the bass, and the close season was extended to July 20; and this too failed of its purpose. About twelve years ago a law was passed to open the fishing in Lake George for black bass Aug. 1. It was absolutely necessary to enact this law to preserve the fish, and that was the law in force until amended last year.

The habits of black bass are entirely different from any other of our so-called game or food fishes. They cannot be hatched artificially like shad, trout, whitefish, pike-perch, etc., and they will not spawn naturally until the temperature of the water approximates 65 degrees Fahrenheit for a good portion of the day.

After they have spawned they watch over the brood of young fish for from ten days to three weeks. Lake George is made up almost wholly of spring water, and the spring water is cold throughout the summer months. I kept a record of the temperature of Lake George one summer, and the highest point reached at the surface was 74 degrees. In order to preserve the bass fishing in Lake George the bass that are now in the lake must be protected during the spawning and breeding seasons. As a matter of fact, the bass spawn all through the month of July, and in one instance I have seen bass on the spawning beds as late as Aug. 25.

This law is demanded not in the interest of summer boarders or any other visitors to the lake, but in the interest of the preservation of the fish alone. If the fish are exterminated by fishing for black bass during the spawning season the supply can be made good only by taking adult fish from other State waters and planting them in Lake George. There is objection to this always by the people interested in the waters from which the bass are taken. And therefore I ask you to urge the passage of your bill as the only means of preserving black bass in Lake George. Yours respectfully,

A. N. CHENEY, State Fishculturist.

In the Senate Mr. Hutton, in opposition to the measure, said: "Now, in order to be posted as regards the spawning season of black bass, I have here a letter from DeWitt Clinton, who is librarian of the Young Men's Association Library of the city of Troy—a very complete library. He takes for his authority Charles Hallock, the editor of the Sportsman, and ex-editor of the FOREST AND STREAM:

"Friend Will.—In answer to your favor, I reply: Black bass begin to spawn in Lake George the middle of May. About a month previous to the spawning season they pair, and leave the deep, still water where they have spent the winter, and go to the shallow water of 18in. or 2ft. deep; the nest is then made [confusion in the House and Mr. Hutton's voice indistinct], and the female lays eggs, which are hatched in eight or ten days; the female remains to guard them during all the time."

"Now, gentlemen, there is the authority, as Mr. DeWitt Clinton tells me, of one of the best authorities in the State on fish."

In comment upon which Mr. Cheney wrote as follows:

HON. HOBART KRUM, Senate Chamber.—Having read the letter written by Mr. DeWitt Clinton to Mr. Hutton, and quoted by him on the floor of the House, I am obliged to say that Mr. Clinton is incorrect in giving the beginning of the spawning season for black bass in Lake George as May. Nor does Mr. Hallock, whom he purports to quote from, say so. Mr. Clinton takes his information from Hallock's Gazetteer and Guide, published twenty years ago. See page 277. What Hallock does say is that "Black bass begin to spawn about the middle of May." The language of the letter is all Mr. Hallock's except "Lake George," which was inserted by Mr. Clinton. The only reference to the bass of Lake George in the Gazetteer is on the same page, and I wrote it, and it does not refer to the spawning season. Mr. Hallock knew nothing about the fish in Lake George from personal knowledge, and when his book was printed little was known about black bass by any one. If Mr. Clinton had desired the whole truth he had only to turn to "The Book of the Black Bass," in his library, and under "Spawning Habits" Dr. Henshall, the author, says: "The period of spawning extends from early spring to midsummer, according to the section of the country and temperature of the water—in the Southern States occurring as early as March, and in the Northern States from the middle of May to the middle of July. Always earlier in shallow water and later in

deep water. In one county in Wisconsin I have observed a difference from one to four weeks in the time of spawning in the numerous lakes, owing to a difference in temperature."

My letter to Mr. Eldridge will give the facts as to the habits of black bass in Lake George. It was discovered only a few years ago that black bass would not spawn until the temperature of the water reached about 65 degrees, and it is not yet mentioned in the textbooks. Yours respectfully,

A. N. CHENEY, State Fishculturist.

Florida West Coast Fishing.

FORT MEYERS, Fla., March 5.—The Merrill brothers, Richard and Fred, of Milwaukee, have arrived from up the Caloosahatchee, where they had gone for a day's duck shooting. One of the hotel porters was sent down on the dock with a hand cart to bring up the game, and when he returned the cart was filled with a pyramid of ducks. The brothers had gone for flight shooting and had located themselves in a blind between two popular feeding grounds, securing 110 birds during the day. On their return down the river they saw thirteen alligators.

The following evening Mr. Charles A. Dean, of Boston, arrived from the upper Caloosahatchee with several deer and an immense wild gobbler, whose coat was like burnished bronze. Mr. Dean is an old time visitor here, and he is an enthusiastic sportsman.

A few days before my arrival here Miss O'Neill, of New York, caught a large tarpon, of which she was justly proud. She was down with a party headed by her father, Mr. Hugh O'Neill, and had been fishing persistently, but like many others she appeared to have no luck in that line. Some persons fish an entire season without securing a fish, and Miss O'Neill was beginning to fear that such was to be her fate.

J. R. Valentine, of New York; J. Fallert, B. Fallert, J. Straub and Mr. Webber, of Brooklyn, have been enjoying the tarpon fishing at Captive Pass. Mr. Valentine caught two fine specimens, and it is understood that each of the other gentlemen caught one apiece. At all events there were six captured by the party. This place is between Punta Rassa and Punta Gorda. It is simply an inlet, and the only place of abode there is a house boat which affords ample accommodation for the sportsman. Previous to this season this convenience was not there, but the pass was just as popular because the sport was to be found there, and the angler was content with a tent or a shack of any kind.

At Punta Gorda there are a number of anglers, most of them old-timers, who are now enjoying excellent sport. The clipper schooner yacht *Whim*, belonging to Mrs. A. M. MacGregor, of New York, has a merry party on board who are plying the rod in the waters of San Carlos Bay and its immediate vicinity.

The auxiliary yawl-rigged yacht *Tarpon*, the property of Mrs. Geo. F. Staggs, of Louisville, Ky., is riding peacefully at anchor in a bight at Captive Pass, while her party are finding all kinds of fishing and shooting on Captive Key.

The schooner yacht *Armada* with a party of Bostonians on board, headed by Mr. George Mixter, and Chester W. Chapin's (New York) new sloop yacht the *Sappho*, are both at Punta Gorda.

The large schooner-rigged steam yacht *Penelope* left Port Tampa to-day for a six weeks' cruise along the northern coast of South America and an exploring trip up the Orinoco River. The party on board of her consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John Shephard; Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Currier, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Raeder, Miss Raeder, Landon Raeder, J. Trowbridge Bailey and Dr. Kellogg, of New York, and John Ashe Hayward, of Charleston, S. C. FOREST WATERS.

Green Turtles of Florida.

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM an interesting paper by Mr. R. M. Monroe on the green turtles, in which he states that there is some doubt as to where the females of the Gulf Coast deposit their eggs. While some of the Florida turtles may cross the stream to nest, a very easy matter for the fast-swimming animals, I venture the belief that most of the turtles with which Mr. Monroe is familiar nest on the outer keys of the Florida Reef; at least numbers did from 1860 to 1866, during my time on the reef, and as those islands have been less frequented since the war, in all probability the nesting turtles have not decreased in numbers. 1866, during my time on the reef; and as those islands

During these years I took scores of loggerhead and green turtles, turning them as they were laying, or after the process. Green turtles were particularly fond of the east and middle keys of the Tortugas group, while the loggerheads seemed to have an especial fondness for Loggerhead Key. We took them on the beach in May and June, and they may have migrated down the coast for that purpose.

The suggestion of Mr. Monroe that they could be raised artificially is well made, and it can be done. I have often dug up turtle eggs and "replanted" them in the sand to observe the hatching process. The young came out, and were kept within a fence which was built out into the water. On a large scale this might be carried on to advantage, and many turtles saved, as the majority of every brood is eaten by gulls or predatory fish. C. F. HOLDER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

FOR SALE.—Hunting and fishing preserve in Adirondacks. 12,000 acres forest land; several fine lakes, 15 miles trout streams. Deer in plenty. 14 miles from railroad. A. A. Leonard, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York.

The Kennel.

Hydrophobia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take Mr. J. J. Meyrick (vide yours March 12, page 213) to be a professional, and therefore do not venture to dissent from his expressions on hydrophobia; but there is one point on which I am about certain that he is mistaken. He quotes Gen. Dodge as authority for the statement that bites of skunks cause rabies in the Arkansas Valley, but not to the north or south of that locality!

Now I have never seen Gen. Dodge's work in which this statement was made, but I did investigate the statistics of "skunk rabies" very thoroughly some years since, and must strain my modesty enough to think that the published results of my investigation very seriously damaged that myth that the bite of a skunk always produces rabies.

The truth as to that yarn seems to be that the investigations and reports of Dr. John H. Janeway, a surgeon in the United States Army, have been most wonderfully twisted and misunderstood, and on what it is supposed Dr. Janeway has stated as his observation this myth has been founded. Now the real truth is that in—or about—1871 Dr. Janeway, who was stationed at Fort Hays, Kan., reported on prevalence of rabies caused by skunk bites, and so far from supporting the idea that skunks could convey the disease by their bite, irrespective of their being rabid themselves, he distinctly combats this delusion. He cites cases of hydrophobia in man resulting from bites of skunks, dogs, wolves, and even hogs! He admits that the bites of rabid skunks produce more cases of hydrophobia than bites of other animals, but very satisfactorily accounts for this by the skunk being nocturnal, and thus bites sleepers in exposed portions of their bodies, while the wolves and dogs sometimes bite through the clothing, and thus the virus was not introduced into their systems. In fact, he cites one instance of one man, bitten in the hand, dying of hydrophobia, and another bitten on the leg escaping, the same rabid animal (wolf, I think) inflicting both bites, one directly after the other. Dr. Janeway makes it quite clear that the outbreak of rabies he reported on was epidemical, as no cases were known previous to a certain year; and in a private letter to me he says that very few cases appeared in the year following that on which he reported, and none the year after that; and that skunks were very rare in that district for some years after; he also says that the disease first appeared in the northern tier of Texas counties, and thence spread to the Fort Hays Reservation. That skunks may contract rabies, and that while rabid their bites can communicate the disease, seems quite comprehensible, but that the bites of non-rabid skunks can convey the disease is beyond swallowing by any old coon or fox hunter like myself, who has known dogs skunk-bitten by the dozens, and never saw a case of rabies.

I feel sure that this skunk-rabies delusion has arisen from total misconception of Dr. Janeway's reports, as every person supporting the idea refers to Dr. Janeway as the authority for it, and great is Dr. Janeway's disgust at being so erroneously quoted. The vitality and persistence of this skunk-rabies humbug is most exasperating. A year or two since, our daily papers all over the country had accounts of a man in St. Augustine, Fla., becoming rabid from the bite of a skunk, running amuck all over the country, biting people, and the Sheriff sending out a posse to shoot the rabid man on sight. Names of all parties were given, and I wrote Sheriff Perry, and he replied that the party named as the rabid runner amuck was alive and well; that he saw him almost every day; and that he (the Sheriff) had never sent out a posse to shoot anybody, sane or rabid!

As to that matter of saliva conveying rabies, may I suggest to Mr. Meyrick that perhaps rabies is not the disease conveyed? I take it that it cannot be doubted that saliva may convey blood poisoning, as Major Blair D. Taylor, Surgeon, U. S. A., long stationed in northern Texas, in his kind reply to my inquiry if he had ever known of a case of skunk rabies, in addition to his statement that he had never seen or known of a case, added that the present Surgeon-General, U. S. A., had demonstrated by experiment that saliva—even that of mankind—could, and did, convey blood poisoning. In my investigations of reported cases of skunk rabies I came across such instances as a man skunk-bitten showing symptoms of rabies, but recovering after copious blood-letting! And another man who went into a slow decline dying eight months after the bite! Major Taylor says that blood poisoning would account for such cases, but as the layman understands rabies, neither of these was a case of that disease.

Presuming that Mr. Meyrick would be interested in reading just exactly what Dr. Janeway did report on skunk rabies, I would say that I sent a copy of the Medical Record, of New York, containing said report, to my friend Dr. J. Sidney Turner, 81 Anerley road, London, S. E., and I have no doubt that Dr. Turner preserved the paper and will be glad to show it to Mr. Meyrick.

I should have said above, that in addition to the statements of many medical men in the supposed "skunk rabies" district who had never seen nor heard of such a case, the late Prof. E. D. Cope wrote me that he was located a few hundred miles west of Fort Hays during the years in which Dr. Janeway made his observations, and that he had never heard of any rabies, skunk or any other kind, while there. You, Mr. Editor, know the value of Prof. Cope's testimony on any such matter. Yours truly,

W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., March 10.

A Good Retriever.

THE Edinburgh Scotsman relates that a gentleman who was recently out shooting at Long Milford in Suffolk tells how he was standing under a fence when he saw a partridge flying straight to the fence, and he was about to fire, when it dropped into the ditch opposite where he was standing.

He immediately sent his retriever after it, and having got about 100yds. down the ditch the dog returned with some feathers in his mouth. He sent the dog into the ditch again, telling him to fetch it, and to his surprise the dog returned bringing by the spout an old tea kettle minus the handle, and with the French partridge inside, its head just peeping out.

No doubt the bird ran into the tea kettle for safety, and the dog tried his utmost to get it out the first time, but owing to the small aperture was unable to get his nose in; on being sent back a second time he thought it best to bring the lot rather than disappoint his master. This was witnessed by several gentlemen of the party, and the bird had not been shot or wounded in any way.

American Spaniel Club.

THE annual meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held on Feb. 22, in Madison Square Garden, New York. Present, Messrs. H. K. Bloodgood, S. J. Bradbury, George Douglas, R. P. Keasbey, F. W. Kitchell, Andrew Laidlaw, H. R. Mullens, E. M. Oldham, W. T. Payne, George R. Preston, Jr., Jesse Riggs, Mrs. F. Smyth, Marcel A. Viti, D. E. Waters, James Watson, A. C. Wilmerding.

Certain changes and amendments to the constitution and by-laws were made, and the following executive committee elected: R. P. Keasbey, S. J. Bradbury, Marcel A. Viti, H. K. Bloodgood, George Greer, W. T. Payne and A. C. Wilmerding.

At a meeting of the executive committee it was decided to open the following sweepstakes, to be judged at the Westminster Kennel Club's Show of 1899:

Clumber Spaniel Sweepstakes, for clumber spaniels whelped since July 1, 1897, and never shown prior to Jan. 1, 1899; Irish Water Spaniel Sweepstakes, for Irish water spaniels whelped since July 1, 1897, and never shown prior to Jan. 1, 1899; Field Spaniel Sweepstakes, for field spaniels whelped since July 1, 1897, and never shown prior to Jan. 1, 1899; Cocker Spaniel Sweepstakes No. 1, for solid color cocker spaniels whelped since July 1, 1897, and never shown prior to Jan. 1, 1899; Cocker Spaniel Sweepstakes No. 2, for parti-color cocker spaniels whelped since July 1, 1897, and never shown prior to Jan. 1, 1899. Conditions of entry: Nominations made on or before July 1, 1898, to be accompanied by \$1 entry fee; nominations not made by July 1, but made on or before Sept. 1, to be accompanied by \$2 entry fee; nominations not made by Sept. 1, but made on or before Nov. 1, to be accompanied by \$3 entry fee; no nominations will be received after Nov. 1, 1898.

A final fee of \$3 is to be paid upon all entries on or before Jan. 1, 1899. Any nominations on which the final fee is not paid by Jan. 1, 1899, will be forfeited to the stake.

An amount equal to at least 50 per cent. of the entry fees in each stake will be added thereto. All stakes are to be awarded as follows: First prize 40, second 30, third 20, fourth 10 per cent. of the stake.

If less than four dogs are shown in any stake, the whole amount of the stake is to be paid to such entries in the above ratio.

It was also decided to open the following produce stakes: Futurity Stakes, for spaniels over 28lbs.; Futurity Stakes, for cocker spaniels. Conditions of entry in Futurity Stakes: All bitches whose produce is desired entered in this stake must be nominated before being due to whelp. Payment to be as follows: Immediately after whelping a payment of 25 cents to be made upon each puppy in the litter. At the age of three months an additional payment of 25 cents to be made upon each puppy desired to be retained in stakes. A final fee of \$3 is to be made on all entries on or before Jan. 1, 1899. Any nomination upon which the final fee is not paid by Jan. 1, 1899, will be forfeited to the stake.

All stakes to be awarded as follows:

First prize 40, second 30, third 20, fourth 10 per cent. of stake. If less than four dogs are shown in any stake, the whole amount of the stake is to be paid to such entries in the above ratio. A club tankard to be given to the winner of each futurity stake.

Three challenge prizes were presented to the club: Mepal Challenge Trophy, for best cocker spaniel, presented by H. K. Bloodgood, Esq.; Saybrook Cocker Trophy, for best cocker any solid color other than black, presented by R. P. Keasbey, Esq.; the Breeders' Trophy, for best field spaniel bred by exhibitor, presented by Marcel A. Viti, Esq. Conditions governing nominations can be obtained of the secretary.

National Produce Stake.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Through a clerical error in the minutes of the meeting of the club recently formed to run the National Produce Stake, the title of the organization was given as National Field Trial Club. I will say that this title was talked over, but finally rejected, owing to its conflict with a former club of that name, now defunct. The name of the organization is National Produce Stake Association.

CHAS. H. PHELPS, JR., Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In our advertising columns will be found an offer of \$25 reward, by Mr. James Mortimer, for the return of the black cocker spaniel bitch Simcoe Rose, which was either misst or taken from the late show of the Westminster Kennel Club.

The premium list of the first annual dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Kennel Club, to be held in Oil City Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., April 6 to 9, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of Mr. F. S. Stedman, Lewis building, Pittsburg.

Kennel Notes.

BRED.

T. E. Roberts' Lady Snapshot, pointer, by Axtel King Don—Bessie Girl, March 5, to Duke B.

Yachting.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound will be held on Monday, March 21, at 8 P. M., at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. More or less business of importance to the Association as a body and also to the clubs individually must come before the meeting; and it is most desirable that there shall be a full attendance of delegates. Each club owes it to itself that it is fully represented, both to protect its interests and to demonstrate that it appreciates its position as a member of the Association; and it also has other duties to the Association in carrying out the general business to the best interests of all. It rests with the executive of each club to make certain that all of the club delegates or their proper proxies will be present at the meeting and prepared to take part in the general discussion of amendments, etc.

The Boston Globe quotes at length from the letters of Messrs. Froude and Watson in Mr. Jarvis' report, and comments on them as follows:

With such testimony against two ideas which are pet American ones just at present—no tax on sail area and no restrictions on centerboards, the latter being a necessity here—the adoption of the complicated British Y. R. A. rule is not likely. The Y. R. A. of M. is likely to give the most satisfactory rule for boats under 30ft. waterline, provided it keeps up its present progressive policy, and the experience of next season should help wonderfully toward that end.

It is a matter of course in this country at least, whatever the popular will may be in England, that no discrimination shall be made between the keel and centerboard types in the rule of measurement, but that both shall be placed as nearly as possible on an equality. This may not be an easy matter in practice, whatever formula be adopted, but it would be no more difficult in connection with the Y. R. A. rule than with many other proposed rules in which an effort is made to secure a fuller body.

We are not yet aware that the idea of untaxed sail is by any means so generally favored as the Globe indicates; in fact, it is Boston rather than America. As far as Mr. Froude's opinion is concerned, it relates solely to a rule in which several hull dimensions are included as factors; this, with a crew limit, of itself putting an indirect but most effective tax on sail. We have no idea that Mr. Froude would advocate a rule in which l.w.l. length was the sole factor.

The point of the Boston position, first and last, lies in the final sentence above quoted from the Globe. Boston is concerned simply and solely with racing yachts of 30ft. l.w.l. and under, and is satisfied with a rule which produces such boats. It has no interest in larger yachts, and they are never considered in the discussion of the measurement question.

Up to the past season local conditions and various accidental causes have operated to preserve a fairly good type of boat about Boston, in spite of some extreme racing machines of excessive sail area; and though we have no doubt that the development of the next two years under the l.w.l. rule will show very different results, we are willing for the sake of argument to accept the Globe's statement that the rule is satisfactory for (racing) yachts under 30ft. l.w.l. This, however, has very little bearing on the question now prominently before American yachtsmen, of a new measurement rule that will give a fair fighting chance, if not positive preference, to yachts of moderate draft and sail area, and of such fullness of body as will give accommodation in proportion to size. The one rule that will probably come further than any other from this end in producing yachts of excessive beam and draft, enormous sail plans, and most limited accommodation, is that of l.w.l. length alone.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., March 9.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held their usual monthly meeting and regatta Saturday, March 5. There was a stiff breeze from the northeast. In the first class there were three entries; in the second class only one. Times of racers as follows:

	First Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Albatross	0 40 59	0 40 59	0 40 59
Britannia	0 40 30	0 40 30	0 39 14
Penguin	0 43 17	0 43 17	0 42 26
Winner, Britannia.			
	Second Class.		
Swallow	0 41 35		
Commodore, H. E. Sewall, Sewall's Point, Fla.; Secretary, Paul M. Aston, Waveland, Fla.			

Sound Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Sound Y. R. A., preliminary to the annual meeting of the Association on March 21, was held on March 7, at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house. The question of the immediate abolition of time allowance, referred to the committee at the fall meeting, was carefully discussed, the decision being that such action was not desirable at the present time, as there are strong hopes of the adoption of a new rule by next year, in which event some re-classification will be necessary. The subject of dates for 1898 was discussed and some few changes suggested, the main schedule being the same, as most of the clubs retain the same dates from year to year. The committee also discussed the subject of starting signals, referred to it at the fall meeting, several more signals being necessitated by the separate starts for the special classes. The Sachem's Head Y. C. applied for membership and was admitted.

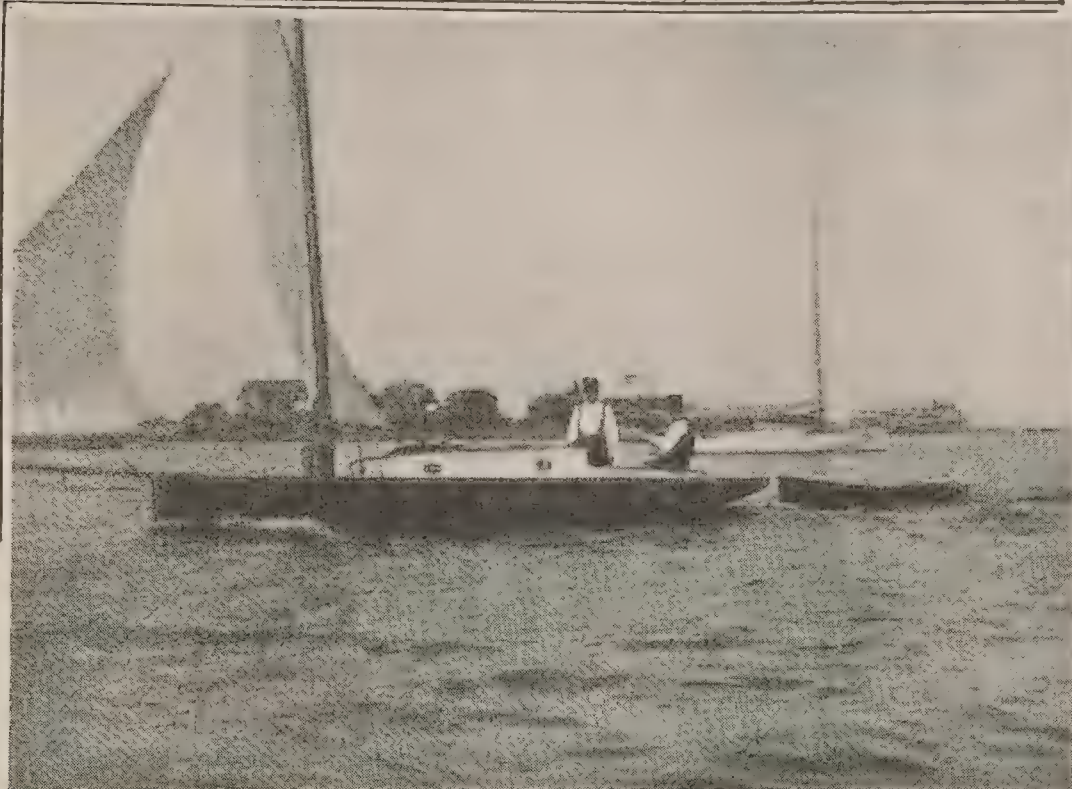
North American Y. R. U.

THE newly formed Inland Lake Y. R. A. has applied for membership in the North America Y. R. U., also the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the Rhode Island Y. C., and the Newport Y. R. A. The Larchmont Y. C. at its recent annual meeting resolved to join the Union.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

SEC'Y BLISS has sent out a long list of proposed amendments to the by-laws and racing rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, which will be acted on at the meeting on Thursday, March 17, at 7:30 P. M., at Young's Hotel, Boston.

Memories of Boating Days.



ABOUT twelve years ago my brother and I conceived the idea of building a boat. At the start it was to be a rowboat, but we invited two friends to join us in our grand project. Our ideas enlarged with our increase in numbers, and within a week nothing but a sail boat could be considered. We made a model. (Our father had taught us some of the mysteries of model making and getting the lines therefrom.) When this task was completed we found we had developed a craft of the following dimensions: 22ft. over all, 19ft. waterline, 6ft. beam, and an estimated draft of about 18in. As she was to be a centerboard sloop, the reader will observe that our knowledge of the required width for such a boat was remarkably deficient; and but for the fact that our creation, seemingly aware of this fact, expanded herself during the process of construction, an extremely cranky ship would have been the result of our labors.

It happened in this way: Our frames were made of oak, which we, with the aid of hot water and steam, bent as near as possible to the required shape. As we put them in place battens were nailed across from one side to the other. When we had secured the gunwales to the frame the battens were removed.

The next morning our boat, instead of being 6ft. wide, was 7ft. 2in.—a fact which we bewailed a great deal at the time, but since have had cause to be very thankful for.

Our father, who up to this time had taken little stock in our enterprise, came over to the shop one evening, and seeing the bad weather we were making of it, was considerably amused. However, while he would not admit openly that we had done fairly well for amateurs,

and as soon as she was finished I engaged through a friend a man to haul her to the river. He arrived one afternoon about 5 o'clock. The house in which I lived was next to a vacant lot, and all I had to do was knock off a few boards from the yard fence and the truck could back right up and receive its burden. In less than ten minutes after the opening had been made it seemed as though the whole population of the ward had assembled in that lot to view the wonderful sight of a little sail boat emerging from a back yard.

I was disappointed with the appearance of the man



Birthplace of Monaitpee.

who came to take her away. He did not seem to take the interest I would have liked to see him take in the job. In fact it did not seem as though he knew whether he came to remove a boat or cart away the boards I had battered off the fence. He appeared to have an aversion for young people, for when some small boys made audible remarks about his abstracted air he suddenly charged on them, and a general stampede followed, and for five minutes the wildest confusion reigned in the lot, in the midst of which could occasionally be seen the bald head of a half drunken Irishman surrounded by a howling mob of urchins. Before he got back I had with the assistance of friends got the boat on to the truck and made her as secure as possible with the limited supply of lines which the driver had brought. He finally came staggering toward us, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and vowing vengeance. Seeing all was ready he climbed up, and seating himself astraddle of the bow, which was toward the horse, he jerked the reins and gave the nag a clip with the whip. Away he went over the uneven ground and across the curb into the street.

As the forward wheels dropped the boat slid forward and struck the animal. Away he went on a gallop down the steep incline toward Fourth avenue, while the driver yelled like a Comanche Indian. In less than a minute he had reached the cross street and was apparently going straight across into a hallway on the opposite side.

My heart almost stopped beating. I could plainly see all my hopes and the beautiful result of my long hard winter's toil being dashed to pieces, and scattered broadcast in a miserable hallway. I cannot express the anguish I felt at that moment. I stood transfixed with horror, while the youngsters about yelled and screamed with fiendish delight.

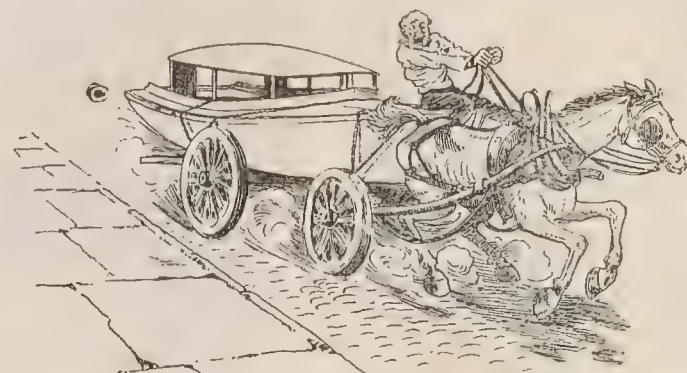
By some miraculous intervention of Providence or a lucky pull of the rein the horse suddenly turned sharply to the left, and the outfit fetched up against a lamp-post, the traces parted, and away went the plug through Fourth avenue. The driver was shot from his seat and landed about 10ft. in front of the turnout in a heap. Well, the animal was caught a couple of blocks away and brought back trembling with fright. The driver pulled himself together, somewhat soberer, and after a good deal of trouble got the horse hitched up again. But the nag was so nervous that when he chirped to him he gave such a leap that he again broke the traces.

Before we got the boat to the river the harness was a total wreck, and the steed had run away twice. The

driver insisted in stopping at every corner to have a drink, and was so drunk when we arrived at our destination that he only charged half the price he had originally named, saying that he had had the worth of the other half in fun. The strangest part of it all was that the boat was not even scratched, and in this respect fared much better than Monaitpee did on her journey to the sea.

Well, in due time she was rigged up and launched forth into her future element. Our first trip was from Poillon's old shipyard, foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn, to Sheepshead Bay. And our skill in handling a new and untried boat was put to the test in rounding Coney Island on this occasion. It came on to blow from S.E. and caused us to double reef in Gravesend Bay. Once outside the Island the storm commenced to have fun with us. Monaitpee was swept by one wave after another until we were all drenched to the skin. The anchor, which was swung under the bowsprit, got adrift, and in trying to secure it I was submerged by a heavy sea, lost my cap, and had my watch filled with salt water. Still we plowed along beautifully, and in a very short while had passed the iron pier.

One of our crew had confined himself to the cabin as soon as we struck rough water to avoid getting his new suit wet. Presently he inquired if it was getting any smoother. We told him it was like a mill pond. He cautiously emerged from below, and just as he was stretching himself a vicious comber landed against her weather bow, and he got the result of it full on the broad of his back. He beat a hasty retreat. Misery likes company, and the rest of us who were so wet we could not get any wetter howled merrily at his discomfort. However, the worst part of the trip was now



"Away He went on a Gallop."

over, and slacking sheets we eased away a point or two, and soon had dry bar to windward.

Monaitpee now sprang away, leaving a seething streak of suds behind her. Fifteen minutes and we had reached Point Breeze. We passed through the Inlet and on up to our destination at the upper end of the Bay, about a mile further on, where we anchored off the village of Sheepshead Bay.

Our first sail had shown us that our boat could be improved by adding more ballast, which we did at the first opportunity. Monaitpee turned out to be a very good boat, although not so stiff as some of the broad-beamed craft on this side of Long Island. The owners of these boats sometimes shook their heads ominously as she went tearing down the Bay and across to Sandy Hook in most all kinds of weather, heeling to an angle of from 40 to 45 degrees.



"We Plowed along Beautifully."

In these days fishing was our hobby, and we frequently visited the locality of the Roamer Beacon or Monument, as it is familiarly spoken of. Small sea bass and black fish were quite plentiful about the rocks which lay on the bottom near this light. Time and again we drove her across the Roamer Shoals when none but the reckless and thoughtless boys we were would have dreamed of doing so except for very urgent reasons. Returning from these trips we always landed at Point Breeze, which is the extreme eastern end of Coney Island or Manhattan Beach.

In 1886 there were two buildings situated here. One was the ruins of the old Point Breeze Hotel, which I believe had been a financial failure, had been deserted and left to the mercy of wind and weather, or any beach comber who happened to be prowling about and in need of lumber. There were a number of rooms which were yet secure from storms, and I recollect one time we all spent a night in one of them just for a lark.

A ghostly procession we must have appeared to any one could he have seen us, as each with a bundle of salt hay under one arm we marched up the rickety steps, carrying in the right hand, held high above our heads, each a soda water bottle with a lighted candle stuck in



"We Made a Model."

he nevertheless turned to and gave us some valuable assistance, such as lining out planks and helping us put them on her.

When this feat was accomplished, we had quite a formidable looking vessel, so we concluded we would put a cabin on her.

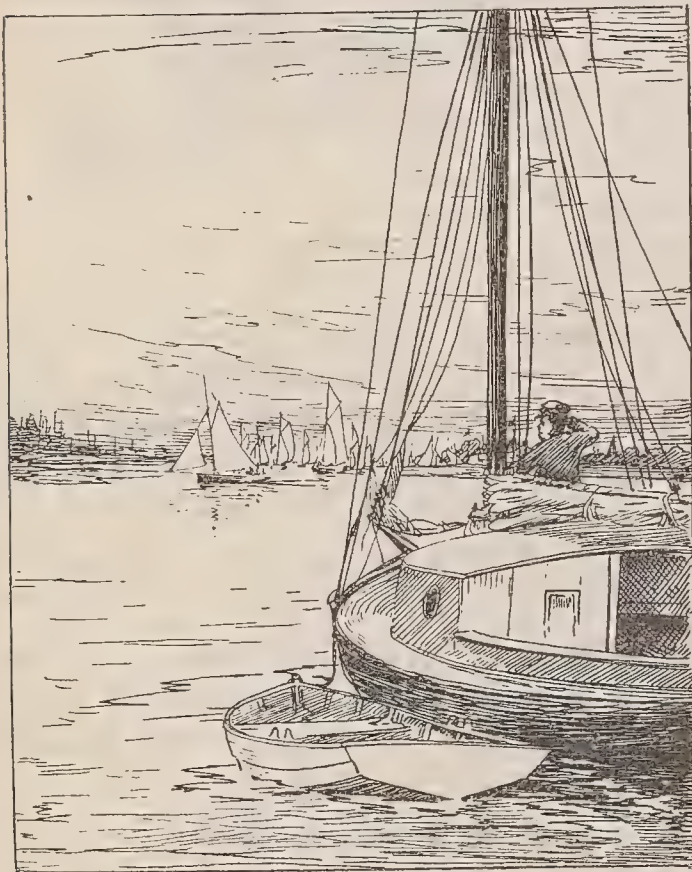
Three months' time (we only labored evenings, being engaged during the daytime in earning our living and the money with which to purchase the materials for our craft) was consumed in building the hull and cabin. I don't think four prouder or happier young fellows ever existed than were we the day that Monaitpee was snaked out of the old blacksmith shop on a mammoth boat truck drawn by two large horses.

But what tortures we suffered as we were forced to see our hearts' delight go rumbling and bumping over two miles of uneven city streets. We wondered if there would be any putty left in the seams, or any paint on her beautiful sides, which were receiving a tremendous amount of rubbing and chafing by the lines and cradles which held her on the wheels.

And yet the agony as far as myself was concerned was insignificant compared with what I endured some five years later, when, having severed my connection with the Monaitpee, I built in my back yard an 18ft. catboat,

its neck, so that we could pick our way across the broken floor. On to the main stairway and up we filed to the sleeping apartments, where deathly silence reigned—no sound save the creaking of the boards beneath our feet, and the mournful moaning of the wind and the booming of the surf on the beach. Selecting a room which was in fairly good condition and contained a window facing the ocean, we threw our hay on the floor and proceeded to arrange our beds. When this was done we sat for a long time talking and smoking. No one seemed very sleepy. The most horrible hair-raising ghost stories we could remember or invent were told, but finally one after another succumbed to the requirements of nature, and the candles burnt low, went out, and we slept until a stream of sunlight, finding its way through the dusty window panes next morning, awoke us to the fact that we had for one night been the guests of a hotel without a host.

The other building was about 200 yds. or so to the northeast and usually went by the name of the Boat House. It was some 30 ft. square, with a veranda all around it, and was all one room inside, clear up to the roof. We often used this place to shelter us from a sudden shower, and occasionally, when having a party of young people down, it was utilized as a ball room. Sometimes for the want of more interesting diversion, the snipe being scarce, the building was used as a target; bullseyes were chalked on its sides and filled with shot. It was frequently remarked that if ever the wind blew the house into the Inlet it would sink at once with the weight of lead its board walls contained. I know several people who have tender memories regarding this old shanty, where many idle hours were whiled away, lounging about on its broad piazza, where one could recline in the warm sunshine or in the cool shade, simply moving about from one side of the house to the other. If my memory is not at fault it finally went to make some one a barn, and to-day the only



"They Came Wending Their Way Down the Channel."

house east of the Oriental Hotel except a few small outbuildings near by is the Life Saving Station.

Just across the bay lies Plum Island. At the time of which I speak there were two shanties on it. One of them was a small affair with a peaked roof and covered all over with black tarred paper, and presented a dismal appearance, which was rendered possibly more so by the inscription on a board nailed to the door, which read: "Mrs. Bugaboo." The other place was a relic of former times, and the same one I had reason to mention in an article which appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some years ago under the title of "A First Experience at Boat Sailing." It was known to us as the Clam Chowder Hotel on account of the fact that we often landed here for the purpose of preparing that savory concoction. And these two buildings were the only signs of civilization about. To get "out of the world" all one had to do was to visit Plum Island. How different it appears to-day—but I may describe the changes that have taken place later on.

Many a peaceful night was spent on board our little yacht anchored close to the beach of this island. Often about 8 or 9 o'clock, casting off our moorings, we would quietly slip down on the high water slack, no wind nor moon, and as we drift slowly along, the main sheet trailing in the water and collecting stray grass and drift, we have lolled carelessly about the cockpit, and felt that if there was any peace on earth we had found it. A faint light appears ahead, and presently a belated "party boat" looms like a black shadow out of the darkness. All is still on board of her, and only the tramp, tramp of her crew, as they walk from one end to the other, laboriously pushing her along with a long pole, can be heard. A quack flies overhead, sending forth his harsh notes. He cannot be seen, but we know his voice.

Suddenly another sound comes to our ears. It is a human one, and we recognize the voice of "the Spaniard." He is warbling some love song in his own tongue, and it is inexpressibly weird—a monotonous sing-song tune, gradually rising higher and higher until it reaches the limits of his lungs, and sounds like the last despairing shriek of some one in awful torture, then dying away until he can scarcely be heard. He sounds as though holding a quiet little conversation with himself. We smile, for we know that "the Spaniard" is stretched out in his little boat, which he calls the Bluefish, and is waiting for a breeze to fan him homeward.

We arrive off the beach of Plum Island. The anchor splashes, and the boat swings around obedient to the current. The sails rattle down and are furled. The

bunks are then prepared for our reception, but not because we are in any hurry to retire. We want to have the job off our minds, so that we can lounge about deck or stretch out at length on the cabin top to puff and chat or listen to the sounds of night. The moon rises, and soaring upward sends a rippling streak of silver flashing across the water toward us. The surroundings become visible, the two shanties on Plum Island stand forth, and the Inlet sparkles, as its waters flow around Point Breeze, where the Boat House and the old hotel sit in gloomy grandeur.

For hours we drink in the glories of this beautiful night, until some one nods or yawns, and we remember that our beds are still empty. The next morning breakfast is eaten on the ground in front of the Clam Chowder Hotel in the open air. When again on board we can just discern that some of the boats at the village are getting under way, as one after another their white sails are spread to the fresh morning breeze. Soon they come, wending their way down the channel, until a long procession is formed, and one is reminded of a flock of sea gulls starting on their daily flight. Before the leader of the fleet is up to us we are off and speeding away, and Monaitipee is the first boat to pass out of the Inlet.

A. M. LOCKHART.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Y. R. A. Measurement Rule.

THE various changes of recent years in the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain have been fully recorded in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and our readers are aware that, after rejecting the old tonnage rule in a modified form in 1886 and adopting the "Rating Rule," properly so called, of

$$\frac{L \times S. A.}{6,000}$$

this latter rule was in turn abandoned at the end of 1895. In its early years it produced most excellent craft, as instanced by *Yarana*, *Varuna*, *Mohawk*, *Deerhound*, the series of three *Dragons*, *Decima*, and many other craft still doing good work as fast cruisers and serviceable yachts. Up to 1892 there was little to be said against the type of yacht produced by designers under the rule, but from that time onward the influence of the bulb fin

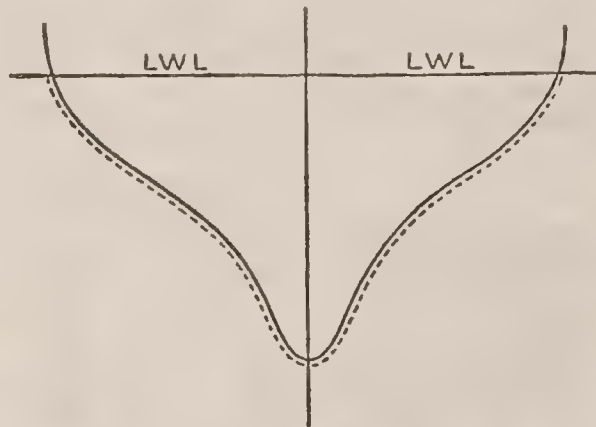


Fig. 3.

was plainly visible in the increased speed and marked deterioration in all other qualities. A movement for the alteration of the rule was made in 1892, but after an exhaustive examination of the subject by the Council of the Y. R. A., aided by all the designers, it was abandoned. Three years later it was taken up again, with the result that after another very thorough course of investigation the present rule was adopted.

This rule is based on a purely arbitrary unit termed "Lineal Rating," expressed nominally in feet, the formula being:

$$\frac{L + B + .75 G + .5 \sqrt{S. A.}}{2}$$

The details of measurement are as follows:

The rating of every yacht entered to sail in a race shall be ascertained by adding together length (L.), beam (B.), 0.75 of girth (G.), and 0.5 of the square root of the sail area (S. A.), and dividing the sum by 2 according to the following formula:

$$\frac{L + B + .75 G + .5 \sqrt{S. A.}}{2} = \text{Rating}$$

In all ratings figures in the second place of decimals below 0.05 shall be disregarded, and those of 0.05 and upward shall count as 0.1.

The length shall be taken between the outer edges

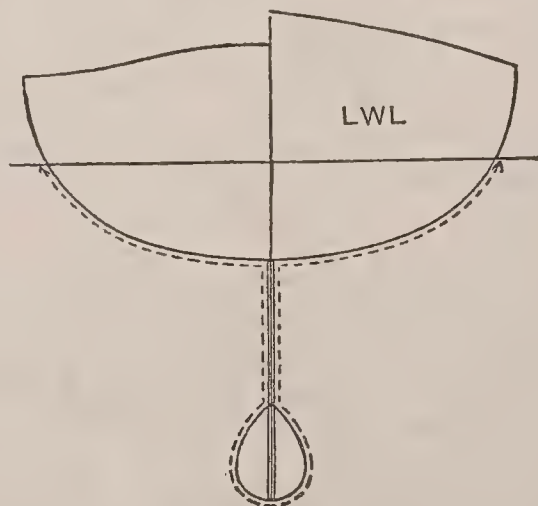


Fig. 4.

of the official marks of the Y. R. A., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht, this length to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost or other part of the vessel below the marks for length project beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purpose of the rule, be added to the length as stated; and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fairline of the ridge of the counter, with the intention of shortening the length, shall not be allowed for in measurement of length, if at

or immediately below the marks for the length, nor above if within 6 in. of the water level.

The breadth shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking, in the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance shall be made for wales, doubling planks or mouldings of any kind.

The girth shall be taken from l.w.l. to l.w.l. under the keel at a station 0.6 of the distance between the outer edges of the length marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station at right angles to the l.w.l., see Figs. 1 and 2, *a a'*, and Figs. 3 and 4. If the draft forward of that station, *e e*, Fig. 2 (not including the girth of a bulb, if any), exceeds the draft at that station, *a a'*, twice such excess to be added to G. In taking these measurements all hollows in the fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight. Should a piece be added, as at *b*, then a line

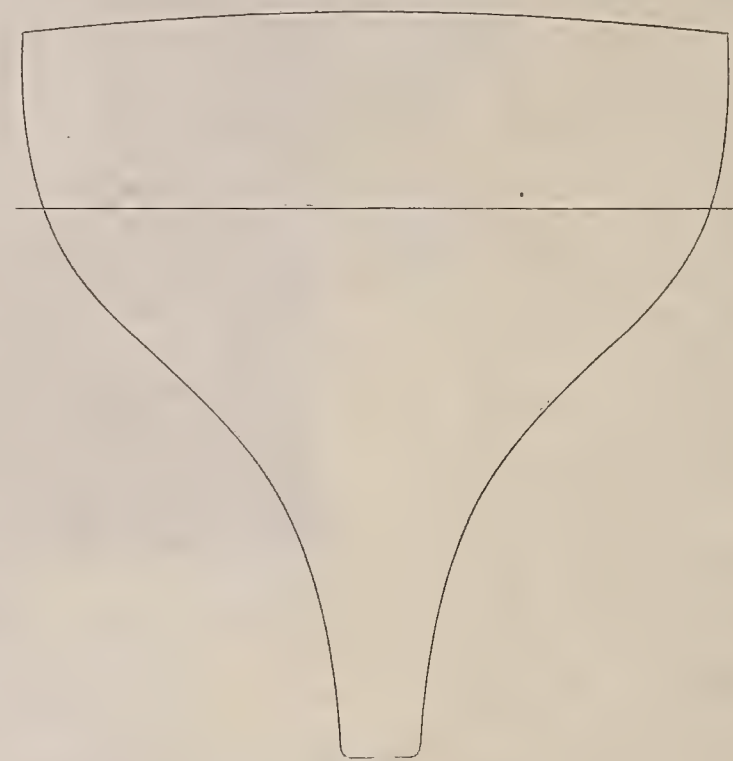


Fig. 5.

must be drawn from *b* to *c*, and the girth be measured to *d*. (Fig. 1.)

In the case of a centerboard, 1.5 times the extreme drop of the board below the keel to be added to the girth as taken at *a a'*; and if the board is dropped below the keel at *e e*, the excess shall, nevertheless, be added to girth in accordance with the rule. Bulb or ballasted centerboards to be measured as fixed keels.

[This has since been changed so that twice the drop of board is measured.]

Length.—The length (L.) for use in the formula shall be obtained by measuring the length over all on deck, and deducting from this length the distances in to the bow and stern marks as fixed by the owner, from perpendiculars let fall from the bow and taffrail, as shown in the diagrams. These perpendiculars if measured when

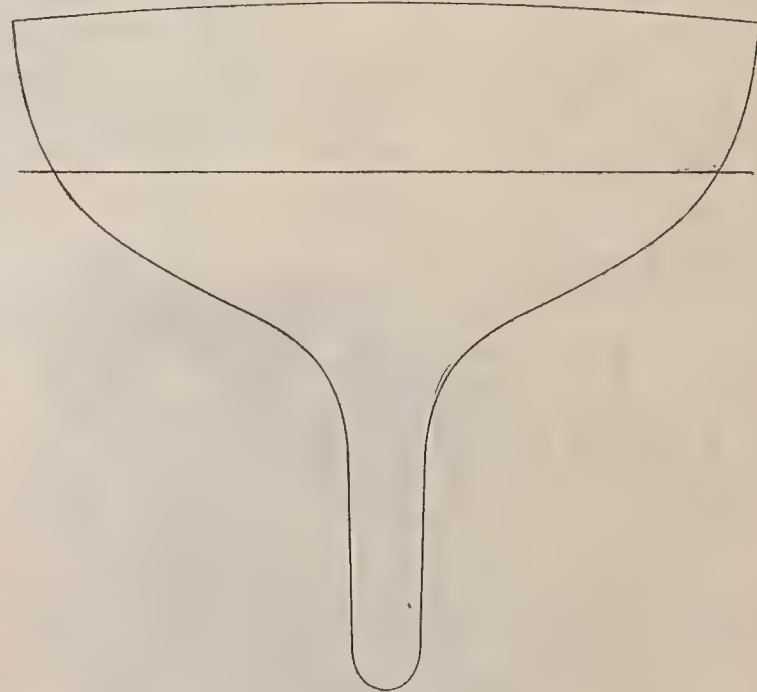


Fig. 6.

the yacht is afloat are to be obtained by a hand lead sunk two or three fathoms deep, so as to insure a steady line to measure from. The distances in from the line are to be taken by a rod placed parallel to the water surface, as shown in the diagrams.

After the over-all length has been taken the measurer must see that the crew are placed at and about the mid over-all length. (See Rule 14.) He must then ascertain that the yacht is not immersed at the l.w.l. beyond the length represented by the owner's marks at the bow and stern.

If a yacht is measured in a tideway, the measurer must view and verify the marks in smooth and during slack water; and the overhangs must be measured in smooth and during slack water.

If the measurement for length is obtained when the yacht is ashore, the position of the bow and stern marks must be afterward verified or checked when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, and before the certificate of the measurement is sent to the secretary.

The over-all measurement must be taken parallel to the l.w.l. above the deck, starting from any convenient point forward on the rail, knee, etc., ahead of the fore end of the l.w.l.

When the length over all is taken with rods, a line should be stretched taut from the point forward to the taffrail to facilitate the accurate shifting of the rods.

Beam.—The beam may be measured when the yacht is afloat or ashore. The beam shall be taken by means of a straight edge and plumb line.

Girth.—The girth is to be taken from center disk to center disk (*a a*) at right angles to the l.w.l. under the keel, following the curve of the cross section as shown in Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, and must necessarily be measured when the yacht is on the stocks or laid ashore.

The practical results from year to year under the "Rating Rule" in its last years and the new "Lineal Rating

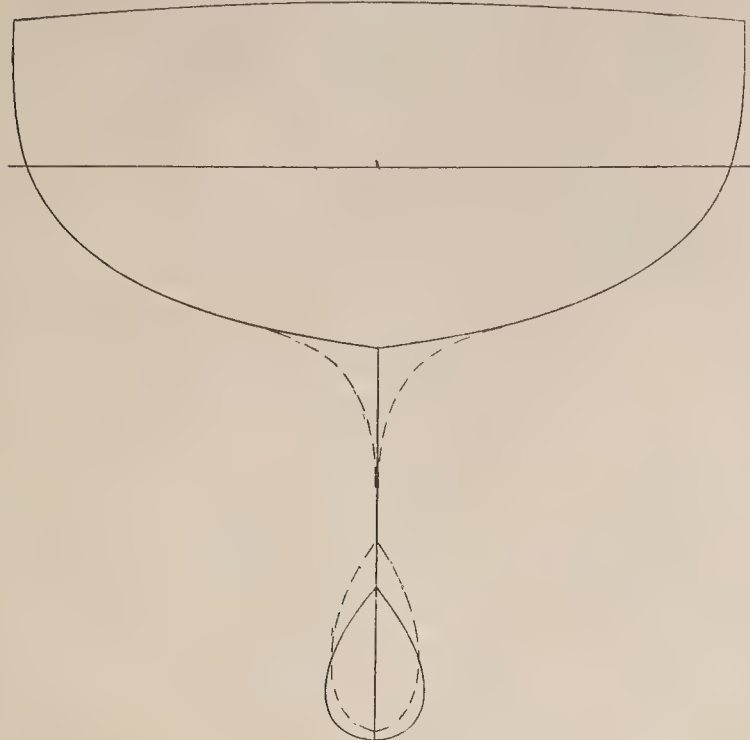


Fig. 7.

Rule" are shown in the following midship sections, most of which, as stated last week, were given to Mr. Æmilus Jarvis by the British designers.

Fig. 5. The 40-rater Corsair was designed by Arthur E. Payne in 1892, and made a good record in her class that year, but was later outclassed by yachts of more hollow section and nearer to the fin-keel in type. Her dimensions are: L.w.l., 58ft. 8in.; beam, 14ft. 6in.; draft,

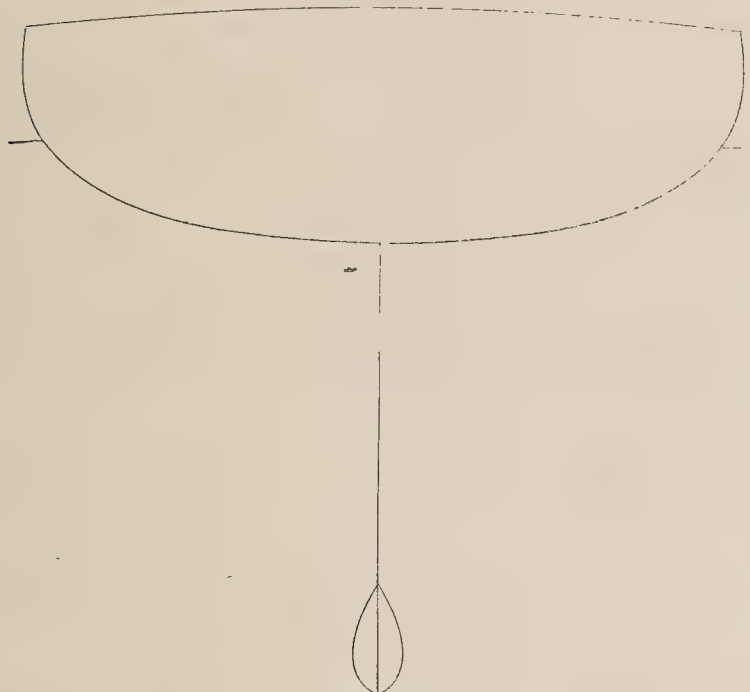


Fig. 8.

11ft.; S. A., 4,096sq.ft. Corsair possessed excellent accommodation, she was a good sea boat, and her construction was stanch and durable.

Fig. 6. The 40-rater Isolde, designed by Will Fife, Jr., and built in 1895, was one of the last racing yachts built under the "Rating Rule." Her dimensions are: L.w.l., 60ft.; beam, 17ft.; draft, 11ft. 6in.; S. A., 4,000sq.ft.

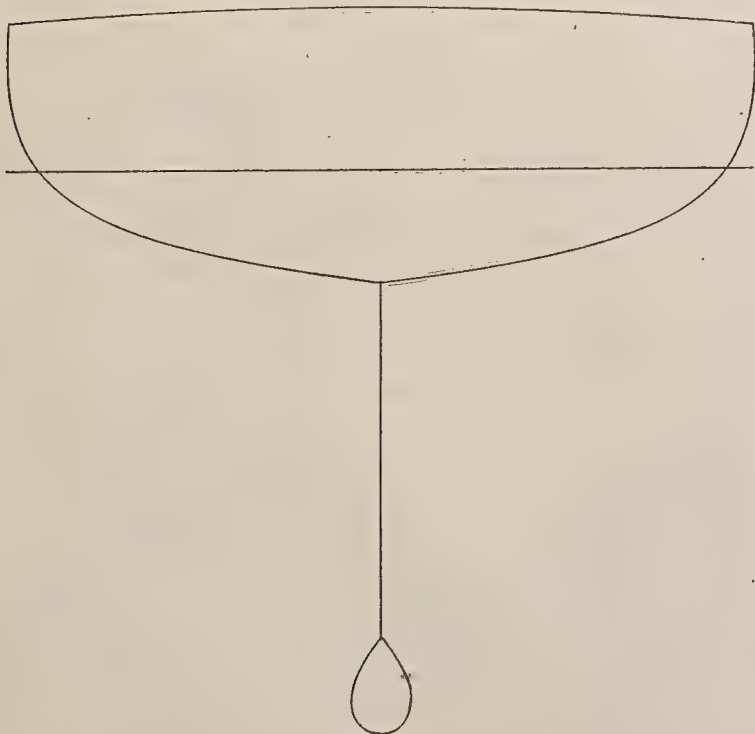


Fig. 9.

She was by no means as extreme in type as the yachts of the year in the smaller class.

Fig. 7. The 20-rater Audrey was designed by Lord Dunraven to meet Niagara and her twin sister Isolde, both 20-raters, in 1895, and was built by Summers & Payne. She was an extreme fin, as shown by the solid lines in the figure, her dimensions being: L.w.l., 44ft.; beam, 13ft. 2in.; draft, 10ft.; S. A., 2,700sq.ft. Audrey was not a success, and when the new rule was adopted in 1896 she was materially altered to profit under it. The changes are in part shown by the broken lines in Fig. 3; she was replanked, and the angles between gar-

boards and fin were filled in to reduce the girth, the bulb, we believe, being recast and the draft slightly decreased. The changes did nothing to improve the type of the yacht; she was still the same fin-keel racing machine, with no more internal space or headroom than before.

Fig. 8. Flatfish, designed by J. M. Soper, and built by Fay & Co. in 1894, is one of the extreme fin type built under the "Rating Rule." She was a 5-rater, of 32ft. l.w.l.; beam, 10ft. 4in.; draft, 7ft. 9in.; S. A., 919sq. ft. It is claimed that she is a very good sea boat, but we cannot vouch for the statement.

Fig. 9. Norman is another 5-rater, built in the last year of the "Rating Rule," 1895, by Charles Sibbick, who also designed her. She is on the l.w.l. 29ft. 6in.; beam, 11ft.; draft, 8ft.; S. A., 1,156. She was a very successful boat.

Fig. 10. Heartsease was also designed and built by Chas. Sibbick for the same class as Norman, but in 1896, the first year of the present rule, the class limit being 36ft. "Lineal Rating" instead of the old 5 rating. Her dimensions are: L.w.l., 31ft. 5in.; beam, 9ft. 2in.; draft, 6ft.; S. A., 1,300sq.ft. A comparison of Heartsease with Norman and of the original Audrey with the same yacht as rebuilt in 1896 shows the first effect of the new

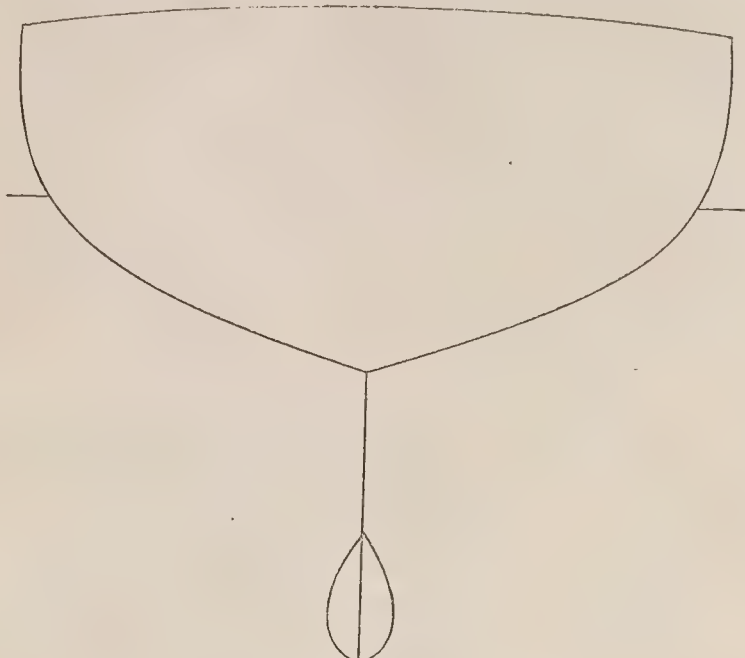


Fig. 10.

rule, a very moderate and trivial one. The displacement was increased somewhat and the draft was lessened; but the general type was practically the same, and there was no improvement in the matter of internal room.

Fig. 11, a yacht of 104 rating, was designed by J. M. Soper and built by Fay & Co. in 1897, her dimensions being: L.w.l., 84ft. 2in.; beam, 21ft. 1in.; draft, 15ft. 6in.; S. A., 10,600. She was of course designed specially under the "Lineal Rating Rule," and shows just what the rule is producing now that it is fully understood by designers.

Fig. 12. This yacht was designed by G. L. Watson

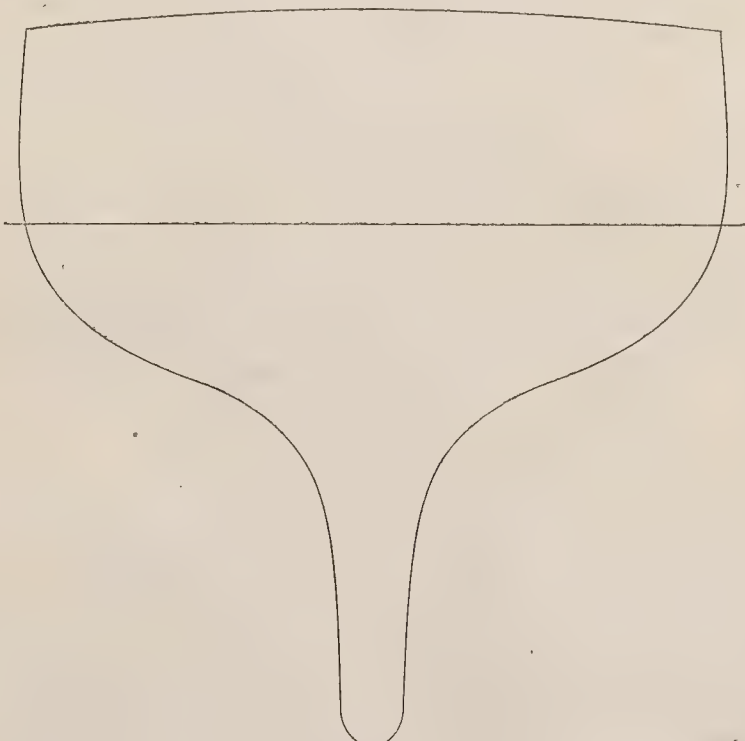


Fig. 11.

last year, and was very successful so far as the rather meager racing in the larger classes gives reliable results. She is 75ft. 9in. l.w.l.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 13ft. 6in.; S. A., 7,600. The section is certainly an admirable one so far as accommodation is concerned.

Fig. 13. This is the section of a design for the present year, a 65ft. lineal rater, or the equivalent to the old 40-rater, such as Queen Mab. A comparison with Isolde's section will show the direct result of the new rule.

Fig. 14. This is a section of a "fast cruiser" for the present season, of about the 65ft. class.

Fig. 15. Design for 52ft. lineal rating for 1898.

Fig. 16. Section for 52ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 17. Section for 52ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 18. Section for 36ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 19. Section for 36ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 20. Section for 30ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 21. Section for 24ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 22. Section for 24ft. lineal rating class.

Fig. 23. Section for 18ft. lineal rating class.

These sections represent the current practice of Messrs. Watson, Fife, Payne, Soper, Nicholson, Hope and Froude in designing under the new rule for the racing classes. Sections 19, 20 and 22 are somewhat on the freak order, but they are small boats intended for the Solent racing and the peculiar local conditions. In these small classes the question of accommodation does not count; they are but day racing boats, and they have to

compete with the fin-keels which have survived the change of rule.

In the larger classes, from 30ft. L. R. upward, the sections are one and all of a wholesome type, with good displacement, compact dimensions, and a reasonable amount of internal room. It is interesting to note that

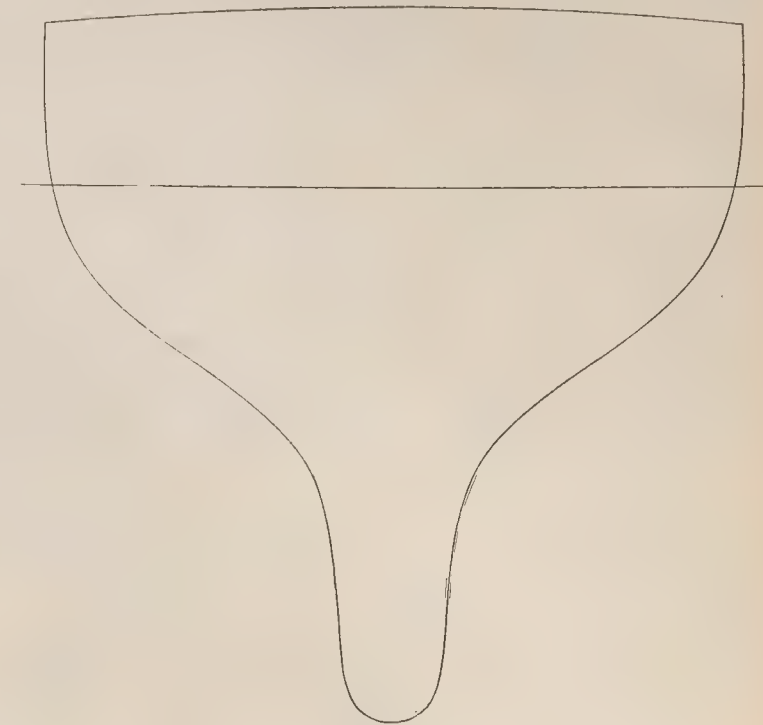


Fig. 12.

Corsair has during the past season raced with good success in the 65ft. class.

So far as British yachting is concerned, the rule seems to have achieved the main end for which it was framed, the production of yachts of fuller body and more compact dimensions than the fin or semi-fin. There is nothing in the report of Mr. Jarvis to throw light upon one important point, however, the form of lateral plane and rudder. We believe that most, if not all, of the new boats in the larger classes have a normal lateral plane, such as was found half a dozen years back, as would nat-

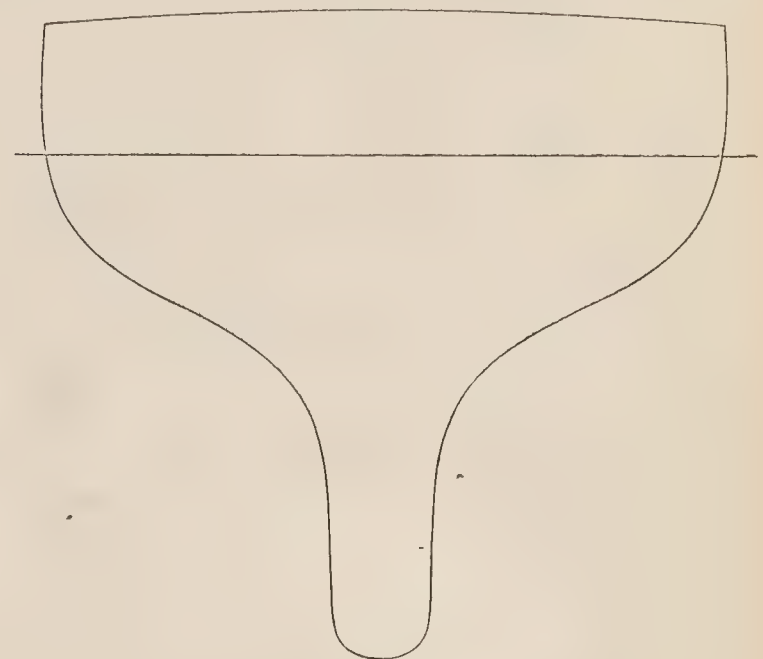


Fig. 13.

urally result from the decrease of draft, and that the rudder is hung on the usual raking sternpost. The balance rudder and the fin-keel contour, as in Syce, Norota and Quissetta, on this side, have apparently been discouraged by the rule.

When we come to the consideration of the rule and its probable results in this country, there are wide grounds for speculation, but there seems no reason to apprehend that it would produce a type in any way inferior to that which has grown up under it in England.

As applied by the Y. R. A. method, with the full drop

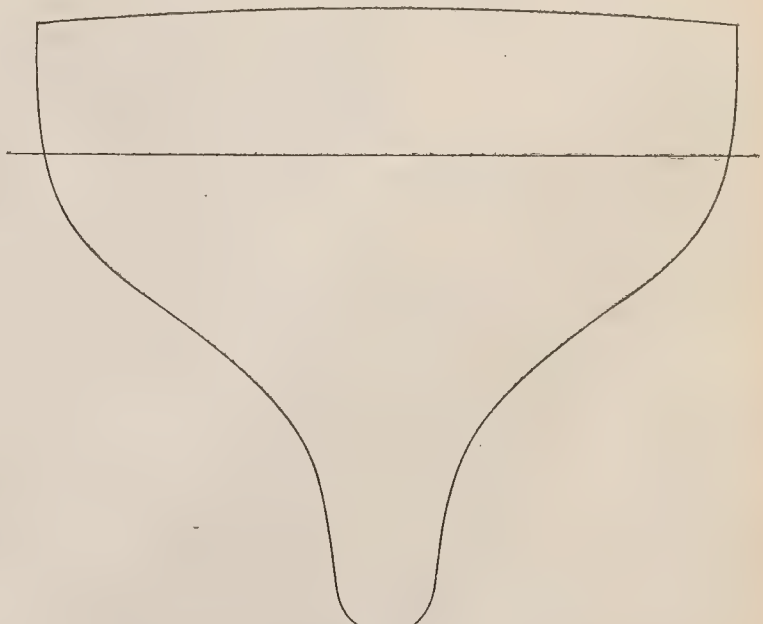


Fig. 14.

of board measured for girth, it positively excludes the centerboard; but it would be possible so to adjust the factors as to give an equal choice of centerboard or keel.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, elected the following officers on March 5: Com., Robt. Young; Vice-Com., C. Mack; Rear-Com., J. Ingersoll; Sec'y, W. S. Bougher; Financial Sec'y, W. D. Payne; Treas., F. M. Farwell; House Committee: Wm. Eben, chairman; A. M. Bowles, F. M. Porter, M. J. MacNamara, E. J. Sharpe; Regatta Committee: Thomas Bayle, chairman; R. J. Summers, F. B. Williams, D. C. Cregier, Jr., H. J. McCormick; Delegate, E. P. Warner; Meas., Sidney Davis; Historian, De La Fontaine. The annual race to Michigan City to take place as usual on the third Saturday in June.

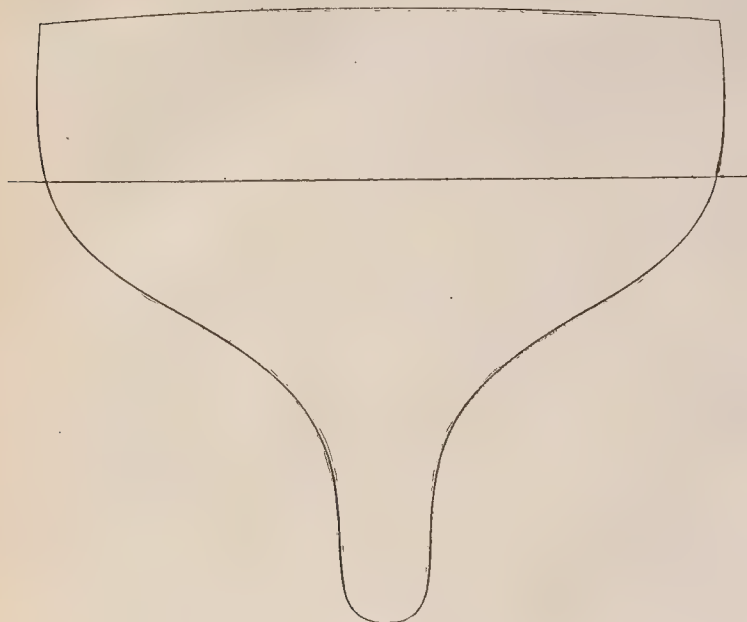


Fig. 15.

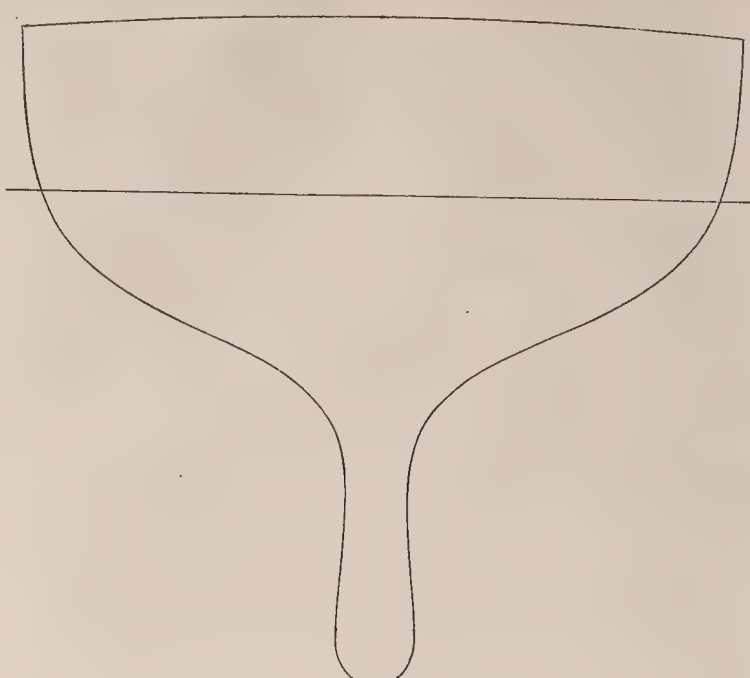


Fig. 18.

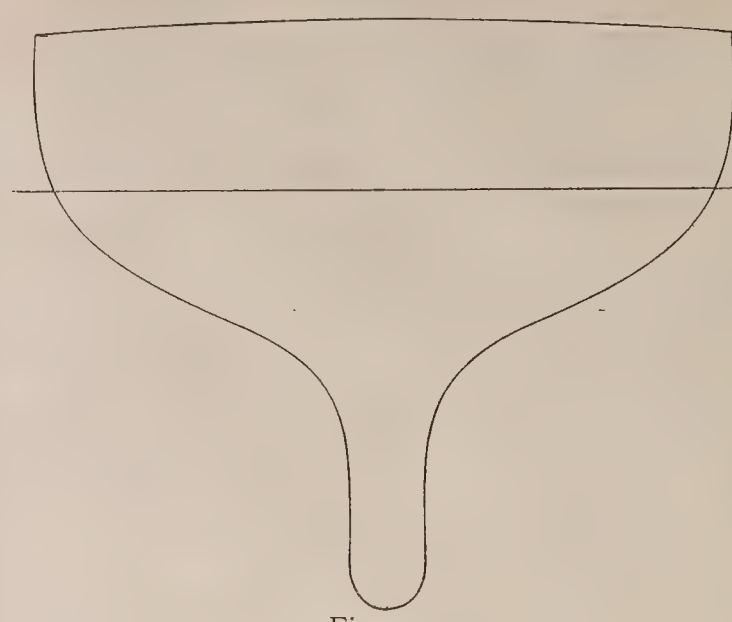


Fig. 21.

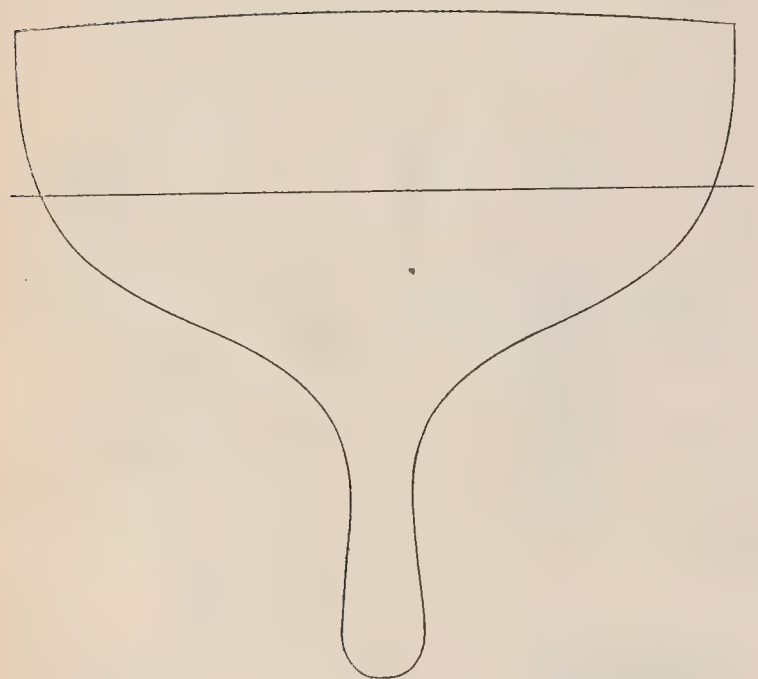


Fig. 16.

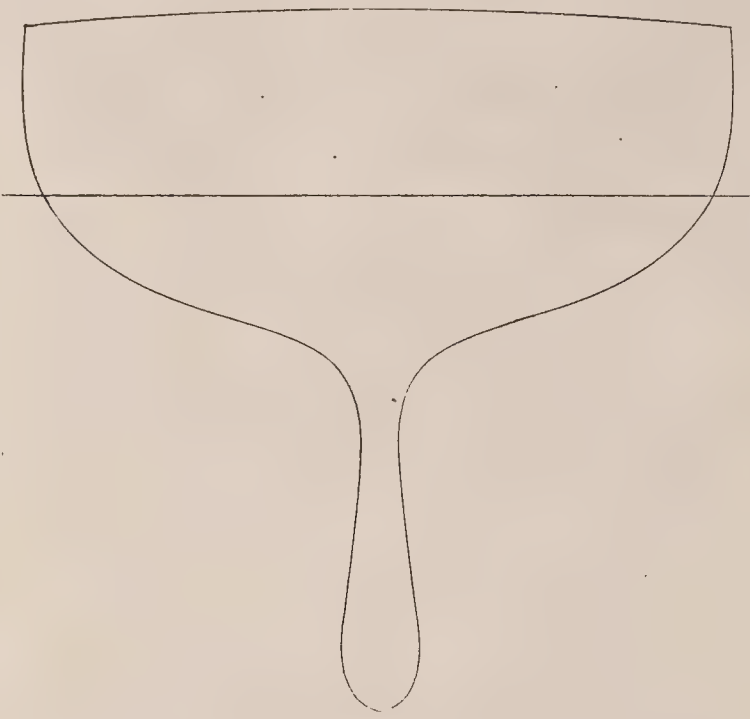


Fig. 19.

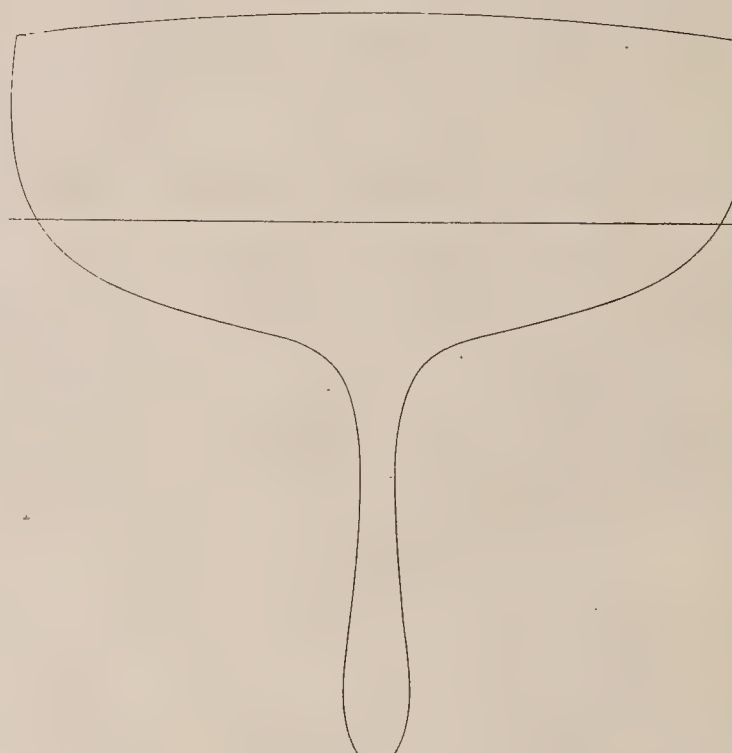


Fig. 22.

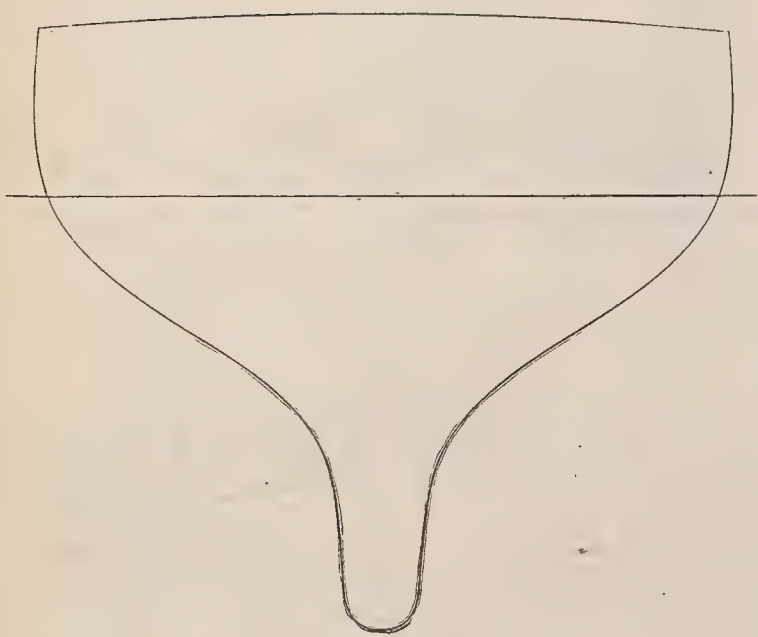


Fig. 17.

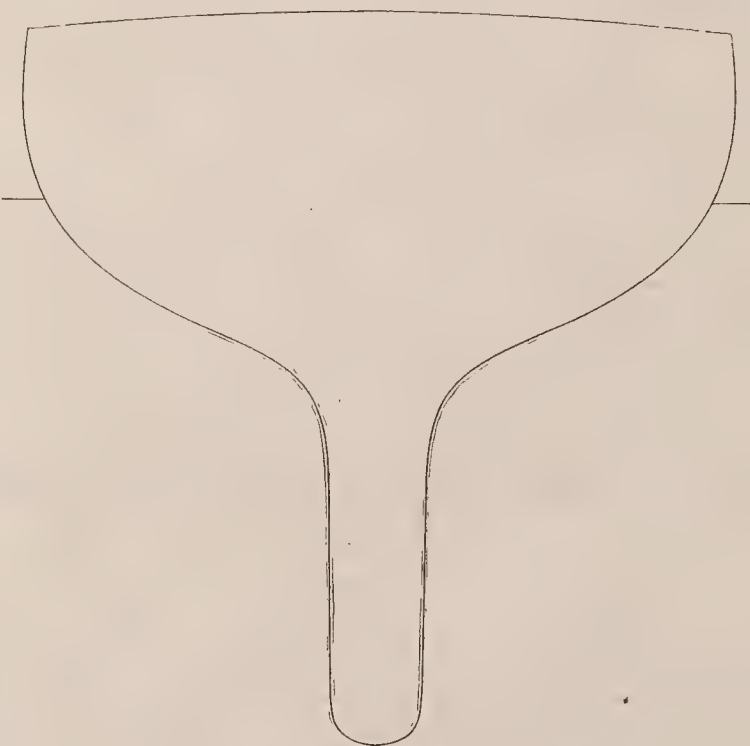


Fig. 20.

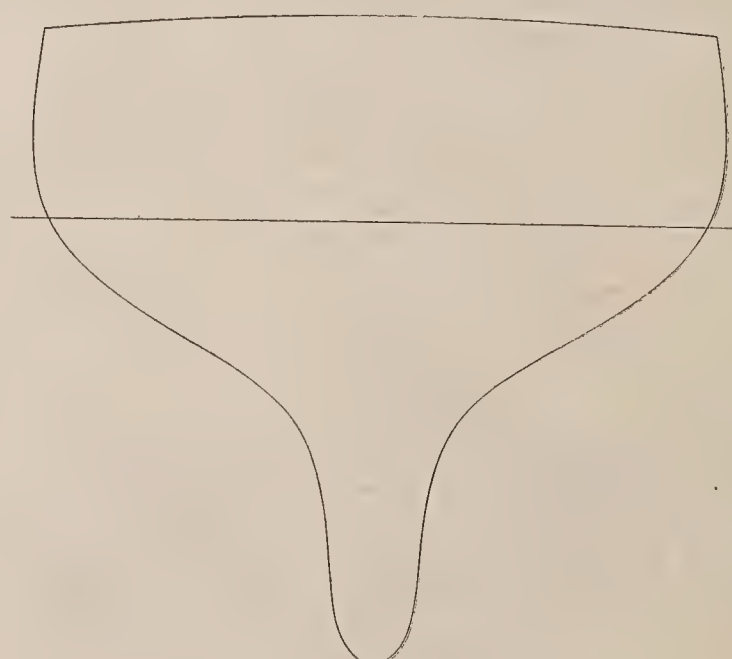


Fig. 23.

Yacht Measurement.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Feb. 22, 1898.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have seen that all rules of measurement from "the old 94 rule" to the last one have been "beaten." This has been the case in about all directions, but most in what concerns the sail-carrying power. In England, for instance, when the beam had to be measured this was cheated by means of decreasing that dimension and increasing the depth and displacement. A little further on and they cheated it again by placing all the lead outboard and lightening the construction of the hull, spars, etc. Later on in the Seawanhaka and English length and sail area rules these were "beaten" by making the displacement more effective to carry sail by increasing the lever for the righting moment. The sail-carrying power itself could not of course be altered materially, as that would affect the sailing too much, but all that could be of influence on that power has been a subject for the designer's ingenuity.

Now the designers, as you know, have, I believe, had quite sufficient time and practice to get all out of this kind of designing. Of course other details have not been entirely left by themselves, but the most of the designer's skill has been engaged in this direction.

After all this it would appear that the time has come when the sail-carrying power ought to be treated in a more direct way by measuring the righting moment at some angle of inclination. The larger yachts, which ought to have depth of hull, to be measured at say $7\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, and the smaller ones, where beam and initial stability is more wanted, say at 15° of an inclination.

I suggested about four years ago a rule of measurement in such a way, which in its details should appear as follows:

$$\text{Corrected length} = L_r = \frac{L + 10^4 \sqrt{M}}{2} \text{ for large yachts, and}$$

$$\text{Corrected length} = L_r = \frac{L + 8^4 \sqrt{M}}{2} \text{ for smaller.}$$

L. being equal to L.W.L. and M. to righting moment at $7\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ for large and 15° for small yachts.

This rule is designed only with respect to speed. For whole-some yachts where it is desired to have room on deck and below in a fair proportion to cost, one must put in an element in the rule of measurement answering to this desire; for instance,

as proposed by another yachtsman, $\frac{S_g}{S_k}$. Sg. being the girth taken from rail to rail along the actual outline of the vessel, and Kg. being the girth from rail straight round the heel to rail. The formula would then be:

$$L_r = \frac{S_g}{Kg} \times \frac{L + 10^4 \sqrt{M}}{2} \text{ or } L_r = \frac{S_g}{Kg} \times \frac{L + 8^4 \sqrt{M}}{2}$$

for large and small yachts respectively.

Perhaps it might be objected to these rules that it would be very difficult for the designers to calculate M. That is true at the start. But we may recollect that under such a rule there would not be any pressing necessity to place all ballast in a fixed keel outboard. One could very well have part of it inside and movable, as only the actual stability should be measured. With for instance 25 per cent. of the ballast inside it would of course be a small matter to get the desired rating by trimming the vessel.

The advantages of such a rule of measurement may be in a few words summed up as follows: A free hand to the designers to turn out a yacht safe in all conditions of wind and weather, combining a maximum of room on deck and below, with a minimum of prime cost; i. e., a seaworthy, roomy and strongly built vessel, fast in proportion to desired room and stability, and of good appearance; that is to say, the designers should not be by a taxation of beam be forced to take all out of that dimension.

A free hand (and no restrictions whatsoever wanted) for the builders to make improvements in construction, without compelling them to build too light or too weak, and a free hand to owners in racing to take all the possible speed out of the seaworthy and roomy type of yachts, which they have desired.

With all this, there is liberty for skill to devise improvements. I think the rule would not be cheated in any way, and the best of it is that such a rule would make yachting much cheaper and more pleasant, and that one could get more value for the money.

I have not perhaps gone sufficiently into details, but I think that all interested may by an investigation of reasons for and against reach my conclusions, that this is practically and theoretically the only right way to avoid cheating the general desire of the yachting public without binding the hands of designers.

In accordance with the proposal in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 29 that all contributions be given simply a designating letter, which I think very just, I for publication only sign

J. E.

Osceola, steam yacht, designed by G. Hilmann and built by Samuel Pine for Thos. L. Watt, American Y. C., was launched on March 9 at the foot of Twenty-fourth street, South Brooklyn. She is of wood, 128ft. o.a., 116ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam, 10ft. hold and 7ft. 6in. draft. She will be schooner-rigged and Capt. Clausen, formerly in command of Intrepid, schr., for Mr. Watt, will be her skipper.

The new secretary of the British Yacht Racing Association, succeeding Mr. Dixon Kemp, is Brooke Heckstall-Smith No. 2, Haarlem Mansions, West Kensington, W., London.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Y. C. was held in Providence on Feb. 28, the following officers being elected: Com., John Jenckes; Vice-Com., Hon. Frank F. Olney; Rear-Com., Wm. B. Bannigan; Sec'y, A. M. Potter, D.D.S., P. O. Box 1200; Treas., E. T. Herrick, P. O. Box 1200; Race Committee: E. T. Banning, chairman; A. M. Potter, Samuel Whiteley, E. O. Law, F. E. Field. The club voted to join the North American Yacht Racing Union and Elmer E. Hubbard and Arthur M. Potter were elected delegates to the Union. A committee of five, of which Capt. F. P. Sands, of Newport, owner of Daffodil, is chairman, was appointed to confer with the other clubs in Narragansett Bay and if possible to form an association there similar to the one existing in Long Island Sound.

On March 1 the Harvard Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., J. A. Burnham, Jr., '99; Vice-Com., C. M. Whitman, '99; Rear-Com., H. Sampson, '99; Sec'y and Treas., G. T. Baker, '99; Regatta Committee: E. A. Boardman, '99; C. B. Curtis, 1900; G. E. Hills, 1 L.

The Seawanhaka C.Y.C. has taken active measures to provide sport for the golf players of the club during the coming season, and a golf association has been formed within the club, under the management of a special committee: Messrs. George Bullock, Henry W. Hayden, Chas. W. Wetmore, Nelson B. Burr, B. Watkins Leigh and F. T. Underhill. A nine-hole course will be opened on Center Island on May 28. Mr. Nelson B. Burr, 31 Nassau street, is the treasurer of the committee.

Mongoose, 21ft. knockabout, has been sold through F. B. Jones to W. D. Ford, of New York.

Gossoon, cutter, has been sold by P. T. Dodge to W. Rosen-garten, of the Philadelphia Y. C.

The Brooklyn Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 9, the following officers being elected: Com., C. H. Humphreys, sloop Kangaroo; Vice-Com., James L. Lyons, sloop Mary A.; Rear-Com., Chas. H. Oliver, catboat Carrie; Meas., Robert C. Hopkins; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, William Cagger; Trustees: S. S. Golding, P. H. Jeannot, R. L. Neville, E. H. Chandler, E. H. Converse, Edward Salt; Race Committee: Louis Wunder, Frank L. Townsend, H. W. Kilbourne; Membership Committee: A. S. Richoffer, Charles H. Frost, John N. Gans. The club adopted the racing rules of the Sound Y. R. A.

Mr. Richard Grant, for many years secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, has resigned that office.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Trap-Shooting.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fairly good weather greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday. A very notable score was made by F. O. Young at 200yds., Columbia target, 10 shots, in competition for the all comers' rifle medal. Mr. Young made 37 rings in the 10 shots, thus breaking the club record, which was 41 rings.

The Red Men's Schuetzen Company had its regular monthly medal shoot, with winners in the different classes as follows:

First class, M. Dickert 216; second class, J. A. Mohr 316; third class, George Heuer 337; fourth class, Capt. Henry Grieb 267. Best first shot, John Tiedemann, 25; best last shot, F. Richards, 24.

In the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein monthly medal shoot the following were the high men:

Champion class, F. P. Schuster 431; first class, F. Koch 409; second class, J. Thode 375; third class, D. Schinkel 375; fourth class, A. F. Meyer 311. Best first shot, H. Stelling, 24; best last shot, W. Morken, 23.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its regular monthly bullseye shoot, 200yds., the score resulting thus:

L. Bendell 334; O. Bumeister 366, J. Gefken 443, F. Koch 455, J. D. Heise 483, J. Woebecke 530, A. Jungbluth 573, J. Utschig 620, H. Stelling 753, J. Thode 870, J. Tiedemann 886, C. F. Rust 946, D. B. Faktor 1079, J. Lankenau 1187, F. Attinger 1196, W. C. Morken 1225, H. Zecher 1236, A. H. Pape 1403, F. P. Schuster 1475, D. Salfeld 1493.

Following are the winners in the Germania Schuetzen Club's bullseye shoot:

John Young 176, J. D. Heise 278, W. C. Morken 342, H. Zecher 409, F. Rust 606, L. Haake 617, J. Utschig 734, John de Witt 791, A. Jungbluth 852, J. Gefken 853, F. P. Schuster 864, E. H. Goetz 1122.

In the competition shoot by the same club John Utschig led with 74 out of a possible 75, A. Strecher 72, D. B. Faktor 70 and F. P. Schuster 70, at 200yds.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had several contests which developed considerable interest, with scores as follows:

Members' rifle medal shoot: A. B. Dorrlor, 51, 71; J. E. Gorman, 63, 67; A. H. Cady 77, 83.

All comers' rifle medal shoot: F. O. Young, 37, 56, 60; A. H. Pape 48, 50, 58.

Siebs pistol medal shoot, 10-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 40, 43, 46, 47; F. O. Young, 48, 52, 57, 59; J. H. Cady, 76; G. M. Barly, 56.

Colts revolver, Bisley trophy, 10-shot scores: F. O. Young, 59, 64; A. B. Dorrell, 59, 60, 68; M. J. White, 79.

Medal shoot, with .22 and .25cal. rifles, 10-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell 31.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 6.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Uckotter won his expert marksman's medal to-day, having 30 scores of 180 or better and four shoots to spare yet. Gindele was declared king to-day with a score of 227. Hasenzahl wins the Dietrich medal with a score of 65 on the honor target. Gindele wins the Uckotter trophy for the month of February:

King target:

Gindele	24	24	23	21	22	25	25	23	22	18	—227
Payne	21	20	23	18	22	21	20	22	21	23	—212
Roberts	24	18	17	17	24	13	22	19	21	23	—198
Nestler	13	20	19	20	23	18	13	16	22	20	—186
Weinheimer	16	23	17	24	13	15	25	18	20	16	—187
Wellinger	24	23	18	20	22	15	22	21	21	25	—211
Trounstine	13	19	18	18	25	14	21	8	15	17	—168
Houck	14	19	11	21	14	15	20	20	17	—167	
Topf	6	14	18	20	13	20	8	14	17	—144	
See	19	20	21	23	18	15	17	24	22	—203	
Randall	25	23	20	24	18	18	24	18	17	—204	
Uckotter	11	13	14	19	21	19	28	16	25	—173	
Drube	20	23	19	19	19	22	19	21	18	—202	
Strickmeier	21	22	19	22	21	21	22	21	20	—210	
Hasenzahl	19	14	22	20	21	19	17	21	20	—192	

Honor target.	Special scores.
Gindele	20 21 22—63
Payne	22 19 22—63
Roberts	22 24 16—62
Nestler	21 20 10—51
Weinheimer	21 20 16—57
Wellinger	20 23 19—62
Trounstine	18 22 22—62
Houck	23 5 1—29
Topf	18 23 17—58
See	19 16 20—55
Randall	14 14 22—50
Uckotter	13 13 21—47
Drube	12 19 15—46
Strickmeier	20 20 19—59
Hasenzahl	19 21 25—65

Zettler Rifle Club.

ON March 7 Louis Buss won the gallery shoot, which closed the Zettler Rifle Club's indoor tournament. Both the ring and bullseye targets were used. At both targets a competitor was allowed as many shots as he cared to fire; at the ring target the two best scores, 3 shots each, counted. The bullseye targets were measured. Scores:

Ring target, 3-shot scores, best two to count: Louis Buss, 75, 74—149; M. J. Dorrlor, 74, 74—148; Henry Holges, 74, 74—148; L. P. Hansen, 73, 74—147; Louis Flack, 73, 74—147; Gus Zimmerman, 73, 73—146; H. M. Pope, 72, 73—145; G. D. Wiegman, 72, 73—145; Henry Mahlenbrock, 72, 72—144; Reinhold Busse, 71, 73—144; G. N. Obert, 72, 72—144; G. P. Williams, 72, 72—143; H. D. Muller, 71, 72—143; Dr. W. G. Hudson, 71, 72—143; C. H. Schukraft, 70, 73—143; M. B. Engel, 71, 71—142; Louis Vogel, 71, 71—142; W. A. Hicks, 70, 71—141.

Premium for best five tickets: Dorrlor and Buss, 366, divided. Bullseye target, 4in. center, best center shot to count: Schukraft 10½ degrees, Buss 11, Dorrlor 11, Muller 12, Obert 13, Busse 13½, Zimmerman 14, Floch 15, Weizman 16, Tewel 20, Vogel 20, Meyer 20½.

Premium for the most bullseyes: Zimmerman and Schukraft, 13 each, divided.

Elm Road vs. Essex Indian Rifle Club.

THE return match between the Elm Road Rifle Club and the Essex Indian Rifle Club was shot on March 8, at the Elm Road rifle range. The distance was 66ft., 25 ring target. The next match of the E. R. R. Club will be with the Our Own Rifle Club on March 21 at Range No. 90, Elm Road. There will be a match shot between John Then and J. Alexander, one between H. Reinhardt and J. Hehsdoerfer. Each match for a purse of \$5. Then the former two will shoot a team match with the latter two for \$5.

Essex Indian Rifle Club.	Elm Road Rifle Club.
Herzman	E Morris
Sneider	H Heinrich
F Oberst	J Hehsdoerfer
Zipfel	J Alexander
Grath	G Buskirk
G Oberst	F Lyers
M Oberst	E Pidgeon
McGrath	H Reinhardt
Kency	J Then
Huebler	C Hebler
Fritag	

The Iroquois Rifle Club.

The Iroquois Rifle Club has issued a challenge to the Pittsburg Rifle Club, both of Pittsburg, the shoot a gallery team shoot. Monday of this week was set as the time for representatives of both clubs to meet for the purpose of arranging the match.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 22-23.—Stanhope, Ia.—Central Iowa shooting tournament, for amateurs only. Gold medal representing Iowa championship. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for price of targets and birds.

March 22-24.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Interstate Association's sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, \$25, birds extra; \$1,500 guaranteed to the three high guns; \$600, \$500 and \$400; all surplus added.

March 28-30.—Galena, Kans.—Interstate shoot. Two days targets; one day live birds; \$50 a day added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association's spring tournament. Two days targets, \$100 added each day. Two days live birds, \$500 guaranteed in Maryland Handicap. All surplus added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 7-9.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kan.—Manufacturers' fourth annual tournament; \$500 added; \$50 high average. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Macon, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

April 15.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

April 19-22.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, H. McL. Green, President..

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

Well equipped ranges are provided for the large number of competitors who have entered in the different matches, and the crack of the rifle and the heavier reports of the revolvers will be a coincident feature of the Exposition from its opening to its closing. The "any" revolver championship, 20yds., 50 shots, 25 minutes limit to each competitor; the "military" revolver championship match, open only to U. S. Government troops, standard .38cal. Government revolvers only, standard American target reduced to 20yds., with Creedmoor count; the pistol championship, 50 shots in 50 minutes, all pistols of .22cal., barrels not over 10in., and the rifle championship match, open to all, .22cal. rifles, 50 shots in 10 strings of 5 shots each, distance 100ft., are the main events. In addition to the foregoing there are revolver, pistol, German ring and standard American re-entry matches. The competition is under the direction of committees as follows: Rifle: F. B. Crowninshield, chairman, and C. W. Hinman, J. T. Humphrey, C. H. Eastman, J. E. Kelley. Revolver: F. B. Crowninshield, chairman, and John B. Paine, L. Bell, E. E. Partridge, B. Ames.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Grand American Handicap of 1898 will be well worth watching, as the entry list contains the names of about every shooter of prominence in trap-shooting circles in this country. The rapid growth of this annual affair, only six years old by the way, shows plainly enough that the Interstate Association knew what it was about when it inaugurated the first annual Grand American Handicap in 1893; and also proves conclusively that the Interstate Association knows how to handle the shooters of the country to their entire satisfaction. It is a great event, and that of 1898 is going to be even greater than that of 1897.

The annual report of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, issued at the close of its first season's work, shows that there have been in the neighborhood of 70,000 targets trapped at the eleven shoots held under its auspices, about 22,000 of that number having been trapped in the team shoots. The winner of first place was the Wayne Gun Club; next to that club came the Florists' Gun Club and the Roxborough Gun Club in order named. The order of merit that is, for percentages of targets shot at, was as follows: Independents .818, Florists' .790, Penn .777, Silver Lake .752, Roxborough .700, Frankford .681, Southwark .654, University of Pennsylvania .650, Wayne .621, Glen Willow .599, Forest .553. Harvey Ridge, of the Independents, won first place in the individual averages of those who shot in each of the eleven matches, breaking 87 per cent. of the 275 targets shot at. All targets in the team race are thrown at known traps, known angles. The opening shoot of the next season will be held on April 2, when new handicaps will be awarded and a new system of scoring points will be adopted in all probability.

An interesting forthcoming tournament is that of the Interstate Association, given for the Macon Gun Club, at Macon, Ga., beginning on April 13 and lasting three days. The Macon Gun Club adds \$200. On the first and second days there will be respectively ten target events, six at 15, entrance \$1.50, and four at 20 targets, \$2. Each event has four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. On each of these days \$100 will be added. On the third day there are four live-bird events on the programme: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; Nos. 3 and 4, each 10 birds, \$10, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Class shooting. Birds 25 cents, price included in all entrances. The grounds are about ten minutes' ride from the center of the city. Shooting commences each day at 9 o'clock. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Etheridge & Baker will be delivered at the shooting grounds. Interstate Association rules will govern all events. Application has been made to secure reduced railroad rates, concerning which more will be published later.

The programme of the Interstate shoot of the Galena Gun Club can be obtained of the secretary, W. L. McIlhany, Galena, Kans. There will be two days at targets, one at live birds. Louis Erhardt and Jack Parker will run the shoot, which conveys all the information that is necessary as to how the shoot will be managed. There are ten events for the first and second days respectively, 15 targets, \$1.50, \$5 added to each. On the third day there are three live-bird events on the programme, No. 1, 5 birds, \$3; No. 2, 7 birds, \$5; No. 3 is the Kansas wing shot championship, 50 live birds, \$10, optional sweep. After this event is finished sweepstakes will be shot to suit the pleasure of the visitors. High guns win all moneys in the live-birds sweeps. In the target events the Rose system will prevail. Keep in mind the \$500 added, and \$50 for highest average.

The first regular monthly club shoot of the 1898-99 series of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on Saturday next, March 19. Among the prizes for distribution in February next will be an order on the club's exchequer for a sum covering the full entrance money, including the price of the birds, for the winner's entry in the Grand American Handicap of 1899. This prize will be given to the man making the highest aggregate in eight out of the twelve monthly shoots. The club shoots are handicap affairs, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, no man allowed to score more than 50 breaks in any one shoot. After the shoot on Saturday next, the club will hold its monthly gatherings on the second Saturday of every month.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., elected J. T. Drummond, President; C. P. Johnson, Vice-President; F. C. Riehl, Secretary; R. F. Seely, Treasurer, and A. J. Howell, Field Captain. The club has fixed upon June 2 and 3 as the dates for its second annual bluerock tournament, at the Douglas Park range in that city. The most successful amateur shoot of the State last year was given there in the fall, and they hope to eclipse that record in this event. The programme will be arranged to suit old shooters, and there is to be \$150 added money, equalized on all purses. The lists will be open without discrimination to all shooters, and they hope to accommodate 100 men. Shooters will be enabled to leave here at the close of this programme and go either by river or boat to Peoria, to attend there the annual Illinois State shoot.

The following act has been read once in the New York State Assembly, and referred to the Committee on Codes: "Sec. 1. Section 640 of the penal code is hereby amended by adding thereto, at the end thereof, a new subdivision to be known as subdivision 16, and to read as follows: Sub-division 16. Not being a member of a regularly incorporated shooting association, enters into or trespasses upon the grounds of such association or comes within 200yds. thereof for the purpose of shooting at pigeons or other birds, which may escape from the grounds of such association or who shall willfully injure any of the grounds, structures, buildings or other property of such association, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. This act shall take effect immediately."

The first place in shooting honors at the close of the Emerald Gun Club's shooting season was won by Dr. G. V. Hudson, with a percentage which numbers 84 1-3, and points which numbered 19½. It was far from an idle day saunter to defeat the formidable array of good shooters in the list of the club's contestants. The Doctor is fifty-four years old, far yet from being an old man, and too ripe in skill and intellect to be classed as young. He is in the happy middle years of life. He was the first to take action in the organization of the Emerald Gun Club some seventeen years ago, and the years have added to his enthusiasm instead of dulling it.

Keep in mind that the Platte City Gun Club's tournament, Platte City, Mo., precedes some of the other Western tournaments, and gives opportunity for competition and practice. There are ten events on the first day, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1.25 and \$1.50, \$2 or \$2.50 added money to each event. Second day's events are the same, with a 2-man team race, 25 targets, \$4 each team, \$5 added. To the longest straight \$5. The Rose system will govern target divisions. Manufacturers' agents and paid professionals can shoot for prices of birds only. Guns and ammunition may be shipped care of S. Redman, secretary.

Mr. Harry Marlin writes us that Col. George E. Bartlett, famous as Government scout, deputy marshal, and expert rifle and pistol shot, has accepted a position with the Marlin Fire Arms Co. He will test all guns made by the company, and will represent them at sportsmen's fairs, giving exhibitions of rifle and pistol shooting. This week he will be in attendance at the Sportsmen's Exposition at Boston, where the Marlin Co. has a large booth.

Mr. Geo. W. Mains, secretary of the Enterprise Gun Club, Reynoldton, Pa., writes us under date of March 14 that at a meeting of the club on the 12th inst., a list of officers was elected as follows: Fred Stephan, President; John Owens, Vice-President; Geo. W. Mains, Secretary; P. F. Calhoun, Treasurer; Wm. H. Crouch, Captain. He further informs us that their tournament is fixed for April 22 and 23, and their programme will be out the first week in April.

Each contestant in the Grand American Handicap should keep in mind that his gun should not weigh over 8lbs., this exclusive of the recoil pad and holder. They should further note that a gun is liable to be weighed at any moment, even after the competition has begun, and if from change of climate or other reason the gun takes on weight it may not receive the unanimous approval of the management.

Mr. Edward Banks, the secretary of the American E. C. & Schulze Powder Co., takes to the duties of his new office in the same kindly and purposeful manner that a duck takes to the water. Dropping the swinging of the editorial lead pencil has not in the least affected the swing of his Winchester pump gun, as a glance at his shooting will demonstrate. In a recent meeting of the Boiling Springs Gun Club he broke 48 out of 50.

On March 18 the Carteret annual handicap event commences at 9:20 A. M. It is a handicap event; shooters to be handicapped by the executive committee on the day of the shoot. The event is at 25 birds, \$25, moneys 40, 25, 15 and 10 per cent., 10 per cent. to the club. It is open to members of the Larchmont, Westminster, Country, Riverton, Herron Hill, Philadelphia and Tuxedo clubs.

This week there is a gathering of the clans at Utica, N. Y., where the four days' shoot, March 15-18, of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association is in progress. Next week it is Elkwood Park; the week after that the boys will be at the Pennsylvania State shoot in Reading, Pa., and then the week following Reading there is the Baltimore Shooting Association's annual spring tournament, April 5-8.

Mr. D. M. Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting his friends among the trade with a new single-trigger gun that he claims is all that such a gun is or ought to be. As he puts it: "It's the only single-trigger gun that's worth anything." Uncle Dan, as the boys call him, is as popular as they make 'em, and anything he has to show always receives as much attention as Uncle Dan himself—and that's saying a good deal.

Mr. J. L. Denning, secretary of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, Burlington, Vt., writes us that at a meeting held on the evening of March 9 officers were elected as follows: President, E. E. Morgan; Vice-President, W. L. Stone; Secretary, J. S. Denning; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Captain, L. O. Harding; Board of Directors: J. G. Burns, B. R. Seymour, H. E. Spear, F. Owen, B. H. Eagan.

Under date of March 9 Mr. Geo. L. Carter, secretary Lincoln Gun Club, writes us as follows: "After mailing you the dates of our first annual amateur tournament, to be held at Lincoln, Neb., we find that the dates claimed, April 13 to 15, were conflicting with our neighboring city, Atchison, Kans. Therefore we wish to cancel those dates and name April 19, 20 and 21 instead."

The New Utrecht Gun Club holds its first shoot on its new target grounds at Woodlawn on Saturday of this week.

The verses in another column, from the pen of Mr. R. Van Gilder, secretary of the Knoxville Gun Club, are a parody on Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses "The Vampire." While treating the matter in a serio-comic manner, Mr. Van Gilder plainly has an ulterior purpose to bring forward tersely the recurring problem of amateur and expert, producer and consumer.

The main event of the Bergen County Gun Club's shoot on March 26 is the Bergen county trophy, a silver water pitcher, to become the personal property of the winner. This event is a 25-target handicap, \$1, optional sweep if desired. The shooting in this event will begin at 2 o'clock. Sweepstake events will be shot before and after the handicap. Everybody welcome.

Those who failed to receive a programme of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament should forthwith apply for one to the corresponding secretary, Mr. Edward Yeager, Reading, Pa. The officers are hustling to make the shoot a success. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, will manage the event.

Last week Mr. J. Lindzey, representing the trap-shooters of Middlesex county, made through Mr. Carl von Lengerke a challenge to the shooters of Hudson county to shoot a match about the middle or latter part of April. A prompt and affirmative reply was expected.

Under date of March 8 Mr. A. W. Walls, secretary, informs us that the date of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, has been fixed to take place on April 15.

In the regular shoot of the Unknown Gun Club in Brooklyn, twenty members present, Brown, 26, Vroom, 29, and Voorhees, 27, tied on 7 in the 10-bird event. Houseman, 30yds., killed 6 and took second money. There were five tied for third, Skidmore winning with a score of 7 straight in the miss-and-out shoot-off.

Mr. Donald G. Geddes, of the Crescent Athletic Gun Club, made a new club record at Bay Ridge on March 11. He broke 48 out of 50 targets thrown by the magautrap, and finished the 100 with 96 targets broken.

Of the four days of the Baltimore Shooting Association spring tournament two will be devoted to target shooting, \$100 added each day; two days to live birds, \$500 guaranteed in the Maryland handicap on April 8. All surplus added.

BERNARD WATERS.

Anent the Baltimore Tournament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For some time past there has been a great deal of discussion as to the best plan by which to attract the amateur shooter, and secure his attendance at tournaments where it is a well-known fact beforehand that the expert is sure to be present in goodly number. The old system of division of purses has been tried and found wanting with a great number, and especially with the amateur, because in the first place it permits the dropping for place, and in the second, with the old system of four moneys, assuming there is a straight in every event, shuts out the 80 per cent. man, and as any thinking man knows, there are more shooters to-day who average 80 per cent. and less than there are who average over 80 per cent. The Rose system has been tried for the past two or three years, and while with some it has been received in great favor, still by a larger number of others it has been condemned, and the latter class are confined as a rule to those who can average 90 per cent. or better, and the reason for their dissatisfaction is because it does not enable them to fleece the amateur or poor shooter quite as successfully as they would like.

The expert we have with us always, and especially so if there is anything particularly attractive in the way of large purses, but the amateur is hard to attract under the old or the Rose system, because he stands no show for his money.

The Baltimore Shooting Association have been considering this matter very earnestly for some time in connection with their forthcoming tournament on April 5, 6, 7 and 8, and believe they have formulated a plan for the division of moneys in target events which will not materially lessen the winnings of the expert, but at the same time will enable the poorer shooter to get some return for his entrance, and as long as he can do so he is satisfied, even though the amount be small. For the want of a better name the system which will be adopted will be known as the Winslow system, which may be briefly described as follows:

Instead of constituting 20, 19, 18 and 17 as winners of the four moneys in a 20-target event, as an illustration, this system embraces 20, and 19 for first money, 18 and 17 for second, 16 and 15 for third, and so on down the scale of combinations as far as you are disposed to carry it. Assuming there will be one or more straights in each 20-target event, as well as one or more 19s, then these two scores being on an equality will divide first money; the 18 and 17 will divide second money; the 16 and 15 will divide third money, etc. Should there not be a straight score in a particular event and there should be one or more 19s the 19s will divide first money. Should there be a straight and no 19s the straights will divide first money, and the same rule will apply to the 18 and 17, constituting second money, and 16 and 15, constituting third money. Should there not be either a 20 or 19 in an event then the 18 and 17 will divide first money; 16 and 15 second money, and 14 and 13 third money. Thus it will be seen at a glance that the 75 per cent. man has a chance to draw down something in return for his entrance, and as the 80 to 75 per cent. shooter is largely in the majority and is the class whose presence is so largely desired it is hoped this system will meet with the approval of all, expert, professional and amateur, and do away with the cry, "Oh, there is no show for the 80 or 75 per cent. man."

BALTIMORE SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

[If under the Winslow system there are three moneys divided in the usual ratio of 50, 30 and 20 per cent., 50 per cent. goes to the 19s and 20s, 30 per cent. to the 17s and 18s, thus leaving only 20 per cent. to the 15s and 16s, the latter two being respectively the 75 and 80 per cent. men. Thus out of a \$10 purse there would be \$2 to be divided between the 75 and 80 per cent. men.]

When there are scores of 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, the 15s and 16s can never take more than 20 per cent. of the purse, and as there will be many ties on 15 and 16, the 20 per cent. when divided up will be too insignificant for consideration.

Let us take the scores of the recent Hot Springs tournament by way of illustration. There were seven 20-target events on the first day. In the first event, forty-two men contesting, there were five scores of 16, five of 15; so that 20 per cent. of the purse for fourth place would have been divided into ten parts in that event. In the second event, with the same number of contestants as in the first, there were four 16s and seven 15s—that is to say, eleven to divide the 20 per cent.

But if there were four moneys in such a large event, the division would be 40, 30, 20 and 10. This would take the 12s and 13s, 14s and 15s, etc., into the money. Four places would still further reduce the winnings. Again taking the above-mentioned tournament for the purposes of illustration, out of a total of 295 scores in the 20-target events of the first day, only 34 were 12 or under; so that the 261 scores all better than 12 would have been in the money.

In the total percentages for that day there were but six contestants whose averages were under 65 per cent.

On the second day there were but four averages under 65 per cent.

On the third day there was but one.

The Winslow system arbitrarily brings the great class between 65 and 85 per cent. into the money, and as it therefore practically takes in all the competitors in a tournament, the money is so much divided thereby that the winnings are insignificant.

Any system which makes winners by arbitrary ruling instead of by meritorious performance is founded on a wrong principle, and cheapens the value of a competition, if the proper significance of the latter term is to be preserved.

We offer the foregoing as friendly suggestion for what it may be worth. If the system possesses merit which we have overlooked, or if we have failed to do it justice, our columns are open for a free publication of its merits, and a correction of our views if they are erroneous in any way.]

Emerald Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Emerald Gun Club was recently held at the home of Dr. G. V. Hudson. The rearrangement of the handicaps for the season coming, the distribution of prizes, the election of officers and the consideration of the report of the shooting committee was the important business on hand. In Class A Gus Greiff finished first, with .925; T. S. S. Remsen second. In Class B C. W. Billings was first. Officers were elected as follows: President, W. J. Amend; First Vice-President, Dr. G. V. Hudson; Second Vice-President, L. H. Shortemeier; Secretary, Wm. Joergers; Financial Secretary, J. Woelfel; Treasurer, J. H. Moore.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 5.—This is the farewell shoot at Dyker Meadow, as traps will be removed to the live-bird grounds at Woodlawn, where target shooting will be continued. The interest manifested yesterday in this branch of our shooting was very evident by the number of members who were present.

The following are subject to handicap, which is not yet complete:

Club shoot:	
D C Bennett1101110100101011110111—18
F A Thompson1111110111111111111100—22
J Gaughen001011111111110100101010—16
L Harrison1111110101111111111101—22
Van Brunt11011111111111010100101—19
D Deacon010100001111110001011001—12
P A Hegaman010000110001000101000110—9
P E George1011011111111101101101101—18
Dudley101001100110001111010101—11
Pemberton001100011111110000010001—11
W H Thompson100000110010010010110101—11
Schoveling110101111011110101010101—16
E G White00000000011000000000110—4
C C Fleet100000000110000000001010—5

No. 1, silver cup: D. Deacon 13, J. Gaughen 13, F. A. Thompson 12, L. Harrison 12, D. C. Bennett 11, W. H. Thompson 11, Dudley 10, M. Van Brunt 9, P. A. Hegaman 9, P. E. George 7, Pemberton 6, Schoveling 6, E. G. White 4, C. C. Fleet 2.

In the shoot-off at 10 Deacon won.

No. 2, silver cup: P. E. George 23, J. Gaughen 20, L. Harrison 17, W. H. Thompson 17, D. Deacon 17, Dudley 16, D. C. Bennett 16, Schoveling 15, Pemberton 13, P. D. Hegaman 12, F. Thompson 11, E. White 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10
Bennett	7	9	9	11	5	..	George	..	12	6	11	10	..
Thompson	4	14	8	5	6	5	Dudley	8	7	7	9	7	..
Gaughen	5	11	5	11	9	7	Pemberton	..	9	2	7	6	..
Harrison	6	13	9	10	9	9	Thompson	..	4	5	6	10	9
Van Brunt	8	14	5	Schoveling	..	4	12	11	4	..
Deacon	6	8	4	10	7	..	White	..	2	2	2	6	5
Hegaman	..	5	4	8	4	..	Fleet	..	2	3	2

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

On March 10 an eminently successful and pleasant all-day shoot was given by the Brooklyn Gun Club under the supervision of its popular manager, Mr. John S. Wright. His industry and solicitude in making a pleasant day for those who attended his tournament is of the sterling kind which finds appreciate response from his friends.

The weather was delightfully pleasant, the day being one of the sunshiny, balmy first days of the springtime, pleasant in itself and pleasant by contrast with the somber days of the winter time now passing away. It was an invitation event, and there were quite enough present to keep the sport going up to the full limit of the club's capacity for throwing blue rocks. An abundance of lunch and hospitable courtesies were provided for the guests present. There was some excellent shooting and consequently close competition.

Nos. 4 and 10 were merchandise shoots, \$1.25 entrance, 50 cents being deducted from each entrance fee, and divided as follows: 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting, to the three highest classes below the highest class.

No. 8 was a handicap race, no man to be allowed a score greater than the highest possible. Ties were shot off at 13 targets, with half the handicap allowances, no man to score higher than the possible 13. It was a hotly contested race in every class. There were two prizes, a gun case and silk umbrella. In the shoot-off between the ties on 25 Ogden won, Bissett shooting well up. Banks was alone in breaking 24, but he gave the umbrella to the 23, which class had a most persistent contest, Baron and Remsen shooting off several ties before Remsen was the final victor.

No. 12 was a special, \$1, the prizes being a fine umbrella and a blouse. Banks and Morley tied, Banks finally winning by a score of 30 straight, Morley being but one behind. Four tied on 9, Remsen winning the shoot-off by breaking 10 straight. Remsen also won the blouse in No. 4 event, beating Ogden by a score of 4 to 3 at 5 targets.

The score in the handicap event is as follows:

Banks, scratch11111111111111111111—24
Morley, 2110111111111100111111110—23
Dudley, 4111111111111110100111111—25
Money, 21111100111111111111101010—21
Harrison, 2111110111111111111110101—21
Ogden, 31111010111111111111101111—25
Remsen, 211111111111111111111010100—23
Beveridge, 211111111111111111111010111—25
Sanders, 511001110011001101111111011—23
Blauvelt, 411001000011100110101000—12
Bissett, 501010101111111111111110110—25
Baron, 51011011111111111111101100011—23
Waters, 50101111011001101111110110—18

The remainder of the competition is given in the subjoined scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	25	25
Harrison	8	7	15	12	9	9	12	16	11	8	9	20	..
Dudley	7	9	13	11	8	12	13	18	9	7	6
Beveridge	9	10	12	12	9	14	15	15	9	8	25
Remsen	9	9	13	14	9	11	13	18	12	10	9	..	21
Moore	6
Blauvelt	8	8	10	10	9	12	13
Ogden	7	9	15	14	9	12	12
Bissett	8	9	12	11	8	11	10	18	15	..	23
Morley	..	12	13	10	14	13	15	15	9	10	25	22	..
Baron	..	12	8	18	10	..	4	15
Waters	..	12	12
Capt Money	8	12	14	17	12	8	9	22	22
Banks	..	13	11	10	15	13	15	14	10	22	20
Woods	..	13	..	10	11	13	16
Wanda	7	..	8	..	8	9	4
Combs	5	13
Sanders	13	15	9
W Hopkins	17	13	7	9
Smith	3	9	..	11
J B Hopkins	16
Dr Littlefield	19

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 12.—To-day's events are given below. The scores in the club shoot for silver flask were as follows:

C M Meyer, A, 30*222201212—8	22120	5	2210—4
Dr Wynn, A, 300121221122—9	10212	4	22102—4
L Harrison, A, 291202221022—8	22210	4	12112—5
F A Thompson, A, 2522121122—9	11101	4	2211—5
W H Thompson, A, 281020122212—5
J N Meyer, B, 282221201011—8	2112—5	11220—4	..
P E George, B, 27010202111—7
A Eddy, B, 291210112211—9
W A Allan, B, 281112*10101—7
W H Shepard, B, 281212122221—10
Capt Kattenstroth, B, 2720*0202221—6
A Hegaman, B, 290122221222—10

Nos. 1 and 2 were sweeps at 29yds., 5 birds, high guns. The birds were of an uneven lot, but some of the duffers proved to be very strong when they got under way. Shepard's shooting was a feature. All Class B men were allowed one miss as no bird. Hegaman with his bird allowance tied Shepard for the flask, and both agreed to shoot one more bird, resulting still a tie. On the toss of a coin Hegaman won. Owing to the limited supply of birds the shoot was cut short.

The target grounds are now located at Woodlawn, and the first shoot at them will be held next Saturday, March 19. Traps ready 1:30 P. M.

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

ROCKAWAY POINT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 14.—Herewith are the scores made to-day:

Jac Stoney, 38001101110101110010111010101001011101—24	10
S Pete, 25111101101011110111110111—20	6
F Coleman, 380100101100000100010111011010111101—21	7
J Jones, 3001100000101000011101101111011—16	2
M Bates, 3800001101101010001100000010100101010—14	0

The following averages include a number of star sweeps, the winner of each goes back 2yds.:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke	Av.
L H Pete....	159	152	.804	Jac Stoney..	145	86	.598
H Otten.....	189	91	.654	F Coleman..	72	39	.541
J Jones.....	119	75	.630	M Batz.....	58	20	.344

RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 11.—To-day the Ridgewood Gun Club, of this city, held its regular cup shoot. All shooters standing at 31yds., having won in prior events, were barred from winning in this. The event was at 7 birds, 50yds, boundary.

Neiderstein, 31yds., 5; Young, 28yds., 4; Chas. Wissel, 31yds., 4; Sands, 31yds., 7; Kunzweir, 28yds., 5; Schoelter, 31yds., 6; Wimand, 31yds., 5; Newberger, 28yds., 6; Wimand, 28yds., 6; Schmidt, 28yds., 1; Dickerman, 28yds., 4; Bermel, 31yds., 6; Hilgause, 31yds., 5; Martin, 31yds., 3; Welz, 31yds., 3; Liebinger, 28yds., 5; Zerwick, 28yds., 3; Merz, 28yds., 1; Brunnemen, 28yds., 1.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

On March 9 the Boiling Springs Gun Club held a shoot, the principal event being No. 7, that for the E. C. cup, at 15 singles, 5 pairs, expert rules. The birds were thrown swiftly as a rule, thus making difficult shooting. Mr. L. Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., with a handicap of 2, was the successful competitor. He displayed a very high order of skill.

Capt Money, 2.....	01110110111011	11	11	11	01	11	20—2	22
E Banks, 0.....	11111101111111	10	11	11	11	01
T W Morley, 2.....	110011111110111	11	11	11	00	11	20—2	22
W H Huck, 2.....	0111111111111101	11	10	10	10	10	19—2	21
H Nelson, 5.....	1110100010101010	00	01	00	10	11	13—5	18
B James, 6.....	1111101010110111	11	00	10	10	11	18—6	21
J G Dutcher, 5.....	1101010111111111	11	11	00	11	11	20—5	25
L Harrison, 2.....	0111111111111111	11	11	01	11	23—2	25	
W Hexamer, 4.....	0100011001111111	10	10	10	11	10	15—4	19
G H Piercy, 3.....	101100010111010	00	11	01	11	10	14—3	17
C Matzen, 5.....	101101111101001	10	11	10	11	00	16—5	21
B Waters, 4.....	111010100110111	00	10	01	00	11	14—4	18

Jottings on my Southern Round-up.

I USUALLY make a trip through part of my territory, starting early in January and returning home in beginning of March. This jaunt carries me through most of the Southern States and Texas, where I go to see my friends and incidentally to say a few loving words anent the Parker gun. Of course there is very little on these lines to be said, so much having already been said, sung, and whistled by 500,000 people more or less on that subject regarding that particular gun. Still none being so deaf as those who won't hear, it is just as well to keep ding-donging away, and sometimes with due diligence and perseverance one may convert a doubting Thomas; hence my ramble, my peregrinations commencing this time very near home.

At Louisville, Ky., I came face to face with the unpleasant fact that the old Kentucky Gun Club had vacated its pleasant, historic, and most accessible grounds, and that therefore the hospitality so freely extended to one and all by that splendid body of men would have to be dispensed in the future from some other grounds. It is with feelings of regret that this announcement is made because we all know how welcome any and all of us have been at the familiar old place, and while a club with so much wealth and unbounded enthusiasm can always find another location, yet the fact remains that in our memory will always dwell recollections of the championship events fought to a finish there, and the many enjoyable evenings spent seated about the grounds chatting on dogs and guns with a set of men who love sport for its own sake and who moreover are cosmopolitan enough to understand that we can't all be rich nor yet college bred men, yet we should at least be gentlemen, failing in which we ought to have the common decency to be as gentlemanly as we can, and let it go at that.

At Charleston, S. C., I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. John H. Murdoch, with whom I had a delightful confab on game, particularly ruffed grouse and partridges, on both of which he is a capital shot. Since the death of Mr. Bardin, his partner, Mr. Murdoch has not done very much field shooting, but is looking forward to better times ahead. Of course I saw the only Barney Worthen, who seems to be getting bigger and broader every year. There may be a few men in America who shoot targets as well as our Barney, but they are decidedly scarce, while a more modest, quiet, unassuming shooter it would be quite impossible to find. May his shadow never grow less. Messrs. Peterman and Swann were also "in evidence," the former shooting a terrific clip, almost abreast of Barney, and the latter so full of vim and vigorous talk that an hour in his company is equal to a good rub-down, or electric shock from a powerful battery. To properly appreciate and fully understand Mr. Swann you should be with him afloat; then and there he looms up like a pillar of fire at night, rendering the soft balmy atmosphere of his own sweet tropical clime aglow by his impressive, striking and phosphorescent remarks. Wait till you see him miss three or four straight targets. Depend upon it, his powder is always plentifully supplied with sulphur; be it black or nitro, that ingredient is ever well served. And yet, and yet if any friend is in need, whatever may be the emergency, where can he go for more spontaneous and certain relief than with our good friend Swann?

At Savannah, Ga., things were quiet; indeed since the most untimely end of the man whom all will be proud to call their friend—the man known and loved by all alike—the incomparable, late lamented George Cape—things in the shooting world have remained quiet, and so will for many a day. George Cape did not go in for very much trap-shooting; he loved a dog; he was a genuine sportsman outright and one of the most graceful finished shots afield that the writer has ever had for a companion. A man of immense strength and activity, he sauntered along from morning till night with that careless, easy, graceful stride that proclaims without further harbingering the trained athlete, the indefatigable pedestrian. No man could lounge about a club room, or saunter more leisurely along a boulevard than George Cape; but he was not deceived, he could wade in mud knee deep for hours and never turn a hair, or he could vault a fence like a college prize winner, carrying an 8lb. gun as though it was a feather, and shooting in that superbly easy, swinging manner which is just as natural to some men as it is for a duck to swim or a Spanish woman to walk. Be the rise where it may, or the angle never so acute, he never lost his aplomb. Every shot looked easy when he fired it; he never got twisted either in trying a backward shot at a darting snipe flushing from the rear, and we all know how hard that is when both legs are stuck fast in the mud or when cutting down a pair of partridges going in opposite directions through tangled vines and dense underbrush. He handled a gun in precisely the same manner as a finished billiard player does his cue, and I can still hear his merry, gleeful laugh when he missed a shot, or more often still when he made a "grand-stand" double.

As well Savannah has lost George Cape; Knoxville, Arthur Mead; Jacksonville, Bryan Taliaferro, who goes next to the great unknown; who goes next to join that trio and the millions and millions of billions though there be who have gone before? Mark me, predestined wanderer, be thou who thou wilt, seek these radiant souls and tell them we are impoverished by their loss, nor can we find others to take their places.

Of mere shooters the land is full to overflowing, but the gap between a shooter and a sportsman is wider than the chasm separating a Landseer or even a Michael Angelo from a white-washer smearing a fence.

So I say, and say it advisedly: "Brave souls, we miss thee, for of such clay was thine is the true sportsman made!"

At Montgomery, Ala., I expected great things; tremendous bags of doves loomed up before me, and I went on from place to place attentive to my work, yet with mind far away in the dove field near Montgomery. I at last arrived, so had my shells (I won't say how many), and so had my incomparable Whitworth steel gun. Furthermore, my afflicted hands and wrists were behaving pretty well, so all seemed to promise a great day at doves. Upon entering Mr. Westcott's store Tom Westcott came up with a sad long looking face, and to my joyful pent-up exclamation of "Semper paratus!" he simply threw up his hands and told me in his soft, sorrowful way that the doves had all left the baited field; that the shooting was knocked on the head. He further told me that our very good friend Mr. Jewell had ridden a full 100 miles on an engine to be sure that all was in readiness for the next day; to engage teams to take us from the little railroad station at 4 A. M. next morning; to see to our luncheon, etc., etc., and that as a precautionary measure and to make assurance doubly sure he had driven out to the field itself "just to see how many thousands there were," he said. Well, he did not see any. The man who had baited and guarded the field told him that no doves had been seen there for several days. so that settled it, and me and my most creamy, juicy, well loaded factory shells and my gleaming, blue-barreled, double-barreled gun, and my erstwhile stiff though willing wrists and hands—and all was well, barring the doves, and they too were well—well out of it; and so it goes. So we must wait until some other time and trust to luck to have a better report to make of the great dove shoot that was to have been near Montgomery.

Albeit I thank my friend Jewell, because I know his disappointment was keener than mine, and because he had done so much and in such a thorough earnest way to give us all a rattling good shoot.

At New Orleans I saw lots of things: one can always, if so inclined, see a good deal in New Orleans. Really outside of New York, why isn't New Orleans No. 2? or is it No. 1? I have a very dear chum there whose name is John W. Phillips, and of all the good fellows, bred-in-the-bone sportsmen I know, I cannot put one single one ahead of Mr. Phillips. He has the feu sacré to such an extent that were he deprived of shooting during the winter I think he would very soon be under the daisies. Indeed if he could not leave New Orleans methinks he would patrol those wide and deep ditches on either side of Canal street, hoping to flush a snipe or scorch on his wheel in early morning along the river bank in the hope of tumbling down a duck on its passée.

So we went to Abbeville, a splendid place generally, and one in which we have done well in other years. But it had rained a good deal and it continued to pour incessantly. The whole country was very soon under water, the snipe were banished, our fond hopes vanished, and we vamoosed the ranch, after being nearly swamped in our wagon several times or oftener. So the doves and the snipe had leagued against me, and nothing was left but to pull up stakes and say adieu to dear old John—and I hated to leave him, so I did.

Returning to the city from New Iberia, we were told a very pretty story, which I will endeavor to relate though I know full well that I cannot do it justice, as the surroundings, people, customs and climate have much to do with all such sentimental ditties. Well, it appears that long, long ago a patrician of France, a man who had lived in gay Paris for the most part and who had married one of the most beautiful women of that city, left his belle France and came to this flat, treeless country, and there bought an immense estate, where he lived for many years

a king on his own domain and monarch of all he surveyed. Coming from a country renowned alike for its beautiful trees and its most delicate flowers, the French grandee at once had many trees planted, forming a dense wood around his house, and long approaches lined with avenues of tall stately trees. One by one his children left him, some died, some settled in far away States, and then he lost his wife, so that of all the dear ones none remained—nothing but his trees. Finally becoming old and infirm, and yielding to the entreaties of a married daughter to come and make his home with her, he at last decided to abandon the old homestead, though with many regrets, for there his life had been spent, and all the good of it came from among that grand old grove of beautiful trees. So after having discharged his many and old faithful servants one morning he entered his carriage and drove away, an old broken-down, feeble, sorrowful man. Reaching a grand avenue of tall, magnificent trees he uncovered his head, bowing to each one as he passed it, and on reaching the end he leaned over, arose and said: "Adieu, mes arbres! Adieu, mes beaux arbres! Adieu, pour toujours"—Good-by, my trees! Good-by, my beautiful trees! Good-by forever! And a puff of wind sent from who knows whence, going who knows whither, caused the graceful, grand and perchance loving trees to bow their lofty heads and say adieu!

And so passed out of the Teche country never to return a grand old nobleman, leaving behind him a landmark that will endure for generations; and when some stifling day, after having enjoyed the shade and rest afforded by these his idols then the weary traveler may repeat with the patrician of France, "Adieu, mes arbres, pour toujours."

I have a dear, kind, and brainy friend, who some time ago moved from Shreveport, La., to Lake Charles in the same State, and to him I promised time and time again that I would check my baggage and camp with him a day or two, knowing full well that for me the latch-string of his cheerful, hospitable and genuine Southern home is always hanging on the outside of the door. So I left my very comfortable seat in the Southern Pacific sleeper and got out at Lake Charles. I had no sooner reached the door than I saw my shooting companion, Mr. J. C. Elstner, elbowing his way through the throng, eager to get at me, as I was at him. So of course we very soon met and had a good friendly handshake, and Jo told me all about his family and his dogs, and old Bess particularly, over which I had shot snipe before. Then incidentally he told me how nicely he was doing in his business, and that he was so "real glad" to see me, and all that, that I felt like an ingrate at not stopping off at his place long before. So driving along in his carriage we soon reached the hotel, and there were met by Monsieur Pierre Theaux, of the Howard Hotel, who assigned me to about the only vacant room he had, made me feel awfully jolly and quite at home instantan, and went up 100 degrees in my estimation forthwith by informing me he knew my chum Mr. W. Phillips, as he had often hired rigs and carriages from him formerly when there was good shooting about New Iberia, where M. Theaux had a livery stable. So we had supper, Jo and I made still more palatable by a bottle of good white wine thoughtfully sent in by Mr. Theaux. Of course we talked dog and gun (what else could two such chaps converse on intelligently), and made our plans for an early start the next morning in quest of snipe—if any—partridges for sure.

Somehow we did not get a very early start, indeed we got a very late one; nevertheless we managed by dint of good shooting and splendid work by the dogs to bag forty-seven snipe and quail and returned home long before 6 P. M. with the proverbial sportsman's appetite. On the way home we overtook a couple of men who had been out that day and killed some prairie chickens—I don't remember how many, eight or ten I think. Well, the sight of those big fine birds enthused me, and carried me back many a day and over many a mile to the vast plains and prairies of the Northwest, where I have killed so many hundreds and hundreds of them. So I determined to give them a trial on the next day, and being piloted by a professional hunter, whose name is Love—a very good man by the way, who knows all about that country—we started at 5 A. M. and drove off the reel fifteen miles out to the prairie only to find the grass all burned off, so of course that squelched all chances of game in that direction. However, I did get three, having shot at four during the day, one unfortunate going off with a broken leg and flying so far that, although over a level, treeless country, neither of us could mark him down. On this occasion I used my Whitworth steel Parker pigeon gun, full choke, and had in it factory-loaded U. M. C. trap shells, with 3/4 drs. Du Pont and 1 1/4 Tatham chilled 7s, 3in. cases. I can safely assert that I did not get a shot at any of the chickens inside of 40yds., and as the gun is pretty light on right trigger—much too light for a field gun—I invariably pulled it off before I was on my bird, so had to do the business with the left barrel. It was blowing a very stiff breeze, and yet with this small shot in such a high wind and at such a distance, it was remarkable how that gun and those loads killed stone dead these big birds, two of which were over 70yds. off. So I came back with my scant supply after a thirty to thirty-five mile drive, feeling all the better for the ozone.

Jo Elstner soon looked me up and we agreed to make one more day of it; this time starting early sure enough and going for quail principally, but snipe should we find any. So we put out at about 5 A. M., killed a few quail and were doing nicely when we saw an old rice field which was a very likely place for snipe. We tried it, and before we got over the fence up went several wisps, wild as hawks, but nevertheless snipe. So we hammered away. Jo soon ran out of small shot loads, and as I was using a 16-gauge gun I could not help him, but he stuck to it manfully and made some surprising long kills with No. 5 shot. On this day Mr. Roberts, cashier of the Calcasieu Bank accompanied us and used Jo's little 16 Parker, with which in his maiden effort he bagged seven snipe. When the bag was counted we found we had 107 quail and snipe, so as that was "a plenty" we drove home, and all voted it a great day for us. For my part what pleased me most was that my foot, which has been very painful for a long time, held me well up on that day and did not go back on the old man once. I also had a splendid opportunity of testing my heavy (7 1/2 lb.) full-choke 16-bore Parker gun, and a great shooter it certainly is. When we saw the snipe flushing in wisps and singly away off we knew that meant plenty of shooting and not too many snipe, so we at once dispatched the wagon back to town for more ammunition. As I had no more 16-gauge shells I had my hammer Parker pigeon gun sent out and some great loads, i. e., Smokeless, factory-loaded shells, 3in. long with 3/4 drs. Du Pont and 1 1/4 Tatham No. 8 1/2 chilled shot. That combination, take it all in all, guns and shells as so loaded, is hard, very hard, to beat, for a snipe especially. It was delightful to me to know that though so abominable a shot as I certainly am at targets, yet I gave a good account of myself on this extremely difficult, extra long-range shooting, which goes clearly to prove that my early training in the meadows at the north of France while at college there had not been forgotten; nor had the precepts of my beloved grandfather, than whom a better, more thorough sportsman never lived.

At San Antonio, Tex., I met a lot of old friends, but was sorely disappointed when my partner down there told me quail were scarce, and not in sufficient quantities to warrant going after them. But I could not leave the old town without having some kind of a shoot, so Mr. Geo. Chabot took upon himself the gathering of some pigeons. This he so successfully did that on next day at Fort Sam Houston we had a splendid time shooting at as good pigeons as one could find anywhere. I was struck and amazed at the magnificent shooting of Lieut. P. Whitworth, U. S. A., who, with small loads of Hazard, 3drs. in nitro shells, and 1 1/2 chilled No. 6 shot, did as fine shooting and made as clean kills as I ever saw in my life. He shot a Parker trap gun, with which I don't remember how many deer, ducks, geese, quail, etc., etc., he has killed this season, using the full-choked and also the cylinder-bored sets of barrels. Mr. Whitworth won the championship of Texas last year at San Antonio with that gun, and with practice would be an awfully troublesome customer anywhere and at anything. Capt. Foster joined us late in the day and made some very pretty kills. Mr. Chabot using a very small 24-gauge gun shot awfully well, while Mr. Gardner, when he got accustomed to his Monte Carlo stock appendage, did exceedingly good shooting. But any man who has left the army in good standing always feels homesick when he reaches an army post; there is a fascination about it that one can never outlive, and every bugle call left a mournful impression on my sensitive ears; every familiar army phrase kept ringing through my head, and I felt sad, for recollection instinctively carried me to that glorious old 7th horse—Custer's regiment—with which I put in such happy memorable days!

Messrs. Joe George and A. W. Adams left suddenly for the coast duck shooting, so I did not have the pleasure of seeing very much of them. Both were in good spirits, and I hope to see Mr. George at the Grand American Handicap.

At Dallas, Tex., I stayed but a very little while; still I was there long enough to shake hands with many of my friends, and to have a most pleasant shoot at 25 pigeons with Mr. Allen, of Allen & Glum, and he beat me at that, just to show there is no

ill feeling. But I will get at him again later and give him another chance.

At Little Rock I put up at the Capital Hotel with Mr. Joe Irwin, and there we had a regular set-to talk—dogs, ducks, snipe, woodcock, etc., etc., and guns; and I verily believe Joe Irwin is one of the very best hunters I have ever met, and that is saying a good deal, for my acquaintance in that field is legion.

At Memphis I struck the gang all eager and willing to shoot, and to know what a nice set of fellows shoot pigeons at Memphis one must go there and see for himself. Everyone was so bent on shooting that we went right at it hammer and tongs, and then some—well, Irby Bennett has improved to such an extent that it is surprising how soon some men learn to become good shots. On the day of the Memphis handicap, Feb. 22, he scored 23 out of 25, when really he ought to have had his last bird, which though knocked down got up and flew out without even the excuse of having any one or anything to chase him; just a natural, pure cussedness kind of pigeon. Memphis, among other very good things, is the home of Mr. A. H. Frank, the man who captured the Memphis handicap first alone, and who since using his new Parker has scored 107 out of 111 pigeons shot at all told, standing at 29yds., and many at 30 to 34yds. Mr. Frank Poston was unable to take part in the shoot on Feb. 22, owing to the severe illness of his aged mother. When Poston and Frank cross their Parkers fur will fly, even if a few feathers fly out too. But that will be an interesting match to behold. Judge Walker, though, won't be far behind, if at all; and then Mr. Edgington will keep things very warm, while Dr. Saunders, who shoots quite as well as ever, will keep them all guessing. Leastwise don't forget Dr. D. Weaver, he clings to you so hard and works so awfully in dead earnest too—bad medicine that! Brother Allen will soon be at it again, so there's no telling what those Memphis men will do. And if any more of them improve like Irby Bennett and Abe Frank any one going down there to get their money will have to be Jim Dandy, or lose, and the chances are he'll lose.

So I drifted back to my old own gun club at Louisville, Ky., and there for the first time shot at some pigeons that seemed as fast, or nearly so, as they do at Westminster Kennel Club; and that in my humble opinion is the end of the rope.

It appears the Kentucky Gun Club has made permanent arrangements to hold its tournaments on a bicycle track in an inclosed ground, and when I know more about it I will forthwith enlighten my readers on this most interesting subject.

To-morrow I leave for Boston, where the old gun and I will stand together on the same platform, when I hope we may make a favorable impression, my part of the performance consisting merely in telling people what they already know—i. e., that there are guns and guns, but that the Old Reliable just goes on forever.

GAUCHO.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 5.—The main event of the club's weekly shoot to-day was the badge shoot. In Class A E. C. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett tied, Dr. E. S. Carroll won in Class B.; J. E. Lodge in Class C. No. 8 event was at live birds. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	25	10	10
E C Burkhardt.....	8	10	21	10	9	18	8	10
C S Burkhardt.....	8	13	18	13	8	21	9	9
J J Reid.....	7	10	20	9	7	15	..	9
A C Heinold.....	8	11	16	11	..	22	7	9
Norris.....	10	11	17	6	6
U E Storey.....	7	10	12	10
C Hebard.....	6	..	14	9	..	15	..	5
Dr E S Carroll.....	10	11	17	14	6	17
Huntley.....	3	7	..	10	5	13
Wilson.....	3
J E Lodge.....	9	..	19	..	6
Dr J M Rainie.....	5	..	9	6	6
H G Middaugh.....	7	12	..	11	6
Killern.....	2
L W Bennett.....	10	20	13	..	20	..	8	..
B Tolsma.....	12	16
J Fanning.....	..	20	12	..	20	..	10	..
E N McCarney.....	..	16	10	..	20	..	7	..
Porter.....	..	16	17	..	4	..

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., March 4.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. The day was pleasant, and seventeen members faced the battery of the traps arranged after Mr. Sergeant's system of throwing targets at unknown angles. The boys seem to catch on to this way of shooting quite readily, as our club average jumped from 47 per cent. last week to 53 per cent. to-day, the second time of using the system, as the following scores will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bryant.....	3	..	5
Rail.....	7	9	6	12	7	6	6	10	7	6	8	6
McWhorter.....	7	11	5	9	8	6	2
Bailey.....	3	6	..	3	5	4	2	5	6	8	7	7
Sotor.....	6	5
Folts.....	6	5	4	7	5
Knowlton.....	3	3	4	6	8	5
Hoffman.....	3	8	5
Willey.....	7	11	7	9	9	5	6	9	4	6	3	..
Pinn.....	4	6	6	10	6	5	6	6	5	6	7	..
Tompkins.....	12	5	3	4	3	5	4	6	4	..
C Eschrich.....	..	10
E Eschrich.....	1	5	4	1
Fenstermacher.....	5	6	3	6	4	4	4	2	..
Redmond.....	5
Miller.....	6	5	7	4	3	6
Frazer.....	6	6	6

WILLEY, Sec'y.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

THE annual banquet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was given at the Bay State House, Worcester, Mass., on the evening of March 2. At the appointed time, 8:30, the dining room was opened and the banquet began. Three tables were required for the party. President Maynard P. Roach, with the toastmaster and speakers, occupied the head table, which was decorated with the trophy of Shooting and Fishing and that of the Hunter Arms Co. The toasts were most felicitously responded to. The members and guests present were: John B. Tougas, Jay Snell, George S. McClellan, E. T. Whittaker, E. W. Ide, George A. Davis, William L. Davis, C. W. Walls, M. D. Gilman, Dr. Edward E. Frost, Elisha Knowles, Alderman B. W. Potter, Joseph K. Greene, Maynard P. Roach, Rev. Roland A. Nichols, A. B. F. Kinney, William A. Blaisdell, William A. Tierney, H. H. Gabeler, B. J. Bertels, Charles E. Forehand, C. Arthur Hanson, R. C. Walls, W. M. Buck, A. M. Walls, Sullivan Forehand, F. M. Harris, E. W. Buck, J. Walter Davis, O. M. Ball and F. Bucklin.

The new officers elected are: President, Maynard P. Roach; First Vice-President, A. B. F. Kinney; Second Vice-President, Elisha S. Knowles; Treasurer, F. M. Harris; Secretary, A. W. Walls; Executive Committee, George McLellan, C. E. Forehand, C. A. Hannan and W. H. Buck.

The Treasurer reported about \$150 in the treasury. The executive committee was authorized to arrange shoots and contests for the coming year.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, March 5.—The first event was at 10 live birds, \$5, with the following scores: Stacy 7, Mack 7, Woodbury 6, Heberd 8, Swope 6, Bauman 8, Beck 8, Cooper 10, Alderman 7, Wheeler 9, Ditton 9. In a 5-bird event Bauman and Ditton killed 3. March 9.—The following scores were made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	5	10	10	10
Mack.....	9	11	20	3	7	8	..
Cooper.....	8	7	18	4	6	7	..
Bauman.....	6	12	20	..	7	8	..
Schrier.....	8	6	19	3	7	6	..
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	5	10	10	10
Ditton.....	5	5	18	..	5	6	6
Wrench.....	12	3	8	5	6
Foxie.....
Wheeler.....

Event No. 3 was badge shoot. The winners were as follows: Foxie in Class A, Ditton in Class B, Schrier in Class C.

While the attendance was not large and the day perfect for target shooting a general good time was enjoyed by all. Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 18,
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

If a man walk in the woods for the love of them half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen. Thoreau.

REPEAL SECTION 249.

THE purpose of the New York game law to forbid and prevent the destruction of game by market hunters in the close season is in large degree nullified by the operation of Sec. 249, which reads as follows:

Sec. 249. No person or persons shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of his or their selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him or them by production of proper invoices and freight or express receipts, that such wild animal or bird was shipped from a point at least three hundred miles distant from the State of New York. For the purpose of the proper enforcement of this section the package containing this wild animal or bird shall be marked plainly "game," and the place of shipment and destination shall also be plainly marked. All transportation companies which shall transport the same shall keep books plainly showing the receipt and delivery of such packages of game, and dealers in the same shall keep books of account showing the number of birds or animals received, sold or delivered by them, and shall, at all times, permit any authorized agent of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest to examine their books of record for purpose of establishing the right of such possession or transportation in close season.

The practical working of the provision is to open the market of New York city and of lesser towns throughout the State to an illicit traffic in game the year around. The results of this are twofold; one is the wrong and injury inflicted upon the game interests of New York State; the other is the wrong and injury inflicted upon other States.

The proposition has the force of an axiom with those who understand these matters, that so long as there is an open market for the receipt of game the supply will be furnished to meet the demand. A law which permits the sale of game outside of a 300-mile limit opens the door wide to trade in game killed in our own covers. This is not theory; it is the demonstration of practical experience. The 300-mile limit is a blind for traffic in New York game. No system has ever been devised or will ever be devised which can efficiently conserve our game resources in the face of an open market law.

The New York open market is a standing source of wrong to many other States because it encourages the shipment of game from those States in violation of their statutes and contrary to their interests. New York markets are the dumping grounds for game forwarded by the market hunters and commission merchants of the West. Throughout the West non-export laws very generally prevail; and the system is extending. The Eastern markets constitute the gravest problem involved in the enforcement of a non-export law. With those markets closed the operation of the laws would prove comparatively simple. This is recognized by game commissioners and wardens and executive agents. In a recent convention of these officials in Chicago resolutions were adopted to petition the Legislature of New York to modify the law, and thus do its share in solving the vexed problem of protection. There should be among Senators and Assemblymen at Albany a sentiment of State pride potent enough to relieve New York of the unenviable character it now maintains as a fence for stolen goods.

If the honest conviction of the Legislature on the subject were expressed in the disposition of the Weeks bill to repeal Section 249, the measure would become a law. More encouragement is afforded just now that the law may be repealed than has been given at any other juncture since the section found its way by trickery upon the statute books. Mr. Weeks' repeal measure has passed the Assembly; it is expected to pass the Senate. If it shall reach the Governor, every influence

should be exerted to show him the righteousness of the repeal, and insure his approval of it.

POTOMAC RIVER POLLUTION.

THE executive committee of the Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia met on Wednesday, March 16. The preliminary report of Mr. Talbott, Chairman of Committee on River Pollution, was presented, approved and by unanimous resolution made the basis of a memorial to the United States Senate in support of Senate Bill 2,905, providing for the investigation of the pollution of rivers where the sanitary condition of the people of more than one State or Territory is affected.

The memorial is signed by W. S. Harban, Chairman; W. P. Young, Secretary-Treasurer; Richard Sylvester, Warden; I. Walter Sharp, Rudolph Kauffmann, Joe H. Hunter, Frank B. Curtis, Charles H. Laird, Harrison Dingman, Jesse Middleton and DeWitt Arnold, Executive Committee of the Association.

On March 17 Mr. Vest laid the memorial before the Senate, and it was referred to the Committee on Public Health and National Quarantine having charge of the bill, and was ordered to be printed.

There is hope now that if Congress will but take steps toward the prevention or regulation of pollution, or its investigation only, it will encourage the friends of the rivers and fish throughout the States to renewed efforts in favor of reform. If a general movement can be inaugurated, if only in the direction of study, a great work will have been accomplished.

The committee's report includes a communication from the United States Fish Commissioner on fisheries destroyed or injured by pollution; a letter from Prof. F. H. Newell, Chief Hydrographer for the Geological Survey, whose valuable report on the Potomac River has just been published by the Senate (Doc. 90); and a paper by Dr. George M. Kober, formerly Special Sanitary Inspector for the City of Washington, which treats of pollution from the sanitary standpoint.

GAME SUPPLY FLUCTUATIONS.

THE astounding success which has attended efforts toward the artificial reproduction of fishes have led many a man to wonder why attempts to artificially propagate birds and mammals might not be attended with like success. As yet, however, not the first step has been taken in this direction. We have learned much about the destruction of game and a very little about the way in which it increases in a state of nature. This is all. Except in preserves, the end of most of our large game is very likely in sight, but the case may be very different in respect to feathered game. As we have more than once pointed out, in many localities the numbers of any species are likely to sink very near to the vanishing point, and then, in consequence of the failure to pursue it, owing to its scarcity, it may increase again. Any marked increase, however, will be followed by a renewal of pursuit, which will again be abandoned as the numbers again diminish. Such fluctuations may continue for many years. Meantime it is to be hoped that our game laws may be improved and better enforced; that exotic birds may be introduced in constantly increasing numbers; that the sale of game may be prohibited.

A familiar example of what may be done by the protection of exotic feathered game, where all the conditions are favorable to its increase, has been seen in the development of the Asiatic pheasant on our northwest coast. Nineteen pheasants were turned loose on Vancouver Island near Victoria in 1881, and having been rigidly protected for five years, increased in that time so greatly that it was estimated that during the first open season a thousand birds were killed without any perceptible decrease in the numbers of the pheasants. The next season a still greater number were killed, but during the open time the birds which at first were very tame had learned to regard man and his dog as enemies, and had become much more shy and far better able to take care of themselves during the shooting season.

While the fluctuations alluded to will always be most noticeable in the case of feathered game, the principle applies to mammals as well; although, owing to the slower reproduction of large animals, the increase is more gradual and less readily seen. With the settling up of a new country predatory beasts are in large measure killed or driven off, and thus the numbers of the natural enemies of any other species are greatly decreased. This ob-

viously tends to lessen the destruction of that species, so that if it were not for the killing by man its numbers would markedly increase. This very thing is occurring to-day in the case of elk in the Yellowstone Park, where, in many places, protection is absolute, and the death of animals occurs only from old age or injury by accident. So great has been their increase that persons familiar with the Park say that in winter, when the ground is partly covered with snow, the bare tops and sides of the hills, where only the elk can graze, are so closely fed down and so cut up by the hoofs of the animals that numbers of the elk perish from starvation.

A few years ago in portions of Maine and the Adirondacks the beavers were thought to be exterminated, but the few survivors—protected by the very paucity of their numbers—have so far increased that in some places they have become a most interesting feature of the life of the woods. In early days the Galapagos Islands were a favorite resort and breeding ground for a species of fur seal which occurred there in great numbers. As has been the case with the fur seal wherever its rookeries were discovered, it was pursued down to the last animal, and for several years has been thought to be absolutely exterminated. Yet a few survived, and in the year 1897 their numbers had so increased that not less than 230 skins were taken by a commercial sealer.

The tendency of nature is to reproduce her species, and this tendency can only be overcome by the constant interference of man, whose whole efforts are devoted to fighting nature. From examples such as have been cited above, the game protector may learn many a lesson and derive much encouragement.

The supply of Norwegian reindeer moss brought over with the last consignment of reindeer ran low before Seattle was reached, and the question arose as to what the animals should be fed. In this dilemma Mr. L. S. Kelly, who was with the reindeer, suggested that they be tried on alfalfa clover. The suggestion was acted on, and the deer took kindly to the clover. When they reached the coast they were taken to Woodland Park, a few miles from Seattle. Here they are turned out to graze and enjoy the green clover. When first turned out they rushed into the lake and swam out a long way from shore. They are capital swimmers, their broad, spreading hoofs enabling them to make good headway. The animals are interesting, but it was never other than a waste of money to import them, as has been done and for this purpose.

We gave last week a comprehensive outline sketch of the magnificent exposition given by the New England Sportsmen's Association, and now in progress. To-day we add notes on some of the many features. The Mechanics' Building is to Boston what the Madison Square Garden is to New York; and the Association has brought together within its great halls such an aggregation of attractions for sportsmen as has never before been seen under roof. Those to whom we owe the inception and execution of the enterprise are deserving of the warmest congratulation for its liberality of scope and perfection of detail. It is a genuine, dignified and altogether creditable achievement. Boston has set the mark by which all future sportsmen's expositions must be measured.

It was inevitable that the New York and Boston shows should be contrasted; but between two enterprises so distinct in purpose and character comparisons may hardly be made. The New York show was primarily and almost exclusively a trade exhibit of sporting goods. The Boston show was in its original purpose and is in realization an exposition of the sportsmen's side, the field and lake and forest and camp; the trade features do not dominate. It is understood that the New York shows have been profitable to those interested in them. The great success of the Boston show was assured from the first day.

In our issue of March 12 we alluded to a widely copied newspaper story, purporting to be told by a retired army man, of a Sergeant Richardson, who was credited with having killed in February deer and elk in Maine. The Game Commissioners of that State have investigated the story, and have proved it to be a wholly baseless fabrication. This sustains the opinion we expressed at the time, that the yarn was spun of imagination. As for Sergeant Richardson, there is such a person, but at the time, instead of being off shooting, he was chained to business at Fort Popham.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Some Yukon Notes.—I.

ONE of the main attractions which drew me to the Yukon along with the rush of gold seekers last fall was the prospect of hunting. I had seen the skins of the big brown Alaska bears measuring 12ft. from paw to paw, and nearly as much from nose to tail, and I knew that caribou and moose and other game were also on hoof in the country.

The two record-breaking moose heads which FOREST AND STREAM told about last year had much to do with my journey.

As a matter of fact, however, the big bears and the big moose are chiefly confined to the coast country, and the mountainous barren waste lying along the upper Yukon watershed has little to attract the sportsman. Game is nowhere abundant, and what little there is is hunted to death. The coast, on the other hand, still affords some magnificent sport, and a trip to Cook's Inlet, for instance, would insure good hunting and unique trophies.

Owing partly to the scarcity of game and partly to the exactions upon my time, first to get into the country and then to get out, my hunting ambitions were never realized. I got no game except a few ptarmigan, grouse and ducks, two timber wolves, and some fur. I talked with Indian and white hunters, however, and made personal observations, and in view of the public interest in the Yukon at the present time, some notes on the game may not be without value.

Beginning with the passes which lead to the headwaters of the Lewis (to all intents and purposes the Yukon below Tagish on this route), by far the most abundant game is the white goat. In August and September goats were seen daily from the trail, in places where it skirted the upper edge of the timber; and though there was little if any systematic hunting, a number were killed by men who chanced upon them. One was shot in this way by a packer on the hog-back mountain on the main trail between the last bridge and the ford. This man told me that the goat let him approach with 30 or 40yds. It was killed only a few rods from the trail.

Another was killed by a man named Johnson, grubstaked by Howard P. Curtis, a young New Yorker, who has since acquired a number of claims in the Klondike. Johnson was sick in bed at the time in a tent just above the Second Bridge over the Skagway. He saw the goat on the almost vertical hillside above, and lying in bed killed it at a distance of several hundred yards. Curtis and others of the party secured the skin the next day.

Just above the Ford one day I noticed two men laboriously climbing the bare rocky hillside opposite. Something in their movements told me they were hunting, and scanning the rock above, I discovered the object of their quest—a big goat standing out in plain view at the top of a perpendicular ledge. The goat was watching the hunters attentively, and seemed fully aware of the situation. When they got within a quarter of a mile he wheeled and darted up the mountain at a pace that was in the sharpest contrast to the slow, clumsy progress of the men. Usually it is folly to attempt to stalk a goat from below. From the hog-back before mentioned I saw two small black bears one afternoon on the mountain opposite. All along the trail horses and men were toiling—the horses dumbly patient, the men voluble in their disgust.

Practical profanity aimed at horses and mud attained its highest development on that trail. Its picturesqueness was only exceeded by its volume. Two hundred men within a very short distance were swearing at the full capacity of their lungs, their remarks punctuated by blows of the cudgels they carried on horses' backs or the clatter of iron-shod hoofs on ledges of bare rock. Yet, despite the fact that the air was very still, and every sound carried across the cañon gorge of the Skagway, as I found afterward from personal observation, those little bears paid not the slightest attention to the rumpus. They were peacefully engaged in scooping the watery moss berries and pulpy blueberries into their mouths, and were minding nobody else's business.

Soon the bears began to attract attention. They were pointed out for a mile along the trail. Some persons called them grizzlies. They were nearly a mile off, but this did not prevent one man from shooting a box of cartridges in their general direction.

Two hours later I had closed a contract for some packing, and having an hour or two before dark at my disposal, I took my rifle and climbed the hill where the bears had remained in sight up to the last few minutes. It was a tooth-and-nail scramble up from the cañon to a bench where grew a belt of timber perhaps a quarter of a mile in width. Above that the mountain was bare of vegetation except for low bushes, and very steep and ledgy. In the timber I found abundant signs of goat. The spoor was everywhere, and wherever there was a natural pass between rocky ledges tufts of white hair were caught in the trees. Judging from appearances, the signs had all been made the winter before, and there was nothing to indicate that the goats frequented the timber in summer.

I circled round in the timber to get a position to leeward and above the bears, but my trouble was in vain, for when I reached the spot they had disappeared; and though I threw stones into all the neighboring gullies I could not start them.

Fresh goat trails were numerous on the mountain side, in plain sight and hearing of the noisy crowd on the other hill; but like the bears, the goats seemed to pay little attention to the influx of strangers to their chosen country.

Bears were common all along the trails over the passes, and were the subject of many good stories. One very large brown bear dragged away the carcass of a horse entire near the foot of the first hill, and was wounded the following night by hunters lying in wait. One of my partners saw the tracks and blood of the

bear, and also the partly eaten carcass of the horse, and the trail along which the bear had dragged it.

When the time came for our descent of the river the bear season was nearly over, and most of the provident ones had already found for themselves winter quarters. Just above Lebarge, however, while trying to head off from the shore a black fox which we had surprised on a sandbar, we came upon the tracks of two very large bears. The fox, it may be as well to state, reached the river bank behind the shelter of a point and escaped, though a few seconds more would have given us an excellent shot at short range. The tracks of the bears were between 12 and 14in. long, and showed very plainly in the new snow. The date was toward the last of October.

Coming out on the ice last month, I met a party who had camped at White Horse Rapids along with us the day before seeing these bear tracks. Messrs. Henning and Campbell, of this party, told me that they had killed a large grizzly bear ten miles or so above the point where we saw the tracks. They reached the Takeena River about noon of the day they left White Horse, and finding the river running much ice bank full into the Lewis they landed to investigate. While on shore they sighted the bear swimming the river amid the ice. They hastily got into their boat and gave chase, but though the bear was carried a long distance down stream by the current and ice, they were unable to come close enough for a shot before the bear landed. They followed his track, however, and soon came in sight of the bear, which for want of a better opportunity Henning shot in the tail. As the bear turned, another lucky shot in the neck severed his spinal cord and killed him. Henning, who is an old Rocky Mountain prospector, said the bear was a genuine grizzly, and weighed about 600lbs. Campbell has the skin, but as he had left it at his cabin down river I did not see it.

Gov. Walsh told me of another grizzly killed by the Tunnies and Breed outfit near the island (Richtofen) in Lake Lebarge. The bear was first seen on the shore of the island. When the boat, containing ten men, came opposite he deliberately took to the water and swam toward them. They opened fire on him at short range, and had all they could do, they said, to keep the bear out of the boat. When only a few feet away he turned and swam back to the island, and succeeded in getting entirely out of the water before dying, though a post-mortem revealed thirty-two bullet holes in his hide. Gov. Walsh saw the skin, and assured me that it was a grizzly. In his long sojourn in the Northwest as chief of the Canadian Mounted Police the Governor saw and killed a large number of grizzlies, and consequently speaks with authority on the subject.

Just across the divide from the ocean, near Middle Lake, I saw the tracks of both moose and caribou in September. Several caribou were killed a little later by the Indians near Lake Lindeman. Caribou were seen on several occasions on the west shore of Middle Lake, but as far as I know none were killed at the time I was there. I saw moose tracks crossing some open glades in a thick willow growth just above a belt of fir timber on the mountain west of Shallow Lake, and running south from there to Middle Lake.

The chief engineer of the surveying party who were locating the route for the railroad through White Pass told me that at Lindeman he had seen two moose.

Half a dozen men told me they had seen elk at various points just north of the summit, but I am inclined to think that what they saw were either moose or caribou, as I cannot find that elk exist much further north than Vancouver Island. It was also commonly reported that mountain sheep were found in this neighborhood, but on talking with men making this statement I always found that they referred to the white goat. Goats, in fact, were more often called sheep than given their proper name, and Sheep Camp, now a prosperous little city second only to Skagway and Dyea, owes its name to this popular misapprehension.

Sheep there are along the upper Yukon, but they inhabit a country better adapted to their requirements than the humid coast range. They are found in a high plateau country abounding in buttes and grassy sandhills, lying between Lake Lebarge and Lake Teslin, at the head of the Hootalinqua. A party of prospectors who wintered on the upper Hootalinqua a year ago brought down the river with them the heads of several "big horns." Mr. H. H. Pitts, the storekeeper at the Pelly, measured one of those heads and found that the horns at the skull had a circumference of 16in. Mr. W. MacIntosh, who is wintering at the foot of Lake Marsh, and who crossed to the Hootalinqua via the McClintock River on a prospecting trip recently, told me that the Indians reported sheep plenty about Teslin Lake. He said they described the sheep by making a circular motion with their hands on both sides of their head, saying: "Horn all the same as this." They said the meat was "good mucka muck," while goat was "no good." At Lebarge the Indians also told me that sheep were plenty ("hai-yu") just east of the lake, and they traded some fresh meat purported to be mutton, and which certainly tasted different from the moose and caribou we had been getting.

There are no goats in the immediate neighborhood of Lake Lebarge, or, for that matter, on the river below. In the interior the mountains are too low, and with the glaciers of the coast range the goats seem to disappear. At the Pelly the Wood Indians (or Yukon, as they prefer to call themselves) had some goat skin muckluks procured in the course of trade from the Chilcoot (coast) Indians. Curiously enough, while they professed ignorance of the animal, they used the name "sheep" to designate it. These muckluks were made from kid skins. Ptarmigan inhabit about the same range of country as the goats. I heard of none on the main river below Lebarge. Barnes, the constable in charge of the Northwest Mounted Police station at the foot of the lake, told me that they were fairly plenty in the immediate neighborhood. Mr. H. P. Curtis killed a number at the foot of Lake Marsh, and at Tagish they are reputed to be plenty. They are not found in these localities in summer, however, and one has then to go nearly to the snow line to get them. J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Camp of Two Cranks.

White Water River, Indiana.

(Continued from page 223.)

Next morning we took five catfish from 10 to 15in. long off the set lines, but no turtle, which was a disappointment, as we wished especially for a turtle to make a stew or soup for the Sunday dinner. It may have been a little late in the season for turtles—I never studied up much on turtles anyhow—and we laid our failure to get one to the season, and it served to pacify our feelings as well as a better reason might have done.

However, one of the hooks was straightened out, and Tom was sure it was done by a turtle or a "whoppin' big cat." One circumstance we couldn't account for was the evening before we had tied on bright Cincinnati bass hooks and now they were every one as black as ink. We haven't accounted for it yet.

We baited the hooks again and left them out, and took off three more catfish when we came in to get dinner.

After breakfast we went down to the wide water, where the old boat lay, to try for the big bass that got away, and if Tom got him I had about made up my mind to sneak off down the river to town and take the first train for home, for if he got that bass there would be, as Dick Mac would say, "No sich consistency as livin' with him." I would never hear the last of how he caught "old Hickory's big bass."

When I opened the bucket to get a minnow I found old yaller dead and stiff; the two cyclones he had passed through the day before had undermined his constitution, and he had passed quietly to the "beyond." I hooked on another big chub—we were after big fish—and both of us fished for near an hour, casting up and down along the willows and bushes lining the bank, and far out into the stream, reeling slowly in at times and casting again and again, but it was of no avail; the big one wouldn't bite; he had more than likely sprained his jaw in the encounter of the day before and was doubtless lying somewhere under the bank nursing it and wondering what the big chub was loaded with.

The spirit moved me to go prospecting, and I meandered off down the river for a half mile, fishing two or three good-looking holes on the way, but I got but one bass, and meandered back again to try for "the big bass of Riggles' Bend." I sent in my card in the shape of a big lively chub, but he was not at home, or was still in hiding, and I went around to where I had taken the darlin', and in a few minutes had another fair-sized bass on the stringer. Failing to get another in a half hour's fishing, I went on up the path and found Tom sitting on his favorite rock at the lower crib, motionless as a blue heron, waiting for some giddy minnow or unwary frog to stray inside of the "dead line," and with an expression of patient enjoyment on his face that was good to look at.

Just below him, holding down another rock, was a brother of the rod who, as I learned, had come over in his buggy from a couple of miles east for a quiet Saturday's fish, and he and Tom had struck up a fishing acquaintance, as is inevitable in such cases, and were of course on the very best of terms. I was duly presented by Tom to "Mr. Park Bradway," and soon gauged him as another "way up" crank; a quiet, unassuming, unostentatious gentleman whose ways and demeanor reminded me very much of my old comrade Dr. Elliott, of Lodi, O.

I selected another uncushioned rock near by, and we sat and talked and fished, and fished and talked till it was time to go up to camp and start a fire for dinner. An invitation to "jine" was politely declined by Brer B. on account of having a lunch with him, and not wishing to intrude on and be a bother to us, as he put it. I went to camp and started a fire and got the dinner going, leaving them discussing the merits of different kinds of rods, and waiting for a bite. Bradway had told us that he once took forty-five bass in a half day's fishing right at that spot without moving roft., the water was clear, however, and with this weighing on his mind it took several calls to pull Tom from his rock when I had dinner about ready, and I believe he would have sat there till dark if he hadn't been moved by hunger to come up and join me at dinner.

Tom can sit longer on a rough rock or log without abrading the nap on the rear of his corduroys and fish with more expectant determination, heedless alike of sun or rain or cold, than any disciple of gentle Ike that I have ever been out with. He's a marvel of patience and endurance, and even-tempered in all weathers; some more reasons why I like Tom.

He set his rod, leaving Bradway to keep an eye on it, and came up to camp, and we ate dinner and went back to our fishing; Tom to keep Brer Bradway company and cogitate over those forty-five bass, while I went on below to the old boat for another possible interview with "the daddy of the pool." I have noticed that there is an inexplicable influence that draws old anglers back to the place where they have taken or lost a big fish, be it bass, trout or maskinonje, and it is of no use to try to resist it; I never resist. I didn't get the big one, nor any little ones, and after fishing near an hour without getting a bite I went back up to the crib to sit a while with Tom and Bradway. We put in most of the afternoon here, taking seven or eight bass, of which I got none, and Tom chuckled some more, "the graceless cuss."

When it was time to go up and make preparations for supper, Bradway went along and on up the stream to his horse and buggy and for home, promising to come back next day and catch the big bass.

Tom and I got supper, and rebaited the set lines, with the sole object in view to catch a turtle; we wanted that turtle for a special purpose. The next day (Sunday) was to be our last in camp, and we sat late that night in front of our last camp-fire and planned for the wind-up.

Our friend Geo. H. Smith, assistant general passenger agent of the C., H. & D., had promised that if nothing interfered with his plans he would come up that night, stop at the Commercial, and come up to camp early in the morning and spend the day with us. We wanted to surprise him with a camp dinner that he could talk

about the rest of his days; hence our yearning for that turtle.

After going over the set lines next morning, and finding no turtle—only three or four cats—I went up to the farmhouse and neighbor Riggles and the old house dog swooped down on a fat young dominick rooster in a corner of the chicken yard, and I carried him down to camp to take the place of the turtle that we didn't

and stuck to it till we were just too full for utterance, and never was a dinner better relished, the only drawback being that we had no company to help us out, for Bradway was too intent on his fishing or too modest to come up after several more "hollerin's" for him.

I have eaten chicken stews, venison stews, rabbit, squirrel, grouse, goose and divers other kinds of stews off and on for a matter of fifty years or more—some

branch at home in which he kept a good supply of minnows during the fishing season, and we gave him all we had left—about 150 in all—to take home with him to remember us by, and after a brotherly shake all around he took his way up the river through the corn to his buggy at the head of the field, and that was the last we saw of Brer Bradway, but we will always remember him as a quiet-mannered, gentlemanly and companionable comrade to be out with along a stream.

Tom and I sampled the stew again—we couldn't hold much more of it—washed the dishes and started in to pack up, wondering the while why our friend Bill had not put in an appearance during the day.

When everything was ready and our fish packed in a big chip basket that we had brought along full of delicacies, we were loth to leave the place where we had passed four such happy days, but the sun was down and it was time to think of getting the outfit out to the road, and if Bill failed us we could likely get neighbor Riggles to take us to town.

Out at the road we sat on the big canvas bag and smoked and waited for Bill till the dusk of the evening came down on us, when to our relief Landlord H. himself came along, and we were soon on our way to town.

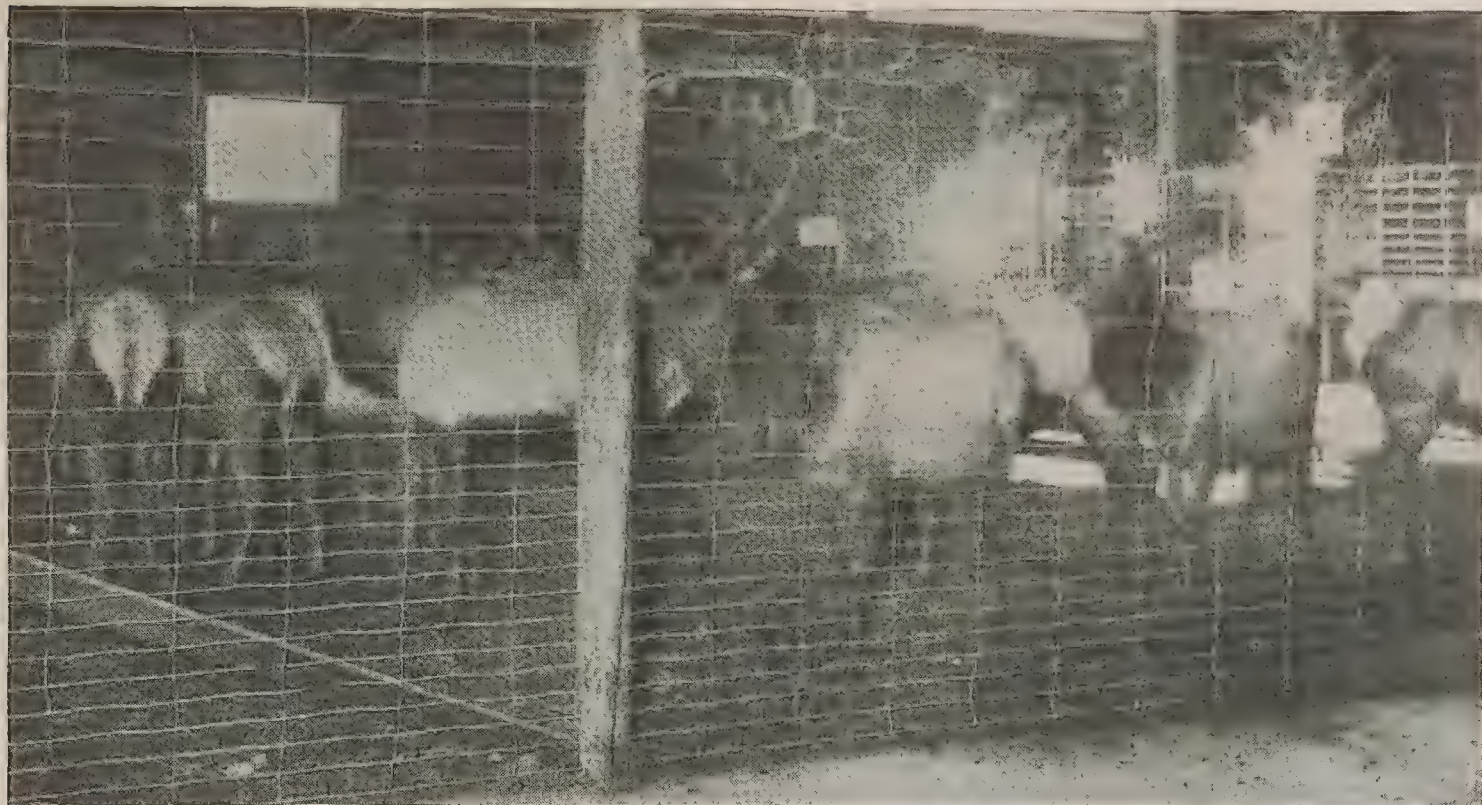
On asking why Bill had not come up after us, he said that "on the money we paid Bill for the minnows he got gloriously and hilariously drunk and was laid up somewhere for repairs and trying to reduce the size of his head to conform to the number of his hat." He said also that he had "fired" Bill and told him not to come back, but I trust that the natural kindness of his heart prompted him to reconsider his action after we were gone, for Tom and I took it to ourselves that we were in a measure responsible for Bill's swelled head, although he had got no "licker" at our camp. (Bill had said down in town that "the ole gray-headed feller up at the camp was a purty good sort of an ole chap, but he didn't have no licker along.")

Alas, poor devil! Like many another good fellow, he couldn't stand prosperity, even though it came to him only in the shape of a measly dollar or two. We felt only sorry for Bill, but our sympathy was doubtless wasted, for had we given him a \$5 or \$10 note he would have been drunk that much longer, and it would have required the waste of a corresponding amount of sympathy to even the case up.

We got home about 11 P. M. that night and went to business next morning with a new lease on life, for we had enjoyed our trip to the full measure of our capacity and notions of solid comfort, albeit we didn't get many fish, but enough for our needs and a few to bring home. Tom caught the most of them, and as a consequence snubs me and chuckles over it at every good opportunity.

The only way I can squelch him is to remind him of the "darlin'" which both he and Bradway conceded would weigh 3½lbs., and had I only saved the big one that got away, his peace of mind would have been utterly destroyed—till he caught a bigger one.

But Tom and I will never have a misunderstanding about the fish we take; our ideas of sport and our tastes run too much in the same channel for that; we both



THE ELK PADDOCK.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

get. I didn't keep him long in suspense, but cut his head off with the hatchet; and then took place a circus that was something astonishing.

After the manner of most chickens with their heads cut off, he began to flop and jump, and turn somersaults, having, as it seemed, the muscles of a kangaroo in his legs; and soon he was thrashing around in the weeds back of the tent, and then back he came, zigzagging in aimless leaps toward the fireplace, and before I could intercept him he went sailing over the bank into the water.

He kept flopping till he was 20ft. or more out from the bank, and then lay quiet—"must 'a' drowned," I reckon—and then I was in a category as to how to get him ashore. I had to scratch my head a few times before I could formulate a plan, and then I took my rod, and at the second cast dropped the line over him, and reeling slowly in till the hook caught in the feathers towed him gently down to the wash stand, and landed him with a shout that brought Tom up from his rock below to see what had happened.

When I explained the episode to him, he remarked, with the inevitable dry chuckle, as he started back to his rock, "Well, Hickory, if you can't catch bass, you're at the head o' the class at snarin' dead chickens," which moved me to sail a club after him to hasten his movements, but he dodged it and went chuckling through the bushes, to appear a minute or so after at the crib below anchored complacently on his favorite seat.

Lest some doubting Thomas (not Tom Smarr) may think I don't know how to prepare a chicken for the pot, I will say that I soured that rooster into the camp kettle two-thirds full of scalding water, when, after the proper amount of gyrating and twisting, I yanked him out, and sat down on a camp stool and picked the feathers off clean, and then singed him in the blaze of the fire, as provided for in the regulations. Then I split him open on the back with the hatchet, disembowled him and cut him up secundum artem—that is, with the hatchet and butcher knife—and the job was done, and the remains ready for the post mortem by Dr. Tom, who had promised to convert him into a stew that would lay all the chicken stews of ancient and modern times in the shade.

I hived the dissected rooster in a tin pan, covering it with another to keep flies and bugs out, and Bradway coming along just then we went down below to fish a while, he joining Tom at their "forty-five bass hole," while I went on down to the wide water to have another try for my big bass with the sprained jaw, Tom and Bradway conceding that according to angling ethics I was entitled by right of discovery to the first cast. I got nothing in a half hour's fishing, and went up and joined the other two till it was time to go up and start the stew to brewing.

Friend Smith had evidently slipped a cog or missed his train, for he didn't come, and he "missed the chance of his life," as Tom said.

I built a fire just to Tom's pleacement, and he put the chicken in the camp kettle half filled with water, sat it on the iron bars and "let 'er go" till it came to a boil, skimming off the scum as occasion required. He cut up some bacon into small squares, sliced a couple of potatoes, chopped fine a half of an onion, chucked all in the kettle, put in seasoning quantum suf. and sat down on a camp stool to watch it boil and simmer, adding a stick of wood to the fire from time to time till it got to a consistency that would exactly suit him.

I left him stewing over his stew and went down and fished a while with Bradway, going back in half an hour or so to see how the dinner was coming on. At last Tom announced the stew to be just between a soup and a potpie, which he said was the proper thickness for a stew, and we hollered for Brer Bradway to come up and "jine," but he hollered back that he had just eaten his snack and couldn't come, as he was looking for a bite every minute. Tom said, "Let 'im alone; that feller would rather fish than eat."

We sat down to that famous stew, fried fish, fried potatoes, bread, butter, honey, coffee, "et settery &c.,"

good, some better—but that stew of Tom's seemed to lay over 'em all, and I stand ready to back him against all the camp cooks on the continent as the concoctor of a savory, palatable stew that will reach the spot with the most directness and satisfying results. Brer Smith and Brer Bradway will never find out what they missed by not "j'inin'" us on that perfect October Sunday.

We left the table as it stood, dishes unwashed, and went down the stream to put in the afternoon fishing till it would be time to pack up and break camp. We wanted the big bass that got away to take home with us, and we all three went down to the wide water determined to circumvent him if patient and careful fishing would accomplish it, but after an hour's still-fishing along the willows, and casting with the most enticing minnows, up, down and across the stream, over every square yard of water to be reached by short and long casts without sign of a strike we gave it up; he was too



AMIALE SUBJECTS FOR THE CAMERA.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

wary and smart for us or had not yet forgotten the big yaller chub that was loaded, and he's there yet to the best of our knowledge and belief.

When the sun touched the top of the hill across the river we reeled up and went to camp, leaving the old warrior for Bradway to practice his arts on at a future time, and yet I am fain to admit that Tom and I were a trifle sore at having to leave the stream without him. Tom and I are only human, same as some other people.

Bradway said he had a big box tank in his spring

love the woods and the streams, and it creates a bond of fellowship that I trust will not soon be broken.

We think of going back next fall and making a camp on the same spot for a few days, but we will try and pick a time when the water is clear—and our skunk away from home—and then, if some other fish crank has not inveigled him, "the bronzed warrior of Riggles' Bend" will more than likely lose his scalp at the hand of one or the other of the two cranks, Tom Smarr or

KINGFISHER.

Natural History.

Notes of Recent Rambles.

In the Oaks.

YESTERDAY (Feb. 27) was a day typical of early spring—resplendent with sunshine and full of the relish of growing things. A week previous, when it was raw and chilly, I had seen and heard robin, bluebird, song sparrow and meadowlark. What wouldn't such a day as this bring forth? I entertained serious doubts of finding good walking along the country roads, still the temptation for a ramble proved too strong, so I boarded an early west-bound car and rode to the terminus. I was about to strike out for the nearest woods, when I was aware of a bright bit of color in a tree across the road. A second glance was sufficient to tell me that it was a cardinal grosbeak. I am always glad to meet him. He is such a beautiful creature, such a delight to the eye! In many cases it is always the unexpected that happens. If I had been in quest of the cardinal he would have eluded me, as he has done on many occasions. I feasted my eye on him until he flew away in a southern direction, when I presently followed on his "shining trail." But Mudland was before me. I must either turn back or brave a Farmers' Protective Association sign, stuck on a tree at the entrance to Oakland, warning trespassers. I chose the latter, and the oaks soon encompassed me. I would explain to the owner afterward. Surely he would prefer matted leaves to walk upon than just plain black mud. Signs of spring were creeping apace. A large willow standing by a water course hard by almost cast a halo over the surroundings from its golden whips; from a hillside sugar maple the sap was dripping where some one had cut off some twigs; in a hollow the thorny tips of the haws were reddening and grass was greening in patches. A sunny, sheltered slope looked so suggestive of coming wild flowers that I instinctively stirred over the dead leaves, perchance to reveal a swelled bud. I thought of the trailing arbutus. Even its glossy, evergreen leaves would be a welcome sight. But this "darling of the mold" of my native woods finds no home here. Some weeks hence the same sheltered slope will yield an abundance of spring beauties and dog-tooth violets, but just now they must exist only in one's imagination. Under vander oak a bluejay is hopping awkwardly along the ground, savagely pecking at some fallen acorns and screaming vociferously, at times pausing to look at the resisting acorn with a significant look and screaming, "Do it! do it!" What a morning for birds! Strange and familiar sounds come from far and near. The downy woodpecker's drumming, the chickadee's sweet phoebe note, the nasal pipe of the nuthatch, and the peculiar dog whistle of the crested titmouse enliven the stiff-looking oaks. Reaching an open field I note the unrising of a meadowlark, and catch the gleam of his yellow breast. Shore larks are walking or running about, frequently flashing back and forth singing their sprightly songs. All during the winter these birds have been here in goodly numbers, giving soul and life to otherwise bare places. A colony of Canada sparrows and juncos are holding high carnival in a weed-grown swale, and from frequent per-chic-o-pees I know that goldfinches are there also. Leaning on a fence watching them, I hear the song of a song sparrow, and very sweetly it sounded. Presently I see the little minstrel in a low hush hush hard by regard me with a hoarse chirp. Other bird voices are in evidence. Highholes are calling in the oaks, a cawing crow goes by on lumbering wing, and in strange contrast I hear that "violet of sound" the bluebird's warble. In a grove of mixed oaks and walnuts I find a solitary redheaded woodpecker, who has been lingering here throughout the winter. Emerging into the highway on my homeward way, I hear the unmistakable "honking" of wild geese, and high above a V-shaped flock of fifty-three are northward bound. I watched them until they faded away in the distance. There is always something wild and exhilarating in such a sight. It was John Burroughs who said, "I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

A Tricky Brown Tree Creeper.

That the tree creeper is shy and unwilling to be observed I know full well, but I never had reason to think that he would indulge in little tricks until on a certain occasion when a companion and I, finding him on a small oak, crowded very close to better observe his spiral climb and minute inspection of the highways and byways of the tree. Seeing that he was watched he flew to a post of a railway trestle near by and disappeared in some manner. We noticed that he did not fly beyond, and so made a careful search for his hiding place. We were about to abandon this when I discovered him in a narrow niche between a post and a crossbeam, closely clinging, within arm's reach, to the side of the beam. He appeared to be asleep, but when I tapped the post he suddenly became alert. He was only "playing possum," it seemed, and not until my companion's hand was about to close on him did he fly away.

A Stupid Screech-Owl.

Walking along the edge of an oak opening a few Sundays ago, my companion and I heard the whinnying of a screech-owl. The sound appeared so close by that we turned in the direction from whence it came. Presently hearing a repetition we located the sound issuing from a thicket of wild gooseberry bushes adjoining a nursery, where a flock of Canada sparrows were reveling. Reaching the scene we sharply scrutinized the thicket and the contiguous fence, but without seeing anything that looked like an owl. We were about to pass on when my companion's sharp eyes discovered something on the lower board of the fence, where it issued from the thicket, that looked more like a ball of brown leaves than anything else. A closer look revealed the owl staring at us with his big eyes. Such a round, fluffy creature! He looked so stupid, demure and helpless that his capture seemed an easy task. Slowly approaching from opposite directions, we kept his owlship busy for a while, turning his head from one to

the other. He evidently was aware that something unusual was transpiring, and it seemed queer that he would not attempt to escape. Almost up to him, I was about to seize him when he slipped from my fingers, and with noiseless flight sailed down to a clump of osage orange saplings, where in the manner of a young bird he missed his hold and fluttered to the ground. Before he recovered my companion had covered the intervening space and had placed his cap over his prisoner. The strangest part of it was that he seemed perfectly reconciled to his capture—did not offer the least resistance. Thinking that perhaps he might have been hurt we made an examination, but nothing was revealed. My companion took him to his home, a short distance down the road, and placed him in a large cage. I waited until dark to see how the owl enjoyed his prison and left him blinking contentedly on his perch. The next day my companion informed me that he had given the owl his liberty shortly after I left, and had the satisfaction of seeing him noiselessly disappear in the darkness. T. M. S.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 28.

About Wild Pigeons.

NEW YORK, March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish you would write an article in your paper and tell me, if you can, what has become of all the wild pigeons. About twelve or fourteen years ago they used to appear in large numbers; sometimes the sky was perfectly black with them. Now they are rarely if ever seen. I am speaking of the South, as I do not know whether they inhabit the North or not. You will much oblige

A READER.

MACOMB, Ill., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few months ago a correspondent of your valuable paper at Chicago wrote an article stating he had found out where the American wild pigeons had gone to; that they were in Central America. As soon as I read this article I wrote to the American Consul-General at Guatemala, asking if the American wild pigeon was found in that part of the country. I inclose his reply.

I have taken great interest in trying to locate this beautiful bird. Every attempt has proved a failure, and I am satisfied that but very few are left on the American Continent. The question arises, what has become of them? My opinion is that some disease broke out among them, which came very near exterminating them. Two years ago a hunter here found three and killed two of them. I understand there were three small flocks seen in the State of New York last year.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Consulate-General of the United States of America, Guatemala, Feb. 14.—W. O. Blaisdell, Esq.—Dear Sir: For dinner last evening we had your wild pigeon, that is in fact a small dove, quite similar to our mourning dove at home. They are not the wild pigeons you are looking for, and which the Smithsonian Institution says are extinct. There are no pigeons here.

A. M. BEAUPRI, Consul-General.

WADSWORTH, O., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I noticed a comment as to the wild pigeon, and if there were any left.

Last week (March 8) a flock of fifteen passed over this place, going in a northwest direction. On the 10th a flock of twenty passed here, going in the same direction.

These are the first that have been seen here in many years. There can be no mistake in the birds, for they were seen when flying low, and by old people that are accustomed to their flight.

I would be pleased to hear if pigeons have been seen in other parts of the State and United States.

J. F. DETWEILER, M. D.

[The wild pigeon has gone to the place occupied by the buffalo—out of existence as a species to be commonly seen.]

A few still exist. Last year we saw three or four in Connecticut during the breeding season, and heard on good authority of ten or twelve others. A few are said still to be found in Minnesota, where they breed in pairs, and not as of old, in great communities. The disease that exterminated them was a persistent course of netting and of breaking up roosting and breeding places. They are now rare birds, and are likely to become more so.]

A Wild Goose Story.

THE Rochester Herald prints this story, coming from Mt. Morris, March 14: A very strange and before unheard of incident occurred about a mile west of this village Saturday evening about dusk. Frank Kress, accompanied by his little son, had been to this village after a load of coal, and when near their home on their return they discovered a flock of about twenty-five wild geese. Kress thought he would capture the whole flock with the aid of his boy. They went at it in a very systematic manner, and the birds did not seem to be afraid at all.

They succeeded in driving the whole flock into the barnyard, and Kress was congratulating himself on his valuable capture, when about fifteen of the big birds rose up and flew away. It looked for a moment as if the others would go, but they acted as if dazed, and did not attempt to fly. They drove the rest of the flock, consisting of ten birds, into a shed, where they were captured and taken to the house and locked in the woodshed.

Some time Saturday night three of the geese escaped through a small door, which had carelessly been left unlocked, but seven of the birds are still in captivity. Mr. Kress told his story on the streets in the village Saturday evening, and many old hunters who knew of the habits of wild geese and are aware how difficult it is for a hunter to get very close to a flock of them, found it hard to believe that the birds captured by Mr. Kress were really wild geese. Mr. Kress had many visitors yesterday to examine the birds, and all who saw them were fully convinced that they were the real wild birds, but how they happened to be so tame as to allow Kress to drive them into a shed is a mystery. Kress says the birds are for sale.

Game Bag and Gun.

Paradoxes and Sport.

HAD it been so ordained that our pathway through life would be marked by an unwinding ball of thread, what devious pathway would be revealed on attaining the summit of life, and how different the task of retracing our footsteps!

And could we scan the tortuous unwinding of our mental footsteps, would we not be confronted with many inconsistencies and paradoxes that highest philosophy could not explain or harmonize?

The toddling boy on his way to school pelts the frogs with pebbles, and therein finds superlative joy; his older brother climbs a tree and robs the helpless mother of her callow brood, and finds pleasure in exhibiting his booty to his envious and admiring companions; and the beardless youth about to exchange the pulpy adolescence of immaturity for the less mobile material of mankind finds keenest diversion in setting miles of snares to capture the unsuspecting grouse.

Childhood, boyhood and youth vanish with the fleeting years, and pebbles and snares give place to rod and gun—engines of greater destruction, and more relentless. Waters are vexed and forests overrun, and satiety is still beyond the horizon; the highest peak is no barrier, and the ice fields of the frigid north do not repel; man armed with the implements of death ever continues the work of destruction during all his active years.

The boy who pelted the frogs has now ascended the steps to the heights of opulence, and purchased the fishing rights at a fabulous price in some famous salmon stream, and now with all the ardor of exalted manhood he contemplates with disdain and launches unkind epithets and vehement anathemas upon all who must be content with lesser sport; the older brother has long since exchanged his hundreds—perhaps his thousands—of dollars for a membership in some millionaire ducking club, and now learnedly discourses upon the ethics of sportsmanship and the higher branches thereof, and he has only contemptuous sneers and severest denunciations for those with a smaller bank account, and who perforce must be content with more humble sport, while he and his companions wage merciless warfare upon the sea fowl when on their migration to their breeding grounds in the distant north in the early spring. The beardless youth in after years has forgotten all about his grouse snares of earlier years, and he is now foremost in the endeavor to secure legislation against their use, and glows with enthusiasm when relating his adventure in the distant wilds, where in the still evening of autumn time he sent the cruel leaden messengers of death through the heart of the unsuspecting lordly bull moose, lured into his presence by the seductive music of the birch-bark horn in the hands of his skillful Indian guide!

This latter would resent with righteous indignation and scorn the suggestion that such slaughter savored of butchery, and he doubtless would be heard above the others who sit in judgment and condemnation of jack-in-the-deer, and with emphatic vociferation loudly extol the one while roundly denouncing the other.

How oft, alas! do the words of the poet come unbidden, and with what force and emphasis do they apply:

"When such occasions are,
No plea must serve; 'tis cruelty to spare."

And where is he who will cast the first stone? Where is he who will call a halt? Where is he who will fix metes and bounds? And must all find shelter and protection under the generous ægis of the ethics of sportsmanship?

The boundary line is but too often an indistinct blazed trail, leading through many a devious pathway, and across which many thoughtlessly wander; and a generous chivalry founded upon consistency should prompt a becoming modesty to withhold words of censure and condemnation when they may apply with greater force to him who utters them than to the person for whom intended.

We should not be unmindful of the words of Alexander Pope, written more than two hundred years ago:

"Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good."

GEO. McALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

A Florida Quail.

HAWTHORN, Fla.—I with my little daughter came here in the middle of February from New Hampshire and took our old quarters at the Commercial Hotel (this being our third winter here). We came for the climate and shooting. This is a high, healthy place. The air and sunshine are charming. We can't realize that there is any cold weather anywhere. Mine host, W. S. Moore, keeps fine dogs and trained hunting horses; is the best of guides. He seems to know by intuition where every covey of quail is for miles around. We have had fine shooting and made good bags every day.

We went one day to Moore's duck camp, on a large marsh, for ducks and snipe. From the effects of a recent rain the snipe had changed. We saw a great many empty shells, where they had been shot. Snipe come and go it seems in a night. We saw hundreds of all kinds of ducks. The marsh is bare of cover since the cold in January killed the water flags, and the water is so low that the shooting sink boxes stand up so as to look like bales of cotton, and a duck will not come near. We did not care to wait to have them put in deeper water, so gave up the duck shoot. We had some good winter yellow-leg, plover shooting. There are large flocks there, as the weather looks threatening.

After dinner yesterday we started for home, expecting to shoot quail en route. That is my favorite sport. I took the dogs and went in to hunt a beggar weed field. Mr. Moore drove along on the outside. The dogs soon came to a point near the woods, but as my dog (Sport) was too near a large covey flushed before I could signal Mr. M. I got one with my right and two with my left in the rise. Mr. M. marked down. He got a beautiful

right and left double in and a 50yds. kill. Then we got each a signal bird. Many of the birds went into the trees, as they do here the first time they are shot at very often. Not over one-quarter of a mile beyond Moore's Don took the wind and soon came to a handsome point in a field. We got three birds in the rise. Marked down near a thicket. They flushed wild, but we got in a double. This gave us fifteen quail in just thirty minutes.

After a drive of one and one-half miles the dogs made game and went over a fence into the wind 200yds. My dog Sport pointed in a thicket. We flushed two coveys in the bush, with no shots; but some of the birds flew through, and we got one each. In this field we both got rattled; made many misses, and got only ten and lost two. Snipe Point was our next stop. There the dogs did some fine winding, and made a splendid point. I got two in the rise; Mr. M. got a shot at his bird. As I went to get one of my birds I walked up a very large bevy and got one. Mr. M. marked. The dogs each had a bird. I got a right and left; Mr. M. two single birds and shot another which flew a long way. The ground being too bare the birds flushed again and went to an

pulpit is the ideal man and preacher, and he indulges in all these things; is always armed and always accompanied by a dog, that should he have been able to have selected his own pedigree he couldn't have done better.

When a man, be he either of the clergy or a layman, discovers a covey of well-groomed quail, he has discovered a bunch of flying facts; when with the assistance or directions, maybe, of his well-trained, precious dog, he gathers in these scattered facts he has got something real.

Some men miss most of these coveted and hidden facts, while others gather many. The feast is always in proportion.

Adaptability with the Bible and gun are alike in at least one sense. Some can gather bags of real facts, and reason, and good with both, while the sweet essence of either or both are lost to many.

The students of all classes, whether in the pursuit of theological or agricultural facts, can better deal with the intricacies of their calling or chosen paths in life who seek inspiration away from the tools of their labor, be they page 19 of an old Greek Testament or the newest

Sharps with a view of slipping down the road to the east, screened from view by the bushes growing along the hillside, and secreting herself in front of the slowly advancing game. And now an unexpected trouble was encountered—the gun hammer wouldn't stand cocked! How had papa managed to hunt with it all these years if the wretched thing acted like this?

Finally, after a deal of nervous experimenting, it was discovered that the set triggers had to be first adjusted when the gun worked perfectly. Taking three express ball cartridges she then hurried down the ravine, and succeeded in gaining a position in front of the wary animals, and catching a glimpse of them through the bushes she cocked the rifle, when again the elusive creatures vanished in the bushes.

Seeing a better position in front she advanced carefully, but without thinking to lower the hammer, when a touch from her unaccustomed finger sprung the hair trigger; the rifle roared unexpectedly, and the express bullet tore up the earth in front, while the deer bounded off up the hillside and vanished completely.

Meanwhile Mrs. Belknap had been keeping watch from



A BOSTON "MOOSE YARD."

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stébbs.

open grass field, where it would have been murder to have followed them. We had killed thirty-three quail in three and one-half hours, and had a number of plover and snipe, and being six miles from home did not follow.

This is a wonderful quail section—I never saw the equal. We hunt in buggies and drive through the open woods anywhere. It is truly sport. Not the hard tramping one has to do in most places.

The season for quail closes March 15; for doves, snipe and duck there is no law. A. H. C.

The Pulpit and the Field.

THIS subject may, to many of those of the blue-stock-ing, straight-laced persuasion, savor more of the carnal than the spiritual. To the broad-gauged mind that has never been wrecked, side-tracked or stuck in the mire of prejudice and narrow-gauged early training, or swamped by dogmatic teachings of the present, it appeals with winning freedom to the former, and a sweet sense of appreciation of the latter.

It is the logical mind that reaches logical conclusions. This is very true in the pulpit. It's equally true of and in the field.

I don't contend that a preacher must shoot well or should shoot at all to preach well, but I do believe many of them would preach better if they shot even indifferently. It's where the gun takes us that we get inspiration, to say nothing of the charming companionship of our dogs.

The confines of the book-bedecked library or study are full of facts, fancies and dogmas. The average congregation knows this exceedingly well. Still it's in these confines that the great truths have been sifted out and given to us, and too for our good and edification. Great minds have been wrecked in research and study, others are on the verge of toppling, while still others ought to be employed in planning the easiest and most expeditious way of plowing a thirty acre lot of stumpy ground in a given length of time with one of their pair of oxen laid up with the colic and the outcome of the disease uncertain.

I say this notwithstanding the fact that probably of the men I love most the one is of "the cloth," nor is it my intention to cast any undeserved reflection on our able clergy.

As the sunlight is good for the flowers (if not essential), so too the broad fields, the tangled weeds and brush, the worn fences and blackberry briars, the wash-outs, scrub oaks and pines, while not essential, are surely good for the "gray matter" in man. My occupant of the

invention of a plow on which the plowman can ride.

A man who can eulogize the life and death of a great dog and finds in his memory's precious cells indelibly engraved pictures of the points and flushes of his dog's earthly career, and at the same time fills a prominent position as a Bible historian of our age, or any other good position in life, shows a brain broad and big enough to contain the simple things of life, which after all are the best and purest. Such minds show a finished field training.

An eminent physician recently said to me, "Give me the cold water out-of-door man, of a moral disposition, who of necessity is and keeps himself in good, vigorous physical condition, and the brain and mind will assert themselves."

Sunday morning in the pretty stone church we hear the strong, manly sermons, full of gentleness and purity. Monday at noon the clergy and layman dine by the edge of the brook, seated on broken rocks, from the capacious pockets of the canvas coats. I have heard of the "Sporting Parson" and I like him not. My companion is a clergyman and only a man.

One might as well expect to raise corn 14ft. high in the sands by the sea, or thrifty sweet roses in the sub-cellar of a New York tenement house, as to find great and gentle qualities in the man whose handshake and smile cause us to shiver, be he clergyman or cowboy.

THOMAS ELMER.

ELIZABETH, March 15.]

Her First Deer.

THE old days had gone forever. Conditions had changed entirely. The wild animals had retreated before the advancing wave of civilization, and the time came at length when nothing save the firm good sense of a certain little wife and mother stood in the way of another hegira deeper and further into the heart of the yet remaining wilderness.

Venison had long since disappeared from the cabin and the memory of it had been reluctantly pigeon-holed with that of the buffalo meat of twenty odd years ago.

When at length on a certain eventful morning my wife happened to look out of the window toward the top of the hill a quarter of a mile north of the house, what was her surprise to note three beautiful deer walking slowly along the hillside near the top.

What was to be done? Father and sons were absent, and no one was at home save her and our youngest daughter, Miss Echo Belknap. Two rifles were available, the old .45cal. Sharps and a .50cal. needle gun belonging to one of the boys.

A hurried council resulted in the girl selecting the

kitchen window, needle gun in hand, and a few moments after the crack of the Sharps was heard she saw a deer coming from the direction of the report, and running along the hillside along its back track, stop for a final glance at the cabin about 125yds. distant.

Resting the rifle on the sill of the open window she fired at the pretty creature, and scored a clean miss, when it ran up over the hill and disappeared.

The roar of the needle gun gave the girl the direction the deer had taken, and she hurried back to the house, there to learn of the mother's ill success; and to condole with her over the misfortunes that had overtaken them both.

There was yet a possibility in her favor. Might she not yet pursue and overtake them?

With renewed hope she climbed the hill in the direction from which the deer had first come, and for an hour wandered through the forest in a vain search for the tantalizing creatures, when discouragement again overwhelmed her and she turned homeward, completely dejected.

However, the unexpected had not yet been reckoned upon—that strange factor in the problem of hunting wild animals.

She had reached the top of the hill back of the house when, coming out into a little opening in the bushes, about 100yds. wide, a deer was seen in the opening near the bushes of the opposite side.

Noting instantly that the deer had not yet observed her, she sank upon one knee behind a branch of tiny bushes and fired so hurriedly that she missed completely. Instantly the frightened animal turned and ran directly toward her; while with fingers trembling with excitement she hurried to insert her last remaining cartridge into the barrel of the faithful old rifle, that only needed to be properly handled to account for any game in the hills.

The deer actually ran within 50ft. of her, when, probably hearing the click of the closing lever, it stopped and glanced nervously around in search of the hidden peril, when with a final roar the old reliable stretched the beautiful animal lifeless in front of the eager girl.

Hurrying back to her mother, she told her exciting story. "Were you not sorry for the poor creature after you had killed it?" asked the mother.

"No," she replied, "I was too excited and too jubilant to think of it then;" adding after a pause, "I guess the bad blood must be coming to the front; I'm a Belknap, that's sure!"

And now when the old uncle is delegated to knock at the door of FOREST AND STREAM, and ask of the sportsmen of America in her name for a place among the regularly listed devotees of Diana, who shall say her nay?

ORIN BELKNAP.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Mr. White.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 19.—Mr. W. F. White, general traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railroad system, died at his home in this city Tuesday night of this week, March 15. Thus passed away, perhaps, the most widely known and most popular railroad man in the West, one of the most kind-hearted gentlemen, and one of the keenest, though most unostentatious, of sportsmen. He was known by thousands of men in this city and every Western State, and his death comes as a blow not easily forgotten by any one who knew him. His was one of those sunny, unsoured dispositions which the world can so ill afford to lose.

Mr. White grew up with the Santa Fe Road. He went out into Kansas before the road had crossed the buffalo range, and long before the buffalo had gone. Up to 1878 he was general ticket agent of the Santa Fe road; then he became general passenger and ticket agent. In 1887 he was made general traffic manager. Then he became passenger traffic manager in 1889, and for a time also assumed charge of the traffic of the Gulf and Colorado division. Few men could be busier than he, yet he often found time to talk of the hunting and fishing trips he wanted to make, and sometimes found time to make one, his favorite recreation ground being New Mexico. I first became acquainted with Mr. White in 1886, and am proud to have been one of the legion of his friends. No one who knew him could fail to appreciate his rare character.

The Flight of the Fowl.

The north-bound flight of ducks came in a great rush, but dwindled rapidly. It is now heaviest along the larger waterways where there is more room for the birds to feed or to pass on. The best of the shooting this week has been along the Mississippi River near Burlington, Ia. Along the Illinois River there has been a good flight also, especially in the neighborhood of Beardstown, as earlier reported. Numbers of parties, however, some of them with camping outfits, who have been along the lower Illinois River for some days, report bad luck. A gentleman who went down Illinois River from Macomb says that the truth is the number of hunters simply drove away the ducks, which had no opportunity to feed. Along the Kankakee River the same has been true in miniature. At first there were some startling bags, but now I hear of nothing very great. Dick Turtle and several others were down at Water Valley this week, but only got a very few birds. At Maksawba Club a few guns have been out along the river this week, but with poor success. At Lake Senawine thousands of birds came in about a week ago, and the shooting was better than it has been for three years. All the ice is out from the marshes in that neighborhood. The Desplaines River and all streams below it have been on freshet, and with the disappearance of the ice and opening of the streams the birds have scattered somewhat and passed on up. Further to the west on the Platte River the goose shooting is now well over, and the duck flight is on. During the coming week Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota will take their turn at the flight. Ducks are reported now on Lake Winnebago, Wis.

It is thought that the season will be an early one in this part of the world. Already a few jacksnipe have been killed just south of Chicago. They are reported to be as lean as snakes.

We rarely have any geese in Illinois nowadays, and the sandhill crane, which once migrated in thousands across this State, is now rarely heard. In the old times the spring flight of ducks would stop for weeks in Illinois, and a great many birds breed in this State. Now their spring stops are very short.

The Illinois Warden's Work.

State Warden H. W. Loveday, of Illinois, certainly deserves credit for the way he has been chasing up the "sooner," the "later" and the illegal shipper. He tells me this week that he has secured 540 convictions, according to the last count. There is hardly a county in the whole State which has not furnished its share in this grist. The hardest offenders to get at are those in the lower counties, where the game is shipped to St. Louis market and not to Chicago. The system in Chicago is such that a box of illegal game coming in is apt to be spotted. The name of the shipper is then learned, and in due time the warden goes down into his county, and at his leisure pulls the man up and has him duly fined. Within the past week Mr. Loveday and his assistant warden, N. H. Edenborough, have tried seventeen cases and secured sixteen convictions, the fines running from \$25 to \$110. The highest fine was secured against Geo. N. Corbin, a coal dealer, of Carthage, Ill., who has been buying up local game and shipping it to Chicago. At Tuscola, Fred Beedle was fined \$47.50. He got off easy, for he had killed thirty-two quail and shipped them to Chicago, where evidence was secured against him. A very interesting case was that of P. F. Darrah, who was tried at Macomb. A great deal of interest was taken, and a crowd was at the trial. They witnessed Mr. Darrah get properly soaked for shipping 114 quail to Chicago. He was let off easy. Warden Loveday has been invited to visit the officers of the Winnebago County Fish and Game Club, the new organization of which mention has been made in these columns. This league of sportsmen now has eighty members, and expects to have 200, and each of these members will endeavor to stop the violations of the law along the Rock River.

This week Warden Loveday seized a box of freshly killed prairie chickens, shipped from Iowa. They were, of course, full-grown spring birds, and would, if alive, this week be booming and dancing on the breeding grounds. It seems so wrong to kill prairie chickens this way in the spring—though I suppose it is really just as wrong to kill ducks at that season.

Warden Loveday says that he has endeavored to establish reciprocal relations with the wardens of all Western States, so that he may act as their agent in this city. Minnesota and Michigan have already appointed him as such agent, but he has received no word whatever from

Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Oklahoma Territory.

Mr. Loveday says he does not think there is any very great amount of illegal game being held in cold storage in Illinois after the close of the selling season. The great bulk of the Chicago contraband game was sent to cold storage in Troy and Utica, N. Y. Of course the ownership was never changed, and the demands of this local market were never overlooked. The users of small lots of illegal game, such as the clubs, hotels and restaurants, are thought to be supplied to some extent by package shipments from this Eastern cold storage. This is the latest way adopted by our gentle citizens of South Water street, who stand for the inalienable rights of every man to grab off everything he can until he gets caught.

In spite of all the above, however, it is known to a good many interested parties, and admitted by Mr. Loveday, that there is some illegal game still in the hands of Chicago dealers. Our good friend "Possum Bill" Werner, steward of Kinsley's restaurant, stated publicly that he knew of certain lots of game which had been sold illegally within the past few days, some of which game had been offered to him. He stated that a certain firm had to his knowledge sold illicit game to Rector's restaurant. This he cited as proof of negligence on the part of the warden. Mr. Loveday this week got a subpoena for Mr. Werner, and he will be used as principal witness in the trial of Mr. Rector, which is set for this afternoon. It is thought that Mr. Werner can introduce sufficient evidence to convict Mr. Rector, although of course he would hardly give this evidence with anything but reluctance. There is no doubt that Mr. Werner can get track of a great deal of evidence bearing on illegal handling of game in this market. He is a good sportsman and would like to see the game laws observed, but has been disgusted at seeing them broken so openly and often. I hope that his little feud with Mr. Loveday will be healed up, and that he will give the warden all the assistance in his power. The two ought to make a pretty strong team among the restaurant trade. I do not believe that any right thinking business man could blame Mr. Werner for publicly joining in such a work. His heart and sympathies are wholly those of a sportsman, and no man, sportsman or otherwise, ought to be penalized in his business for a position which simply holds out for that respect which any citizen should give the laws of the land. The Rector case will probably be continued to-day, but there will be fun when it really comes to trial. Justice Prindiville will be the judge.

The amount of confiscated game in this market makes quite a big figure in the warden's yearly income. At one time last summer Warden Loveday had a lot of 1,400 illegal prairie chickens, all of which were shipped in warm weather, and all of which arrived unfit for even illegal use. They were dumped into the sewers in one lot. In such a case as this there is no confiscation money for the warden, but sometimes he has better luck. He got together at odd times over 3,000 illegal prairie chickens, which have been or will be sold at auction. A public auction of contraband game was held by Warden Loveday yesterday, March 18. I met Warden Loveday just after the close of the sale, and he told me that he had just sold forty-six dozen grouse at the handsome figure of \$7.50 per dozen. This shows what the demand for this game is at this season of the year. The quail sold yesterday did not bring such good prices, running about \$1.85 a dozen. The total results of this sale foot up nearly \$600. I asked Warden Loveday what would become of this game, and what would hinder other game being hawked around among the Chicago clubs and restaurants under the pretense that it was this auction game. He said that legally this auction game could be thus sold, or had in possession, but that he had forestalled this contingency by making it a condition that the purchaser of this game should at once ship it out of this market. This, of course, is putting the best face possible upon the rather awkward situation created by our Illinois statutes, to which I have earlier called attention. On the above showing, however, one is bound in justice to say that Mr. Loveday has been doing fine work in his office as State warden, and his administration is a relief after those of some of his predecessors.

In the Galaxy.

I wish to add to my galaxy of distinguished citizens, not above breaking the law, the name of Mr. R. J. Bell, County Attorney of Roseau county, Minn. Mr. Bell bought illegal moose meat, it is alleged, and also, as alleged, advised local butchers to handle such meat. It was his shrewd practice to have this meat passed through the custom house on the ground that it came from Canada. Warden Fullerton had Mr. Bell bound over to the grand jury. The Governor of the State will probably call for the key of Mr. Bell's County Attorney office.

Mr. Fullerton did another good piece of work last week when he rounded up William Kingston at Duluth. Mr. Kingston was caught with \$8,000 worth of illegal partridges in his possession. "Give me \$1,000 cash, Bill," said Mr. Fullerton, "and I'll let you go this time." "All right, Sam," said Mr. Kingston, "I take pleasure in giving you \$1,000 under the circumstances." This he did, and the indictment brought by the grand jury will now be quashed.

Acclimatization.

In these days one hears very much about experiments in planting game in different parts of the country. Mr. D. C. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., has ordered eight dozen quail from Kansas, which will be put down near Vinland and Rushford, in Wisconsin.

Another batch of 120 Kansas quail was received last week by the Gun Club of Missoula, Mont., and will be put down in the Bitter Root Valley. The quail which were put down by Stevensville sportsmen in the Burnt Fork country have been doing very well, so that the experiment is considered sure of success.

I have already spoken of the importation of mongolian pheasants by Mr. Losekamp, of Billings, Mont. I learn that Mr. Losekamp will try to cross these birds with the native blue grouse. He wishes the aid of a

few good ranchmen who will see that the new birds will be sure of protection after they are turned loose.

The last case of importation of game of which I have word this week is the shipping from Idaho to Butte, Mont., of 200 live jack rabbits. These, however, are not to be liberated, but will be used for coursing by the Butte Coursing Club.

The Loophole Again.

They don't shoot ducks in the spring in Ontario, for they have the Canadian respect for good, sensible game laws, well enforced. Yet a curious measure is to come up this spring, probably inspired by persons living on the American side, this being a movement to legalize the shooting of merganser ducks on the Canada side. The mergansers are fish ducks, and not good to eat, and it is urged that there could be no harm in shooting them. That is the theory of it. The practice of it would be that the gunner who went out after mergansers would very often be tempted to kill good ducks, and very often some gunners would do so. The loophole is the best possible argument against special laws and in favor of broad and uniform ones.

Without Thanks.

In the course of my career I have very often had my stuff declined by a great many editors, some of them very good ones and of good judgment, but I never minded that, because they nearly always decline the stuff with thanks. Now this sort of thing doesn't seem to work the other way. The editor of the San Francisco Report uses my Chicago and the West stuff right along, but he doesn't do so with thanks. He just swipes her and lets her go. I reckon that is easier for him, but it seems odd to find Montana and Utah news printed in New York and used in San Francisco as original news. This is what we used to call the grapevine telegraph when I was moulding opinion further West.

The Sun River Elk Case.

The following paragraph covers the latest news regarding the Sun River elk killing in Montana, to which attention has been called earlier: "Tuesday was a busy day for Justice of the Peace Mayer, at Augusta. State Senator W. F. Flowerree, Dr. Winslow, Emil Sturzenegger, William Lange, Ernest Elder and Frank Hirsch were arraigned that day for violation of the game law. Flowerree, Lange and Elder were discharged, there being no evidence against them. Dr. Winslow, Frank Hirsch and Emil Sturzenegger pleaded guilty to technical violation of the law, and each was fined \$100 and costs."

Indiana Ducks.

Mr. A. F. Osborn, writing from Kaukaee, Ind., has the following information about the duck flight this spring in Indiana, and the prospect of fishing at an early date:

"Quite a number of the Kankakee boys have been shooting lately in the Kankakee swamp lands around Shelby and Lineville, Ind., with some fairly good bags, thirty-five to forty ducks in two or three days' shooting. Ducks were rather wild (a good thing), and did not stay long. Shooting only lasted a few days. If spring shooting could be stopped, we might see game again like 'it used to be.'"

"Fish are beginning to bite a little; some good 'salmon,' as they call 'em here, have been caught (4 and 5 lbs.), and a few bass. I hear that around Waldron, between there and Muncie, a number of good-sized pickarel have been taken—7-pounders. The weight generally grows the further it travels."

"The most sport I have had lately has been in reading FOREST AND STREAM."

Minnesota Spring Law.

A quiet movement is already going on in Minnesota looking toward the abolishment of spring shooting in that State at the next session of the Legislature.

Back from the Blackfeet.

Mr. Calvin S. McChesney and Mr. George B. Harrison, of Troy, N. Y., whom I have mentioned earlier as absent in the Blackfoot Reservation country after sheep and goats, guests of the Indian agent and of Mr. Schultz, of the reservation, are in town to-day on their way back home. They both look brown and hearty, and report a splendid time. They report our friends, J. W. Schultz, Joe Kipp and Jack Monroe, of the Blackfoot Reservation, all well and prosperous. Billy Jackson they did not get to see, but I am sorry to say they heard that Billy was not in very good health. As to the success which they had this year, I am not going to spoil a good story by saying anything about that yet. Mr. McChesney has promised to write out the story of the hunt, and I can promise that it will be something good.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

To-day and Yesterday.

BUT few people realize nowadays how rapidly civilization and its settlements have encroached upon the wild lands of this country and driven or exterminated from their haunts the animals native to the forests and prairies that formerly existed.

Where now is heard the busy hum of civilization, where cities, towns and villages are almost within sight of each other, where every foot of land is now made use of by man and where it is impossible to get out of hearing of the locomotive, steam whistle of factories, or church bells, within the memory of men now living, there existed the forest primeval, or far-reaching stretches of prairie teeming with wild creatures as free and undisturbed as they were a thousand years ago! What a transformation!

When some old gray-haired friend reminds us by reminiscences of the past, as my friend Mr. R. Long has just been doing, then we awake to a realization of the rapidity of the Western march of civilization. Mr. Long came to Iowa in 1842, and located at the then little hamlet of Eddyville, on the Des Moines River, in the southeast part of Iowa. Deer were yet quite plentiful and a band of elk still inhabited the timber

on the river near Eddyville. Iowa, now a prosperous agricultural State, dotted over with busy communities, and practically speaking having no wild land left, was then to the eye a boundless stretch of wild prairie, with here and there a narrow strip of timber along some stream.

I have often heard my father speak of the countless thousands of prairie chickens which were here when he first came, in 1855. I have heard father speak of seeing flocks of prairie chickens so numerous as entirely to cover acres and acres of ground. Now there are but few left.

The story which impressed me most was told me by Mr. Long. It was about the first event of which he has any recollection. In the year 1821, then a child three years old, he lived with his parents in a little village of log houses, where the City of Columbus, O., now stands. One autumn day the father took his rifle and went into the woods on a quest for game. The day passed and darkness came, but he had not yet returned. Alarmed at the prolonged absence of her husband, the mother wept, fearing that some harm had come to him. At last the welcome sound of footsteps was heard approaching, and Mrs. Long opened the cabin door to welcome the returning husband. As the hunter entered the door the little child gazed with wonder at his father and the burden he bore, and although the event occurred seventy-seven years ago, the scene so impressed itself upon the mind of the little child that it still remains indelibly stamped on memory's faded page. On his father's shoulder rested the rifle, and from its barrel several wild turkeys were suspended by their necks, while the strong right hand of the hunter grasped by the scruff of the neck a dead panther, which he dragged into the cabin. This even occurred within the memory of living man where Ohio's busy capital now stands. Mr. Long, though eighty years old, is, like his father before him, a great lover of the rifle, and is still in spite of his fourscore years an excellent marksman. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

NEVADA, Ia.

The Youthful Spirit Survives.

YOUR editorial in issue of March 12, "Weapons Old and New," suggests: I was a mere stripling in 1835, but had the afflatus of hunting and fishing at the early age of seven years. Born on the banks of the Susquehanna River, where the fishes from the Chesapeake Bay came up to spawn, I was, at the age of seven years, an expert in handling a canoe, and to get the best results from a day's fishing. I was even then a sportsman having no need to fish excepting for the excitement attendant. Striped bass (rockfish), white perch and yellow perch, which took the live bait (minnows), were the only game for which I would fish. There was not any anxiety expressed on the part of my mother when I did not show up at supper time. She would say: "Well, he is having bad luck, and is awaiting a change." Never would my mother admit I could do other than right, according to my lights, and as my young judgment dictated.

So also in the matter of hunting. My father had an old smooth-bore rifle, a relic of the Connecticut contingent of 1776, stocked to the muzzle, flint lock, and of such length that I was compelled to put it at an angle of 45 degrees or more in putting the charge of powder and shot into it. I had often to pick the flint and scrape the "leaf" in order to get a spark from the flint to make a flash in the pan. Sometimes it would "go off," and sometimes it would be only a "flash in the pan." You will remember this was in the year 1835. I was of such age I could not hold the long gun at arm's length, and would take a "rest" against a tree or such other help as at the time presented, in order to have a sure aim and successful shot. I did fairly well, and was the envied of all the boys who did not possess firearms.

My first pheasant (ruffed grouse) was the first grand accomplishment, and while it was killed sitting I was not the less elated, for at that early day there was little known of shooting "on the wing." I was the envy of all the boys, and escaped a whipping at home simply because I acknowledged I did not kill the bird "on the wing." Now, with our improved arms, and after a period of sixty-three years, I am as eager to join in the sports of the field and stream as when the young blood went coursing through my veins, and so long as life lasts and my pulses keep time to the rhythm of forest and stream I will not surrender—not surely until the Great Creator says to me: "Come thou to fields other than of this earth."

Your good journal gives me great pleasure for the time I am bound to business. E. S. YOUNG.

Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association.

LIGONIER, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The attention of every sportsman in Pennsylvania is called to the annual meeting of the State Association Tuesday evening, March 29, at Reading. It is hoped that all such will attend, if possible, whether members of the Association or not. To show that the Association has accomplished something, I will call attention (1) to the Game Commission; (2) to the present almost uniform game law, which limits the bag, prohibits the sale and shipment of game killed in the State; and (3) to the passage of the game warden bill, which the Governor unfortunately vetoed. All this in practically three years. The united, systematic efforts of all the sportsmen in the State could accomplish almost anything in the way of game protection. J. O'H. DENNY.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 15.—The annual meeting of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club was held March 14 and officers were elected for the following year as follows: President, H. A. Estabrook; Vice-President, E. N. Choate; Secretary-Treasurer, I. O. Converse; Directors: G. W. Field, Dr. J. W. Stimson, P. G. Stewart, E. R. Wilbur, Jr., C. L. Tenny, M. A. Cutler.

Forty new members were voted into the club, which now has a total membership of 124, the names of Fitchburg's most influential citizens being on the list. This club has one of the finest trap and rifle ranges in the

State, and while its members are not known at tournaments, there are many good shots in the club.

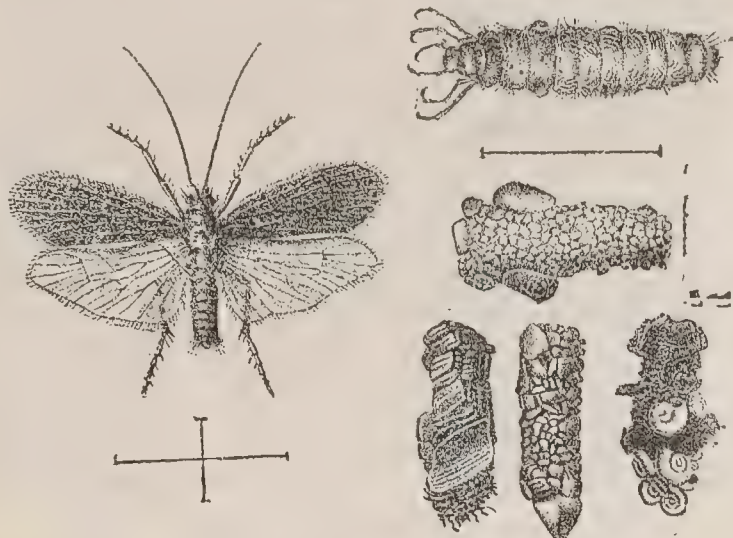
First and foremost this club stands for game propagation and game protection, and its untiring efforts are always devoted to distribute and protect the birds and fish within its jurisdiction. One of this club's greatest successes has been in the line of pheasant raising—and in this respect stands alone and foremost in the State. Their aviaries contain sixteen pens of the beautiful mongolian pheasant, and while a large number of these birds were liberated in the neighboring covers last fall, the manager hopes this year to raise and liberate upward of 1,000 birds during this coming summer. The process of hatching and raising the birds has now become an assured success by this club, and if future generations can count the pheasant as one of Massachusetts' game birds they will owe their pleasure to the untiring efforts of the men in the club who have this matter in charge. The club extends an invitation to all visiting sportsmen to enjoy their grounds, and would be pleased to show their aviaries. NOX ALL.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Caddis Worms.

A FRIEND who has a trout lake in the Adirondacks told me that his keeper had noticed when a hole was cut in the ice that a bug or worm came to the opening in great quantities, and he desired to know what it was, as he had planted fresh-water shrimp in the pond, and he hoped the bug or worm of his keeper would prove to be shrimps. I asked him to send me specimens, and soon afterward I met him in Albany one evening, and he handed me a bottle, tightly corked, containing what I recognized at a glance as the larvæ of the caddis fly, with movable case, for some caddis flies have movable cases and some fixed cases—the latter often observed on



Caddis Fly.

Caddis Worm and Cases.

rocks in the water, if one takes the trouble to look for them. The bottle was passed around for the contents to be examined by several gentlemen in the club where we had met, and I then put it in my bag and the same night went to New York.

The bottle was given to me in the evening, and I did not make a close examination of all that it contained, but I was quite sure that there were several specimens in the bottle. It was several days before I again looked at the contents of the bottle, which had been all the time in my bag. When I did I was surprised to find but a single larva with an enormous case. The bottle had not been out of my bag, and the cork had not been removed after it came into my possession. My surprise was so great that I wrote to my friend asking if he knew positively how many caddis worms he had placed in the bottle. He said three or four, certainly three, and he thought there were four. This agreed with my recollection of what I saw at a hasty glance, and if true one caddis worm had eaten two or three others and had thus added the materials of their cases to its own—this in spite of the fact that the caddis worm is generally supposed to be a vegetable feeder. There were bits of case material in the bottom of the bottle, but no sign of more than one larvæ.

I took the worm from the bottle and pulled its case into bits and put worm and the materials of which the case was made back in the bottle, and in two hours' time by the watch it had constructed a new case for itself, which practically covered its body; but the case was thin in places, and not as long as before. At the end of two hours darkness came on, and my eyes were tired with watching the construction of the case (with naked eye and with a magnifying glass), and I put the bottle away until the next day. Early in the morning the thin places in the case had been built upon and strengthened and the case lengthened, and I again sat down to observe the building of the case, for the worm was at work actively.

The materials of which the case was made consisted of bits of decaying bark and twigs, and green grasses, etc., all approximately of the same length. Some of the materials floated on the surface of the water and some settled at the bottom. The worm seized a bit of bark or other material in its mouth, assisting the operation with its feet, of which it has six on the anterior portion of its body, and apparently covered it with a secretion from one end to the other, and thus placed it in the case, where it remained. The secretion is really silk, and with this silk the material of the case is held firmly together. If the bit of twig, bark or grass was smooth and straight it was quickly fitted in place, but if irregular in shape it required a long time to fit the material to the satisfaction of the builder. One piece of bark was in shape like a letter Y, and to fit that particular addition took longer than half a dozen of straight pieces. It was tried in one place and then in another at the end of the sheath, tube or case; it was turned over

and over and turned end for end until my eyes ached from watching the operation; but finally it was fitted and made fast. The Y-shaped piece of bark was for a brief moment of time taken by the worm in its mouth and manipulated with its feet as in the first instance, when it was coated with silk, but whether for the purpose of spinning more silk to add to it I could not determine. One piece of green grass was taken by the worm apparently covered with spun silk, and then rejected without an attempt being made to add it to the tube. This was just before dark, and the next morning this same piece of grass was fixed to the sheath.

In adding material to the case the worm would at times extend itself more than half its length from the tube, and it seemed to be able to turn completely around on a longitudinal axis as it worked around the edges of the sheath, adding or fitting materials. This seemed the more strange as at the posterior end of the worm are two hooks which hold it firmly in the sheath or tube, and it would appear that they must prevent the worm from turning completely around. All during the operation of silk spinning and fastening the bits of material on the tube and extending its length the posterior part of the case where the material was thin was worked in convolutions, or perhaps oscillations is the better word, as though the worm's silk factory was in full blast. When the heavy materials at the bottom of the water were added to the case the worm rose to the surface and added most of the floating materials, and then settled to the bottom, and for hours remained inactive except that occasionally it protruded its head. While at work and when more than half out of its sheath I noticed that the worm appeared to have light-colored filaments around the body back of the head and legs, and I assumed these to be a part of the silky lining of the tube; but in this respect I must have been in error.

I cut the case open and examined the interior, finding it smooth and even as possible, the parts cemented with silk; but the light-colored filaments on the worm had, after death, lost their distinguishing color, and my glass was not strong enough for me to detect what they were, except that they were part of the worm and not part of the case lining. So I assumed that they must have been what scientists would have described as "external organs of respiration or membranous filaments covering the abdominal segments." So we will let them go at that. I hope to get more caddis worms for observation (for I made all the use I could of my one poor specimen), and find out for sure if they do prey upon one another, although the corked bottle would have seemed to settle the matter, and it would if I were absolutely sure how many worms were put into the bottle.

Now as to the value of the caddis worm for fish food. In all stages of its development it is one of the very best fish foods. The illustrations herewith show various forms of caddis cases, composed of various materials—bark, sand, shells, sticks, straws, roots, seeds, etc., the caddis worm and a caddis fly. I say a caddis fly, for there are a number of species of caddis flies. In the illustration the fly is shown with wings extended, but at rest the wings fold lengthwise with the body.

Prof. Barluth, of the University of Bonn, examined the contents of the stomach of six trout, and found in the first four caddis cases; in the second 136 cases; in the third 585 cases; in the fourth 116 cases; in the fifth 186 cases; and in the sixth 115 cases. This will show what an important item of food the caddis fly is in its larval stage, and every fisherman who has seen the fly bursting its pupa case at the surface of the water, and rising in clouds, will understand how it furnishes vast quantities of food in its fly stages. The larva can easily be transplanted to waters where it is not found, and as it is as rich in quality as it is abundant in quantity it will pay for transplanting to less favored waters. While it may be true that the larva furnishes a greater amount of fish food than the perfect fly, from the very nature of its accessibility in the water, it should not be forgotten that in the fly stage the caddis fly, May fly, etc., bring trout up from the depths to feed at the surface, and thus are educated to become fly-taking fishes, to the joy of the fly-fishermen.

May Flies.

A gentleman in Quebec writes me as follows: "I am the owner of two lakes sixteen miles north of our city, in which I have hatched many thousands of trout ova. One of the lakes I stocked with rainbow trout and the other with spawn of large trout from some of our south shore lakes. I noticed in the summer of 1895 that the May fly was not as plentiful as in 1894, and 1896 produced still less. Last summer was so bad that only a few flies were noticed in August. Now that my trout are well matured I fear that something must be done to give them surface food this year, and that I must help them all I can during the coming summer, as they are under the ice for six months in this country. Will you aid me by giving addresses where I can procure May fly spawn?"

It is very refreshing to receive a letter in regard to furnishing food for fish, and I would go a long way to aid a man who desires to feed his trout, for too many correspondents ask only for fish, with no word about feeding them, as though trout never ate anything but artificial flies and worm-baited hooks—at the end of a fishing line. It is not possible for me to advise where and how to procure the eggs of the May fly, unless the collector has had experience, but the larvæ may be obtained, and without question the flies themselves can be obtained, and there is no better place to obtain them than on the St. Lawrence River, where there is a rise of May flies lasting more than a month. Probably the greater proportion of the larvæ burst their skins at the surface of the water, and the fly takes wing, so the larvæ cannot be collected; but many crawl up the shore piling, boat houses, wharves, etc., and one watching for them could secure a good number for transplanting; but collected at that stage the fly would soon emerge, and it would be more satisfactory to collect a quantity of the flies, transplant and release them, and allow them to mate and breed on the ponds. Eggs deposited this year would not produce flies under two years, but by this process the ponds would become well stocked. I presume if

Joseph Northrup, State Fish and Game Protector, Alexandria Bay, N. Y., were communicated with he would arrange with some one to collect a quantity of the flies during the flight, and ship them to any point within twenty-four hours of Alexandria Bay. To ship the flies cardboard boxes must be provided and perches arranged for the flies inside. This may be done by sewing through and through the box with a sail needle and Berlin wool, so that the strands of wool will be about 2 in. apart in every direction. Thousands of flies can be collected in a single evening by two or three energetic boys. I told in these notes last year how the flies rise by millions every evening, filling the electric light globes and gathering in clouds wherever there is a light. Once the flies are established, the larvæ will furnish food for the trout during the six months the water is covered with ice, and the flies will furnish surface food during the rise. I have seen the May fly rising in remote lakes in Canada during the month of September, but nowhere have I seen them in such quantities as on the St. Lawrence. Last season too I mentioned a flight of caddis flies on the St. Lawrence which I observed one evening as I was leaving Montreal; so the river is rich in May and caddis flies.

"Dry Fly Entomology."

The preceding note was written, when I put down my pen, lighted a pipe, and walked into an adjoining room, and there on a table my eyes fell upon a book which Mr. Halford sent me last summer, bearing the title I have used for the head of this note. When I received it I intended to write a notice of it, but being much away from home, it escaped me in the brief visits that I made to my writing table. For some reason I neglected to make a memorandum of it on my "Angling Notes" sticker, and it had passed completely out of my mind until, having written of May and caddis flies, it seemed to force itself upon my notice in a manner that may be set down as a coincidence. I was fairly startled when the gilt title of the book appeared to me in the gas light, because on several occasions recently I have been discussing coincidences and "mind telegraphy," as I believe Mark Twain calls it, with a friend who has a record in this particular line. The book having brought itself to my attention, I am in duty bound to write something about it now, although I had put down my pen for the evening, intending to leave home on the first train tomorrow morning. Let me premise, however, that it is always a pleasure to write of Mr. Halford's books; but I do not like to have them startle me and prick my conscience at the same time.

Mr. Halford's latest book, "Dry Fly Entomology," is the natural sequence of his former works upon "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them" and "Dry Fly-Fishing in Theory and Practice," as they cleared the way for and rather made the last volume necessary to all who practice the highest style of fly-fishing. The title page describes the book as "a brief description of leading types of natural insects serving as food for trout and grayling, with 100 best patterns of floating flies and the various methods of dressing them." The flies used in dry fly-fishing are almost without exception imitations of natural insects, and in the case of winged flies by far the greater proportion have upright wings, or "cocked-up" wings, which distinguish them from flat-winged flies, of which Mr. Halford mentions not to exceed half a dozen specifically, while the hackles, or flies without wings, are more numerous. The fact that in dry fly-fishing the fly is cast and permitted to float on the surface of a slow-moving stream where the trout have an opportunity to examine it, and perhaps compare it with the real fly that it is supposed to represent, makes it necessary that the flies must represent nature as closely as the fingers and brain of the fly dresser can fashion them from feathers, silk and tinsel. Any old fly will not do in this method of fishing, as in wet fly-fishing, when the fly is drawn through the water beneath the surface and the fish takes it, perhaps because it has the appearance of life and can be rejected if it does not suit its fancy or palate after a trial.

The dry fly must be fashioned to deceive the very elect of educated trout when the real thing is floating on the water. The 100 patterns of flies, in colors, magnified, and natural size, would alone be worth the price of the book to any fly-fisherman, if it were not for the descriptions and illustrations of the natural insects, and I turn to the latter briefly because the colored plates speak for themselves.

Almost at once I find this interesting statement concerning the caddis worm: "Soon after they are born the larvæ leave the jelly-like mass in which the eggs were enveloped, and at once commence case making. It may here be remarked that the larvæ in this order are vegetable feeders, living on leaves and shoots of plants, such as water celery, water crowfoot, etc. They do not, however, despise larvæ of other aquatic insects, whether those of the smaller ephemera, or gnats and other diptera, or even those of their own genera, which before devouring they tear from their cases." Had I read this book thoroughly, as I should have done when it was received, I would not have speculated so long as I did as to what had become of the caddis worms in my bottle when at four call only one responded where there should have been four or five. I did not know that they were other than vegetable feeders until this evening I read what I have quoted from this book.

The author says that an examination of the May fly shows that the average number of eggs laid is 6,500, and that the larval and nymphal stages of the May fly last certainly two, and perhaps three, years. Mr. Halford applies the term nymph to that stage when rudiments of wings become visible. Eggs of the May fly hatched in captivity produced larvæ on Aug. 15, the eggs having been laid on June 9, but it is thought that temperature conditions may determine the period, as they are known to hatch on the River Test in three weeks instead of ten, as in London in captivity.

It is very difficult to select from this part of the book matter to be quoted, for every portion of it should be read by fly-fishermen, no matter whether they cast the fly dry or wet. The habits of the different insects are given, and they are illustrated on finely drawn blocks. May fishermen have cast duns, spinners, olives, with vari-

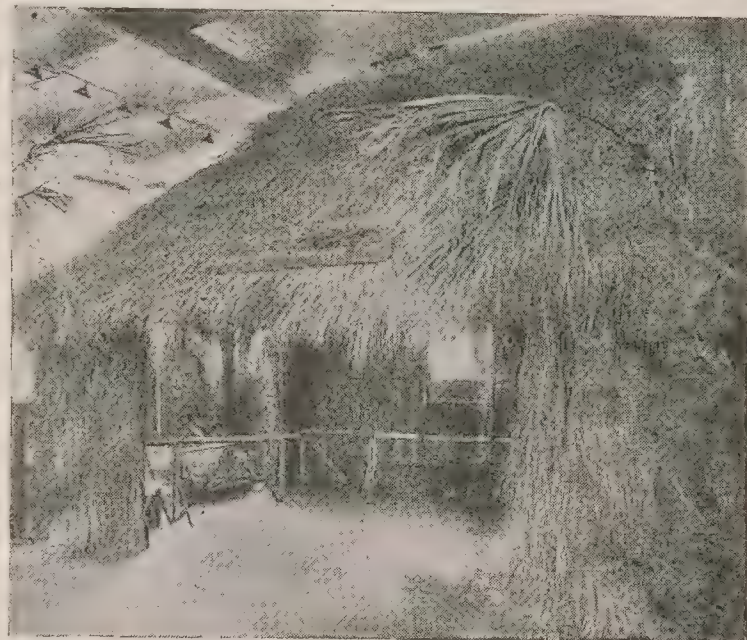
ous pre- or suffixes, without knowing much about why they were so named; but Mr. Halford gives every one an opportunity to know all about them, and how they look at different stages of development; and a man who understands this part of the book will turn to the 100 patterns of counterfeits of the insects with more interest, and he will better understand how and when to use them in fly-fishing.

Flies on or under the Surface.

In the language of the play-bill, four days are supposed to have elapsed between the last note and this one, and as a matter of fact they have elapsed. Upon my return home I find a letter in my mail which I desire to quote from, and properly it fits in just here. Mr. A. St. J. Newberry writes me from Cleveland, O., as follows: "Some time ago I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* a discussion from your pen as to whether big trout, say 2 lbs. or over, ever or often took a fly on the surface, and understand you to say that your experience had shown that trout of such size rarely, if ever, took a floating fly, while they were readily tempted by a sunken one." What I wrote of was wet fly-fishing, not dry fly-fishing, in which style the fly is taken while it is actually floating on the surface of the water. Now I will continue with the letter:

"Of late years I have done considerable fishing along Lake Superior, especially at Munising Bay, and in waters where the trout run large, but which are so clear, cold and bracing that the big fellows seem to retain, to a surprising degree, the dash and snap which is so characteristic of small fish in our Eastern waters. At Munising my good catches have averaged over 1 lb. and contained many fish of 2 and 3 lbs. each. The water is very clear and the trout shy, and a long line must be cast to make success possible.

"Of course, with a long cast and two or three large flies,



THE FLORIDA SHACK.
(U. S. Cartridge Co.)
Photo by Boston Camera Exchange.

some of the flies must be beneath the surface until the line is pretty well recovered and the rod consequently about vertical, when I have found all three flies show. The upper fly, however, has seemed rarely, if ever, to go out of sight, and certainly comes to the top as soon as trailing the cast has fairly begun. Now in all my fishing in this locality I have found the upper fly takes the very great majority of fish, even when all the flies on the leader were of the same kind and size. This predominance was always great, and on the day in last August when 'My Best Catch,' reported in *FOREST AND STREAM*, was made, out of thirty-one fish twenty-nine took the upper fly. On that day I had only two flies, and they were both dark Montreal, No. 4 hooks, exactly alike. The catch included four fish, of about 3 lbs. each, and quite a number of 2 lbs. or over.

"Every one of these fish went well out of the water on his rise, but seemed to me not to rush at the first fall of the cast. I thought the drop of the flies attracted their attention, but that they did not start after them until their motion simulated straggling insects, and then they went for the one that made the most disturbance, which of course would be the dropper, trailing on the surface.

"When these fish have risen sparsely, or not at all, I have often taken them by making a long cast and letting the flies sink well down; then jerk slightly, rest, reel in a little line, rest, jerk again, and so on; and I confess that trout so taken averaged very large. But there is comparatively little fun in trout fishing if you take away the splendid start and shock to the nerves as a great fish explodes out of the still water. Such fishing is the milk without the cream.

"I always hesitate to form theories about fishing, or anything else, for that matter, for one's experience can at best only be very partial; but I think it correct to say that in such cold and clear waters, where trout normally are of large average size, when really hungry a 2 lb. trout will not only take a fly on the surface, but prefers it to the same fly entirely immersed. Doubtless under less favorable conditions the reverse may be the case."

The letter I have quoted is a very interesting one, and the writer of it is an observant man. When I said that I took my large trout this season on flies sunk below the surface, I did not mean that I deliberately sank them before I began to draw them to recover for another cast. This I have frequently done in black bass fishing. I imagine that by fishing side by side with Mr. Newberry I could better make clear to him what I mean by flies beneath the surface, for my idea is that many men think and believe they are fishing on the surface when really their flies are beneath it; but Mr. Newberry must not understand that this refers to him. With flies what I call just beneath the surface the trout in rising, make everything jingle in a way to make the fisherman's hair curl. At another time I will say a little more on this subject.

A. N. CHENEY.

Grasshoppers Did It.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Aberdeen, in your issue of Feb. 5, seems to doubt the statement of a writer in the *New York Sun*, that the trout is a sly and wary bird, and appeals to some of your correspondents for more light.

He quotes: "The angler who moves along the banks of a stream, keeping close to the water, is bound to come home with an empty basket. Trout are as wary as snipe, and the sight of a fisherman or any other man sends them to cover with lightning-like rapidity."

Now I modestly admit that I can't fish worth a cent. Even that ingenious and inexhaustible writer on fishes and things, Fred Mather, could beat me. I used to catch trout, but not in a scientific and honorable way; and for the benefit of Aberdeen I'll relate a bit of my experience:

I'm now an oldster, but when I was a youngster I spent a summer at a quaint and beautiful little village nestled down among the hills of Maine, and a small stream that rippled through it harbored trout, otherwise "speckled beauties." Far be it from me to go for the innocent things with artificial flies, "with intent to deceive." I fed them with genuine grasshoppers, because I believe in doing as Rome does when I'm in Rome. The boys came in with strings of little trout, but they never had a large one, and being only covetous of that kind I thought this matter over and concluded that there must be some and I must have them; so I set about it. If an angler goes carelessly along the edge of a brook and shows himself to its tenants, the big ones will find a place to hide and the biggest grasshopper cannot tempt him to come out; but the little fellows are ready to grab it. As I knew all that, I would cast an eye ahead, and when I saw a place where I thought a respectable trout could hide I would slip silently up, and without showing myself let my bait down cautiously and slowly over the bank, and the largest fish would be the first to take it. I did not do that kind of fishing for sport, but my companion and I wanted a couple of trout for breakfast every morning, and the same for supper; and as they were from 10 to 12 in. long, two were all I wanted at a time.

I took one trip of half a mile down the brook and came back with half a dozen; and as I carried them through the village I was surrounded, and every one wanted to know where I got them. They said they never saw such trout caught about their place before. So I got the reputation of being a wonderful trouter. They said all that was needed was a heavy dew, and I could catch them anywhere on the lawn.

I remember being on the Conway meadows once upon a time, and standing on a bridge I enjoyed the futile efforts of two men to induce two fine trout to take the tempting bait they trailed before them. Their patience at last gave out, and they left with cuss words oozing from their mouths, while I was wearing a smile that reached across my face. I walked up to the house for my rod, and when I returned to the bridge I hitched a grasshopper to my hook, and without looking over I dropped it slowly down, and before it reached the water I heard a splash as one of them jumped up out of the water for it; and after letting it drop a few inches further he caught it, and I lifted him out. I waited a few minutes for the other one to lay aside his suspicions, and then treated him in the same wicked way. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, March 7.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 19.—The membership of the newly organized Milwaukee Rod and Reel Club, mentioned earlier, is at this date reported to be as follows: John P. Murphy, Dr. R. G. Richter, Benjamin M. Weil, Benjamin Skidmore, Jr., H. C. Reed, W. E. Furlong, W. H. Momen, Francis Bloodgood, Jr., Joseph B. Doe, S. Caro, G. B. Crossman, John D. McLeod, W. H. Miller, Edward Voss, Benjamin Sivyer and Frank Williams. The election of officers will be held March 23 at the Hotel Pfister, and a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer and five directors installed.

In Milwaukee, Ripon, Fond du Lac, Appleton, Berlin and many other Wisconsin towns there is being passed about a letter of agreement which touches upon a singular point. The agreement, which is receiving many signatures, reads as follows: "The undersigned, piscatorially inclined, each hereby mutually agrees to and with each other for the purpose of encouraging true sport and to discourage so-called 'pot hunting,' that he will not during the year 1898, directly or indirectly, buy trout, nor directly or indirectly hire any person to catch trout for him." This odd movement is really a good one, and one of worthy sportsmanship. It is aimed against the practice, all too common, of anglers who go out for a limited time, and who, meeting bad success, hire local men to fish for them, or who purchase fish of others who have them already caught. This is in no sense sport, and it is practically carrying the game and fish market into the woods, to say nothing of its being very destructive of the fish. On many trout streams the local market fishers make such a close sweep of the waters in order to sell the fish to the anglers that the anglers find none left for themselves. They are beginning rightly to argue that if no one bought any trout there would be more trout left for sportsmanlike taking. Is it possible we are to see no more of the time-honored picture of the small boy with the pin hook and the string of trout which he is ready to sell?

Impertinent.

It was a bit impertinent of a certain band of market fishermen at Quincy, Ill., the home of Supt. Bartlett, of the Fish Commission, to explode a lot of dynamite under the ice on the river front and kill a ton of fish. I hope they will not blow up the new fish boat of the Commission. Methinks this is the sort of "first offense" which will need a strong alibi. But if they were only killing some of Dr. Bartlett's carp, there are extenuating circumstances.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.



A BIT OF MAINE.



NEW BRUNSWICK.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

Exposition Notes.

THE live game and other animals are the dominating features of the first hall. The central game inclosure is so large (50x40ft.), so cunningly set off with evergreens, and so generously stocked with game, that the visitor for a moment loses consciousness of the fact that it is all within doors. Here as in the other inclosures the Page woven wire fence is used. This, while abundantly strong and secure, is so open that it offers no interruption whatever of the view. Owing to that perversion of inanimate things which every amateur photographer has occasion to discover, the Page fence stands out in our illustration much more obtrusively than it does when actually looked through.

In one division of the yard are fourteen elk, brought from the Corbin Blue Mountain Park in New Hampshire. They are in charge of William Morrison, who, it will be remembered, had the care of the Corbin buffalo during their stay in the Van Cortlandt Park in New York city. The elk are all in capital condition, and have their winter coat. The two bulls were wearing horns when they reached Boston, but one shed his set on Wednesday of the first week, and on Thursday the other showed such symptoms of dropping his that Keeper Morrison and the FOREST AND STREAM photographer were in a condition of nervous suspense, until repeated attempts with the camera had secured the capital portrait here given of the old fellow with his antlered front yet intact.

In another division of this central paddock Mr. Philip Selick has his three moose, a mother and two children. Mr. Selick comes from New Brunswick. He captured the original moose in the snow, at a spot thirty-six miles from his home up the Restigouche and twenty miles more up the Patapedia. That was twelve years ago, when the moose was a yearling. The captive quickly became domesticated, and has ever since roamed the Selick farm, making frequent excursions into the woods, but never failing to return.

But the star moose, and the pet of the show, is Tommy, the eight-months-old baby, which was brought by Mr. Leon A. Orcutt, of Ashland, in Aroostook county, Me. The little fellow was discovered not a hundred yards from the road, was secured with a rope, and readily consented to lead. Mr. Orcutt was bent on bringing his prize to Boston, but the law stood in the way, and the Game Commissioners are without authority to permit the taking of live game in close time except for public parks. Some genius discovered a way to solve the problem, by securing from the Commission a permit to hold the game and transport it to the Portland Park. Accordingly Tommy set out for Portland, and is now on his way thither by way of Boston, where he has a stop-over ticket good until the close of the Sportsmen's Show. Following the nature of many of the wildest creatures when they are met with kindness by man, Tommy became almost immediately as tame as Mary's lamb. In the Mechanics' Building, independent of woven wire caging, he holds one continuous levee the livelong day through, and is the recipient of fondling that bids fair to turn his foolish young head.

It was not to be expected that all the animals would stand the ordeal of transportation and confinement. The most serious loss has been of the Maine caribou, which was captured in the snow and forwarded to Boston without a sufficient supply of moss for food. Thursday afternoon, when it was manifestly sick beyond recovery, from fever and inanition, the managers humanely dispatched it. The next morning the skin was hung up on the drying scaffold in the Indian camp, and Louis Michel was at work upon it when one of FOREST AND STREAM's photographs was taken.

The most winsome creature in the show is the Rocky Mountain ewe. She would need only to be taken from her cage to show herself as confiding as the baby moose and as responsive to the friendly advances of the good people of Boston. As for the unhappy Rocky Mountain ram, with his cruelly deformed limbs, one may not look on him without compassion. The attendant gives out that the sheep was born crooked-legged; but it is probable that he was once straight of limb, and that the distortion of his legs is due to his having been penned

up for years without an opportunity to wear down the growth of hoof, which has resulted in curvature of the limbs. The ram is now the property of the Association; and we are grateful to know that upon the conclusion of the exposition Dr. Bishop, enlisting the co-operation of skilled surgeons, will put the crippled creature under the influence of ether, and perform the operation of tendonotomy, which is the severing of the tendons from their abnormal attachment to the integument. The operation is one which is attended with success in the human subject, and Dr. Bishop is sanguine that it may be performed not less successfully with the ram.

No single exhibit in the show is more instructive or more carefully studied than the excellent display of live game fish. Here one may see every variety of trout known to New England, and may observe their development from the ova to the big fellow of 6½lbs. As was told last week, Messrs. Bayard, Thayer and Richard O. Harding, who have in charge the live fish exhibit, have drawn upon the generous resources of the United States Fish Commission, the Maine and New Hampshire Commissions and the Plymouth Rock Trout Co. From the National Commission were brought the Atlantic and quinnat salmon, steelhead, Loch-Leven, rainbow, brook and hybrid aureolus trout, silver and golden tench, crappie and large- and small-mouth bass. Maine and New Hampshire contribute lake, rainbow and brook trout. The Plymouth Rock Trout Co. have in operation a set of hatching trays with 10,000 trout eggs in various stages of development, and in the troughs are 25,000 fry. The hatching trays are of the all-metal style, in which the wooden rims are dispensed with; and the troughs are equipped with the automatic aerator and feeder, an ingenious contrivance devised by Supt. C. C. Wood for feeding the fry and supplying them with currents of fresh water. Some tanks are devoted to an illustration of the variations of size of fish of same age. There are shown three different sizes each of fish one year old and two years old; the smaller of the two years old are not larger

than the largest of the one year old. The fish have all been reared in the same waters and fed in the same way with the same food. They vary in growth just as human beings do. It is impossible to determine from size alone the age of a trout. In other tanks is shown the decided difference in growth of artificially fed fish over others which have been left to shift for themselves on the natural food supply. Thus, all in all, the fish tanks afford an interesting series of object lessons.

Mr. Wood reports a growing business to meet a widening demand for trout eggs and fry for stocking purposes. The Plymouth Co. supply a number of States, which find it much cheaper to buy the fry than to maintain hatcheries. It would be economy for Massachusetts to adopt the plan; the Commonwealth could secure at Plymouth trout fry for a fraction of what it costs to provide them under the present expensive, antiquated and inefficient system.

The Indian camp, in the main hall or auditorium, has been constructed on a scale which makes it the central object of interest and the dominating feature of the entire exposition. It is an elaborate piece of stage setting, filling a space 52ft. in height by 84ft. wide, and having a depth of 95ft. from the lake to the back of the scene. The camp is laid out on the great stage against a background which is a triumph of the scenic artist's skill. In front lies a lake, on whose placid surface are mirrored camp and cliff and cloud; Indian canoes rest on the bank; just beyond are the bark tepees of Micmac and Mellicete; the camp-fire is burning; men and women are busied in their several tasks, cooking, dressing skins, mending canoes, fashioning spears; on one side romps a bear, on the other is tethered a pony. Back of the camp, in the center, rise beetling cliffs; on the left are mountains, with cascades falling down their precipitous sides, and summits lost in the clouds; on the right opens an enchanting vista of valley and winding river, with the tepees of an Indian encampment dimly seen in the distance. All in all, it is well done, admirable alike the beauty of the scene and the realism of the effect.



INDIAN SALMON SPEARING.

Louis Michell with the spear; Jim Paul at the paddle.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

The Indian camp was designed and executed by Mr. L. W. Seavey, of New York, who did the other scenic decorations of the building, including the panoramic views of the Maine section. The Indians and the accessories of the camp were secured by Mr. Antonio Apache, the superintendent of this department. The tepees, the costumes and other details were designed by Mr. Apache after a careful study of the ancient ways of the tribes of this region as described in the Jesuit Relations and other early records.

The Indians are Micmacs and Mellicetes, and come from New Brunswick. The Micmacs, from Mission Point in Restigouche county, are Louis Michel and Peter Soule. The Mellicetes are Jim Paul, of Fredericton, for three years chief of the tribe; Newell Saules, and the boy Andy Sacobie, or Raccoon. Two of the three girls are daughters of Paul. All the men are inexperienced guides, hunters and canoe men; Michel is W. K. Van-

representation of the four important districts, the Rangeley Lakes, Dead River region, Mooshead Lake and the Aroostook country. The Maine camps and cabins have for their background panoramic paintings of familiar Maine scenes—Rangeley Lake, Round Mountain Lake, Mooshead Lake—a device which sets them off and gives a most pleasingly realistic effect.

Flagstaff and the lower Dead Lake region have sent Cliff and Warren Wing, James and Herman Harlow, and A. B. Douglass. They have their headquarters in a log camp, decorated with deer heads, skins, photographs of game, and other enticements, which so crowd the interior with visitors that one must take place in line to await his turn to enter. Mooshead Lake is represented by a strong delegation made up of Sam Cole, Charles Mercery, Ed Harlow, John Brown, Duncan Matthewson, Simon Mayo, H. Mansell and John Hall. With an effective panorama of Mooshead Lake and

THE most astonishing development of the whole show was this, that when Mr. Dimick was looking around for a practical fur trapper, to set up a trappers' camp, he should find his man within twenty-five miles of Boston. That a professional trapper should be carrying on his industry year after year here within hail of the Hub is surely a surprising phenomenon. Mr. John E. Stone is the Massachusetts trapper, and he sets his traps at Rockville on the Charles River. On Saturday, March 12, Mr. Stone turned out at 4 o'clock in the morning, made the round of his five-mile line of traps, gathered in seventeen muskrats, harnessed his horse, and by 12 o'clock was here in the building putting his camp to rights. "You may talk about horses being cheap," said he, "but you still have to pay good money for a good horse, as you always did. My colt cost me \$200, and when I started for Mechanics' Hall last Saturday I knew I would get here."

Everybody stops to look at the camp. There are



THE INDIAN CAMP LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

derbilt's favorite guide on the Restigouche. The Indians are dressed, for this occasion only, in a style of deerskin clothing which Mr. Apache has determined was the costume worn by their people in the old days.

The lake—which, by the way, cost the Association thousands of dollars—is the theater of the afternoon and evening entertainments. Jim Paul comes down to the water's edge and calls for moose. Then he and Louis Michel launch their canoe and go salmon spearing; Michel is a born actor, playing the pantomime of his part so well that one almost sees the actual salmon fall into the canoe. From their traps set on the margin the Indians and John White, the Rockville trapper, take the catches of muskrats. On the shore a gunner whistles the calls of shore birds and others—yellow-leg, least sandpiper, spotted sandpiper, red-winged blackbird, meadowlark, hawk and crow. An angler plays a trout until it comes within reach of his Indian guide, and in a wink it is in the landing net. Swimming matches, canoe contests, log rolling; a dive by a man tied up in a bag, who falls from the rafters 70ft. above; another backward dive from the same height, with somersaults in mid-air—this is not by any means to catalogue the entire list of feats; but it indicates in some measure the wealth of entertainment provided for the amusement-seeking public.

If in this hall one looks up, he may see flocks of wildfowl flying over. There are 150 ducks, mallard, black, wood, pintail, redhead; and twenty-seven geese. It is a pretty conceit, but one is not likely to bestow a second glance on stuffed effigies, when there is such store of living birds and fowl to study. The wildfowl shown by Mr. Wilton Lockwood are a never failing delight; theirs is the real music of the show, and the gamut runs from the far-reaching clamor of the geese to the soft confidences exchanged by the black ducks in notes as unusual as the gurgle of water under the thin ice of a winter brook.

The Maine section is under the supervision of Dr. Heber Bishop, who has ample reason to be proud of the

Mt. Kineo as a background, a moose hunter's shelter has been set up, and numerous trophies are disposed about. Among them is the head of a 376lbs. deer, which Ed Harlow claims to be a record deer for Maine. A pair of snowshoes shown was made sixty years ago by Susan Tomah, of the Tarrantine tribe of the Penobscots. Susan is now eighty-six years old, and is still making snowshoes.

Eustis and the Dead River region are represented by Edgar Smith, Davis Moody, Dion Blackwell, Seth Payne, J. R. Adams, Robert Phillips, Ed Jones, Gus Jones, Al Large and Grant Fuller. Edgar Smith, who is the proprietor of the well-known Round Mountain Lake camps, reports that the game and fish supply is keeping up; the fish are as numerous as ever, and deer are on the increase, while the growing number of visitors shows that the Round Mountain Lakes are winning favor with woods lovers.

Capt. Charles F. Barker is here representing the country reached by the Portland and Rumford Falls, and Rumford Falls and Rangeley roads. No Maine man in Mechanics' Hall has a wider acquaintance with sportsmen and tourists, as one may learn from the hosts who greet him. With Capt. Barker is Cliff McKinney, of Auburn.

The Rangeley cabin is the same one which was set up in New York. The Rangeley guides are Ed Grant, Rube Crosby, Walter Twombly, Wilmot Patterson, Bert Herrick, Freeman Tibbetts, Dan Haywood (of Camp Caribou) and Jim Matthewson. W. E. Latty and Sergeant Grillat, of Megantic, P. Q., guides of the Megantic Club, make their headquarters with the Rangeley boys.

New Brunswick has set up the most elaborate local display in the show. It has a log cabin profusely decked with game heads and other trophies; and there is an interesting collection of mounted game, from the Crown Land Department. Fishery Commissioner D. G. Smith, Chief Game Commissioner Leonard B. Knight, C. Fred Chestnut, S. E. McDonald and others are here to give information about the hunting and fishing grounds of the Province.

boats, tents, guns, traps, green skins on the stretching boards, and a live fox in a chronic state of wonderment that there are so many human beings on the earth. The exhibit is most interesting in its illustration of the unsuspected trapping resources so near a great city. "There is more game to be had right here within twenty-five miles of Boston than in any place in Maine," Mr. Stone declared, "and there is more money to be made in trapping right here. But you may tell anybody who is thinking of trapping as a business that they would better let it alone. There is no money in it here nor anywhere else. I go to Lewis in the Adirondacks every fall to trap sable and bear. In 1896 I got three bears, seventeen mink and eight sable, and realized \$60 on the lot. In 1897 from my catch of eight mink and twenty-five sable I got \$57. That was all I took in for the whole season's work there; and I did better that year at Rockville, when in fourteen days I took three otters and minks and muskrats enough to net me \$53.75. But I don't trap for the money; I do it because I love it, and can afford to follow it.

"I began in 1858, when I was twenty years old; then I went to the war, and when I came home I was too busy carpentering. While I carpentered I carpentered hard. They used to say in our town that if anybody could do a thing John Stone could; and that if John Stone did it, it was done right. I didn't have any time to trap in those days, but I always said that when I got money enough—and I set a limit—I would quit carpentering and go to trapping. They laughed at me, and said I would not do any such thing; that men did not stop when they got to the first limit, but always made another one. That's so, too; there was John Blank, though I don't believe he ever did set any limit; anyhow he didn't stop this side of \$200,000, and when he'd got as far as that he was not good for anything, let alone trapping. Well, I made my limit, and then twelve years ago, just as I said I would, I stopped work and put out my line of traps, and I've run them every year since. I have a farm down at

Rockville, where the family live in summer, and I raise potatoes and other truck, and all the rest of the time my son and I have the house for our trapping headquarters. My son, eighteen years old, likes trapping as well as I do; he is tending the traps down at Rockville now, and sends me in the catch every day. I got that mink from him to-day. It's a good one, 32in. at least."

"Yes, you can stretch him to 34in. easy. I never saw anything like him, and I have trapped hundreds of mink," commented Warren Wing, who had come over from the Maine section.

"They grow bigger here near Boston than I have found them anywhere else," said Stone. "The salt water may have something to do with it. Besides minks and muskrats at Rockville we get skunks (although no trap-

Guise, who shows a full series of pheasants; Abbott M. Prazar, taxidermy; W. W. Hart & Co., taxidermy; Hazard Powder Co.; Hunter Arms Co.; Marlin Firearms Co.; C. B. Mather & Co., hunting boats and canoes; Page Woven Wire Fence Co., who supply all the fencing for the game parks; Parker Bros.; Peters Cartridge Co., with T. H. Keller in charge; Plymouth Rock Trout Co.; William Reed & Sons, William R. Scott and Smith & Wesson.

Fishing in the Ohio River.

THE winter months have passed and spring has come, and many an angler's heart is glad and eager to take advantage of the opportunity for an early spring fishing trip. The run of the Ohio River fish is as follows: Jack salmon first, now running; will be over by the last of

Grand Rapids Fly-Casting.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 1.—The first tournament (open to the world) of the West Michigan Fly-Casting Association, under the auspices of the Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association, of Grand Rapids, Mich., will be held at Reed's Lake, near this city, on June 8 and 9.

This will be something new in this section, and from present indications we will have a very large attendance. We have a large number of enthusiastic sportsmen in this city.

The programme calls for fixed distance and accuracy fly-casting, accuracy bait casting, dry fly-casting for accuracy and delicacy, fly-casting for accuracy, bass fly-casting for distance and accuracy, long-distance



THE INDIAN CAMP FROM THE GALLERY.

Photo for the Forest and Stream by N. L. Stebbins.

per ought to make any account of the skunks he gets), an occasional fox who fastens himself into one of the traps, and coons and otters. There are more otters in this country than you'd think; but people who do not trap know little about these things. Why, I had an argument to-day with a man who said that beaver were exclusively cold country animals, and he wanted to tell me that they could not be found in the South, although I myself have trapped them in Mississippi. I was going to write something about that for FOREST AND STREAM.

"Our outfit consists of six bear traps, Newhouse No. 5, for the Adirondacks; twenty-two otter traps, and 180 traps, all of the same style, for mink, sable and skunk. We have four guns, a 10, a 16 and two 12-gauges; two tents and five boats; that is more boats than we need, but it is convenient to have them scattered along the river, and sometimes we can leave the boat and walk home, three miles, when it would be five or six to row around.

"Yes, I am more interested in trapping now than I ever was before. Its fascination seems to grow on me. A man came up this morning and said: 'Hello, John, you here?' I guess you are the only one left of all the tribe.' And I guess I am; I don't know of another regular trapper around this country. Of course the boys do something at it, but they don't amount to anything. As I said before, there is no money in the business; and then, you see, most men have not got sense to stop at the limit. They keep on piling up more money, when they might very well afford to knock off and go trapping."

In the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association's handsome display of trophies, central place is given to Dr. Gray's magnificent moose head. It has a spread of 58½in., with web of 16½in. There are 39 points. The moose was killed with a Winchester .30-30, in 1896, at Mt. Katahdin, Me.

Among the trade exhibits are those of Verner de

the month, as it is a cold-water fish. Then follow the bass; these are the first fish you catch with pole and line, and are the first cold-water fish that run in the fall of the year. After the jack salmon and bass follow the shovel fish and chubs, running together. Catching chubs is very pretty fishing, and the first of the month you can see a thousand people, men, women and children, fishing for them along the river bank at the foot of Market street. They are clear of bone, and very fine eating, and about the size of a smelt, usually running 5 or 6in. in length. Then after the shovel fish and chubs follow the cat and perch, which are caught all the summer through. Then follow the buffalo; they are mostly caught on trout lines, although you catch them with the rod freely at times. Most any kind of bait can be used. The following are considered best: Minnows, worms, crawfish and beef.

LOUISVILLE, Ky

EUGENE B. DYE.

Salt-Water Fishermen's League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pursuant to a call a number of enthusiastic salt-water fishermen gathered at Leggett's Hotel on March 20 to discuss forming an association for protecting salt-water game fish, and preserving the fishing waters, by helping to enforce the existing laws, and those that follow, against illegal practices.

This organization, which promises to be the strongest one of its kind, is called the Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen. The following officers were elected: H. Taxter, President; A. H. Baer, Vice-President; C. S. Derby, Secretary; D. T. Riley, Treasurer. The Board of Directors are T. Biedinger, A. W. Andrews, J. H. Meetier, C. J. Fowler, J. Sullivan.

All fishermen can join this league by paying the membership fee of \$1, which can be sent to the secretary. For further particulars address Charles S. Derby, Secretary, No. 27 Bridge street, New York city. C. S. D.

fly-casting. Six championship medals will be awarded as first prizes, and additional merchandise prizes will be given. Full official programmes will be sent by Eber Rice, secretary, Grand Rapids.

A Correction.

AN error which occurred in the advertisement of Mr. W. J. Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, Eng., who advertises fishing goods, demands correction. The copy from which the advertisement was set had been corrected in one or two places, and in being set the word "English" by mistake got into a line which should have read merely: "Special quotations to dealers." The error is an unfortunate one, as it is calculated to convey the impression that Mr. Cummins makes different prices to different nationalities, which is not the case. As printed in this week's issue the advertisement reads as it should.

Montana Wolves.

Mr. Miles Taylor, whom I met many years ago out in Kansas, has for some time been the secretary for Senator Mantle, of Montana, and now writes me from Washington that he anticipates a good trip in Montana again this year. He also sends me a few items of interest about that big State, among others a little cowboy story in which we get a touch of the old times. In this case a rancher by name of Charles Bannatyne, of Brighton, while riding along with some friends saw three wolves which had been feeding at a carcass near the road. Bannatyne told Oliver Valleaux, a cowpuncher, who was along, that he could not rope the wolves, and the latter thought he could. He roped the three in four throws of the rope, which is pretty good work for any cowpuncher.

Mr. Taylor hands me among other things a clipping showing the Montana wolf bounty for the month of February just past, which seems a bit startling. The total is \$5,268, covering 1,537 coyotes and 219 gray wolves. Custer county sent in 225 coyotes and 53 grays, more than any other county.

The Kennel.

Ethan Allin.

THE late Mr. Ethan Allin was well known throughout the New England States. He also had many warm friends in other portions of the country, especially in sections where ruffed grouse abound, for he was noted as an expert partridge hunter before I ever fired a gun. Early in his career he attempted to breed a strain of setters that would do satisfactory work on his favorite bird. How well he succeeded is a matter of history duly recorded in the sportsmen's publications of his day. He bred many dogs, but never enough to supply the demand. He never bred for color or form, and consequently his kennel always contained a varied collection, with scarcely two alike so far as looks went; but in the grouse covers looks, form and style nearly always had to take a back seat when competing with his dogs, for he succeeded in producing a strain that, with rarely an exception, handled their grouse in a most satisfactory manner. One of the first setter bitches that he bred from was Daniel Webster's Rachel, a worthless animal so far as hunting qualities go, but a well-bred one, as was abundantly proven by the performances of her numerous descendants.

In those days setters were very scarce, and he was forced to use the material that he could obtain, for there was not much opportunity to pick and choose. Many dogs of his earlier breeding were summarily disposed of when a trial found them lacking in the qualities that he was in search of, and only those that gave fair promise of usefulness were retained, and of these only the very best were used for breeding purposes. By pursuing this course a few years he succeeded in obtaining something approaching his ideal, but it was nearly a quarter of a century before he was perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. In the selection of dogs for breeding purposes, color and style had no part, nor did he discard a first-class performer for slight variation from the form he considered most desirable. Pedigree he cared very little for, and I have often heard him say that all the pedigree he wished was first-class work in the field. I have owned several dogs of his breeding, and have shot over scores of others, and with two or three exceptions all have been good performers, and many of them all that a sportsman could wish. While the partridge was his favorite bird, and his whole aim in breeding was to produce dogs that could do satisfactory work on them, nearly all of them were also excellent performers on other game. Although he best liked a small dog—one of about 40 lbs. weight—he often used larger animals for breeding, for the reason, as he often said, that good performance will cover a multitude of sins. His one rule in selecting his puppies was rigidly adhered to. Of course a malformed one met its fate at once, as also did some of the weaker ones of a too large litter. When the puppies were six to eight weeks old they were given a fair trial on game if it was practicable, and only those that showed pointing instinct were retained. I have repeatedly seen every puppy of a litter bred by him staunchly pointing the scent of a wing-broken grouse that he had brought home and pegged down in heavy grass or weeds, where they could not see it. In thus selecting his dogs all guesswork so far as their pointing was concerned was done away with, and there were no dogs to shoot for failure in this respect after they had arrived at maturity. He was very successful in rearing his puppies, rarely losing one from sickness of any kind, even including distemper, except that one year—1863, if I remember rightly—this disease made sad havoc in his kennel, sweeping off some thirty, both old and young. As a rule his dogs were healthy and vigorous, capable of working all day and every day during the season, always cheerful and obedient. They worked to the gun with scarcely an exception. Nearly all of them had lots of hunting sense, and many were exceptionally intelligent—just the dogs to please the market shooter.

Mr. Allin was opposed to inbreeding, but resorted to it in the absence of desirable animals of different blood. Some of his intercrosses were diametrically opposed to the rules laid down by the scientific breeder of the present time, but he was a firm believer in the old saying that "like will produce like," and in mating his dogs about his only care was to secure a pair that were alike in hunting qualities when in pursuit of his favorite bird. More than twenty years ago he bred a litter of puppies, and among them was a blue dog—not a blue belton in color, nor anything approaching it, but a solid blue, precisely the shade that is found in what is generally known as a Maltese cat. This color, although mentioned by English writers many years ago, had not previously been noted in this country, and the blue dog attracted a great deal of attention, and there was quite a controversy regarding the cause of the peculiar color. I believe, however, that all were finally agreed that the true solution of the matter was that the dog had thrown back to some remote ancestor of this color. Mr. Allin was a believer in this theory, and notwithstanding his professed disregard of pedigree it was plain to be seen that he took no little pride in the fact that this solution of the matter conclusively proved that a long and illustrious line of ancestors were behind his treasure. When I imparted to him my view upon the subject he reluctantly acknowledged that there was a strong probability that I was right, but requested me to keep silent upon the subject, as the learned savants who had decided the question might feel disposed to blame him for withholding important testimony that had entirely gone from him until I recalled it. The explanation—if it is the explanation—is very simple and at the same time deeply interesting, and for the first time I now make it public. When the dam of Fag, the blue dog in question, was in whelp I was at the home of Mr. Allin and saw her come into the kitchen where the old blue family cat had some kittens, but she did not tarry long, for the old cat lit on her back, and for about a minute it was cats and dogs, yowls and ki-yi's around that kitchen, when the dog, with the cat still clinging to her, darted through the door and disappeared around the corner. This little incident I believe to have been

the turning point for Fag, so far as the question of color is concerned, for when he came to light his color was identical with that of the cat. I may be all wrong in my conclusion, for I make no pretension to exact knowledge relative to interpreting the intricate problems that encompass the rules that govern, or the causes that affect or pertain to the pre-natal influence; so I merely jot down the incident together with my belief in the case, leaving to others more skilled in these matters to decide the question. I should perhaps add that Fag well earned in the field his right to a high place in the stud, and that he transmitted to his descendants not only his field qualities, but many of them he marked with his own peculiar color. I shall never forget the first time that Mr. Allin attempted to take Fag out shooting. Hon. E. H. Lathrop, Mr. H. J. Ferry and myself paid Mr. Allin a visit for the purpose of having the pleasure of a few days' sport with him among the birds. Mr. Lathrop had his well-known setter Dick and Mr. Ferry had his best dog, while I had the pointer Sensation and Rock, a capital setter of Mr. Allin's strain. A local friend who accompanied us also had a good one, and when we had them packed away in the wagon Mr. Allin loaded in three more, one of which was Fag, as he wished us to see how he would acquit himself when first shown game. Seating ourselves in the wagon, we started for a favorite range of covers some four miles away, but before we were out of sight of the house Fag showed signs of discontent, and an instant later he made a brave dash for liberty; but somehow he miscalculated his angles, for instead of making a straight shot he caromed against the front seat and then struck the hind wheel and dropped under it, and it went squarely over him just as it sank into a mud hole. Horror-struck, I leaped to the ground to gather up the mangled remains, and was never more surprised at anything of this nature than I was to see a streak of black and blue scooting across the open pasture and disappearing with a flying leap over the wall at the opposite side. When Mr. Allin told me some two years later that Fag was the best dog in the field that he had ever bred, I replied that this was to be expected, for five good men and seven good dogs had fairly ground it into him.

This day was most enjoyable; there was an abundance of birds, and the performance of the dogs was something to be long remembered. One incident in particular I shall never forget. We had flushed a bevy of quail that flew over a small knoll upon the summit of which was a small, dense patch of hazel. Dick was a short distance to the right of us, and Sensation was some twenty rods to the left, while the other dogs were at heel. When we were near the patch of hazel the dogs were sent on, and as they passed the patch nearly in a bunch they caught scent of a quail and simultaneously pointed, standing nearly in a semi-circle, with the two outside dogs not more than 10 ft. apart. I involuntarily gave the signal for a point, which instantly turned Dick and Sensation toward us. Dick came up behind the thicket and did not see the dogs until he was right among them, when he straightened out and drew into the only open place in the magic half circle and also pointed. Sensation was coming at speed, but as he topped a knoll some 50 yds. distant he caught sight of the dogs and at once backed in his very best style. Here were six dogs that a blanket would almost cover pointing a single bird. How long we stood there spellbound, gazing at the wonderful picture, I cannot say. Mr. Allin finally motioned for Mr. Lathrop to advance, which he did, and flushing the bird, killed it. I shall never forget the pleased look of satisfaction upon the countenance of Mr. Allin as he turned to me and said: "I have seen a great many wonderful pictures, but never one like that." We all agreed with him, and to one at least of that group, and I have no doubt to all, that beautiful living picture upon the hazel-crowned knoll will be a joy so long as life shall last. Mr. Allin was a quick shot and a very good one, and in addition to this he had a knowledge of the habits of game birds, especially of the grouse, that few possess. Some of his friends called him lucky in obtaining shots, but luck had nothing to do with it. He appeared to know almost intuitively just where the birds would go, and usually managed to be in that vicinity at the proper time. Mr. Allin was a very pleasant shooting companion, as is abundantly proven by the fact that his numerous friends returned each season for many years to enjoy the pleasure of his society for their days afiel. Many of these gentlemen are still living, and I feel assured that one and all will heartily join with me in tribute to the memory of our old-time friend—a true sportsman, a genial companion, and a steadfast friend.

SHADOW.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 5.

English Bloodhound Club.

THE fourth annual meeting of the English Bloodhound Club was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 22, at 3 o'clock P. M., Mr. J. L. Winchell presiding.

Dr. C. A. Lougest donated to the club a silver cup of the value of \$50, to be offered at such shows and under such conditions as the executive committee might think best. The club tendered a vote of thanks to Dr. Lougest for his generous gift.

The breeding of so-called American bloodhounds was discussed, and we decided to take no action upon the matter at present, but to leave it in the hands of the executive committee to take steps which they might think necessary to prevent the sale of American bloodhounds as bloodhounds.

The sum of \$50 was also subscribed by the members for a second club trophy to be offered at the leading shows.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. L. Winchell, Fairhaven, Vt.; Vice-President, C. A. Lougest, Boston, Mass.; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles H. Innes, Boston, Mass.; Executive Committee, the above officers, Roger D. Williams and Miss Nellie Lougest.

Dr. Alfred F. Stahl was elected a delegate to the American Kennel Club, and the following judges were recommended to the American Kennel Club: Dr. A. F. Stahl, Roger D. Williams, C. Walter Lougest and James Mortimer.

CHARLES H. INNES, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Now that the knockabout is an accomplished fact in New York waters, it is evident that if the best results are to follow from the establishment of what may easily be a handy, wholesome and generally useful type, some stringent regulations are necessary. The disposition at present is to class under the name "knockabout" anything that is not a Cape cat, and that cannot be squeezed in under the absurd and misused term of "rater," so that in a short time the name "knockabout" will probably be as meaningless and misleading as "rater," and the entire movement ruined by the invasion of racing machines.

It is only necessary to go back to the first Boston boats to find out what a knockabout should be; but what it is at the present time, in the popular mind, is a very different matter. Anything at all of greater out-of-water body than a "rater," and without a bowsprit, even though she be nothing more than some old centerboard sloop or cat made over, is now classed as a knockabout.

In view of the number of veritable knockabouts that will be included in the Sound racing fleet this season, even outside of the one-design class, the Indian Harbor Y. C. has taken steps to define the type and to provide open races for the class. We publish in another column the regulations drawn up by the regatta committee of the club for this purpose. These are in conformity with the rules of the Knockabout Association, of Boston, and will include every real knockabout.

It is a matter for regret that the whole subject of the knockabout type could not have been dealt with in advance by the Sound Y. R. A., the limits being set and arrangements made for the formal establishment of the class before any building was attempted. This, however, was not possible under the circumstances. In spite of its success in the East for several seasons, the type attracted little attention from New York yachtsmen until the end of last season, when all of a sudden the knockabout fever became violently epidemic. Outside of the Seawanhaka one-design class, which with its thirty-five boats will furnish plenty of racing for the members, there will be a large general fleet of knockabouts of different designs which can now enter the open races under the regulations laid down by the Indian Harbor Y. C.

We publish this week the conditions under which the new cup of the Quincy Y. C. is established. While open to international challenge, the cup is not dedicated exclusively to international competition, but may be competed for by yachts of any one nation without foreign challenge.

As far as international competition is concerned, the conditions are peculiar; the competition is limited to one class under a rule which exists nowhere but on Massachusetts Bay, and which produces a type of yacht radically different from those produced by the rules of Great Britain, France, Germany and the majority of American clubs. This type of yacht, with only the I.W.L. limited and sail untaxed, is now obsolete in France and Germany, where it was once as popular as in this country, and is found only in Australia and a few localities in the far East.

The cup is likely to serve a good end in promoting interclub racing on Massachusetts Bay; but it is almost impossible that under its present conditions it can ever attract a foreign challenge or become more than a local trophy.

There is very little likelihood of British or French yachtsmen attempting to challenge in a type of boat with which they are now entirely unfamiliar, and in which endeavor they could have no aid from the regular class racing in trials for the perfection of a challenger or for the defense of the cup, should they be so fortunate as to win it.

Another feature of the conditions that is hardly calculated to stimulate foreign challenges is the provision that after a foreign challenge has been received and a match arranged the defense may still accept challenges from home boats to an indefinite number. This idea of matching a fleet against one foreign boat was long ago abandoned even by the New York Y. C.; it is entirely at variance with modern ideas of fair sport, and of itself is enough to prevent foreign challenges. No intelligent yachtsman would to-day start out to challenge under a rule which compels him to build a peculiar type of boat with which he is unfamiliar, and in addition provided that his one boat may be opposed by an unlimited number of defending craft.

There is every indication that the cup will arouse and stimulate local interest in the 21 ft. class, and have a good effect on building and racing within the domain of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

THE sale of the steam yacht Mayflower to the King of Belgium was recently recorded, and for several weeks the yacht has been lying at the Erie Basin with crew aboard and fires ready, awaiting orders to start. Last week the programme was materially changed by the sale of the vessel to the United States Government, and on Thursday she was taken to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she will be transformed into a torpedo boat destroyer. Mrs. Goelet boarded the yacht at the Erie Basin and made the trip up the East River on her; the end of Mayflower's brief career as a yacht. Within the past ten days, in view of the crisis in the affairs of Spain and Cuba, the representatives of the Government have been examining all the larger yachts with a view to their use in case of war. The Mayflower was not only far superior in speed to any other available, but the negotiations with her new purchaser were in such shape as to permit the canceling of the sale, which was immediately done, the Government purchasing her on the spot. The price paid for her is about the original cost exclusive of her costly and elaborate furnishing.

MR. HOWARD GOULD, owner of the new Niagara II., now approaching completion at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, has offered the yacht to the Naval Reserve of the State of New York in case of war, and the

offer has been accepted by Commander Miller. Should the occasion arise, the yacht will be finished as a war vessel, the original plans being changed accordingly.

Memories of Boating Days.

(Continued from page 234.)

During the summer of 1886 we sometimes discussed the advisability of making a cruise. But although many hot arguments were had, all hands seemed to have different ideas about where we should go. Our steward favored a trip around Long Island or down the Jersey coast to the Delaware. The captain thought nothing short of a run east as far as the Bay of Fundy would be worth while thinking about. I held forth on the beauties of the Hudson River, and said that a cruise up that stream as far as Albany and back would be a dream; the remaining member of our crew didn't care where we went, but said he would cast his lot with me.

As the captain and cook held out, a cruise was apparently abandoned. A compromise was effected by agreeing to take the boat around to the Sound and keep her there for a month or two in order to have a change of some kind. Accordingly one fine morning we said good-by to Sheephead and sailed away. We went up through the Narrows, the Upper Bay and East River, and arrived at Oak Point (where we had already made arrangements to have her cared for during our absence at business) about 5 o'clock P. M. Having moored her safely in the offing and returned on shore in the dinghy, we took the little steamer which ran from here to Harlem and started for home, congratulating ourselves that the move we had made was a brilliant one. And so it was to be, for two members of the crew.

On the way to the bridge the party who had decided to cast his lot with me, and whose name was Al, rode



"Al Lowered the Watermelon."

with me, and we plotted and schemed together, the result being that a week later, having arranged to take our vacations simultaneously, we left home one Monday morning, leaving the impression behind that we were to make a railroad trip to Albany. Instead we made a railroad trip to Oak Point. I will not go into the details of the little cruise that resulted. We went down the Sound as far as Stamford, visiting a few places on the way there and back, and had a most enjoyable time.

The following is a copy of the log, which was written at the end of each day:

Oak Point, Monday, Aug. 2, 1886.—Arrived at the boat 10:45 A. M.; waited until 2:30 P. M., when we had on board friends W. L., M. T. and J. L. We got under way and started off with wind S.S.W. out by Fort Schuyler and headed for City Island. Blowing hard as we passed Execution Light; put in single reef. Arrived off Glen Island 6 P. M.; tied up at old pier near chain ferry, which crosses from New Rochelle to the island. J. returned home on steamer, W. and M. have decided to stay another day; visited the island during the evening; 10:30 P. M. turn in, douse the glim. Al and W. take first watch.

Tuesday, 3d.—Al woke M. and me at 2:30 A. M.; we turned out and they turned in. Al and W. snoring, M. and I shivering; wind blowing hard 3:30 A. M.; don't like this watching business. Went below and turned in 5:30 A. M.; got up, washed down deck and had breakfast. W. and M. went on shore for a stroll; Al and I washed dishes. When they returned we went to look for a grocery store. Took wrong road coming back. Young woman directed us right. Went to Glen Island again; came back, had dinner. Bill of fare, steak, fried potatoes, stewed tomatoes, pickles, coffee, bread and butter. Dessert, hot punch and cigars. After dinner played accordion, sang songs, took a sail out around the island and back. W. and M. went home; furled up sails; 9:30 turn in.

Wednesday, 4th.—Laid in some more provisions; left New Rochelle at 10:15 A. M.; wind light; pleasant run to Oriental Grove, where a large steam yacht lay at her pier. Her name was the Orienta. Ran alongside and climbed on to dock; asked for captain, who presently came on deck; asked him questions about our course, which he cheerfully answered; chatted with us for half an hour; seemed quite interested in our venture. Started off again. Off Rye Beach we saw the remains of a steamer called the Capitol City, which had been wrecked here.

Near Captain's Island it began to shower. Two young ladies, who were rowing, asked us to tow them ashore. Took them on board and shortly afterward landed them at a place called the Cliff House; said they were stopping there; profuse in their thanks; gave them a salute from our cannon as we bore away. Missed the entrance to Port Chester, if there is any; came to anchor in a small basin inclosed on three sides by high cliffs. A gang of men were quarrying stone, which was being loaded on to some schooners lying close to shore. Cooked dinner. A boy came alongside in a skiff and watched us eat. Got rid of him by sending him on a fool's errand. While he was gone we left the place.

A short sail and we arrived at Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Conn. Cleaned up and went on shore, visited the town, and on way back purchased a water melon. Arriving at the wharf found the tide had fallen so low that Monaitpee was sitting in the mud and listing to port and away from the pier. I managed to get down on board and throw a rope to Al, and he lowered the water melon and then climbed down himself.

Had a hard job cooking supper; took an hour; required two to eat it. Sat in the cockpit singing, playing accordion (until a voice from shore said, "Stop it") and eating water melon. Boat floated about 11 o'clock and we decide to turn in.

Thursday, 5th.—Awoke at 6 A. M.; weather fine. Al posted letters. I cooked breakfast. Got away just in time to prevent grounding again. Very light breeze. Saluted cruising yachts as we passed out of the harbor. Arrived off Stamford. Decided not to land, but to start on our return. Must be home Sunday, and wish to stop here and there on our way. Wind fell flat, and in three hours made but five miles. Then a breeze sprang up and made things lively. Looks stormy to the westward. Raining hard. Lee deck awash. Donned oil clothes and settled down for an exciting sail; had it; put into New Rochelle again shortly after dark; scraped the bark off the pier as we luffed up alongside of it. No harm done. Moored the yacht with the rain coming down in torrents. Glad to get in here, where it is quite comfortable since we got the stove going. Rather be where we are than out on the Sound. Supper tasted good to-night. We are getting fierce appetites.

Friday, 6th.—Still raining when we got up this morning, but cleared up at 8 o'clock. At 9 we set sail and started out to look for a place called Pea Island, which we had been recommended to visit. Must have lost our bearings; could not find it.

Started across the Sound toward Long Island, and arrived off Sands Point after an hour's sail. We landed on the beach near the lighthouse, and spent three hours idling about the locality. Went on board and proceeded on our way. A short distance further on we fell in with an excursion from Brooklyn, landed at the grove and had a good time. Met several friends; took four of them out for a sail. They were very curious, and the two ladies couldn't imagine how we could exist on such a little boat. Got back just in time to get them on the barge before it left. As the tug puffed away with its gay party we discharged our Long Tom as a good-by.

Headed homeward once more. Looks squally. Fell in with a yacht flying Knickerbocker Y. C. flag, and kept company with her for some time. After passing Fort Schuyler we attempted to cook supper, but the Sound steamers passing out made such a disturbance that we could not keep the oil stove going. About sundown we rounded up at Oak Point with a ringing discharge from our howitzer on the forward deck. An extra charge had been put into it for this occasion, and as she belched forth the breech rope that held it to the bitts parted and it came within an inch of going overboard. The little Harlem steamer gave us an answer of three blasts from her whistle and we dropped anchor very well satisfied with our little trip.

The following summer we met with an accident, which came very near ending the career of Monaitpee as well as that of two of the crew and a friend. Two weeks previous to this incident we made a visit to Red Bank, on the North Shrewsbury River, and instead of returning to Sheephead Bay went to Bay Ridge in order to accept a challenge we had received to race a sloop named Lizzie. We sailed the race July 10, the first and only race our boat ever participated in up to the day we sold her. The course was a triangular one, starting from the foot of Twenty-seventh street, Bay Ridge, around Fort Lafayette, off Fort Hamilton, thence around the buoy off Robbin's Reef and home.

The result was as much a surprise to ourselves as it was to the crew of Lizzie. In a fine whole sail breeze Monaitpee took the lead at the start and when we crossed the finish line our opponent and challenger was rounding the mark at Robbin's Reef. Twenty-five minutes later she finished with the first blasts of a thunder squall to help her along. On the run home before the wind she carried a large spinnaker in addition to her ordinary canvas. Monaitpee used only mainsail and jib throughout the race.

We got our flags, and on Sunday, 17th, the cook, a friend named Dick Clark and myself started to take the boat back to the bay. The wind was very light when we started and soon died out entirely. The heat was intense, and while drifting in Gravesend Bay we undressed and jumping overboard swam alongside for a half hour. About noon time we were jogging along off Coney Island, having picked up a little breeze. We had just passed the Oriental Hotel and were about a mile and a half off shore, when on looking back I saw a great cloud of dust enveloping West Brighton. We had noticed some time before that there were indications of a thunderstorm in the northwest, and when the little breeze came along we set the clubtopsail, hoping to

get into the bay before it arrived.

From all appearances it looked as though there would at least a half hour elapse before it reached us, and on glancing back toward the island and seeing the tremendous cloud of dust and sand I cried out that there must have been an explosion at the beach. The words had barely been uttered when I realized that the storm was upon us. I never saw a squall approach more rapidly. It was a cyclone, and came hissing and howling across the water with the speed of a locomotive, and driving a wall of foam before it. To get sail off in the quickest possible time was our one thought. The first gust struck as we were hauling down the topsail. The boat heeled to the blow, and the wind catching the topsail, which was all adrift, forced it through between the backstay and the topmast. The club caught on the spreader, and in trying to get it clear the downhaul pulled out of the sail, and there was our kite bellied out like a balloon and no way to get it down without going aloft. The yacht was driving before the storm at a terrific rate by this time. We hauled down the jib and mainsail, having to jump on the hoops to lower the latter.

Taking a knife, I started to climb the mast to cut the topsail loose, but before I reached the spreader the full force of the gale struck broadside on. It was almost pitch dark; a terrific whirlwind of sand and hail stones accompanied the onslaught. I felt the boat going over and I quickly slid down to the deck; reached the cockpit, into which the water was already pouring and added my strength to that of the cook in trying to pay her off. It was useless; she paid no more attention to the rudder than if it had been a match. We tore off all our clothes and fastened the doors, and locking those doors I believe saved our lives.

Monaitpee died hard; she did not capsize, as most boats do; she was literally jammed over flat on the water by the strength of the screaming blast. We had sufficient time to prepare ourselves and secure a firm hold before she finally lay broad on her beam ends half under water, and every wave making a clean breach over her. Her toomast was visible and the topsail still clinging to it, dragging in the water. We clung desperately to the long oar which had been lying on deck with a vague hope that it might be of service in helping to sustain us in case the boat sank and we should have to take to the water. The cook and I could swim, but Dick could not.

We fully expected the yacht to sink, as she was heavily ballasted, and as she kept settling lower and lower we figured that she could not float more than ten or fifteen minutes. We arranged with Dick that when she went down he should cling to the middle of the oar and we would each take an end and do our best to keep him and ourselves above water. While we made this plan we knew in our own hearts that we could not hold out in such a smother of foam five minutes, but we could not bring ourselves to acknowledge that such was the case.

We sat in a line astraddle of the boat, with one leg in-



"They Dashed against Us and Flung their Spray 25ft. Beyond."

side the cockpit coaming and the other hanging over the rail, and clinging on with a death grip in order to resist the force of the seas that nearly choked us as they dashed against us and flung their spray 25ft. beyond.

For an hour we clung to our slowly settling craft, expecting each moment to feel her drop from under us. By this time she was so low that every wave hid her from sight as it dashed over us. We were blue with the cold and almost exhausted. The part on which we sat suddenly settled down. We felt our end was near, and shook hands. Not a word was said, and I guess each of us was occupied with such a multiplicity of thoughts of our own that words were forgotten. Poor Dick was a pitiful sight as he gasped and sputtered between each surge, and set his teeth and took a fresh hold to withstand the next.

As the stern of the boat sank I suddenly cried to my companions to move forward toward the bow. They did so, hitching themselves along laboriously, while I followed. It had the effect I hoped for. The after part slowly rose to the surface, and we managed to keep her balanced in this way for some time, until presently we saw with joy that the storm was abating.

It stopped almost as suddenly as it began. Fifteen minutes after it broke the sun was shining and the surface of the water was almost as smooth as glass. When we could see for any distance we strained our eyes, vainly looking for some craft to which we might signal for help. Not a boat was in sight. A moment later, while gazing toward Manhattan Beach, which was now nearly three miles away, I perceived what appeared to be a rowboat heading toward us; and such it turned out to be. It seemed an age before it was within hailing distance. When it finally came up we were busily occupied in playing a sort of see-saw on Monaitpee in order to keep our heads above water.

We found out on reaching shore that the captain of the Manhattan Beach Life-Saving Station had been watching us through his glasses at the moment the squall struck, and perceiving we were in trouble, imme-

diately set about getting a crew to man the lifeboat. At this season of the year his men were all home at their various occupations, as the Government only considers it necessary to keep the full complement during eight months of the year. So Capt. Rider had to run all the way to Manhattan Beach bathing pavilion before he found assistance. By that time the storm was at its height, and not being able to get enough experienced men to man the large boat, he was compelled to wait until the gale had spent its fury, and then send a smaller one.

Cold, wet and bedraggled, bareheaded and barefooted, we crawled on shore, while several hundred people who had sought shelter under the roof of the bathing pavilion gazed at us curiously as the captain hurried us off toward the station. Arriving there, some spirits was given to us, which we gratefully swallowed. Dry clothing and a hot meal, prepared by the captain's wife and daughter, put new life into us. Had we been in our own homes nothing more could have been done to make us comfortable than was done by Capt. Rider and his wife.

During the afternoon we speculated as to the fate of Monaitipee; and shortly before dark, accompanied by the captain, we rowed down the bay to see if we could obtain any news of her. We found more than news of her. We found the boat, at least what was visible of her. In the mouth of the creek which empties into Dead Horse Channel and directly opposite the Government Cut we came upon her. Two men were standing on the bank near her, and a block and fall had been made fast to the masthead and to an anchor which was hooked into the mud, some twenty odd feet from the water. Only her mast and rigging could be seen. The men gave us the following account of how she came to be thus situated.

After we had been taken off she had drifted with the incoming tide on to the bar which stretches out between Point Breeze Inlet and Dead Horse Channel. Here they found her, and as the tide rose she floated across into the channel, and making fast a line to her, they guided her, with the aid of a rowboat, to the mouth of this creek. When they put the fall on to right her up the cabin doors came open as they emerged, and the air that had been confined within escaped, and she immediately sank to the bottom.

The next day she was raised in this way. At low tide there was only 2 or 3 ft. of water in the creek, and when the boat was exposed it was an easy matter to pump and bail her out, so that she floated on the return of the tide. There was very little damage done to anything except our clothing, and in a few days she was looking as sleek as ever. The men who towed her in were rewarded, and once more we were in shape for further adventures.

The Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

The Quincy Yacht Club Challenge Cup Offered by the Quincy Yacht Club, of Quincy, Mass., U. S. A., to Promote Small Yacht Racing.

DECLARATION OF TRUST.

This instrument, dated Feb. 14, 1898, made by the Quincy Yacht Club, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, witnesseth as follows:

The Quincy Yacht Club, having offered a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the Quincy Yacht Club Challenge Cup, for the purpose of promoting small yacht racing, hereby declares the conditions which shall govern the tenure of the said cup and the competitions therefor.

ARTICLE I.

Contests shall be open to yachts of any country, representing any organized yacht club in good standing, provided the sailing length, measured by the rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, is 21ft. or less.

ARTICLE II.

The club holding the cup shall defend it between July 15 and Sept. 15 against all comers. All challenges shall be in writing, signed by the proper officers of the challenging club. To insure a contest, one challenge must be delivered by April 1. Subsequently other clubs may challenge and enter the same contest on the terms proposed in the challenge first received and accepted; but no challenge will be accepted if received after May 15.

ARTICLE III.

A contest shall consist of a series of races. Each club shall name its representative yacht for the series before the day of the first race.

Yachts must be measured previous to any contest. When the cup is held by a club which is a member of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, the measurer shall be the official measurer of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. When the cup is held by any other club, the measurer shall be the official measurer of that club.

ARTICLE IV.

A yacht must win three races of a series to win the cup. After four races of any series have been sailed, only winners of at least one race shall be allowed to compete; after six races, only yachts which have won two races.

ARTICLE V.

Races shall be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, with the further provision that the total weight of a crew, in racing trim on day of race, shall not exceed 850lbs.

ARTICLE VI.

The courses shall be laid as nearly as possible as follows:

The first race to windward or leeward and return. The second race a triangle, of which at least one-third shall be to windward. Subsequent races shall alternate as above until the series is finished. A change of wind after the start shall not invalidate a race. The length of course shall be not less than nine nor more than twelve nautical miles. The depth of water over the whole

course at the time of start, and for four hours thereafter, shall be not less than 5½ft.

ARTICLE VII.

The terms of this instrument may be modified by the Quincy Yacht Club while the cup is in its possession, and when not in its possession, by agreement between the Quincy Yacht Club and the club holding the cup; but no modification shall be made during the pendency of any challenge, unless consented to by all challengers.

ARTICLE VIII.

All conditions of any competition not covered by these articles or by the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall be left to mutual agreement, and in case of failure to agree, the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall act as arbitrator.

ARTICLE IX.

When a club has won a contest, said club shall be made custodian of the cup, after having deposited with the Quincy Yacht Club a satisfactory bond for the safety of the cup.

The cup shall be held by the winning club in trust, subject to the terms of this instrument.

If said club dissolves or ceases to exist, the cup shall be returned to the Quincy Yacht Club.

In witness whereof the Quincy Yacht Club has caused



TROPHY FOR DOVER—HELGOLAND RACE OF 1898.
Designed by the Emperor of Germany.

its corporate name to be signed hereto by its commodore, and its corporate seal to be hereunto affixed and attested by its secretary, all done in duplicate originals as of Feb. 14, 1898.

FRED B. RICE, Com.
JAMES S. WHITING, Sec'y,
76 High Street, Boston.

Extracts from the Rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, February, 1898.

RULE VI.

Racing Length.

The measurement of racing length shall be obtained as follows:

1. The racing length shall be the distance in a straight line between the furthest point forward and the furthest point aft, where the hull exclusive of the rudder or rudder post is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in smooth water and in racing trim.

2. The maximum number of crew and weight of ballast which the owner elects to carry in any race shall be on board at time of measurement.

3. The weight of the crew shall average 150lbs. for each person, which may be substituted by dead weight, and shall be placed amidships at the point of the greatest beam at the waterline, or in such position as to place the yacht in racing trim, as directed by the measurer.

4. The ballast shall be fixed and in its proper position.

5. The centerboard shall be up.

6. All racing spars, sails, rigging and racing truck, and at least one anchor and cable, and such other articles as are needed for ordinary sailing, shall be on board and placed where they are usually stowed when not in actual use.

7. A yacht altering her trim so as to increase her racing length must immediately notify the secretary of the Association, or judges, and obtain a new measurement.

RULE IX.

Crew.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall

not exceed the following: 21ft. classes, five persons.

2. No one shall join or leave a yacht after the start, except in case of accident, or injury to a person on board.

Knockabout Rules for New York.

The following restrictions have been drawn up by the regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. to govern the racing of knockabouts in the open races which the club proposes to give during the season:

Definition.

A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, with cabin house and fair accommodations, with watertight standing room, or air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water. Rigged simply with only mainsail, forestaysail or jib and spinnaker.

Length L.W.L.

The length of the load waterline, with full equipment, shall not exceed 21ft.

Beam L.W.L.

The beam at the load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boats at least 7ft. 9in.

Freeboard and House.

The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. on the said respective required beams; a reduction of 1in. on the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in beam respectively.

The cabin house shall have a length of at least 7ft., and a width equal to 60 per cent. of the greatest beam on deck, a height at the forward end of at least 6½in., and at the after end of at least 9in. above the deck; provided, that in case the freeboard exceeds the requirements, such excess may be deducted from the required height of the cabin house.

Ballast and Draft.

For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 3ft. for at least 5ft. length of keel; the total outside fixed ballast shall be not less than 3,000lbs. For keel boats the draft shall not exceed 6ft.; the outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs.

Certificate of weight of ballast shall be furnished the measurer by designer and builder. The fin shall not be counted in the required weight of ballast, and no fin shall be less than ½in. in thickness.

Scantlings, Planking and Construction.

The keel, stem, frames, house and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall be not less than 1sq.in., deck beams not less than 1 1-3sq.in., section, house beams not less than ¾ of a square inch section.

The spacing of frames, deck and house beams to be not more than 9in., center to center.

The planking, including deck and the side of house, shall be not less than ¾in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than ½in., finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 4sq.in. for at least one-half the length; also bilge stringers of at least 4sq.in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat, amidships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

Sails.

The actual sail area shall be not over 600sq.ft., and not over 480sq.ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the measurer, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack, and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the measurer. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail.

The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position as used shall be not more than 400 divided by the distance in feet from deck to throat of spinnaker halyard block.

No battens over 30in. in length allowed to be used in sails.

Equipment.

Equipment to include anchor not less than 25lbs., and cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1½in. rope; also bucket, pump, compass, fog horn, boat hook, lead and line, lantern and three life preservers.

Crew.

The crew is limited to three persons, including the helmsman (who must be an amateur); not more than one shall be a professional.

Other Boats Accepted.

All boats now existing that have been accepted by the Knockabout Association under previous rules, and all boats now existing, or in the process of construction, that comply with the present rule of the Beverly Yacht Club, shall be accepted as complying with these rules, and may carry sail in accordance with these restrictions; and all boats built on the lines and specifications of W. B. Stearns, as accepted by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and carrying not more than 550ft. of sail, shall be accepted as complying with these restrictions.

Dover-Helgoland, 1898.

For the second time the Emperor of Germany has given a handsome cup for a race from Dover to Helgoland, open to cruising yachts of fifty tons, Thames measurement, and over. The cup here illustrated was designed by the Emperor, a handsome loving cup, standing over 2ft. high; it was made by Werner, the Berlin silversmith. The committee appointed by the Emperor is charged with the definition of a cruiser and with the arrangement of the handicaps; the race starting from Dover on June 20.

The Fin-Keel and Scow Types.

NEW YORK, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of Jan. 1, 1898, I promised Fin (de siecle) to submit a suggestion for a yacht for the new L. Y. R. A. 22ft. fin-keel class. I submit herewith two designs, and with your kind permission will use them to illustrate a point or two in connection with measurement rules. [Refer to FOREST AND STREAM, issues Nov. 20, 1897, article by A. on measurement, S. C. Y. C. 21ft. knockabout; Dec. 18, 1897, communication from Fin (de siecle); Jan. 1, 1898, American Y. C., 25ft. knockabout, and my communication; Jan. 22, S. C. Y. C. race committee report; Feb. 5, communication from Sextant; Feb. 12, communication from Mr. James N. Warrington and C.; Feb. 19, plans for 25ft. fin-keel cruiser; March 5, communication from Mr. Mills.]

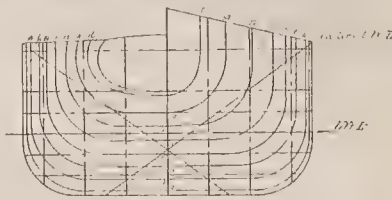
The S. C. Y. C. 21-footer is of the conventional keel

yachts. It would surely be natural to expect that the requirement of so large a midship section would produce a good type of yacht, and yet the Freak is the fastest model of the three submitted, and differs but little from the successful 20 of last year. The displacement factor is very small, and the scantling which the Lake rules require utterly insufficient to produce a strong boat. Indeed, without a very complete system of trussing the Freak would break up inside of a month, and yet she would comply with the rules made for the express purpose of producing a strong-built yacht of a good, wholesome form. Not only is this true, but the Lake rules permit this same form to be built minus the keel to race in the regular classes, unless I am misinformed, the only change required being the addition of a center-board trunk and two rudders like those shown by dotted lines at each quarter.

The righting moment, lateral plane, etc., are all right,

0.56 will give the cubic displacement of hull, the 0.53 being used for a yacht of fine lines and the 0.56 for one of full lines. Observe in the table how erroneous this is. Another assumption is a ratio existing between erect and actual L.W.L. This too is entirely wrong, since the designer can make as great a difference as he chooses, practically.

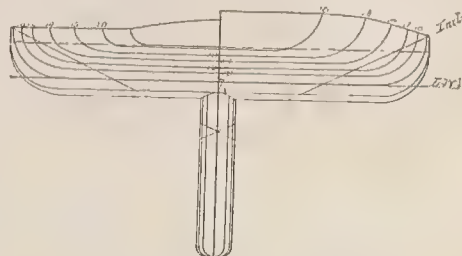
I hope you will get or write an answer to C.'s communication of Feb. 12, or else either show the possibility



Body Plan of L. Y. R. A. Design.

of beating the rule above outlined, or suggest a better one to secure a "speedy, seaworthy and comfortable yacht;" and I will make good my word and send you a design that shall be only speedy.

The daily papers publish Mr. F. B. Jones' definition of a 21ft. knockabout. Taking this definition, it is easy to design a yacht without accommodation, of 5,500lbs. displacement, flush deck, sailing on a L.W.L. of 30ft. and a beam of 5ft., and a yacht that will carry whole sail when the regular knockabout must be close reefed. Compare with Table 1. The English girth rule permits of the design of a yacht, say of 44ft. rating, carrying 3,600sq.ft.



Body Plan of "Freak."

of sail, with a large relative righting moment and a midship section coefficient of 22 per cent. This means that if better yachts are being built in England, it is only because the designers don't care to take advantage of their opportunities.

To sum up:

1. Length should be measured when the yacht is heeled.
2. Size can only be secured by a requirement of cube or displacement.
3. If sufficient displacement is required, nothing can be gained by skinning construction, except increased ability to carry sail.
4. Ability to carry sail is a function of ballast, beam and draft to a reasonable figure, and beam will be limited by the length naturally, but in any case is good per se.

GEO. HILL.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

THE annual meeting of the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Monday, March 21, with President Cromwell in the chair, the following delegates being present:

Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, W. P. Stephens; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Ward Dickson; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle, Jr., and J. M. Price; Huntington Harbor Y. C., H. H. Gordon; Huguenot Y. C., E. Burton Hart, Jr.; Indian Harbor Y. C., F. Bowne Jones and Charles E. McManus; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg and H. Stephenson; New Rochelle Y. C., Paul A. Meyrowitz; Park City Y. C., Rodney S. Bassett; Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce and George B. Clark; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oliver E. Cromwell; Douglaston Y. C., O. H. Chellborg (representing W. A. McLellan); Harlem Y. C., W. A. Towner; Sachem's Head Y. C., R. C. Mitchell.

The report of the executive committee was read, recommending that time allowance be continued for the present season, and that a new arrangement of starting signals, with separate starts for the special classes, be made; also presenting a schedule of dates substantially the same as in 1897. The report was adopted.

A motion was made and carried that time allowance be continued for the present year.

Some discussion took place on the subject of starting signals, and Mr. E. Burton Hart, Jr., suggested the adoption of a code of nine instead of six signals, with a series of six balls in combination, giving nine divisions. This proposal was adopted, the details of the arrangement being left to the executive committee.

After discussion it was decided to race the cabin and open boats in separate classes, and the definition of a cabin yacht framed last fall by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was adopted as follows:

Definition of a Cabin Yacht.

A cabin yacht shall be defined as either a flush-decked yacht with cabin accommodations below deck, or a decked yacht with cabin trunk and similar accommodations, which shall conform to the following limitations:

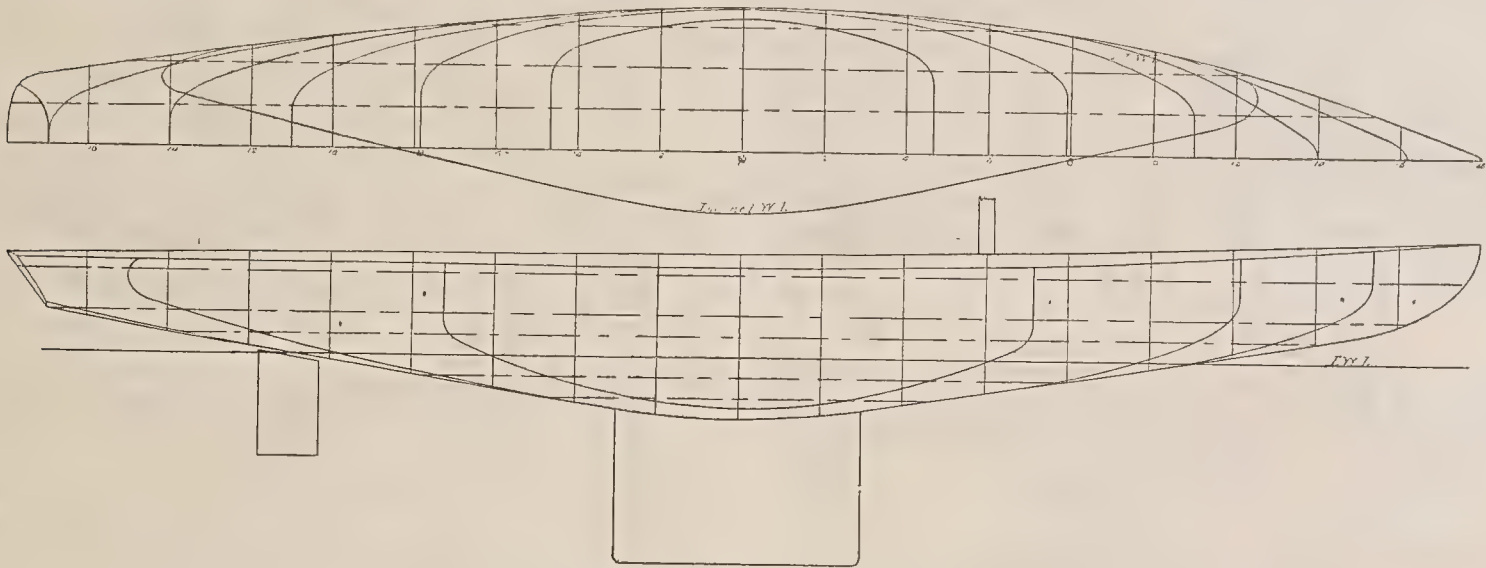
1. The least freeboard shall be equal to 7 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, measured in a perpendicular line from the top of covering board of deck to the surface of the water.
2. The cabin shall have headroom over the required floor space, equal to not less than 18 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, to the limit of 6ft., in the clear, under deck or cabin trunk, exclusive of skylights and hatches, with substantial partition at the after end of the cabin; and shall have a floor above the timbers, flush throughout, excepting the space occupied by the centerboard box, for at least 35 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, with a minimum width of not less than 20 per cent. of the extreme beam, and shall be fitted with two permanent lockers, and suitable berths for the accommodation of the crew.
3. A cabin trunk shall be capable of sustaining the weight of the entire crew.

Name	Erect Lateral Planes				Bal last.	Draft	L. W. L.		Beam		Mid sec-tion.	Coeff.	R. L.	Sail Area	Publication.	Type.
	Hull	Rud-der.	Fin or Keel.	Disp.			Erect	He'l'd	Erect	He'l'd						
Sound tin	37.4	6.0	35.0	11,500	5,500	5' 0"	24' 0"	25' 0"	13.3	56.5	26.1	800	F & S 2 19 '98	Full bodied fin.
Am. fin...	45.6	10.0	29.0	12,600	5,600	4' 6"	25' 0"	27' 6"	8' 11"	8' 0"	15.0	52.5	26.6	800	F & S 1 1 '98	Conventional body with wood fin.
S C Y C	37.0	7.15	21.5	6,778	3,600	4' 0"	21' 0"	24' 0"	7' 8"	7' 0"	9.75	51.8	22.2	550	F & S 11-27 '97	Conventional full S. section keel
Lake....	18.80	4.0	21.5	7,450	3,000	5' 0"	22' 0"	26' 9"	7' 0"	6' 1"	10.50	51.5	22.0	480	Current num	Full bodied fin Large accom.
Freak...	4.00	3.0	34.1	3,800	0	5' 0"	14' 0"	26' 2"	11' 6"	4' 6"	10.0	41.7	21.5	840	Current num	Similar to 20' class Designed to beat the L. R. A. rule.

type, and comes quite close to the restrictions of the Lake 22ft. class, and the American keel and my fin come quite close together, and so I have compared some of the features in the table herewith submitted.

In the matter of room the designs speak for themselves; in the matter of speed they can be compared by the application of the following rules, each rule being understood to be relative:

1. Sail area alone produces motion, therefore the larger the sail area the faster the motion.
2. Sails should be as near theoretical planes as possible.
3. The length that exists under sailing conditions should be as great as possible and the breadth as small as possible.
4. The wetted surface should be as small as possible.
5. The lateral plane should be as much of a plane as possible.
6. The rudder should control the yacht's motion posi-



PROPOSED L. Y. R. A. DESIGN.

tively by directing it, not negatively by dragging back on one side.

7. The hull should be practically symmetrical about an axis parallel with the keel under all angles of heel. Any change in form when heeled should be an improvement.

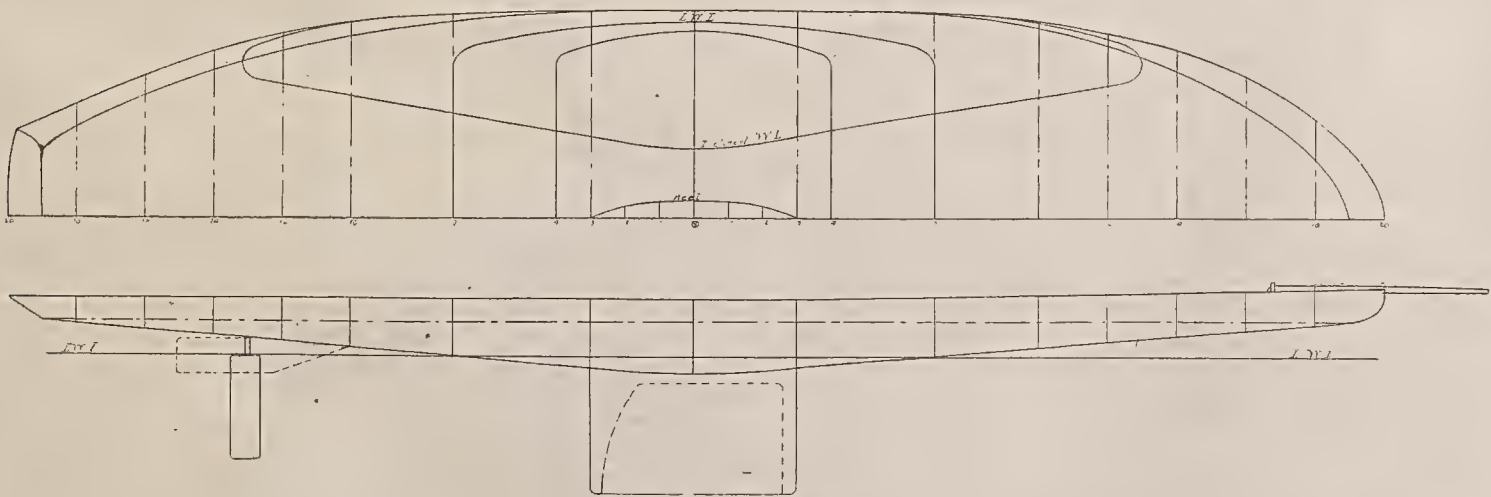
8. The rate of displacement of the particles of water in a path at right angles to the keel should be as slow as possible.

9. The center of buoyancy should be separated as far as possible from the center of gravity.

10. The center of buoyancy, center of gravity, center of load waterline length, center of lateral resistance and

C. are right in saying, classify for sail area alone. If the S. C. Y. C. race committee and A. and C. express the views of American yachtsmen, that we want a rule to develop a "speedy, seaworthy and comfortable yacht," then the rule proposed by C., with a limit of draft added, is ideal. Make it read: "Yachts shall be classified according to sail area."

In each class, sail area, load waterline and displacement, when heeled until deck amidship is even with the water, and draft when on an even keel, shall be fixed. All dimensions shall be taken from the plans of the yacht by the designer and sent to the measurer or secretary of the club, with the affidavit of the designer that



PROPOSED "FREAK."

center of effort should all be in the same vertical transverse plane.

11. The entrance and run should be the same.
12. There should be no angles, pockets or humps in the form along which the water passes.
13. The overhangs should be so prolonged that the water cannot strike a vertical surface forward or leave one aft.

Now consider all the yachts mentioned as heeled to the sailing angle and plot their waterlines. Evidently there is no relation between the dimension of hull taken on an even keel and taken heeled, except such as the designer chooses to make. Next look at the 22ft. class

the dimensions are correct, and of the owner that no changes of rig have been made without the designer's knowledge. Such a rule will produce the hull of least resistance, and cannot be beaten.

The features of measurement from the plans and when heeled were suggested by A.; the general form by C.

I have tried a number of the rules suggested, and I find it a simple matter to beat any of them, except the above, and I think the reason is that the others are based on assumptions of the resistance of ratios between certain parts or dimensions that do not exist in fact. Thus it is supposed that the area of midship section multiplied by length and a factor of from 0.53 to

4. The cockpit shall have its floor above the L.W.L. and shall have scuppers draining outboard.

5. The centerboard shall not come above the deck or cabin trunk.

6. The cabin shall contain cushions or mattresses for the berths or transoms, and one blanket for each berth or 7ft. length of transom, stove and cooking utensils, and receptacle for two gallons of fresh water.

7. There shall also be on board an anchor weighing not less than 1½lbs. for each foot of L.W.L. length, and not less than one fathom of suitable cable for each foot of L.W.L. length, life preserver, compass, riding light, fog horn, bucket and boat hook.

8. All inside ballast shall be stowed under the floor of cabin or cockpit.

9. All fixtures and fittings herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed or substituted by articles smaller or of lighter weight.

10. Existing cabin yachts (1897) may race in cabin classes, provided they carry the full cruising equipment.

The matter of racing dates was settled with very little difficulty, the fixtures for the season being as follows:

May 14, Saturday—Huguenot Y. C., special race.
May 21, Saturday—New Rochelle Y. C., spring regatta.
May 30, Monday, Decoration Day—Harlem Y. C., annual regatta.
Indian Harbor Y. C., special race.
June 4, Saturday—Knickerbocker Y. C., annual regatta for all classes.
June 11, Saturday—Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, annual regatta.
June 18, Saturday—Larchmont Y. C., spring regatta.

Racing Circuit.

June 25, Saturday—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., annual race for all classes.
June 27, Monday—Stamford Y. C., annual regatta for all classes.
June 28, Tuesday—Indian Harbor Y. C., spring regatta.
June 29, Wednesday—Douglaston Y. C., annual regatta.
June 30, Thursday—Sea Cliff Y. C., spring regatta.
July 1, Friday—Reserved for either American Y. C. or Corinthian Fleet, special regatta.
July 2, Saturday—New Rochelle Y. C., annual regatta for all classes.
July 4, Monday—Larchmont Y. C., annual regatta.
July 5, Tuesday—American Y. C., annual regatta for all classes.

July 9, Saturday—Riverside Y. C., annual race.
July 11, Monday, to July 15, Friday—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. trial races for 20ft. class of sloops.
July 16, Saturday, to July 23, Saturday—Larchmont Y. C., race week.
July 30, Saturday—Indian Harbor Y. C., annual regatta.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Hempstead Harbor Club, annual regatta.
Aug. 13, Saturday—Horseshoe Harbor Club, annual regatta.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Huguenot Y. C., annual regatta.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Indian Harbor Y. C., special regatta.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Huntington Harbor Y. C., annual regatta; Douglaston Y. C., special regatta.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Indian Harbor Y. C., fall race; Larchmont Y. C., special regatta.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., fall race for all classes.
Sept. 5, Monday, Labor Day—Norwalk Y. C., annual regatta.
Sept. 10, Saturday—Riverside Y. C., fall race.
Sept. 17, Saturday—American Y. C., fall regatta for all classes.

The statement was made that the Larchmont Y. C., the only club within the territory of the Y. R. A. which is not a member, had suggested that its racing dates be published in the official list of the Association. After some discussion it was decided that this be done. The following delegates were elected as Executive Committee for the year:

Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; O. H. Chellborg, Knickerbocker Y. C.; E. Burton Hart, Jr., Huguenot Y. C.; W. P. Stephens, Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle; Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.; and Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

THE Y. R. A. of Massachusetts held its annual meeting at Young's Hotel, Boston, on March 17, with Pres. L. M. Clark in the chair, and the following clubs represented: American of Newburyport, Boston, Burgess, Cape Cod, Cohasset, Dorchester, Duxbury, East Gloucester, Hull, Jeffries, Kingston, Lynn, Manchester, Massachusetts, Mosquito Fleet, Plymouth, Quincy, Savin Hill, South Boston, Squam, Wellfleet, Winthrop and Wollaston.

The following officers were elected: Louis M. Clark, Massachusetts Y. C., President; A. H. Higginson, Manchester Y. C., Vice-President; A. T. Bliss, Winthrop Y. C., Secretary; Walter Burgess, Boston Y. C., Treasurer; Executive Committee: T. E. Jacobs, Hull Y. C.; Newton B. Stone, South Boston Y. C.; J. E. Robinson, Savin Hill Y. C.

A number of amendments were proposed, the most important providing for an associate membership of yacht owners, but nearly all were lost. The office of assistant secretary was abolished, and Rule II. was amended to make the entry fee \$1.

The following fixtures were arranged:
May 30, Monday, Memorial Day—South Boston, off City Point.
June 17, Friday—Massachusetts, off Nahant.
June 25, Saturday—Dorchester.
June 28, Tuesday—Mosquito Fleet.
July 2, Saturday—Jeffries.
July 4, Monday—City of Boston, off City Point.
July 7, 8 and 9, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Winthrop.
July 9, Saturday—Quincy.
July 27, 28 and 29, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Manchester.
July 30, Saturday—Burgess.
Aug. 1, Monday—Manchester.
Aug. 2, Tuesday—Beverly, at Marblehead.
Aug. 3, 4 and 5, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Corinthian midsummer series.
Aug. 6, Saturday—Corinthian, open.
Aug. 8, Monday—American, Newburyport.
Aug. 9, Tuesday—Squam.
Aug. 10, Wednesday—East Gloucester.
Aug. 18, Thursday—Plymouth.
Aug. 19, Friday—Kingston.
Aug. 20, Saturday—Duxbury.
Aug. 22, Monday—Cape Cod at Provincetown.
Aug. 23, Tuesday—Wellfleet.
Aug. 27, Saturday—Wollaston.
Sept. 3, Saturday—Savin Hill.
Sept. 5, Monday, Labor Day—Lynn, off Nahant.

Cero.

W. E. C. EUSTIS, one of the Beverly Y. C.'s most enthusiastic racing men, is making a very interesting experiment with his 33-footer Cero, the fast centerboard developed by him from his original 30-footer Salmon, a boat by Dyer, of Lake Minnetonka. In Howland's shop, at Buzzard's Bay, Cicero is being given a new and much longer bow, so that her over-all length will be very close to 56ft. The new bow is similar to the one given by Mr. Eustis to his last year's 17-footer Capelin. It is a modification of the "scow" principle, as found in the Seawanhaka 20-footers, and yet an improvement, in that it gives more of a V than a U-shaped section to the bow for use in a seaway.

Cero's new bow runs forward close above the water, and finally turns sharply upward to the deck. The beam is carried quite well forward by the deck line, which is finally rounded in sharply to meet the stem. Were this all of the bow it would be little out from the Al-Anka type, but instead of floor and sides being rounded

into each other in continuation of the round bilge, they meet at an angle, giving much the same effect as on square-sided boats.

In practice on the Capelin this bow not only gained length and power for the boat when heeled, but also eased her in a seaway, because of the V-shaped section made by the angle of the sides and floor. How it will work in Cero remains to be seen, but the interest comes from the fact that she is the first large boat on which a bow of this kind has been tried.

In addition to the new bow, Cero is being given a cabin of good size under a house with curved sides and top, so as to offer very little windage. Her long centerboard has been taken out and replaced by a metal fin with a bulb of lead at a draft of 4ft. 6in. This fin is hollow, and in it slides a dagger centerboard to give the necessary grip to windward.

Should Mr. Eustis' experiment be successful, he will have a much faster as well as a handier boat for his cruises up the Sound, as well as around the Cape.—*Boston Globe*.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Norota, keel sloop, has been sold by D. B. Burnham to Gordon Dexter, of Beverly, who will race her about Marblehead. The Cary Smith 35-footer Katona is being rigged anew for racing in the 35ft. l.w.l. class on Massachusetts Bay, and with Norota and the new Loring 35-footer now building at Wood's yard there will be some interesting racing this summer.

On March 19 the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. members were entertained by two stories of the blockade in the Civil War, one by Admiral Erben, U. S. N., Retired, who as a young man was in the blockading squadron about the Gulf of Mexico, and the other by Mr. Clarence Cary, who as a boy of sixteen was a midshipman in the Confederate Navy. Admiral Erben gave some statistics showing the magnitude of the system of blockade established by President Lincoln, the large profits resulting from its successful evasion, and details of life on a blockading ship. Mr. Cary, who spoke without notes, told a most interesting story of his personal experiences and observations on a Confederate war ship in running the blockade and in constant intercourse with the commercial blockade runners. Master Reuben Demarest, the boy pianist, played during the evening.

Fleur de Lys, schr., George Lord Day, sailed from New York for Southampton on March 17.

Thespia, steam yacht, has been sold by David Dows, Jr., to his brother, Tracy Dows.

Two of the new Seawanhaka knockabouts are now afloat at Marblehead and under trial. Mr. Stearns will make a very interesting experiment in sails, having two suits made exactly alike except that one will be cross-cut and the other with the cloths parallel to the leach. These two will be tried in turn on two boats, sails and crews being changed until it is determined which sail is the better.

The first of the Cohasset one-design boats has been completed.

Alga, cutter, the first Burgess 46-footer, has been sold by Albert Geiger, Jr., to Mr. Somerville, of New York, who will change her to schooner rig. The sale was made through Mr. Crowninshield, of Boston, and Mr. F. B. Jones, of New York, who have formed a partnership in the yacht brokerage business.

The Encinal Y. C. has elected the following board of directors: Dr. C. L. Tisdale, George T. Wright, H. K. Field, Phil S. Teller, H. M. Landsdale, Arthur M. Hickox and Martin Strauss. Dr. C. L. Tisdale was chosen President; P. S. Teller, Vice-President; and W. O. Henn, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Pistakee Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Henry L. Hertz; Vice-Com., Alexander R. Beck; Rear-Com., Philip Jaeger, Jr.; Treas., Wm. M. Gunton; Sec'y, C. E. Blomgren; Fleet Chaplain, Noah H. Pike; Fleet Surgeon, Samuel M. Barnes. Regatta Committee: Alexander R. Beck, Philip Jaeger, Jr., Wm. M. Gunton, Henry L. Hertz, C. E. Blomgren, Charles J. Kuhn, John Oleson. Judges: Noah H. Pike, Adam M. Schillo and Fred L. Wilk. Measurers: A. C. Bower and Charles M. Palmer. The club adopted the Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association rules and regulations, including the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. measurement regulations. It will hold races once every week during July and August on Pistakee Lake and Bay. The fleet numbers three 20-footers and five 17-footers, including County Clerk Philip Knopf's fast yacht the celebrated Sleepy Tom.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Eastern Division.

George E. Hutchins, Chelsea, Mass.
Foster H. Cary, Millbury, Mass.
Clarence W. Estabrook, West Newton, Mass.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C.

THESE two charming resorts, located in the mountains of western North Carolina, are now being rapidly filled with winter tourists from the North. A more delightful place cannot be found to avoid the disagreeable March winds. They are easily reached from New York, via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway, by the Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4:20 P. M., making the trip within twenty-two hours in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Washington.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE next three-day personally-conducted tour to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Thursday, March 31. Opportunity will be afforded to visit, under the intelligent direction of an experienced tourist agent, all the principal points of interest, the Capitol, Executive Mansion, Congressional Library, the Monument, National Museum, etc. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party as a companion for the unescorted lady tourists.

The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes all necessary expenses during the entire trip—transportation, hotel accommodations, and guides.

Persons desiring to return via Gettysburg may do so by purchasing tickets at \$2 extra, which include this privilege. An opportunity will also be afforded to visit Mt. Vernon and Arlington at a slight additional expense.

For itineraries, tickets and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

In the Chicago Trade.

SOME sportsmen take a trunk when they go traveling, or when they go to a trap tournament, and some do not. Those who do, wish they had a trunk which would hold a gun in its place and keep the shells from mixing up with the eau de cologne. Those who do not take a trunk wish they had a good one to take. A genuine sportsman's trunk, one with places for old clothes, good clothes, gun, shells and everything that a shooter or angler needs to take along, is something which the magnificent resources of the American sporting goods trade has never yet until now offered, so far as I know. The Hogan Gun Trunk Co., of Chicago, are now offering such a trunk, and it should meet a want.

Mr. Jas. H. Fisk, an old-time figure in the Chicago sporting goods trade, is now located at 125 Dearborn street, this city, and will offer his old friends his former close attention.

F. S. Boyden & Co., Clark and Madison streets, Chicago, will this spring bring out new designs in club badges and medals. It's a poor shooter who can't wear a medal, and a good one.

E. HUGH.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Scores at Boston.

Boston, March 21.—The rifle and revolver practice in the basement of the big building is receiving a good deal of attention. In the championship rifle match there are a good many entries, embracing some of the best shots in the country.

For the re-entry rifle match, standard target, the entries include D. Johnson, J. T. Humphrey, H. M. Pope, E. S. Pillard, M. Dorrier, E. H. Eastman, O. M. Jewell and J. E. Kelley.

For the revolver match, any revolver, the entries include E. E. Partridge, A. A. Webber and J. H. Wesson, with other entries, of course, these being the leading shots.

The pistol match entries include Sumner Paine, John Paine, E. E. Partridge, A. A. Webber, J. H. Wesson and J. T. Humphrey, with a good many shots of lesser fame. The above matches are each to be shot off before the Exhibition closes.

The principal scores thus far in the matches at the Sportsmen's Exposition, up to 9:30 o'clock to-night are as follows:

Match A—Any revolver championship: A. A. Webber 423.
Match E—Any revolver, re-entry:
J. H. Wesson.....57 57 57 53 53—277
E. E. Partridge.....55 55 54 54 57—275
John Caswell.....44 36 36 36 33—185
O. B. Joyeux.....54 52 47 44 43—241
Capt O'Brien.....42 37 — — — —
H. C. Clifford.....41 39 30 40 —151
J. K. Barnes.....48 47 45 48 42—230
Dr. A. A. Webber.....57 57 57 57 57—285
W. A. Mann.....58 56 56 56 55—281

Match D—Rifle championship:
H. M. Pope.....117 117 118 121 119 113 121 116 115 —1178
E. S. Pillard.....120 117 122 118 115 117 117 116 118 117—1177
A. H. Merrill.....98 83 — — — —
M. Dorrier.....118 116 115 119 108 117 119 114 124 —1170

Match Y—Military revolver, re-entry:
E. E. Partridge.....29 28 28 27 27—139
O. B. Joyeux.....29 29 28 28 27—141
R. Robertson.....28 27 25 24 25—129
F. B. Crowninshield.....30 29 29 29 29—146
Mr. Tootax.....22 22 22 — — — —
Dr. A. A. Webber.....29 28 28 28 28—141
H. C. Dodge.....12 — — — — —12

Match G—Pistol re-entry:
E. E. Partridge.....58 58 56 56 56—284
Dr. A. A. Webber.....59 59 57 57 56—288
Mr. Patch.....52 48 46 46 45—239
H. Morgan.....53 51 49 49 47—249
Mr. Mann.....58 58 58 56 56—286
J. Nichols.....41 44 43 38 —166

Match J—Standard American, re-entry rifle:
D. Johnson.....48 47 46 46 45—232
J. T. Humphrey.....45 45 44 43 45—222
J. Bushfield.....39 37 31 —110
Mr. Gerdwood.....28 27 23 — — — —
Capt O'Brien.....42 40 31 27 —140
A. A. Coombs.....45 45 44 42 40—216
J. E. Kelley.....44 43 43 41 42—213
J. S. Howe.....42 41 32 — — — —
M. Dorrier.....47 45 46 46 47—231
J. E. Berg.....37 33 32 31 30—153
H. M. Pope.....48 46 46 45 46—261
C. D. Berg.....40 33 45 34 34—178
O. M. Jewell.....48 37 36 — — — —
C. H. Eastman.....45 44 43 39 38—209

Louisville Revolver Club.

March 9.—Fifteen yards, standard American target, time limited to 20 seconds for 5 shots:

	Total.	Sec.
A. H. Ross.....10 10 9 9 8 10 10 8 8 5—87	28	
E. B. Dye.....10 10 9 9 8 10 8 6 6 5—81	31	
H. S. Gilbert.....10 10 7 5 4 10 9 8 5 5—73	33	
W. C. Magruder.....8 6 6 5 4 10 9 8 8 7—71	26	
Sim Watkins.....10 8 6 5 1 10 9 9 7 4—69	33	

Ten yards, for pocket pistols only, standard American target:
H. S. Gilbert.....10 8 7 9 10 10 10 10 10 8—92
A. H. Ross.....9 10 8 9 9 9 9 8 10 9—90
Sim Watkins.....8 8 8 10 4 8 8 9 8 3—74
E. B. Dye.....5 6 6 6 7 10 10 4 10 8—72
W. C. Magruder.....10 9 3 8 10 6 5 6 7 8—72
Mead Board.....2 5 7 2 2 6 1 9 9 6—49
N. M. Bowie.....1 3 6 0 1 1 1 1 3 2 —20
Geo. Gilbert.....1 4 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 —13

Thirty yards, standard American target:
H. S. Gilbert.....3 7 9 10 7 10 8 9 8 10—81
Sim Watkins.....4 4 4 9 6 8 4 4 8 8—59

A Revolver Match by Telegraph.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 12.—Dr. A. A. Webber, of the Brooklyn Revolver Club, in a letter to Mr. E. B. Dye, of the Louisville Revolver Club, proposes a series of team matches by telegraph, something unique, to say the least. The plan proposed is to have a representative of a local newspaper at each club's grounds, the scores to be thus certified and sent in to the opposing team by wire. It is proposed to have the match to consist of 10 shots to each man, in teams of three, five, eight or ten men, 50, 30, 20, 15 and 10yds. distance, standard American target, to cut the line to count. The idea proposed is to shoot only at one distance each evening, thereby giving time for both clubs to practice, and no doubt some of the existing records will be lowered. Only full charges of powder will be allowed, and .38 and .44cal. revolvers to be used.

Louisville Club has some good crack revolver shots, who are anxiously looking forward to the proposed match.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 29-April 1.—Reading, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

April 5-8.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association's spring tournament. Two days targets, \$100 added each day. Two days live birds, \$500 guaranteed in Maryland Handicap. All surplus added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y-Treas.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Aichison, Kans.—Manufacturers' fourth annual amateur tournament; \$500 cash added; \$50 high average. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Macon, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

April 14-15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Glenwood Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

April 15.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

April 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting Park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 19-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, Manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. H. McL. Green, Pres.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 23.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, April 5 to 8, two days targets, \$200 added; two at live birds, \$500 guaranteed in Maryland Handicap, and all surplus added, is now ready, and can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. George L. Harrison. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Association, Pimlico Road, opposite Halstead's Hotel, about twenty-five minutes' ride from the center of the city. Take either Druid Hill avenue, Carey or Gilmore line of cars, and transfer to Pikesville, or West Arlington line at Fulton avenue. All target events will be at known traps, except Nos. 5 and 10, which will be expert rule, one man up, and purses will be divided into four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The tournament will be managed by James R. Malone, assisted by H. P. Collins. Shells shipped in care of Alford Sporting Goods Co., No. 120 East Baltimore street, will be delivered on the grounds. Dropping for place will not be tolerated, and any one detected in such practice will be debarred. The first and second days have each ten target events, each 20 targets, \$2. Of the last two days, April 7 has three events, the Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, \$5, 30yds., high guns; Suburban sweepstakes, 10 birds, 30yds., \$10; Pimlico Handicap, \$10, birds extra, handicap 25 to 33yds. All these are 50, 30 and 20 per cent, high guns. The fourth day will be devoted to the Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, \$25, 25 to 33yds., 50, 30 and 20, class shooting, \$500 guaranteed, all surplus added.

Under date of March 14 Mr. Louis Erhardt, in the matter of the amateur tournament at Atchison, Kans., writes us as follows: "We expect to have the largest amateur shoot that has ever been held in the West. The \$500 added money will be all cash, and will be paid rain or shine. If we cannot shoot we will shake dice for it. We are very sorry this year to be compelled to bar the manufacturers' agents and professionals from taking part in events that have added money, but we will have a set of traps open for them and all others that may want to contest. We feel safe in saying that we will have events that will run over 100 entries. Our past record, which has done this, is assurance enough. We will issue a small programme, which we will be pleased to send to any one requesting same."

Under date of March 18 Mr. H. P. Collins, treasurer of the Baltimore Shooting Association, writes us as follows: "Since there appears to be such a deep-seated feeling and opposition to the Winslow system, we have decided to do away with it at our forthcoming tournament, and adopt the old system—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. This will please the minority, but not the majority. Kindly announce in next issue that the old system will be used." We can only offer the comment that in our opinion it is a grave error to cater to the minority, and displease the majority.

In the Cuckoo Club's shoot this week one of the contestants was shooting with that becoming seriousness coincident with shooting a 20-cent sweep. At length he had a miss-fire, and as he threw the shell away, more in sorrow than in anger, he said: "That is the first miss-fire I ever had with those shells." A curious member picked up the shell forthwith and called the attention of the assembled hosts to the fact that it was a dummy shell with a glass section in its side, a glass wall over shot, such in short as is used by the trades to illustrate at a glance the load used. All hilariously concurred that the miss-fire was an excusable one.

In the latter part of last week and Monday of this week sportsmen's row was alive with the men who make the history of the shotgun in the realm of high scores. The first prize in the Grand American Handicap was where their thoughts mostly centered.

The programme of the eighth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association contains a brief history of Reading, the constitution and by-laws of the Association, the rules which will govern the shooting of targets, the trap-shooting rules of the Association governing live-bird shooting, the new game laws of the State of Pennsylvania, and the most minute information as to the events and the conditions pertaining to them. Edward Yeager, corresponding secretary, Reading, Pa., will supply applicants with copies.

It is intimated that if Uncle Sam holds his contemplated international tournament, it will seriously conflict with the interests of the tournament of the Interstate Association, fixed for April 13-15, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club, since that section will be the great highway of Uncle Sam's scratch men. However, as he has claimed no dates for the event, nor posted a forfeit, it is hardly worth serious consideration at the present juncture.

The mighty gathering of the knights of the gun at Elkwood Park this week attests the sterling worth of the sport and its broad popularity. It further attests the solid foundation which supports it. Its steady growth year by year, in support and prestige, augurs well for the future of trap-shooting in America. A glance at the numerous fixtures in these columns is additional evidence to this point, and also will show what a variety of entertainment is offered to trap-shooters in the coming weeks.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, refereed most of the shooting at the meeting of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, March 16. The blithesome tenor tones in which "Dead" was uttered seemed to denote a personal rejoicing on his part when success crowned the shooter's effort, as did the dolorous bass tone, in which "Lost" was announced, also seem to indicate a feeling of anguish at any failure.

Mr. Edward Yeager, Reading, Pa., under date of March 19, writes us that in addition to the programme of the events of the Pennsylvania State shoot, there will be a silver trophy donated by the Troisdorf Powder Company, of New York, through their new agent, Gus Greiff, to be given to the winner of the Williamsport championship event, and to become the personal property of party making highest score.

Mr. Gus E. Greiff informs us that he has accepted the position of manager of the Troisdorf Powder Co., 320 Broadway, where he will be glad to meet his old friends, and also to make new ones. Mr. F. W. Groos, the agent for the Troisdorf powder, informs us that they will have a special load to offer trap-shooters soon, made with a view to supplying their special needs.

The match of W. and W. Weideman against F. Gross and Chas. Ritter, fixed for March 14, at Norristown, Pa., at 25 pigeons, \$25 a side, was declared off on account of a disagreement as to the color of the birds, one side wishing to shoot at all white birds, which served quite as good by way of objection as would an objection against the shape of the birds.

Mr. Hood Waters, well known to trap-shooters of the East, has been a successful participant in events of the shotgun in Washington since his arrival there some time ago. As hinted by Mr. Banks in this column some weeks ago, Mr. Waters told a good shooting eye and trigger finger in the East, and it is quite likely that he took them with him when he went thitherward.

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will have two sets of traps at its twenty-second annual tournament, May 24 to 27, at Omaha. The Sergeant system will be used in throwing targets. The tournament is open to all. There will be ten general averages. There will be ten events, 20 targets each per day. To the purses will be added \$1,000 in cash.

Keep in mind that the Boiling Springs Gun Club has set the first and third Wednesdays of March and April for the gold watch handicap, 50 targets, and the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month for the E. C. cup handicap, 15 singles, 5 pairs. In each event the entrance is the price of the targets.

The U. S. Smokeless Powder Co. has now ready a new issue of their booklet, which tells all about the best manner of loading Gold Dust smokeless, and also sets forth its good qualities. W. L. Colville, Eastern manager, Batavia, N. Y., will be pleased to send copies to those who send requests for them.

Capt. A. W. Money's skill with the shotgun is too well known to dwell upon as a matter of debate, but as a particular instance of excellence it may be mentioned that his performance at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot on last Saturday, wherein he broke 97 out of 106 shot at, nearly a 92 per cent. gait, is not to be classed with the easy performances.

In the Central New York Handicap the principal event of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association tournament, Mr. J. J. Hallowell of the U. M. C. Co., made a very creditable score of 24, winning first money.

Mr. A. C. Paterson, in Western traps, mentions the challenge of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to Mr. Fred Gilbert, to contest for the Kansas City Star Cup, and the probability of a settlement of the match in the near future.

The report of the Oneida County Association's tournament was received two late for publication this week. We regret that other matter will also necessarily be left over to our next issue for the same reason.

The dates of the amateur shooting tournament, to be held at Dupont Shooting Park, St. Louis, have been changed from April 7-9 to April 18-20.

The Galena, Kans., interstate shoot set for March 28 has been postponed to a time of more favorable weather. The secretary is W. W. McIlhenny, of Galena.

The Minneapolis Gun Club will hold a tournament on June 2 and 3.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

OFF FOR THE GRAND AMERICAN.

CHICAGO, March 19.—A merry party of Western shooters swarmed into the long train of the Grand Trunk Railroad this afternoon at 3 o'clock—forty-six of them in all, and every one with a record and a smile. There will be fun on board that train, sure as shooting. The names of the aggregation have been given earlier in FOREST AND STREAM. What they will do with the cracks of the East remains to be seen, but the feeling out here is one of entire confidence in the representatives of the realm west of the Alleghenies. We expect first, second and third high guns at least and the Grand American for 1898. The gentlemen of New York will have met the delegation by the time this is in print, and will be able to judge for themselves if they are not a pretty good lot of men, any way you look at them.

A number of this Grand American Handicap party have been here in Chicago practicing at Watson's this week, and the traps at the old grounds have been pretty busy. Gilbert, Grimm and Budd have been shooting at the 32yds. score in order to get a bit of practice for their probable mark at the handicap. Tom Marshall hardly expects to get put at 26yds. himself, so he has been going back into the shed and shooting at long range. Charlie Budd, Charlie Grimm, Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck, J. J. Giletz, of Tampico, Ill.; Dr. W. B. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, Ia.; E. A. Leach, of Tripp, S. D., and others of the visitors have been regulars at Watson's this week. The rest of the contingent from States west of here mostly arrived this morning. There were nine States represented at Watson's yesterday.

MERRILL PROTESTS.

Mr. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, has protested against the scores of the final shoot of the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, for the Chapman trophy. He states to the board of directors that he was ignorant of the rule limiting the number of postponed shoots to one, and says that he heard no objection until it was learned that on Monday's shoot he had tied the scores of Dr. Williamson and T. A. Thomas. In the shoot mentioned the following scores were made: Klapinski 8, Rogers and Williamson 9, Thomas 10, Hobbs 6, Richter 5, Collins 10, Voss 9, Plankinton 7. Merrill shot up his back scores—he has been out of the city—making 5 scores of 10 birds each, of which he scored 46, or 55 total for six season events. It was this shooting up of back scores to which others objected, and over which he protests.

BIG CLUB FOR CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati has come to the front with a large and up-to-date trap-shooting organization, the Cincinnati Gun Club, which held a preliminary meeting with great enthusiasm last Saturday. The most modern trap appliances will be put in use and the very best obtainable ground will be arranged for occupancy at an early date. The men who have signed the roster are at the head of the craft in that section.

CENTRAL KANSAS.

The strong association known as the Central Kansas Sports-

men's Association is shaking things up west of the Missouri. A rattling tournament will be held at Hutchinson, March 24, and a dozen strong shooting towns will have representation. The event should prove a good one.

NEBRASKA STATE.

The twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Omaha May 24-27, and this also will be a stiff event. One hardly thinks of Nebraska as very old, but her central shooting organization has passed its majority, it seems. The shoot of this Association will be marked by a trial at the adjustment of the wolf and lamb question. Professionals and experts will be asked to pay 50 cents extra entrance, this extra money to go into a fund for the use of all the amateurs who shoot through the entire programme and who fail to get into any of the regular average money. In these days there are worlds of "systems" and schemes to even up matters between the professional and the expert, and all sorts of projects are devised to jolly up that highly desirable gentleman the lamb.

JUNCTION CITY DATES.

Learning that their dates claimed, April 19-21, conflicted with those of the Lincoln, Neb., tournament, the management of the Junction City, Kans., tournament have changed dates, and now claim April 26-28.

COMING.

Mankato, Minn., has organized a gun club with sixteen members, and will go to work this season. Green Bay Gun Club, of Wisconsin, has appointed a committee to get up a programme for a tournament next summer.

The new gun club of the Chicago Athletic Association was formally organized March 16, with thirty members, and will soon be in the field for honors at the traps. The committee on rules and regulations are Col. C. E. Felton, Mr. E. R. Pike, Mr. W. L. Shepard.

Lists of eligibles for the first contest for the Chicago live-bird challenge trophy are now in possession of the trustees. There will be a big turnout the first Wednesday.

COLLEGE CORNER.

This week's contest of the College Corner, O., Gun Club is covered thus by the secretary, Mr. Reid: "Club shoot at 50 blue-locks, for the club medal: Wright 25, Smoyer 23, Bergau 37, Caldwell 40. This makes the third time Caldwell has won the medal. He has only been shooting since Jan. 1. We think 40 out of 50 is a good score for a green shooter." E. Houghton.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

STONY ISLAND GUN CLUB.

March 19.—The target medal contest shot to-day resulted as follows:

Edith Porter	0101011101000010110011111	10	21
S. G. Zimmerman	11111101001001111111111	3	23
W. J. Schall	0010110110101000010011110	6	18
Capt. Fyfe	0011100001001001000110001	4	13
L. Larimore	00111011111111000101101	3	20
Capt. Porter	001000011110100001010110	4	15
Dr. Larkin	111001111110011100110011	2	19
Chas. Porter	001000010010110101010101	5	14

Conditions, 25 targets, Illinois State rules. E. Porter holds the medal. The handicaps are added to the scores.

E. PORTER, Sec'y.

CHICAGO, March 18.—The congregation of Western shooters assembled in Chicago preparatory to their departure for Elkwood Park, N. J., to attend the Grand American Handicap contest. Among those who arrived to-day from Iowa were Charles Grimm, of Clear Lake; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake; Charles Budd, of Des Moines; E. A. Leach, of Tripp, South Dakota; Lee Huckins, of Neogaunee, Ill.; W. B. and H. Dunnell, of the Fox Lake region, Ill.; Thomas Laffin, of Rock Island; and the Hon. Thomas Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of St. Paul, Minn.; George Deiter, of Milwaukee, Wis.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Arkansas; Dr. Kibbey and W. Fred Quimby, of New York. These, together with a number of Chicago shooters who will also attend the event, put in the day at Watson's Park at Burnside Crossing, Ill.

A race between Charles Budd and W. P. Shattuck, against Fred Gilbert and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, at 15 live birds each, for the price of the birds and the suppers, was shot, Messrs. Budd and Shattuck winning the same by 3 birds.

The day was very misty, and no sun shone at any time during the afternoon. The wind was from the left quarter, and was mild. The birds were as good a lot as ever were trapped, and flew in all directions. Many good kills were made.

Following are detailed scores of the contest:

Charles Budd	021211212222222	14
W. P. Shattuck	212222102222220	13
Fred Gilbert	222222222222022	13
Mrs. W. P. Shattuck	1012202122220101	11

Following are scores in 25-bird shoot:

Geo. Deiter	2222222020202022222222202	21
C. B. Dix	222222120111011101201200	19
R. B. Frank	22222222222222222222222	23
E. A. Leach	12121212320222222222222	23
Lee Huckins	22122202220222222222222	23

Twenty live birds:	
Chas Grimm	2202222222222222220 wr-16
Fred Gilbert	2202222222222222222-17
Chas Budd	02121121222222220212-18
J C Small	00122002021001100000-8
Silas Palmer	20020020011122202201-12
Thos Marshall	22222002222222222222-18
W P Shattuck	2122221022222202020-14
Mrs W P Shattuck	1012202122201010122-13
Dr Carson	21202021211221221-14
Dr Kibby	2001221111222211-11
J Sumpter, Jr	2000222222212-10
Geo Rall	2212222222220220-13

Ten birds:					
B. Dunnell	2222222202	-9	H Dunnell	200112211w	-7
W Dunnell	0210201222	-7	L Goodrich	2202002222	-7
Rice Hollister	0221202222	-8	Thomas	0221010002	-6
Blietz	2112121122	-10	Thos Laffin	1111111111	-10
Backer	0022212120	-7	Ed Bingham	2022222200	-8
Bacon	2202201000	-5	W F Quimby	2222222000	-7

CHICAGO, March 19.—J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., has challenged Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the Kansas City Star cup, under date of the 17th inst. Mr. Gilbert will accept the challenge and name the date and place of contest some time early after his return from the Grand American Handicap shoot held at Elkwood Park.

A. C. PATERSON.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

March 16.—Scores were made as follows:

F. R. Bissell	00120212121022220220	14
J. H. Amberg	01110102021101010221	13
E. S. Rice	1020121200001210220	12
C. B. Dicks	22001202111202021120	14
Hollester	22022210121200221022	15

March 17.—Practice:	
Shot at. Killed.	Shot at. Killed.
Dr. Kibbey	70 57
Blietz	25 21
Wright	25 23
Glover	25 20
Grimm	25 16
Amberg	20 12
Clapsaddle	20 15
Gilbert	30 25
Leach	40 33
Budd	30 25
Mrs. Shattuck	25 19
Roll	25 20
Workman	16 10
Mr. Shattuck	15 12
Blue Bill	15 12
De Maris	10 5
Mrs. Carson	10 6

March 18.—Practice:	
Shot at. Killed.	Shot at. Killed.
C. M. Grimm	13 15
Gilbert	20 18
Budd	20 18
Leach	25 24
Small	20 8
Huckins	25 23
Dieter	25 21
Dicks	25 19
R. B. Franks	25 23
Marshall	20 18
Palmer	20 12
W. P. Shattuck	17 14
Mrs. W. P. Shattuck ..	17 14
Dr. Kibbey	15 13
Bingham	10 8
Quimby	10 7
H. Dunnell	10 8
B. Dunnell	10 9
Wm. Dunnell	10 7
Sumpter	12 9
Blietz	12 11
Bacon	12 7
Goodrich	12 9
Thomas	10 5
Laffin	10 10
Blue Bird	5 5
De Maris	7 4

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

All Records are Broken.

With a list of over 200 entries, the sixth annual Grand American Handicap of the Interstate Association, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, breaks all previous records in an event of this kind, and establishes a high-water mark that it will be a hard matter to wash out.

Starting in a very modest way in 1893, the first annual Grand American Handicap boasted of but twenty-one entries; this event was shot off at Dexter Park, R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, being the winner. In 1894 Dexter Park was again chosen as the scene for the decision of the event, and on this occasion there were fifty-four entries, T. W. Morley, of Paterson, N. J., winning first place. In 1895 the number of entries was sixty-one, J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., being the winner. This event was shot off at Willard Park, near Paterson, N. J. The fourth annual Grand American Handicap was held at Elkwood Park, N. J., under very adverse conditions as to weather, a heavy snowstorm falling on the day previous to the opening of the tournament. The number of entries on this occasion showed a large increase over that of 1895, 109 being the total of those who paid their entrance fees, 105 actually competing in the event. O. R. Dickey won the cup given on this occasion by Messrs. Daly, Sr. and Jr. Last year the new grounds at Elkwood Park were an undoubted attraction, so that it was no matter for surprise when the entry list reached the then new record of 146, a number that was highly gratifying to the Interstate Association. Hon. Thos. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., was the winner of first place.

The Interstate Association Indorsed.

Turning to the list of entries for this year's Grand American Handicap, nowhere could there be found a stronger indorsement of the Interstate Association's action in again selecting Elkwood Park as the scene for the Grand American Handicap. Elkwood Park's shooting grounds cannot be surpassed, and the ease and smoothness with which the 146 entries were handled last year, despite the unpleasantness of the weather part of the time, left the Association little ground for selecting any other location for 1898. This year too, learning from the experience of last year, Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, the managers of Elkwood Park, have made several important changes that will be felt by those who take part in or by those who are simply spectators of the greatest shooting event the world has ever known.

On examination the entries disclose the fact that twenty-seven States are represented in this year's contest, while Canada sends two shooters and the District of Columbia one. New York leads with 44, New Jersey being second with 38. Then comes Pennsylvania with 28, Illinois being a good fourth with 22. Massachusetts, a State in which no live bird shooting is permitted by law, sends 10 entries, Ohio being sixth with 9. Iowa and Connecticut have 5 each; Tennessee and Minnesota 4; Indiana, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Nebraska send 3 each; Vermont, Maine, Kentucky and Texas 2 each; North and South Carolina, Missouri, California, South Dakota, Michigan, Washington, Indiana and Arkansas are each represented by 1 entry.

A resumé shows that 132 are from the East, 51 from the West, 16 from the South and 2 from Canada. Below will be found a list of the entries, showing order of shooting and the handicaps awarded. (It is as well to note that the tournament committee of the Interstate Association sent a letter to the handicapping committee, Messrs. Jacob Pentz, Will K. Park and Elmer E. Shaner, suggesting that it be lenient with all entries other than those who are known to be experts of the highest class.)

The Entries, Order of Shooting and Handicaps.

Order of Shooting.	Name.	Address.	Handicap. Yards.
1	E. E. Baker	Kewanee, Ill.	28
2	Swan	Tampico, Ill.	26
3	Landis	Philadelphia, Pa.	27
4	Dr. J. L. Williamson	Milwaukee, Wis.	30
5	H. C. White	Little Silver, N. J.	27
6	G. R. Hunnewell	South Danville, Me.	26
7	C. Geisdorfer	Buffalo, N. Y.	26
8	Hell Gate	New York City	27
9	J. A. R. Elliott	Kansas City, Mo.	31
10	E. M. Cooper	Red Bank, N. J.	28
11	C. A. Young	Springfield, O.	28
12	E. K. Dickson	Newburgh, N. Y.	26
13	H. A. Chisholm	Portland, Me.	27
14	H. B. Richey	Greensburg, Pa.	28
15	Aron Woodruff	Elizabeth, N. J.	26
16	W. S. Edey	New York City	27
17	John J. Hallowell	Bridgeport, Conn.	28
18	H. P. Collins	Baltimore, Md.	25
19	George A. Winn	Arlington, Mass.	26
20	J. G. Knowlton	New York City	27
21	Dr. S. Shaw	Chicago, Ill.	29
22	J. Old Boy	Salem, N. Y.	26
23	J. H. Swan	New York City	27
24	Ben Butler	Trenton, N. J.	27
25	E. L. Post	New York City	26
26	J. P. Edrington	Memphis, Tenn.	26
27	R. C. Root	Providence, R. I.	26
28	A. Doty	Paterson, N. J.	28
29	Thomas Hicks	Chicago, Ill.	28
30	F. M. Faurote	Dallas, Tex.	30
31	Sherburne	Philadelphia, Pa.	26
32	E. A. Leach	Tripp, S. D.	27
33	F. M. Lindsley	Cincinnati, O.	27
34	B. H. Norton	New York City	25
35	S. H. Mason	Spokane, Wash.	26
36	A. W. Money	Oakland, N. J.	28
37	Chas. Zwirlein	Yardville, N. J.	28
38	E. B. Wadsworth	Boston, Mass.	25
39	F. V. Van Dyke	Dayton, N. J.	29
40	W. M. Hayes	Newark, N. J.	27
41	Frank I. Hammond	Providence, R. I.	26
42	Vermont	Rupert, Vt.	26
43	T. A. Marshall	Keithsburg, Ill.	30
44	D. Valenti	New York City	26
45	Gus E. Greiff	New York City	28
46	O. R. Dickey	Boston, Mass.	29
47	I. W. Watson	Pemberton, N. J.	27
48	Ed. Bingham	Chicago, Ill.	28
49	H. T. Folsom	Orange, N. J.	25
50	Walters	Long Branch, N. J.	27
51	C. von Lengerke	Jersey City Heights, N. J.	28
52	John Hoffman	New Germantown, N. J.	25
53	John Watson	Chicago, Ill.	27
54	D. W. Shipman	Shamokin, Pa.	26
55	H. Wolfe	Lyndhurst, N. J.	27
56	U. M. C. Thomas	Bridgeport, Conn.	25
57	E. D. Fulford	Utica, N. Y.	29
58	J. McShane	Philadelphia, Pa.	26
59	Summit	New York City	27
60	F. W. Cooper	Mahanoy City, Pa.	28
61	Scott	Pittsburg, Pa.	26
62	U. F. Bender	New York City	27
63	J. A. Chauncey	Philadelphia, Pa.	25
64	John Gaughen	Brooklyn, N. Y.	26
65	Emil Werk	Cincinnati, O.	27
66	F. S. Parmelee	Omaha, Neb.	30
67	Fred Gilbert	Spirit Lake, Ia.	32
68	George C. Roll	Chicago, Ill.	29
69	C. M. Meyer	New York City	28
70	James L. Smith	Hackettstown, N. J.	27
71	G. W. Loomis	Omaha, Neb.	28
72	G. W. Holloway	Syracuse, N. Y.	27
73	John Parker	Detroit, Mich.	29
74	A. L. Ivins	Red Bank, N. J.	28
75	Sporting Life	Philadelphia, Pa.	28
76	L. von Lengerke	Orange, N. J.	28
77	L. T. Duryea	New York City	28
78	G. H. Piercy	Jersey City, N. J.	26
79	E. C. Meyer	Rochester, N. Y.	27
80	J. B. Savage	New Haven, Conn.	27
81	Jim Jones	Philadelphia, Pa.	27
82	Dr. Nesmer	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
83	B. M. C.	Stroudsburg, Pa.	27
84	Dr. W. B. Kibbey	Marshalltown, Ia.	26
85	F. W. Ramalay	St. Paul, Minn.	28
86	Silas Palmer	Chicago, Ill.	28
87	W. S. Canon	Newark, N. J.	25
88	J. C. Small	Aurora, Ind.	26
89	Harry Graham	Hamilton, Canada	26
90	Frederick Schwartz, Jr.	Bridgesburg, Pa.	27
91	W. Fred Quimby	New York City	27
92	W. Wagner	Washington, D. C.	27
93	Charles Woolley	Long Branch, N. J.	27

Order of Shooting.	Name	Address.	Handicap. Yards.
94	G. S. McAlpin	New York City	30
95	Mrs. W. P. Shattuck	Minneapolis, Minn.	25
96	W. E. Steelman	Philadelphia, Pa.	26
97	R. L. Trimble	Cincinnati, O.	28
98	Joe Shinn	Camden, N. J.	27
99	J. S. Fanning	San Francisco, Cal.	30
100	A. L. Beaton	Henry, Ill.	28
101	John Glover	Chicago, Ill.	27
102	C. Forehand	Worcester, Mass.	26
103	Thomas P. Latham	Monroeville, O.	27
104	Dr. G. V. Hudson	New York City	27
105	J. M. Baker	Ridgefield, N. J.	26
106	Robert Gravatt	Asbury Park, N. J.	26
107	F. D. Kelsey	East Aurora, N. Y.	29
108	Brady Dadeley	New York City	27
109	A. W. du Bray	Cincinnati, O.	27
110	W. L. Cameron	Beauharnois, Canada	27
111	C. M. Chapin	New York City	27
112	J. O'H. Denny	Yardville, Pa.	26
113	George Cubberley	Pittsburg, N. J.	29
114	Dr. C. W. Carson	Chicago, Ill.	27
115	A. G. Courtney	Syracuse, N. Y.	27
116	Jay Snell	Worcester, Mass.	26
117	S. M. Van Allen	Jamaica, L. I.	26
118	Fred Coleman	Higgins, Pa.	28
119	M. Meredith	Philadelphia, Pa.	27
120	A. L. Marshall	New York City	28
121	Harry Dunnell	Nippersink, Ill.	28
122	George Peterson	Coon Rapids, Ia.	26
123	W. Dunnell	Nippersink, Ill.	28
124	S. Glover	Rochester, N. Y.	30
125	H. E. Colvin	Burlington, Vt.	25
126	Albert Dunnell	Nippersink, Ill.	28
127	Henry See	Newark, N. J.	27
128	James J. Reid	Buffalo, N. Y.	26
129	Charles Muirhead	South Amboy, N. J.	26
130	J. T. Anthony	Charlotte, N. C.	26
131	Bessemmer	Pittsburg, Pa.	28
132	T. A. Divine	Memphis, Tenn.	26
133	Ralph Kuss	Chicago, Ill.	27
134	T. J. Langiricy	Ligonier, Pa.	27
135	L. H. Goodrich	Chicago, Ill.	27
136	James Hood	Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
137	W. H. Hassinger	Newark, N. J.	26
138	J. G. Messner	Pittsburg, Pa.	28
139	George K. Dodd	New York City	25
140	Roberts	Philadelphia, Pa.	30
141	J. N. Crossland	Pittsburg, Pa.	28
142	George Deiter	Milwaukee, Wis.	28
143	R. O. Heikes	Dayton, O.	30
144	G. B. Hutchings	Galveston, Tex.	26
145	C. G. Blandford	Sing Sing, N. Y.	26
146	Dr. D. B. Mosher	Granville, N. Y.	26
147	H. Otten	New York City	27
148	Thomas Howe	Hingham, Mass.	26
149	W. Terry	Plainfield, N. J.	27
150	J. E. Applegate	South Amboy, N. J.	28
151	H. M.	Conshohocken, Pa.	26
152	L. Harrison	Minneapolis, Minn.	27
153	D. Elliott	Cleveland, O.	26
154	C. W. Budd	Des Moines, Ia.	30
155	J. L. Brewer	New York City	32
156	Wm. Adolph	Scranton, Pa.	27
157	Frank Park	Memphis	28
158	Alex. King	Pittsburg, Pa.	28
159	John Barker	New York City	27
160	C. M. Grimm	Clear Lake, Ia.	30
161	J. H. Covington	Easton, Md.	27
162	Donly	Buffalo, N. Y.	27
163	E. A. Geoffroy	Newark, N. J.	27
164	Thomas Martin	Bluffton, S. C.	27
165	C. W. Peale	Chesterfield, N. J.	26
166	Capt. Bunk	New Brunswick, N. J.	26
167	F. Gerbolini	New York City	26
168	Lewis Hilderbrandt	Lebanon, N. J.	25
169	F. D. Alkire	Woodlyn, O.	29
170	Howard Bucknell	Philadelphia, Pa.	29
171	J. Plankington, Jr.	Milwaukee, Wis.	27
172	Hamilton	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
173	Albert Loening	New York City	26
174	C. B. Dicks	Chicago, Ill.	27
175	Le Roy	Campello, Mass.	27
176	R. Phister	Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
177	Allen Willey	Hadlyme, Conn.	27
178	Conn	New York City	26
179	C. H. Stockwell	Troy, N. Y.	26
180	J. M. Thompson	Yonkers, N. Y.	26
181	H. Harrison	Philadelphia, Pa.	25
182	W. Levens	Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
183	J. R. Blamey	Holyoke, Mass.	26
184	E. C. Burkhardt	Buffalo, N. Y.	27
185	Samuel B. Walker	Memphis, Tenn.	26
186	J. J. Sumpter, Jr.	Hot Springs, Ark.	28
187	Mr. Reynolds	Omaha, Neb.	26
188	F. E. Sinnock	Newark, N. J.	27
189	I. R. Malone	Baltimore, Md.	27
190	E. S. Rice	Chicago, Ill.	25
191	T. P. Laffin	Rock Island, Ill.	28
192	W. P. Shattuck	Minneapolis, Minn.	27
193	Ben Hur	Chicago, Ill.	28
194	Robert Baar	Newark, N. J.	26
195	H. H. Moore	Wickford, R. I.	26
196	George W. Clay	Austerlitz, Ky.	26
197	S. McPherson	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
198	T. W. Morley	Lyndhurst, N. J.	29
199	W. H. Faucette	Louisville, Ky.	27
200	H. C. M.	Asbury Park, N. J.	26
201	Lee Huckins	Kewanee, Ill.	28

Elkwood Park.

MARCH 22.—The preliminary events of the Grand American Handicap, namely the Elkwood Park Introductory, the Nitro Powder Handicap and the Branchport Sweepstakes, were unfortunate in respect to weather, a cold, slow rain falling most all day long, and a heavily overcast sky made a poor light.

Sistersville Rod and Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 15.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club to-day and on the 12th inst.:

On March 15 each of the three events was at 7 birds, \$3 entrance, birds extra.		
March 12.—No. 1, 10 live birds:		
Dade	22222121110—9	McVey. 221*1*2202—7
No. 2, 25 targets:		
Dade	1101111111011111111111—23	
McVey	111111111101111101110001—20	
No. 3, 15 targets:		
Dade	11011111110111—13	
McVey	01111111110111—13	
March 15:		
No. 1		
J E Wright, 30	1*22222—6	
Dade, 30	2111020—5	
T E Mallory, 30	0120011—4	
C I Hall, 30	1020020—3	
Wilson, 30	1*2010—3	
McVey, 30	*21*000—2	
No. 2		
	2210111—6	
	2110212—6	
	0122121—6	
	1201210—4	
	22*2002—4	
	2221222—7	
No. 3.		
	0222211—6	
	2211101—6	
	2121222—7	
	22222*2—6	
	2221222—7	
	0221220—5	
Ed O. BOWER.		

Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League.

WARWICK, N. Y., March 19.—The Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League claim the following dates: April 14-15, Newburgh, special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Glenwood Gun Club. May 4-7, Newburgh, trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. June 1-2, Peekskill, trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Peekskill Gun Club. Aug. 10-11, Marlborough, trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Marlborough Gun Club. All are managed by me. Other dates will be granted later. JOHN B. ROGERS, Manager.

Trap Shooting and Klondicittis.

SEATTLE, March 7.—Big Dan Wallace and Old Scout Gorham from Sistersville, W. Va., left here on the steamer City of Seattle for the Klondike last night. They have been with me since Feb. 22. I was walking down the street to my office on that day past the post-office, when some one in the crowd said, "Pull!" and another said, "Dead bird." Naturally I looked around, when to my surprise there they were, as live a pair as ever you saw. I took them to the shoot that afternoon, and both did fairly well, but were suffering a little too much with Klondicittis; but from this they soon recovered, and before they left were grinding the targets into powder, and showing the boys out here how they could pound them out. Old Scout, at Tacoma, on the 27th ult., got about 96 out of 100, and Big Dan was not far behind with 95 to his credit. Old Scout received a letter from his esteemed friend Dade, of Sistersville, telling him of that great 99 out of 100 that he had broken. Old Scout thought it looked very nice on paper, but he don't know how about it exactly, and came very near taking advantage of the reduced rates at present to return to his native heath, and show Dade that he is not the only shooter that can shoot the shoots. Wallace says Big Laugh can laugh muchee now, as both Dan and Old Scout are on their way north, and have no opportunity to get back at him. But there will be a day of reckoning when they return with those nuggets. Look out for your 99s then, Dade.

But if Big Laugh desires to take advantage of the low rates and come to Seattle he might find some old broken down Eastern sports out here who could break 99 in days gone by, and can perhaps accommodate him yet.

In Seattle and Tacoma are some pretty good shots, and at present there is a great rivalry between the two cities to carry off the State cup. Tacoma at present holds the cup, but the Seattle boys are hot after them. There will be a shoot for this cup on March 20, five men in each team, 50 birds to the man.

The last race resulted 208 for Tacoma to 200 for Seattle, but the latter hopes to beat Tacoma's score of 208 next time. The Seattle boys are now shooting under the Sergeant system. Inclosed you will find scores of last week at their new grounds:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	10
Spokane	7	12	13	11
Ellis	9	12	12	15	11	13	14
Stevens	8	12	9	14	9	11	12	13	10
Hood	9	11	12	16	10	13	13	14	10
Francis	7	14	12	16	12
Chellis	9	14	11	11	11	11	..	13	9
Hall	6	11	9
Churchill	5	12	9	17	13
Hipkins	8	10	9
J Ruppe	7	12	11	15	11	9	..
Moreton	6	11	6	7	..
Mitchell	7	9	7	8	..
Baker	9	8
Jack Ruppe	9	8	13	7	..
J Hardy	5	11	..	15	8	12	12	12	7
McKee	4	3	5	..	6
Spokane	11
Deacon	9
Jones	1

The International Tournament.

The International tournament, held in St. Thomas, Ont., on March 8, 9 and 10, under the auspices of the St. Thomas Gun Club, and the active and capable management of Mr. John Parker, the celebrated shot of Detroit, and his gifted secretary, Mr. Walter W. Bock, was unique in many respects.

It was new to St. Thomas and to Canada. It had for the winner the only live-bird international trophy in existence. All the entrance money and some \$400 of added money were divided among the winners, and there was the reasonable bar placed against professional shooters, which made the meeting specially attractive to amateurs, while agents had every opportunity to display their skill and their goods, and to win money by average, as they were admitted to all events for birds only, and to the trophy competition.

The novel features of the meeting had the effect, as expected, of inducing a large number of both professional and amateur shots from Canada and the United States to participate.

Among those who took part may be mentioned John M. Lilly, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; G. Beck, Indianapolis; Thos. J. Graham, Sault Ste. Marie; T. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; E. Tripp, Indianapolis; J. De Wolf, Chicago; J. Parker, Detroit; P. C. Wood, J. A. Mercer, Harry Morse, George McKay, Marks the Lawyer, J. E. Gauthier and others, from Detroit; John Fanning, Batavia, N. Y.; Josh Wayper, Hespeler, Ont.; John Thompson, Jackson, Mich.; Harry Wingate, Dr. J. E. Overholt, H. Graham, Sec'y Hamilton Gun Club, Hamilton, Ont.; Alf Pope, Corry, Pa.; J. J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn.; C. W. Lane, Hilton, N. Y.; C. S. Burkhardt, Benker Tolsma and others, from Buffalo, N. Y., and a cloud of Canadian shots from Windsor, Woodstock, Hamilton, Toronto, and many minor places.

Our Lady of the Snows was propitious, and the meet enjoyed three as fine warm days as it would have expected in the Gulf States.

The St. Thomas Gun Club devoted itself first to the comfort of its guests, and on this account does not figure in the scores according to its merit. Thos. Donley, president of the club; B. Emslie, one of our best shots, better known as the great national base ball umpire; Chas. Kennedy, Chas. Dyer, Joseph Coffey, James Haight, Ernie Baugher, and nearly all the rest of St. Thomas' best shots were satisfied for the time to fill the subordinate positions which are necessary to the smooth running of a great meet, and they shot merely as a matter of form, but still with some considerable success.

In average over all events Josh Wayper, proprietor Queen's Hotel, Hespeler, Ont., stood first, and he with Tripp, Easton, Lane and Graham divided \$60 average money, being 1 cent for each bird flown in the tournament.

The ammunition agents succeeded in showing off their wares in great style.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, to whose efficient management, and the untiring support given by the local club, much of the success is due.

The management was so well satisfied with the patronage and the results that they have determined to make it an annual event, with such new and improved attractions as experience may warrant.

The visitors were so delighted with the treatment they received that they presented Mr. Donley with a highly appreciative testimonial commemorative of the event, and setting forth that among other things they had found the "accommodations perfect," sport good, management all that could be desired, weather fine, classes large and money paid at the conclusion of each event, and giving Mr. Promoter Donley, Mr. Manager Parker, his secretary, Mr. W. Bock, of Detroit, the local club and the city unqualified praise.

TUESDAY.

No. 1 was at 10 targets, \$1; No. 2, 10 targets, \$1.50; No. 3, 20 targets, \$2; No. 4, was at 25 targets, \$3; No. 5 was at 15 targets, \$1.50.

First Day, Tuesday, March 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	Targets:	10	15	20	25	15
Jones	8	14	Wingate	10	12	18	24	10
Young	10	14	19	23	13	Dart	5	15	13
Beck	6	13	18	20	10	Bright	10	..	19	25	..
T. Graham	10	13	19	24	14	Emslie	9	15	20	23	13
Lilly	6	13	17	17	13	George	8	14
Parker	9	13	16	24	14	Case	8	..	16	21	13
De Wolf	6	..	14	24	10	Hovey	7	15	20	23	..
Lane	6	15	18	23	15	Easton	8	15	20	24	15
Fanning	10	13	19	24	15	De Wolf	11
Hallowell	6	14	18	22	13	Bates	11
Tripp	9	15	18	25	14	Langan	13	..	21	13	..
Mercier	8	..	12	16	..	Pope	15	19	21	12	..
H. Graham	10	13	..	22	..	Stott	12	12	..
Wilson	9	15	..	25	14	A. D. Bates	15	20
Wood	10	13	18	22	14	McPherson	17	24	14
Thompson	8	12	18	22	15	Predhomme	17
Tyro	10	13	20	24	13	Street	12
Wayper	10	15	19	24	15	Fletcher	12

The live-bird events of the first day were four. No. 1 was at 10 live birds, \$7, five high guns. Two misses meant out of the money, and those who withdrew missed two. Parker, Fanning and Hallowell being manufacturers' agents were allowed to shoot only for price of birds in No. 1.

No. 2, at 20 live birds, was the international event, fifteen high guns, \$15 entrance, \$150 added. Parker and Fanning shot at 32yds., Hallowell 30yds., the rest from 30 to 26yds. In shooting off the tie Lane, of Rochester, won the medal. The 19s divided the first five moneys.

No. 3 was at 7 live birds, \$7, \$25 added, five high guns. The 7s and 6s divided the money, the others dropping out after two misses. Parker, Hallowell and Fanning were in for birds only.

In a \$2 miss-and-out Marks, Fanning, Young, Emslie, Tripp, Wood, Black, Burkhardt, Easton and Taylor divided the money.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Birds:	10	20	7	Birds:	10	20	7
Lilly	6	15	6	Hallowell	w	18	6
Young	9	16	5	Fanning	9	17	7
Beck	9	13	3	Wingate	9	15	..
T. Graham	9	15	7	Wilson	9	16	..
Tripp	9	16	7	Wayper	9	17	2
Easton	9	18	6	Pope	w	15	..
Donnelly	w	Bates	8	19	6
Emslie	8	13	7	Stotts	w	16	..
De Wolf	7	10	..	Graydon	10	17	6
Parker	8	16	4	Girard	w	8	..
Wood	8	18	3	Evan	w	19	..
Mercier	8	16	4	Dart	w
Thompson	8	17	..	Brown	w	17	..
Jones	8	18	..	Jessap	w
Tyro	9	16	2	H. Graham	12	18	4
Lane	8	19	6	Bradley	16
George	9	..	5	Burkhardt	7
Miller	9	19	5	Marks	4
McPherson	w	Stewart	4
Tyro	9	16	2	Taylor	4
H. Graham	w

WEDNESDAY.

No. 6 was at 10 targets, \$10; No. 7, 15 targets, \$1.50; No. 8, 20 targets, \$2; No. 9, 25 targets, \$3; No. 10, 10 targets, \$1; No. 11, 15 targets, \$1.50.

Second Day, Wednesday, March 9.

Events:	6	7	8	9	10	11	Events:	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15
Lane	9	11	20	24	10	13	Pope	6	11	15	18	9	..
Young	6	13	18	24	9	14	H. Graham	7	9
Beck	9	13	20	23	7	12	Weyper	10	15	19	25	10	15
T. Graham	9	15	19	25	9	13	Wilson	10	12	17	23	8	14
Lilly	6	10	15	21	7	13	Jones	8	..	18	22
Tripp	10	11	19	24	10	15	Dart	8	13
Evan	5	Wingate	7	14	15	22	10	15
De Wolfe	5	11	10	17	9	13	Donley	10	..	16	7
Fanning	8	13	17	21	9	14	Hollingshead	10	17	..	6	12	..
Hallowell	9	14	17	20	8	14	Stotts	15	12	..	7
Wood	9	11	18	24	8	15	Norris	14	16	20	8	15	..
Mercier	6	8	16	21	8	..	Fletcher	12	9
Easton	10	..	17	25	8	15	B. Tolsma	14	..	18
McPherson	9	13	17	..	9	..	Burkhardt	19	23	10	13
Predhomme	5	7	6	..	George	17	17
Parker	9	13	16	19	8	13	Black	15
Tyro	9	12	20	24	9	12	Langen	12	..	7
Thompson	6	8	..	Stewart	8	..	13
Case	7	9	14	..	9	11	McIntyre	19
Smyth	9	12	17	Palmer	8	11
Emslie	8	12	16	23	8	..	Bradley	8	11
McLoud	7	6	8

THURSDAY.

There were four events on this day. No. 12 was at 10 targets,

\$1; Nos. 13 and 14, 15 targets, \$1.50. The last one was a consolation sweep.

Third Day, Thursday, March 10.

Events:	12	13	14	Events:	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	Targets:	10	15	15
Dart	7	9	..	Lane	9	14	..
Stewart	3	..	7	Young	8	13	..
Hendley	5	Beck	6	12	..
Evan	6	Graham	8	10	..
McCloud	3	2	..	Lilly	5	7	6
Jones	6	Tripp	9	13	..
Wayper	7	Parker	5	12	..
Smyth	6	..	11	De Wolfe	7	1	..
Wilson	7	12	..	Fanning	7	9	..
Wingate	8	11	..	Hallowell	7	9	..
McPherson	8	13	..	Wood	8	10	..
Case	5	9	8	Mercier	6	5	9
Fletcher	10	10	..	Easton	8
Ben	6	Emslie	8	10	..
Donley	6	5	7	Burkhardt	6	12	..
Stotts	4	8	..	H. Graham	5
Predhomme	4	Marks	5	10	..
Bradley	6	6	..	Taylor	5	12	10
Strong	2	Predhomme	3
Street	10	Pope	7
Black	6	Tyro	7	11	..
Marks	13	Hollingshead	7	6	..
Miller	10	..	10	Black	6
Burgess	7	Burgess	4

A 5-men team race, 25 targets, \$7.50 per team, had four teams. The scores are as follows:

St. Thomas, Ont., No. 1.	
Emslie	11111010111111111111001110-20
Jessop	001000011011011100110100-12
Coffee	110111111111111111110110-19
Geo. Fulton	10111111111111111111011011-18
Dart	11100110111111111111011111-19-88
Hamilton, Ont.	
Jones	10101011011011101101101111-17
Wingate	101101110101110110110111-16
Graham	1100101111111111111100011011-17
Smyth	010111110111111111111111-19
Wilson	101111111111111111111111-24-93
St. Thomas, Ont., No. 2.	
George	11110111011111110111011011-19
Benn	0100011000111000110110011-12
Strong	100111010111001111111111-18
Fletcher	10111111011101110110101011-17
Brown	10110110001100110011011011-13-79
Detroit, Mich.	
Norris	1110110010111111111101101111-19
Huescher	1111101111111111111100111011-21
Mercier	11101000101011011011011011-15
Parker	110101111111111111110001101100-16
Wood	1110010111111111111101111-15-86

T. DONLEY.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 12.—John Shaaber defeated J. W. Kurtz to-day in a 50-target shoot at the Kurtz House shooting grounds by the score of 37 to 34. The match was for \$5 a side.

The Mt. Penn Gun Club elected: President, Wm. Smith; Secretary, Howard W. Dippery; Treasurer, Albert Yeager; Governing Board: Cyrus Schultz, Geo. Rhoads, Abner Laird, Archie Laurence, Howard Hill. A magautrap may be purchased.

March 14.—At the Three-Mile House a practice live-bird match took place between Brooke Harrison, John Shaaber and George Kuersten. The match was for the price of the birds, each man shooting at 25. The result was: Harrison 23, Shaaber 20, Kuersten 19.

Lititz, Pa., March 10.—In a live-bird shoot here to-day Harry Coldren, of Reading, killed 25 straight and captured first money, beating eight competitors. Sweeps followed at 5 birds and miss-and-outs, in which Coldren also shot and won several events.

Lancaster, Pa., March 11.—In the sweepstake pigeon shoot at McGrann's Park, this city, Harry J. Coldren, of Reading, made straight scores in three events in which he took part. In the first event Coldren tied with Benner in a miss-and-out, killing 6 birds. In the second event Coldren killed 9 birds and divided first money with Fieles and Benner. In the third event, miss-and-out, Coldren killed 5 and divided first money with Benner, Esterly and Fieles.

Pottstown, Pa., March 10.—An interesting interclub shoot was held on the grounds of the Hill School Gun Club, of this city, between the latter club's team and the Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown. The teams consisted of six men each, each man shooting at 30 targets. The Shuler team won by the score of 139 to 106. The next match will be shot on the Shuler Club's grounds on March 26. The score was:

Shuler S. A.	High School G. C.
Mills	25
Wickersham	24
Cole	20
Grubb	25
Saylor	22
Davis	23-139
Spear	21
Fox	25
Dupuy	11
Vanderburg	17
Brown	14
French	18-106

Pottstown, Pa., March 12.—Members of the Shuler Shooting Association held an interesting tournament on their grounds. Live birds and targets were used and good scores were made. The events resulted as follows:

The events results													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	7	7	7	7	5	7	Targets:	7	7	7	7	5	7
Saylor.....	7	5	6	6	3	4	Slonacker.....	6	3	4	..
De Witt.....	5	1	..	4	..	4	Smith.....	5
Grubb.....	5	6	6	6	3	4	Hawkins.....	4	..	1	..
Levingood.....	4	5	..	3	3	4	Wickersham.....	3	5	..	6
Davis.....	4	4	6	5	..	7	Evans.....	7	2	3	..
Scheffy.....	3	5	..	4	..	5							

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 14.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

SECTION 249 REPEALED.

THE New York Legislature has repealed that iniquitous provision of the game law contained in Sec. 249, which permitted the sale of game at all seasons. When the bill to put the section on the statute books was before Gov. Morton in 1895 it was characterized in these columns as "such a blow to the interests of game protection as we have not had in a quarter century." The experience of the years intervening from 1895 to the present has amply demonstrated the accuracy of that characterization. The section has provoked, encouraged and promoted the destruction of game for market of immature game in the spring and summer before the season has opened, and of game helpless in the snows of winter after the season has closed; it has packed to market in close time vast quantities of unlawfully killed game of New York State, and has provided a market for the disposition of unlawfully killed and shipped game from many other States. Its practical operation has been to make a farce of protection in so far as the market side has been concerned. In the vast city of New York there has been for years no game protector. Sec. 249 would have defied and baffled him, and made altogether futile anything he might have attempted. The effect of the law has been felt all over the State. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has now on hand over fifty cases against offenders in various counties, who have been sending birds illegally to New York city cold storage warehouses. The game has been shipped as chestnuts, vegetables, fruits, and what-not; 1,300 birds were sent from one point; in another case a man crossed the line into Pennsylvania and sent the game thence by express. Subterfuges, tricks and devices of various sorts were resorted to by the consignors; but once in the dealer's hands the birds were covered by foreign shipping tags as by an ægis, and the traffic went merrily on without molestation. How much game destruction in other States Sec. 249 has provoked can never be computed; it is enough that New York's office as a receiver of goods stolen from her sister States was keenly felt by upright citizens to be a lasting disgrace.

By as much as the enactment of the section was a blow to protection, by so much is the repeal of the provision a triumph for game interests. By its action in righting this grossest abuse in New York's game protective annals the Legislature has performed the highest service possible in this line. It will now be practicable to read a meaning into the game law; the restrictions as to times of killing, of possession and of selling will amount to something. The statutes to protect may be made to protect. A game protector may now be provided for New York city, and may accomplish something, if he be honest and intelligent and possessed of common everyday gumption. We trust that the Commission will lose no time in assigning to the place a man equipped to fill it. The field is white for the harvest.

The repeal was carried only by the most dogged fighting for it, against tremendous odds, by Commissioner Chas. H. Babcock, of Rochester. There is peculiar satisfaction in chronicling this fact and putting on record Mr. Babcock's part as representative of the attitude of the Commission; because when the original Wilks bill embodying the provisions of Sec. 249 was before the Legislature in 1895, President Barnet H. Davis, of the Commission, and Secretary Doyle fraternized with the New York game dealer Gilman, who was in Albany lobbying for the measure, and worked with him for its passage. Although his attitude doubtless helped the enactment of the measure, our recollection is that President Davis had neither the sympathy nor the support of his associates at that time; and it is certain that the Commission soon came to realize the true nature of the provision as a block to their work. In their report of Jan. 20, 1897, they urged that it "should be repealed, as it puts a pre-

mium upon crime in sister States that have non-export game laws, as most of them have, and is a menace to the game of our own State, and makes it difficult to convict game law violators who kill our game out of season." And again in their report submitted on Jan. 20, 1898, they reiterated their plea in this emphatic language:

Last year we vigorously urged that Section 249 be repealed, as it permits the sale of game the year around, and while that law remains unrepealed it is a hopeless task to protect the game of the State from destruction. We again urge that this section be stricken from the game law, that all of our game animals and birds may not suffer from its blighting influence. We have found it almost impossible to obtain a conviction for killing our own game birds at any time of the year with this section in force, and the law is, as we have already pointed out, unjust to sister States that have non-export laws. Theoretically, the law may be all that its sponsors claim for it, but in practice it is slowly but surely working the greatest injury to our native game.

Early this year Commissioner Babcock entered upon a vigorous campaign to secure the repeal of the law. He recognized, as did his associates, that unless Sec. 249 was rescinded the Commission might as well abandon its game protective activities. The measure was put through the Assembly without difficulty. In the Senate Committee it was held up by Senator Higbie, who is now, as he always has been, a stone wall in the way of right game legislation. Through the personal efforts of Mr. Babcock the bill was finally reported out of committee, to be recommitted for a hearing. The contest that followed was one of the most stubbornly fought in the annals of Albany game legislation.

The New York city game dealers were represented, as in 1895, by the law firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt. Senator Thomas C. Platt himself by wire and telephone ordered the defeat of the bill. In spite of these odds, by dint of unfaltering determination and personal work, Mr. Babcock set in to win the fight. He got the bill out of committee on the recommitment, by a vote of three to two; and by canvassing votes in the Senate, enlisting the services of his personal friends, he won over all opposition, so that when put to vote the measure went through by a unanimous vote of forty-three to nothing.

The repeal is now in the Governor's hands. Up to the hour of going to press it had not received his signature; but it is not to be doubted that by his approval Governor Black will crown with final victory the struggle which the friends of game protection have been carrying on for the past three years.

HANDS OFF THE AQUARIUM.

ALL persons of feeling who are cognizant of the highly creditable administration of the affairs of the New York Aquarium under the present superintendent, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, must have sympathy for President Clausen, of the Park Board, in the very unenviable position that gentleman now occupies in public attention by reason of his official action in calling for Dr. Bean's resignation. Under Dr. Bean's direction the Aquarium has been admirably well managed. All competent observers know this. President Clausen knows it. He has frequently and freely borne testimony to his appreciation of the fact. He knows quite as well too that the public interests demand that the Aquarium should continue under the same capable and efficient control. And yet in the face of all this, despite his personal knowledge, and contrary to his personal convictions, Mr. Clausen has demanded Dr. Bean's resignation. He has done this, of course, not of his own volition, but at the dictation of his political boss. He presents the spectacle of a trustee of the people's parks consenting to betray certain of the people's park interests by ousting a competent man from an important position, in order that the place may be given to a political appointee. The part he is compelled to play must be keenly humiliating to one who would keep his own self-respect and retain the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

To meet the storm of righteous opposition to this cool proposition to make political spoils of the Aquarium, President Clausen has given out a statement, reciting that he found the Aquarium "badly ventilated and badly lighted, with an indifferent collection on exhibition, closed to the public for two days in each week on the ground that this was necessary for the purpose of cleaning the tanks, and that the whole service was on extravagant lines, involving an expenditure of \$45,000 a year, which seems to him to be entirely out of proportion to the work done."

Mr. Clausen ought to know, and probably does know, that the construction of the building with respect

to light and ventilation was wholly the work of the Park Board's architect, who not only was independent of Dr. Bean's control, but scouted his advice. As to the character of the collection, the President of the Park Board should know, and take pride in knowing, that New York has to-day what is conceded to be the largest and finest collection in any aquarium in the world. Mr. Clausen's description of it as "indifferent" is nothing less than a confession of his own inexcusable ignorance in the matter.

The Aquarium had for the last fiscal year an appropriation of \$40,000, which was not an extravagant sum, if reckoned in comparison with other aquaria, that at Chicago in '93, for instance. The World's Fair Aquarium was managed by experienced employees of the United States Fish Commission, and it was a small affair contrasted with the New York institution, yet the maintenance account for the six months was \$33,000. Nor is the Aquarium expensive when compared with other like institutions in New York. The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History have each an annual maintenance appropriation of \$95,000. The visitors at the Metropolitan Museum last year, according to Mr. Cesnola's figures, numbered 555,000; the average maintenance expense per visitor was then seventeen cents. With its \$40,000 the Aquarium had in the same year 1,635,000 visitors, at an expense of less than three cents each.

But to discuss President Clausen's makeshift reasons would be beside the mark. They do not truly declare his motive in seeking to get rid of the present superintendent. The real reason is that Mr. Richard Croker wants the place for one of his friends. To make room for him President Clausen has been directed to remove from the position of Aquarium Superintendent the one man in this country best fitted to fill the place.

It is preposterous and outrageous that a position of this peculiar character, requiring special scientific and technical acquirements, and special practical training on the part of its incumbent, should be subject to the office mongering of political bosses. If President Clausen sincerely desires to establish the Aquarium on a secure foundation, and to reorganize it on lines which shall insure for it the widest possible usefulness, let him set about the attainment of the scheme commended by Mr. Fred Mather in our issue of March 9, 1897, whereby the Aquarium may be taken wholly out of the domain of politics and put under the direction of a board of trustees, in like manner as the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Under such favorable conditions the institution would come to be not only, as now, an unsurpassed collection for exhibition, but a school of study and research, and as an important marine laboratory, of credit and benefit not only to New York, but to the nation.

Meanwhile, the people of this town should declare with such emphasis as to be heeded even by hungry office grabbers, Hands off the Aquarium!

SNAP SHOTS.

THE text of Senator Hoar's bird bill is given elsewhere. It forbids the importation of birds and bird feathers for ornamental purposes, and prohibits the transportation of birds, feathers and parts of birds from one State to another. A meeting of feather importers was held in this city last Monday to devise ways to oppose the measure. Objections are urged against it on the ground that it would interfere with an important business in which millions of dollars are invested, that it would render worthless the stock already imported for the fall trade, would deprive 20,000 persons in New York alone of employment, and would reduce the revenue of the nation at a time when funds are most needed by the Government. To all of which it may be replied that profitable ways of investing capital may be found, and remunerative avenues of industry may be provided, without continuing the horrible destruction of bird life and traffic in bird skins.

THE exposition given by the New England Sportsmen's Association proved successful beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine promoters. The attendance exceeded all expectation, and the public was thoroughly gratified and satisfied with the extent and variety of exhibits. As an exposition of interesting phases of nature, wild life and game, the enterprise was in every way a credit to promoters, managers and the guild of sportsmen.

Platt-Eye.

SINCE the early part of this century the rice plantations of the South Carolina coast have been noted for the abundance of the game to be found in their vicinity. The gleanings of the rice fields attracted myriads of wild ducks; the adjacent swamps were the natural homes for no end of deer and wild turkeys; the pine woods were well stocked with quail; the small hummocks always had woodcock in the season; and the ricefield trunks enabled the planters to keep the fields in a state exactly suited to the tastes of snipe. The Chesapeake Bay people, indeed, bragged immensely over their celery-fed canvasbacks and their salt-water terrapin, but the rice planters knew the flavor which rice gives to flesh of mallard and teal, and having themselves plenty of diamond-back terrapin, they declared that the big, fat, yellow-bellied cooter and the soft-shell turtle were better before breakfast than the terrapin could be all day; and though the multitude of men and guns have reduced the abundance of game of all sorts, in all parts of the United States, no localities have suffered less than the vicinities of the rice fields. Universally thrown out of culti-

Mr. F., coming home from his rice fields, was told that Joe and Jack Bush had just killed an ox near his cow-pen, and were even then butchering it. Taking his gun, he went there, and as he approached he was fired on with a load of buckshot and killed. Naturally there was a hue and cry among the neighboring planters to catch Joe and Jack Bush; but as some time passed without their being able to find them, one of the neighbors, a Mr. Huggins, thought to utilize as a detective one of his negroes, named July, who occasionally went on a little runaway, as a toper who has acquired the habit will go on a spree. An attractive reward was offered July, and he ran away. Some two weeks afterward he came secretly to Mr. H. at night and told that Joe and Jack were hidden in a large swamp, called Kilsnook Bay, but that they were uneasy and had planned to come the next night to South Island and steal a boat and cross to North Island, and thence perhaps to the main. South Island could only be reached by one road, over a large causeway, and Huggins next day planned with eleven of the neighboring planters to ambush the road that night at the head of the causeway.

That something remarkable took place during the night with the ambushing party was known to every-

returning. As it came opposite all twelve again fired, but again it passed on. Then they got out in the road to look for tracks, or blood, when it was seen returning. They faced it in line and all fired again. Through the smoke one man saw a figure coming directly on him. He jumped out of the road into a shallow ditch on the side, and the figure passed on and was seen no more.

Now this story would have seemed far stranger to me than it does had it not happened that between 1861 and 1865 I had a good deal of experience of the ability of a few men watching together at night, and with guns in their hands, to see something to shoot. Two men will certainly see four times as much as one man, and I think twelve men will see 144 times as much; so if we can account for about 1-144th part of the mystery we may let the other 143-144ths take care of themselves. But even the 1-144th part was worth looking after, and one day, out on a camp hunt with Adam, a man of color, an old trapper, and very learned in all the ways of all varmints, natural or unnatural, I asked him: "Adam, did you ever hear of Joe and Jack Bush?" "Oh, yes sir," said Adam, "I hear of them ever since I been born. They scare had children with them way down till after the war; tell them 'Joe Bush catch you.'" "Well, Adam,



THE INDIANS OF THE NEW ENGLAND EXPOSITION.
With Mr. Antonio Apache, Superintendent of the Indian Camp.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, for Forest and Stream.

vation during the war, and their owners impoverished, not one-fourth of them have even yet been restored to civilization. Off the lines of travel, and with a very sparse white population, there is still to be found about them not only an unusual amount of the game of former days, but also among the colored population many of the superstitions and customs of the days of slavery, which have entirely passed away in communities where the whites have been in greater proportion. It is still not a very rare thing among them for a healthy person to die, apparently, solely from a conviction that he or she has been hoodooed by some expert in this secret art. And it was among them that the writer, though born and raised and always living in the cotton belt of the South, quite recently first heard of the "Platt-eye," a mysterious creature whose habitat seems limited to the rice belt of South Carolina, and about which the reader will know more, perhaps, when he has finished this story.

And it will contribute to that end if I tell how I first came to hear of him. It was in the investigation of a story of a very strange affair, in the early 20s, which still survives, both among white and black, in the vicinity of its occurrence.

A plantation famous in those days, both for its abundant game and for its great rice crops, was South Island, lying between the Santee River and Winyaw Bay. The rivers draining the greater part of South Carolina, and a wide belt through North Carolina into Virginia, discharge into the sea on the two sides of the island. So much fresh water permitted an immense area bordering the rivers to be planted in rice, and wherever the food is the game is gathered together. The owner of the plantation was a Mr. Ford, and two of his slaves, Joe and Jack Bush, had for some years been runaways and outlaws, living in the swamps, whence they made forays to supply themselves with what they wanted, either from white or black. One evening about dark

body, white and black, by the heavy firing which was heard; but Joe and Jack Bush were not captured, and some months afterward, when Joe was killed and Jack wounded and captured, as will be related presently, he told that he and Joe were indeed coming that night, as July had said they would, and that they were within a mile of the spot when they heard the firing begin. Naturally they took another direction and kept themselves safe for many months; then, having once successfully robbed a trading boat on the Santee River, they incautiously tried to repeat the operation. But the second time they struck upon a decoy boat fixed up to catch them, and Jack was finally hanged at Georgetown for murder.

That is the end of the story and of Joe and Jack, and now we will go back to the night of the ambush, for there is where Platt-eye comes in. The ambushers either could not or would not tell, generally, any definite story of their experiences. Tradition has it only that they saw "something" and shot at it in vain. But I received the following details in a quite direct channel from one of the participants, a Mr. A. My informant was a Mr. M., who when a boy had been very intimate with a son of A. This son died, and young M. sat up with the body the night before the funeral. During the night he asked Mr. A. about this ambush, and Mr. A. told him the story of what happened, as follows: The ambushers were all on the same side of the road, behind the scattered tall pines, or crouching in low grass. The night was clear, but with no moon. About midnight the man at the end of the line, in the direction where the Bushes were expected, saw a figure passing along the road. He hailed it, and getting no answer, fired both barrels at it. The figure passed on, and all the rest fired both barrels as it passed, and all without effect. Loading quickly, they got together, discussing how they could have missed, when suddenly the figure was seen

did you ever hear about the planters trying to ambush Joe and Jack, and shooting at something which they could not hit?"

"Oh, yes, sir; the colored folks knowed all about that. They hearn the guns."

"Well, Adam, what was that they shot at?"

"That? Why, that was jest a Platt-eye."

"A what?"

"Why, a Platt-eye."

"Well, Adam, what is a Platt-eye?"

"Well, sir, you see in them days there was heap of mighty smart people among the colored folks, and they knowed all about root work; and the Platt-eye was something they made to protect themselves against the patrollers, 'cause the planters would sometimes patrol the roads at night to keep the people from going about to other plantations; so the Platt-eye was something—it might be like a big bird—to come and light on your head and flap you with its wings; or it might be like a dog, and come and run between your legs and trip you up. But you hit at it, and you just knock yourself; you fight it, and you beat yourself almost to death. Then it can change itself. First it might be an old sow, and after it tangle you all up and make you most kill yourself, it might change to a cow and trample all over you shameful. That was what one did to a man on the Maxwell place once, and it pretty nigh ruined him."

"Why, Adam, are there any about here now?"

"Oh, yes sir; you see them old-time people, they made 'em, and they left them about in places, and they stay around there yet. I'll tell you where one stay. You know that hole where they digs clay to clay the seed rice with, just beyond the Daisy Bank place? Well, one stay right about there."

"Well, Adam, did you ever see one?"

"Lor, yes, sir; I seen 'em heaps of times; but they can't hurt me, 'cause I knows how to do. All you got

to do is to get mad; you mustn't get scared—just mad. I'll tell you when I seen one. It was when I was courting my present wife Eliza, just early in last year. 'Twas one Saturday night, and after I got paid off I start to the island to see Eliza. 'Twas a little cloudy and a new moon, and that's just the time for 'em. New moon and a cloudy evening is what they likes. As I come along there where the eight-foot ditch joins on to the pine land I see something like a calf coming up on my left-hand side. That's them. They always got to come up on your left-hand side. Soon as I see him I know him, and I know what to do. I just got so mad nothing couldn't hold me. I just throwed myself flat down on my face on the ground, and I put my hands over my eyes, and I tell you, sir, I was mad through. And as I laid there I got madder and madder. Then, after some good little time, I didn't hear nothing, so I look up, and, sir, he done gone. He know he couldn't make nothing projecting around a man mad like me, so he go off somewhere else. Then I get up, and I done lost so much time I has to hurry to get to see Eliza."

As before stated, Adam is a past master in the wiles of all varmints. If he sets a trap in a ten-acre field no fox, coon or possum can get through the fence and keep his foot out of the trap. A cow-pen full of Sherlock Holmeses could not penetrate a ten-year-old pick-pocket in a month as well as Adam will in a minute the innermost soul of anything that travels by night, from a hoodoo to a house cat, let him find hide, hair or hackle of it. So if any reader is approached on the left side by any appearance looking as if it might have business with him, when the moon is young and the evening cloudy, he will make no mistake if he permits his angry passions to rise. And the higher the better. And for a furious and enraged attitude, one calculated to terrify even a supernatural, flat on one's face seems to be what will take the cake. JACK HILDAGO.

Some Yukon Notes.—II.

(Continued from page 242).

In the latter part of September a great many ptarmigan were killed on the summit of White Pass. The first heavy snow falls brought them down from the neighboring peaks and highlands. They were very tame, and easily shot with a revolver. In fact I know of cases where they were killed with stones. They were fat and plump from their rich feed of berries and a delicious change from the coarse food of the trail.

One morning at Summit Lake as I came out of the tent I noticed fifteen or twenty ptarmigan squatting in the snow on a little ridge a few rods away. I borrowed a rifle, and in company with another man who had a shotgun we killed eight in a few minutes. Ammunition was scarce or we would have taken in the entire flock.

Before the snow came whistlers and gophers, so called, were plenty about the summit. The whistler resembled a large woodchuck and the gopher was very similar to other gophers, except that it was larger than any I had previously seen. Whistlers and gophers were both good eating, and I managed to pick up quite a few along the trail. One day while portaging from Summit to Middle Lake I killed two gophers on the same rock near the height of land. Returning a little later I saw two more at identically the same spot, and killed both.

Ducks were numerous in the chain of lakes near the summit, and from time to time geese also made their appearance for short periods.

All night long while camped at the head of Summit Lake in September one could hear the whistle of ducks' wings as they flew low down through the narrow cleft of the pass. On foggy days and in the evenings or mornings one could get very good flight shooting at this point, and the tents of the little encampment were frequently bombarded with dead ducks. Fogs in September are the rule at Summit Lake, as any one who has been there will testify. Up to the time of the river closing in November the ducks were also very numerous along the Lewis and Yukon. A friend of mine picked up six mallards and two canvasbacks in half a day's run above White Horse Rapids. The duck shooting at Dawson was said to be good. For a run down the river in the fall months a shotgun should be carried rather than a rifle.

Ravens, or crows, as they are commonly called, are very numerous along the river. These birds attain a very large size. One killed by a Mr. Lamothe at the foot of Lake Lebarge measured 4ft. 2in. from tip to tip. This Lamothe, by the way, is the man who found Colgate's bones on the Bitter Root the summer after the Carlin expedition. His description of the discovery is one of the most gruesome pieces of realism I ever listened to. He chanced to pick up in the sand drift from the river which covered the old camp site the two bones of a human leg and remarked: "I have killed all kinds of animals—moose, caribou, deer—but I never see two bones stick together before like this." And then he entered into a minute description of the ligaments attached and the evidence that bears had dismembered the corpse, and wound up by showing Colgate's gun with two empty shells in it to corroborate a theory of suicide, which he advanced, en passant, in conclusion of the whole ghastly affair.

To return to the subject, the ravens are found along the river all winter. At the very summit of Chilcoot Pass one of the coldest days of the winter (Feb. 3), while the wind was blowing strong men off their feet and freezing others to death, I saw a raven battling the gale. North of the summit, where there was comparative calm and only 30° below zero, we had passed a gorged raven hopping along the hard snow trail, and avoiding till the last moment the necessity of taking to wing.

At Fort Selkirk the ravens quarrel with the dogs for the beef heads, which are daily thrown to the latter for food. They fly up and down the course of the frozen river, looking for the refuse of sledding parties, and at Five Finger Rapids I saw the ribs and the upper portion of what looked remarkably like a human trunk picked clean by these same scavengers.

They have great powerful beaks, built up on top in

such a way as to give the raven an overwise expression. It seems as though they were looking over spectacles. Incidentally it seems next to impossible to poison these birds. They will take all the strychnine you can feed them, and seem to thrive on the diet. I put out twelve baits one evening on the snow-covered surface of a slough intended for foxes or wolves, each containing a pretty stiff dose of poison. I took the precaution to kick a little snow over the baits to keep the ravens from finding them, but my trouble was without avail. The next morning a raven came along, and alighting at each spot devoured the poisoned morsel. An uncanny intuition, guided by a marvelous sense of eyesight, had directed him to each spot where a bait was hidden, and I could not see that he had alighted once on my trail where there was no bait. As a matter of fact only one bait at the extreme end of the line had escaped him.

And yet I could not find any evidence to indicate that he had succumbed to the poison he had taken—enough to have killed a dozen wolves.

As luck would have it, the one bait which escaped the raven was taken by a fox a few days later. The first intimation of this fact came to my partner, who was cutting logs near the river for our cabin. He reported that he had seen several ravens alight on a sandbar a short distance away, and I told him he had better go up there and see what they had. When he returned he was carrying the fox, a red, or rather lemon yellow specimen. In its side was an ugly wound made by the ravens. The fox was still warm, and had apparently only been dead a few minutes.

In all, we saw seven or eight foxes while going up and down the river. They seemed to us to be very plentiful, but the Indians say it is an off year with them, owing to the scarcity of rabbits. The varieties are the red, cross, black and silver gray. The Indians say they get \$50 to \$75 for the skins of the latter.

Rabbits at the Pelly were almost as rare as snakes in Ireland. One of the periodical plagues—or migrations, whichever it is—had carried them off, and one could travel for miles without seeing a track. Above the Thirty-Mile River, however, they were more common.

A man camped about the middle of Lake Marsh, on the west shore, told me he had snared seven. He said they were pure white and very small.

At Tagish Inspector Strickland told me last fall that he had killed several.

It is said that it will take four or five years to restore them to their maximum numbers on the lower river.

Red squirrels are very abundant along the whole river. A man with a .22cal. rifle and a few thousand rounds, of ammunition could easily support himself on red squirrels alone. They evince no tendency to hibernate, and may be seen feeding at their favorite pile of spruce cones when the thermometer stands at 50° or 60° below zero.

Several species of grouse are found along the river, but as far as my observations go they are nowhere plentiful. The Indians call them indiscriminately chickens, and I believe they also include ptarmigan in this term.

Among the smaller birds noted in the neighborhood of the Pelly in midwinter may be mentioned Canada jays (moose birds), magpies, hairy woodpeckers, snow buntings and chickadees.

As a curious instance of the temerity of the jays may be mentioned the fact that when coming down the Thirty-Mile River one flew out from shore and alighted on my partner's yellow slicker hat as he was rowing his boat in mid-stream. Some fresh meat in the stern of the boat probably attracted the bird.

At the lowest estimate 4,000 rifles were taken into the Yukon country last fall by white men, and yet, aside from the mention of caribou, which I shall make a little later, I only heard of one instance where these weapons were profitably employed on members of the deer tribe. This was by Mr. Curtis, before mentioned, who killed a bull caribou weighing 350lbs. while prospecting on the upper McClintock River. Moose and caribou are no longer found in the immediate neighborhood of the main river. The Indians, who rely for their support in winter mainly upon this game, go back three or four "sleeps" to reach their hunting grounds. A "sleep" with these Indians is anywhere from six to ten miles. They are slow travelers, making camp early and breaking it late. It takes them three or four hours to erect their bough wind-break, roofed with drilling on the plan of a lean-to camp, and get in a supply of firewood for the night. Their clothing is generally insufficient, and some of the little ones may be seen around the camp-fire in midwinter bare-legged and almost naked. This necessitates keeping the fire going all night, and as their axes are generally small it takes time to get the necessary supply of fuel. On such trips the actual hunters are in the background, the spectacular effect centering in the dogs, women and children.

Last November when we had our boats carried away by an ice jam we thought for a while we should have to adopt the Indian's mode of life, but fortunately after a two weeks' search we succeeded in recovering our boats and supplies fifteen miles below the point where they had disappeared in the grinding floe which throttled the river. This obviated the necessity of locating a caribou herd and following it up all winter along with the wolves and ravens—a method of earning a livelihood which did not appeal very strongly to our imaginations. It is just as well that we escaped this necessity, for caribou are nowhere found in their accustomed haunts this winter, and the Indians at the Pelly, Nordenskold, Big and Little Salmon, and elsewhere all claim that they are starving.

North of Dawson, however, a great herd of barren ground caribou has recently appeared. My informant, who left Dawson shortly after the new year, says that the herd was estimated to number 10,000. It was last seen near the head of Twelve-Mile Creek, on the divide above the timber line, heading west toward a range of rocky, snow-clad mountains. Jim Taylor, of Seattle, is reported to have killed forty-five caribou from this herd, and my informant helped to pack the carcasses into Dawson. The best looking hunting country for moose or woodland caribou that I saw is that lying along the Lewis, between the Big and Little Salmon Rivers. Here the hills are wooded from base to summit with an ever-green growth, while summer feed is furnished by wil-

low copses and a bench growth of poplar and deciduous undergrowth. Lower down the river there is a vast extent of absolutely barren country—a desolate waste of stone and sand that offers no rest to the eye, because utterly lacking in lines of repose. The prospect away from the river is a jumble of angles, unbroken by graceful curves or suggestive horizontal masses. Aside from the islands in the river and the shore immediately contiguous there is no timber worthy of the name.

The land away from the river is too poor and cold, and geographically too much on edge, to rear anything but a scrub growth, and even that is lacking in many places. Nor is there anything grand or sublime in the scenery of the Yukon above Dawson. The great snow-capped and glacier-clothed pinnacles of the coast range have disappeared altogether, and a petty, good-for-nothing upheaval of the earth's crust is all that remains.

Game never could have been abundant in such a country, and it is not therefore surprising to find it such an uncertain quantity at the present time.

As regards edible varieties of fish the region in the neighborhood of the White and Chilcoot passes is well supplied, and the same is probably true of the lower river. A trout resembling the Dolly Varden was common in the Skagway River, and just over the divide at Summit, Middle and Shallow lakes trout and grayling were taken on bait and fly in considerable numbers almost up to the time of the lakes freezing.

A gentleman, who said that he was collecting specimens for the Smithsonian Institution, caught several large trout by wading out on the bar where the stream comes in at the bend of Middle Lake, using a fly. The largest of these weighed 8lbs. and was identified as a Bailey-Grohman trout—a new species named after the English sportsman who first brought it to the notice of the public a few years since. It was one of the silvery gray class, a rather coarse-looking fish, with large head and crocodile jaws.

At White Horse Rapids Mr. Kline, the engineer in charge of the construction of one of the tramways, told me that the Indians get trout weighing 25lbs. all winter. The water is open at the present time, and the Indians get their fish with lures and spears, as well as by netting them.

In the big lakes—Bennett, Tagish, Marsh and Lebarge—large pike are common, while whitefish are very numerous. This applies especially to lakes Marsh and Lebarge. Probably Marsh is the best fish lake of the lot, as it is the shallowest and has the best feeding grounds. The white colony at the foot of this lake have all the fish they can eat from a few 40ft. gill nets stretched between two holes in the ice.

Dog salmon run up the river in the fall as far as White Horse Rapids, but they are unfit for human food, as a result of their long journey from salt water. There is said to be an early run of king salmon almost to the same point, and the Indians preserve these for food.

I saw a number of grayling or arctic trout, as they are called, caught in the rapids at the head of Shallow Lake. They ran in weight, I should judge, from 6oz. to 1½lbs. They preferred a modest colored fly to any other bait, natural or artificial. Home-made flies, manufactured from grouse feathers, seemed to be particularly killing.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Natural History.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(Continued from page 224.)

SOEMMERING'S GAZELLE (*Gazelle soemmeringii*). NATIVE NAME, Aoul.

THIS fine animal has become scarce in most parts of Guban. A few years ago it was very plentiful in the Maritime Plain, but was so persecuted by hunters of every degree that at the present day it has retired into the interior, and is not met with in any numbers until the country south of the Golis Range is reached. The aoul is not a graceful animal, nor is it built on fine lines, the short neck, rather clumsy head and heavy body giving it a very different appearance from the idea generally entertained of the light-footed gazelle. This species goes in herds, sometimes several hundred are seen together, and naturally it is not particularly suspicious or wild, but of course when much persecuted the animals become very wary. They are apparently independent of water, and are frequently met with many miles from the place where it might be obtained. The entire country is so destitute of water that under the most favorable circumstances the wild animals must have difficulty in procuring it, and as there are no rivers between the Shebeyeleh and the sea, the natives get their supply by digging in the dry beds of the tugs, or rivers. Of course the animals cannot do this, and they must depend upon the chance pools they meet with, left by the rains, and are easy to approach even on the open plains; that is, close enough for a fairly near shot, something over 100yds. Of course many times it will be necessary to shoot at much greater distances than this. Among bushes it is not difficult to get very near one of these animals if stalked with knowledge and judgment.

It does not seem to make much difference to this gazelle what kind of country it dwells in, whether thickly covered with trees and bushes, or on bare plains; but I think it prefers the latter, and congregates in much larger herds in such a locality than in any other. But it cannot be considered as distinctly an animal of the plains, as for instance the hartebeest is. Aoul can be distinguished for a long distance, the large white patch on the hindquarters always showing very distinctly and causing them to be recognized from the other animals associated with them without difficulty. They are almost always seen with the herds of hartebeest, or oryx when these last are out on the plains in any numbers. This gazelle runs with great speed and has the habit of jumping often to a considerable height and for long distances when in full flight.

Possessed of considerable curiosity, aoul will always stop after going a short distance, and turn to look at the

cause of their fears, and sometimes individuals will stand for a considerable time, giving the hunter a good opportunity to shoot at them. Although large for a gazelle, the body presents but a small mark, and the bullet must be placed in some vital part or else the animal will escape, as it possesses great vitality, and a broken leg does not seem to incommode it in the least, nor prevent it from running at full speed on the three that are unhurt.

Both sexes carry horns, and these vary greatly in length and shape. Sometimes the horns of a male will measure 20 in. and even more along the curve, but the average length is much less, something like 14 in. The smaller pairs, however, are much more shapely than those of the extreme lengths, the latter losing much of the characteristic graceful curve.

Aoul seem to be generally distributed south of the Golis Range, and we met with them almost everywhere, being very plentiful in parts of Ogaden. On the Haud they seem to restrict themselves mostly to the plains, where they are seen in large herds.

CLARKE'S GAZELLE (*Ammodorcas clarkei*). NATIVE NAME, *Dibatag*.

This rare species is only met with in the country south of Toyo Plain, and then eastward to the land of the Dolbahanta. It does not seem to be very numerous even in the localities it frequents, at least that was our experience, and we found it to be the most wary and difficult of approach of all the animals we hunted. It is not easily seen among the bushes, and it has the habit of concealing its body behind some bush and looking at you over the top, which its long neck readily enables it to do. The neck is so slender and the head so small and pointed, and its peculiar purplish gray glossy coat matches the high grass so well, that the animals are almost invisible, and it takes one quite a little while at times to distinguish them. Then they know at once when you discover them, and are off, and present so small a mark that they are very difficult to hit. At a distance, when they stand facing one, the neck does not look wider than a twig, and one has to shoot very straight indeed to secure a specimen of this wary, active species. Although very different in appearance from Waller's gazelles (*Lithocranius walleri*) when brought close to each other, yet at a distance it is not always easy to distinguish them if not in motion. But the moment a dibatag starts to run there is no mistaking the species to which it belongs, its movements being so entirely different. Instead of the low, slouching gait of Waller's gazelle, the dibatag bounds away with head and tail well up, the former inclining slightly towards the latter, clearing the bushes at every jump in the manner of the lesser koodoo (*S. imberbis*). I have never seen it carry its head and tail when running so that they nearly touched each other, as some writers have described, but on the contrary the tail is carried straight up in the air, and this alone, from its length, would at once distinguish the dibatag from the gerenuk at any distance. It has the long neck and peculiar physiognomy of the gerenuk, both considerably giraffe-like, and the two species inhabit the same kind of country; but I have never seen them associated together. As mentioned by Swayne, it frequents the jungle of the umbrella mimosa, and glades of durr grass, often taking refuge in dense high patches of this last, especially when wounded. The horns of the male are peculiar, and shaped more like those of a reed buck, and measure from 8 to 11 in. along the curve. The female is without horns. The dibatag is a gracefully formed, beautifully colored animal, and possesses more sporting qualities than any antelope we met with, unless it might be the two species of koodoo, particularly the lesser koodoo.

WALLER'S GAZELLE (*Lithocranius walleri*). NATIVE NAME, *Gerenuk*.

This is the most frequently seen of all the antelopes inhabiting Somali-land, save perhaps the various species of Dik-Dik. It is also the most peculiar in appearance, the exceedingly long neck, large eyes, lengthened muzzle and general shape of the face being very like a giraffe. It is not a graceful animal in its movements, but walks along in a slouching sort of way, and when startled drops its head on a level with the body and sneaks off among the bushes, in a very different manner from the gallant way in which the dibatag removes himself from the object of his fears.

The gerenuk goes in small troupes of from three to eight or ten individuals, and is found usually on rocky ground broken with ravines and covered more or less densely with bushes and trees. It is a browsing animal, and is often found in localities where grass is partly or wholly absent. It has great curiosity, which failing is often fatal to its safety, and when it sees an unusual object, a hunter for instance, will stand and gaze steadily for some moments without moving. If one is not near enough for a shot, these are trying moments to a hunter, who is obliged to remain absolutely rigid until the gerenuk commences to feed or is satisfied there is no danger; otherwise at the slightest motion the head is ducked behind the bush and the animal sneaks away. As a rule, however, it does not go far, and I never saw a gerenuk that I could not eventually secure, if I determined to have it. It was only a question of a little time and patience, and an approach to a fair shooting distance could be gained. I consider the gerenuk as rather a stupid animal; certainly it does not seem to possess the wariness, watchfulness and general ability to take care of itself which are common attributes of all other species of gazelle. The meat is poor, being like the flesh of all other game animals in Somali-land, without a particle of fat, and consequently dry and tasteless. Only a few of the natives will eat it, as they consider it looks too much like a camel, and have certain superstitions regarding it. The males carry rather handsome lyrate horns, the largest measuring something over 14 in. along the curves. The females are hornless. The gerenuk is never seen on the treeless plains, such as are met with on the Haud; at least I have never observed them in such places; but I have found them on barren, rocky hillsides and summits, the valleys between which, however, were covered by a thorn forest. In such cases the animals were probably merely passing from one valley to another. The usual gait of this antelope is a slouching trot, with the head and neck carried very low, level with the body, and when frightened it gallops with considerable speed, stopping, however, at intervals to

look back at the object of its alarm; and if at such times the hunter is concealed the gerenuk soon forgets its fear and commences to feed or walk slowly along. The male of this species stands about 4 ft. 6 in. high, a considerable portion of which is due to the long neck.

Certain individuals of both sexes of this species have on either side of the face a whitish stripe between the eye and end of nose, resembling very much the markings of Clarke's gazelle (*Ammodorcas clarkei*). This was particularly the case with individuals shot to the south of Toyo Plain, where it was rare to obtain one without this conspicuous mark. The animals also were larger than their brethren in other parts of the country to the north and west. I was impressed with this peculiarity, and should have considered it of some value if it had been confined to individuals from one section of the country, but on careful examination of the specimens obtained on my return to the north of Toyo I occasionally found one with this stripe indicated along the nose, but not so clearly defined as is generally the rule in the individuals from the south of the plain. When clearly marked it gives the head of Waller's gazelle a very close resemblance to that of Clarke's gazelle, as both have similarly shaped faces, very narrow and pointed. Taking the extremes of the two styles, the strongly marked white stripe, and its almost total absence, one would be likely to imagine that there were two well-defined races of Waller's gazelle. This species has in front of the eye, filling up the antorbital vacuity, a black secretion which forms a large, conspicuous prominence on each side of the face. The only other animals in which I have seen this carried to an equal degree, allowing for their comparative size, are the Dik-Diks. There is a small opening in the center of this sac-like prominence, from which the secretion exudes and stains everything it comes in contact with, the same as ink would. Neither the skin, when removed from the animal, nor the skull, give any indication of this prominence, and so the creature when mounted, or in a drawing given of it, presents no resemblance, so far as the face is concerned, to the living animal; those specimens I have seen in the museums have this part laid flat to the skull and painted white, being more of a caricature of the live gerenuk than anything else. In life this gazelle is a fine creature, graceful in form if not in movement, and having an extraordinary structure of face and peculiar expression, which cause it to be a rather unique species among its allies in the family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Congress and the Birds.

ON March 24 the Senate passed Senator Hoar's bill to protect song birds, which reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the importation into the United States of birds, feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes be and the same is hereby prohibited; provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be construed as prohibiting the importation of birds for museums, zoological gardens, or scientific collections, or the importation of living birds or of feathers taken from living birds without injury to the bird. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Sec. 2. That the transportation of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, to be used or sold, from any State or Territory of the United States to or through any other State or Territory of the United States is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction in the district where the offense shall have been committed, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50.

Sec. 3. That the sale, keeping, or offering for sale, within any territory of the United States, or within the District of Columbia, of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, for ornamental purposes, except such as are excepted in the first section of this act, be and the same is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50.

Dr. Bean and the Aquarium.

Fred Mather in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 20, 1897.

I AM freely giving expression to personal views on the management of the present New York Aquarium, because I believe that great improvements can be made in it if it is taken from the control of an ever-changing Board of Commissioners of Public Parks, appointed by a Mayor who is in office for four years, and placed under a more permanent board of trustees, who may be selected by reason of their interest in, and knowledge of, matters directly or indirectly connected with fishes, and who have some idea of the difficulty in the way of managing an aquarium, and do not expect miracles of a superintendent, as some newspaper writers seem to do. To superintend an aquarium is a trying position and requires an education in that particular line. A man who is only a fishculturist knows how to keep the few fish he has transported in cans alive, but that does not fit him to care for the food and temperature of migratory and tropical fishes. The ichthyologist and the closet naturalist, who can tell you every variation in the anatomy of fishes, is the surest man to blunder when he enters the field of aquaria, and if I had to choose between these two I would take the first, but would want to put some old net fisherman with him to tell him some things he might not know. The ideal man for a superintendent is one who is both fishculturist, naturalist and old fisherman, with added experience in aquaria; and such a man is Dr. Bean, and you may count over the fingers of one hand without finding one who possesses all these qualifications, even if you've lost a few fingers in a saw mill.

St. Louis Bird Notes.

MARCH 14.—Seen to-day in Forest Park robins in flocks, bluebirds, meadowlarks, a phoebe bird, sapsucker, red-headed woodpecker, yellow hammer, and small flocks of blackbirds, besides peep frogs, flies, white millers and a yellow jacket.

C. H.

Season in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The oldest inhabitant stands amazed. The fine old man has put his recollection into a great turmoil, but so far we can call to mind no recent year that has fathered such a mild and quieting March as the one from whose back steps we are now about to make our adieu. Robins, bluebirds, song sparrows, purple grackles, etc., have made their appearance, and the 12th inst. the writer observed plenty of toads abroad and heard the choir invisible peeping vociferously from the Ithaca marsh. The peepers have been heard repeatedly since. Elm trees are putting forth tiny leaves, lawns are rapidly greening, and all nature seems freshening and springing into new life under the magic of the March sunshine and showers. Game birds have no doubt wintered nicely, and under favorable nesting conditions the grouse supply should be satisfactorily replenished. A few ducks have put in an appearance upon the marsh waters, but no shooting of consequence has thus far, happily, been indulged in.

M. CHILL.

Mammals of New York.

THE New York State Museum has engaged Mr. Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., late of the Biological Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, to make a study of the mammalian fauna of New York and prepare a record of the mammals existing there at the beginning of the historical period.

Particular information is needed with regard to the panther, wolf and elk, which existed in the State, and of which the specific identity is at present uncertain, as there are several animals which have been called by these names.

All persons possessing skulls or complete skeletons of these animals, which they know to have been collected in the State of New York or in its immediate vicinity, are requested to communicate the fact to Dr. F. J. H. Merrill, Director, N. Y. State Museum, Albany, N. Y.

Linnaean Society of New York.

A PUBLIC lecture in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, "Protective and Directive Coloration of Animals," by C. Hart Merriam, M.D., Chief of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, will be given on April 7. You are cordially invited to be present.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Pennsylvania Spring.

EDDINGTON, Bucks County, Pa., March 24.—Snipe and ducks are flying around here pretty lively; a few woodcock are seen, and shad and herring are in the river. Spring has been pretty well advanced, but we may suggest some tough weather yet.

Game Bag and Gun.

Ducks.

HE told me ducks—this friend of mine—and in the joyous ingenuousness of youth I ignored his profession of the law, and gave heed.

"Go down to Forked River," said he, "and they are yours—yours for the shooting."

Pursuant to direction, I invested dollars of the realm in nameless hundreds of shotgun shells, and journeyed south to Barnegat. Here at Forked River an affable youth—Peggy Worden by name—met me at the railroad station, and considerably relieved me of 14 lbs. of cartridges, a 12-bore gun and a handbag that weighed 28 lbs. when it started and 718 lbs. 15 oz. when it arrived.

"Ducks?" murmured Master Worden. "Well—oh, I guess so."

In the ignorance that is bliss I gloried in his words. The subsequent coming of wisdom convincing me of my folly. For of all things that are folly, enthusiasm is the greatest, and whoever has shot or fished has met this folly face to face, and will continue in the meeting to the end of all time to come.

However, to resume:

"I'll be around at 3 A. M.," said Master Worden, "cause it'll take an hour, I guess, to work down the creek 'gainst the tide."

With this he departed for the night, leaving me to discuss ducks with him that keeps the hotel—the Lafayette House of fame.

"Ducks," said my host, reminiscently, "well, I dunno. Ducks are not what they used to be. My boy, he's gone down to Harvey Cedars shooting; he's after ducks too."

The fact that one who was on the scene had gone elsewhere for ducks instilled a small but somewhat potent suspicion in my mind that all things were not as they should be; but as hope springs eternal, I retired with visions of large flights of brant strolling in to their fate, the same fate being represented by a 12-bore gun trained by myself.

It was 3 A. M., as arranged, when Master Worden returned. It was 3:15 A. M. when I appeared in the presence of a large and entertaining breakfast. It was 3:30 A. M. when the breakfast had disappeared into that bourne from which no breakfasts return; and it was 3:45 A. M., and as dark as the depths of an African coal mine, when we reached the landing.

"Will a hundred shells be enough, Peggy?" I asked, tentatively.

After recovering from a short and violent convulsion Peggy guessed it would, and with that produced a sneak-box from somewhere or other, but considering the nature of its size, probably from his hat or his waistcoat pocket. Perched upon the stern washboard of this microscopic craft was an array of decoys, redheads, brant, broadbills and other alluring birds.

"Gwank! Gwank!" said Peggy, looking over the array; "can almost gwank themselves, those decoys."

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XI.

My Private Covers.

WHAT sportsman who has had much experience has not discovered at least one El Dorado where, according to his best belief, other sportsmen have never been—where game is plentiful and confiding, and all the surroundings are in perfect harmony, making the secluded spot an ideal Arcadia that causes him to hug himself in delight at the good fortune that has come to him? How he gloats over the enticing allurements that gladden his eyes as they rove from the emerald that is spread with lavish hand among the alders that grow so luxuriantly along the little brook to the gentle birch-covered slopes that trend with graceful undulations toward the inviting and gamy-looking copse that borders the larger growth of woods beyond. How his heart swells with pleasurable emotions as he gazes upon the beautiful picture spread before him, and as he treads with buoyant step the springy turf beneath the alders, and wanders among the white-armed birches, or threads his way through the dense copse, greeted at nearly every turn with the querulous whistle of startled woodcock or thunderous roar of swift-winged grouse, his whole being is filled with an ecstasy that words cannot portray. Our fortunate friend may have stumbled into this bonanza, or perhaps he finds it by persistent search that has taken him over hundreds or thousands of acres of comparatively barren ground, at the cost of many days, and many a fatiguing tramp. If he has found it without much trouble, he may well bless his lucky stars; but if the find is the result of systematic and long-continued search, it is with greatly enhanced pleasure and pride that he surveys the rich domain now all his own. How he gloats over the beauties of his newly found treasure, and revels in thoughts of the wealth of sport that awaits him here when in his own good time he shall revisit the spot.

Many such places have come to me, but in a very large majority of cases accident had no share in their discovery, as I was ever searching for new grounds, in hopes to find something better than those I knew. Not that birds were scarce, or that fault could be found with the covers, but there was something in my nature that led me on, and I was never so happy as when, in exploring new grounds, I came upon something in the way of game or country that approached my ideal.

In the early days of my shooting there were several excellent covers in the town of Ashford, Conn., that

I often visited, and nearly always found an abundance of birds. These covers I had worked hard to find, and had tramped over a large extent of comparatively barren country, finding an ideal run or bit of birch cover occasionally, just enough to lead me on, until I had found sufficient to give me all I could attend to in one day.

I was once driving to this locality, and had only a short distance further to go when, as I was passing a house, the farmer came out and hailed me and asked me why I never hunted the cover just below, telling me that there were lots of snipe (woodcock) there. I had passed by the bit of swamp that he mentioned a score of times, but had never given it thought so far as game was concerned, for a more uninviting-looking spot it would be hard to find. The ground was very low, and it was more than half covered with stagnant pools of greenish-looking water, while rather a sparse growth of pin oak and button-ball bushes completed the picture. Thinking that the man had seen a bird or two there in the summer, I was about to say something of the kind and drive on; but the evident sincerity with which he had spoken influenced me to give it a try, so I got out of the wagon, and hitching my horse I invited him to accompany me. Accepting the invitation with evident pleasure, we were soon at the swamp, and I sent the dog in; but before he had gone toft, he straightened out on point.

I shall never forget the expression that came over the old fellow's countenance when the dog stiffened; his mouth came wide open and his eyes bulged out while he partly crouched down as though he were backing the point. When I put up the woodcock and killed it the old man broke shot, and the manner in which he floundered through the mud and over the bogs beat anything of the kind that I ever saw. In fact, I was so worked up that I never thought to shoot at either of the three others that he flushed in his wild scramble, but just stood there and laughed until I was about used up. The bird was only winged, and gave him quite a lively time, but finally he grabbed it and brought it in, and such a looking man I never saw before; he was covered with mud and green slime from the crown of his hat to the soles of his feet, but the old fellow was happy, and as he handed me the bird he rolled a bit of the swamp mud around in his mouth, and spitting it out exclaimed: "I hain't had so much fun since I fell off the haystack." Of course I was anxious to hear about this performance, and in response to my request for the story he gave me this.

"You see, we had company from York—my wife's brother and his wife and three gals. Sam and his wife were our sort of folks, but the gals were too highfalutin for me. They didn't like country life nor country folk, and took a good deal of pains to show it, dressing up every day in white dresses and ribbon fixin's, until they made me sick; and then the way they held up their skirts and walked tiptoe round the yard, as though the ground wa'n't good enough for them to walk on, or as I told Lucy—that's my wife—just as though they were afraid of stepping on something. After they had been here three or four days I was topping off a stack of hay by the corner of the barn, and as it was getting close on to sundown, Sam went for the cows while I finished the stack. When I had got about through, Dora—that's the oldest gal—came tiptoeing along, and old Suke—that's our old pet muley cow—saw her, and thought that it was Lucy going to give her some salt; so she swished her tail round in a circle and give a bellow and started for her full chisel. Dora saw her and dodged behind the stack, and I leaned over to see the fun, when

my foot slipped and I came down kerwallup within 2ft. of Dora, flat on my back. She thought it was the cow, and land sakes alive! how she did holler and get away from there. She scooted straight for the barnyard, screeching at every jump, and she didn't go tiptoe either, nor hold up her skirts, but just pulled foot the best she knew. I had kinder got straightened up on one knee, and to save my life I couldn't get up any further, so I just stayed there and laughed fit to bust, but the best fun came when she struck the soft spot in the middle of the barnyard; her feet stuck in the mud, but she kept right on and went kerslap into the mud and rolled over and over and stepped on herself and hollered and then rolled over again; and you just ought to have seen that white dress and those pink stockings; they looked as though enough stuff stuck to them to manure twenty hills of corn. I think I must have gone off in a fit or something, for I didn't see the rest of the performance, and when I got up on my feet she and Julia—that's the second gal—were just going into the house. The gals were as mad as wet hens at me, but Sam and Mary—that's his wife—both said that a man that wouldn't laugh at such a scrape had better sell out and quit business."

The style in which he told the tale, and the gestures with which he embellished it, were about as mirth-provoking as the tale itself, to say nothing of his personal appearance as he stood there in his mud- and slime-bedraggled garments; but the old fellow was happy, and appeared to be enjoying himself, if one could judge by the snapping of his eyes and the twitchings about the corners of his mouth. After we had taken time to cool off I again sent on the dog, and in that small patch of uninviting swamp I shot seven woodcock, every one of which the old man gathered; but he did not add much to the mud on his clothes, as there was not room for it.

For several years I shot out this cover a number of times each season, always finding from three to ten birds, and once, in late October, after a heavy frost that froze the ground solid, I brought fourteen to bag. Why the woodcock should visit this place, or stop there after coming, is more than I can tell; but they evidently liked the spot, and had frequented it for many years, as the farmer told me that he had often seen them there when he was a boy. Many times since then have I investigated such places when I have been exploring new grounds, but have never found one since that held birds, although I have often stumbled on very unlikely-looking places where birds were nearly always to be found in proper season.

I once followed a wild old cock grouse well into the depths of a large tract of heavy timber, and as I came to the summit of a knoll where the ground was somewhat depressed and showed evidence that water stood there in a wet time, my dog came to a point, and as I approached him a woodcock rose. At the report of the gun seven others flushed, all of them lying in a spot not more than 15ft. across. After I had gathered them in I took my bearings so that I could find the place again, and a few days later I revisited the spot and found five more. For many years I visited this place a number of times each season, and always found birds there. Now this place was half a mile from open ground, and more than a mile from any other woodcock cover, and I am still wondering how the birds could find the place, as I invariably made a clean sweep of those I found, so that none were left for guides. A friend that often visited the spot with me was strong in the belief that the birds could smell the moist place, for they certainly could not see it, and as I had no better reason to give I was forced to admit that there was at least a probability that this was the true solution of the problem.

One of the most singular places to find woodcock was discovered by me while I was on an expedition for whortleberries. This was no less than a cone-shaped knoll containing about an acre of ground, with its summit some 20ft. above the surrounding ground, and completely covered with whortleberry bushes and rocks, with no tree or other bush upon its entire surface. While picking berries I flushed a woodcock, and soon after another one rose, but I gave the matter little attention, only thinking that this was a queer place for them. A few days later I was again on the knoll, when, greatly to my surprise, I flushed another bird, and as I had become somewhat interested, I made a thorough investigation of the place and put up three more. When the game season opened, some two weeks later, I made an early visit to the knoll for the purpose of finding out if this was a regular resort for them, or, as I believed to be the case, it was only an accidental happening that I had found them. Greatly to my surprise, I found two birds there, and as the place was but a short distance from noted grouse covers I was often in the vicinity, and never failed to find from one to five woodcock on this almost barren knoll, and in the many years that I knew it I have no doubt that I shot in this place more than 200 woodcock. I never visited the spot without speculating upon the reason that should induce the birds to seek such a place to lie in through the day, for there was absolutely nothing, so far as I could see, that should call them there. The ground was dry as an ash heap; there was no shade, while the tangled growth of whortleberry bushes made it almost impossible for them to walk around; in fact, so far as I could see, there was not a single desirable feature that could induce these fastidious lovers of shade and moisture to make of this barren spot a favorite haunt, and the only conclusion that I could arrive at was that I was a poor, weak mortal with not wit enough to fathom the reason that governed the coming and going of a bird that I had heretofore prided myself no little that I was thoroughly acquainted with all its mysterious ways.

I was here with a friend who often shot with me, and as we went to the dog as he was pointing I caught sight of the woodcock some 15ft. away, sitting in an open place, and pointed it out to my companion. While we were looking at it one of the small yellow butterflies so common alighted on a weed within a few inches of the woodcock's head, when with a quick motion that I had not thought the bird capable of making it seized the butterfly with its bill and swallowed it. "There," exclaimed my companion, "the vexed question is settled, and you can now sleep nights; the woodcock come to this forsaken spot for butterflies."

SHAW.

There was a stiff breeze from the eastward, and it rained.

"Good day for ducks," mentioned Peggy, with a sad, sweet smile; "got the weather now, and all we need 's the ducks."

Without disaster we climbed aboard the shoe-box, and Peggy set the sail. It was somewhat larger than a pocket handkerchief, and somewhat smaller than a napkin. But under its pressure the sneak-box bent down to the washboards, and her forefoot discoursed music like unto wash day in a Harlem flat.

"Pretty safe boat, though," said Peggy; "never tip up, either, 'less you don't know to sail it. Guess she'll stand it. Pretty hard blow this, though."

Having thus considerably relieved my feelings, Peggy amused himself by calling vast but imaginary flocks of geese.

"Hong-gee-ee!" clacked Peggy, with a deftness and verisimilitude marvelous to hear.

"Ever hear a broadbill?" asked Peggy, evidently pleased; "so-tut-tt-t, tut-tt-t, tut-tt-t. Here's a black duck—keck-eck, quak-kk-k."

"Splendid, Peggy; can you call a moose, maybe?"

Peggy guessed he couldn't, so the man that had called a moose and was now seeking ducks called moose for Peggy, until Peggy desired to learn whether the man was not feeling well.

"Oh, yes, Peggy; feeling fine; but that's the way the moose call."

"Mebbe," said Peggy, and that was all; so to relieve his feelings Peggy called more geese, and broadbills and black ducks, and the portable bathtub stood down the creek and gallantly breasted the waves that poured occasionally down the duck hunter's spine; wherefore, in the course of time, the sneak-box came to a point, and Peggy put her nose ashore.

"Here she goes," said he, handing out the guns and the lunch and the shells; "we'll shoot from here, I guess."

Peggy guessed wrong, but that comes later on. Having put out his decoys, he stood down the beach, hid the sneak-box under a mud bank, and then we demolished a haystack, seeking materials for a blind.

"Now," said Peggy, snuggling down into the blinds, "come on with your ducks."

Off the point the decoys swished over the seas, light as a feather and so lifelike that even a market hunter would have been deceived. On the outskirts of the cedar fleet two big brant decoys bobbed merrily up and down, and Peggy watched them with much pride.

"Great brant, those," said he; "look more like brant than the genuine article. Ain't much chance for brant, though. They're all on the beach and the flats."

As if in response, we saw far off in the gathering light a dusky blur upon the horizon. It arose like a cloud of smoke and strayed down the wind, dissolving at length into the bay.

"Brant," said Peggy; "drat 'em."

Presently Peggy spied a duck. It was coming for the decoys—a broadbill looking for company. Peggy began to clatter "tut-tt-t!" like one possessed, whereupon the broadbill went elsewhere. Here Peggy said things not necessary for publication, and a large flight of other ducks skimmed by out in the middle of the bay.

The hours passed; the clouds dissolved, and the sun crept up into a mellow sky; also the wind went down, and occasional ducks went by, always out of range.

"A fellow killed a snipe on the meadow yesterday," said Peggy, despondently; "let's see whether there's any more."

We walked four miles over the meadows, and there were no snipe. Then we returned to the decoys, and Peggy pulled them aboard. Standing southward, we came unto a blind, and Peggy ran the box ashore. Ten minutes later Peggy had out the decoys again, and in the absence of other excitement we toyed with innumerable sandwiches, certain chunks of roast fowl and indescribable segments of mysterious prune pie.

We toyed with that pie through six mortal hours, and with vagrant eye roamed the horizon in search of ducks. We saw them, hundreds and hundreds, and also hundreds of yards out upon the water. Then when new ducks failed to excite interest or comment a solitary broadbill wandered in to the beach.

"Sshsh!" whispered Peggy; "here comes a duck!"

The broadbill was swimming. It dived occasionally, and then it saw the decoys. Thrusting back its head, it journeyed up to the decoys.

"Now!" cried Peggy, jumping up.

The broadbill looked alarmed. It began to swim into the distance.

"Shoot!" cried Peggy, "shoot!"

"Never, Peggy! Not at a swimming duck. How could you?"

Bang! The duck had arisen. It was still arising. Bang! It kept on rising like a feathered yeast cake. Bang! bang! said Peggy's gun; but it was just the same to the duck. It circled around the decoys and came back again. Bang! bang! went the guns, and the duck sat down upon the water. Here it took to diving frantically, with Peggy shooting every time it dived. Peggy got tired of this after awhile, and so did the duck.

So we gathered up the shells and the remnants of the prune pie, and returned to the sneak-box. Hoisting sail, we stood back to Forked River, and a large and aromatic supper.

"Drat that duck!" said Peggy.

If you desire ducks, go down to Forked River. Go early and stay late. Don't take a gun. Take a field glass and a telescope. If the ducks are out of range of the field glass use the telescope; it will keep you busy. There are more ducks that have never been shot in Barnegat Bay than in any other part of New Jersey. And if you desire to shoot, invite the lawyer who told me about them. No Jersey jury would convict you of manslaughter, and in all probability a large and suffering community will rise up and honor you, speaking in the name of the public and worshipful to a degree.

That's all.

A Paper for the Home.

A SALEM, O., subscriber writes: "THE FOREST AND STREAM is a paper which I always look forward to; and while my wife is not so enthusiastic a sportsman as myself she enjoys it too. It is clean and fit for any gentleman's table."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Items on Spring Shooting.

CHICAGO, March 24.—A sportsman of Cleveland, O., writes to a friend of FOREST AND STREAM some little notes on the spring shooting in his neighborhood, which the latter is kind enough to put in the possession of FOREST AND STREAM. The gentleman writes:

"We have received word from the keepers of both the upper and lower houses on the Ottawa grounds that there are thousands of geese on the marshes—more than have been seen there before in twenty years—and that the open waters are crowded with canvasbacks and some redheads. The last-named duck is getting very scarce in this country. They report the marsh ducks in immense flocks.

"I don't believe in shooting ducks in the spring, and there is very little of it done on our marshes. Sometimes we go up in the spring and shoot a few ducks, but discourage large bags. I met a member of one of the Lake Erie clubs to-day, and he said one of their members had just returned with 140 ducks. I can't see how a man can do that in the spring. Just imagine what his bag means, if you could see those ducks coming down next fall with their progeny. About 1,000 ducks, that's what this bag means.

"The ducks have not been shot at much on the Ohio marshes during the past two years, as two years ago the marshes were dry, and last year they were pretty much grown up, so that the hunters could not get at the ducks. The result of this rest which the ducks had is seen in multitudes of ducks on our marshes this year."

There has been a second and greater flight at Lake Senachwine. A great many shooters have been at the Undercliff, and a great many birds have been killed. One shooting party is reported to have killed 700 ducks. A number of Peoria shooters are there. Yesterday I heard of one bag of eighty-five mallards killed by one gun on Lake Senachwine one day this week.

The full flight has reached the marshes of middle Wisconsin. Along the Wolf River and the Winneconne marshes bluebills and redheads have showed up in great numbers during the past week. There is no doubt that there will be heavy shooting on the deep-water ducks, and also that great numbers of marsh ducks will be illegally killed. To show the growing sentiment of even disinterested parties against the shooting of wildfowl in the spring, I should like to offer the following quotation from the Oshkosh Northwestern:

"Within a week after the shooting begins the birds will be so wary that it will be next to impossible to get a shot at one of them. While a great many take pleasure in shooting ducks in the spring, there are sportsmen who will not, as they consider spring shooting a species of slaughter. The ducks seen on these waters in the spring are on their way north. They drop down for a brief rest on their semi-annual voyage. They are as a rule too lean to be of value as an article of food, and the flesh is not very palatable, because of a fishy taste. When they leave their southern feeding grounds they are fat, but on their way north they lose flesh. Their food en route consists largely of small fish and a few snails, and the flesh becomes tainted. Sportsmen who do not hunt in the spring claim that the slaughter of ducks on their way to the nesting grounds is most destructive, as the death of one female duck now means the loss of a whole brood for fall shooting. Spring ducks as a rule keep to open water, and are easily decoyed. During the past two or three nights the musical sound of wild geese on their way to the northern nesting grounds has been heard, a sure sign that spring is not very many weeks away."

Still another Wisconsin paper, not, as it would appear, published solely in the interest of sportsmen (The Fort Atkinson Union) makes the following comment on spring shooting:

"The sportsmen have been having rare sport in duck shooting on the Bark River and Scuppernong marsh. The slaughter has been by the hundreds and running up in and beyond the thousand mark. The shooting of a thousand ducks in the spring decreases the fall supply by five thousand, an argument against spring shooting. Extermination of the flocks will arouse the lawmakers when it is too late."

It is very gratifying to see numbers of those journals which are sometimes described as "country papers" taking advanced ground in matters of sportsmanship. The country papers are the rank and file, the bone and sinew of journalism, and their editorial opinions, usually intelligent and well weighed, carry more influence in proportion to their circulation than those of any of the great daily papers which claim to mould public opinion. The fact that so many local papers nowadays pay attention to game law matters shows that the question of game protection is at last attaining the popular interest it has long deserved. Thus still another journal, the Tribune, of Bay City, Mich., goes on record in favor of the Michigan law which prohibits shooting in the spring:

"Wild ducks are beginning to arrive, and the high water in the marshes makes it certain that a large number will nest and raise their young in this vicinity, which to sportsmen is an encouraging prospect. In this connection local sportsmen say they are prepared to fight any attempt that may be made to induce the Legislature to repeal the present law regarding wildfowl. The former law allowed certain kinds of ducks to be killed in the spring; now all are protected. There are some people who are opposed to this section of the game law, but sportsmen claim that it is a necessity in order that there may be plenty of birds for the last part of the season."

May not Drain the Marsh.

Some time ago the Wisconsin State Land and Improvement Co. undertook to drain Muskego Lake, in Wisconsin, by cutting a canal from it to Wind Lake. August Priewe sued the company, and the case was taken up. A decision was handed down on March 21 by Judge Johnson, giving Priewe \$1,000 damages and declaring the law which authorized the draining of the lake to be null and void. The decision demands that the original level of the lake be restored. This may be considered as giving back to the public that much hunt-

ing and fishing ground. The Court says that the State holds its inland lakes in trust for the benefit of the public, and not as an absolute proprietor, and has no right to give them away for private use.

For Killing Elk.

Joseph Chase and Charles Dando, earlier mentioned as having been arrested for illegally killing elk in the Sun River country, have pleaded guilty and been fined \$250 each, with six months' imprisonment additional. This is the heaviest penalty which I remember to have seen inflicted upon any skin hunter. The men were alleged to have engaged in their elk shipping and elk butchering business on a large scale.

A Big Club.

At the annual meeting of the St. Louis Game and Fish Preserve Association the following officers were elected: George A. Bayle, President; John M. Cates, Vice-President; Wm. D. Boyce, Louis H. Haase, Alfred O. Westermann, Theo. H. Conrad, Wm. T. King, Directors; and George J. Chapman, Secretary and Treasurer. The membership has reached 185 business men. C. C. Maffit, Adolphus Busch, Col. Bob Aull, Dr. A. V. L. Brokaw, James T. Drummond, J. B. C. Lucas, Judge Leo Rassieur, Julius S. Walsh and others are included in the list.

From a Good Town.

Mr. G. F. Simmons, of Peoria, Ill., was in the city yesterday. Mr. Simmons is secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and he lives in a mighty good town. Peoria is without doubt the second shooting city in Illinois, and comparatively speaking is a bigger shooting town than Chicago. It is chock full of trap shooters, duck shooters and all other sorts of shooters. The winter convention of the Illinois Association has stirred up great interest in Peoria and adjacent towns on game protection matters.

Limit the Bag.

Mr. A. H. Scott, of Clinton, Ill., in handing in his dollar to the finance committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, does so with the following indorsement: "Cut the number of birds allowed to be killed in one day to 25, and that's too many." I wish that every one concerned with sport in Illinois thought just as Mr. Scott does. There are several points in the proposed bill of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association which do not meet the approval of a great many sportsmen, which indeed are perhaps not approved by the majority of the sportsmen of the State; for instance, the indorsement of spring shooting, which is now being condemned by gradual progress of belief in Western States as a relic of the past, and not in line with the requirements of sportsmanship to-day. Still this bill was devised by the majority of the members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, who took sufficient interest to attend the convention, and as loyal members of that organization we are obliged to support the action of the majority. The prospects of a good sum of money for that purpose are at present very fair.

Loss to Lake Poygan Club.

On last Monday, March 21, the club house of the Lake Poygan Club, one of the best duck shooting clubs of this part of the West, was destroyed by fire. The members lost not only their club house, but a number of their boats, some twenty or thirty boats being consumed. Lake Poygan Club has many members in Chicago, and is a representative shooting body. Its property on Lake Poygan, Wis., is very valuable, and the shooting on its preserves has usually been accounted the finest known on the many club marshes of Wisconsin. There is no doubt that the loss will be quickly remedied, as the membership is a wealthy one.

Snipe.

Jackshipe and plover have appeared in this vicinity, and I now hear of a few very good bags on snipe, mostly to the west of this city. A few birds have been killed along the Indiana marshes, near Davis and Shelby. The birds are very thin and wild, and hardly repay the shooting yet. The weather is growing milder now, and the grass is beginning to show, so that before long the flight will settle and feed, and can be depended upon more than is possible now. Of course one may hear of a bag in a certain place one day, and on the next may find no birds there at all. A few flocks of plover are reported to have been seen early this week near Dixon, Ill., and snipe are coming in over that country. Next week we should hear of golden plover near Gilman, this State.

For those who inquire for snipe ground I would recommend the Fuller's Island country, above Shelby, Ind., and the big marshes east of Swift's Station, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The Kankakee marsh, near Davis, will open early. The Sag, near Chicago, is too much shot to count upon. The big sloughs near Chicago, beyond Arlington Heights, should this coming week yield some toll, and around Fox Lake, Ill., the birds ought to drop in for a time. Duck shooting is about as good now at Fox Lake as it is apt to be this spring. A few good bags have been made on bluebills.

In the Coeur d'Alenes.

The name of the Coeur d'Alenes naturally brings up thoughts of bears with manes on their shoulders, and sheep with ammonite horns, but the notion of the wildness to-day in the Coeur d'Alene country is somewhat reduced by the reflection that they shoot ducks out there now, and not only shoot them, but feed them artificially. The Coeur d'Alene Rod and Gun Club has imported 150 lbs. of wild rice, which will be planted in the Coeur d'Alene Valley lakes, and which it is thought will help the shooting. The planting of wild rice is a very wise thing for any ducking waters, for the wild duck is never better eating than when fed on this grain, and never more abundant than where it can get this food. Wild rice itself, as I have earlier testified in these columns, is mighty good to eat from a human standpoint.

Didn't Know It.

The State of Wisconsin is having a little wrestle with an express company which has been handling game contrary to the law. The express company set up the claim that it didn't know what it was receiving for shipment, and ought not to be penalized for its ignorance. The result would not, according to the laws of evidence, long remain in doubt. The common law hath never, from the time of William Tell and Gessler down, taken compassion upon the man who, having blown down his gun and thereby lost his countenance, hath sought to palliate the fact by the assertion that he didn't know it was loaded. All guns, and all laws, should be regarded as loaded.

Mixed.

We have once or twice tried here in Chicago to safely bed the lion and the lamb by calling conventions of mixed nature, wherein the sportsmen and game dealers met to try to agree upon some course of action which should prove of mutual benefit. These affairs have all, without exception, proved to be of mutual benefit—to the game dealers. The latter were always willing to combine with the sportsmen whenever the sportsmen were willing to allow the dealers to do just as they liked in selling and shipping game. In view of the results here I am disposed to view with considerable distrust the attempt in a similar line which was this week made at St. Louis. It is stated that 100 commission men, game dealers and officers of hunting and gun clubs met at Mathis' Hall. Messrs. P. M. Kiely, of P. M. Kiely Co.; Nat Wetzel, of the Western Game and Poultry Co., and Frank H. Miller, of Trescher & Miller, all heavy game handlers, addressed the meeting, urging united action in the interest not only of the trade, but also of the sport. Mr. Kiely took the chair, and Mr. Dennis acted as secretary.

"The consensus of opinion in the large gathering was that some action should be taken for the forming of a permanent organization, to be empowered later on to approach the coming revision session of the Legislature for needed changes in the State laws. It was decided to form a permanent organization with the following officers: P. M. Kiely, President; Nat Wetzel, Secretary; Fred Hager, First Vice-President; Frank H. Miller, Second Vice-President; Otto Voelker, Treasurer. The chairman then, on motion, appointed a committee on constitution and by-laws, composed of Nat Wetzel, J. B. Retallack, David Unger, H. Landauer and George J. Hageman. It was decided to name the new organization the Commission Merchants and Game Dealers' Association of Missouri.

"Secretary Wetzel was instructed to put himself in communication with the organized bodies throughout the State interested in the protection and preservation of game, both as a commercial commodity and a sport, with the view of securing opinions to aid the new Association in its work.

"The next meeting will be held on Monday, April 4."

There is a contradiction in terms in the above real or pretended eagerness to learn what organized bodies think about the question of game for commercial purposes and for sport. There is no body of modern sportsmen to-day who believe that sport and commerce mix. If the real sportsmen of St. Louis are really interested in this movement, the best thing they can do is to rid themselves of the game dealers; and not be misled by any talk of compromise. It will be the old story. Far better in principle, and even to-day equally effective in practice, is it to come out flat for the FOREST AND STREAM plank, "Stop the Sale of Game." Then the sportsmen need fear no entangling alliances, which have but one end, and which are instituted but for one purpose. Shooting for sport and shooting for the market never did and never can go together. Laws for the dealer and for the sportsman never did and never will go together. Why try the impossible? Stop the "concessions." Block up the loopholes. Come out and fight, and if you get licked, at least do yourself the honor of being licked in good company.

As Others See Us.

The following letter has been received at this office of FOREST AND STREAM:

"Dear Sir: I see by your issue of March 12 that you call W. H. Dupee and myself 'game hogs.' It is a fact that Mr. Dupee, Mr. Frank Turner, of Philadelphia, myself and guide did kill a great many quail in Mexico; we shot three days (four guns), and brought into the Hotel Coronado, 1,052 birds. Our guide, a Mr. Denton, is a market shooter, and is hired by the hotel to furnish game for the table, and he himself will kill anywhere from fifteen to twenty dozen a day. At the time that I was at Coronado there were over 800 people in the hotel. If one puts quail on the bill of fare and serves 800 people with quail, some one has got to kill them. Every bird was shot on the wing except one. I killed that one on the ground; thinking it was a cripple. Three years ago your paper called me a 'game hog' for killing a great many ducks in one day at Swan Lake Club, of which I am a member. Do you happen to know what I did with those birds? You don't, so I'll tell you. I shipped them by express, prepaid, to two different charitable institutions in Chicago. I never sold a bird in my life, and it's only a few days ago that I gave up \$50 as one of ten men to put out quail near Swan Lake Club. We have spent \$500 for quail, and they are put out, and we are going to protect them. I've shot over almost all the Western States, and have never gone on to a farm without first asking if I might. These quail that we shot all belonged to the guide, and what I gave away I had to buy of him. Don't always be in such a terrible hurry to jump on people. I guess if other shooters gave up the coin that Mr. Dupee and myself have to restock the country with quail, they would be running around the streets of Chicago. Now you know what was done with the quail. C. H. LESTER."

If Mr. Lester will refer back to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, he will find that he is in error in stating that I have previous to this date called him a "game hog." I do call him so now, very cheerfully; but I refrained from it in the earlier publication of the news. I hope he will pardon the oversight. Under the heading "As Others See Us" I printed the comment sent into

this office by a gentleman who had seen the story of the shooting printed in a daily paper. I expressly stated that I refrained from comment of my own. The question, What did they do with them? was not mine, but that of the gentleman who sent the clipping. There is a general belief among sportsmen that butchery such as that chronicled is not sport, but in this case I refrained from comment, in the hope that the criticism of others would make these young men ashamed of themselves, and perhaps teach them something more of the duty of actual sportsmen. Mr. Lester will observe, therefore, that while FOREST AND STREAM has always been in a "terrible hurry" to print the news, and always will be in such hurry, it has by no means been in a hurry to "jump on" the young men who did this extensive shooting. I do not intend to "jump on" them now, for the publication of the facts is alone sufficient. I must say, however, that Mr. Lester's letter conveys no news not already printed in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the disposition of these birds. Neither does it make the act of shooting these birds one whit better. Mr. Lester seems anxious to put on the white apron, not of the freemasonry of sportsmen, but the white apron of the plain hotel butcher. This is his privilege. As to the fact that he and Mr. Dupee have planted quail, I am very glad to learn of it, and to offer it as news, but not as any extenuation. It is far easier to kill a thousand quail than it is to raise a thousand quail. The question of the relative financial resources of persons who do or do not fancy these inordinate bags, or who are or are not able to spend money in acclimatization of quail, has of course nothing to do with the ethics of the men who would kill a thousand quail for use on hotel tables. It would have been very much better taste and better form to leave it out. Mr. Lester may begin to see by this time how others look at his performance. If under this general verdict of censure he can find enough self-complacency to justify himself, that is his own affair. Sportsmen will reserve their right to look at the matter from a different standpoint, and FOREST AND STREAM will reserve the right to print the news as it happens, nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice.

What Did They Do With Them?

A gentleman of Kankakee sends me a clipping from a local paper, with the comment that "This is how the ducks are being destroyed." "E. W. Reitz, of the West Side, has returned from a two months' hunting trip in Texas. Mr. Reitz is an enthusiastic hunter, and reports excellent sport. Over 1,300 ducks were killed in one day's hunt on a place about 200yds. square. Mr. Reitz's health was greatly improved by the outing."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Boston Show.

THE closing week of the show of the New England Sportsmen's Association was even more of a success than the first. The only disagreeable feature to the outsiders, who could come in for only a day or an evening, was the crowd that thronged the Mechanics' Building, increasing nearly every day to the last. The end was Saturday evening, March 26, two weeks from the opening. People who waited till near the close before attempting to gaze upon the wonders that skilled sportsmen had got together came away complaining that they could "see nothing" for the press of other people.

Financially the show was more of a success than even the most sanguine of its promulgators had dared dream of. On Saturday, when the exhibition had been in progress a week, 13,000 tickets were sold. Monday and Tuesday were each great days, but on Wednesday, New Brunswick Day, the climax was reached, when 16,000 tickets were sold. Thursday, Maine Day, paid even better, because not quite as many tickets were free, over 15,000 tickets having been sold. Friday, Quebec Day, was great, and so was Saturday, the closing day.

The lake, with the swimming, canoeing, log-riding, diving, interspersed with feats athletic and farcical, has proved a great attraction. The moose hunt, with the calls on the birch horn, as well as the game bird calls, have proved to be features of which the crowd did not tire. The flocks of wildfowl, nearly 100 in all, have attracted much attention. Wood duck, in their most beautiful plumage, almost unknown before to the host of sightseers, have continued to increase in attraction; while gradually it has dawned upon the ordinary observer, what the sportsman and naturalist have long known, that these beautiful birds are climbers to some extent, and really build their nests in hollow trees. The beautiful little teal; blue and green winged, have proved very attractive as well as the more stately turkey ducks and Canada geese.

The animals have stood the thirteen days of being exhibited well. The only losses have been the caribou, mentioned last week, and the black fox—a rare specimen of great value. The two bull elk have both dropped their antlers since the show opened—a lesson in natural history to many people, that these beautiful creatures, as well as the whole genus *Cervus* annually grow and shed a set of antlers. Tom, the little moose, is as tame as a kitten, and he really is looking sleek, with an expression of gladness in his eyes that he has fallen into so kind hands as those of Leon A. Orcutt, his captor, and who has had charge of him since the show began. There is some question about his going to Portland after all. His captors would like very much to present him to the New England Association, and permission has been asked of the Governor of Maine to do that, and his decision is awaited.

New Brunswick and her sportsmen and guides, with their cozy cabin and beautiful exhibits, have added much to the attraction of the show. New Brunswick Day, noted above, was one of the most successful of all. Much has been accomplished in the way of acquaintance and kindly feeling with our brother sportsmen across the border.

Maine Day was all of the success that might have been anticipated. The Maine guides and exhibitors were at the best—resplendent with blue ribbon badges. They go home greatly pleased with Boston and the show. One of the pleasant features has been their meetings

with sportsmen they have guided, with planning for next year.

Quebec had her innings Friday. Mr. L. Z. Joncas, Superintendent of the Department of Fisheries and Game, Crownlands Division, Quebec, headed the party. He was accompanied by Editor Chambers, of the Quebec Chronicle; J. H. Beemer, R. E. Follet and H. P. Neill. Representative Hugo A. Dubuque, of Fall River; Dr. J. L. Charlefoix, of Montreal, and Dr. Louis P. de Grandpre, of Montreal, joined the party at the Union Station, together with Dr. Heber Bishop, of the Sportsmen's Association. The Governor was visited at the State House, guided by John Fottler, Jr., and other members of the executive committee of the Sportsmen's Exhibition. The Governor was pleased to entertain the distinguished visitors at the State House; and tendered them his private box at Keith's. The Quebec incident, as well as the other "days," have been worthy of note, together with the entire show, for that matter, for the amount of true democracy of feeling they have engendered between the different sections they have brought together. Sportsmen and other people have met and have learned more of each other's ways than could have been possible by any other means, and it is not too much to say that national differences are being brought more into harmony through sportsmen by far than through politicians. Go to Canada and Maine, and hunt and fish; then invite Canada, New Brunswick and Maine to sportsmen's exhibitions, and a great brotherhood will have sprung up that intriguing politics cannot sever.

One of the most pleasing features of the exhibition was brought out the closing night on the lake. Dr. Heber Bishop succeeded in landing a 134lb. swimmer with a 14ft. salmon rod, made by Joe Dalzell, of New Brunswick. The weight of the rod was 16oz., valued at \$75, offered by Dalzell to any sportsman who would land the swimmer in ten minutes. The swimmer had previously been thoroughly coached by Dalzell, and adding to this a good water training he fought gloriously. Shooting across the lake the first trial, he succeeded in breaking the line, making the swimmer victorious. Another trial was allowed, with the reel better adjusted. The swimmer drew forth great applause, even such salmon anglers as John Fottler, Jr., D. H. Blanchard and Dick Harding rising to a pitch of enthusiasm. The swirls, the dives and the backward turns were each true to an imitation of the salmon. At last the human fish was landed inside the limit, the pliant rod having been too much for even a man. Joe Dalzell says that if the Doctor had not succeeded, or if the rod had been broken, he should have undertaken the job himself.

It is altogether likely that another sportsmen's exhibition will follow next year, with new and added attractions. In closing, too much credit cannot be accorded to the board of directors, with Harry Dutton as President, Walter L. Hill, Secretary and Treasurer, and Chas. W. Dimick, General Manager.

The baby moose, about nine months old, and only four weeks from the native woods, has become as tame as a colt, and proved a great pet. It is one of the features of the show to see him eat the twigs of the dwarf maple, his natural food in winter. Twigs nearly as large as one's fingers are not too large for him to masticate. A little five-year-old who saw the little moose eating at the show the other day said to his papa the next morning that he did not want the moose at his house: "He'll eat all the kindling wood up."

It cost about \$25,000 to start the show before the doors were opened. To run it to the close the cost was about \$20,000. There were 113 employees, 150 exhibitors, including 100 guides. Everything was ready before the public was admitted, even before the public was admitted, even before the doors were opened to the members and invited guests, on the celebrated first night, when 10,000 invitations were issued. Mr. S. J. Byrne, a thorough newspaper man, had charge of publishing and advertising. Of the souvenir programme, with not a word of advertising, 100,000 copies were given away—not sold. Mr. R. O. Harding, under Mr. Mayard Thayer, had charge of the fisheries exhibit. Mr. Paul Butler, of the canoeing; Mr. F. B. Crowningshield, of the rifle practice. Twenty prominent sportsmen first organized into an association, and were incorporated, and then they worked up an associate membership of \$70, at \$10 each. About 150,000 people visited the show during the two weeks, and everybody was pleased. The show will be repeated next year, beyond a doubt, and the guides have already engaged space, with the promise that they will offer new attractions.

SPECIAL.

Maine and New Brunswick Game.

BOSTON, March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 19 appeared a communication signed by myself, relating to the misleading statistics published from time to time with reference to the amount of game killed in Maine, and with special reference to the letter of your correspondent, Mr. Hardy, of Brewer, Me. In that communication was contained the following statement:

"Your correspondent might have added that some of the finest moose heads ever taken in New Brunswick are now being shown at the Boston Exposition as part of the Maine exhibit."

It appears that some of the gentlemen connected officially with the New England Sportsmen's Exposition regard this statement as erroneous and also as reflecting upon the management. It was not my intention in any way to reflect upon said management. As to whether the statement was, in effect, erroneous the reader can judge from a simple presentation of the facts, which I am able to verify from having, since the writing of the communication referred to, visited the Exposition.

One of the best heads shown in the Rangeley Lake section of the Maine exhibit (and by some judges considered superior to any moose head in the building) was that of a moose shot in New Brunswick, on the northwest Miramichi, last fall by E. L. White, of Boston. This head was mounted by Mr. S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, and in fairness to that gentleman, who had charge of the Rangeley Lake exhibit, as well as to the management of the Exposition, it should be stated that a card was attached to the head, containing the words:

"Killed in New Brunswick, season 1897, by E. L.

White, of Boston, Mass. Mounted by S. L. Crosby & Co., of Bangor."

There were also shown as part of the Rangeley Lake exhibit three caribou heads, the former possessors of which were killed by the same Mr. White, of Boston, on the northwest Miramichi in the season of 1897.

Mr. Crosby also approached Mr. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner in charge of the New Brunswick exhibit, and offered to place not only Mr. White's moose head, but the three caribou heads as well, in the New Brunswick exhibit, but this offer was declined by Mr. Knight on the ground, I believe, of lack of room.

When the Exposition was opened on March 14 there was shown as part of the Bangor and Aroostook exhibit, and without any label attached to it, the head of a moose shot by Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, in December last, on the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi, N. B. This head was mounted by M. Abbott Frazer, of Boston. It was subsequently removed from the Bangor and Aroostook section to a part of the building contiguous to the New Brunswick exhibit.

These are the facts. I abstain from all comment, as I have no desire to enter into a newspaper controversy.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

BOSTON, March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your issue of March 19 an article signed by Mr. Frank H. Risteen, of Fredericton, N. B., under the heading "Maine and New Brunswick Game," in which he states that "some of the finest moose heads ever taken in New Brunswick are now being shown at the Boston Exposition as part of the Maine exhibit."

This statement is erroneous, and I wish to correct it. In the entire State of Maine exhibit, which is under my supervision, there is but one mounted moose head from New Brunswick, which is exhibited by Mr. Marble, of the Rangeley Lakes Hotel Co., who employed Mr. Sumner L. Crosby, of Bangor, the well-known taxidermist, to make his exhibit. The head was mounted by Mr. Crosby, and upon a large card suspended from the head is printed the words, "Killed in New Brunswick."

In justice to the State of Maine exhibit, I think it quite proper to make this correction, and at the same time intimate that this head, exhibited and tagged as it is in the Maine exhibit, is a compliment to New Brunswick.

I understand that Mr. Crosby had three caribou heads of his own that were shot in New Brunswick, with which he decorated Marble's exhibit in the Rangeley section of the State of Maine exhibit. Before doing so he asked Mr. Knight, in charge of the New Brunswick exhibit, if he would not like to have them hung in the New Brunswick exhibit; but Mr. Carnall, the St. John taxidermist, objected to Mr. Crosby's work, and Mr. Crosby said he was treated so ungraciously when he offered these heads that he thought he would not press them any further to use them. They were used subsequently to decorate Camp Rangeley.

HEBER BISHOP,

Mgr. State of Maine Exhibit, N. E. Sportsmen's Ass'n.

California Game.

REDLANDS, Cal., March 13.—We had a very dry winter, and duck and snipe shooting has been poor as a consequence.

Messrs. Haight and Keifharber recently visited Elsinore, where they found ducks plentiful, but very wild, owing to an incessant bombardment from the market hunters' guns. Other parties visited the same place with about the same success, only a short time previous to the closing of the duck season. The valley quail are very plentiful, and the scribe has enjoyed several very successful hunts in which they have played no mean part.

Next in order to the valley quail comes the rabbit shooting. They abound by thousands, and he is no sorry shot who can bowl one over as it darts frantically from one bunch of sage brush to another. The footing is very rough here, much more so than the writer has been used to. One needs snag-proof boots on account of the many spines and prickles he has to encounter. Nearly everything here has thorns on it, the real estate men most of all.

We are about thirty-five miles by road from the Bear Valley reservoir, but I am informed that the shooting and fishing privileges have been let, possibly to the club at Riverside.

We have a very lively gun club here of about thirty-five members, among whom are some very superior shots, as W. T. Gillis and others. We are booked for a five-men team shoot with Los Angeles soon, and as there is some warm stuff down that way, some of our boys are looking a trifle blue about the matter.

The season on mountain trout opens soon, and P. T. Sullivan and the writer contemplate an outing with them. Will take a kodak along and send FOREST AND STREAM a print of the result.

REELFOOT.

The Fight for Repeal of 249.

From the Rochester Herald of March 29.

ALBANY, March 24.—Charles H. Babcock has lifted himself into the front rank of State leaders this week by the big fight he has made against tremendous odds. He has routed the allied forces of the lobby, turned down that political-legal combination known as the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt, and defied the orders of Thomas C. Platt himself, sent direct from Washington via Charles Hackett.

The fight has been a hot one all this week, and twice the opposition thought it had Babcock's bill beaten. But the Rochester man rallied his friends in the Senate and kept pegging away until he got enough votes to carry the measure. Not until late this afternoon did the combination quit and concede a clear field. The bill was not reached to-night, but it was near the top of the calendar when the Senate adjourned, and it will get through to-morrow.

Assemblyman Weeks was sponsor for the bill, and there was no trouble in sliding it through the Assembly, where its presence did not seem to be discovered. When it reached the Senate those opposed to the repeal awoke, and the fight started. The firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt was retained and Senator Platt was enlisted. The

latter sent peremptory orders from Washington to kill the bill.

Almost before Babcock knew it the bill was ordered back to the committee, and the chairman, Senator Higbie, remarked smilingly that he guessed the bill wouldn't be reported out again before the 4th of July. But it was. Babcock took off his coat and sailed in, with the result that he got a majority of one in the committee and had the bill reported out yesterday over the head of the chairman.

This was the signal for the renewal of the battle. Hackett was sent to Albany to take charge of the fight in person, and the Senators were bombarded by telegraphic orders and long-distance telephone messages.

George W. Aldridge took off his coat and came upstairs to help out his Rochester friend. Together they canvassed the Senate and fought the opposition to a standstill. Men who laughed yesterday at the way that Babcock's bill had been so unexpectedly killed were this morning out in their fighting clothes to help the Commissioner.

Noses were counted, and it was found this morning that the bill was safe, and that the political-legal lobby was beaten. Not until late in the afternoon, however, did Hackett own up and turn tail. He consulted long over the phone, and finally there came the reluctant orders to quit, that further opposition seemed useless and might be dangerous. The bill will, therefore, go through the Senate in the morning as stated, and Babcock will take it to the Governor to-morrow with flying colors.

It was a gallant fight, and Babcock is the recipient to-night of all sorts of congratulations. The old-timers are still holding their breaths at the temerity of the thing.

Sportsman's Protective Association of Western Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 28.—There was an enthusiastic meeting of the sportsmen of Springfield and vicinity this evening at the Board of Trade rooms in this city, for the purpose of forming a game protective association, to include all that this implies. It was voted that the association be known as the Sportsmen's Game Protective Association of Western Massachusetts. Permanent organization was effected by the election of officers as follows: President, Mr. W. W. Colburn, Springfield; Vice-President, Mr. Aaron Bagg, Jr., West Springfield; Secretary, Mr. C. S. Robeson, Springfield; Executive Committee, Mr. W. W. Colburn, Mr. Robert O. Morris, Dr. J. J. Herrick, Mr. Wm. M. Williams, and Mr. H. C. Puffer. The secretary was instructed to call an early meeting for the purpose of laying out the work and perfecting plans for a vigorous campaign against violators of the game laws in the western portion of this State.

SHADOW.

The Wyoming Elk.

ELK P. O., Wyo., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps it may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that have their eye on this game section to learn that up to the present time we have had a very mild winter and light snowfall. The elk are sleek and fat, and some have not yet gone south to their usual winter range. We saw three moose at close quarters a couple of days ago, and they were in fine condition. This, I take it, means a small loss in calves and old bulls for the coming spring, and if I am right in believing that when game winters well and keeps in good condition, the antlers will be large and more developed the next fall. The past winter was a severe one, and it was hard to find a bull elk with large, well-developed antlers. Am I right in thinking the severe weather and conditions of elk regulate the growth of their antlers? Should like to hear from other observers on this question.

BURTON HARRIS.

Punish the Manslaughter

SHEBOYGAN, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 5, Awahsoose is shooting pretty close, but has not quite cut the center. What we need is to have our State Legislatures pass laws, with a State's prison offense of not less than from three to five years, for the shooting of a man in the woods by mistaking him for a deer or any other animal. A few convictions under such a law, duly heralded by the papers, would do much toward lessening such criminal carelessness, and make it safer for a man to go into the woods for deer. With the penitentiary staring a man in the face by reason of law drawn explicitly to cover such cases he will be mighty careful to make sure it is not a man before pulling trigger.

C.

The Cross Bow.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Referring to your editorial of March 16 in regard to "bow-guns," can you inform me where I can obtain a serviceable bow-gun? If not, can you furnish me with directions for making one? Perhaps some one of your readers can supply this. I have been a reader of your paper for five years, and for your remarks on the bow-guns versus modern rifles please accept my hearty thanks.

G. H. H.

[There are, we believe, specimens of such arms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which might serve for models or suggestions for nineteenth century sporting weapons.]

New York Sportsmen's of 1899.

NEW YORK, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to advise you that at a meeting of the National Sportsmen's Association it was decided that the next Sportsmen's Show shall be held at the Madison Square Garden, March 2 to March 11, both inclusive, 1899, and it shall be our endeavor to make this a strictly sportsmen's show, eliminating anything that does not belong in this line.

J. A. H. DRESSER, Sec'y-Treas.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Trouting in the Black Forest.

BY FRED MATHER.

(Concluded.)

THE river Alb is a grand stream for trout, but a miserable old poacher was there using nets, set lines and perhaps poisons, for all we knew, to supply the hotel and other markets. He fished openly, and Capt. Malcolm, of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, Retired, regained his long disused native tongue when he saw his methods, and vented his opinions thereon, both to the man, the landlord and to me. When he warmed up to the subject and got fairly hot under his collar his choler rose and fairly stood on end. The German language contains no good, strong swear words, for when a German is mad away down into his solar plexus the very utmost that he can say is "Donnerwetter," which literally translated means "thunder weather." The occasion demanded stronger language, and the British sailor brought it forth from his locker, where it had remained quiescent for years, and interspersed his German with it so vigorously that all understood it. My genial, gentle friend proved to be a perfect arsenal of wrath, and that old poacher did not show up while we were there.

And "this reminds me." On my return trip I fell in with an officer of the German Coast Survey, who had no trace of foreign accent when he spoke English. Said he: "There is one thing I admire the English language for, and that is for its vigorous cursing. There is not a language on the face of the earth in which a man can give such vent to his feelings when he is angry in earnest as in English."

"This is new to me," I replied, "but I know no other tongue than English, although I've studied German and Spanish, but I can readily understand that books would not educate a man in the line of which you speak."

"French is the language of diplomacy," said my companion; "German is the language of science, but English is the tongue for business and for cursing. Why, in your language you can wither a man's eyeballs, trace his lineage to all sorts of things and consign him and his progeny to everlasting perdition. All that is impossible in any other spoken language, and I love the English because it enables me to let off steam when I am boiling over."

Then I knew why an old British "sea dog" interspersed his German denunciations of a poacher with some English terms for which there seems to be no German equivalent. What he may have said in German I do not know, but his English expletives I think I understood. The old poacher was probably warned by the landlord not to be seen while we were there or he might find his occupation gone, for the Captain threatened legal proceedings.

"If the landlord were wise," remarked the Captain, as we enjoyed the cool evening air, "he would banish that poacher and protect the river for angling tourists from America or England, who would gladly pay for the fishing; but he gets trout at a low price from the old fellow and falsely imagines that the trade is profitable. There is no use to complain to the Bürgermeister of St. Blasien, for he knows all about it, and may be a partner of the old man. You note how particularly our catch is measured if one nears the 7in. limit; the officials are particular about that, and would fine an angler who took a trout a trifle under that measurement. It makes me so mad that a cigar doesn't taste good." Some months afterward Capt. Malcolm wrote me that he had learned that the law allowed net fishing under certain conditions of ownership which prevailed then at St. Blasien. The legal size for trout was 15 centimeters from the eye to beginning of the tail fin, or 5¾in.

From the Bürgermeister we obtained a ticket for half a mark—about 12 cents—which permitted us to fish, as we thought from its wording; but we had to arrange with a fisherman, who demanded ten marks for the privilege of fishing in his water. Here the honest indignation of the Briton again broke loose and he showed his permit from the Bürgermeister, but in vain—that permit was a general one, etc., and under protest the fee was paid. "I've not been here in ten years," said the Captain, "and these are new swindles, invented since my last visit; they are petty ones, but as detestable as if they were greater, and I believe in kicking with both feet on all swindles, great or small."

The bridge over the Alb at the hotel divided the fishing into what was called the upper and lower water, and a special permit was demanded for each. We chose the upper because the Captain was familiar with it and believed it to be the best because the lower portion was weedy and in parts inaccessible. There had been some good rains and we were fortunate in getting there before the river had got low.

The fisherman who controlled the upper water was not the old poacher, who for some occult reason did as he pleased in snaring and netting trout when out of range of the heavily charged, rapid fire vocal guns of Capt. Geo. John Malcolm, of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, Retired. I have heard vivid descriptions from eye and ear witnesses of the bellowing of the mortars when Farragut's fleet passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and steamed up to New Orleans; of how fishes with bursted air bladders were afterward washed ashore, and men's ear drums were bursted, and I've heard the indignant wrath of Capt. Malcolm descend in an amalgamated mass of German and English that would have paralyzed a stenographer or wrecked a type-writing machine, and his every word would be fully understood by any listener who might know only one of the tongues he used.

I came to know him thoroughly in two days after we reached St. Blasien. He had thrown off the mask, which all men of the world wear, and which is worn by knaves as well, and stood out in the strong, rugged character that he was. He was far past the age when men kick up a row for the pleasure there may be in a row, and was a quiet gentleman, who was content to live peacefully, but this trip brought out traits in his character that would never have appeared if I had dwelt with him a

year in the quiet of his own home, where he seemed to have passed into the fifth of Shakespeare's seven ages. I would never have considered Capt. Malcolm as a man to command a fighting ship, for he was so suave, so quiet and attentive to matters of form, but when I saw him roused to fury by what he considered an imposition—that was another side to his character, and every man has just such sides. You never know a man thoroughly unless you have seen him under circumstances where his character is developed in time of danger, and then you may be surprised by some quiet fellow who develops qualities which you never mistrusted him of possessing. After I heard him bestow the butt end of a navy blessing on the old poacher, the fisherman, the Bürgermeister and the landlord, I could then imagine him on the quarter deck of a ship of the line and fighting her to her limit.

The old fisherman who leased the upper water to us was a character that I would like to sketch at length if my knowledge of his language would permit. He was tall and rawboned, and wore a sort of military cap with a high front, sloping back, and a straight visor, of that peculiar green color only seen in caps of Swiss or German make, while the rest of his costume was a woolen shirt, well patched trousers and heavy shoes slashed to let the water out as he waded. His rod was of ash, and at least 20ft. long, some 6ft. of line tied to the end of it, 4ft. of twisted gut and a fly big enough for a salmon. I looked the fly over carefully, but it was like nothing on earth, nor in the waters beneath, and therefore might have been worshipped, and yet we did not fall down. I was dependent on my friend for tackle, and had a 12ft. greenheart rod, while his was of the same wood and 15ft. long. He gave me my choice, and as I had never handled a rod as long as his shortest I chose the latter. In those days, and to-day, some trout fishers in England prefer such long rods under the impression that they will cast a fly further, but shorter rods are coming into favor.

I started in with a red-bib as a leader, and a yellow fly as a dropper, a combination fairly good to begin with on strange waters, and soon hooked and creeled a fair trout.

If "basketed" and "boated" are good words to express the receptacles in which trout repose after being caught why is not "creeled" better than "landed" when the fish never strikes land, nor gets nearer to it than to be scooped into what is called a "landing net?" The latter name is more euphonious than would be "creeling net" or "boating net;" I dislike "basketed" or "brought to basket," because I dislike to hear a creel called a fish basket, just as I dislike to hear a fine rod called a "pole."

The Captain was on the other side of the river, and was fighting a fish now and then, but the fisherman was close behind me watching my every motion. He was evidently surprised that I could cast further than he when his rod was fully 8ft. longer than mine. He had evidently chosen my side because I had the short rod, and that any man could cast better or take more trout than he was a new proposition to him. When he got a rise he jerked, and if the trout swung out over his head he had him, but the trout did not always meet his expectations, because of his jaw was torn out before his body felt the impetus, only the jaw responded to the yank, and even that portion of the trout's anatomy did not always reach the fisherman.

The River Alb is a difficult one to fish where we fished it. In places one can wade and have a fair field; in others he meets submerged bushes, if the river at St. Blasien is full enough to be fished, and these necessitate a long detour, and so one skips much of the stream in wading, and there were no boats to be had.

A bunch of willows brought me to a halt, and while reeling up for flanking them the fisherman ran in on me, and I saw his rig; he had a worm as big as a lead pencil and a shot on his fly hook, and then I got red hot and pulled a knife and cut off his "fly" and called to Capt. Malcolm to come over. The river was too deep to wade, and he had to go about half a mile down, where we met him at the bridge. The man was expostulating and gesticulating in a way that seemed to threaten my present and future existence, but as I did not understand a word of it the danger did not seem imminent, and I ask you to believe that I survived.

Capt. Malcolm looked over the arrangement—the combination of fly, shot and worm—and from his extra vigorous remarks a bystander would infer that he held decided opinions on such an aggregation. The man demanded his "fly" and the Captain tossed it into the river and then looked the man squarely in the eye without verbal answer, but any person at all familiar with the varied expressions of the human face could read in his eye: "There's your fly in the river, and now what do you propose to do about it?" The man was angry also, and returned the defiant gaze for an instant, thought better of it and moved off without another word.

After watching the retreating figure until the willows hid it, my friend turned to me and said: "It was stipulated that we should restrict our fishing to the fly, a thing that we were only prepared to use, and only wished to use, and we understood that no other kind of fishing was allowed here, and yet the man who sold us permits to fish uses what he calls a fly. When I saw his rig I was sure that he was not a fly-fisher; didn't it look so to you?"

"I knew that if he was an expert fly-fisher I had much to learn, for I never saw one of the craft tie a 6ft. line to the end of a 20ft. pole and cast a fly for trout, but you must remember that I am a stranger in a strange land, fishing for a strange trout, and I keep my eyes open, observe methods and think. I see things in a foreign land that may seem queer, but hope that I am too much of a man of the world to express surprise or ridicule. If while trouting on an American stream such an outfit bobbed up in the hands of a rustic I might remark on it, but not in this place, as your guest."

"That's all very well, but I mistrusted the fellow, and intended to catch him with bait and sinker, but you caught him first. I wonder now how you dared to cut his line; he is a big, powerful fellow."

"Captain," said I, "he is big and powerful and could probably handle us both if it came to a physical contest, but I did not stop to consider that. I was mad, and when in that condition I weigh a ton; but you rose to

the sublimity of anger when you tossed his hook into the river. At that time you weighed at least two tons, and your face was a bulletin board, for your thought."

"Come now, what did I think?"

"You did your thinking in your native tongue, and it flashed out of your eyes as from a semaphore, from which I read, 'You great big hulking scoundrel'—then a few untranslatable words—I've a good mind to throw you in the river after your con-dem-dem-nable fly.' The man speaks no English, but he understood you, as I did, and he moved off and left the British navy in possession of the river. It was grand and I enjoyed it. I always enjoy a man when he is righteously angry, and my anger wholly subsided when yours blazed up. Shall we go in with our fish?"

We went, and turned in to the landlord, subject to our order, twenty-one trout that weighed about 12lbs. Two stages had arrived, and as we looked over the register the Captain found that a London friend, a Mr. Colborn, had arrived, and as I mechanically ran down the list I read "Erastus Corning, Jr., New York." I knew that young Corning, of Albany, was studying, or pretending to study, in Berlin, and had seen him there, but as St. Blasien was not Berlin I introduced myself.

"Certainly," said Tip—his nickname—"I remember meeting you on a Vermont stream when fishing with Bishop Doane, of Albany, and telling you that the Bishop would never make an angler because he could not bite a worm in two." An evening at whist, Colborn and Corning were winners, and then for the fishing. The morning opened with a drizzling rain, and after breakfast Capt. Malcolm brought forth two rubber coats which would reach below the tops of our waders. Our friends were similarly equipped, and away we went. Our permits included guests, and after what had passed there was no inclination to squeeze the contract too hard. On the upper water that day the rain came down in fine and in great drops, in mists and in showers, but we fished. At noon we assembled under the bridge for luncheon and a smoke with the general swapping of fish yarns, which anglers invent and relate while the fish are resting, and perhaps are doing the same thing, and then we deployed and went up stream to fish down; we all agreed on this.

There are fly-fishers, good men and true, who believe in casting the fly up stream. Bless them! They are brothers of the angle, and if they find sport in having a fly drift down on them instead of drifting it down on a trout let them do it. It was a good trouting day, and we all made good creels. We had agreed to let Colborn and Corning start first, one on each side of the river, and Malcolm and I to follow half an hour later. In my experience the second, or even the third or fourth man has as good chances as the first, on a fairly stocked stream. The first one does not get a rise from one-tenth of the trout that are rising, and within half an hour the trout have forgotten the disturbance he made and some are ready for the next angler.

It is a curious fact that most fish bite well, if not better, when it rains; not only those fish which rise to the fly when the ruffled surface of the water hides the fall of the line, leader and fly, but bottom feeders, like catfish and others, do the same. The fact, for it is a fact, is well known to every schoolboy angler, but seems to have escaped the searching gaze of science. Perhaps more insects fall into the water then and more angle worms are drowned out of their burrows and get into the streams. If that is not the true solution I can't guess any more.

One may not get wet in rain when clothed as we were, but there is a feeling of dampness and of chilliness after half a day of it, for a little rain is apt to get in at a man's neck and in at the sleeve of his casting arm, no matter how he ties his cuff or tries to protect it. Even when an arm hangs by the side water will creep up the cuff of a waterproof. A good fire will dispel dampness, but that creepy, chilly feeling can best be banished by internal applications. As soon as we arrived at the Hotel et Pension we shed our waterproofs and banished dampness and chills.

Capt. Malcolm was enthusiastic as the contents of the creels were displayed, and danced about in glee. "One of the happiest days of my life. I've had such days in other lands, but never expected to have one in Germany; here are nearly seventy fine trout taken in a legitimate manner in less than a day by a quartette of anglers—two from America and two from England. It's grand! Why any one of us can take more trout than that old poacher right on his own water and let him use all the abominable devices that he knows. You two gentlemen should have been here yesterday when my little American friend cut the hook from the line of the fisherman and kept it to show to me. The big fellow never made an attempt to recover it; I think he saw a danger signal and—"

"Nothing of the sort, gentlemen," I broke in with, "the man did not know my language, nor I his, so talk would have been wasted; he waited for Capt. Malcolm to come around by the bridge and right his wrong because he could talk to him, but the Captain fell short of his expectations, for he threw his fly, worm and sinker out into the river, and talked as I've heard mule-drivers talk when the pontoon trains were stuck in the mud, not the same words of course, but with the same earnestness and emphasis. Not I, but the Captain drove the man from the river, and we have not seen him since."

"That fine lot of trout," said the Captain, "would make the old fisherman groan with agony. He would mentally figure up the avoidupois and groan again as he translated the weight into marks and pennings at market rates. I really think that if Mather and I were bigger men or the poacher had not been so big some one would have got a good ducking in the river Alb yesterday. But dinner is ready, and I have bespoken a private table for four, where we may toast the health of all honest anglers and invoke confusion to all poachers."

Capt. Malcolm was at his best that evening, he went over the incidents of the day as if it was the night after a naval engagement and he was recounting the maneuvers of hostile fleets. Said he: "Just as I lost a trout that had become entangled in some submerged willows and took part of my casting line with him, and was repairing damages, I heard Mather's reel sing and stopped to watch him. He had a fine trout that fought hard for

every inch of line, but was humored, carefully played and reeled in when possible, but although gently handled for some ten minutes, more or less, the fish broke away at the supreme moment when the landing net was partly underneath it—a case of light hooking, because I could see by the continued casting that the fly was not lost."

"A similar thing happened to me," said Mr. Corning, "I had a trout in the landing net and had lifted it out of the water, when it slipped through a couple of broken meshes and tore the hook out of its jaw and left without an adieu. Mr. Colborn lost a good one that fairly unhooked itself in the net and flopped out over the rim. Colborn, after you ring for the keller we will listen to your explanation of this bit of remissness on your part, and unless you can show extenuating circumstances it may be necessary for you to ring again."

In the morning our party of the former day broke up. Corning and Colborn going off into the unknown somewhere, while I did not need much urging to go around by Albbuck, Schaffhausen, Rhinefelden and Basel, with fishing here and there. If you are not wearied with this partial account of the trip some time, not this load of poles, nor this summer, I may feel like inflicting the rest of the trip on you, when I think you can stand it.

But I am impelled to say that Capt. Malcolm and I corresponded for some years about the few pounds of trout we took together and got lots of fun out of it, no matter if the postal revenues of both countries were increased away beyond the market value of all the fish we caught. We were not interested in postal revenues, not a little bit, what we cared for was fly-fishing for trout. And we wrote about it. Then came long intervals between letters and finally silence.

A letter from Mr. Schuster's son said: "In reply to your letter of July 27, 1894, to my father I will say: My father died Feb. 23, 1891, of heart disease, aged sixty-eight. Capt. George John Malcolm, of the British Navy, went to Spain for his health and died in Sevilla, Jan. 17, 1884."

And I had been trying to get a letter to this most charming gentleman and angler for more than a year after he had left Germany. If he is conscious now I hope he may know what I have said of him and how I appreciated his bluff, honest character as well as his hospitality to myself, a stranger in a strange land. He tried to make it appear that the obligation was entirely on his side and that my company offset all the expenses of a trip which was as enjoyable to me as to him; but I have a notion that the party of the second part was under such a Chimborazo of obligations that he could not crawl out if he would.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Wide Water.

NEARLY fifty miles down the Potomac on the Virginia side, just before reaching Acquia Creek, the historic, is the little station of Wide Water. A post-office, with money-order facilities, an express office and a store all run, at first sight, for the convenience of the one citizen in evidence; but the community grows on the stranger; more houses, and prosperous, lie scattered about, a good deal of business centers here, and mail is put on and off for two or three mail routes into the back country.

The present merchant, postmaster, etc., lives in the house on the hill, an old shooting lodge that belonged to Fitzhugh Lee, and our host and his good wife make it so pleasant for us we are tempted each visit to make it the last and stay; no doubt the same temptation beset those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the friendship and hospitality of its former owner.

The eldest of three little ones, who assist in our welcome, gravely informs us at once, by way of introducing himself, that he is a "crackjack," and subsequent developments confirm us in the opinion that he deserves the title. The house by now seems sadly in need of renovation as you walk up the steep path to its wide porches, but when you stop on the threshold and turn around you have no thought for anything save what lies before you—the finest view on the Potomac—and there are many attractive scenes on this beautiful river.

It is a sea. Directly opposite on the Maryland side lies Liverpool Point, and the swampy inlet of Mallows Creek, but one distinguishes nothing but the dark outline of the further shore, miles away. To the south lies Clifton Beach, but it is the miles of water between that has given this place its appropriate name.

Here one of the longest seines on the Potomac is operated, but the picturesque hauling must wait for another time.

At the foot of the hill, within a stone's throw of the house, Meadow Branch makes into the river, and just before reaching it surrounds a tiny island on which are the ruins of an ornamental summer house and bridge, where it is said refreshments were once dispensed to the thirsty. The county is dry now, and one must go some miles to find anything better to drink than is furnished by the numerous fine springs in the neighborhood.

Meadow Branch is not a large stream, though making some pretensions in a freshet, but it has brought down sand enough in its long life to shallow the bay at its mouth and build shelving beds of sand far out in the river, where we stood one summer midnight at low tide and watched the hauling of a seine.

A few yellow perch and sunfish venture over the shoals at its mouth to spend their summers in the pools of its lower course, but not many.

Up and down the beach is fair white perch fishing when the water is clear and the tide is right and the sun low; but the strip of grass and moss extends so far out as to be discouraging. In places where use of boats has cleaned a channel through the saragossa, good white perch fishing may be had with bait at nearly any hour. But we came after bass. A mile up the branch, which has a lazy course through marshy meadows, though with high hills on either bank, stands a flour mill. Our host has a couple of Texas ponies at the store door, hitched to a fix, and we get in with some misgivings. They are hitched loosely, or seem loose, they are so small, but of that breed that covers fifty or sixty miles in a day, and then climb a tree for diversion

if a scrap of paper blows across their path. But we are reassured by their businesslike way of starting off, though for the first hundred yards one thinks he's doing the role of running mate—and we forget the team for the next ten minutes while we enjoy the sandy drive between green fields and through shady lanes.

Only one incident occurs to mar the pleasure of the ride—and the day's sport. A four-leaved clover stands out in a bunch by itself close to the road in such plain view that one might have seen it from a balloon. When my companion's attention is called to it he goes into mild hysterics. He is one of the least superstitious of men, and one of the most sanguine of anglers, and they are a hopeful race—but he has several fixed ideas, and the firmest of these is that a four-leaved clover is nothing more nor less than a "hoodoo" that will spoil the best day's fishing ever invented.

That any one should attach any importance to seeing the moon over either shoulder, or spilling salt, or the thousand incidents that are here and there supposed to affect our future, or presage joy or grief, seems to him but arrant nonsense, but a four-leaved clover—that's different.

The miller stands in his door with smiling welcome, and cheerfully gives us the freedom of the run. We stop to see the old-fashioned overshot wheel driven with water from a short race from the dam a hundred yards away, and then drive on to the bank of the lake.

The dam is built at the point of a V across a ravine, where two streams come together to make Meadow Branch, and the back water makes two arms away from the center of the lake far up their courses. The apron of the dam is 15ft. or more below the running boards, and the deepest water behind it is said to be 20ft.

The lake was stocked some years ago with black bass, part of a consignment intended for some other planting, and these have thrived and multiplied until the lake has plenty, and furnishes first-rate fishing when the water is clear, which was seldom last year—a record year for mud throughout all this country.

Bass of 5lbs. have been taken here, though just above 3½ were the largest ones we have landed. With 50z. rods it is beautiful sport, and we have had nearly as much fun losing some we were sure were much larger.

As Henry Van Dyke, whose sketches are the pearls of angling literature, puts it: "The spectacles of regret always magnify;" and again: "Our best blessings, like our largest fish, always depart before we have time to measure them."

There is an older one: "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." And it is the common experience of anglers, told in all languages, that the fish which gets away is larger than any brought to net.

The hills about the lake are well wooded, and there are a good many squirrels, but they are the little gray squirrel, and nearly as shy and hard to get as the big bass. We gave them a trial one day when the water had gone muddy over night, and the fly was hopeless. We hunted faithfully, and heard and saw squirrels enough, but the trees are large and the woods were strange and the hills steep, and there may have been other reasons, such as lack of skill, which never suggested itself to us; but at any rate we did not seriously thin their ranks, and as we left the edge of the woods, and the shadows were lengthening, we could hear the saucy chatter of a gray jingo who had persistently stayed in his hole while the enemy was in sight. We were not sure of his language, but the tone of triumph and defiance seemed to us to convey the idea he was inciting his comrades to make a sortie and exterminate us.

The only boat on the lake is a scow, nearly as wide as it is long, and the only paddle a board nailed to a sycamore pole. Paddling on one side, as one must, and sitting in the right-hand corner of the stern, the prow of the boat was the angle diagonally opposite, and this crossways course of the heavy box was slow and painful to the motorman.

We never found the depths clear, but our last surface-clear day we had paddled each other an hour apiece, and come in for lunch; and there is no pleasanter time in such a trip than the nooning. Drip coffee, without which our day would be incomplete, and a pitcher of cold milk which the miller's kind wife had sent down to us had washed down the rather elaborate lunch we are fond of taking when it is convenient. A stretch on the grass under a great oak, watching the clouds even as Irving did after his failure, but with less than his disappointment, we were enjoying the sweet luxury of the first whiffs when the miller's younger brother offered to take one of us up the lake to the extreme end, among some grassy channels we had not the patience or muscle to explore.

The offer was too tempting, considering the labor involved, to refuse; and one of us immediately stepped into the ark with the lad, and were pushed off with a bon voyage for our hour's cruise.

Patiently, from necessity, the shore was whipped, all the way up, among the logs and brush which lined it, and only a few flies were lost, and only then because time and labor were of essence, and it was cheaper to yank the fly off than to paddle the barge 50ft. back. Nothing for all this labor but the satisfaction of seeing when too late a great break from two or three good fish lying in unsuspected because impossible places; and we came at last to the channels in the tall grass on a smaller scale, but otherwise much resembling those in a tidewater marsh, and we were astonished to find the place seemed alive with bass. The water was fairly clear, with a bottom of marshy mud, and every fish that moved left a spreading cloud of creamy mud in his wake in his wild rush for deep water, and these boils were all about us; further on, nearer the grass patches, they were on the feed, but our craft was so unwieldy it was difficult to approach with the necessary quiet. Fortunately it was comparatively steady, and admitted the effort of long casts; we worked hard at both ends of the boat—the paddle for quiet and the rod for reach—and found pretty sport. In two of the channels we picked up a dozen good fish, one of 3½, one of 3 and one of 2½lbs. we kept, and the rest we tenderly replaced; and some of them would have been prizes on other days we have known.

The other two channels were not disturbed, for at the other end of the lake we knew there was an anxious angler who was entitled to his share of undisturbed

water, and who would have several thrills of triumph, fear and hope when he saw our catch. A hundred yards away we could land the scow and save the long voyage, so we turned its nose shoreward and took to the woods, and yelled across the lake to put on a yellow-sally and a black dropper, and that's just what that angler was doing when the bass were laid at his feet. He had faith enough in the tone, and maybe in his friend, to feel it was well-meant advice and likely to earn a reward if followed.

This illustrates on what slender and untenable grounds many of the angler's prejudices and convictions are founded. The battery recommended, of yellow and black, had been successful, therefore must be the right one to use. Going up the lake other flies had been tried and lost and replaced, and caught nothing; but it is possible that the other patterns had never been fairly offered to a single fish, and that any color would have succeeded if placed right. But it is the old story that nothing succeeds like success, and a lucky fly may become popular, not by reason of its superior attractiveness for the fish, but only because it got there on some occasion when any would have served. The young boatman, enthusiastic over his first lively experience of what the fly could do, volunteered to guide him to the boat and manage it for him, and had done so nicely it seemed a pity to disappoint him by refusing. Of course that was the only reason for consenting, so one was content to kill the fish and finish his cigar while the other went on and as nearly as possible duplicated the performance.

It is needless to say that two comfortable fishermen left the lake that evening, promising themselves just such another day soon; and the lake hasn't been clear since. There are large springs in the bed of the pool, but the shallows are muddy. The fish are light-colored, much lighter than in the river even, but the flavor is good—at least the three friends who ate these said as much.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Sea Fishing on the Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 25.—Flounders are taking the hook on our tidal streams, and are giving good sport to the enthusiastic. Herring are abundant, and are of good size and in good condition. As I mentioned two weeks ago, the promise for early fishing is of the best. I have seen some splendid specimens of kingfish the past week in the Philadelphia markets. Of course they are from the Carolina coast, but the evidence is indisputable that the fish are on the northward move. Shad too are unusually fine and abundant.

To the angler of this section there is no stronger inducement than the white perch offers at this period of the year. A knowledge of haunts and habits is essential to success. To the skeptic I would say there are surprises in store for him if he will use the tackle devoted to the lord of the brook, and a tithe of the patience and skill devoted to the capture of fontinalis. That the perch is nomadic in habit those familiar with him will readily admit, and in order that success be assured a careful canvass of grounds and waters is essential. Why it is that the Raritan should each year give us the earliest reports of the striped bass is a mystery. On the best of authorities I learn that bass of large size have been taken in the herring nets and distributed in Newark and other nearby cities during the past ten days. Where are the anglers of that vicinity, that they do not improve their opportunity and learn if these same bass are not hungry and ready to take the hook? The flounder and perch I have personally visited, and will pay my respects to the bass in the near future, and report my luck.

LEONARD HULIT.

The New Hampshire Season.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 18.—Hotel men and farmers who take summer boarders are now turning their attention to fishing tackle and boats, so as to be ready when the ice leaves the lake to try the landlocked salmon and lake trout, as this lake is noted for its good results to fishermen. In a visit to the State hatchery on the shore of the lake we noted 250,000 landlocked salmon eggs, 750,000 lake trout eggs, 100,000 brook trout fry, 30,000 whitefish fry. The eggs were eye-marked and healthy in appearance. The salmo fontinalis fry were active, as brook trout usually are. Temperature of water in hatchery, 32 degrees Fahrenheit.

There has been no fishing through the ice the past few winters, so the spring fishing is better every year. We are to have a new launch on the lake this spring for the use of fishermen—something that has long been needed here.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

Artificial Minnows.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting season being over, the next best thing is fishing. I have often wondered why some enterprising fellow does not get a good imitation of a live minnow, say about 1 to 3 in. long, flexible, bright, and to show scales, with only one hook, and that through the back just under the back fin. As this is the way live minnows are hooked, in this way only will an imitation look natural. Most of our fresh-water fish, such as perch and black bass, will take a minnow in preference to any other bait. There may be something of this in a minnow, but I have not seen it in any of the catalogues.

J. B. F.

Salmon in Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, March 26.—A Columbia River salmon was caught in Lake Michigan by a fisherman near Peshtigo Point, in Green Bay, on the Wisconsin shore, last week. The fish was marketed at Marinette, Wis. Some years ago a quantity of salmon fry was deposited in Green Bay waters, but up to this time nothing had ever been heard of them.

E. HOUGH.

FOR SALE.—Hunting and fishing preserve in Adirondacks. 12,000 acres forest land; several fine lakes, 15 miles trout streams. Deer in plenty. 14 miles from railroad. A. A. Leonard, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York.

The Kennel.

Curative Qualities of Canine Saliva.

WINDSOR, N. C., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading Mr. J. J. Meyrick's article on hydrophobia in your issue of the 12th inst., in which he says, "No one should allow a dog, although apparently healthy, to lick any part of his skin," I was reminded of my boyhood days on the old farm. My father was a slave-owner, and Luke, a bright boy some years my senior, was assigned to me as nurse and companion. Together we roamed the fields and woods, and hunted and fished.

When warm weather came on we dispensed with shoes and stockings. The consequence was that we would get sores on our feet, which the negroes called "dew poison," and which quite often would be very sore indeed.

My father owned a turkey dog called You Know; did you ever hear this name? Now old You Know seemed to have a very strong desire to lick the sores on Luke's feet. Luke did not object, and it did not take long to learn that an application of You Know's tongue was a sure cure for sore feet.

Luke dubbed the dog Doctor, a name which he carried until his death; and I might add that he was entitled to this distinction, as he practiced on all the boys on the farm and never failed to cure any case.

None of his patients had hydrophobia.

A. S. R.

Parrish's Fritz.

HAVING had a request for the pedigree of Parrish's Fritz, we wrote to Mr. C. C. Warfield, who replies: "I cannot furnish the pedigree of Fritz, and I doubt if any one can. He is by a pointer of old native stock, called Damon, out of a bitch which I have every reason to believe was a dropper. This is what I gathered when trying to find a pedigree for Fritz at his old home in Herman, Minn. He was bred by a pot-hunting Dutchman, who wanted a bird dog, pedigree or no pedigree; anything would do that would find chickens."

Yachting.

As a part of the speedy preparation for possible war with Spain, the Navy Department has within the past week purchased four steam yachts, the Watson boat Hermione, the Columbia, designed and built by the Cramp Co., and the Almy and Alicia, designed and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. In addition to these it has examined a large number of others offered for sale, in most cases at a good price. The Sovereign, designed by J. Beavor Webb, was desired, but her owner, M. D. C. Borden, who has owned her only for a couple of seasons and uses her constantly, did not wish to part with her. It is stated that he asked \$400,000 for her, which price was deemed too high.

The four new purchases are at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where they are being altered as rapidly as possible and fitted with a suitable armament. With them are several of the largest and fastest New York and Boston tugboats.

The Spanish Government has purchased the fast steam yacht Girolda of H. C. McCalmont, the price stated being \$300,000. She has a speed of at least twenty knots. It is stated that she was examined by representatives of this Government, but the price was considered too high.

At a special meeting of the Lynn Y. C. on March 26 it was decided to issue a challenge to the Quincy Y. C. for its new cup, the challenger being C. D. Mower, whose very successful Vitesse, of his own design, will be replaced by a new boat this year.

THE official publication of the declaration of trust of the Quincy Y. C. has proved true what we supposed from the first was the case, that the Boston Herald, for ends of its own, has deliberately misstated the facts concerning the origin and aim of this cup. Contrary to the Herald's direct statements at various times through the winter, it is not an international cup, and in establishing it the Quincy Y. C. had no intention of superseding the Seawanhaka cup. In its efforts to discredit the latter club, the Herald has placed the former in a very false position.

At the present time the Herald, through motives of mere spite, is engaged in the congenial task of trying to disrupt the Massachusetts Y. R. A., fortunately without the slightest prospect of success.

Memories of Boating Days.

(Continued from page 254.)

In looking over my diary I find that we went codfishing several times during the fall of 1887. Of late years these fish have become very numerous on the south side of Long Island, and can be caught very close in shore. Last fall they swarmed in through Rockaway Inlet and up the steamer channel almost to the beach. It used to be a rather risky venture for a small boat to go out codfishing at this time of the year, as she was compelled to go well off shore and quite a distance down the coast toward Long Beach or Fire Island; a storm was liable to arise very suddenly, and in a snowstorm or a freezing gale from the northwest the bold fishermen sometimes experienced trying times beating home, especially against an ebb tide. The current runs like a mill race in Rockaway Inlet, and it is hard enough to sail against it with a fair wind. In thick weather and a head wind it is a long and tedious tussle and not unmixed with danger. Many a craft has found her last resting place on the sands of the Rockaway Shoals.

Well, as I started to say, we went codfishing. Our first trip came near being our last, inasmuch as our experience on this trip was so severe that we very nearly made up our minds never to go out again in the winter months.

I remember it well. My diary says it was on Election day, Nov. 8, 1887. We had made extensive preparations for this event. In addition to the drop lines, a trawl with about 150 hooks on it had been prepared, and we set sail with great expectations of how the ocean was about to be depopulated.

To set the trawl we had to have a row boat, and our tender not being large enough we hired a skiff, the biggest one we could find, for we were aware that the water might be rough outside, and a stiff boat would be desirable. On the way out the skimmers, which are used for bait, were opened and the trawl was baited up and coiled in a tub all ready to set.

It was a gray morning, a fresh northwest breeze blowing and no indications apparent of dirty weather. We went out on the last of the flood, and reached the grounds in about an hour. Monaitpee was anchored, and then the captain and I got into the skiff and rowed away a short distance and put down the trawl. This proceeding occupied nearly a half hour; not being old hands at the business considerable time was lost on account of the hooks becoming tangled. At last the job was finished, and we started to row back to the yacht.

As we did so a few flakes of snow were observed floating through the air, and on glancing shoreward we were surprised to see how hazy it looked toward the north. "I guess we're in for some fun, boys!" said the captain, as he climbed aboard. "I have been watching that for some time," said the cook, "and I think the sooner you run that trawl and get it alongside the better." We all agreed that the weather was beginning to look nasty. The flakes became more numerous and gusts of wind began to make long black patches of ripples on the surface of the water. We lost no time in raising the trawl, hauling it hand over hand into the boat, and throwing it into the bottom with what few fish there were still on the hooks, and then returned to Monaitpee.

The snow was now flying thick and the increasing wind was blowing it rapidly along, almost parallel with the surface of the ocean.

"Turn in a reef!" said the captain quietly, as he made the painter of the skiff fast to the cleat on deck. It was quickly done, the mainsail run up and the anchor brought under the bowsprit and catted. "Give here the jib!" In a moment the sail was set, and hauled to windward to pay her off. She heeled to the wind and dashed away so suddenly that the tow line of the skiff came taut with such a jerk that it sent a thrill through the yacht. We headed toward the beach on the first tack in hopes of bringing the land in sight again, for it was now entirely lost. Should the wind change while we are thus shut off from a view of the shore we might unconsciously alter our course and sail in a direction contrary to the one which should be pursued. Even if the beach could not be seen the sound of the surf would be a guide in beating up to the Inlet.

The gale increased rapidly; gust after gust, each angrier than the preceding, charged down on our yacht, and sent the lee deck beneath the frothing seas that swept by us. The helmsman had his hands full as he skillfully nursed the boat through each blast. As he slightly luffed at such times the noise of the slating canvas was almost deafening, and it seemed as though the sails would tear themselves loose from their lacing.

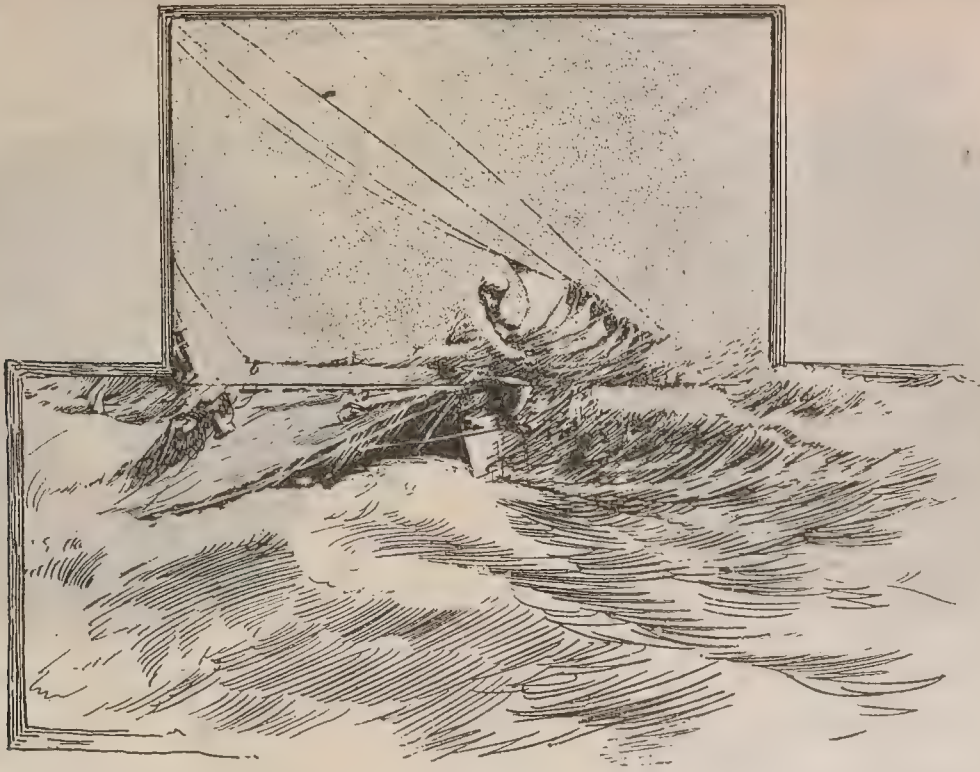
Although we were all piled up to the windward side it was not long before we became convinced that another reef would have to be tied in. A strong puff laid her down to the cabin lights. The captain put down the tiller and threw her into the wind. She raised her nose into the air defiantly and dropped it into the next oncoming wave, which foamed over the bow on to the forward deck and splashed viciously against the front of the cabin. I scrambled forward and let go the jib, and realized that I was in for a disagreeable job when the captain sang out that I should "bob" it. As I sat astride of the bowsprit struggling to keep my balance and at the same time reduce the jib to the size of a pocket handkerchief I was plunged repeatedly to my waist in the cold water, as the boat pitched into the hissing billows. But my Irish was up, and I mentally resolved that I would bob the rag if it took an hour to do so. Success crowned my efforts eventually, and I pulled myself on deck again, feeling very chilly.

The mainsail had already been double-reefed, and I ran up the jib and we started off once more, plunging and rolling at a great rate. All hands looked like snow men, as they sat perched upon the windward rail. The captain had his oilers on, the coat collar turned up around his ears, and a sou'wester pulled down on his head until all that could be seen of his face were his eyes and nose. Intent on sailing the boat, he appeared to notice no one, but kept his eyes fixed steadfastly ahead, while the tears trickled down his cheeks and dropped off the end of his "horn," brought forth by the piercing wind.

Our passenger, Mr. C., appeared very nervous, and was continually inquiring of the captain if there was any danger, and how long would it take us to get in, etc. He replied that he could tell him better when we got there. This did not reassure him, and he gazed wistfully ahead and remarked that if he ever did get on land again he would never leave it.

For three solid hours we banged away, and then suddenly the cook, who had been stationed forward, yelled: "Breakers ahead! Go about, quick!"

We knew we were approaching the Inlet on account of the enormous seas, and were feeling our way along in hopes of sighting the channel buoy. The tide, helped along by the northwest wind, was pouring out so fast that it appeared sometimes that we were going astern instead of ahead. The big boat we were towing was a terrible drag; when Monaitpee would dash into a big wave her speed would diminish and the skiff, shooting down the receding one, would sometimes bang her nose into the counter, and then, as our yacht burst through the surge and sprang forward again, the painter would snap taut with such a jerk that we would be brought almost to a standstill. Thinking to relieve the yacht, I cast off the painter, and taking a firm hold sat down on the cockpit floor, but the next moment I was yanked bodily along and brought up against the rail with a thud. The rope was twisted around the wrist, and I thought my arms would be pulled from their sockets. As soon as it slackened again I made it fast once more to the cleat.



"A Disagreeable Job."

And so we worried along, getting colder and wetter as the spray flew in our faces, and we felt as though our bones would crack should we move about. When the cook cried, "Breakers ahead!" we forgot our numbness, and as the boat swept round we jumped to our feet and peered anxiously in the direction we had been going and all hands heard the roar of the surf. We laid off on the starboard tack for twenty minutes, and then went about again. We had only settled down on this leg a short time when suddenly the skiff gave an extra hard tug at her rope, and "snap" went the cleat.

"There she goes!" exclaimed the cook.

"Let her go and be hanged!" said Mr. C.

"Not by a long shot, unless you are willing to pay for her!" exclaimed the captain.

Mr. C. making no answer, the yacht was put about, and away we flew down the wind, while the following waves seemed to play tag with us.

In a few minutes we had shot past the runaway, and hauled up on the wind again and headed our course so as to allow the boat to drift down on to us. As she came dancing along sideways the captain luffed a little, and the bow of the skiff banged against the yacht. We seized the painter and quickly made it fast to the rudder head.

"Ahoy, there!" called a voice from somewhere, and we gazed about us wonderingly.

"There she is!" cried the captain, pointing over the port quarter.

Sure enough, there were the dim outlines of a small schooner plunging along in a mass of foam and headed on the same tack as ourselves. She bore down a little closer to us, and we perceived the forms of four men on board, and they were peering at us curiously. The schooner was sailing with all lower canvas reefed down.

"Ahoy, there! What're ye doin' out here?"

"Trying to get in."

"Havin' a hard time, ain't ye?"

"Rather. Have you any idea where the channel buoy lays?"

"Just past the outer mark back yonder. Where ye bound for?"

"Sheepshead."

"Wal, we're headin' fer Canarsie, an' I guess if we keep up tight on the port tack as we're goin' naow we'll 'bout fetch through the Inlet. We've been thrashin' around huntin' fer that stake fer over an hour ourselves. Weather purty thick, ain't it?"

We said it was "worse than that," and as the schooner drew ahead we yelled our thanks after them for the information given us.

Presently we became aware that the snow was letting up some, and we could easily keep the vessel in view, although she was an eighth of a mile in advance, and in less than a half hour it had ceased altogether, although the gale was yet in full force. We found ourselves fairly in the channel and the breakers were lashing the shoals on either hand until everything was white. Dry Bar on the right was a fearful sight; a boiling mass of foam for a distance of half a mile.

Now that we had our bearings and could see that we were making headway slowly but surely against the current we began to take stock of ourselves. We were half-frozen and we beat our arms against our sides to start the blood circulating. I found my trousers, which I had not changed since reefing the jib, were frozen stiff, so that when I beat them they cracked like cardboard. The captain advised me to go into the cabin, take them off and roll up in the blankets. I followed his advice and went below, feeling more like a wooden man than a live one. About an hour later, as I lay bundled up in the lee bunk, the cook yelled down the companion the information that we were entering the bay: twenty minutes later I felt the yacht come to an even keel and heard the rattling of canvas, the anchor splashed, and I knew we were safe in port again.

The cook came in and started a fire in the stove, and presently we were all changing our garments and getting thawed out.

On examining the row boat we found about gin of water in her, which was frozen around the edges. There were three codfish, quite a number of skates and a dogfish, and all were stiff as sticks. There was another cod in the cockpit of the Monaitpee, which the cook had caught on a hand line while we were setting the trawl, so we each had a fish.

After this experience we were very cautious about going off shore during the winter. We went twice afterward before laying up, but did not go so far to the eastward. We got good fishing each time and the weather was all that could be asked for. On one of these trips we shot several black ducks and a brant, besides some loons and a couple of hell-divers.

On Nov. 27 we sailed Monaitpee up to Brooklyn

and hauled her out into the old ferry house at the foot of Bridge street, alongside of Poillon's shipyard. Our yachting seasons usually lasted from eight to nine months. As we always did the work ourselves, connected with the fitting out of the boat in the spring, it was necessary to begin early. We took great pride in keeping Monaitpee in good shape, and therefore were usually hard at work before the end of February, that we might have plenty of time to put her in good trim before launching. Thus in the spring of 1888 we were well along with these duties when the memorable blizzard arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yacht Measurement.

DRESDEN, Germany, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About a year ago I had the honor of submitting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM a new formula of measurement, though at the time I had no serious idea that this formula would attract that attention on the part of yachtsmen which I am bold enough to believe it deserves on its intrinsic merits.

Some days ago I was informed that Mr. N. G. Herreshoff had proposed a new formula, which would probably be adopted by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., this formula being

$$\frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{75 \times \sqrt{M.}}$$

M. being the midship section.

Having examined this formula carefully, I feel that in the interest of yachting it would be a matter of serious regret if it were adopted by the American clubs, as it must give most unsatisfactory results. It not only taxes the sail area too heavily, but has other undesirable features. For instance, two yachts, one of 20ft. l.w.l. and one of 30ft. l.w.l., have the same area of midship section and sail. If

$$\frac{\sqrt{S.A.}}{C \times \sqrt{M.}} = 1,$$

their corrected lengths by this formula will consequently be 20 and 30 respectively, which is absurd.

The formula proposed by me last year would under the same conditions give corrected lengths of 20 and 26, instead of 20 and 30; or, if the proportion of the corrected lengths were still 20 and 30, the 30ft. l.w.l. yacht would be allowed 50 per cent. more sail than the 20-footer. That she would need this extra amount, in view of her greater displacement and wetted surface, will be readily understood.

Even the old Seawanhaka rule gave better results in this respect, however faulty in other respects through its failure to take account of the area of midship section or some equivalent factor. G. R. LILJEGREN.

The formula proposed by our correspondent in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 10, 1897, is

$$R.M. = \frac{\sqrt[3]{L^2 \times S.A.}}{C \times M.} \text{ or } R.M. = \frac{\sqrt[3]{L^2 \times S.A.}}{C \times D.}$$

M. stands for midship section, D. for displacement, and C. for a constant.

Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, who long ago gave his name to the table of allowances which has been so generally used in this country, has devoted much thought to the subject of measurement, and though he has made no positive suggestion as to a new rule, he has, on request, furnished to others interested in the same subject several tentative formulas devised by him. We do not know whether he considers any of these as of sufficient merit to warrant its general adoption, or whether they are to be taken as merely suggestive and a basis for further work. The following formulas were given by him to some members of the North American Y. R. U. last fall:

1. Immersed midship section, $R.M. = \frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{7.5 \times \sqrt{M.}}$
2. Full midship section, $R.M. = \frac{L \times \sqrt[3]{S.A.}}{5.5 \times \sqrt[3]{M.}}$
3. Cubic contents, $R.M. = \frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{4 \times \sqrt[3]{C.C.}}$
4. Cubic contents, $R.M. = \frac{L \times \sqrt[3]{S.A.}}{7 \times \sqrt[3]{C.C.}}$
5. Displacement, $R.M. = \frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{5 \times \sqrt[3]{D.}}$

The International Races of Portugal.

THE present year is the fourth centenary of the discovery by Vasco de Gama of the sea route to the Indies, and the occasion will be celebrated by a national jubilee under the auspices of the Government of Portugal. The extensive programme, including a Te Deum of Portuguese composition, a meeting of the Geographical Society of Lisbon, an exposition, naval and military reviews, etc., also includes a series of sailing and rowing regattas, for costly prizes, the principal one being the Vasco de Gama cup. The full programme is as follows:

SAILING PROGRAMME.

May 15, 1898—at Cascaes.

Match No. 1—For yachts exceeding 60 L. R.—First prize Vasco da Gama cup, £200, and a gold medal. First: The cup to remain in possession of the club to which the winner belongs and to constitute a perpetual international prize. Second: This prize can only be disputed in races where two or more clubs join. Third: The race to be annual or in period not exceeding three years. Fourth: The organization of the race to be entrusted to the club in possession of the cup, with the co-operation of the Lisbon Geographical Society of Lisbon, and of the Portuguese naval clubs, if deemed convenient by said club. Fifth: The race to take place at Cascaes. Second prize £100 and a gold medal. No second prize will be given unless four yachts start. Course 60 miles.

Match No. 2—For yachts of 50 L. R., but not exceeding 60 L.R.—First prize £100 and a gold medal; second prize £50 and a silver medal. No second prize will be given unless five yachts start. Course 40 miles.

Match No. 3—Handicap for cruisers exceeding 20 Thames tons Lloyds' Yacht Register. Prize, a cup offered by H. M. King D. Carlos I., £50 and a gold medal. Course 40 miles.

Match No. 4—For lateens (Cahiques).—Prize Réis 350\$000. No prize will be given unless five boats start. Course 40 miles.

Match No. 5—For lateens (Canôas da picada).—Prize Réis 350\$000. No prize will be given unless five boats start. Course 40 miles.

May 16, 1898—at Peco d'Arcos.

Match No. 1—Handicap for cruisers exceeding 5 tons, but not exceeding 20 Thames tons Lloyds' Yacht Register. Prize £30 and a silver medal. Course 20 miles.

Match No. 2—Handicap for yachts exceeding 2½ tons, but not exceeding 5 Thames tons Lloyds' Yacht Register. Prize £15 and a silver medal. Course 10 miles.

Match No. 3—Handicap for yachts not exceeding 2½ Thames tons Lloyds' Yacht Register. Prize £15 and a silver medal. Course 10 miles.

First: All matches are open to yachts of any rig belonging to any recognized club.

Second: All races will be sailed under Rules of Yacht Racing Association, 1897.

Third: The yachts taking place in the matches Nos. 1 and 2 of May 15 must when making their entries present their certificates of measurement (L. R.), which will serve for regulating the time allowances.

Fourth: The committee reserve the right of making any alter-



"There she is!"

ation they may deem expedient and of postponing the regatta should they consider it advisable to do so.

Fifth: The decision of the committee on all matters to be final.

Sixth: The committee also reserve to themselves the power of refusing any entries.

Seventh: Any protest must be accompanied with a deposit of £4, which shall be forfeited to the regatta fund should the protest be rejected.

Eighth: A steamer will accompany the matches every day.

Ninth: Entries for the matches to be made in accordance with the rules of the Yacht Racing Association and addressed to the Commissao Executiva do Centenario da India, Sociedade de Geographia, Lisboa, on or before April 15, 1898.

ROWING PROGRAMME.

May 17, 1898—at Lisbon.

Match No. 1—For skiffs.—Prize gold medal.
Match No. 2—For outriggers (four oars).—Prize gold medal.
Match No. 3—For six-oared gigs (first class).—Prize gold medal.
Match No. 3—For six-oared gigs (first class).—Prize gold medal.
Match No. 4—For four-oared gigs (first class).—Prize gold medal.

Match No. 5—For six-oared gigs (second class).—Prize gold medal.

Match No. 6—For four-oared gigs (second class).—Prize gold medal.

Match No. 7—For six-oared boats belonging to Portuguese and foreign men-of-war.—Prize £10 and copper medal.

Match No. 8—For eight-oared boats belonging to Portuguese and foreign men-of-war.—Prize £10 and copper medal.

Match No. 9—For ten-oared boats belonging to Portuguese and foreign men-of-war.—Prize £10 and copper medal. Course one mile.

If any of the men-of-war boats are steered by a naval officer a gold medal will be awarded to the officer of the winning boat.

First: All races will be rowed under the rules of Henley regattas.

Second: The committee reserve the right of making any alteration they may deem expedient, and postponing the regatta should they consider it advisable to do so. The decision of the committee on all matters to be final.

Third: The committee also reserve to themselves the power of refusing any entries.

Fourth: Any protest must be accompanied with a deposit of £2, which shall be forfeited to the regatta fund should the protest be rejected.

Fifth: Entries for the matches to be made in accordance with the rules of Henley regatta and addressed to the Commissao Executiva do Centenario da India, Sociedade de Geographia, Lisboa, on or before April 15, 1898.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Tillie, steam yacht, formerly Polynia, has been sold by the estate of the late W. H. Starbuck to Lewis Luckenbach.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goelet, arrived at Newport on March 27 with owner and friends on board, from the West Indies. She will proceed to New York.

Penelope, steam yacht, under charter to John Shepherd, of Boston, arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on March 9, from Tampa, and sailed for La Guayra.

Silva, steam yacht, has been sold by J. H. Metcalf to A. B. Banks, through her builders, Seabury & Co.

The shops of John W. Sullivan are like a bee hive; work is carried on day and night. Among the orders are the four cylinder triple-expansion engines for E. W. Bliss' new steam yacht, building by John N. Robbins; a triple-expansion engine, 9½, 14 and 24 by 14in., for a passenger propeller building for Orlando F. Smith, of Westerly, R. I.; a triple-expansion engine, 12, 18 and 20 by 20in., for Lewis Nixon, to be placed in the steam yacht building for Tams & Lemoine; an engine for Capt. Ed Brandow's new tug; a triple-expansion engine, 10, 15 and 25 by 15in., for the steam yacht Ava, owned by Walton Ferguson, 11 Pine street, this city, the owner of Fisher's Island.—*American Shipbuilder.*

Nourmahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, arrived at New York on March 24, from New Orleans and Honduras, her owner coming from New Orleans by rail.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 24, with Vice-Com. Ledyard in the chair. The following amendment to the racing rules was passed: In Rule IV., Section 5—Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such case such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the mean racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a single-masted vessel or yawl to enter a schooner class. Substitute the word minimum for mean.

J. G. Bennett presented to the club three chart plates of the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean and Indian oceans, and the Suez Canal, which will be printed for the use of members. Robert M. Grinnell presented to the club the American ensign carried by the Advance, brig, Dr. Kane, in the Franklin search expeditions of 1850-53. The following were elected members: Geo. J. Bascom, Dwight Bradford Blossom, Thos. S. Loeser, Charles N. Nelson, William Austin Wadsworth and Thos. Hammond Smith.

Sultana, steam yacht, J. R. Drexel, arrived at Patras on March 8, sailing the same day, on March 10 she called at Palermo.

May, steam yacht, Mrs. Alex. Van Rensselaer, and Barracouta, steam yacht, D. P. Reighard, were at Kingston, Jamaica, on March 21.

Scythian, steam yacht, Miss Susan De Forest Day, sailed from Charleston for Hampton Roads on March 21.

Narada, steam yacht, Henry Walters, sailed on March 8 from Nice for Naples.

Andria, steam yacht, J. E. Brooks, arrived at Gibraltar on March 9.

Felicia, steam yacht, building for E. W. Bliss at J. N. Robins' yards, Erie Basin, will be launched on Saturday, April 2 at 3:30 P. M.

The annual open regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be sailed on Monday, June 13. A special cup will be given for the knock-about class.

Bucaneer, steam yacht, W. R. Hearst, has been fined \$200 under Sec. 5 of the act of Jan. 16, 1895, for carrying newspaper correspondents and dispatches between Havana and American ports.

The Saddle and Cycle Club, of Chicago, will establish a yachting department at Edgewater, on Lake Michigan, building a boat house and pier.

Nooya, steam yacht, has been sold by E. N. Dickerson to W. K. Aston, through Mr. Crowninshield. This gentleman has just booked orders for four designs: a 30ft. yawl for F. W. Hastings, of Cambridge, Mass., a cruiser, with 9,000lbs. of lead on keel; a 21ft. c. b. knockabout for New York, 32ft. 3in. overall, 8ft. 4in. beam, 7ft. 10in. beam at l.w.l., 3ft. 4in. draft and 600sq.ft. of sail, with knife centerboard and balanced rudder; a 21ft. keel knockabout for E. C. Lambert, of Cambridge; and a 17ft. power launch for Meteor, schr., J. O. Shaw, Jr.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco the following officers were elected: Com., Carl Westerfield; Vice-Com., Andrew Thorne; Port Capt., J. H. Keefe; Sec'y, E. B. Lathrop; Treas., C. E. Barrett; Directors: C. Westerfield, A. Thorne, J. H. Keefe, E. B. Lathrop, C. L. Barrett, O. Eastwood, F. E. Schöber; Regatta Committee: J. H. Hopps, W. F. Dixey, R. J. Martenstein; Delegates to the Pacific Interclub Y. A. appointed March 3: J. H. Hopps, A. J. Young, P. J. Martenstein.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

W. F. Penney, New York.

Eastern Division.

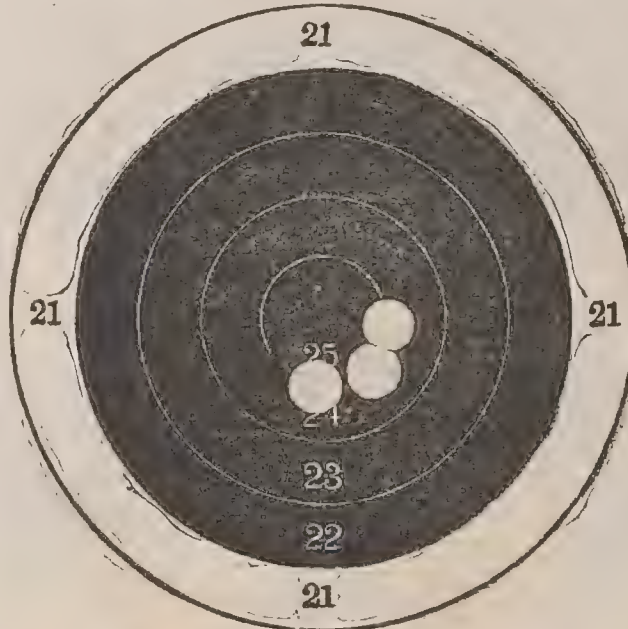
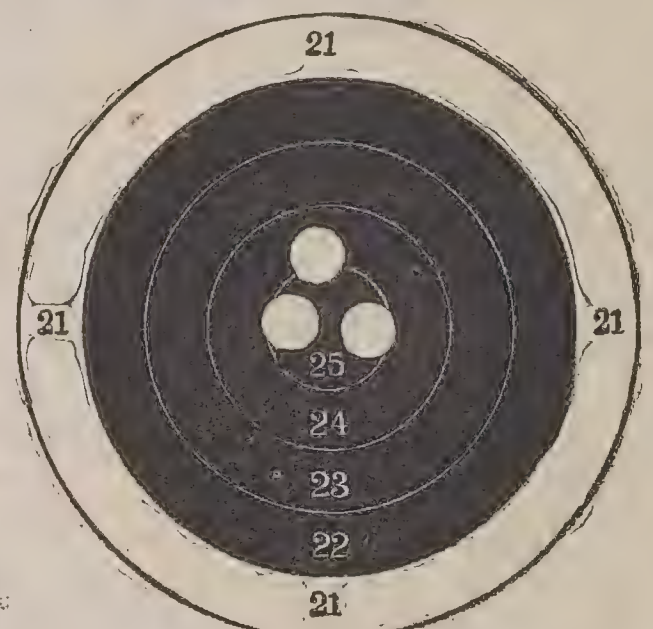
George C. Scales, Newton, Mass.

Wilson S. Dakin, Wish-ton-Wish, Northampton, Mass.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

H. M. SPENCER'S TARGETS IN THE GERMAN RING RE-ENTRY RIFLE MATCH.

Five best scores to count, 100ft., off-hand, possible 375. Score 373.



Rifle Range and Gallery.

Scores at the Boston Tournament.

Boston, March 26.—The two weeks of shooting in the New England Sportsmen's Association tournament closed to-night with the following records:

Match A.—Any revolver championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to any revolver of not over 45cal., with barrel not over 7½in. in length, exclusive of cylinder. Sights must be strictly open and not over 9in. apart. Trigger-pull shall not be less than 3lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 25 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any ammunition of not over 12grs. black powder, or its equivalent in smokeless, allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

First prize won by R. H. Sayre, score 443. Second by E. E. Partridge, score 430. Third by G. W. Waterhouse, score 428.

Match B.—Military revolver championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open only to the present standard .38cal. revolver as issued by the United States Government to the troops. Sights must be the regular open and fixed military sights with which the revolver is issued. Trigger pull shall not be less than 4lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds., with Creedmoor count. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 25 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition must be the regular full charge service cartridge intended for this arm. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

First prize won by E. E. Partridge, score 232. Second by Dr. S. Paine, score 230. Third by Dr. A. A. Webber, score 226.

Match C.—Pistol championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to all pistols of .22cal., with barrels not over 10in. in length. Sights must be strictly open and not over 10in. apart. Trigger pull shall not be less than 2lbs. Position, standing without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from the body. Targets will be the standard American reduced to 20yds. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 50 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim-fire ammunition allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$5. Distance 20 measured yards. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

First prize won by C. S. Axtell, score 457. Second by E. E. Partridge, score 447. Third by G. W. Waterhouse, score 442.

Match D.—Rifle championship: Prizes, three sterling silver cups, actual cost \$50, \$25 and \$10. Conditions: Arms—Open to all rifles of .22cal. Sights: Any sights except telescope sights allowed. Position: The position will be off-hand. Targets: The 25-ring target will be used for this match. Number of shots: This match calls for 50 shots, which must be shot in ten rings of 5 shots each at any time during the tournament. Each string must be finished within 10 minutes from the first shot. Cleaning

allowed between strings. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim-fire cartridges allowed. Entrance for this match is \$5. Distance 100 measured feet. Entries: Only one allowed by the same individual. Ties will be shot off.

First prize won by F. C. Ross, score 1200. Second by H. M. Spencer, score 1187. Third by D. M. Pope, score 1178.

Match E.—Any revolver re-entry. Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the any revolver championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 3 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

First prize, cash \$30, won by C. S. Axtell, score 286. Second, cash \$25, a tie between Dr. A. A. Webber and J. H. Wesson, score 285.

Match F.—Military revolver re-entry: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, trigger-pull, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the military revolver championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 1 minute from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

First prize, cash \$30, won by E. E. Partridge, score 147. Second, cash \$25, won by R. Robertson, score 144. Third, cash \$20, won by O. B. Joyeux, score 143.

Match G.—Pistol re-entry: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, trigger pull, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the pistol championship match. Scores: A score to consist of 6 consecutive shots, which must be finished within 3 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

First prize, cash \$30, won by E. E. Partridge, score 290. Second, cash \$25, won by Z. C. Talbot, score 289. Third won by Dr. A. A. Webber, score 288.

Match H.—German ring, re-entry rifle: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$140, as follows: \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, targets, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the rifle championship. Scores: A score to consist of 3 shots, which must be finished within 5 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

First prize, cash \$30, won by H. M. Spencer, making a clean score of 375 points.

Match I.—Standard American re-entry rifle: Prizes: There will be twelve prizes, dividing \$100, as follows: \$20, \$15, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2. Only one prize can be won by the same individual. Conditions: Arms, sights, position, cleaning, ammunition and distance are the same as in the rifle championship. Targets: The standard American target reduced to 100ft. with 7-ring black will be used in this match. Scores: A score to consist of 5 shots, which must be finished within 5 minutes from the first shot. Each contestant's final score to consist of the aggregate of his five best scores. Entries are unlimited and are to cost 25 cents per score. Ties will be decided by the next best score or scores.

Cash prize of \$20 won by F. C. Ross, score 228.

The scores in detail follow:

Any revolver championship match:												
G W Waterhouse	50	50	53	45	56	56	44	56	18	—	428	
G W Waterhouse	50	50	53	45	56	56	44	56	18	—	423	
Z C Talbot	49	51	45	49	51	58	44	57	20	—	424	
Dr A A Webber	45	51	52	54	43	50	57	54	17	—	423	
Military revolver championship match:												
O B Joyeux	25	29	27	28	27	27	29	29	9	—	230	
Dr A A Webber	26	27	26	27	28	27	27	29	9	—	226	
Z C Talbot	27	26	28	25	24	26	28	24	10	—	218	
C E Davis	24	24	26	25	27	21	23	26	8	—	208	
Dr R H Sayre	22	17	25	29	24	25	23	26	8	—	199	
R S Hale	23	27	22	21	19	22	20	24	8	—	186	
Pistol championship match:												
E E Partridge						85	93	86	87	96	—	447
Z C Talbot						86	88	88	85	84	—	431
F G Hodskins						90	90	79	87	92	—	428
Dr A A Webber						86	81	77	88	85	—	417
A L Smith						88	79	80	88	91	—	426
Rifle championship match:												
F C Ross	123	118	120	123	122	121	123	113	123	114	—	1200
H M Pope	117	116	121	113	121	115	119	121	118	117	—	1178
E S Pillard	117	118	116	117	117	115	118	122	117	120	—	1177
W Rosenbaum	119	117	115	118	115	120	117	118	119	118	—	1176
L C Buss	117	115	118	114	118	121	116	119	116	121	—	1175
M Dorrler	120	118	116	115	119	108	117	119	114	124	—	1170
C A Coombs	118	121	113	119	114	109	115	112	114	116	—	1151

THE TEN TARGETS BY F. C. ROSS, MATCH D; RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP, GERMAN RING TARGET, SCORE 1200 POINTS.



J. Bryant	29	28	27	27	27-138
Z. C. Talbot	28	28	27	27	27-137
C. E. Davis	29	27	27	27	27-137
O. M. Pratt	28	28	28	27	26-137
J. H. Keough	28	27	27	27	27-136
R. S. Hale	27	27	26	26	26-132
Dr. R. H. Sayre	26	26	24	22	22-120

Pistol re-entry match:					
E. E. Partridge	58	58	58	58	58-290
F. B. Crowninshield	58	58	58	57	57-288
Dr. A. A. Webber	59	59	57	57	56-288
Z. C. Talbot	59	58	57	56	56-286
G. W. Waterhouse	57	56	56	55	55-279
J. H. Keough	57	55	55	53	53-273
A. L. Smith	57	56	53	53	52-271
F. G. Hodskins	54	54	54	54	53-269
C. S. Axtell	56	55	53	52	52-268
H. Blood	53	52	51	48	47-251
H. Morgan	53	51	49	49	47-249
J. K. Barnes	51	49	47	46	46-240
M. Patch	52	48	48	46	45-239
W. Almy	49	46	45	43	43-226

German ring target re-entry match:					
F. C. Ross	75	75	75	74	74-373
H. M. Spencer	75	75	74	74	74-373
M. Dorrier	75	74	74	74	74-371
D. Johnson	75	74	74	74	74-371
E. S. Pillard	74	74	74	74	74-370
W. Rosenbaum	75	74	74	74	73-370
H. M. Pope	75	74	74	74	73-370
J. T. Humphrey	73	73	73	72	72-364
Z. C. Talbot	72	72	72	71	71-358
J. H. Keough	73	73	71	71	70-357
W. Johnson	74	73	72	71	71-354
O. B. Joyeux	64	63	61	61	60-309

Standard American re-entry match:					
H. M. Spencer	49	48	47	47	47-238
W. Rosenbaum	48	47	47	47	47-236
F. C. Ross	49	47	47	46	46-235
E. S. Pillard	49	47	46	45	45-234
D. Johnson	47	47	46	46	46-233
L. C. Buss	47	47	46	46	46-232
H. M. Pope	48	46	46	46	45-231
M. Dorrier	47	47	46	46	45-231
C. H. Eastman	49	45	45	45	45-229
J. T. Humphrey	47	45	45	45	44-226
C. A. Coombs	45	45	44	44	44-222
J. H. Keough	47	44	43	42	42-218
B. Dimock	45	43	43	41	41-213
J. Busfield	43	42	40	40	40-207
C. D. Berg	40	35	35	34	34-178
W. Johnson	41	34	31	31	30-168
J. E. Berg	37	33	32	31	30-163
J. C. Wettergreen	41	38	27	24	24-154

Any revolver re-entry match:					
J. H. Wesson	57	57	57	57	57-285
Dr. J. H. Webber	57	57	57	57	57-285
C. S. Axtell	58	57	57	56	56-284
G. W. Waterhouse	57	57	56	56	56-283
E. E. Partridge	57	57	56	55	55-281
A. L. Smith	57	56	55	55	55-279
T. Anderson	56	56	55	52	52-273
Z. C. Talbot	56	55	55	54	54-272
Dr. R. H. Sayre	56	53	53	53	53-268
G. H. Chandler	55	53	53	53	53-267
Dr. Louis Bell	53	52	52	52	52-262
F. G. Hodskins	55	53	52	51	50-258
J. H. Keough	52	51	51	50	47-251
O. B. Joyeux	54	52	47	47	47-248
F. Elliott	48	47	46	45	45-231
Military revolver re-entry match:					
E. E. Partridge	30	30	29	29	29-147
F. B. Crowninshield	30	29	29	29	29-146
R. Robertson	30	29	28	28	28-143
O. B. Joyeux	29	28	28	28	28-141

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 14.—Yesterday was club medal day at Shell Mound. Most of the marksmen fell down a few points below average on account of a stiff breeze from the northwest. McLaughlin, however, did fine work on the Creedmoor target. Scores of the Columbia Club, Columbia target:
Members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman, 55, 76.
Bushnell military rifle medal: E. Jacobson, 49, 45.
All comers' rifle medal: D. W. McLaughlin, 46; F. O. Young, 57; A. H. Pape, 48, 50, 57; F. E. Mason, 57.
For members only.—Champion class: McLaughlin 48, Pape 50, Mason 63.
First class: Dorrell 68, Daiss 86, Gorman 88.
Second class: Barley 107, Mannell 111, Mrs. White 199, M. J. White 131.
With the pistol at 50yds. the members of the Columbia Club made these scores:
Champion class: Gorman 38, Pape 41, Dorrell 46, M. J. White 47, Young 52, Daiss 58.
First class: Mason 56, Bailey 79.
Second class: Mrs. White 56, Hinterman 66.
Third class: Jonas 69, Cosgrave 82, Mrs. Mannell 109, G. Mannell 122, Mrs. Waltham 132, Doria 125.
In the rifle contest for ladies Mrs. Waltham scored 53, Mrs. White 55 and Mrs. Mannell 57.
Germania Club, 25-ring target, 20 shots:
First champion class, D. B. Factor 428; second champion class, H. Huber 377; first class, C. F. Rust 366; second class, J. Geiken 373; third class, D. Salfeld 296; first best shot, J. Utschig, 22; last best shot, H. Zecker, 23.
Companies C and G, N. G. C., Blount target: English 28, Northrup 42, Menzel 33, Heilbrone 37, Grant 41, Smith 36, Nelson 34, Povey 42, Kennedy 42, Ross 37, Hirst 44, McGilvery 40, Armstrong 20, Crosbie 19, Mueller 35, Norton 44, Butler 20, Howe 42, Bantz 25, Atkins 35, Sweitzer 42, Kinkead 33, Weatherby 44, Waltham 44, Swasey 38, Williams 41, Fawke 27, Meyer 43, Unfred 39, Hicks 40, Petty 33, Martin 34, Sarsen 37, Dabney 20, Stewart 13, Nilson 20, Neuman 37, Deffen 32, Musgrave 37, Carson 32, Mason 39, Sutcliffe 43.
Five hundred yards: Menzel 26, Povey 23, Unfred 34, Heilbrone 24, Norton 41, Meyer 42, Neuman 35, Musgrave 37, Hirst 41, Weatherby 6, Waltham 33, Sweitzer 16, Kennedy 31, Deppen 32, Carson 27.
Three hundred yards: Menzel 37, Ross 27, Heilbrone 22, Unfred 32, Hirst 37, Norton 44, Netherby 42, Sweitzer 33, Waltham 39, McGilvery 30, Povey 41, Hicks 32, Meyer 38, Kennedy 30, Neuman 29, Deppen 33, Musgrave 39.
ROSEL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., March 18.—The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association's seventh annual tournament was completed to-day, this being the third day of the shoot. Among the shooters were: J. A. R. Elliott, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; A. G. Courtney, representing the Remington Arms Co.; E. B. Coe, of the Coast Pigeon Co., of Baltimore; J. J. Hollowell, of the U. M. C. Co.; Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co.; George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, representing Remington guns, U. M. C. shells, and Schultze powder, and R. O. Heikes, of the Winchester Arms Co. The Fulford system of trapping was used, and was pronounced by all to be the best ever seen. Scores of

Wednesday, March 16.

No. 1, 5 live birds, \$3 entry; No. 2, 7 live birds, \$4 entry; No. 3, 15 birds, \$8 entry; No. 4, 7 birds, \$1 entry.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	5	7	15	7	Birds:	5	7	15	7
Hollowell	5	5	11	6	Fanning	5	7	11	6
Elliott	5	7	12	7	Holloway	1	5	14	7
Fulford	5	7	14	7	Dennis	6	9
W. A. W.	4	7	13	5	Judson	4	13	6	..
Coe	5	4	12	6	Mayhew	7	13
Mosher	4	7	11	..	Hepburn	13
Courtney	5	7	13	5	Paddleford	11	5
Wagner	4	7	11	7

Event No. 5, miss-and-out, \$2 entry: Fulford 4, Holloway 2, W. A. W. 1, Hollowell 3, Coe 6, Mosher 10, Mayhew 8, Elliott 10, Fanning 10, Courtney 8.

No. 6, same: Mosher 2, Hollowell 6, W. A. W. 3, Fanning 7, Wagner 9, Kilburn 5, Fulford 2, Paddleford 1, Courtney 10, Elliott 10, Mayhew 10, Holloway 8.

Thursday, March 17.

The attendance was somewhat lighter to-day than it was yesterday, but there were never less than ten shooters in any event. A strong wind blowing across the field made good scores extremely hard to get.

Event No. 1 was at 5 live birds, \$3 entry; No. 2, 7 birds, \$5 entry; No. 3, 10 birds, \$6 entry; No. 4, 10 birds, \$5 entry; No. 5, same; No. 6, same. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	5	7	10	10	10	10	Birds:	5	7	10	10	10	10
Hollowell	5	6	7	9	9	..	Deck	6
Elliott	5	6	8	9	6	..	Bingham	8	8	6
Courtney	5	4	7	10	9	..	White	8	8
Fulford	5	7	8	9	9	..	Jones	10	7
Holloway	3	4	4	9	7	4	Scott	6
Fanning	4	7	9	6	7	9	Judson	6
Smith	4	3	Fairchild	5
Heikes	5	6	9	8	8	9	Frank	6
Mayhew	5	6	..	10	8	..	Wheeler	8
Paddleford	3	5	7	8	6

Event No. 7, miss-and-out: Heikes 3, Hollowell 2, Fanning 1, Fulford 3, Holloway 3, Paddleford 1, Deck 0, Mayhew 2, Smith 3.

No. 8, same: Heikes 3, Bingham 2, Frank 0, Deck 0, Mayhew 3, Paddleford 1, Holloway 0, Courtney 3, Scott 0, Hollowell 3, Fanning 2, Fulford 3.

Friday, March 18.

The last day saw the best shooting of the tournament. The weather was good, and a large crowd of spectators was on hand. The four special prizes of \$10 each for the four high scores for the entire programme of 101 birds were won by the following men: E. D. Fulford 93, J. A. R. Elliott 87, Jack Fanning 84, J. J. Hollowell 84. The principal event of the tournament, the Central New York Handicap, was shot to-day. Nine men entered. The conditions were: 25 live birds, \$12 entry, handicap rise, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., \$25 added. Event No. was at 7 live birds, \$4 entry; No. 2, 10 birds, \$5 entry; No. 3, same; No. 4, 7 birds, \$4 entry. The scores:

Hollowell, 30	111221210212222222222222	24
Heikes, 30	222222022022122222222222	23
Elliott, 32	222122220222212222222222	23
Wheeler, 28	211211122112220212101122	23
Fulford, 22	020222120222222222222222	22
Fanning, 32	101222111121212201120221	22
Deck, 26	122102111201221111111110	22
Courtney, 29	122221122011210021111021	21
Mayhew, 29	211210220222201222222210	21

Sweepstakes, No. 1, at 7 live birds, \$4 entry, three moneys; No. 2, 10 live birds; No. 3, 10 live birds, four moneys; No. 4, 7 live birds, three moneys:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	7	10	10	7	Birds:	7	10	10	7
Hollowell 29	6	7	9	7	Heikes, 32	7	10	10	6
Courtney, 29	2	9	8	..	Mayhew, 29	8	8	6	..
Fanning, 32	6	9	9	..	Wheeler, 28	9
Gates, 29	4	9	9	..	Scott, 27	5
Smith, 27	4	7	9	6	Mizner, 28	7
Fulford, 32	7	9	8	7	Judson, 7	7
Elliott, 32	6

Event No. 5, miss-and-out, \$2 entry: Gates 0, Hollowell 3, Courtney 1, Fanning 3, Fulford 3.

No. 6, same: Gates 1, Hollowell 0, Courtney 2, Fulford 2.

No. 7, same: Gates 3, Hollowell 1, Courtney 4, Fanning 0, Fulford 4.

Trap at Parkersburg.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 19.—The Parkersburg Steam Laundry trophy was contested for by thirteen enthusiastic gun cranks this afternoon. A wild wind prevailed from the southwest and made the shooting very hard. Charles Gilbert tied F. E. Mallory, the State champion, on 44 out of 50, then 21 out of 25; the last 25 was 16 to 21 in favor of Mallory. Ties were shot off late and it being quite dark Gilbert fell down.

The sweeps and practice events were quite interesting; all members are training for the State tournament to be held here under the auspices of the Mountain State Gun Club, June 8, 9, and 10; \$300 added moneys and a long list of merchandise prizes, consisting of guns, loaded shells, powder, shot, etc. The magnum-trap will throw about 10,000 targets per day, and the boys will leave nothing undone to make the event a success and to insure all visiting shooters the best entertainment of the best town in the Ohio Valley. No. 3 was for the trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	50	25	25	Targets:	25	25	50	25	25
F. M. Kisin	24	21	37	23	19	H. P. Camden	22	20	36	14	..
F. E. Mallory	21	21	44	21	21	C. L. Slayton	18	..	39	14	..
Chas. Gilbert	44	21	16	E. R. Patton	16	..	37	15	..
Cole	20	22	43	24	20	Morgan	22	..	32
S. T. Mallory	17	16	28	16	21	Dade	43	23	17
Bert Mallory, Jr.	14	14	35	16	..	Dr. W. M. Patton	39
A. H. Brown	20	..	34	Nemo

Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 21.—Yesterday's shoot was quite a success, and there were quite a number of shooters out. The best shooting was done by Chellis and Hood. Chellis made one, string of 15 straight, and Hood had two 20-straight; two 10s and broke 14 out of 15 in another event. Stevens is doing better with his gun since he had the stock changed, but he might improve. Ellis is still doing fine work occasionally with his fine English piece. Dr. Steel also shot well, and will probably shoot next week at Tacoma.

The boys are all on their mettle to beat Tacoma, and expect to do so.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	20	15	10	20	Targets:	10	20	15	10	20
McKee	4	..	14	6	16
Ellis	6	18	11	8	6	12	9	12	6
Black	6	..	11	9	5	13
Stevens	8	..	15	9	7	13	9	8	6
Hood	9	20	12	9	20	10	14	9
W. Hardy	13	..	12	5	..	6	11	5
Spokane	15	9	11	6
Chellis	17	..	11	7	..	7	15	7
Steele	17	11	8	..	8	12	6
Hall	17	11	8	16	5	7	8
Ruppe, Jr.	..	9	..	12	7	8
J. Hardy	6	7
G. Ruppe	16
Deacon	9
Charles	6	10

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, March 23.—More visitors to the successful Sports men's Show varied the attendance at the Boston Gun Club on the afternoon of March 23. Messrs. L. I. Flower, A. Moore and G. B. Moore were sightseers from across the line, and while desirous of posing more as spectators than shooters were prevailed upon to handle strange guns and strange ammunition for sociability's sake. Mr. Noone, of the Portsmouth, N. H., Gun Club, shot the programme to good effect, while the regular Wednesday participants were glad to note the return to the grounds of Mr. Brown direct from his winter home in the South, and also Mr. Benton, who has been an unwilling absentee from the later shoots on account of a painful sleighing accident. With all these to make up a gathering, the shoot passed off in good shape, notwithstanding that a gale of wind prevented good scores coming to more than a few. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17	4	6	3	7	9	4	2	9	7	7	8	7
Woodruff, 17	8	9	2	9	8	4	2	9	8	8
Miskay, 18	5	7	3	10	8	4	1	8	9	7
Hall, 18	6	6	3	7	7	3	3	7	6	8	8	8
Brown, 15	7	6	2	8	5	3	1	6	4
Benton, 14	5	7	3	6
Nichols, 15	5	1	3	5	2	3
Eastman, 16	9	9	5	8	10	5	3	7	9	8
Taft, 16	6	7	6	8	6	3	4	8	5	8
Noone, 16	7	7	3	6	8	4	3	7	5	3
Sawyer, 15	8	9	3	8	7	4	2	7	9	8
Spencer, 18	6	9	..	9	8	2	2	8	7	6	6	9
Moore, 16	4
Poor, 15	2	2	1	2	3	2
Horace, 16	8	8	5	5	10	8
Hollis, 16	6	6	4	2	10	8	7	6
Gore, 16	7	7	4	3	8	7
A. Moore, 16	4	5	2	2
Harris, 16	7	5	5	7	10	7
Flower, 16	3

Events 1, 4, 5, 8 and 11, known angles; 2, 6, 9 and 12, unknown; 3 and 7 pairs; 10 reverse pull.

Prize match: 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; distance handicap:

Eastman	1111111111	10	11111	5	10	11	00	3	18
Horace	0111011111	8	11111	5	11	11	10	5	18
Harris	1011011011	7	11111	5	11	11	10	5	17
Gordon	1111011111	9	10111	4	00	01	10	2	15
Noone	0111111101	8	11110	4	10	10	10	3	15
Gore	1101011110	7	10111	4	10	01	10	3	14
Woodruff	0011111111	8	10111	4	10	00	01	2	14
Hall	1011111100	7	01011	3	10	10	10	3	13
Miskay	1101110111	8	11110	4	00	00	10	1	13
Taft	1111100000	6	11001	3	01	11	10	4	13
Sawyer	1111100011	7	11011	4	01	00	01	2	13
Spencer	1110111101	8	01001	2	10	10	00	2	12
Hollis	0111011010	6	11110	4	10	00	01	2	12
Brown	0010001111	5	01011	3	00	00	10	1	9
Moore, A	0100110101	5	00011	2	10	00	10	2	9

Team match: 40 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown, per shooter; distance handicap:

Miskay	1101111011	8	111110111	9	17
Horace	1111111111	10	111010111	8	18
Gordon	1111111101	9	110011011	7	16
Woodruff	1111111101	9	011111101	8	17
Eastman	1111001011	7	111111101	9	16
Taft	1011011111	8	000111100	5	13
Hollis	1111111111	10	111101110	8	18
Brown	1001011110	6	100100011	4	10

BOSTON.

Parmelee Defeats Brewer.

A MATCH was arranged between Mr. F. S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., and Mr. J. L. Brewer, of New York, two great masters of the gun, for \$100 a side, 100 live birds, each contestant to stand at 30yds. The match excited a great deal of interest, in that respect being second only to the great finish of the Handicap. Parmelee was shooting in excellent form. Brewer shot a grand race, but was not up to the high form which he has shown in the past. It was a grand exhibition of high skill with the shotgun. The match began at 11:26 on Friday, March 25, and ended at 1:05. The score subjoined tells the whole history at a glance:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19</
--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	------

Trap Around Reading.

Reading, Pa., March 16.—One of the closest contested shooting matches ever held around this part of the State was shot here to-day over the traps of the Independent Gun Club at Shilling-ton Park. The principals were Brooke Harrison, who has be-come quite prominent the last few years at the trap, and Harry J. Coldren, champion live-bird shot of Berks county. A match had been made in which Coldren was to stake \$200 to Harrison's \$100, but a report was circulated that it would be a "fake" match, when on the last minute the first match was declared off and a new match made for \$100 a side, each man to shoot at 100 live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary.

The match had been arranged to start at 2 P. M., but it was 3 P. M. when Coldren fired the first shot, opening the match. Fully 500 persons journeyed to the shooting park to witness the match and were well paid for their trouble. The grounds, are just receiving the finishing touches for the State shoot, to be held March 29, and present a fine appearance. Mr. Charles W. Bechtel was selected as referee; Mr. Edward Yeager, president of the Independent Gun Club, was trap-puller, and John Shaaber, Mr. Moyer and the correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM were chosen as official scorers.

The birds were a fine lot of strong, healthy pigeons, and no hard wind blew across the traps. Coldren made a run of 18, which was his best of the match, while Harrison's highest run was 22. Nine times throughout the match were the shooters tied. Mr. Ben Fleishman handled Coldren and Kuersten coached Harrison. Over \$4,000 changed hands on the result, and another match is being arranged between the two men. It was rumored after the match that Isaac Eckert and Robert Welsh, of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, and Harrison and Coldren would shoot a team race, 100 birds per man, \$200 a side per team. Forfeits have been posted and arrangements are to be made at once for the date and place.

The score:
Coldren1211121111222121*211112-24
21*21211*122221201202*212-20
222220212121*21221111002-21
2222212011022221*0222220-20-85
Harrison12222111211112121212022-24
21220122212022222122222-23
2212*220122022*1*12220*22-18
2220102112221222102222022-21-86

Dead out of bounds: Coldren 6, Harrison 4.
Reading, Pa., March 16.—This afternoon while the Coldren-Harrison match was being shot, Mr. Bob Welch, of Philadelphia, the guest of Mr. Isaac Eckert, and his host, Mr. Eckert, met in a private live-bird shooting match at Spring Valley shooting grounds. Mr. Geo. I. Bechtel acted as referee. The result at the finish showed Welch killed 86, missed 14, to Mr. Eckert's 87 killed and 13 missed. As soon as the result of the Harrison-Coldren match was learned Mr. Eckert immediately issued a chal-lenge to shoot a team race, 100 birds per man, for \$200 a side, Mr. Eckert choosing Mr. Welch as his partner to shoot against Coldren and Harrison.

Pottstown, Pa., March 16.—A number of interesting target matches were shot on the grounds of the Shuler Shooting As-sociation between teams composed of W. G. Guest, W. I. Grubb and L. G. Davis on one side, and W. L. Stone, Livingstone Say-lor and Thos. Cole on the other.

First event, 25 targets per man, known angles; two unknown angles, while the fourth was at 6 doubles. The first mentioned won each of the three matches with the scores of 49 to 48, 51 to 49, 18 to 15, 19 to 12.

Bally, Pa., March 16.—A live-bird and target tournament was held here to-day and attracted a large number of sportsmen from Potts-town, Royersford, Reading, Phoenixville, Spring City and other places. In the first event at 7 live-birds, \$5 entrance, Trumbauer, of Pottstown, won first money on a straight score. Gross, Buck-walter and Geary divided second money with 6 kills each. The second event was at 7 birds, \$5 entrance. Trumbauer, Scheffey and Brey each had 6 kills and divided first money. Gross and Buckwalter with 5 kills divided second money. There were fifteen entries in each of the above events.

Norristown, Pa., March 16.—There was a live-bird shoot at King of Prussia, near here. The first event was for a purse of \$25 or a 500lbs. hog. The conditions of the match were 3 birds to a man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The following scores were made: Gaylor, Newton, Dull, Jenkins, 3; Hoy, Pedrick, Derr, Upden-grove, Hobbs, Dick, Boucot, 2; Marsden, 1. In the shoot-off for first money Dull killed 6 and Newton 5. Gaylor and Jenkins missed their first birds.

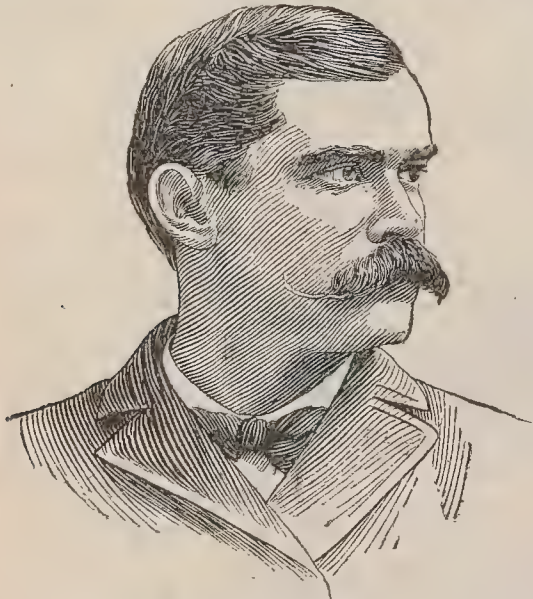
Weissport, Pa., March 17.—Sportsmen from all parts of the coal region saw John F. Weiler, of Allentown, defeat P. F. Mur-phy, of Mauch Chunk, at a live-bird shoot for \$50 a side. The shoot was at 10 birds, and each man killed 4. In the shoot-off Weiler killed 2 birds straight, while Murphy missed 1 and lost the match.

ARTHUR A. FINK.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

THE sixth annual Grand American Handicap tournament of the Interstate Association was fixed to be contested on March 22, 23 and 24, but the last gun which announced the winner was not fired till well toward noon of the 25th. The tournament was held at Elkwood Park, which is a few minutes' ride from Long Branch, N. J. The Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Pennsylv-ania Railroad, near to which Elkwood Park is situated, arranged their schedules so that several trains made stops at the gates of the Park in each of the three days fixed for the event, thus materially aiding the convenience of all who were in attendance.

The entries this year numbered 207, of which 6 were post entries. Of the 207, 10 forfeited, so that the actual number of contestants was 197, a number still far in excess of any entry



E. D. FULFORD, UTICA, N. Y.
Winner of Grand American Handicap, 1898.

preceding it. Last year the entries to the Handicap numbered 146, of which 11 forfeited, leaving 135 contestants, a record breaker at that time. In that contest the Hon. T. A. Marshall, of Keiths-burg, Ill., was the winner.

In comparison the beginning in 1893 was humble, the entries that year numbering 21, and the victor was Mr. R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia. In 1894 there were 54 entries, and that year Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., took first honors. The two first events were shot off in a Brooklyn park.

Sixty-one entries in 1895 was a gain over all predecessors, and in the contest of that year at Willard Park, near Paterson, N. J., Mr. J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, proved to be the winner. The entries of 1896 were a great gain over those of previous years, there being 109, and 106 who competed. That year Mr. O. R. Dickey was the winner.

Excellent portraits of the previous winners, as well as that of the last winner, are given in these columns, thus linking the honors of the present year by year, to those of the beginning of the greatest trap-shooting event in America, and in point of the number of entries, without doubt, the greatest in the world.

As each recurring Handicap exceeded its predecessors, there was the greatest difficulty in the practical management of it up to two years ago, owing to the insufficient equipment of grounds for its peculiar needs. The large entry of 1896 made necessary the running of extra sets of traps, which in turn made necessary a new system of scoring to meet the new requirements, and

further suggested the need of quicker trapping and retrieving, all of which were so nicely perfected that the opportunities to shoot in the last two Handicaps kept nearly an even pace with the re-quirements of the shooters at the score.

To accomplish all this so perfectly every important part of the management of the shoot was in a high degree specialized. The Interstate Association engaged only the best trained talent for every working department of the tournament, with the result that it was conducted from start to finish without any material break.

Elsewhere in our columns are portraits of the President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Interstate Association respect-ively, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Mr. Irby Bennett, of Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; and Mr. John L. Lequin, of Hazard Powder Co. These gentlemen, with Capt. A. W. Money, of American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Limited; Mr. A. W. Higgins, of Laffin & Rand Powder Co., and Mr. Edw. S. Lenthion, representing E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., composed the Board of Directors.

The Tournament Committee were Messrs. Irby Bennett, Chair-man; A. W. Higgins, Charles Tatham, John L. Lequin and E. S. Lenthion.

THE HANDICAP COMMITTEE.

As originally arranged the Handicapping Committee consisted of Mr. Jacob Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing; Mr. Edward Banks, at that time of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. Will K. Park, of Sporting Life; and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner. Mr. Banks subse-quently accepted the office of secretary with the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., and thereupon withdrew from the com-mittee. The handicapping was done by the remaining members of it.

THE MANAGER.

As mentioned hereinbefore, the different special parts of the tournament were in the charge of expert men. The trapping, the scoring, the squad hustling, the cashier's department, etc., were duties set apart from all other duties. The manner of working all the departments to produce a harmonious whole was no less important than the perfect working of every subdivision, and had its own peculiar requirements and interest in the great tournament.

The general management was in charge of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, and the mention of his name is quite enough to tell that it was managed with perfect skill and unflinching at-tention from start to finish. The organizing and conduct of the tournament was a standard to aspire to as being a model.

Mr. Shaner's portrait is published elsewhere in these columns.

THE REFEREES AND SCORERS.

At No. 1 set of traps was the veteran in trap matters, Mr. Jacob Pentz, who made the official declaration of "lost" and "dead," and passed on all other points pertaining to the office of re-feree. The scorer at No. 1 was Mr. J. von Enimons.

No. 2 set of traps was in like manner refereed by Mr. Harold Wallack, and the scoring was done thereat by Mr. George W. Squier.

No. 3 set was arbitrated by Mr. Edward Taylor, the ballistic expert of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co.; and Mr. H. Taylor, his son, did the scoring.

The duties of the referees and scorers were most exacting, the most constant attention being necessary to observe every detail and avoid error.

THE CASHIER'S OFFICE.

Messrs. B. H. Norton and A. Meyerhoff, both of New York, and both expert men in such matters, had charge of the fi-nancial end of the tournament, and they managed with skill and expedition the receiving and paying out of moneys appertaining to it.

COMPILER OF SCORES.

This important office was in charge of Mr. Edward Banks, Secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., and he was assisted by Messrs. John D. Regan, of Brooklyn, and J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia. In this department was an excep-tionally high degree of talent necessary, inasmuch as to conduct it properly a thorough knowledge of every detail of the whole tournament was necessary. The utmost accuracy and expedition were indispensable conditions in keeping the scores fully com-plete and correct, so that the tournament might proceed without interruption, as a halt in the office of compiler of scores would bring the whole affair to a standstill. In addition an official record of the tournament was kept, and a number of manifold copies made for the use of the press, both daily and weekly.

The shooting was done in squads of twenty-five men. The three scorers at the traps had the same list, and after the last of the twenty-five had shot the three scores were hurried to the compiler of scores, who copied them onto a complete sheet, on which the misses were written with a coarse blue pencil mark, so that all the misses could be seen at a glance. The moment that a squad list was received by the compiler of scores a new squad list, already made up, was immediately sent out to the scorers, and the shooting continued with hardly a break in it.

To avoid unnecessary loss of time to the competition and un-necessary expense to the contestants, one condition in the dif-ferent events was that a contestant should retire after he had lost a certain number of birds, there then being hardly a possi-bility at such juncture that he could win. This also the com-pliers kept check on, and after a contestant had missed the specified number of birds his name was crossed from the list sent out to the scorers, and thus his name not being on the list such contestant was not called up again. A close scrutiny of every squad list was necessary when it was returned, to note whether any one had missed the disqualifying number.

With three sets of traps working, there was hardly an unoc-cupied moment for any one in the office of the compiler of scores. With the system used, a very close tab could be kept on the shooters.

So perfectly was the office of compiler of scores conducted that but a few minutes were required to settle up each event after it was finished. Rebates were made out for birds not shot at, as the men dropped out of the competition, and orders on the cashier for the prize money were ready for the winners soon after an event was ended.

Mr. Banks was also the press agent.

THE SQUAD HUSTLER.

This important duty was performed by Mr. W. J. McCrickart, a duty by no means similar to a saunter through flower-be-spangled fields on a June morning. On him devolved the re-sponsibility of keeping the men in readiness, so that there would always be a man ready to start in at No. 1 trap the moment the shooter had fired and left it. The shooters were numbered from 1 to 207, each one bearing a placard on his back on which was his number in large figures which could be easily distinguished even by those who were watching from the windows; and also in smaller figures was painted the contestant's handicap in yards, the latter being of special service to the referees as it enabled them to see at a glance the handicap of each shooter as he walked to the score, thus avoiding all chances of error in that respect. The numbers on the shooters' backs corresponded to the numbers placed before their names on the score sheets, thus materially assisting the scorers in identifying each shooter who shot out of turn; and the programmes, sold on the grounds, also contained a list of the shooters, their numbers and handicaps, making the whole easily understood by the spectators. On see-ing the number of a shooter the spectator had but to turn to the programme, find the number in the list, and there was the name and address followed the number. At No. 1 trap Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager, stationed himself most of the time, and his clear, resonant voice could be heard calling off the numbers of the shooters who were to shoot or get ready, while the answering calls of McCrickart within the building, calling the same numbers, denoted that it was a most exacting task to keep the wheels moving.

THE RETRIEVERS.

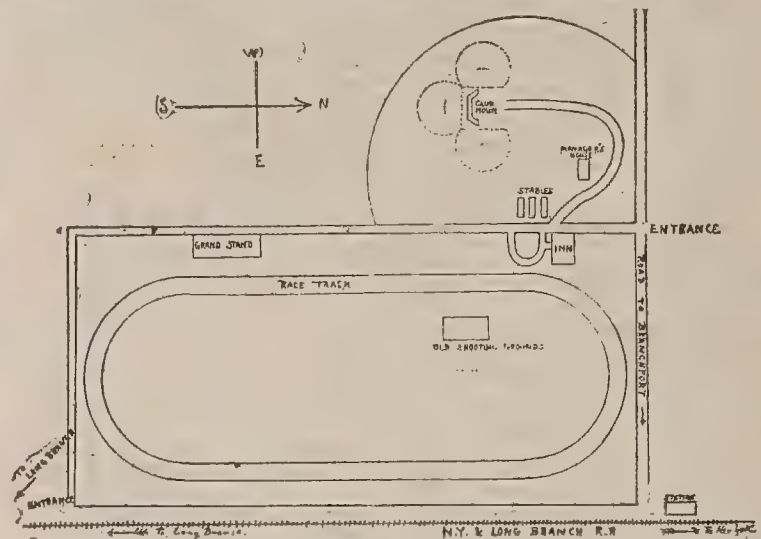
There were nine dogs provided to retrieve the birds, three to each set of traps. Most were setters. Some of the dogs per-formed first-rate, but they became greatly fatigued in the after-noon of each day, and then they would work in a slovenly way or quit. Then it was necessary to have the birds gathered by boys, and at such times there was a perceptible slowing up in the progress of the tournament. Retrieving is very laborious work for a dog, and when it is considered that several thousand birds were killed in the three days, and that each bird denotes a run for a retriever, minus a few hundred gathered in by boys, it is no cause for wonder that the dogs at times lost interest in the work or refused to do it. They demonstrated in a conclusive manner that they are invaluable as assistants in speedily conduct-ing a tournament, and enough of them to do the retrieving throughout the tournament would make a material difference in the time consumed in running it. Several of the dogs showed a most finished schooling in the accomplishment, bringing in the birds promptly, tenderly and to hand, delivering them in a cor-rect and finished manner.

THE GROUNDS.

As shown by the plan of the grounds, the sets of traps with

their 50yd. boundary were set in the clover-leaf style, a plan of which is given elsewhere. The reader should bear in mind that the little circles are 100yds. across, and that all parts of the plan are on a corresponding scale. Roomy platforms surround the club house, making good footing whether the weather is wet or dry. The club house itself is a two-story building with a wing at each end, which were set apart specially for the use of the shooters; from one, the east room, the shooters walked out to No. 1 set of traps, and when they completed the round of the traps, shooting each three shots, they could walk straight into the wing opposite No. 3 set of traps.

The glass sides of the wings, facing as they did the traps at Nos. 1 and 2, afforded every opportunity to witness the shooting comfortably from under cover besides being a convenient gun room and waiting place for the shooters until their turn came to shoot. The main building is two stories, the first floor having places set apart for the compiler of scores, the cashier's office, and the daily press, direct wires to any part of the country being available to the latter. The upper floor during the noon hours was



PLAN OF GROUNDS.

used as a restaurant, meals being served for 50 cents. At other times it was at the service of the visitors, and as it had windows facing on all three sets of traps it was well occupied much of the time, the bird's-eye view being better than any other.

THE BIRDS AND THE TRAPPING.

The birds were an excellent lot, and were furnished by Mr. Louis C. Kistner, of Baltimore, Md. Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau secured 7,000 from him in one lot, and on them the Grand American Handicap was shot.

An underground passage ran from No. 1 trap to No. 5 at each set of traps, with an ample passageway at each end for the passing in of full crates and the removal of the empty ones. The trapper remained in the underground passage. He filled the empty traps from below, only an instant of time being needed to place the bird in the trap; thus they were refilled in the next moment after the gun was fired.

The number of birds shot each day, etc., will be found in the notes appended to this report.

The force provided at each trap by Messrs. Daly and Chan-frau was one trap-puller; one trapper, the latter being in evidence but little, as he was in the underground passage under the traps most of the time; one ball boy, whose duty it was to bowl wooden balls toward such birds as refused to fly; one bird boy, who took charge of the birds after they were retrieved, smoothed them out and laid them out on wire racks to cool out, preparatory to mar-keting them; and last, but not least, a man who had charge of the retrievers, three of which were provided at each trap. Thus equipped, the trap was pulled instantly when the shooter called pull; the trap was refilled the moment the shooter had shot; the dead bird was retrieved quickly by the retrievers; and the bird boy did the rest. In this respect it may be mentioned that the retrievers from overwork quit several times, and boys were used instead, at which times there was a perceptible slow-ing up in the progress of the tournament.

The absence of wind was against the safety of the birds. They flew too steady and true. Arrayed against such skill as faced the traps at Elkwood, it was exceedingly difficult for a bird to get hard, however strong or swift it might be, as most of the birds were killed very close to the traps.

FROM DISTANT PARTS.

By far the greatest number which came in a body were the Western visitors, who numbered forty-nine in all, and came by way of Niagara Falls in two special cars. All enjoyed the grand scenery of the trip. A quartet of musicians added much to the entertainment of the party en route. Most of the members of the Western party, not all, wore sweaters with the legend "Western" in big letters on the breast, so that they were quite distinguishable from the other shooters present. Among them were some ex-cellent shots, and at the end of the third day it looked very much as if the Western party could nearly call the cup theirs. In the party were shooters from Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wis-consin, Nebraska, Arkansas, Indiana and South Dakota. More generally speaking, 132 were from the East, 51 from the West, 16 from the South, and 2 from Canada. Among the ladies present were Mesdames H. P. Collins, E. S. Rice, C. P. Richards, C. W. Carson, L. Shaw, W. B. Kibbey, M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), W. P. Shattuck, and others whose names I did not learn. The Chicago party stayed at the Norwood, at Branchport, and the other shoot-ers were quartered in the hotels at Long Branch or at Elkwood Inn, at Elkwood Park.

TUESDAY, THE FIRST DAY.

The weather was raw as to temperature, with a cold, drizzling rain falling and a touch of fog in the air, which, with a sky darkly overcast, made unfavorable conditions. There also was a very poor light. In the midday hours there were a few weak signs of clearing up, but they soon disappeared, and in its closing hours of the afternoon a slow, steady rain fell till near night-fall. Nevertheless some very good shooting was done, as the scores appended herewith will show.

The birds were very reluctant to take wing, most of them preferring to sit still till the rolling ball frightened them and forced them to fly. A stiffish wind was blowing, though not strong enough to add materially to the difficulties of the shoot-ing.

THE ELKWOOD PARK INTRODUCTORY AND NITRO POWDER HANDICAP.

There were two events shot on this day, the conditions of which were as follows:

The Elkwood Park Introductory was at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The division was 50, 30 and 20—high guns—not class shooting. Ties in this event did not shoot off, but divided. There were 35 ties, which divided \$445, each one receiving \$12.70.

The Nitro Powder Handicap was at 15 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received, and the 130 entries came under the following provision: 81 to 100 entries and over, 20 moneys, 14, 12, 9, 8, 7½, 6½, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 per cent., the provision con-templating two places for each 10 entries or fraction thereof up to 100, in 15-bird events. Of the 130 entries, 24 killed straight, di-viding \$1,300, which was \$54.15 to each. The shooting began at 10 o'clock. The first event was finished shortly before noon, and the second was begun soon thereafter.

The scores are given below in double column, and the reader can thereby see at a glance what each contestant did in both events:

THE SCORES.		Handi-Nitro Powder	
Elkwood Park Introductory.		cap. Handicap.	
Hallowell	201-2	28. 222212202220	-10
Brewer	202-2	32. 222222222222*22	-14
E S Rice	120-2	25. 012022	-4
Dr Williamson	22222*	30. 2212222222222222-15	
Mrs Shattuck	222-2	25. 11212120111222-14	
Reynolds	020-2	26. 202222202	-7
Dickson	211212-7	27. 221*01	-4
Geo Roll	2222222-7	29. 202202	-6
Wagner	112732-7	27. 221112022111	-12
G W Clay	222222-7	26. 2222222222222222-15	
H E Colvin	022-2	25. 22120*	-4
Gilbert	220-2	32. 222220222202	-10

Huckins	2222222-7	28.	222022202	-7
Fanning	2212212-7	30.	212212221122002-13	
Parmelee	1212220-6	30.	212221221222122-15	
H Dunnell	2221222-7	28.	222222222222222-15	
B Dunnell	222022	28.	222222222222222-15	
J Malone	1111122-7	28.	11122*02	-7
D Elliott	2222212-7	26.	212221222220	-11
Ramaley	202	-2	16.122002	-2
C A Young	2222222-7	28.	22222222222222222-15	
E Burkhardt	2112222-7	27.	122222222022	-11
R A Welch	021	-2	30.222222222222202-14	
C M Grimm	2222222-7	30.	2222220222222	-6
I J Sumpter	222220	-5	28.222220222222	-11
R Kuss	202	-2	27.22222222222222-15	
Le Roy	202	-2	27.222222222222	-11
Denny	022	-2	26.222202222222	-11
Bessemer	2222222-7	28.	222202222222	-11
Martin	2222122-7	27.	212012212202	-10
Dr Carson	001	-1	27.222220101	-7
Alkire	222022	-5	29.122222222202	-1
Trimble	220	-2	28.222220222212	-1
Marshall	2222222-7	30.	222222021	-7
Bingham	2222222-7	28.	221222222222222	-10
Peterson	202	-2	26.222212012201	-10
W Dunnell	2222222-7	28.	2222222222222220-14	
E E Baker	2222220-6	28.	2222222022202	-10
Swan	2222220-6	28.	222222222222222-15	
T P Ladin.	111012	28.	12211211212212-15	
Heikes	222202	30.	222222222222222-15	
C W Budd	2222220-6			
Faurote	2222222-7	30.	022220	-4
Deiter	222	-2	28.222202222222	-11
Anthony	212201	26.	21210112	-7
Fulford	2222122-7	29.	222202222222	-11
E A Leach	2222222-7	28.	222222222222222-15	
R C Root	2121221-7	26.	102002	-3
H P Collins	222022	25.	000221	-2
McPherson	220	-2	27.202202	-7
F W Cooper	2112221-7	28.	121211222122220-14	
F Coleman	2222122-7	28.	2220222222211	-11
Geisdorfer	022	-2	26.12222222022	-11
A H King	2222222-7	28.	2220222222222	-11
Meredith	202	-2		
Chauncey	102	-2	25.222012210	-7
Cameron	2222222-7	27.	221122120222	-11
W A Fawcett	2122222-7	27.	222222220222	-11
C B Dicks	*21	-2	27.212220	-4
Dr Kibbey	1222222-7	26.	11112112212212012-14	
Kirkover	2222222-7	27.	222202202	-7
Kelsey	202	-2	29.22222*101	-7
E Werk	102	-2	27.222222002	-7
S Palmer	000	-0	28.102015	-4
I Watson	211102	27.	2222222012210	-10
Knowlton	222102	27.	222222222222222-15	
Loomis	122022	28.	2222222122202	-11
Money	*12	-2	28.21112222221222-15	
H C White.	2122212-7	27.	212121121120	-11
Hicks	2212212-7	28.	2222222222222221-15	
Walters	202	-2	27.222220122122	-11
Woodruff	222220	28.	2222222222222102-14	
Greiff	202	28.	220222222222*	-10
Thompson	021	26.	2112212212222012-14	
Geoffroy	2222222-7	27.	201222122212	-11
Phister	22202*	27.	022212210	-7
L Harrison	222102	27.	2222222022102	-10
Adolph	2221222-7	27.	22222*222222	-11
T Howe	022	-2	26.1210222221	-9
Hoffman	2222222-7	27.	200	-1
Hutchings	121202	36.	0002	-1
C M Meyer	222*	-2	27.21202*	-4
Cohn	202	-2	26.100	-1
Stoddard	202	-2	26.221222122222222-15	
S Glover	1222220-6	29.	222222022222	-11
Hildebrandt	220	-2	25.020	-1
J Elliott	2222222-7			
Capt Bunk	1222212-7			
G A Winn	222202	26.	2222202110	-7
Shattuck		27.	001	-1
Richy		26.	21012121222	-

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

The weather was cloudy, but was not unfavorable for good work with the gun; as the light was good, and there was but little wind blowing, what there was coming mostly from the west, though veering about that point north and south quite a bit at times. The birds flew better than they did on the day previous, though oftentimes needing a great deal of urging by the ball boy before they would accept the opportunity to take wing. Once on the wing, however, many of them proved to be able flyers, and as a whole they were quite a good lot. Occasionally a vigorous swift flyer would spring from the traps and speed a few yards away before the shooter could catch aim, and the second barrel seemed many times to have little effect when the first failed to kill. Yet there were many spectacular kills made on swift birds, some very close to the boundary line. Still it was not a difficult matter for most of the contestants to kill their birds close to the traps. A few of the birds showed astonishing vitality in carrying away loads of shot over the boundary, there to die or fall victims to the skirmishers,

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

This was the great event of the tournament, the club house and grounds being well filled with participants and visitors, and interest throughout the day was kept up at the highest pitch. Quite a percentage of the visitors were ladies, and they manifested as keen an interest in the contest as did the sterner sex. A peculiar feature of the shoot was the massing of the crowd at No. 1 trap when it came the turn of Mrs. Shattuck, Brewer and Gilbert to shoot, and the trooping of the whole crowd after them from No. 1 to No. 2, thence to No. 3, then dividing up again about equally at all three traps. This gave an occasional spectacular flavoring to the shoot, and testified as to whom the public considered as being the stars of the tournament. As to the behavior of all, the spirit of entire fairness was with shooters and spectators alike, quiet prevailing when the shooters went to the score, and generous applause being bestowed on excellent shots regardless of whether the shooter was of great fame or not. Of the 197 contestants one was a lady, Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, whose husband also shot in the race.

It is a difficult matter to estimate the number of people who were present, but the gate receipts amounted to about \$140. The admission fee was 50 cents, but there were a great number who

were present on complimentary tickets. Shooters and all, there were probably about 600 or 700 present.

At the end of the third round there were 136 straight scores. There were 90 straight scores at the end of the sixth round; at the end of the ninth, 61; at the end of the 12th, 38; at the end of the 15th, 31. At the end of the 18th round there were 21 straight, but 117 shooters still in the race.

Brewer was particularly unfortunate in the ninth round, getting a fast left driver from No. 1 trap, hitting it hard with his first barrel, yet only staggering it a trifle for an instant, then with his second again hitting it hard; yet still it went on a few yards before dropping to the ground. The bird then to all appearance was dead. The dog dashed forward to retrieve, but just before he reached it took wing, flew outside and against the window where was the office of the compilers of scores, and there dropped dead. He missed his 17th, and his chances were gone. There were others also who had hard luck.

Nine rounds were shot off completely on this day, and 100 contestants, that is, three squads, completed their 10th, 11th and 12th rounds, when the shooting for the day ended. The conditions of the trophy were: 25 live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33vds., 50vds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33vds. mark, \$1,500 divided among the three highest guns—\$600 to first, \$500 to second, and \$400 to third. All money in the purse in excess of \$1,500 was divided among high guns other than the three first. The number of parts into which the surplus money was divided was determined by the number of entries received. Entrance money \$25; \$1,500 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. In addition to first money, the winner received a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

There was a misunderstanding on the part of a number of the contestants as to the division of the money in the Grand American Handicap, the great difference between the amount received by those who killed 25 and those who killed 24 seeming to be out of ratio, and the difference between the 24s and 23s was still



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TROPHY:

Won by E. D. Fulford, March 25.

Photograph by Forest and Stream.

more pronounced. But the surplus added to the first high guns was further than the management contemplated, inasmuch as such an exceedingly high number of contestants was not anticipated, as the following official division, announced in the programme, will show:

"Should there be more than 60 and not exceeding 170 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the \$1,500 will be divided 13, 11, 9, 7½, 7, 6, 5½, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th highest guns. Should there be more than 170 entries, all surplus over and above \$4,250—that is, 170 entries at \$25 each—will be divided into ten equal parts, and added to the different amounts due the first ten high guns. Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received, the three high guns receiving respectively \$600, \$500 and \$400. By this division two places are created for every ten entries over sixty. It is not possible for fourth money to exceed third, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all. For instance: If there are 70 entries, fourth gun would be entitled to \$150, while fifth gun would receive \$100. If 100 entries, fourth gun would receive \$250, and the eleventh gun \$50. If 146 entries—the number last year—fourth gun would get \$322.50, and the twenty-first gun \$43. It should be remembered that the Grand American Handicap is not class shooting, and high guns will win."

There were 37 entries over the 170, which made a surplus of \$925, and added materially to the value of the straights.

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY.

The wind had changed from the west wind of the day before to an east wind, though it was so light that it made little if any addition to the difficulty of shooting the birds. The sky was overcast, yet the light was good. The birds were flying better than they did on previous days, taking wing more freely without the forcing process of the ball boy. There were a few light showers in the afternoon.

The number of spectators was much less than on the previous day, yet there was no relaxation of interest. At the end of the eighteenth round Manager Shaner announced that all who had missed three or more would be retired from the Handicap, with the privilege of continuing if there was a chance later to win. The shooting then went on toward a conclusion much more rapidly, and as the strain of the finish began to tell, many others dropped out on a miss. On this day all the sweepstake part of the Handicap was decided. There remained the trophy, however, and the shooting off of the ties to determine the winner of it was postponed till the next day, although there seemed to be quite time enough to finish it on Thursday, the Handicap having ended shortly before 4 o'clock. The nine who killed straight won \$412.16. The twenty-two who killed 24 won \$61.85 each.

There were many astonishing kills, some very close to the boundary line, some very difficult owing to erratic flights of the birds.

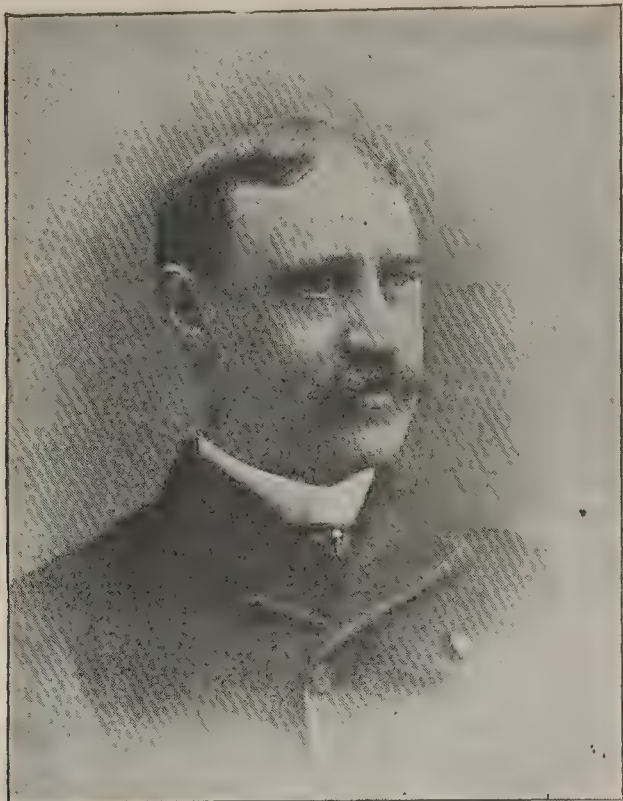
But how the birds flew and what the contestants did are given in the scores given herewith, for they tell the whole story of who shot, the handicap of each, what trap the bird left, what flight it took, whether the contestant used one or two barrels, and whether he missed or killed, with his total performance in kills as a conclusion.

THE SCORE.

Transcribe tune—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

[illegible]

TABLE OF GUNS, LOADS, ETC.



J. A. H. DRESSEL.
President Interstate Association.

As above mentioned, Patten drew a corker from No. 1, and then there were four..

Bender was shooting carefully and with great judgment, taking his shots quickly or slowly, as the exigencies required, but his 11th, seemingly not a difficult one, was lost, and then there were three.

Jim Jones was shooting as one who would not be denied the cup. He centered his birds in fine shape, but his 14th managed to carry the lead out of bounds, and then there were two.

The interest now had become intense. The shooting was watched with an earnestness which ignored all else. Some great second barrel kills had been made, and the quality of the contest was high enough to satisfy the most critical. Each contestant had in turn been applauded after each successful effort, and a miss was received in sympathetic silence. There was no voice of exultation over the defeat of any one. No fairer treatment was possible, and in this connection it may be said that the same good fellowship and equity obtained throughout the tournament.

From the 15th bird onward to the 22d G. W. Loomis, of Omaha, and E. D. Fulford, of Utica, alternated at the traps, each killing with rare judgment and skillful execution, till it seemed to be ordained that they would go on killing birds all day with about the same ease and certainty that a rooster picks up corn, but Loomis' 23d bird went over the boundary, and then there was one.

E. D. Fulford was the man. There then was a surging of the crowd toward the gentle and quiet victor—he appeared suddenly above the heads of the crowd, and was carried bodily into the casino. Then in a few minutes he was taken out on the platform. Men were shaking hands with him right and left, and other hands were reaching to him on all sides, but he could not shake them all; he had but two hands, a number which did not tally with the hands extended around him.

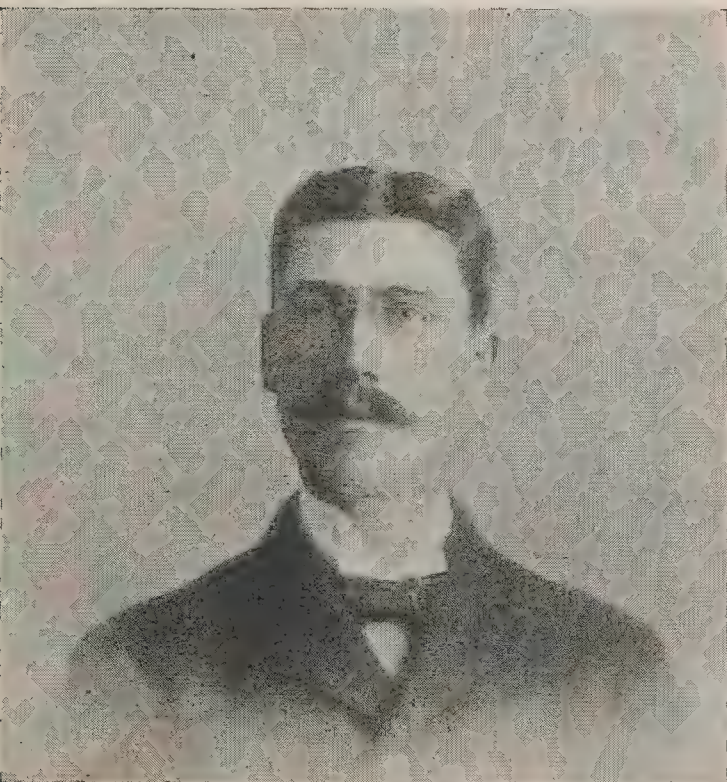
Then he was taken in hand, while Mr. Elmer E. Shaner in behalf of the Association turned over the beautiful silver trophy to him, a gem work of art, intrinsically valuable in itself, but more on account of the honors of which it was emblematic, and which it would commemorate. And then when the trophy was his by virtue of his skill and by actual possession the crowd must have a speech from him, so he was raised up, was this quiet, nervy and gentle man from Utica, and he must needs speak. He told in a few words how many years he had longed and tried for such honors, and how happy he felt at having won them at last, and how he thanked his friends—that is everyone present, for everyone was his friend—for the kindly good will manifested; and having said this he stepped down, whereupon three mighty cheers and a tiger were given for E. D. Fulford, after which he tried for some minutes to shake a dozen or so of hands, all offered at once. Then for souvenirs he had to give out many samples of the shells he used, and write his autograph upon them, and submit to being photographed, and after the great first enthusiastic tumult was over, there were smaller ones to meet till at length it all subsided to a quiet, pervading gladness.

It is safe to say that there never was a more popular win. It would be to no purpose to attempt to tell of Mr. Fulford's doings at the trap in the past. Where trap-shooting is known Fulford is known. He has been in many great contests in the past, his greatest previous performance being in matches with Jack Brewer in 1891, killing 100 birds straight in one match and 99 out of 100 in another. But he always shot well, and any one who may have doubted his nerve would doubt no more could such have seen the grand finish of the greatest trap-shooting event of America.

The closing event has been described as a great contest between the East and the West. Such is a silly attempt to force a sectional importance to it. No sectional interest whatever was involved, and had Mr. Loomis won, it would have been simply the victory of a gentleman over his fellow gentleman in a contest. It was a meeting of gentlemen, not of provincials.

The finishing struggle was well worthy of the great event. The closeness, skillfulness, nervy persistence and punctilious fairness of it were up to the standard of the most exacting.

Every year each Handicap has surpassed its predecessor, but the one of 1898 will probably stand many year before it is broken. But as to that, Quien sabe?



JOHN L. LEQUIN.
Secretary-Treasurer Interstate Association.

FINAL FOR THE TROPHY.

Ties on 25, miss-and-out:

J A Elliott, 31....0	4
Walters, 27	1243235313
E D Fulford, 29....	2222222220
U F Bender, 27....	14134255421311221253534
G W Loomis, 28....	22222222222222222222
Jim Jones, 27....	53554111345
W Wagner, 27....0	2222222220
R O Heikes, 30....	12213553453535115341151
T P Laffin, 28....	2222122222222222222220
	32334222122244
	22221212222220
	5
	1154
	222
	1241214
	2222220

DEAD OUT OF BOUNDS.

E. D. Fulford's win was a most thoroughly popular one. For several years E. D. has tried hard to get into the front rank at the Grand American Handicap, and this year, by means of a magnificent run of 48 straight, he has achieved his desire, and has captured the handsome silver trophy offered by the Interstate Association to the winner in 1898. He also received \$412.65 as his share of the nine first moneys, so his trip to Elkwood Park this year was not without success in the financial line, let alone the honor of beating out 196 other shooters. He shot a Remington gun and Schultze powder in factory-loaded U. M. C. trap shells.

Messrs. Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., also gave a trophy to the winner this year. The souvenir was in the shape of a solid gold label button of Tiffany's best and most artistic manufacture. In the center was a bluerock pigeon in enamel, and around the rim was the inscription: "Winner of the Grand American Handicap, 1898." On the reverse side was an inscription stating that the button was donated by Messrs. Parker Bros. The choice of this souvenir reflects considerable credit on the Meriden gun firm.

George W. Loomis, the runner-up in the Grand American, hails from Omaha, Neb., and is a notable member of the tribe of "Indians," who have made themselves famous by their skill with the shotgun. Loomis' title is "Chief No-Talk," sawing wood in preference to oratory being his chief characteristic when at a shooting match, or elsewhere, for the matter of that. He shot magnificently, and made some splendid kills, fully deserving all the congratulations bestowed upon him by Indians, friendly and hostile. In honor of his good showing on this occasion the chiefs of his tribe will hold a pow-wow, and change his title from "No-Talk" to "Heap-Shoot." The pow-wow will probably be held at Clear Lake, Ia., next August, during the "wolf shoot." He shot a Parker gun, Schultze powder and factory-loaded trap shells.

"Jim Jones," the modest sobriquet under which Mr. Junius H. Davis, of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, hides his identity, shot very strongly from the 27yds. mark. In the miss-and-out for the cup on Friday morning he ran 13 straight before losing a bird, and thus earned the honorable position of third in the Grand American Handicap of 1898.

U. F. Bender, a young shooter from the city of New York, was the fourth man this year. Bender scored many a hard driver, and earned several hearty rounds of applause by his skill and coolness. The calm, collected manner in which he stepped to the score and grassed bird after bird in the miss-and-out gives promise of many another hot race in which he will be a factor. He lost a bird in the 11th round that it was no disgrace for anybody to have missed.

"Walters," or rather "Wally" Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., shot a race that made him hosts of new friends and admirers. On the morning of the shoot-off, as on the two days of the Grand American Handicap, Mr. Patten had scores of local rooters who made themselves heard as he stopped his bird in each successive round, until he struck a snag in the 10th round of the shoot-off, and retired with a total of 34 straight as his record in the great event of 1898. Out of all the southpaw shooters entered in the event Mr. Patten was the only one to survive until the shoot-off.

T. P. Laffin, a Western man, was the solitary representative of the unformed contingent from the West who managed to survive the 25th round of the Handicap. In the shoot-off Mr. Laffin showed excellent judgment on some good hard birds that he drew, but he got no further than the 5th round, gaining a record of 31 straight in the race for chief honors. Mr. Laffin's first barrel is a most deadly one, and he is undoubtedly an antagonist worthy of the reputation of many better known men. This was his first visit to Elkwood Park, and the first time he has shot in the Grand American. It is to be hoped the entry list for 1899 may find him among the entries.

Rolla O. Heikes, "the daddy o' them all," scored his 25 straight in fine style, and took part in the division of the first nine moneys in conjunction with eight others who made clean scores. He was looked upon as a most dangerous antagonist in the miss-and-out for the cup, but the fourth round was fatal to his chances. In that round he drew a good driver that was well centered with the first shell, being knocked apparently stone dead to the ground; almost before it struck the ground Rolla's second shell was pumped at it, but was not in the right place; the bird, mortally wounded, struck the ground with great force, then rose a foot or so from the ground, and made for the boundary, just managing to clear the wire fence before dropping dead. A moment's delay with that second shell might have made the result of the shoot-off somewhat different, but—who can tell?

Billy Wagner and Jim Elliott never got any further than the first round of the miss-and-out. Elliott's bird was not a particularly hard one, but Jim's bad luck with his first bird in any match is proverbial, and this shoot-off proved no exception to the rule. Wagner's bird was a nasty towerer that went off to the fence on the right like a black duck. Wagner's eyes are none of the strongest, and the glare of the sun on his spectacles may have had something to do with his undershooting the bird. Popular as Mr. Wagner is with shooters of every class, he received sympathy enough to help to heal any regrets he may have felt at dropping out of the race so early in the game.

We never remember to have seen so much enthusiasm and genuine interest displayed in any shoot as was manifested at Elkwood Park on Friday morning. Every shot was applauded more or less loudly, according to the quality of the bird killed. Misses were received with a silence that was all the more impressive when compared with the uproar that greeted some particularly good kill. So far as we were able to observe, there was not the slightest sectionalism shown when it came down to a finish between the West and the East, viz., Loomis, of Omaha, Neb., and Fulford, of Utica, N. Y. The cheers for Loomis when he scored bird after bird were every bit as hearty as those that fell to the lot of the Utica man. The shoot-off was a fitting close to the pleasant and most successful shoot ever held by the Interstate Association.

Exclusive of the 94 birds trapped in the shoot-off for the cup on Friday morning, 4,122 birds, not counting "no birds" were required to complete the Grand American Handicap. On Tuesday 983 pigeons were trapped in the Elkwood Park Introductory, a 7-bird race, with 89 entries; 1,414 pigeons were trapped in the Nitro Powder Handicap on the same day, the event being at 15. birds, with 130 entries. Thus a total of 6,519 pigeons were trapped on the three days of the meeting, an average of over 700 birds a day for each set of traps. Shooting commenced each day at 10 A. M., and was over about 5:30 P. M. on Tuesday and Wednesday, and at 4:30 P. M. on Thursday. With 89 entries in the Elkwood Park Introductory, 130 in the Nitro Powder Handicap, and 197 shooters in the Grand American Handicap, the above figures on the trapping show that the management had things running very smoothly indeed. During part of the second day, too, the retrieving had to be done by boys, the dogs playing out after the gruelling they had received on the previous day owing to the heavy rain that fell all day.

Of the three days of the meeting Wednesday alone was anything like a pleasant one. The attendance on that day showed just what might have been looked for in the shape of a crowd had



IRBY BENNETT.
Vice-President and Chairman of Executive and Tournament Committees, Interstate Association.

the weather been really spring-like instead of resembling days that characterize the month of November. On Wednesday the sprinkling of ladies among the hundreds of male spectators gave the Casino and its grounds a very taking appearance, the spring toilets being especially attractive.

The three sets of traps at Elkwood Park show totally different features from each other. On No. 1 set of traps the ground slopes gradually from the shooter; he shoots, in fact, slightly down hill. On No. 2 the slope of the ground is from right to left, right quarterers climbing the rise, while left quarterers from No. 1 trap slip off down hill at an alarming rate when a northwest wind is blowing. On No. 3 it is a case of shooting rather uphill. Each of these peculiarities had their effect on different men, and consequently many different opinions were expressed as to the relative "hardness" of the three sets of traps. The following figures will, therefore, be read with interest by those who took part in the great event: On Wednesday 87 birds were scored lost on No. 1 set, 105 on No. 2, and 103 on No. 3. On Thursday, up to and including the 24th round of the Grand American Handicap, 86 birds were lost at No. 1 set of traps, 84 at No. 2, 87 at No. 3. The totals for the two days were: 173 at No. 1, 189 at No. 2, and 190 at No. 3. As on these two days 4,122 birds were shot at, the percentage of kills was just 86.6 per cent, a remarkably high average considering the number of shooters engaged in the contest. In the 25th round shot on No. 1 set of traps, 13 of the 85 shooters left in the race lost their last birds.

The birds were an excellent lot, but were handicapped very severely by the absence of wind to aid them. They were just the birds on which to make a score, starting freely and going off without as many twists and turns as would have been the case had there been the same gale of wind blowing at Elkwood Park that favored the birds on the last day in 1897.

We made arrangements for a photograph of Mr. E. D. Fulford, taken with his Remington C. E. gun (one, by the way, of the \$95 list), and also taken with the Grand American Handicap trophy, all of which would have been very apropos to the occasion, but the photograph failed to arrive, so we had to use the portrait of him which we publish in these columns.

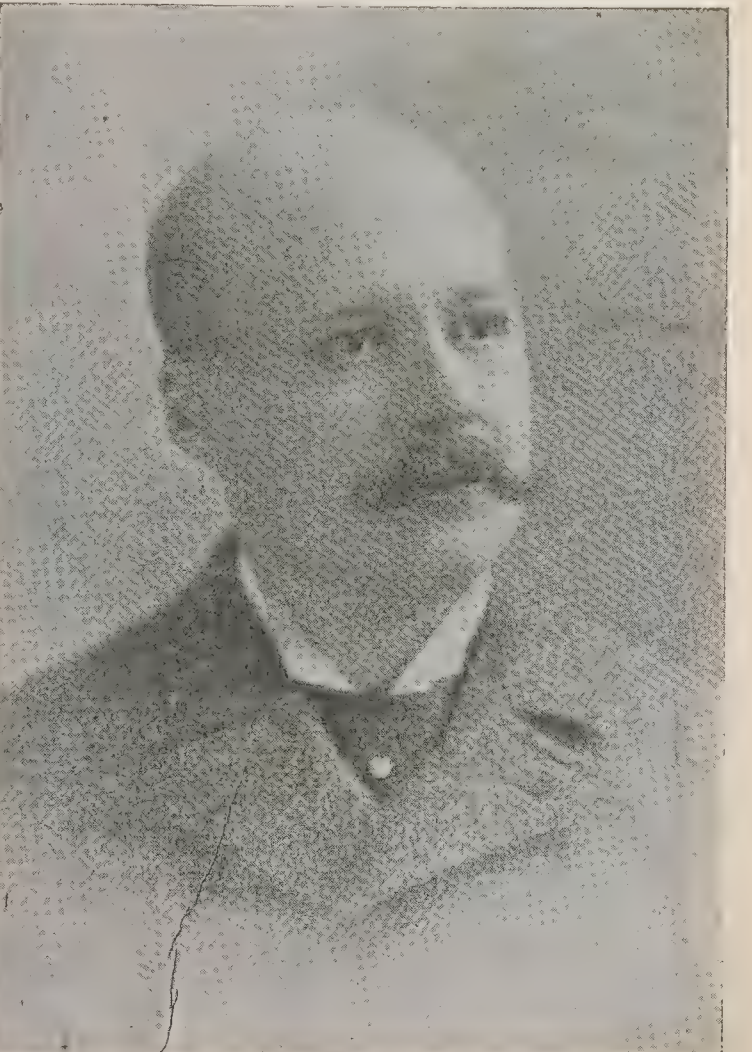
The entries which forfeited were Messrs. J. G. Messner, J. K. Dodd, L. T. Duryea, John Barker, H. Harrison, H. C. M., J. N. Crossland, J. J. Sumpter, Jr., T. P. Latham and Dr. Nesmer.

Clearview Gun Club.

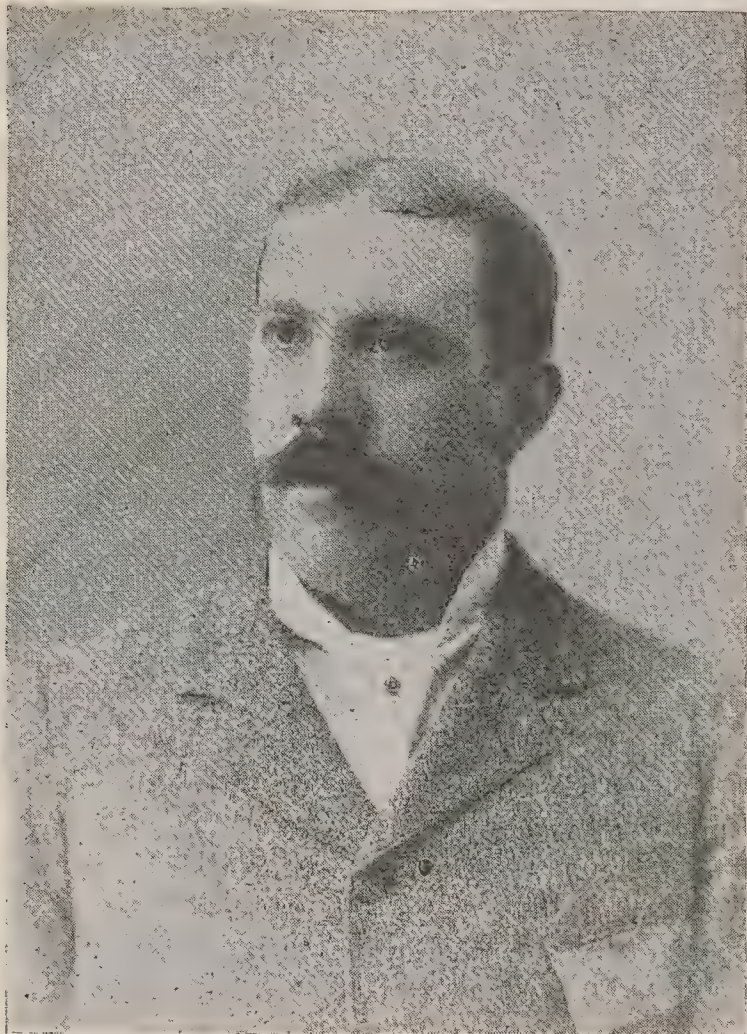
PHILADELPHIA, March 19.—The scores made by members of the Clearview Gun Club at their second monthly practice shoot today. Most of us are "greenhorns" at the traps, but on looking over the scores I think "we will grow."

All targets were thrown at unknown angles from unknown traps:	
Miller	111011101101111101111111—21
Carr	111111101101011101111101—20
Johnson	111001101110111010111111—19
Simons, L	100110011011001101110111—16
Fisher	010001010100111111101111—16
Scott	010011010110101010101010—14
Hawkins	101101101010111010010010—14
Simons, W	011110011010011100110001—14
Daricott	010101011011100100000111—13
Haps	110000010101110011100100—12
Paulson	110101010000001111011000—12
Elwell	100110101000110000001001—10
Wellings	0100010100001010011100010—9

H. G. MILLER.



ELMER E. SHANER.
Manager Interstate Association.



THOMAS W. MORFEY, PATERSON, N. J.
Winner Grand American Handicap, 1894.

Pigeon Shooting at Memphis.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 18.—In order to create more interest in its contests the club has recently purchased a fine gold medal, which is to be shot for until some member of the club wins it three times. The conditions to be 25 live birds, handicap rise, otherwise A. S. A. rules.

The first contest for the emblem took place March 9, and brought about a spirited race, resulting in a tie between Allen and Poston. This, however, remained undecided, as Poston was unable to remain and shoot it off.

The weather was propitious and the birds were an excellent lot. The shooters too were in fine form, as none of those who shot through scored less than 20. The two high men really killed all their birds, as each lost one dead out of bounds.

W F Allen, 29.....	12222112112122221*2121211-24
F Poston, 29.....	1211111121*1211112111112-21
J P Edrington, 29.....	1122222222112122*2110211-23
J B Duncan, 29.....	21222222022122112022221-23
J C Neely, 29.....	102222223022222122222022-22
Irby Bennett, 29.....	*2222222222102102222222-22
W H Yahnke, 28.....	112121210011102212122220-21
A H Frank, 29.....	22002222222222*22202222-21
Dr W H Gragg, 29.....	0221210211222202112012210-20
J P Walker, 28.....	*1*1212121201120011221-20
T A Devine, 28.....	.01*212*w

SECOND CONTEST.

March 14.—The second contest for the club medal came off today. The weather in the morning was gloomy and threatening, though in the afternoon it brightened up some, and a fair wind sprung up, which made it altogether a very good day. The attendance was rather light, but no doubt the weather conditions were responsible for this.

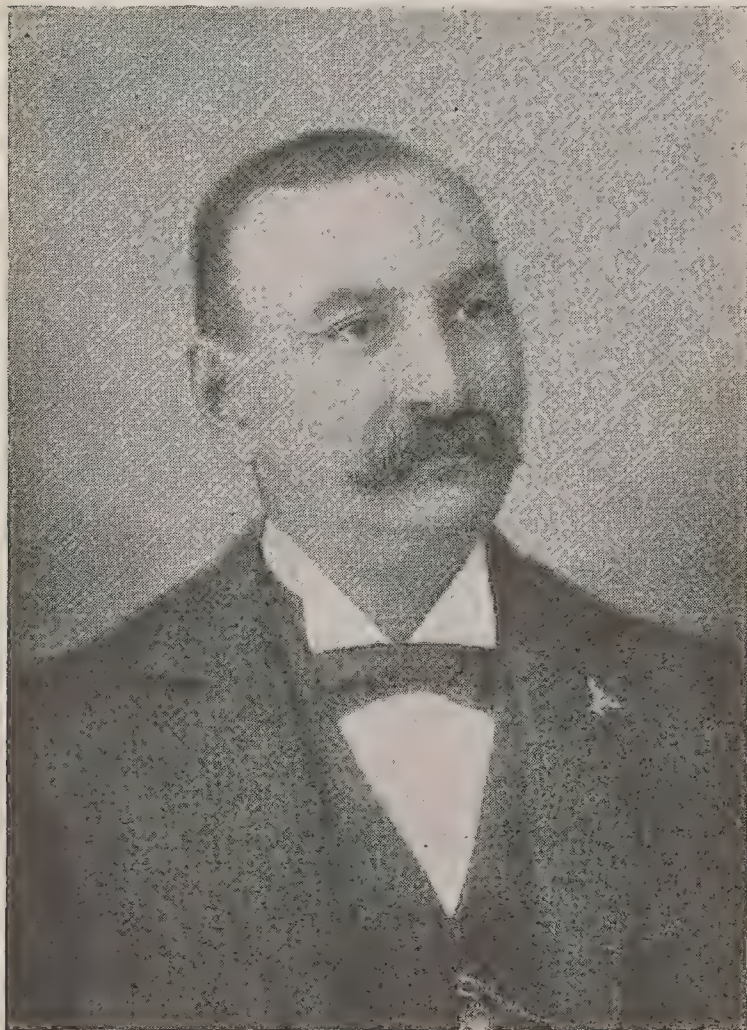
Tom Divine is the possessor of a new 16ga. Parker, and thereby hangs a tale which accounts for the 25 straight he placed to his credit. Tom was evidently in rare form, as with the exception of Dr. Saunders, Jr., none could approach his score. Notwithstanding that the pick of the shooting strength of the club took part in the race.

The tie of the previous contest between Poston and Allen was also decided in this race, resulting in a win for Allen. Thus so far it is any one's medal. The birds again were a good lot, as not one failed to take wing at once.

T A Divine, 26.....	1111112112121222211120-25
Dr D D Saunders, Jr, 28.....	02222222212221221222222-24
W F Allen, 29.....	*22212*1222222222202120-21
J P Edrington, 29.....	22222120210121110120211-21
A H Frank, 29.....	*22202222*222222222220*-20
F P Poston, 29.....	22121*11121112*11101020-20
J C Neely, Jr, 29.....	2202112010122002200221121-18

CHANGE OF DATES AT ST. LOUIS.

Mr. J. A. Corray, manager of Dupont Shooting Park, writes me



THOMAS A. MARSHALL, KEITHSBURG, ILL.
Winner Grand American Handicap, 1897.

under date of March 15 that he has decided to change the date of his amateur tournament to April 18 to 20, in place of 7 to 9. He further adds that there will be \$300 added money at this tournament and that he anticipates a large attendance, as he expects the local shooters to turn out in good numbers. There are more than enough trap-shooters in the city of St. Louis to make the tournament a success, so it now remains to be seen if they will turn out when they have none of the crackerjacks to contend with. Manager Corray is also catering to the popular cry of amateurs only.

March 13.—A few of the locals were out at Dupont's Park trying their hand at the targets. Hirshey was in good form, and ran up some great scores, making one run of 46 and another of 35, while in the six 25-bird events he got three straights. Kling also shot well making a run of 24 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hirshey	22	25	23	25	21	25	Campbell	23	17
Kling	23	24	23	24	19	..	Carpenter	13	18	15	..
Seltzer	15	13	19	19	21	..	Ferguson	22	17	..
Dr Smith	16	16	17	23	14	..	Hanson	16	16	16	..
Pendergast	23	16	21	19	Manning	18	..
H M C.....	..	20	18	17	Ried	11	..
Nold	19	16	17							

AT GALENA, KANS.

March 16.—W. W. McIlhany, of this place defeated W. E. Morgan, of Joplin, Mo., here in a match for the Patton medal. The contest was at 25 live birds, of which McIlhany scored 23 with one dead out of bounds, while Morgan got 22. This is the first defeat that Morgan has sustained in some time, while he has defeated nearly all the best shots in this vicinity.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Parmelee Challenges Gilbert.

We understand on the best authority that Frank S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., has issued a challenge to Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the Du Pont trophy now held by Gilbert. The money has been deposited in the hands of the Du Pont Co. at Wilmington, Del., and Gilbert will name place and date for the shoot in the near future. In all likelihood the match will be shot at Watson's Park, Chicago.

Interstate at Macon, Ga.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Mr. F. C. Etheridge, secretary of the Macon Gun Club, informs me that the Southeastern Passenger Association, has granted a rate of one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan, for the Interstate Association tourna-



JOHN G. MESSNER, PITTSBURGH.
Winner Grand American Handicap, 1895.

bird might have been a high-plumaged coot (*Fulica americana*). What about the feet? Were they webbed or lobed? Were the legs long or short?

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

SIX-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The last of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Thursday, April 7.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$35 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$34 from Trenton; \$32.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

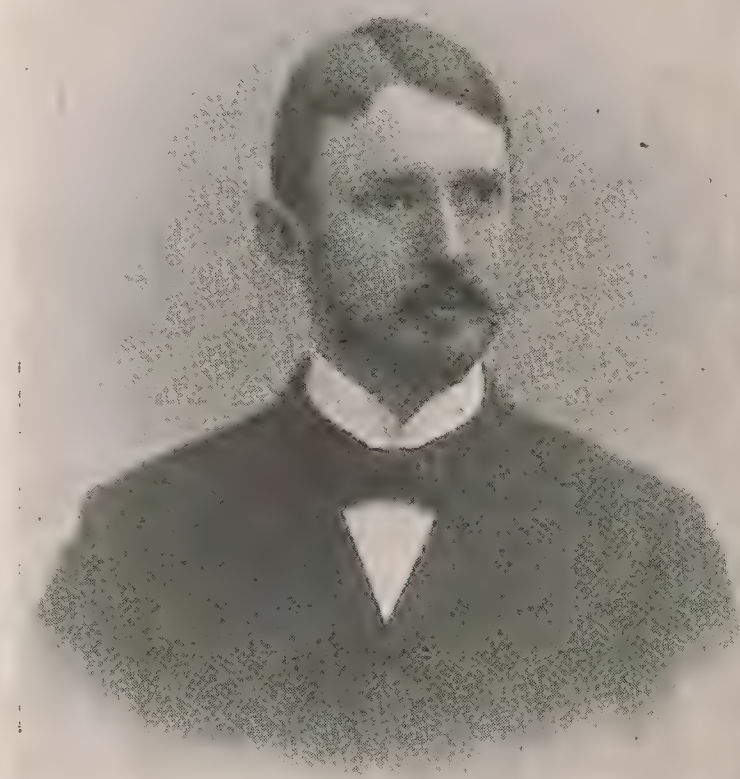
OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$16 from New York; \$15 from Trenton; \$14 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points. At a slight additional expense tourists can extend the trip to Virginia Beach, with accommodations at the Princess Anne Hotel. For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

A Remington Rifle for Nitros.

The Remington Arms Co. tell us that in response to inquiries for a small-bore Remington adapted to smokeless powder cartridges they have supplied the No. 5 Remington rifle. The barrels, frame and lock mechanism are constructed of selected material, especially designed to resist the enormous strain developed by the use of modern high explosives. They say, "We believe this rifle will meet the growing demand for a light well-balanced weapon of simple mechanism and great penetration, adapted to any climate. The No. 5 Remington rifle will be adapted to the .30-30, the .30 Government and the 7mm. cartridges, and will be listed at \$18."

Together with the marked tendency toward the small caliber rifle has occurred a less noticeable trend toward the small-bore gun. To meet this demand among sportsmen the Remington Co. have included a 16-gauge in both their hammer and hammerless styles.



R. A. WELCH, PHILADELPHIA.
Winner of Grand American Handicap, 1893.

ment to be held at Macon, Ga., April 13, 14 and 15. This applies to points south of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi rivers. Shooters will pay full fare going, securing a certificate from their agent which, when signed by Mr. Etheridge, will entitle them to return for one-third fare.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

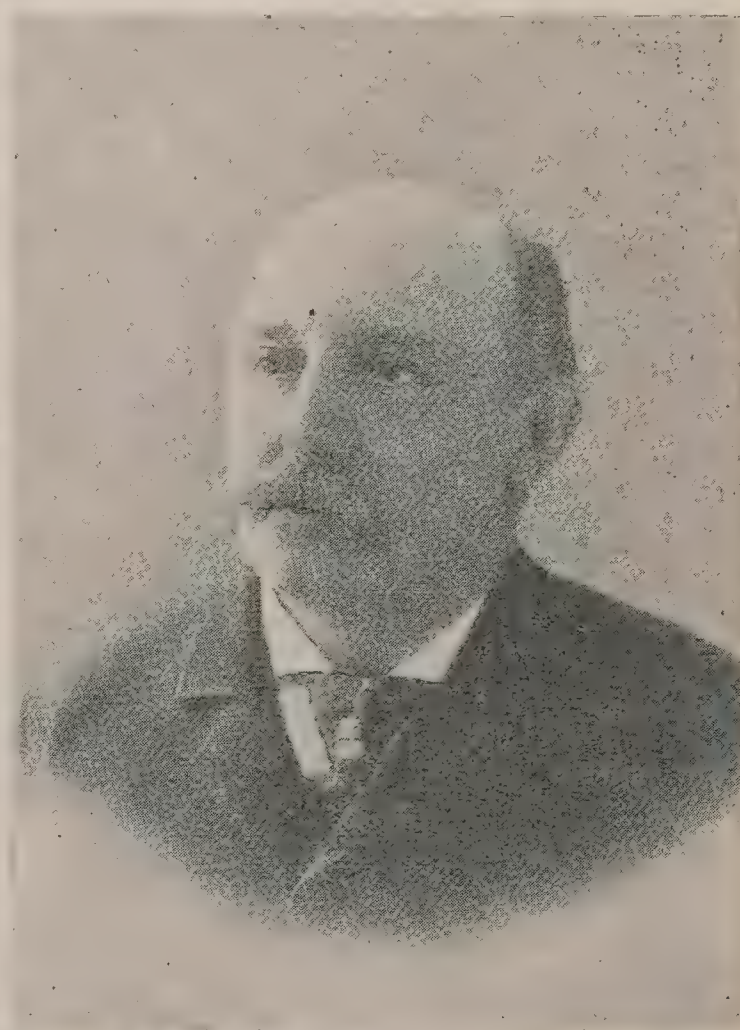
New York.—Will you please tell us whether there is a fine and how much for shooting wild bald-headed eagle in New York State? Ans. The eagle is classed among those wild birds which as not given an open season are protected at all times. See Sec. 178 of the law as given in the Game Laws in Brief.

H. C., Brooklyn.—I understand there is a State hatchery in New York State which supplies young trout to brook owners free. Would you please inform me where said hatchery is, as I wish to obtain some young trout? Ans. The Fish Commission supplies fish to public waters only. You may purchase trout for stocking from the hatcheries advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

W. L. M., Dillingsville, Pa.—I have been invited by several land-owners of the State of Maryland to hunt. Under these invitations would I as a non-resident be compelled to pay a license? Ans. The Game Laws in Brief specifies several counties in which the non-resident license fee is not exacted when one shoots by invitation of land-owners. They are Anne Arundel, Baltimore, Carroll, Harford, Kent, Prince George. Some counties do not exact a fee at all.

C. D. B.—If I should build a lake on my farm within my boundaries do I have complete control of the waters, or has the State? If I should have my lake stocked with fish by the State could I prevent persons from fishing on it without my permission? Ans. You would have under the trespass law exclusive right of fishing in your pond; no one could fish therein without your permission. You would be bound by the fish laws as to times and modes of fishing.

H. G. M., Germantown, Pa.—On March 23, when I was on the meadows along the Delaware, below Philadelphia, I had the luck to bring down a bird of the duck family, the identity of which I am in doubt. I wish to mount it and so appeal to you for its proper name. As nearly as I can give, this is a description of it. Head is small, and velvety black; neck slender and black; body gray black, shading to lighter color underneath; tail on under side and as far as vent white; the bill is shaped like that of the coot family, and is creamy white in color; legs and feet are light olive green; eyes red brown. Should think the bird would have weighed a pound and a half. I will be very much obliged if you or some other of my brother readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* will help me out. Ans. Your description is rather vague, but from reading it over it would seem that your



O. R. DICKEY, BOSTON.
Winner Grand American Handicap, 1896.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 15.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

A SUGGESTION TO MAINE GUIDES.

THE Maine system of licensed guides requires that before a person may engage in the business of guiding he shall register his name, age and residence with the Fish Commissioners, and procure from them a certificate "setting forth in substance that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide either for inland fishing or forest hunting, or both, as the case may be." The fee for registration and the certificate is one dollar.

No examination is required to determine whether the applicant possesses any of the qualifications which might be deemed essential to his fitness for the work of guiding. The veriest greenhorn, if he send in his application and the dollar with it, receives a license which on the face of it puts him on an equality with the most skilled and competent guide in the State. This is recognized as a serious defect in the operation of the law. It creates a number of ready-made guides who have no fitness for the work.

When the sportsman comes to Maine for the first time, having had no acquaintance with the guides of the section visited, he assumes that every man wearing the official badge issued by the State authorities is a good guide, and thus the ignorant and incompetent stand on a level with one who is a real guide. The injustice involved here is not only to the sportsman who is deceived into employing an unfit man, but extends also to the capable guide who is in this way deprived of employment by his licensed competitor. Merit is obliged to contend against artificial conditions.

Almost everywhere throughout Maine this criticism of the guide license system is heard; and a general sentiment prevails that the licensing of a guide should mean something more than the mere fact that he has paid a dollar for a badge. The possession of the license certificate should carry with it a guarantee that the person holding it is a good canoe man, a good woodsman, an experienced hunter or fisherman, a capable guide.

The Maine guides hold in their own hands, however, the power to put in operation just such a system as that of the State would be if it were modified to insure the desired results. They may by association and combination weed out the unfit individuals and practically confine the employment of guides by sportsmen to such men as are of known ability and character. The guides themselves can do this, and do it much more effectually than it could be accomplished by any machinery likely to be devised by the State.

There are already in Maine several associations of guides, as the one at Rangeley and another at Moosehead. Let these several associations prescribe as conditions of membership that an applicant shall possess such guide qualifications as may be agreed upon. Let each association determine that no member shall be received into its rolls who is not in every respect equipped to maintain the recognized standard of character and ability which should belong to a Maine guide. Let each association appoint a special committee on membership, the committee to consist of three or five members, so that no one individual need bear the responsibility of rejecting an applicant; and make sure that those on the committee shall be experienced men, themselves among the best guides and those most fitted to determine the character of a candidate. It would rarely happen that a person seeking admission to such an association would not be thoroughly well known to the members; they would be familiar with his record; their determination of his merits would be something more than the mere acceptance of a dollar.

When once such a system was in working order the desired result would be attained. The mere fact that an individual had been admitted to membership in a guides' association would carry with it the assurance that he was a good guide, of recognized ability, of deserving merit, and worthy of confidence. The badge of the

association would have a meaning very different from that which now attaches to the State badge.

The rest would quickly and naturally follow. Membership in the guide association would come to be recognized by visiting sportsmen as an essential qualification by any guide he proposed to engage. Association members would be given precedence. The sportsman would look for the guide association badge. The State badge unaccompanied by that of the association would count for little or nothing. The very fact that a guide did not wear the association badge would be presumptively against him.

It might be feared that the system here outlined would under certain circumstances be developed into machinery of injustice, that individuals might be discriminated against unjustly; but any such tendency would, we believe, correct itself. The success of the association would depend upon the honesty of its management in enrolling only good men, and on the other hand it could not afford to have any considerable number of good men outside of its membership. The greatest usefulness to all concerned would be assured by making the association truly representative of all the competent guiding ability of the country covered by it.

We submit these suggestions to the persons interested for their consideration. Are the purposes sought to be attained desirable ones? And may they be secured in the way here outlined?

We would be glad to have the subject considered by the guides of Maine. They constitute a class which is to-day larger and more important than ever before in the history of the State, and which will grow in consequence as the game interests develop. The Maine guides even now have game and fish protection very largely in their control; and they are exercising that control in an enlightened and intelligent manner; more enlightened and more intelligent to-day than ever before. Whatever adds to the esprit de corps of the men of the Maine woods will make for the advantage of her wilderness resources.

SNAP SHOTS.

It was recorded in these columns last week that, acting under orders from his political boss, and in opposition to his own expressed convictions as to the merits of the case, President Clausen, of the New York Park Board, had demanded the resignation of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the Superintendent of the Battery Park Aquarium. Dr. Bean refused to resign; and under the law which forbids the removal without cause of a veteran of the war, he could not be put out of the office. The next step taken by the Department of Parks in their purpose to get rid of an efficient man was to abolish the office; and by a detail of Park police forcibly to take possession. Dr. Bean is quoted as saying:

"Attorney-General Hancock wrote to Albert D. Shaw, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic," he said, "that 'a veteran may not be removed by the abolition of his office unless the position is abolished in good faith and not for the purpose of removing the incumbent. The courts have decided that no sophistries or technicalities can be invoked to evade the law.'"

"Now I know," he continued, "that the office of Superintendent of the Aquarium is not to be abolished. Its name may be changed, but not the duties to any great extent. As a matter of fact, my successor has already been appointed, although he has not taken the oath of office yet. I knew even before Mr. Clausen wrote complaining of the Aquarium and asking my resignation that my place had been promised to Mr. Croker's friend Col. James E. Jones."

This is from the nature of the case an outrageous assault upon public interests. Here is a great institution belonging to the people, involving in its maintenance an annual expenditure of \$40,000, ministering to the entertainment and instruction of more than a million visitors a year, and requiring for successful conduct and highest usefulness that its management shall be the most competent attainable. When the Aquarium was put into Dr. Bean's control those conditions were met. How admirably fitted he was to manage the institution his record has demonstrated. Under his control the collections have grown to be the most extensive and most admirable in the world. The Aquarium was justly a subject of pride to all intelligent persons who were cognizant of its development and successful management. That under these conditions the institution should be made political spoil is an unspeakable public disgrace.

A shot from a foreign warship landed in the ancient and historic structure which is now the Aquarium would

be less of a calamity and less of an outrage than the act of plunderers who have thus confiscated the Aquarium. The cannon shot would be among the fortunes of war, and in due time retaliation would be had; but for this plundering by public enemies in times of peace we shall wait long for redress or any serious thought of redress by any considerable portion of the community. The American people are so used to being robbed by politicians that they accept each new outrage with complacency, and submit to it as a matter of course.

Is the hare, or cottontail rabbit, properly to be considered a game animal, and as such to have the benefit of protection? If we look through the record as given in the Game Laws in Brief, the answer is decidedly in the negative. Of all the States, only seven give the rabbit a close season; and in three others protection which formerly prevailed has this year been removed. Ohio has just legislated the rabbit out of the game law; New York has followed suit, save as to Long Island; and a bill now in the Governor's hands does as much for New Jersey. The drift of opinion then is toward rejecting the rabbit's claim to be accounted a game species. Molly Cottontail is an outlaw.

Naturally there are differences of opinion. The youngster counts the rabbit game, whether it be the prize of his figure-4 trap, or fall before his gun; and the man who hunts hares with beagles will stoutly contend that his favorite should have recognition in the statute. On the other hand, the average bird shooter considers the hare a nuisance, and the gardener and fruit grower detest the creature for its forays on vegetables and its girdling of fruit trees. One plausible argument for classing the rabbits as vermin is found in the fact that when so regarded they make out to shift for themselves and to survive in the land with that tenacity which is so characteristic of all species ranked as vermin. Weeds, both vegetable and animal, persist and thrive and make head against the ineffective opposition of human devices. To-day the hare is as abundant as formerly in sections where no laws have intervened save those of nature for its protection.

Dr. B. Harry Warren has resigned his position as State Zoölogist of Pennsylvania for this reason, as set forth in his letter of resignation to the Secretary of Agriculture: "As my attitude seems to be at variance with what Gov. Hastings desires, and as I believe he should be surrounded with officials who will be in full accord with his political views, I to-day sever my official connection with your department."

It appears further that the State Zoölogist's attitude at variance with the desires of the Governor has to do with the support of certain political county factions. What bearing the broils of contending local politicians have on the scientific investigations of birds' stomachs and the study of field mice and other vermin does not appear at first blush; but the two are in actual practice closely linked together. Politics rule in this case, as they do in the United States Fish Commission, in the New York Aquarium control, and in the appointment of game wardens and fish protectors generally throughout the country.

The project of imposing a license fee on non-resident sportsmen was considered by the New Jersey Legislature this year, but the bill failed to meet approval. The system proposed called for the payment of \$2 for the privilege of shooting. The measure was put into shape by State Game Protector, Charles A. Shriner; but Mr. Shriner's personal convictions were, we understand, against the plan. It will be remembered that New Jersey formerly had a license system under which private citizens when leagued as gun clubs had authority to exact such a tax as they might see fit from non-residents. The system was an unwarrantable and vicious delegation of the lawmaking power to individuals, contrary to all constitutional principles; and in operation it developed sundry ingenious schemes of blackmail by which certain New Jersey rascals profited.

The Boston exposition has already made its influence felt in determining the character of the New York show to be given next March. The managers tell us that while it is yet too early to go into details, the show in Madison Square Garden in 1899 will be strictly a sportsmen's show, in which trade interests will be given a secondary position.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Summer Love.

THE summer flew, full fragrant breath, on golden wings
O'er hill and dale, o'er town and field, o'er land and sea;
She greeted all created things with fervent kiss
And all, responding, thrilled with joy; so fair was she.

Her eyes had azure tint, her locks a golden sheen;
Her rosy cheeks against her ruby lips turn pale.
And blooming trailing vines held 'round her liliesome form
Light folds of gossamer woof, a flowing, clinging veil.

Four moons have waned since last I met the lovely maid,
Where Oswegatchie's amber floods lave rocky shore,
And spreading branch of pine and beach and balsam tree
Give shade to fragrant couch, where oft I dreamt before.

Oh, summer fair! I've loved thee three score years and more;
And yet thy heart remaineth young and fresh and warm;
'Though loved by countless throngs, thou never brokest faith
With me; I'll bare my heart and own thy potent charm!

The maid ne'er uttered word, but spoke by sign and sound
A language eloquent and easily understood
By one whose open eyes and ears and hungry heart
Found in such summer idleness the needed food.

She hummed and droned with beetle, bee and hummingbird,
Or laughed a purling laugh athwart the waterfall;
Or, when the king of storms smote down proud forest trees,
She sobbed and shrieked and wept; her love embraced them all.

She mocked my startled gaze, when suddenly a trout
Or muskrat splashed around, close by my resting place;
And when at deer or grouse I aimed with fishing rod
She smiled, but chided me with frowning, angry face.

At sunrise summer marshaled forth her full-voiced choir
To grateful hymns of praise and joyous symphonies;
But when the night-pall fell she lured the drowsy world
To sleep by rocking, rhythmic waves and pine branch lullabies.

At last the parting came, as partings ever come,
Filled with regrets and vows, some tears, withal some pain,
My summer love went south and I to busy town;
Yet, in my dreams, 'midst snows, fair summer comes again.

SYRACUSE.

ERNST HELD.

Ghosts.

I STOPPED upon a causeway. It was on the last day of October, and on the one side was a cattail swamp with the fluff of the mace-heads already tufting out and ready for flight. On the other lay a little pond lined with yellow-leaved birches. I leaned upon the rail and looked down into the calm water. The air was still, and now and then a leaf detached itself and zigzagged downward, while from the depths another seemed to zigzag upward, until the twain kissed at the surface and became one.

We all know the feeling, the thoughts, that come to us at such a time and place. A group of faces was mistily distinct—faces of old playmates. Here was one, fair-haired, alert—she died in 1872. Another, ruddy-cheeked, handsome, with the dark hair and blue eyes of the Norman strain—he died in '93. Another yet, tall, dark and winsome, always with a pleasant word, never with a sharp one—she passed away in '97. Yet they were here, with others of the old, old little clique in academy days.

The white clouds drifted past in reflections on the shallow bottom. The little net of dead branches, some feet down, was suspended as in mid-air, motionless, lifeless, and there was no life about it nor between the surface and the ripple marks in the sands below. Nothing moved or showed that it possessed the power of moving, and yet, half way between earth and air, appeared a small turtle, as suddenly as ever a figure flashed on the screen of a stereopticon. It did not "come." It simply was created between the shutting and the opening of an eye, and was there. Reason declared that it had been there all the time—a good ten minutes; and yet the eye must have been looking through and through it all that time, in that event, without seeing, and reason soon divined the cause. Across its back were wavy white lines that matched well the ripple marks on the bottom, until gradually it had swung round athwart them; and then, and not until then, did the eye above begin to receive the impression of something to observe.

The turtle thought it was time to move, and slowly clawed its way to the surface. Its black nose was thrust above it for half an inch with a sigh of content, and a gulp; its hindfeet were stretched out broad and deep behind. Then it began to swing as though hung on gimbals, toward the perpendicular, with the forefeet as the pivot. The arc of the swing was about 30°, and the reverse was effected by a dipping of the head. For full twenty swings it played the pendulum as though enjoying it to the full, its little black eyes ever watchful nevertheless, as the motion caused it to revolve. Then it drew in its head and started slowly downward toward some branches.

One could not help but wonder why those feet were not in rhythm. A frog gives a strong stroke with both rear feet at once with all its power flung into it and all instantly available. Only now and then, when rising or progressing slowly, does it use them alternately. If that turtle could be trained to strike out all four webs at once, to what speed might it not attain, I mused.

Then in the space below me another ghost sprang into being. Right among the branches at which I had been gazing with eyes that did not see there floated a half-pound pickerel; and I had thought that in all these years I had learned to know one when I looked at it! Yet there it was, and evidently had been there all the time. Doubtless a fin now and then quivered a hair's breadth and kept the balance, but with closest watching I could not see it move. To any but a country eye the fish might well be a lifeless stake. Even the mottled back was dust-colored, like the wood around it. The harmony was perfect.

Then came a disturber. Slowly, in its lumbering way, without intent to disturb, the turtle came wandering

thither. It glided up and down among the branches aimlessly, yawing about with each stroke, until it yawned the other way with the next one, yet hitting a fairly straight and happy medium for its general course. It drew near the lair of my pickerel, yet seemed not to see him; but the little pike was not so innocent. Silently it hung in mid-water, but there was something of watchfulness in its poise, felt rather than seen. It waited until the last second, when the turtle was fairly in touching distance; then there was a tremble in the water—merely that—just a sudden bit of indistinctness in the outlines of things seen, that ceased as swiftly and lasted but for the quiver of an eyelash. Yet in that time the fish was gone. It was blotted out of vision as completely as though resolved into water; and where it had been the little turtle was, scrambling frantically to escape from the scene of such a start, each leglet working as furiously and as independently as though run by a separate steam engine whose engineer was on a strike, and whose substitute was not on speaking terms with the ones at the throttle valves of the other three. Then an errant zephyr flashed across the water, and it all was blotted out; visions, dreams and thoughts of life that was, and I mounted my wheel and went onward through the dead leaves of the last day of October, and toward the sunset.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

The Old Muzzleloader.

I HAVE a very good fowling piece of modern manufacture, and sometimes I have used it with pleasure. Indeed I in no way fail to appreciate its practical advantages over the old muzzleloader. Yes, I also know the advantages of the smokeless powder and more subdued report, and am not out of true with these new days, though to-day I am seventy-five years old.

But I cannot help going every now and then into the attic to take down from its rusted hooks my faithful old muzzleloader that is so behind the times. It is an old friend, and has grown old with me, and with me is now beyond work. I have had opportunities to sell it, but not for worlds would I let it go.

Nothing extra of a gun at its best. Only a single barrel, small bore, light weight fowling piece, but true as a line within its range. That was not long, just about right for partridge, woodcock and gray squirrels. I have pursued the fox, and once in a while have brought one to terms with it. It numbers among its victims a lynx, and on two occasions made bold attempts on the life of a wolf.

It is fully as old as myself, being one of the first that appeared as an improvement upon the flint lock.

I have always had a great love for the woods and the gun, and in my youth have tramped many miles through dark forests and tangled underbrush in pursuit of a few partridges. And I would that now, just for one brief, bright Indian summer day, I might be transported to the old Maine woods that surrounded the home of my boyhood and follow again the old paths, frosty and cold in the early morning, dry and warm in the afternoon, fascinated by the whistle and whir of the grouse.

You could not shoot many birds in those days, and we needed no game laws, for nature took good care of the supply. If you brought home a brace of partridges, a half dozen woodcock, a gray squirrel or two, it was a good day's work; but how insignificant it would be to-day.

You see one could not shoot many birds, for it took time to load. He must carefully measure his powder and weigh his shot. Then the powder must be rammed hard. A wad of oakum served to hold it in place; then followed the shot; they must be somewhat loose, so we were taught in those days, held in place by another wad of oakum. Then came the priming! How lovingly one held the gun in the hollow of his arm, and raising the hammer examined the tube; then put the cap on—the bright cap, so suggestive of force—and carefully let the hammer down! Ah, the boys of these days are deprived of all that. And I am in earnest when I say it is a deprivation. To shoot, then carefully load, then go and pick up the game, never hurried, never frenzied, while round you was the smell of the old black powder! That was a good part of the enjoyment. Time is surely an element in pleasure.

Now things are done too quick. You shoot, and while you are turning round you reload, and shoot again. The loading is a mere mechanical process; it involves no thought. Your charge is made for you, and all that needs to be done is to snap the gun over your knee, put the shells in, give it a jerk, and there it is, all ready for another attack; a minute and a half or so is time enough for the whole process.

Yes, one now loses the peculiar mental pleasure of measuring his powder in the hollow of his hand, and carefully weighing the shot.

Then, one must kill so much in these days! Not less than a dozen partridges, two or three dozen woodcock, as many gray squirrels, or he is a poor gunner.

Why don't I use the old muzzleloader when I go gunning now? Ah, the times have changed! Why don't neighbor Jones use the old hand scythe and rake? He would like to. Can I be ten minutes loading, when my boy loads in two? Can I go athwart the spirit of the times, even in the little gunning I do alone? Certainly not. So I have put the old muzzleloader away in the attic, now and then to look at; and in moods when memories of former days come thronging upon me I go and take it down, and together we two old friends dream of the hunting days that are no more.

Yes, I keep the old powder horn, and the shot bag, both my own make, and a box of caps, the last I bought. Sometimes I turn out the powder, just to see if my hand has forgot its cunning. I weigh again the charge of shot. How good it feels in the palm!

"You never heard of drying your powder?" On great occasions, the annual shooting match, or some fox hunt, I used to put my powder into the frying-pan and set it over the fire. You only had to guard against a stray spark or two, and you could dry it quite as easily as so much sawdust. The powder of those days was not highly explosive as powder. Sometimes, when you wanted to shoot quick your cap would snap, and you would take the gun down, and then hearing a commotion within almost get it back to your shoulder before it would be off. That

was another feature one had to watch for. It was a trade to handle the muzzleloader with ease, and succeed in killing game. Now any boy, even a girl, can handle the gun.

"Was it all gunning in those lost days? Is there no other interesting memory clinging to the old muzzleloader in the attic than the tramping through the Maine woods, and shooting of a few partridges?" Yes, there is more. There are fond recollections, tender memories connected with it.

In the store where I used to buy my powder was a little girl. You "knew there was a girl connected with it?" She was a slight, golden-haired child, when I began to buy powder. I was about sixteen then. She may have been twelve, but so small that I thought of her only as a child. Her name was Mamie. Sometimes Mamie was left alone in the store, and then, if I wanted powder I must show her what it was, and where to find it, and even pour it out for her. Somehow I took to going there after my powder always at the time when I knew her uncle was out. I really liked to pour out that powder for Mamie.

Well, I poured out powder every two or three weeks, during the hunting season, from September to March—there were no game laws then—for several years. The years seem to go slow to boys, but they went fast, those I spent in weighing powder—I bought small quantities, and used large quantities. There were several reasons for that: I did not have much money to spend for powder, and I feel quite sure I was very much interested in that golden-curved clerk.

One day, after some three years—I was nineteen, Mamie fifteen—the powder did not run well; had got damp or something else, and we had to coax it, and thus our hands came together, and her hair more than once fell on my shoulder. I guess, after all, as I now study the event in cool blood, I guess the powder was much the same as ever, and that we were the ones with which something was the matter.

"What was the matter with us?" I never could tell, but we blushed and looked supremely conscious—I did not think of it like that then; it is an afterthought. I stood holding the keg of powder, and could not have told for a world what for. Mamie tried to wrap the powder in the coarse brown paper, but somehow could not.

"Why didn't we talk?" Couldn't think of a thing to say. Not a thought in either head. I tried to help her with the bundle, but only took hold of her hand; and then somehow, I never knew how, I found my arm around her waist, and her arms around my neck, and those soft curls on my shoulder, and those large, dreamy blue eyes pouring their depths of soul into mine. Then we awoke.

"That's the way you use the time when I'm gone, is it?" came the shrill voice of Mamie's aunt.

"Two culprits?" No culprits that I ever saw looked half so shame-faced as I felt, and Mamie hid her face entirely.

"If you've got your powder, I guess you'd better run home, sonny," was the final advice to me. I took it. What happened to Mamie I never knew. It was harsh enough.

When I ventured after powder next time there was no Mamie, and her uncle poured it out—such black stuff, so damp and worthless, that I got mad and told him I guessed I didn't want it. And he laughed. No, I instantly saw that it was not that commodity I wanted, and the other, the little golden-haired clerk, had been sent away to sea.

Did my wife ever hear that story? Go and ask her.
JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT.

Just About a Boy.—IX.

WHEN I came home the boy was waiting for me, curled up in a jack-knife attitude, his back against the fence and his broad hat pulled down to shade his eyes while he industriously whittled a stick and chewed one of the pungent pine shavings.

"Gee! Thought you wasn't comin' 't all," he said, as he arose and snapped his knife shut against his trousers leg.

"I'm goin' up river in the mornin', Goin' to nose around where some beaver bin a-workin' up there. Want to kinder figger on how many pelts I c'n corral when fur gits good this fall, yeh know. Want to go 'long?"

"Sure," I answered. "I feel just like taking a trip anyhow."

"All right. Goin' to start early soss to git away fr'm the sun all we can. 'Bout daylight I reckon 'd be a good time. Be ready then, will yeh?"

"Yes," I answered, "I'll meet you at the boat at dawn. Will we take any guns or fishing tackle?"

"Dunno; nuthin' to shoot, but we c'n do some fishin', I reckon. Oh, say, I know—gee! course we can! I got 'bout fifteen or twenty jug lines down at the landin'. 'n' we'll jug back!"

"All right; I don't know anything about jugging, but if you do we'll try it. I'll bring lunch for both of us, then, and meet you in the morning."

"All right; so long!" said the boy, as he started home. "Say," he called back, "be sure and be down t' th' river by daylight?"

"Yes."

When the gray dawn came we were afloat on the silent river. The little canoe scarcely made a ripple on the glassy surface as we slipped along swiftly as may be, two good, stout paddles urging the little craft forward against the sluggish back water above the dam.

Little curls of vapor seemed to hang like smoke against the water, and curious little, oily, wavy places showed where a sunken snag neared the surface. A home-hurrying muskrat marked a wrinkly patch across the current and dived as we neared him.

Blackbirds chattered among the willows or flew with swift beating wings and trailing tail rudders across the tinted sky.

"Say," said the boy, without turning his head, "this here's a heap the nicest part of a day, ain't it? If it 'd juss stay this way forever I don't reckon Paradise 'd beat it a heap, d'you? Look at them fool blackbirds, fightin' like a couple o' kids over sompin' 'r other! Smell th' trees, huh? Can't smell 'em on'y on still summer mornin's, early, this way, jever nodiss it? Seems like when th' sun comes up it sort o' soaks up th'

smell like, nen it's all gone. I like th' early mornin' better'n any part o' th' day, don't you?"

"I agree with you exactly," I said, and mentally noted that this young savage had a good deal that was poetic about him, in a rough way, and enjoyed and appreciated the beauties—those untellable beauties—of old Dame Nature in her varying moods. It struck me that this likening of the tranquil summer morning to Paradise was a homely expression of enjoyment to the fullest extent, innocent, healthy and satisfied enjoyment that lacked any thought of animal viciousness, and to this day I have never found a more fitting description than his.

In time the sun came up, painting the few clouds with all the tints in nature's color box, and then settled down to the business of warming the world and painting the colors all out again.

The canoe never slacked its even progress, forging ahead under the shadow of the trees until the mist left the water and a cooling breeze rippled the quiet surface into tiny wavelets.

When noon came the boy said we had reached the beaver grounds, and we went ashore.

The boy carefully inspected the cut-off stumps of the willows, looked long and carefully at the flat, webbed tracks in the mud, and hunted "sign" for an hour, while I sat in the shade and smoked, waiting until he should return.

"I reckon they's about nine or ten beaver here that's good fer fur this fall," he said, as he sprawled beside me on the grass.

"They's a pair o' old ones 'n' two er three litters o' kittens o' different sizes, I figger. I'm goin' to have them pelts when frost comes, too, you bet.

"Geel! Less eat. I'm hungrier 'n a bear. Funny how a feller gits so onreasonable hungry knockin' 'round this way, ain't it?" he said, with a smile, as we opened the lunch.

"I got the jugs 'n' a few frogs down there 'n th' canoe, 'n' I reckon we c'n float down with the current 'n' let the jugs do the fishin' 'safternoon, 'n' have some fun too. Got to ketch s'more hoptoads, though, first," he added, as he stowed away the remnant of a sandwich and went for the little tin bucket to get water from the spring near by.

"Say, that's the best drink 't ever was invented, ain't it?" he remarked, as he came back with the bucket brimful of cold and good water from the spring that welled up among the rocks of "Stony Point."

"Seems like white folks want to kill 'erselves drinkin' all kinds o' whisky 'n' beer 'n' stuff like that when they's s'much good water juss runnin' to waste. I can't juss figger such things out myself."

We loafed about in the shade talking and resting for an hour, while the young philosopher tried to "figger out" the problem of humanity just as philosophers have thought and wondered and "figgered" since time began, and like them the boy finally "give it up," and turned to the immediate business of catching frogs for fish bait.

I stretched at length along the grass, lazily watching the swallows flit in and out of the burrows in the bluffs across the river, wondering why these little creatures had been so constructed that they could annihilate distance so easily, while man must plod slowly along up hill and down over the surface of this old world.

The soft lullaby of the wind-tuned trees lulled one to the quietude of mind necessary for building air castles, and soon I was day dreaming there by the quiet river. I saw without seeing. I was there, and yet knew nothing of the surroundings—just thinking.

A big black ant crawled across a bit of sand, exerting every energy to drag a dead grasshopper to his storehouse. A black wasp nervously opened and closed its steely wings, and after inspecting its surroundings vanished.

The midday sun flecked the ground with a network of ever moving shadows, weaving in and out, blending with the flowers and grasses of the bank.

"Say, you goin' to snooze all day? Git a hike on yeh 'n' c'mon. Got to move if we ketch any catties 'safternoon. I got lots o' bait, so less go."

The boy had broken the spell, and soon we were drifting lazily, contentedly along behind a row of corked-up beer bottles and small jugs that floated in "company front" with the current of the prairie river.

Birds flitted in and out among the trees; an occasional squirrel could be seen stretched at length along a gnarled oak limb, just soaking himself full of sunshine—or perhaps he would be nosing about among the fallen leaves on the ground, his tail curled up over his back and waving like a great brown plume.

Turtles basked on the dead snags and plunked off into the water as we floated by. Everything was living and enjoying life in its own peculiar way, and over all was the brilliant blue of the prairie sky, the flood of light from the summer sun, and just enough warmth to make us too lazy to even talk as we drifted on the slow current, following the line of jugs and bottles down the western river.

Suddenly the boy gathered himself together, dipped deep with his paddle, and the canoe began to move swiftly toward one of the jugs that was bobbing, spinning and plowing through the water in circles, as a heavy fish tried vainly to rid himself of the hook.

"Say, gee! that's a Balaam, sure!" said the boy quietly, as we watched the antics of the bobbing jug.

As we neared it the jug sank, and a few moments later reappeared 40ft. away, swirling through the water as the fish towed it along.

"You work her, 'n' I'll git that Balaam," said the boy, as he laid his paddle inboard and got ready for action when we should get within reach of the jug.

I handled the canoe, and in a few moments got alongside, where the boy got hold of the line and began to fight the fish on his own ground.

Several times the broad tail curved up and threw a shower of water over the boy, and several times the boy caught his breath and said "Ugh!" but he hung on, and in the end pulled the big blue-black catfish over the gunwale of the canoe.

"Good un, ain't he?" said the boy, contentedly, as he slipped a string through the fish's gills and hung him overboard.

Soon the jug was rebaited and drifting along with its fellows, and behind the line was the black canoe with its counterfeit reflected upside down in the quiet stream,

drifting, drifting with the slow current, while the boy and I reclined along the bottom and up against the "lazy back" seat, waiting and drifting there in the quiet of the summer afternoon.

EL COMANCHO.

Natural History.

The Chestnut-Sided Warbler.

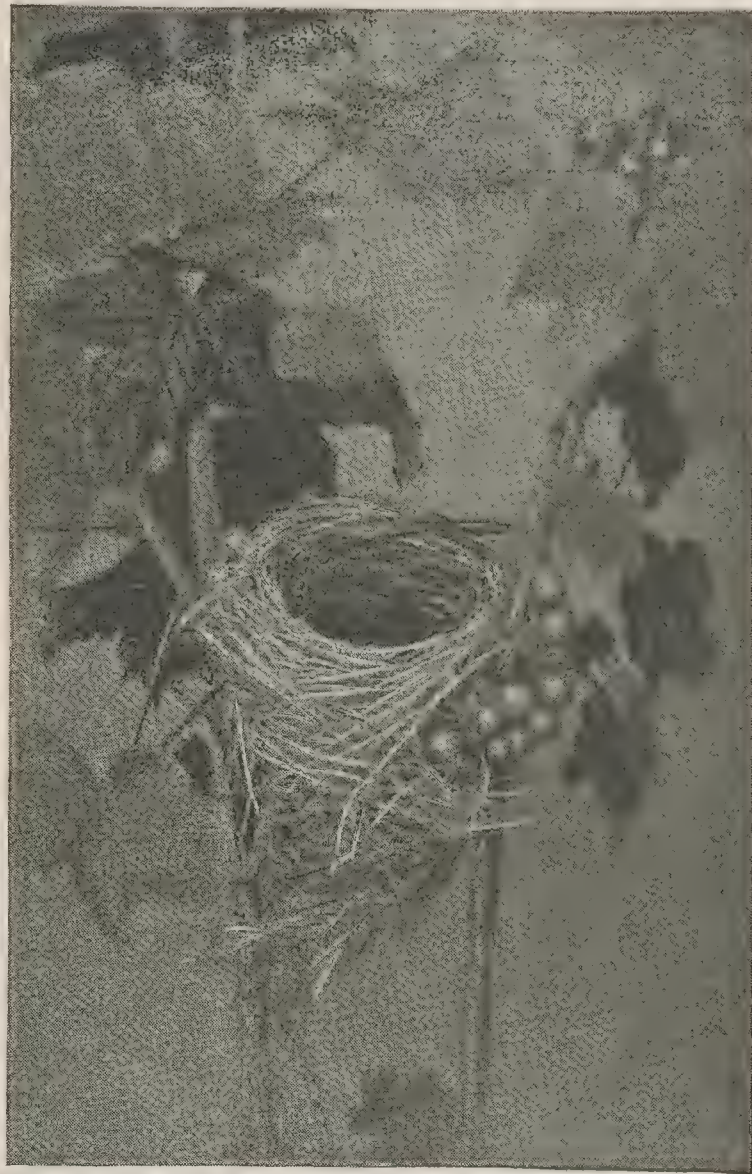
BY HERMIT.

THURSDAY morning, May 27, 1886, a small bird hopped out of the bushes into my dooryard. The bird was a female chestnut-sided warbler. She was collecting dry grass blades for a nest.

May 27, 1897 the same little bird was in my dooryard engaged as before, collecting nesting material.

Eleven years had been credited to the past for man and bird. The man had not escaped the weight of the added years. Deeper wrinkles and gray hair told the story, but the little bird, strange to tell, was apparently as blithe and young as on that Thursday morning eleven years before.

I provide an abundance of nesting material for all birds that frequent my cabin dooryard. The chestnut-



NEST OF CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER.

sided warbler seemed to appreciate my motive and gave me her confidence in return. After the first year I could sit by her nest from the hour the first straw was laid to the day when the young were large enough to take wing and she would go on with her domestic affairs without fear.

During eleven years the bird has constructed thirteen nests. Two nests were robbed by snakes and were replaced. No two of these nests were alike. All were loosely built, and with the exception of the last were saddled on the forks of small bushes. The nest of 1897 was suspended between two shoots of a currant bush about 20in. from the ground. This was a new departure, and led me to have a picture made of the nest. There was a bunch of currants in the way and the bird fastened it to the side of the nest with spiders' web. The currants show in the picture, which I inclose with this paper.

The books inform us that the nest of this warbler is never pensile, but if the nest in my currant bush was not pensile what may we call it? It was fastened at the brim to two upright currant stems without support at the bottom, as the picture shows. The brim was fashioned first. It was composed of straws, shreds of cedar bark and dry grass blades. The same material was fastened to the brim and arranged to cross, thus forming the bottom and sides. The tying material used was spiders' web and silken threads from some cocoon unknown to me. The nest was lined with fine straw and horse hair. All the nests previously made by this bird contained a liberal amount of plant down on the outside. This last nest was nearly wanting in plant down, although a good supply was in the dooryard.

Several years ago the bird saddled into the fork of a bayberry bush a bunch of cotton nearly as large as a base ball, and on this foundation erected a nest.

I have records of four nests, including the last—the one in the currant bush. This 1897 nest was 3½in. in diameter by 2in. in depth inside, and 3½in. outside. The foundation was laid May 27, and the nest was completed June 3. It was then deserted for three days. The first egg was deposited June 6, and thereafter one each day until the 9th, when four eggs made up the set. The fourth egg was pure white; the other three were white with a ring of reddish brown blotches around the larger end.

After the fourth egg was laid the bird remained on the nest nights, but during the daytime for three days spent

the most of the time gadding about. June 20 I found one bird out of the shell and the next day all were out. The young birds are not fed until they are one day old. They are not great feeders like young robins, and the mother bird has an easy task to provide food. The birds grow rapidly. At first the mother can cover her brood while half hid below the brim of the nest, but before the young birds leave the nest she must stand with a foot on each side of the brim.

July 2 the young birds were induced to leave the nest. On that day the mother bird did not feed the young birds, and I think they must have been downright hungry. Later she tempted them with a plump insect, while the male fluttered about with cries of encouragement. Soon one hopped out of the nest on to a twig and was quickly fed. The others took the hint, and all were soon out of the nest. Most birds pursue the same method, and it reminds one of teaching baby how to walk.

My little friend has had two mates since we became acquainted. She was made a widow by a prowling cat during the summer of 1896. The next spring she returned with a second husband. This newcomer resented any familiarity on my part. He seemed to think that I was too inquisitive, and made a great fuss every time he found me near the nest. Frequently my little friend would fly at him and drive him away. She tried to make him understand that I was a welcome guest, but he never took kindly to my presence. In return I thought him most ungrateful, for I had killed one cat and two snakes to protect his family.

My little friend holds my dooryard and immediate vicinity against all other chestnut-sided warblers. If some other bird of the same species starts a nest the little squatter tyrant drives the interloper away. She claims sway over a circle about 200ft. in diameter, with my cabin for a center. Catbirds, towhee buntings and oven birds and two ruffed grouse have nested on this claim, but for eleven years no chestnut-sided warbler has succeeded in pre-empting the claim.

The chestnut-sided warbler is so conspicuously marked that a mere tyro in bird study cannot mistake it for any other member of the warbler family. The bright yellow crown, pure white under parts and chestnut sides of the old birds are marks not to be mistaken. The young birds are yellowish green above and silky white below.

An amusing thing happened here some years ago over a bird of this species. A lady caller, a summer resident, asked me for the name of a bird which often visited a tree over her sitting room window. She claimed that the bird was pure white with red wings. I could not make her understand that there was no such bird in New England. "Seeing is believing," she claimed, and I was invited to investigate for myself. While looking from the sitting room window I saw the bird above my head on a twig. Sure enough he was a white bird with red wings. It was a chestnut-sided warbler. From a distance the effect was enough like a white bird with red wings to deceive any one not well acquainted with bird life. Looking up to the bird the chestnut sides resembled red wings.

I sent the lady into an upper room, where she could look down on her white bird, and she soon returned, and laughingly said, "I always knew that there were two sides to a story, and now I have just learned that there are two sides to a bird."

Ways of Rabbits.

I WOULD like some one versed in the habits of rabbits to give the readers of your valuable paper information as to their intelligence and peculiarities. My daughter has a great fondness for animals of every description, and among her collection has a black cat about a year old, and a rabbit probably about the same age. These two have struck up a strong friendship and romp about the house, chasing one another like kittens. The rabbit is gray and white and quite large. He has very strong prejudices against certain things, such as the fire shovel, which he will take in his mouth and put away from him when it is in his way. He apparently reasons like a dog or cat about things, and shows great intelligence. When he hears the bell ring for meals he hurries to the dining room, and if the door is closed scratches against it to be let in. I used when a boy to have the pink-eyed white rabbit as a pet, but it has always been my impression that they were stupid animals, principally interested in devouring all the green things in the garden. It would be a pleasure to know something about these creatures, and I hope this may strike the eye of an expert in such matters.

New Partridges from Mexico.

THE interesting work done by Mr. E. W. Nelson and his companion in Mexico is sufficiently well known, and the great amount of valuable material which he has brought back is familiar to all scientific men. Among this material are many species of birds new to science, and some of these Mr. Nelson is now describing in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington. One of these papers of especial interest to sportsmen is a revision of the *Dactylortyx*, a group of partridges curiously mixed by earlier writers, the name of one species having been ascribed to figures which now prove to belong to another. Various authors have written about the species of this genus, but with material so limited that their efforts merely made the confusion worse. Mr. Nelson, however, with a more ample series of specimens describes three species and one subspecies of this genus, two of the species being new. These are *D. chiapensis*, collected near San Cristobal, Chiapas, Mexico, and *D. devius*, from San Sebastian, Jalisco, Mexico.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evenings, April 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock. April 12, Frank M. Chapman, "Notes on Birds Observed during a Recent Trip to Florida;" April 26, programme to be announced on the special notice sent to members.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Northern Vermont Notes.

SHELDON, Vt., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a few notes first concerning some bird arrivals here this season:

March 9.—Saw first shore lark.
March 10.—Robins reported, but not seen by the writer until the 16th.
March 17.—First bluebird; quite numerous.
March 18.—First song sparrow.
March 23.—Red-wing starling reported seen.
March 25.—First meadowlark.

It is quite possible that along the river and creek bottoms these birds may have arrived some days earlier. The past month has been the most pleasant March ever known in northwestern Vermont, though not so early as the March of 1859.

The writer has traced up the moose before reported as passing through this section last autumn. With the exception of being cut about the legs by the barbed wire fences, it crossed safely back into Canada, where it received a hot reception. In Sutton, P. Q., the first town over the line north of Richford, Vt., one fellow fired nine shots at it, and another habitation three shots, but evidently without effect, as the moose at a good gait entered the woods of Sutton Mountain, headed northward.

Last season three deer were killed on this mountain, and twenty-seven in the vicinity of Mt. Orford.

Last summer a two-year-old cow moose was seen at Brompton Lake, north of Orford Mountain.

The ice is out of our lakes and streams, but no trout fishing is permitted until May 1. STANSTEAD.

Game Bag and Gun.

Duck Shooting in Connecticut.

ONE cold morning in the latter part of November a light carriage, drawn by a medium-sized bay mare, stopped in front of a house in the city of New Haven. "Hello, Will," said I, "here I am at last. Did you think I was never coming?"

"Why, yes, Harry, I did think so; in fact, I had given you up entirely."

"I'm sorry. It was impossible for me to get here any sooner, though. It's quite a job to get so many things together in so short a time. There was the horse to feed and clean, gun, ammunition, grub, extra clothing, jug of cider and other necessary articles to be stored in the carriage in some kind of style. Add to this the time for breakfast, harnessing, and a drive of seven miles; then I think you must acknowledge that I've done pretty well to get here even by 10 o'clock. I tell you what, I've hustled since 5 o'clock."

I had been invited by my friend, Mr. William Barker, to indulge in a duck hunting expedition with him to Sachem's Head. He owns a small summer cottage there, and as he is an ardent lover of duck shooting he keeps the cottage furnished, to a certain extent, all the year round. When he feels like indulging his propensity for his favorite sport he invites some one of his acquaintances to spend a day or so with him at the cottage. A person is always sure of a good time on one of these trips, even should he fail to shoot any ducks.

Sachem's Head is a matter of sixteen miles from the center of New Haven. In the summer time, when the fields and woods are green, the drive is a charming one, and the roads are excellent. Now, however, while the sky was devoid of clouds and the sun shone brightly, the wind howled out of the northwest in a biting manner, and it was impossible to keep comfortable.

We crossed the network of railroad tracks, and numerous drawbridges between New Haven and East Haven, without mishap. I noticed that the horse acted strangely, and called my companion's attention to the fact a number of times. Generally she roared at a good, snappy gait, but now she seemed not to care whether she moved or lay down. In fact, she appeared to prefer to lie down. "I don't understand why she acts that way," I said over and over again.

"Possibly the horse is sick, Harry, and don't feel like moving. Is she subject to a colic?"

"No, not to my knowledge. You know I've only had her a short while, but I never noticed any indications of colic about her."

"Humph! the old animal does act queer, that's a fact."

When we reached the foot of the hill at the southern end of Lake Saltonstall the old mare acted so weak that we wondered if she would be able to draw the carriage to the top of the hill. Before noticing anything strange in her demeanor I had entertained my companion with hair-lifting accounts of the manner in which she had, on two different occasions, taken the bit in her teeth and nearly smashed things to pieces. "That's why I had to get that ring bit for her," said I. "A common one won't hold her."

Will was now enjoying himself hugely at my expense. "Push on the reins," said he, "or she'll smash things all to bits by falling over backward into the carriage."

It was a tedious climb to the top of the hill, and seemed to wear the strength completely out of the horse. My heart beat with compassion for her, and I had come to the conclusion that our trip would have to end at the next farmhouse.

"Thank heaven, we're at the top of the hill at last," said Will, when we had gained that point on our journey. "I believe we'll be compelled to get out and carry the old—" He never finished the sentence, for at that moment something snapped; it was the old mare's teeth as she grabbed the bit. Her ears flopped tight to the back of her head, as though glued there; the carriage shot ahead as if expelled from a catapult; then the landscape commenced to slide to the rear. The old beast not only had the bit, but the carriage as well, and all it contained. We managed to retain possession of the whole of the road, and we needed every foot of it.

"What ails her, Harry? What ails her?"

Will's eyes were nearly bulging from their sockets, and he clung to the side of the carriage seat with the ten-

nacity of grim death. "She's running away, that's all," I gasped.

"Can't you hold her, Harry? Can't you stop her?" His appeal was filled with a yearning that was exceedingly pathetic.

"I'd give \$50 if I only could stop her," I groaned.

The carriage alternately slid from one side of the road to the other. "Whoa, Bell! Whoa! Hi there! Whoa! who-a-p!" No use; the wheels only turned faster. How they managed to hold together was incomprehensible to me. We came to a long curve and the old mare settled down to business in a manner that was agonizingly frightful. She seemed to flatten to twice her length, and appeared not to run, but to fly. Fences and telegraph poles appeared and vanished in kaleidoscopic succession. I sawed and pulled, sawed and pulled, but no use; she had us all right. The bit felt like it would if screwed up in a vise.

We had made half a mile in half a minute (so Will afterward declared), and I could gain no control of the horse whatever. I dared not exert my full strength on the reins for fear they might break. I held the whip in my right hand, and couldn't drop the reins to put it in the whip socket. "Take the whip, Will! Take the whip!" I cried. He misunderstood and grasped one of the reins instead. He exerted his full strength with both hands; the old beast jumped to his side of the road, and the carriage all but upset. "Take the whip! Take the whip—and let the reins alone!" I yelled. He finally comprehended and took the whip from my hand.

To make matters more joyously exhilarating, the harness now began to part, and I surely thought the grand, final climax had arrived. Luck, however, favored us in one respect—the road was nearly straight, and we met no teams. When the hilarious brute had made something over a mile she commenced to lose her wind, and I gradually gained control of her. Much to her regret I stopped her just before reaching the railroad bridge that spans the road on the outskirts of Branford.

When the bewitching old beast finally came to a standstill we got out and enjoyed ourselves hugely repairing damages. The harness had dissolved partnership in a number of places, and the frigid air fairly scorched as we enthusiastically proceeded to mend that busted harness with two old shoestrings. We re-entered the carriage with considerable misgivings, and proceeded on our way. The old mare had fooled us, but she acted greatly dejected when she realized she hadn't killed us. I kept her on the go the rest of the trip, and she roared the remaining eleven miles in less than an hour. Will never mentioned anything more about "pushing on the reins." In fact, we were both anxious, and we felt much relieved as we approached our objective point.

I had bought this mare for my family's especial use, and she had been recommended to me as perfectly safe for a child to drive anywhere. I afterward found that she was a notorious runaway, and that she had broken the leg of one of New Haven's best known liverymen. It seems to me that life imprisonment would be none too harsh a sentence for any person who would recommend such a horse to a buyer as safe when fully aware of the animal's vicious nature.

Will had always lavished enthusiastic praises on the excellence and beauty of Sachem's Head. "It's God's own garden," he had said time and again. As the carriage swung around a curve in the road, and the place suddenly broke to our view, it seemed I had seldom looked upon a sight more pleasing to the eye. I had seen the rows of clean, bright summer cottages many times, but always from the water. They are perched on every available rock, point, and choice spot. Some of their roofs peeped from among a grove of small cedars, which grew back a way from the water's edge. A neat, clean hotel stands on a prominent spot, and commands an excellent view of the Sound in front, and of the hills, woods and valleys to the north.

The waters of the Sound basked radiantly in the rays of the early winter sunshine, and the shores of Long Island stood plainly out to view. That which interested us more than anything else, however, was the sight of numerous flocks of ducks feeding near the shore. They consisted mostly of old squaws and coots, but here and there we noticed an occasional bunch of broadbills.

"Isn't this fine! Just see that bunch of broadbills! By George!—we're in luck. It's too bad to-day is Sunday. Never mind—they'll stay, and we'll have some fun with them to-morrow." Presently he continued: "See, Harry! right among that thick bunch of cedars. Do you see the little cottage? That's my little shanty—the place where we will stay to-night. Isn't it fine! I love that little nest." And it was a cozy little house.

We found quarters for the horse in a nearby barn. After starting a roaring fire in the kitchen stove we got at a good, hot dinner, and the rest of the afternoon we spent in snapping the camera at different objects of interest.

Will decided that we hadn't decoys enough, so when darkness settled over the earth we took a trip across the fields to a farmhouse, and borrowed an extra dozen. We then hurried back to the house and got out our own decoys, dusted them off, fixed the strings by which they are anchored, and got them in some kind of order, so that things would work systematically in the morning. Will set the alarm for 4 in the morning, and we betook ourselves to bed and pleasant dreams.

It seemed I was sound asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. The next thing I knew my eyes opened with a snap and my ears were filled with the sound of the harsh jangle of the alarm clock. "Heavens! it can't be morning yet," I said, aloud. "Yes it is, and you'd better get up out of that, or you'll get no ducks to-day," said a voice from out the darkness. Will was already stumbling around in his room in a vain endeavor to find a match.

The house was cold and disagreeable at first, but we soon had a good fire going. Then the coffee was started, beans put in the oven to warm, and steak broiled to a turn. "We must eat all the breakfast we can hold," said Will, "for we won't have another chance to fill up until 3 or 4 o'clock."

Just how Will had manipulated that alarm clock he alone knows. When our meal was finished I went out on the veranda and looked for some sign of morning, but there was no sign. I kept going out at regular in-

tervals for over an hour, but always with the same result. The sky was overcast and a few flakes of snow were falling. The surf moaned mournfully on the shore, and a raw, chill wind sighed out of the east. Faulkner's Island Light flashed alternating long and short gleams, and the doleful wail of a steamboat's whistle came at regular intervals over the gloomy waves from the south. Every indication pointed to a favorable day for our business—for such is perfect ducking weather.

After what seemed an age the eastern horizon took on the faintest tinge of gray. This was the signal for us hurriedly to transfer the guns, ammunition and decoys to the beach. When this work was finished the forces of daylight had encroached considerably on the shadowy realms of night.

"We're going to have a dandy day," observed Will, as he viewed the surface of the water just before we shoved the boat off the beach. "Just see the ducks out by Hump Rock! Why, there are thousands of them, and they're not stirring yet. Come, let's move, or we won't get our decoys out until after sunrise."

We slid the boat over the sand and into the water; then we got aboard and started for Hump Rock, black and oval shaped, and seldom submerged even by the highest tides. It lies about a quarter of a mile off shore, and is a favorite stand for duck shooters.

It is cold business setting decoys, as every one knows who has ever been there. In spite of the protection afforded by two pairs of woolen drawers, two pairs of trousers, two woollen undershirts, a heavy outing shirt, vest, heavy sweater and shooting jacket, and a heavy woolen cap, a pair of heavy shoes covered by arctics, and two pairs of mittens, I was none too warm while setting those wooden images. If it is cold setting them it is doubly so taking them up again. Will did the rowing and I set the decoys as he directed.

I hadn't dropped one-half of the wooden lures over the side before the ducks were stirring. They circled all about us and were very bold. Flock after flock swooped down toward the decoys, and many of them came within easy range, but we refrained from firing at them. "Hurry, Harry! hurry!" Will kept repeating. I needed no urging, however, for I was as anxious to commence shooting as he.

Finally the last decoy was dropped over the side, and we took our stations on the rock out of sight of the ducks. We had hardly removed the covers from the cartridge boxes when, "Mark west!" said Will. Looking in that direction, I saw a bunch of old-squaws sweeping down on the decoys with the speed of the wind. We held our fire until they reached the center of the deceptive lures, then we opened on them. Bang! bang! bang! One tumbled out of the air, and two bunches of feathers drifting on the wind showed that some of the others had been hit.

"Mark south!" A bunch of coots were coming from that quarter, and at the same time I noticed another bunch of old-squaws heading toward us from the west. Will tumbled one of the coots in good shape. I only succeeded in winging one of the old-squaws. I chased him with the boat and fusilladed him until I was in a fair way of using up all my ammunition; then I relinquished the chase and returned to the rock.

The sun was now trying to shine, and his rays were gilding the clouds with gold. Wreaths of mist lifted from the crests of the waves and swept along above the surface of the water. Flock after flock of ducks arose from their liquid resting place and winged their way in every direction. We were kept so busy attending to those which came to the decoys that we forgot all about being cold. Some we killed, others we wounded, but the great majority escaped unscathed.

"Mark west—spoonbills. Keep well out of sight, Harry, for they're shy rascals, and we'll have to do our prettiest if we get a shot at them." We hugged the rock close, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bunch coming to the decoys without a swerve. "A pair of those fellows are worth more than all the coots and old-squaws in the Sound," whispered my companion. "Make sure of your aim, and don't fire until you see their eyes."

On they came until within 50 yds. of the decoys, then, to our disgust, they swung, and all but one passed to the north; this one came straight to the decoys. As he discovered the fraud and wheeled to join his companions, Will fired and tumbled him out of the air in fine shape. This shot was by far the best made that day.

A bank of clouds now swept out of the northeast and brought a dash of snow and rain. Coots and old-squaws kept coming, however, and we continued to fusillade them until our ammunition became exhausted. Will remembered that a box of shells had been left at the house, so I volunteered to go after them.

When I returned with the shells I found Will almost in tears from vexation. "While you were gone," said he, "a whole bunch of broadbills settled right among the decoys. Of course I hadn't a shell, and those ducks wouldn't stir until I jumped on top of the rock and yelled like an Indian. I believe they knew I was out of ammunition."

We soon used up the extra shells, then nothing remained for us to do but to get our decoys and go ashore. While taking up the decoys we were much surprised to find how wretchedly we had misjudged distance. We found the nearest decoy to be over 45 yds. away, and that we had fired many shots at fully twice that distance.

After a good, hot dinner we packed our belongings into the carriage, harnessed up the old runaway and set out for home. Before starting, however, we reinforced our leather reins with a good, stout pair of rope ones. We didn't care to repeat our comet-like experience of the day before, so the old mare was kept moving the whole distance to New Haven. I had learned better than to allow her to accumulate any extra steam by favoring her. I am also happy to state that the person of whom I bought her is to-day the happy possessor of her. I persuaded him to relieve me of her the day after I got back from our ducking trip. Should any of FOREST AND STREAM's readers desire this double-jointed, triple-expansion, comet-like piece of horseflesh, I could put them on her trail. I wouldn't, however, for I have no enemies among FOREST AND STREAM's readers that I know of, and I wouldn't have a friend get hold of her for the world.

While old-squaws and coots do not rank high among

the duck shooting fraternity, still when they decoy as well as they did for us that day they afford exceptionally fine sport for those who like to rough it, and who are not afraid of cold weather. Especially is this so in Connecticut, where in these days the choice varieties of ducks seldom come, and in fact where one seldom meets with success even when after old-squaws and coots. We tried them on a three days' trip afterward, but never got a feather.

Our bag counted 14, and we used 125 shells. Eight of the ducks were old-squaws, 5 were coots, and 1 was a broadbill. Through our misjudgment of distance, I am not proud to say, we wounded many more than we killed. Most of these escaped entirely.

In my estimation, making cripples is the great drawback to duck shooting. When the coldest weather comes, and the ducks flock to a warmer climate, it is pitiful indeed to see a poor, wounded cripple, deserted and forlorn, floating on the icy waves. It is sad to know that days, perhaps weeks, of suffering from inflamed, feverish wounds will be its hard lot, until death finally comes to its relief and ends its miserable existence.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Hunting Whitetails in Wisconsin.

BY CAREY.

"HELLO, Percy! Bloody hands and tell-tale crimson spots on your clothing! On the first morning's hunt you hang your first deer, and it's the first score of the party," were the words that greeted the youngest member of our club. "Tell us all about it."

"There's not much to tell. The truth is, I ought to have two. I was sneaking about the hemlock knolls northeast of camp, when I spied an object, white-like, and I thought it a rabbit or squirrel. Another glimpse proved it a doe. I drew and shot too quickly, cutting only the hair from her back. Then a shell stuck and saved that deer for some other fellow. Just then a spike buck passed, but stopped to look back, and I gave it to him in the neck."

This was the beginning of a two weeks' hunt had in southwest Taylor county, Wis., opening Nov. 1, 1897, the delights of which were enjoyed by the Badger Nimrods, the major portion of whom hail from the vicinity of La Crosse Wis.

The illustration gives the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a view of our camp, an ideal one for any lover of nature in its loveliest garb.

The reader observes that our home is a primitive log cabin, scoop roof, with but a garden patch about it; but it is a veritable palace for a hunter. A vast sea of forest that tosses, rolls and lifts up its majestic voice as does any other ocean to the wind's touch immerses this little homestead. Giant hemlocks and maples sentinel it, and modest cedars that clasp the entire year in a wreath of green smile upon it; and the men are but a typical lot of stalwart Westerners. Percy is that demure young Hercules to the left of the door—supple, stalwart, and a born woodsman. William Mc. is at the extreme left, and he is the senior of us all, not only in years,

he has few superiors as a deer hunter. There were nine hunters, and ten deer were hung during our stay, all bucks, attesting the wisdom of the law of this State making the open season the first twenty days in November. At this date in most seasons the bucks are astir and the does are hiding.

Herewith is a list of the persons and dates of each capture:

Nov. 1, Percy Mc., a spike buck in the morning.
Nov. 3, William Mc., a fawn buck in the evening.
Nov. 4, George B., a spike buck in evening.
Nov. 5, Billy H., aged buck in morning.
Nov. 5, W. C. G., aged buck in evening.
Nov. 8, Percy Mc., a fawn buck, afternoon.
Nov. 8, W. C. G., aged buck in morning.
Nov. 11, Billy H., spike buck in morning.
Nov. 13, Alex J., aged buck, afternoon.
Nov. 13, Alex J., aged buck, afternoon.

Of these ten, our party of seven killed 7, three killing 2 each, one killing 1 and three scoring a miss. No, not a miss, for both J. K. J. and E. S. fatally wounded one; but the extreme dryness of the season made tracing a wounded deer next to impossible; but this is often the saddest experience of still-hunting deer.

If the readers please, and the editor permits, we will have these hunters tell the story of each capture, following the order of dates above given. These tales of the wood are given just as they were told as we grouped around the stove after the day's hunt was over. A kodak's snap shot at this moment would reveal nine men in all the perfect unreserve of a hunters' camp. Some are prone upon the two double story bunks that nestle in two corners of the room. Others are in a semi-circle around the fire. Blue swirls of smoke rise from pipes and cigars, and good cheer and sweet content brood over all. Percy has told of the first killing.

The veteran, William Mc., said: "S. was with me this evening, and we took a stand not far apart, some two miles northwest. At almost dusk a deer came in view. I waited until I had a bead on its middle, and fired; and as it ran I again shot. Soon S.'s gun spoke, and he called saying he had knocked it down. We went to the spot, but the deer was up and gone. It was too dark to trace it, but after much vain searching we found it the next morning, with but one ball hole, and that through its entrails."

George B. said: "I killed a spike buck last evening when it was so dark I couldn't see a sight. Guess he'd run over me if I hadn't stopped him. I was watching from a high log west of the 'old chopping,' when I saw him skipping and pumping as if in a frolic. In his funny business he came my way, and as I halted him and fired he ran back like a streak. This morning I found him ten rods off, shot square in the breast."

Billy was next: "I was standing on a knoll to the north this morning," said he, "when I saw an old buck strutting along as proud as a turkey cock, and coming almost on a line to me. At the proper time I called a halt, drawing on his shoulder. As the gun spoke he dashed away, but I knew he had his medicine, and found him only a few rods away."

W. C. G. said: "As you know, I've been a setter during this hunt. Elevated logs and stumps have been my

of my dead deer and sat under the shadows of dense hemlocks, watching a runway, when I saw the gleam of horns. Then glimpses of a form were seen as it passed thickly set trees. It would step a few strides, then take a dozen steps to stop again, meanwhile crouching low and stretching its neck to the front. Impatiently I waited for it to reach an opening. As it did so, I said 'stop!' in a quick, sharp voice, my gun already on his breast. In the instant that long, lank thing was transformed. Head aloft, nostrils dilated, every muscle at a tension, he seemed to swell to twice his former size. But the Winchester's voice rang out, and the royal game sank down, struck fairly in the front breast."

On the 11th the entire party joined in a "drive," and although five had shots, and two were badly wounded, one by E. S. and another by Percy, Billy was the lucky one. "I was driving, as you know, and didn't expect to score a hit, but as I came over the last hill I caught sight of a fawn. I could see only his head and neck, but that was a plenty, and when my gun spoke I saw him double up and I knew it was my meat."

On the 13th Alex J. covered himself with that halo of glory that envelops the hunter who wins. He came into camp as we were at dinner, his face aglow. "I've got them this time. One's down and a big buck wounded. I've come for help to track him," he said, as he washed his bloody hands. "This has been a great day with me. Why, I've shot away every shell, and when they were all gone a big doe at which I had sent several of my last shells turned into an open logway and ran straight from me for ten rods or more. If S. and George B. will go with me, that buck is mine. I was in that park west of the old camp when I downed a nice spike buck, my shot striking him through the back. As I came up to him I heard another running just over the slope. By a quick run I came in sight of a big buck and shot twice. On his trail I found blood, and it was while I was tracing him that the doe tempted me to empty my Marlin. Oh, this has been my day."

The boys accompanied him, struck the trail, George B. swinging around in advance to stop him if he broke cover. As they expected, he was yet able to run, but George shot twice, the first cutting hair across his throat and the second breaking his back, and the largest buck killed by our party was laid low.

Wisconsin's fish and game preserves have a national, if not an international, reputation. Many hunters assert that deer are as abundant in northern Wisconsin at this time as they have been for twenty years. Certainly they are yet sufficiently plentiful to satisfy any reasonable demand. This noble game is found north of a line bounded on the south by the main St. Paul line of the C., M. & St. P. Railway, and extending north to Lake Superior, excepting towns and settlements immediately along the lines of railways. All over this large area immense tracts of pine trees have been cut and removed, and in their stead a thick growth of vines, briars and every variety of small trees have sprung up. This gives a covert and fortress unexcelled for protection to this beautiful and wary creature. Added to this, our present excellent law, limiting the killing to two for a person; requiring each deer or part of deer to bear a coupon; requiring all hunters to obtain a license, non-residents having to pay a fee of \$25; with many excellent prohibitions, such as hounding, night shooting, shooting in water, etc., we believe that this State will continue to be for many years one of the first States in the nation as a deer preserve and hunting ground. W. C. GERARD.

The Cuvier Club.

CINCINNATI, O., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cuvier Club has a royal ambition to extend its field of usefulness; in fact it desires to push ahead and make new conquests. It wants to materially improve every department it has, so as to make the organization of still greater credit to the city.

It especially aims to make it educational to an eminent degree, for the benefit of the public and the public schools. It therefore, among other things, wants many rare additions to its museum, the same to its library, and a more thorough protection to fish and game, both legal and otherwise.

The Cuvier Club was organized some twenty-five years ago, and since then it has so rapidly advanced in the promulgation of its principles that it is now looked upon as a public institution as well as a public necessity, and is really one of the attractions of the city to visitors from abroad.

To show how the principle of protection to fish and game—its leading feature—attracted the attention and support of the public, we have only to look at its membership then and now. Then it had but ten members, all ardent disciples of rod and gun; now it has over 300, and is composed not only of those who love the sports of field and stream, but of those in all walks of life—in fact, the very best representative men of our city.

The causes which led to the success of the club are: The preservation of fish and game from certain annihilation by the thoughtless and mercenary, in the interest of the food supply of future generations, and to afford healthy, pleasure-giving recreation; the collection of a museum of natural history, that shall be the means of education to many and an additional attraction to the city. Although our platform embraces only the above, we find that forest preservation and the propagation of fish and game are so interwoven with it that we are ever ready to give a helping hand to their advancement.

The social organization is of such high character and excellence as to commend itself to every respectable member of the community. While it opens up a pleasant place of resort for the members, it has studiously been kept free from all that can be objectionable to any, with no bar or restaurant attached, no card-playing for any kind of stakes, nothing that demands any expenditure of money beyond the nominal annual dues of \$10; so that a person in most moderate circumstances can enjoy its privileges and feel himself on a level with the wealthiest.

The most prominent feature in its social life is its annual banquet, which in its gastronomic specialty is acknowledged by the daintiest epicures and most notable chefs to be the most recherche game dinner that could



THE CAMP AND THE CAMPERS.

but in successful deer hunting. See his sturdy frame and eagle eye! E. S., an ex-Union soldier, is one of the most enthusiastic and successful hunters in the State. He was too ill to leave the camp except for a few days. Billy Horton stands in the doorway. Every one in all this region knows Billy. He is not only such a cook as can give a razor-edge to any appetite, but he is a hunter and guide of the highest type. To his left is George L. He is a superior shot, but lacks experience as a woodsman, and was not in good health. J. K. J.—does he not look his love of the woods? He and his brother, Alex J., are adepts with both rod and gun, and are in touch with every interest of the craft. The latter does not appear in the picture, being the artist. But for him an expectant world would not have been blest by a sight of these Nimrods. Next in order is W. C. G., also an ex-Union soldier, and a long-time hunter, whose love of nature is innate and inordinate. The last in the circle is Billy's partner, George B. A deer has little chance, running, standing or asleep, if he sights it. With the stealth and endurance of an Indian,

boon companions. On the afternoon of the 5th I was tenderly caressing a lofty log from 3 P. M. until almost 5 P. M., when a deer's body—its middle part—was seen. To shoot it through the center meant a fatal wound, but I might never trace it. I must try breaking its back. At the gun's report the deer dropped, and my aim was true. As I approached I saw it was a buck, and the heroic fellow, though paralyzed from the center of his body backward, tried again and again to charge upon me. A second shot cut short his courage and his life."

Percy's second kill was thus: "I was hunting with Uncle Will along the bottoms of Otter Creek, when I shot at a fawn and knocked it down. It jumped to its feet as I went up to it, and I fired again, but it got out of sight. While I was on its track Uncle, from a high bank, spied it lying in the creek bottom at the edge of the water, and gave it another shot. I found it struck by three balls, any one of which would have killed it in a short time."

On that same morning, the 8th, W. C. G. killed his buck. He said: "I was prowling about in the vicinity

be perfected. A prince of the realm, to put it more boldly, would feel himself honored as a guest at one of these elegant feasts. To see social life as it daily exists in this famous club is to view and admire a picture of pure delight. Here you observe, as you pass its portals of unmeasured pleasure, some of our most prominent citizens engaged in solving many of the perplexing problems of chess, others absorbed in the deep subtleties of fascinating whist, while still others are infinitely diverting themselves in games less taxing to the intellect. A casual glance at the "Turn-over Corner" reveals a coterie of accomplished sportsmen in that mirthful precinct, many of whom have locks as white as the driven snow. They are ever busy reeling off, with fervent enthusiasm, the exciting events of the angle and the hunt, and as occasionally happens their overwrought imaginations carry them into the land of startling romance.

The club museum, which is the work of a generation and is a striking example of the taxidermist's art; is one of the attractive features of the organization. Free to the public, it will well repay a visit from any one who takes an interest in natural history. The large attendance from the scholars of our city schools shows they have appreciated its advantages as a place for study from nature. Our members, and business men generally, cannot find a more interesting and instructive place to which to bring visiting strangers than the museum of the Cuvier Club, nor any which will be more thoroughly enjoyed. Nowhere outside of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington can a larger collection of the character be found, and in its preparation and mounting of the specimens in the exhibit it is not conceded that it is second to any.

The library is a very rare collection of standard works on natural history and field sports, and contains many valuable books that are not elsewhere to be found in the city. There are among them a few musty tomes over 200 years old, but the majority of the volumes are more modern, embracing many in narrative and all that is of interest in ornithology and ichthyology. The sportsman and the lover of nature will here find much to delight and interest them.

The grand and stately building which we occupy is owned by us without a dollar of incumbrance. Its total cost, including the lot, was over \$40,000, and it is an exceedingly ornate and magnificent piece of architecture. Unmistakable research shows that it is the only building in the United States—and the only building of which we know ever erected in any place—which was built only for the purposes of and exclusively by advocates of game and fish protection. It stands to-day alone in the world as the product of that sentiment. It is dedicated to that principle. It is the palpable embodiment of that philanthropy. May the example ever spread and its influence ever expand.

Our ambition does not stop at its present consummation, for it has ever been the dream of the Cuvier to see in the next decade such a rapid and radical increase in membership as will necessitate an edifice double or treble its present size, and a museum overflowing with the rarest collection of birds, fishes and animals. He also looks to see it become a necessary annex to our public schools, with a corps of learned professors exemplifying to many hundreds of their youthful pupils the beauties of ornithology and ichthyology, and that it may become the great Western or Central Mecca of natural history in many respects, and so important to city and State, with its accomplished educators, that it will become as much an authority on that subject as the Smithsonian Institution.

J. B. SCHEIDEMANTLE, Sec'y.
ALEX. STARBUCK, President.

Tennessee Game.

"BROWNSVILLE, Tenn., March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In return for the information received from other members of our widely scattered family, I hereby report from this immediate section.

"Our open season on birds, Nov. 15 to Feb. 15, was duly observed by the shooting fraternity, and from the first I must say that Bob Whites were scarcer than I ever saw before. We attribute this state of affairs first to the awful drought which prevailed in our section from June to October, which destroyed most of the young, and to disease, something like chicken cholera, which destroyed many of the old birds, which were found dead in the fields. Such as survived sought the canebrakes and woods near water, and there lived out the period of famine, remaining there until the high water drove them to the hills, when to our joy we found there were many more than at first supposed. During the months of November and December we thought them well-nigh exterminated, and had put up our guns, or directed attention to the rabbits, which suffered in a like manner, but during January and February there were sufficient Bob Whites in evidence for very mild sport.

"In the season of 1896-97 my best single day was twenty-eight coveys, thirty-two birds—total for the season 485. One of my gunning companions is Mr. Bumpass, of the Pythian Hotel, whose best day was, I reckon, about twenty-six coveys, forty-two birds, and 515 for the same season. Now compare the record for 1897-98. My best day then was thirteen coveys, fourteen birds; total for the season eighty-six. Mr. Bumpass' best day, twelve coveys, sixteen birds; total for the season about eighty. Singular as it may seem, since the close season, Feb. 15, we have seen better filled coveys than in the open, and hope for them in old-time plenty the coming fall, and that your Western representative may be with us as in time past.

"Of ducks, a few stragglers, poor and outcast apparently, have been seen, and thirty or forty killed during the winter by my friends, where once we feasted fully on their juicy frames. Ring down the curtain.

"Turkeys have been more plentiful than in fifteen years, and now at the beginning of the close season I know of a flock which numbers thirty-eight individuals, as well as several smaller in number. This calls to mind the fact that Mr. Bumpass killed on Tuesday last a four-year-old gobbler, which dressed 20lbs. To-day his sporting friends dined with him, and a feast it was indeed.

"Of deer we have a very few, our wolves are in good fighting trim, and prospering, and foxes on the increase.

"I noted on my last hunt scattered over a space of forty acres some thirty or forty bluebirds, cheerful and full of music as ever, and since then, whenever afield never fail to notice some during the day. All our other songsters are doing well, including his lyric majesty the mockingbird.

"Mr. Cuthbert has domiciled on his plantation a colony of English ring-neck pheasants, which last season bred and seemed perfectly at home in his fields. A pair wandered some five miles from home, and I regret to say the cock was killed by one of my sporting friends, who did not know what it was. When told, he said he had rather lost a bale of cotton, and though not a rich man, he meant every word of it.

"I am in possession of the skin of a white squirrel, which was killed in our county a few days since, an albino undoubtedly, and of the gray family. This is the first white squirrel skin I ever saw, though negroes have always told me there was such a thing, and with them have frequently hunted them. Last year I saw the skin of a white raccoon, also one of five negroes who were in the chase. When the tree was felled and a white coon came out and tackled the dogs, four of the sports, headed by the deacon of the Baptist Church, of that neighborhood, cried: 'Oh, Lawd!' 'Tole you so.' 'De lamb!' 'Less go!' They started home, and hunt no more in those woods. And now, sir, wishing good luck and long life to all our family, I remain BENJ. C. MILES."

P. S.—Apropos of "buck ague," your Western representative sometimes shoots Bob Whites in this section with Dr. W. D. Taylor, a gentleman not calculated to lose his head even at the explosion of a covey of twenty birds concealed in a foot-square tuft of brown sedge—a circumstance calculated to make most men "shaky" all over. Well, one Sunday some two months since, the Doctor and I were driving through a thousand-acre tract of woods, some six miles north of town, and I was relating to him the particulars of a battle I once had with a rattlesnake at that point, when a turkey gobbler crossed the road 20yds. in front of the buggy and joined six others of his peers in a fallen tree top not 20ft. from the road. The Doctor slowed the horses down to nearly a halt, and there for a full minute we eyed each other in mutual surprise—seven big, wild gobblers—the warriest thing that treads the earth, and two mature men, full-blooded sportsmen, too. The Doctor's eyes stood out, his right thumb ran up and down the lines in search of "safety" and trigger. Oblivious of all things apparently, he panted: "They are so pretty! Look at the big one! There are three in line; could get them at one shot; there is aristocracy certain!" And I am of opinion that that cool-headed, self-possessed, well-mannered gentleman had plebeian buck ague! B. C. M.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

"249."

CHICAGO, Ill., April 2.—If there is one man before the public eye this week, even in these times when the eyes of the people are upon public men—if there is any public man whose name should be enshrined in grateful remembrance by the people, and more especially by the people of the West, that man is Commissioner Chas. H. Babcock, of Rochester, N. Y., who led the forces which wiped from the statute books of New York the infamous Section 249. The numbers 249 are, or should be, odious in the eyes of every Western sportsman, and every Western man who has an interest in anything beyond a row of figures. Section 249 was the open invitation for unprincipled persons to violate the laws of every Western State, to steal the property of the people of every Western State. Section 249 was graven on the banners of the South Water street horde of Chicago, who have made the second battalion in this army of crime. Boston is the third battalion. It has always been the cry of the Chicago dealers that they should be put upon an equality with the markets of New York; in other words, that they also should be permitted to run a wide-open market the year round. We have succeeded in limiting the commerce in game in this city in some minor degree, and under the administration of the present game warden there has been a gleam of hope that the game laws of this State might at some time be so fully enforced that the game would be absolutely protected. But no one had any idea that the great and lawless market of New York would ever in this generation be limited in the least degree. We have met and "resolved" against Section 249, but we did so with the full belief that the resolutions would come to naught. We have resolved in favor of better laws in the State of Illinois, but this we have done faint-heartedly, and feeling that we could accomplish very little. Mr. Babcock has done more than resolve. He has accomplished. Mr. Babcock and the men who acted with him, and the Governor who approved their action, are men who should be held dear in the eyes of every Western man who goes afield or looks out of a window. Never in the history of sport in this country has the sentiment of intelligent game protection taken such strides as within the past eighteen months, and it may without hesitation be said that no step has at any time been taken comparable in its significance with the repeal of black 249, late of the New York statutes.

There is a lesson of hope and encouragement in this action of the New York Legislature. It reads that the men of Illinois need not despair. It reads that Chicago need not be behind New York. It means that the task here is easier than it has been thought to be. It means that good laws, practical laws, sensible and operative laws, are not only possibilities, but probabilities, in every Western State.

The Goose and the Egg.

The spring flight of ducks is now well scattered over the North, and the general opinion is that the flight was a heavy one, the shooting being best along the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. They have been having heavy shooting on the "deep-water ducks" in Wisconsin, on Lake Poygan, the Butte des Morts, Winneconne, and other famous ducking marshes of that wonderful State. Below here the flight is now pretty well over. At Lake Senachwine and Swan Lake the shooting has been ex-

ceptionally heavy at times, though sometimes the flight would let up, and poor bags were the result. Parties from Savanna, Forest City and other points reported on the whole rather small bags, twenty, thirty or forty. Mr. F. S. Baird, of the law committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, was out last week with a friend, but they bagged only twenty-one ducks.

At Monmouth, Ill., duck shooting was formerly very good, more especially in the springtime. The following comment from a Monmouth local paper is interesting as showing the difference between the old days and those of the present:

"A few hunters who make a business of it have brought in large numbers of ducks, but ducks have grown so wary that the shooting is poor for the average sportsman, and citizens here who would be glad to buy rarely have an opportunity. It doesn't take a long memory to go back to the day when a duck could hardly be given away here. Their feathers were of some value, but the birds were here by the thousand, and every one who wanted them could have more than he could use. They used to visit the fields and feed for a long-time in marshy places, but now they are hunted with every sort of ingenious device, and fired on from the Gulf to their home in the northern lakes. Even there they are not safe, for we read their nests are robbed to secure material for artificial eggs. The duck is going fast, and it will not be many years until it is gone."

The new Iowa game law prohibits the shooting of ducks or other wild fowl from a blind. Attorney-General Milton Remley has handed down an opinion that this law is good, and that it is the duty of the State authorities to prosecute offenses against this clause as much as violations of the close season. There is no doubt that this clause of the Iowa law, if enforced, would lessen the bags of Iowa ducks. It is, therefore, with some surprise that I note that it was sportsmen of Burlington, Ia., who were first in the field, declining to believe that this section of the law would be sustained. It was the "Burlington sportsmen," according to published accounts, who asked the Attorney-General for a ruling, which it seems has turned out not to their liking. Perhaps not all Burlington sportsmen are in favor of greater laxness instead of greater strictness in the measures looking toward the protection of game. We have been accustomed to the doctrine that the sportsman was a man who believed in giving game every possible chance. Is it, perchance, possibly true that the sportsman may be built of the same clay as the rest of humanity?

Speaking of limiting the means and methods by which ducks may be killed, I venture to predict that ultimately we will see the use both of blinds and decoys prohibited in wildfowl shooting, not only in this State, but in others. This will not be for a long time, not until the birds are still more scarce than they are now. Yet if we could see our way to such a measure now, and if we could put a law on our statute books which would stop all shooting and all selling at Jan. 1, our game would never again be scarce, but would increase from the first day that such a law was enacted and respected. All sportsmen are human, and to be human is of course to be selfish. When it comes to speaking of selfishness, what a tip could be given to the lawmakers of any Western State! Suppose Wisconsin or Minnesota, for instance, should abolish spring shooting and practically abolish non-resident shooting. Either State would within one year be such a game preserve that its citizens might chuckle in glee. It would be worth while to emigrate to such a State as that.

Some Bags.

Among other bags made along the Illinois River within the past two weeks, the following are reported, mostly at Lake Senachwine: George Roll, 37; J. W. Niebert, 32; J. G. Reuter, 36; Frank Edwards, 21; L. J. Kohler, 17; M. E. Wilson, 28; S. A. Goss, 27; A. B. Eaton, 36; Gus Cousins, 47; E. H. Kane, 51; Henry J. Sherman, 31; Dr. Vance Powle, 37; Judge Francis Adams, 18; R. P. McCauley, 47; George W. Brown, 27; T. B. Hanna, 18.

Geese.

It is rarely that we hear of much goose shooting in Illinois or Wisconsin, as the flight of these birds does not cross these States in the old-time numbers. During the past week, however, a great many geese were using the prairie ground below Janesville, Wis., and several very good bags were made under the difficult conditions obtaining. These geese were the Canada honkers. A. J. Gaston, of Beloit, and Alva Russell, of Janesville, killed fifteen geese, six of which weighed 75lbs.

Snipe.

It is generally believed that the flight of jacksnipe is not yet up, but I have reason to think that this is a mistake, although no good bags have yet been made. On the famous strip of marsh at Koutts, Ind., the birds have been heard every night for nearly a week, but they do not stop, as the water is still too high over their favorite feeding ground. It is thought that within the next week the snipe will be in on the Maksawba marsh. I should think that at this date the marshes further up along the Kankakee, say near Warsaw, and among the lakes in upper Indiana, would be better than those lower down in the State, where the water is higher. Such bags as have been made have usually been picked up on corn fields, and on the dry, hummocky marshes, where the ground is first to become warm. It is safe to say that while the bright weather may have brought in a flight this week it will be better to go about a week from to-day. The nights have been moonlit, and there is no doubt that the snipe have been traveling, and have passed over this country. As soon as they can find proper feeding grounds they will stop.

A Long Trip.

Some ten months ago Mr. H. P. Start, of Elgin, Ill., came into this office and made some inquiries in regard to Arkansas and other Southern States, saying that he intended to make a horseback trip through the South. To-day he again came into the FOREST AND STREAM office, and stated that he had made the trip, which I take it was in some respects a remarkable one. Mr. Start was accompanied by Mr. E. A. Bell and Mr. H.

Dennison, also of Elgin. Each had a riding horse, and they took also two packhorses. They traveled entirely by horseback and camped out all the time, starting from Elgin, crossing the long State of Illinois, crossing also the States of Missouri and Arkansas, the Indian Nations, and the State of Texas as far south as the town of Abilene. They thus had a splendid opportunity of seeing a great amount of country possessing interest in sporting resources. Mr. Start says that in the Indian Nations, about sixty miles southwest of Fort Smith, they had the best of sport on deer and turkeys. They got all the turkeys they cared for, and give a very encouraging report of that part of the country. The three were in the saddle for nine months, and have just returned. Mr. Start says that he will favor the FOREST AND STREAM with a story of the trip, which certainly should be most interesting.

"Unconstitutional."

Some of the fish dealers of Chicago, among others Charles Witte & Co., I. Polakow, Joseph Magziaz and William Shay, have prayed for an injunction against the State Fish Commission, stating that the latter is enforcing too severely Section 6 of the State fish laws, regarding the size of fish. The dealers say that this clause is unconstitutional. Of course it is. Anything is "unconstitutional" which does not declare Chicago a wide-open market for fish and game. But I cannot avoid a little dig at the State Commission, which has gone to so great lengths to accommodate these same fish dealers of Chicago. The Commission is on record as wishing to be very lenient in the matter of "first offenses," "alibis" and other pleas, which methinks are more pertinent to the opera of "Erminie" than to the Fish Commission. I wonder how friends Cohen and Bartlett will feel when they see these fish dealers reciprocate by trying to knock their pet clause into a cocked hat?

I note also with interest that the commission merchants, game dealers, shippers and hotel men of St. Louis will meet next Monday to take further action in the movement, earlier mentioned, for "needed changes in the game laws." Are we to infer that there are some clauses in the Missouri State game law also which are "unconstitutional?"

Trout.

I have reports from upper Wisconsin which say that the ice went out of the trout streams a week ago, and that the season is three weeks more advanced than it was at this time last year.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Green Mountain Notes.

DURING the past winter the local fishermen have enjoyed unusually good ice fishing, as every favorable bay of Champlain has been, while the ice lasted, dotted with the tiny fish-houses of the anglers, some of whom fish for the sport, but the majority, I am sorry to say, for the "dollars in it." The fish chiefly caught are perch and whitefish, although some of the larger fishes are not infrequently captured. The suddenness of the breaking up of the ice this season came without warning, and many of the shanties were lost, the occupants barely escaping a watery grave. As soon as the ice leaves the marshes along the lake and the water gets back to its normal clearness the local sportsmen flock there in anticipation of the pickerel shooting, that usually lasts two or three weeks, as the weather permits. The favorite method of hunting them is from a canoe, and they are shot while basking and frolicking in the sunlight among the submerged flags and rushes. The favorite weapon for this spot is the shotgun, loaded with buckshot cartridges, although rifles of a heavy caliber are much used. The pickerel season has just opened here, but as yet few have been secured. Their weight generally averages about 5lbs., but occasionally specimens far exceeding that are brought in. The record fish so far this season tipped the scales at 17lbs.

The flight of ducks here this spring is fully up to the average as regards numbers; blacks, mallards and teal predominate. Vermont allows no spring shooting, and but few instances of violation of the law occur. But few ducks nest with us, traveling further north to their breeding grounds in Canada. The deep snow that northern New England enjoyed the past winter proved providential to the furred and feathered game, as the market hunters could not get about in the woods to carry on their work of slaughter, and the spring rabbits and ruffed grouse are more plentiful in consequence. Deer also seem, according to reports, to have wintered well, and notwithstanding the open season last October are yet with us in considerable numbers. Of late several cases of violation of the deer law have come to light in isolated places where the people think that deer can be killed at any time with impunity. A number of these cases are now being investigated, and prosecutions will undoubtedly follow, as in one instance the feet and other portions of a deer were found in possession of the suspected parties. As a whole the deer are guarded by the farmers with a jealous eye, and are in many instances allowed to roam with the cattle and become so tame from their protection that they have little fear of man. The open season last fall resulted in the destruction of many of these semi-domesticated animals, and the public at large and the press were loud in their clamor for the repeal of the statute, which undoubtedly will be repealed at the next session.

Another enemy to our song birds has appeared here, as the subjoined clipping, taken from the Burlington News of yesterday, shows: "We have laws in this State for the protection of insectivorous and song birds, and it would be well if the authorities were more strict in enforcing them. The Italian residents of East Montpelier must have tastes that are fastidious indeed, for not only do they slaughter our robins and snowbirds, and convert them into edible morsels for their own tables, but they are reported to be doing thriving business marketing our feathered friends among their countrymen in the cities. This is an offense that is both abominable and disgusting, and should be punished to the full extent of the law."

Of course "little things" like this will crop out in every family. But just the same it shows that Vermont

game protection partakes somewhat of the "more theory than practice" style in some portions of the State at least. It is to be hoped that the municipal authorities of the city will take up the case and stop the ruthless slaughter of innocents.

KENEWAH.

MILTON, April 2.

Winter Moose Killing in New Brunswick and Maine.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY, Me., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recent articles on moose slaughtering this winter prompt me to write you certain facts as I personally know them; and I believe that your long personal acquaintance with me will give you confidence in my statements.

For more than six weeks now moose steak has been served at a hotel in Edmundston, just across the river, in New Brunswick, with deer and caribou for occasional change. Of three moose whose horns have recently been purchased (to serve as trophies), one was killed in New Brunswick and the others here in Aroostook county. On my visits to Edmundston I have heard travelers at the hotel say they get moose steaks at the hotels up river on either side; meat is not disguised by another name, but it is "moose steak," plump and plain. More than this, lots of settlers and woodsmen of my acquaintance have told me of their getting out meat by the sled load; and these men go into the roads every year after the choppers are discharged, and get as much as they and their neighbors want. Of late years the snow has not been deep enough to decimate the moose to the extent of this season; but some are gotten with dogs every year; and snow has been so deep this season (5 to 7ft.) that a man finds it no trick to "do 'em" without a dog. There has not been such a depth of snow since twelve years ago, when, as now, the slaughter was immense.

There are writers now, as in previous times, who through sordid motives in some instances, and through ignorance of the facts in others, deny there is much, if any, illegal killing, and their misstatements make my gorge rise. I, who have spent so large a part of my life in the far-back woods, know the situation thoroughly. To be sure, a great many kill just to supply their own families (who would go hungry, otherwise, a great deal), just as their ancestors did; and they think it right, as they waste none and seldom sell. But there are others, and they kill, kill, kill as long as they can find a customer for skins and meat; and this class cross the river—the dividing line—and hawk it almost openly in New Brunswick. I verily believe there have already been killed fifty moose since Feb. 1 in the northern half of Aroostook county, and deer by the hundreds. Poaching goes on just the same on the Canadian side.

I give you these facts for your and my own satisfaction. It is five years since I have shot a gun; my hunting days may be over; but my heart is in the woods, and I want to see the game preserved so that others coming after me may be able to enjoy the sports I have. B. B.

Florida and "The Plank."

MR. F. M. GILBERT, of Evansville, Ind., who has recently been on an unsuccessful game expedition in the De Funiak district of Florida, sends us, as the results of his experience and observations and reflections, this summary of the situation:

To reduce the matter to figures, I have seen more deer in one day in Arkansas, hardly a hundred miles from St. Louis, than a good hunter can see in one month in this section of Florida. And, further, I did not have the help of the hounds in Arkansas, but had to still-hunt.

I will also assert that if one meets ten natives in the woods in that section, nine of them will have guns and five will have dogs that will pick a trail. I met a preacher coming out of the swamps one evening to call on a brother, and he had his Winchester across his saddle.

I firmly believe that there is plenty of game left in Florida, but to get it one must not stop at any railroad town. He must go so far away toward the Gulf that he can hunt in places from which the natives cannot transport their game. In other words, he must be so far from the railroad that a native with his ever-ready ox team could not kill a deer and haul it to the railroad before it spoiled.

Near any of the bays that put in from the Gulf the hunting is good—at least such are the reports.

If Florida only knew it, her market hunters are robbing her of millions of dollars of revenue. Who spends money in Florida? The native pot hunters? No! The people from the North. Take away the hunting and fishing, and Northern men will go somewhere else. A few consumptives may go there to sit on the hotel porches and eat air, but the average Northern man wants something a little more exciting.

The lesson that Florida teaches to-day is the same one that has been taught us of the North. Where are our deer and turkeys? Our wild pigeons? Our ducks and geese? Gone to market. A horde of greedy pot hunters have robbed our States of what belonged to us all.

If I owned a sporting journal, my one great and only text would be "Stop market hunting."

We have at last a non-selling law in Indiana, and we ought to have another, and that is, "Keep away outsiders." I know I am treading on the corns of many a good old Kentucky friend, but honestly, isn't it tough on us to protect our quail and then have Kentucky, Illinois and Ohio come in and shoot them?

The sportsmen of our State are just as courteous as those of any other, but all true sportsmen can see where we are drifting. We should throw around the little brown beauties—the only game we have left—every safeguard that man can devise and good laws carry out, or they will go as did the buffalo, the wild pigeons and all our large game.

Kentucky should join us in the good work. Our seasons should open and close at the same time, and thus stop that gigantic farce of killing in the open season in one State to selling in the close season in another.

The "short-billed snipe" farce should stop, and if I had my way I would tar and feather every hotel and

restaurant fraud who works it. Don't tell me they don't willfully break the law, for I know better. They think it smart to evade the law, and a lot of chicken-hearted, would-be sportsmen stand idly by and see them do it.

I started to write about Florida, but have gotten close to home—and I'm glad of it. I have exactly the same opinion of the pot hunter who breaks a law for gain and the hotel man who does the same thing, and if anything the latter is the worse.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. 1.—Brook Trout.

BY FRED MATHER.

UNDER the head of brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) will be included most all the trouts and chars, for the methods of taking the brown trout, rainbow trout and all kindred species except the Eastern lake trout, the blue-back and such deep-water members of the family as are seldom, or never, taken with the fly.

When a novice asks advice about the kind of an outfit he should purchase, I quote to him from Polonius' advice to his son: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." And this means that an angler should have the best tackle that he can afford, for the best is all that the term implies. It is when the struggle comes with a desperate fish that the angler has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that he has the best material to fight with, and only an accident may lose him the fight, if he has confidence in his own skill in not overstraining his tackle by injudicious strikes, checking a vigorous run too suddenly, or by letting a fish get into weeds, or a treetop, when it might have been steered away from these things. All this is generalship, and cannot be taught by books, but the purchase of tackle can be taught in this manner. The first question which I ask of a novice is: "What do you care to spend on an outfit?"

If he answers, "Twenty dollars," I say, "Get a wooden rod, a click reel, line, leaders, flies, creel and waders." If he thinks he can afford a more expensive outfit I advise him that he will be better satisfied, and will give reasons for it as we proceed. In England there are some old-fashioned anglers who think that trouting with an angle worm is an art that ranks as high as fly-fishing. They were brought up in that belief, and a man's religious belief is most often the result of birth and early influences.

There is no question that the trout will take the worm in places where it will not rise freely to the fly, and there are places where the fly, in expert hands, will take more trout than the drowned worm. But, when it comes to a question of angling for pleasure and fishing for meat, I would rather take one trout with the fly than a hundred with bait. The newspapers have delighted in picturing the rural youth, with a "letter in the post-office," selling his catch to "the city angler with a \$40 pole," the inference being that fine tackle is useless. Fine tackle will beat coarse in the same hands, even in the hands of the barefooted boy.

Rods.

There is no rod equal to a good split-bamboo. I say good, because there are most miserable ones on the market; if you want one of the latter you can get it for a dollar in a department store. A set of nicely drawn ferules is worth more than that. Do not think of buying a split-bamboo rod anywhere but in the store of a reputable dealer in fishing tackle, and paying not less than \$8, and from that up to \$40, for it. I have a \$40 rod that has been in use for fifteen years; it has been cast with in tournaments, which is severe work, and it is as straight, springy and as good to-day as ever. If the split-bamboo is beyond your purse, get a good combination of ash and lancewood, a greenheart or bethabara; greenheart is a rather heavy wood, and of wooden rods I prefer two joints of second growth ash and a lancewood tip. See that the ferules are well drawn and fit all the way, snug. If there is a tendency to throw apart, try another rod. I do not care for dowels nor for very limber rods, such as "kick back," and are known as "double action."

A 10ft. rod is long enough, and the weight may be from 5 to 10oz., as one likes. Metal reel seats are a matter of taste, and I like them. The weight of a rod is no indication of its muscle-tiring power, as that depends largely on where the rod balances, i. e., whether it is topheavy or is light at the butt. See that the grip is not a blister teaser, wound with cord or other abomination. Often at the beginning of the season have I had to wrap a handkerchief about the grip at the first intimation of a blister. A large hand will cramp on a small grip, therefore the grip should fill the hand. Cork makes a good grip, and I have a felt covering which I use on a grip that is wound with rattan, but my hands are very tender.

A rod put together in a store and "tried" is not fairly tried. With a reel of more or less weight below the hand and 40ft. of line to lift from the water there is a different feeling. Test your rod in this way, by all means, before buying; then and then only can you decide if the rod is what you want. A rod may be an excellent one and yet not suit you and your style of casting; yet a man may get used to any rod in time, but will not do as good work, and as easily, as if he was better fitted in the first place. There has been imported recently a close-grained, reddish African wood, called asagai, which is used by the Zulus for their spears, which are called by the same name; and this is said to be superior to lancewood for the springy shafts of golf sticks, and may come into use for rods. Ironwood, or hornbeam, is too heavy and will warp.

A jointed rod is merely a convenience; a one-piece rod is the ideal rod for a man who always fishes in one place and keeps his rod there. I once saw such a rod made of red cedar, and its action was fine, but it was so fragile that its owner would not allow another to handle it. Three joints are better than two, for there is no ferule in the middle; but beware of the "trunk rod," a

thing of four or five joints. Have none of it. There is another sort of rod to be avoided, and that is the "general rod;" it can be by many combinations be made into a fly rod, a trolling rod, a deep-sea rod, and a striped bass rod for casting a bait far into the surf. It is as useless for any of these purposes as a saw-log would be. I own one, presented as a prize in a poultry show some twenty-five years ago by a Boston firm, and I put it together every year, admire its ingeniously contrived uselessness, and return it to its case.

Lines.

It is vitally important to a fly-caster that his line should fit his rod. A rod with a given "backbone," or stiffness, will cast a line of a certain weight to the best advantage and with the greatest ease to the caster. No rule can be laid down for this, because the backbone of the rod is an unknown quantity. The best way is to go to a reliable tackle dealer who is himself a fly-fisher, and have him advise you what weight of line to use. In waterproof silk lines the weights are expressed in letters from A to G, the latter being the heaviest. These lines come in lengths of 25 to 50 yds., both tapered and untapered. I prefer a tapered line; it is so braided, never twisted, that the last 20 or 30 ft. on each end gradually tapers to almost the thickness of the leader, and this gives greater weight beyond that distance; and this is of advantage in long casts. If it is not possible to find a fly-casting tackle dealer near you, write to any advertiser in *FOREST AND STREAM* and tell him what kind of a rod you have, and ask his advice about a line to suit it. These men are the leading dealers in America, and know their business.

Better a line a trifle too heavy than too light for a rod. A limber rod will cast a heavy line better than a reversed combination. A man with a tolerably stiff rod, such as I like, who has a line only a little too light for it, is troubled to get his flies out, and tires his arm with the effort.

There are silk lines which have a copper wire in them, but never having used one, nor even seen one in America, I cannot imagine what the wire is for. In boyhood's days horsehair lines were used and I have braided them by keeping three crow quills filled with hair from the tails of horses, taking care that the ends in the quills were replaced by other hairs; but that kind of line will not suit the fly-fisher of to-day, and I was only a hand-liner then. The fly-fisher must have a line which will not add to its weight by absorbing water, hence waterproof silk is best, but never put such a line in salt water, or it will be ruined. Do not use any kind of a cotton line for fly-casting, for they will kink, and may smash a tip by a sudden check in the rings. Linen lines may be waterproofed by several formulas, which I have, but can't give them in detail now.

The essential points in a line for fly-fishing are: Flexibility, incapacity to absorb water, and so increase weight, and the absence of all tendency to kink. If you will imagine yourself with a fighting trout 40 ft. away, and with a twisted kink which will not go through the loop at the tip of your rod, you will clearly understand why a limber, kinky line is to be avoided if you wish to avoid oratorical efforts when not speaking in public. If your purse will stand it, buy only a braided silk, tapered, waterproof line; they come high, but they last long. I have three of different weights which have been in use for from twelve to fifteen years, and seem as good as ever. I test them each year, and from one there is gone about 5 ft. from each tapered end, mainly in knots cut from leaders, but in two instances a break in a weak spot. These lines cost from \$2 to \$5, but they were worth it. A lot of inferior lines would have cost more during the same time, and might have failed me in an emergency.

What do we fish for? Not for fish, because we can go to market and buy them for much less than it costs to go to the trout streams. Of course I refer only to the man of business who is "chained down" for eleven months in the year, and continually sings, with Dr. Bethune:

"Oh, that the willow's leaf were free,
And the dogwood were in flower."

Like Silas Wegg, I can't help "dropping into poetry" at times, for the angler is a lover of nature, and all nature is poetry. Just now the trout season is near, and then the angler's blood is stirred as he sees:

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Lines on fish, or on fishing seasons, seem to have been crossed or have been brought so near that induction resulted in the above conglomeration of lines cast in pleasant places. Let us get back to business and consider:

Reels.

Speaking as a zoölogist, I would say that there were: Genera, II.; species, innumerable. The two genera differ radically, while the species vary only in detail.

Here is an artificial key to the genus Reel:

(a) Winch of wood or metal with crank.

(b) Winch, as above, with click.

(aa) Automatic machine which pulls in a fish when the "little finger" presses the button.

Then there are multiplying reels with a combination of click and drag, to be used as desired. A click is a check, or drag, and is not to be used where baits are to be cast with a free-running reel. I dearly love a click reel for trout; its cheery song when a trout is taking line is one of the charms of fishing; and I love to reel in a fish with my hand on the crank. Some good anglers prefer an automatic where you "press the button" and the reel does the rest; but I am willing to do the rest. My favorite reel is a click with raised pillars. The two plates of a reel are kept apart by small posts, if that is the right name, and are held together by screws which go through the plates into these posts; and when your reel is filled to the posts it will take no more line. The "raised pillars" are merely raised projections on the plates which enable the reel to be filled with more line.

My reason for preferring such a reel is because I use a very heavy line, and need either raised pillars or a wider reel to hold its 50 yds. Few anglers carry as much line, and it is not necessary for ordinary trout

fishing; one-third of it may be enough, but every angler gets notions of his own.

Trout reels are not as expensive as those free-running ones for striped bass and other fishes. The latter often cost \$30 and \$50, while a trout reel may be had from \$3 to \$8, not counting the things stamped out of tin, which cost a trifle and are worth less—or worthless, as you please.

Here is a point: Put 25 yds. of line on my favorite reel, and a turn of the crank takes up slowly, for the spool is too wide for that length of line to make much at a revolution; there is nothing left on the spindle. Therefore a short line should have a narrow reel. Over thirty years ago Billingham, of Rochester, N. Y., a celebrated rifle maker, made a reel entirely of wire, on a central plate which may have been 1 1/2 in. in diameter; he soldered rings of wire of about 1 in., and the line ran in these. The object was to have the reel dry the line. I bought one, but as it had no click I dropped its use, and I have not seen one in years. Then came perforated plates, and no end of inventions.

Perforated plates should not be depended upon to dry a line, for after a day's fishing it is seldom that there is not a chance to unreel it on the floor and dry it, while at home you should have one of the many appliances for reeling off the line and drying it. It does a line good to be reeled off, changed end for end and handled, especially if it is an enameled waterproof silk line. Such a line, if left long on a reel, has a way of sticking to itself, not so that it requires force to separate it, but enough to roughen the surface.

If there is one thing which the careless angler is apt to overlook in his care for his outfit, it is the reel. It worked all right last week, or last season—why not now? My friend, as gross a piece of machinery as a wheelbarrow needs oiling at times, and your reel may have had its oil washed out in the rain, or some sand may have gotten into its mechanism. I pray you to have a little screw-driver, of which the blade is not over 1/4 in., and treat your reel as if you loved it; take it apart, wipe and oil it, and trust it to be true to you. I have such an implement, made of nicked steel, and perfectly flat, which is carried on my key-ring. It is 1 1/2 in. long and less than that at the rounded end. Before this is put in type I will show the implement to two of New York's large tackle dealers, and they may put some such implement on the market. A good reel is like a good gun; it is all right when you buy it, but its usefulness thereafter depends upon the owner and the care which he takes of it.

Leaders.

Upon the soundness of the silkworm gut in the leader, or "casting line," as it is called in England, depends the strength of the tackle. It is the weakest link in the chain. It is seldom that a rod or a reel line is broken, but if accident occurs it is usually to the leader. Good gut costs more than poor, but it is well worth it. The best is of uniform thickness and round. The latter quality is ascertained by rolling it in the fingers. Leaders are best bought already made, from a reliable house which has a stock of gut to select from, and the makers can select gut and make neater knots than the amateur. There are anglers who like a tapered leader, the first few feet of twisted gut; but I don't care for it. Others like a 12 ft. leader, but my choice is one of even size, not less than 6 nor more than 9 ft., and tied with slip knots, which allow the fly to have its loop cut off and the leader knots slipped apart for its insertion; then when the leader is drawn together the fly is secure, but easily removed. The next best thing is a looped leader into which the flies can be readily looped and removed, and the latter is a desideratum, for when we fasten a hand fly with a loop on it to a single line it is hard to remove. The loops are used to fasten hand flies as the tail fly, or dropper, is fastened, two loops being interlocked without a knot.

The color of a leader is a matter of individual taste. The late Francis Endicott had blue leaders for use when the sky was clear, tea-stained leaders for thunderstorms, and white ones for a sky filled with white clouds. I have my doubts about the ability of a trout to appreciate all this attention to his vision, and use a bluish leader at all times. The theory is that the line is a thing to be seen, but that the fly is some distance away, and its connection with the line is invisible. This is true when there is a ripple on the water which hides the fall of both line and leader, but on perfectly still water trout will often rise when the fall of both line and leader is seen, especially if the leader be shiny. Such conditions are not favorable for frequent rises, but they occur.

The light rod needs a light line and a light leader, i. e., all three should be in proportion. In a long cast the line strikes the water before the leader has reached that spot, and then the latter goes on and straightens out. To illustrate this, put your finger tips on your shoulder, strike your elbow on the table, and follow with your wrist, knuckles and fingers. That is the way a fly goes out. To cast a fly in this manner is quite an art, which may be considered later.

Flies.

I might as well confess that in the matter of flies I am a Philistine, because the adherent to the natural school will rise and call me so. Many books have been written about artificial flies and how to tie them so as to imitate the natural insect, and I may have a dozen such books beside the chapters on flies in a hundred general works on angling, for my angling library is a large one, a collection of over thirty years. Besides this I regularly read the *London Fishing Gazette*, in which hardly a week passes without an article or at least an item about dressing flies to imitate some fly, caterpillar, moth, or other thing on which trout feed, and by an imitation of which they may be deceived into taking the hook that is concealed therein. I mention this to show that I have studied the subject in the books and on the streams, and I hereby avow my opinion that fidelity to nature in trout flies is a humbug.

I know scores of anglers who use all sorts of non-descript flies, but know of none who has had the courage to assail this antiquated, yet popular, belief. This is the rankest kind of fly-casting heresy, and will be so received in England, where they are more conservative,

and have more reverence for traditions than we have; but it may not pass unchallenged on this side of the water. But as I have already called myself a Philistine, they are spared that trouble.

For years anglers have shed ink in asking: "What does the salmon take the fly for?" And it has not been satisfactorily answered. A salmon fly, let it be a Jock Scot, silver doctor, or other well-known killer, does not resemble any insect that ever inhabited the earth, and as the adult salmon when ascending rivers to spawn takes no other nutrition than Jock Scots, doctors, silver doctors, mandarins and the like, all of which have a barbed steel sting in their tails, the question is a puzzle at which we all may guess. Most of these salmon flies are as gaudy as flies can be made, but they are creations of the fly-tyer's fancy; but salmon take them, and there our knowledge ends.

The long and lengthening list of trout flies contains more nondescripts than alleged imitations, and I use the word "alleged" advisedly, for when I see a beautifully illustrated page of natural flies and their imitations I wonder that a trout could think them genuine. As I write I have before me the third edition of "The Practical Fly-Fisher," by the late John Jackson, London, 1880. The lithograph plates are fine, but I will only criticize the first plate. Here are four natural flies and their alleged imitations. Three of them may pass, but No. 3 illustrates what I have said: The natural insect has the shape of a bedbug; has four wings; the hinder pair are drab, while the others are scarlet. The imitation looks like a brown hackle, all hairs. If the student will turn to Plate VII. and note the pictures of Insects Nos. 35 and 38, and their "imitations," and can then believe that a trout can see any difference between the imitations, then he has the gift of imagination.

Size, color and form attract trout in the order named. Trout in some streams and lakes will only take large flies, but these waters are usually remote, and the fish have not had the caution bred into them that trout in waters which have been fished for years have got. Men may argue about reason and instinct, but it is a fact that a green backwoods trout will rise to anything that is offered, just as the Sheriff of Wayback comes to New York to buy green goods and gold bricks; but an old trout, often pricked, learns caution, and transmits that quality to its progeny; the heedless young trout takes the first lure, and has no progeny to transmit its rashness to. If this statement needs proof, let us look at ducks, deer and other animals which once merely kept out of reach of the man who had the bow and arrow, and see how their progeny have increased the distance as man has lengthened his reach, first with flint-lock rifles, good for 100 yds., to their caution to-day. There is no instinct in it; it is reason, pure and simple. The wounded that survived learned a lesson and transmitted it to their posterity.

If we admit this, why not admit it in the case of the trout? We might as well do it, because the evidence is all on our side. In the State of New York there is the great Caledonia Creek; it would be a "river" in some parts of the world; it has been fished for many generations, and a man might cast several days over thousands of trout, and not get a rise. Then comes a day when they will rise for natural flies by the thousand, but a strange angler who uses as large a fly as he takes trout in the Adirondacks with would have the torment of Tantalus about him, trout rising everywhere but at his flies.

A glance at a list of trout flies will show that most of them are nondescripts, such as red ibis, Ferguson, Parmachenee Belle, Montreal, queen of the water, grizzly king, Abbeville, jungle cock, beaver-kill, king of the water, Governor Alvord, St. Patrick, Professor, Rangeley, Henshall, black prince, General Hooker, and a hundred more. Many of these are favorites of long standing and great reputation as killers. Against this we have but few so-called imitations of the natural fly, such as white miller, green and gray drakes, stone fly, cow-dung, black gnat, sand fly, alder fly, May fly, black and red ant, and a few others.

All flies can be made on different sized hooks, and as a rule you may use a larger fly where the fly is not much used, and they seem to attract green trout better than small ones. Some twenty-five years ago I fished some mill ponds back of Peterboro, Ont., and they preferred flies tied on No. 4 Sproat hook to the smaller ones, while on Long Island I never used a larger hook than an 8 Sproat, and often a No. 10. Therefore no special directions can be given as to the size of the hook the fly is tied on.

The dealer has a bewildering display of flies to offer, because he has occasional demands for some of them, and the names are on them, or even he would be in doubt as to their "pedigree." I freely confess that of the vast numbers of trout flies I "know them by sight," but cannot name more than twenty; and that is enough to be intimate with, although one may have a nodding acquaintance with many of the herd.

From eight to twelve kinds of flies are enough for most waters, but the angler will need half a dozen of each kind if he is out for a week's trouting, for flies have a way of eloping with a handsome trout, of preferring to remain imbedded in a sunken log, or of choosing rest in some tree top, and if the trout are choosing to feast on that kind of fly at that time, and you have no duplicate, why there you are!

Ignoring the names, the angler, having settled on the size, will do well to select an assortment of colors. Suppose he decides on eight varieties; then he wants a white-miller for dusk, a royal coachman or some fly with both white and dark for early dawn and late afternoon, with browns, grays, reds, yellows, and a couple of combinations of these colors. If he takes a dozen varieties he can select four more variations, for flies are made in kaleidoscopic variety. Flies are made in such great variety for the same purpose that Peter Pindar's razors were.

If, however, the trout angler be a worm-fisher, as many unconverted good men are, then I will say unto him: Use the slim, long-shanked hook known as the New York trout hook; or, if that is not obtainable, the long-shanked Kirby will do; but for the worm the ordinary shank of most hooks is too short.

As this article has been taken up by talk about tackle, I will reel up and consider how it is to be used for trout.

both with fly and worm; but what I have said about flies may bring a hornet's nest about my ears from those who are shocked at my disregard for tradition when it does not accord with experience; but what can they expect from a Philistine, if that is the proper term for a man who does his own thinking?

Massachusetts Trouting.

BOSTON, April 1.—The trout season in Massachusetts opened to-day. The weather all through March, up to the last day, was very favorable to trouting. Yesterday opened with a snowstorm, however, and this morning the mercury was below freezing, followed by a chilling wind all day from the northwest. But the weather has scarcely dampened the ardor of many of the rod and reel sportsmen, many of them departing for the fishing grounds the night beforehand, in fact. At Sandwich, on the Cape, a number of sportsmen were assembled early. The mill stream at that place was fished with some success. The Spring Hill brooks emptying into the bay, were fished. These brooks are most of them closed, but a few are still open to the public. Marshpee River, formerly fished by Daniel Webster, and later by Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, was not neglected, though with what success it is yet too early to learn. The flooded cranberry bogs in the eastern part of the town will be fished later, which fishing it requires a permit of the owners to enjoy. As soon as the bogs are drained the fish go out into the larger streams or the bay. Some of the cranberry bog owners have come to consider the trouting privileges they sell very much in the nature of a revenue, and they will keep the water up a few days longer for the sake of this revenue.

Most of the best streams in the vicinity of Plymouth are closed to public fishing, but permits can be obtained of the owners, unless they are sportsmen or clubmen themselves, in which cases one must be a friend in order to obtain permission to fish. Eel River at Clintonville still affords some good fishing, many trout escaping from the Forge Pond property and the Old Colony Trout Co.'s ponds. Swan Hole stream is still open to the public, I learn, and at times some good fishing is to be had. The Duxbury and Plympton streams have some trout waters open to the public, but they are fished too much for any sort of success.

There are some trout brooks in the town of Quincy, and occasionally the knowing ones, who have been acquainted with these brooks for years, get some handsome trout. A gentleman who lives in that town said to me the other day: "I shall be on one of the brooks that run right through the town at daylight on the opening day. Last year I had four handsome trout to take home to breakfast, and did not go outside of the city limits." These streams are fished a good deal, with little success, and the fishermen who do take trout are very careful to conceal the location and what they have done; otherwise the brooks would swarm with boys. Even in the limits of the city of Brockton trout are occasionally taken by those who know where to fish for them. One or two streams run through the town, once splendid trout brooks, and occasionally a trout or two are to be had. Last year a gentleman came in from his place of business to dinner. His little boy of eight years met him. "Papa, there are some fishes over to the brook," he said. His father went over with the little fellow, and boy like he had penned in a couple of fine trout with sticks and sods. Fearful that the trout might escape the father, a good deal of a trout fisherman, jumped into the stream and quickly scooped out the trout with a new straw hat he had on, it being the only net he had at hand. The trout weighed nearly ½ lb. each, and the captor spoiled a new hat and injured a pair of patent-leather shoes.

In Leominster there are a number of good trout streams and more enthusiastic trout fishermen than in almost any other town in the State, with the possible exception of some of the other towns in Worcester county. Among the fishermen may be named Herman Derby, Warren Lewis, C. W. Burbank, E. D. Moody, J. Bell, Warren Emerson, Fred A. Whitney, J. A. Hannis, Mark P. Smith and Jerry Wells. The streams in Ashburnham, Sterling, Lunenburg and Lancaster are also considered common property by these fishermen, though much to their disgust the owners of the land on the streams are inclined to post their fishing privileges. But in almost every case the farmers are said to be reasonable, and even generous, if fairly treated. There are one or two good trout brooks in Byfield and vicinity, and some restocking has been done, with the brook properly protected. C. H. Tarbox and Oren and Charlie Bailey are among the best known local fishermen, and if some good strings were not taken on the opening day it was for the good reason that snow water from the storm of the day before was running, while there was a little ice in the streams early in the day.

In his day Gov. Talbot was a fisherman, and through his influence the streams and ponds in the vicinity of Billerica and Lowell were stocked with trout, and soon there was some good fishing. But since his death the brooks have been badly fished out, with very little being done to keep up the supply. As might be expected, the fishing is poor in that part of the country. The brooks in Middlesex county are well adapted to trout growing, and local lovers of the rod and reel say that if the State would do what should be done toward restocking and protecting these streams against unreasonable fishing, they might be restored to something of their original prestige.

Congressman John Sinipkins, whose death on Tuesday came like a shock to his many friends, was a great lover of the rod and reel. He had fished most of the trout streams of the Cape, and was well known as the companion of the late Gov. Russel, Bayard Thayer and John Thayer on their many fishing trips to Birch Lodge, head of Richardson Lake, Me., and the celebrated B. Pond, a few miles from the same lake. Every season, when the pressure of political and professional duties has permitted, he has made his loved pilgrimage to that Mecca of the rod and reel, where fly-fishing begins early. This year his friends mention that he was already counting the days for the ice to depart, but death has all too early cut off another beloved follower of the gentle Izaak.

SPECIAL.

Sea Fishing Near New York.

ALTHOUGH a majority of the New York city angling readers of FOREST AND STREAM belong to the class which finds its sport in the mountain streams or lakes, miles from home, yet I doubt not that there are a goodly number among them belonging to the class of those who, through force of circumstances, cannot leave home and business for weeks, or even days, at a time, and who, if they desire to indulge in their favorite pastime, must perforce find the sport near home. To such a one this means that he must fish, if at all, in salt water. True, there are places quite near New York where a few fresh-water fish can be caught, but they are scarce, and the sport to be had at these places does not justify the necessary expenditures and time consumed in making such a trip.

For the benefit of the latter class of fishermen, I send you this note on the fishing as I have found it in the waters near New York, and hope that others will let us hear from them in regard to the fishing at other points in this vicinity.

Probably the most popular resort for the salt-water fishermen is the Fishing Banks, located off Long Branch, N. J., and in that vicinity. A number of large and commodious steamers leave New York daily for the banks; their schedules are given in the daily papers. These boats are fitted up especially to suit the convenience of fishermen, and carry on board bait, tackle, etc. The fares range from 65 cents to \$1. At this season only cod and ling are caught on the banks, but blackfish, fluke and sea bass are caught in season. The best sport is had in the summer, when the large sea bass are caught. These fish furnish more sport than most people imagine, and one can invariably get a good mess of them or of other fish when the conditions are right. Skimmers are used for bait, and a heavy sinker is necessary, because of the strong tide and rough water. On the Fishing Banks boats everything is done to make the fishermen comfortable, and often entire families make the excursion. Except for the fact that this trip affects persons who are inclined to biliousness, and thus involves seasickness, it would be a pleasant outing for anybody.

While the fishing steamers embody everything that is essential to a pleasant fishing trip, the best way to enjoy a day's fishing on the Banks, and avoid the crowds which patronize the steamers, is to go on one of the numerous fishing sloops that are to hire for this purpose. Canarsie and Sheepshead furnish most of these. They can comfortably accommodate a party of eight or ten, and can be hired for from \$8 to \$10 per day. The owners of these boats, who usually sail them, do all in their power to please their patrons, and furnish bait and tackle. They will start at any hour of the day, and fish as long as the party demands it. It is when the bluefish are biting that these owners reap their harvest. Their boats are out on every fair day, and rarely return without a good catch. The bluefish are caught by trolling with a squid, made of lead or wood, which is furnished with the boat. The captain lands most of the fish, as it requires considerable skill to land bluefish. The "bluefish swing" is not mastered by everybody. A day of blue-fishing aboard one of these boats is well worth the slight expense attached.

Among the best known of the Sheepshead Bay fishing sloops are the Sly Fox, Capt. W. J. Fox; Gertrude, Capt. W. J. Cowdrick; Pacific, Capt. Nat. Wilson; Jennie S., Capt. Isaac Corson; Daisy, Capt. J. Fowler; Annie C., Capt. John Greenwood; Cricket, Capt. J. Canute; Carrie, Capt. Isaac Miller; Nettie, Capt. Jerry Greenwood; Russell, Capt. Henry Canute; Nathalie, Capt. G. Ayen; Rhoda C., Capt. John Colwell.

Next to the Fishing Banks, Jamaica Bay probably furnishes sport for more fishermen than any other place in the neighborhood of New York. The fishing stations on the Rockaway trestle, Goose Creek, Broad Channel and Beach Channel, are the best points from which to reach the fishing grounds. These are on the line of the New York and Rockaway Beach R. R., which has its terminal at the Atlantic av. depot of the Long Island Railroad at Atlantic and Flatbush avs., Brooklyn, and at the Long Island Railroad depot in Long Island City. Sea bass, blackfish, fluke, flounders, porgies, weakfish and snappers are caught here. The fishing grounds are all within a few minutes' row of the boat houses. Row boats can be hired for 75 cents and \$1 per day. Sandworms and clams are principal baits. Night weakfishing is a popular sport here. Weakfish are numerous in the months of August and September. Shrimp and pearl squids are used for bait for catching weakfish.

Canarsie is another point from which the fishing grounds of Jamaica Bay can be reached. Trolley cars from the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn, and the Canarsie Railroad from East New York, furnish transportation to Canarsie. Crabs abound in the waters about Canarsie, and while crabbing can hardly be looked upon as sport, yet it might furnish a day's amusement when the fish are not biting. Moreover, the crab is a toothsome creature, and when full of meat makes a delicious morsel.

Sheepshead Bay, a small body of water separating Manhattan Beach from Brooklyn, and connected with Jamaica Bay by numerous small creeks, is the means of reaching a number of good fishing spots. Few fish are taken in the Bay proper, but some of the best fishing in the neighborhood of New York can be had within a short distance. In the spring the flounder fishing in the creeks and off Ritchie's Point is all that could be desired. Later in the season, when the fluke are biting, no better sport could be found than around the "Can" Buoy off Rockaway Point. Both still-fishing and trolling with "killies" for bait are effective. Porgies and blackfish are taken off Ritchie's Point. Clams are used for bait for porgies, while fiddler crabs make the best bait for blackfish. Weakfishing is uncertain, being good and poor in turns. In the latter part of September and early in October of last year the weakfishing in Rockaway Channel was very good. Night fishing is rarely attempted. Three of us tried it one night last year, when the fish were being caught daily in large numbers, and caught three colds and one dogfish. In the fall the snappers, or young bluefish, furnish plenty of sport. These are caught in the bay as well as in the creeks. Spearing, or white bait, as it is commonly called, is unquestionably the best bait for snapper fishing. I use a

light fly rod when fishing for snappers. They make a good fight on a light rod. Striped bass, blackfish and sea bass are caught at the "stone pile," off the Manhattan Hotel, reached after a hard pull from Sheepshead Bay around Point Breeze and along the outside of Manhattan Beach. In September and October of last year striped bass were caught in large numbers. Catches of from ten to twenty fish, averaging about 3 lbs. each, were not uncommon. Usually, however, the striped bass fishing is not so good. They are caught by trolling around the jetties off the Manhattan. A spoon and blood-worm are used for bait. The blackfish and sea bass are plentiful here, and are usually big fellows. Sheepshead Bay is reached by trolley from the Brooklyn Bridge and the ferries, and by railroad from the Atlantic Avenue Depot of the Long Island Railroad. Good fishing is to be had along the south shore of Staten Island, at the stations on the Perth Amboy division of the Staten Island Rapid Transit. Huguenot, Tottenville, Gifford's and Prince's Bay are the best known of these places. The weakfishing in Prince's Bay is exceptionally good in season. Catches of twenty-five to thirty-five fish to one man were frequent last year. Weakfish are frequently caught here by using a piece of salt pork and a small piece of red flannel for bait. Porgies, snappers and others of the smaller fish swarm in the waters of Staten Island. Fluke and porgies are taken from the pier at South Beach, and occasionally a few weakfish can be picked up.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

G. F. DIEHL.

Winter Pastime.

It has been said—and who will gainsay he wisdom thereof?—that this is a world of compensations; that there is no great loss without some small gain; and that every thorn has a rose for a neighbor. This is but another way of saying that age is not without its pleasures, nor maturity of years without its advantages. Many of those now in mid-life and beyond find much enjoyment in retrospection and the many pleasant experiences and recollections of the past; in recalling the congenial spirits assembled for the May training, and the various contests of agility and strength in which they were participants or interested spectators—jumping, wrestling, putting the shot, pitching quoits, and the like. Again is recalled the wonderful muzzle-loading flintlock shotgun, and the story of its achievements rehearsed for the thousandth time without suffering any loss or diminution by age; of the wonderful destruction wrought to the vast flocks of wild pigeons; the renown won at the Thanksgiving turkey shoot; and the clean killing of gray squirrels from trees of fabulous height.

Nor were days beside the noisy brook or on ruffled lake unknown, for the dainty trout and mighty mascalonge not infrequently graced their larder and diversified the frugal meal.

It is true that modern appliances and modern methods have long since superseded the appliances and methods of more primitive times, and that many devotees of rod and gun now sit in judgment and condemnation of much that gave many now of mature years great amusement and lasting pleasure in their boyhood days.

But all the same many of those of older growth—men who are rapidly approaching the limit of life, or who have already passed beyond the Scriptural days of threescore and ten; men whose heads have whitened, but whose hearts are still young; men who yielded to the allurements and tasted the sweets of nature in their earlier years, and who cherish many, very many pleasant experiences with rod and gun as prized remembrances—may hope to be pardoned by the tolerant and thoughtful if they refuse to be governed in every detail by the modern interpretation of the canons of sportsmanship, and recur to some of the pastimes and pleasures of youth for a day, even though its hours be spent in the commonplace sport of fishing for pickerel through the ice when the laws of the land intervene to prohibit other sport.

I am frank to acknowledge that I have not outgrown my early love for a day out in midwinter on the ice, and this weakness I boldly avow even at the risk of having the right hand of fellowship of many withdrawn for indulging such unseemly, plebeian propensity.

We always divide the anticipated pleasures of the day into two parts, the fishing and fish and the accessories; we go whenever we plan to go; sometimes the weather clerk is for us and sometimes "agin us," but it is all the same to us—we go; sometimes the sign is right for us and sometimes it is right for the fish; sometimes we get the fishing, fish and accessories, and sometimes we have to charge up all the pleasures of the day to the accessories; the accessories never fail.

The weeks are not many since a quartet of congenial spirits spent a balmy winter's day upon a not distant pond upon the invitation of one of the party, a mutual friend, who with a few boon companions owns a private camp in a grove of pines upon an island near the center.

The camp is commodious, well lighted, and provided with a huge fireplace built of boulders laid in colored cement, tables, chairs, bric-a-brac, and all the little et cetera that sportsmen know so well how to provide, and which they appreciate so highly. Connected therewith is a kitchen, supplied with cooking range and all the utensils necessary for the practice of the culinary art.

Arriving at our destination after an exhilarating drive in the clear, bracing air of winter, a roaring fire is soon blazing upon the hearth, imparting grateful warmth and good cheer, and perfuming the air with the fragrant incense of burning pine, the volume of smoke gracefully curling upward and losing itself in the branches of the trees.

We were to be the guests of one of our number, who provided the commissariat and essayed to play the role of cook and host, and who exacted from his guests only pickerel enough for the fish course.

He was soon left alone, and if not in his glory, at least with unbounded enthusiasm and determination to do himself proud, the rest of the party betaking themselves to the work in hand upon the ice.

As the day waxed apace the temperature rose above the freezing point, making it a delightful day to be out, and the frequent click of the tilts told us that we had callers from the depths, and that success awaited our

efforts, and that to-day it would be an even race between the fish and the accessories.

A generous supply of the voracious black and gold reticulated *Esox* was dispatched to the camp, and while mirth, jest and success were mingled in due proportion, and served to run the hours swiftly away, yet the active outdoor exercise, joined to pleasurable anticipations and savory odors, developed keenest appetites and made us impatient for the coming of the noonday hour. This at length arrived, and the mellow notes of the horn sounded as sweetest music on the air and gave notice that cook and host was ready to give an account of his stewardship.

The several courses received ample consideration, and doubtless the pickerel in the pond kicked up high jingoes while we spent ample time in their discussion. At the close all stood up and joined in drinking a toast to the health, happiness and long life of Mr. Julius Kaufman, the best man in New York.

This was followed by English plum pudding with brandy sauce, the whole topped off with toasted crackers and cheese and *café noir*.

With the waning sun of the afternoon we returned to the pond and added a number of beautiful pickerel to our score, and rounded out a day of rare enjoyment and pleasure, even though we spent it along lines tabooed by modern sportsmen and condemned by the ultra canons of sportsmanship.

GEO. McALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

About Tennessee Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 26.—After I get rich, as I think I shall in a few months in the newspaper business, I am not going to do anything but accept invitations to go shooting and fishing. This time it is Dr. N. A. Neeley, of Cookeville, Tenn., who without knowing anything at all about my appetite, asks me to join him as his guest. He also wants to know a few things about how to catch bass, and I presume he will pardon me if I share his inquiries with the readers of the paper. He goes on to say:

"I am a constant reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and upon these grounds I desire to ask a favor. Some time during the next month or six weeks I expect to take a fortnight's fishing trip on the Cumberland River, and I wish to spring a surprise upon the black bass and pike of that stream. They live in the backwoods of Tennessee, and never heard of a fly, spoon or any other human invention; they are accustomed, too much so, to nature's remedies, worms and minnies.

"The fact is I am not much better informed in the fly line than the fish themselves, but with your assistance and that of some literature on the subject I hope to be able to introduce them to some of the mysteries of modern anglerism. Will you kindly advise me what flies and other artificial bait to use, the most suitable rod and reel and line; also the best hooks (with leaders) for bait-casting.

"I want a medium-priced rod and reel, of medium weight and strength, one which I can use in New Zealand waters, where trout grow to 20lbs. weight. Can you give me the name of a small treatise on first principles in fly and bait-casting?

"Could you not spare the time for a trip to the backwoods of Tennessee? I would have a horse and buggy meet you at the railroad, or if you preferred you could come via river steamer from Nashville to Granville, Tenn. I promise you a royal time if you are fond of fishing. Thanking you in advance,

"N. A. NEELEY, D.D.S."

Dr. Henshall wrote two books, "The Book of the Black Bass," and "More About the Black Bass," with very little more excuse than the above letter would give. And since the worthy Doctor had to try a second time in order to tell all he knew about bass fishing, I might have to add to my book if I wrote it now in *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is too big a subject. What Dr. Neeley wants is not so much a book—though he will find both the above directly in his line and just what he requires—but a companion, some one who understands both fly and bait-casting. This is something which cannot be told in brief.

What might be very well for one bass water might not do for another, and I do not know anything about the Tennessee river, though I have had friends tell me it is a fine stream for bass. First, as to the fly-rod. The best ones cost \$25 to \$30. If you get the best, 6oz. is heavy enough. If you pay as low as \$10 or \$15, get a rod of a couple of ounces more weight. The split-bamboos run highest in price, of course, and many prefer them to lance or bethabara, though of course splendid rods come in those woods too. In fly-fishing briefly crack your whip, and crack it as long behind you as you do in front. The art cannot be taught by mail very well, any more than French or painting.

As to the flies, I can not say surely, of course, what would be best. If I were going there in ignorance, I should take silver-doctor, Ferguson, Seth-Green and the fly known in this city as the Johnson-Fancy. I have found these good, also the jungle-cock and polka-dot. The Johnson-Fancy, above mentioned, is a weird-looking affair, but it seems to kill lots of bass.

For bait-casting, the rod costs less and the reel costs more. The rod for frog-casting has of late been put on the market quite too short, to my notion. I personally prefer a casting rod pretty close up to 8ft., with some spring to it. You can shoot a frog further with a 6½ft. rod, which is stiffer and more easily controlled, but with the longer rod you have a great deal better fun playing your fish, and for river fishing, especially with minnow bait, the more flexible rod gives better sport. The motion of bait-casting is like throwing a rotten apple off a stick—a long, sweeping switch of the rod. The reel is thumbed delicately all the time, and thumbed sharp as the bait lights. Fly-casting is easier to learn than bait-casting.

The hooks for bait-casting should not have leaders attached to them, but only snells, for you have to reel up the bait close to the end of the rod in casting. The line should be fine braided silk, such as may be seen advertised in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* in dif-

ferent places. The reel—well, it costs some money to get a watch, and it costs some money to get a good casting reel. If I had to choose between the two, I'd just look at the town clock when I wanted to see what time it was. The casting reel of the South—the Milam, Meek or Talbot makes—are the products of fine workmen, jewelers originally, and are hand-made, costing from \$20 to \$30. In appearance they differ from the Eastern model of casting reel, but each model has its admirers, and I cannot presume to advise which any one should purchase.

Facilis est descensus. Dr. Neeley will fall faint with horror at the thought of laying out \$100 or so to catch a 13-cent fish. I did. We all did. We went and saved money and got cheap outfits, and then we got into the stream and got tangled up with a 13-cent fish, and after that it was all a dream. We do not remember how it happened, but somehow we let the question of shoes take care of itself, and we now have \$100 outfits. It is just this way: If a man's family gets hungry, the associated charities or the neighbors will do something for them, most always; but there are no associated charities, and no neighbor, who will give a man or his family a \$100 bass outfit. The duty of a man is, therefore, very plain, and duty should come before the mere pleasure of feeding one's folks, no matter how much fun it may be to see them eat.

If Dr. Neeley will forgive these broken remarks, and will spend what he (now) thinks he ought to lay out for a bass outfit; if he will get hold of a few soft-shelled crawfish, and put a few horny-handed helgramites in his hat in case the bass don't want minnows or frogs to-day, I know he will have a lot of fun with the big bass of the Tennessee. When he begins, let him not



AN EAST COAST TARPON.

be above bait. The fly-rod will be more sport after a time. I wish I might be of more service in giving the information which is asked, but with the books above named and with the guidance of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I am sure of Dr. Neeley's success, and I hope he will report his luck.

Defense of the Carp.

Mr. Nat H. Cohen, the enterprising president of the Illinois State Fish Commission, has just issued a concise little pamphlet for general distribution which is entitled "Fish Propagation and Protection." In it Mr. Cohen shows the value of the fish product of the State, and explains among other things how and why it is that it costs less to raise fish than to raise animal food on the lands of the State. The fish is cold-blooded, and does not perspire so much as a land animal, and when it eats anything it does it for revenue, and does not go charging around and wasting its fiber by inutilitarian exercise, as does the beef creature or the pig. Fish, as food, is not so sustaining as beef, but the difference of the total net results, considering the expense of raising both, is in favor of the fish. Mr. Cohen has a word to say for the down-trodden carp, which he says is all right if you know how to cook him, and if you get a good one, out of cool water. I fear that not even Mr. Cohen's honeyed words will reconcile us all to the shag-barked monstrosity from Deutschland, but there is no doubt that this little pamphlet is timely and useful. The people of America need a bureau of promotion and publicity, sure enough, in matters concerning our fish commissions and game laws. It is a great thing, this work of the Illinois Commission. Few have ever brought to it more enthusiasm than the present president of the board.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Camp of Two Cranks.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I'll be beholden to ye if you will make a couple of corrections in "Camp of Two Cranks," in issue of March 19, page 223. In twenty-fifth line from top of first column read: "I waked up" for "waded up;" and in seventh line below read: "I had hooked on" for "I had poked on." And in "Camp of the Lone Kingfisher," issue Jan. 15, page 49, first column, cross out line 61 from top and prefix line 63 with "It would be a wonderful stream that would hold out" under a drain like that, etc.

KINGFISHER.

California Drought and Trout Streams.

AUBURN, Cal., March 28.—The present season in this State promises to be a disastrous one to all our interests from lack of rain. The trout must undoubtedly suffer unless we have abundant late rains, as all the smaller streams will dry up entirely. This happens to us occasionally, and it takes several years to restock the waters thus rendered barren.

AREFAR,

A Night Fight with a Tarpon.

ONE of the most hotly contested and thoroughly satisfactory fights between a man armed with a light rod and reel, and a tarpon in the fullest possession of his powers, that has ever come to my knowledge occurred in Biscayne waters last week. The date was March 23; the man was Mr. Fred H. Benton, of New Haven, Conn.; and the tarpon, who was 6ft. 8in. long, 3ft. 2in. around the body, and weighed 155lbs., was a resident of Caesar's Creek, a deep, narrow channel lying between Mangrove Island, beloved of all fishermen who know it, and forming the southern entrance to Biscayne Bay. A Vom Hofe rod and reel, 600ft. of No. 18 line, and a Van Vleck hook, formed important accessories to the struggle. A yacht, the *Susie B.*, of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club; her dinghy, with Mr. Lewis Benton, her owner, to row it, and formally introduce his brother to the tarpon family, completed the tout ensemble. On returning from a cruise among the Florida keys the *Susie B.* came to anchor on Wednesday evening in Caesar's Creek, and the two brothers went out to fish while supper was preparing. Darkness was settling over the scene, and they were about to return to the yacht without having caught a thing, when Mr. Fred Benton, who had never before experienced a tarpon, suddenly became very much aware that a member of that family was in possession of his hook.

Right here it should be explained that although tarpon have swarmed in Caesar's Creek all winter, they had positively refused to take bait up to this time. Moreover, the present fish seems only to have made a playful snap

at Mr. Benton's lure, in passing; for the hook barely caught in his lower lip, where it may still be seen in the mounted specimen. Thus in the prolonged struggle that followed the strain of pulling it did not come on his inwards, as is the case when the bait is gorged, but on the powerful lower jaw, where it was hardly felt. This fact makes the fight in question particularly interesting.

As he felt the hook the great fish gave three tremendous leaps high in air, shaking his head savagely, and then started out to sea towing the dinghy behind him as though it were a toy boat. After awhile he changed his tactics and began a series of short rushes and counter rushes, leapings, rapid circlings of the boat, and darting to and fro directly beneath it. This was kept up for an hour, during which time the night became intensely dark, and a furious squall of wind and rain swept across the black waters.

At the end of that first hour the tarpon, still as vigorous as ever, decided to travel, and started up the coast. Up the whole length of Elliot's Key and past Sand's Key, a distance of more than six miles, he ran, making a break to fling himself high out of the water every few minutes as he went. Each time he did this the patient angler, standing in his boat, reeled in a few yards of line, only to lose all that he had thus gained a moment later when the great fish again started. Off the Ragged Rocks the tarpon again stood out to sea, crossing the broad Hawk Channel directly in the yellow gleam of Fowry Rock Light, and finally, beyond the outer reef, he was brought to gaff at 11:30 o'clock, or five and a half hours from the beginning of the fight.

As the monster lay alongside the little dinghy, barely discernible through the darkness of a second squall, which was at that moment howling down the reef, he appeared completely exhausted. The moment he felt the gaff, however, he showed a mighty reserve of strength, lashing the water into foam with tremendous struggles, thrashing the boat with his powerful tail until it seemed as though the sides would surely be crushed in, and taxing the utmost efforts of two strong men to finally drag him from his native element.

By this time both men were pretty well used up, their boat was half filled with water, the tarpon itself was no light load, and they were so many miles from their yacht that it was 3:30 o'clock the following morning before they regained her.

It is perhaps superfluous to remark that they were glad supper was ready; and a useless expenditure of ink to add that Mr. Fred Benton seems inclined to be proud of the tarpon he caught in the night. O. K. CHOBEE.

COCOANUT GROVE, Fla.

FOR SALE.—Hunting and fishing preserve in Adirondacks. 12,000 acres forest land; several fine lakes, 15 miles trout streams. Deer in plenty. 14 miles from railroad. A. A. Leonard, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York.—Adv.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Black Bass of Lake George.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 19, referring to inquiries by the State Legislature at Albany regarding the spawning habits of black bass in Lake George, where Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer, published in 1876, was quoted as authority, Mr. A. N. Cheney, who signs himself State Fishculturst (and therefore speaking *ex cathedra*, as one who ought to know, and not as the scribe), says:

"Mr. Hallock knew nothing about the fish in Lake George from personal knowledge, and when his book was printed little was known about black bass by any one."

Now, good sir, not being given to polemics, I will beg your kind permission simply to quote a passage in rebuttal from my "Fishing Tourist," published by Harper Bros. in 1873, several years earlier, which specifically says:

"Halcyon days have I passed at Lake George. What tongue has ever failed to sing the praises of its azure mountains and crystal depths? What artist has not transferred to canvas bits of its enchanting scenery?—the islets which gem the Narrows, the lovely seclusion of the Hague, or the sharply cut outlines of Elephant Mountain? Has he not even essayed to paint the hallowed stillness of Sabbath Day Point? Is not their name legion, and are not their cozy, vine-draped summer homes scattered along its romantic shores? Do they not nestle in its glens and shady nooks? * * * Many are the pounds of fish I have taken from Lake George; many the lakes I have raised with my trolling spoon from the buoys where old Moses (Harris) chummed his fish. Around the 300 islands of the Narrows and the peninsula of Tongue Mountain I have trolled for bass with rich success, and taken them time and again with my rod and an ibis fly from the rocks at the north end of Fourteen-Mile Island. And nearly all the trout streams in the neighborhood have paid shining tribute to my creel. Many a happy hour have I whiled away upon the lawn at Bolton, now studying delectable anatomy and physiology while the unconscious subjects played croquet, and anon reading my favorite book, or watching the little steamer that plied to and fro. In the quiet of its rural seclusion I envy not the artificial attractions of the grand hotel (Fort William Henry) at Baldwin, with its hops, its billiards, its brass band, its bar, its fast horses, its entremets, its flare and its flummery. I enjoy only things natural, and it is not without reluctance that I turn my back upon them when the hour for adieu comes; and all the eloquence of the "Colonel's" historical apostrophes to Ticonderoga and the American flag, with a sight of the bleached old ruins themselves, will not utterly banish my feelings of regret."

The Colonel was a character who always accompanied the stage loads of tourists which did the route between Fort Edwards and Ticonderoga, and expatiated upon the heroism of that fight, in which the redoubtable Ethan Allen was conspicuous. Old stagers will remember the Colonel. I don't think he was a sure-enough Colonel, as the Southern folks say, but he could talk war and patriotism all the same. My great-grandfather and a son who was born in 1766 were in that scrimmage and captured a Queen Anne musket from a Hessian, which is now in Goshen, Mass., where he lies buried, having died in 1815.

Now I am not in these days making history for myself, though I am jealous of historical truth. I am verging on old age, and such laurels as I have worn are sere and dry. Mr. Cheney may help himself from my pile if he thinks they are any worth, but he must concede to my score all points which I have earned. Indeed there was a time, during his adolescence, when he would cheerfully admit that I was born first, and had traveled some. But I have never cared to exploit my achievements, as younger men do to-day, though it might be pardonable to do so, because journeys occupied weeks in my best days which now take but hours; and an author had to be able to spare a good deal of money and much leisure time to be able to write such a book as the "Fishing Tourist" from his personal observation.

But twenty years before this I had visited Rev. John Todd at White Lake, in Sullivan county, in company with Joel T. Headly, and seen the notable Audubon and the Hermit of Long Lake in his cabin under the bluff when the Sabattis family were his only neighbors. Oh, yes! I know something of Lake George and its black bass from personal visits; and I thank my stars that my memory remains unimpaired, though my tongue may fail to speak of reminiscences and incidents of travel which may seem to me hardly worth mentioning in these days when the whole world is afield and moving.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

A Troutling Experience.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not all of fishing to fish, is a trite saying among fishermen, and it is not more trite than true, as I have often demonstrated that fact in my early fishing days.

I remember one day's fishing away back in my teens, and remember it because the circumstances attending it were unusual. We lived near the banks of a large trout brook, or creek rather, where were trout in abundance, which we caught with hook and line, mostly in the months of May, June and July. I always used lines that were made of hair pulled from three- or four-year-old colts' tails, and such lines were used in preference to any others that I ever found.

In those days fly-fishing was scarcely known in that sparsely settled country. The fishing day above mentioned occurred about the last of September or perhaps a few days later. The summer had been one of drought, and the stream had nearly run dry in some places; but there were occasional spring holes, or pools fed by springs, where the trout had gathered in countless numbers, and were considered proof against the most tempting baits of the fishermen. I had finished up trout fishing for the season as usual in July, and for three or four weeks past I had well nigh been laid up with a cut foot, and was yet stumping around on crutches, but I was getting uneasy, and wanted to get into the woods;

wanted to go down the creek. So I told my younger brother, a boy ten or eleven years old, to cut some white grubs out of an old decayed stump, and we started for the nearest pool down the creek, something over a mile distant, he carrying my fish pole and bait, while I followed after on crutches. We reached the spring about 10 A. M. The pool was a sort of set back from the creek, about 40yds. by 10 in diameter, and from 3 to 5 ft. deep, of clear, cold, spring water, and the clean gravelly bottom seemed to be literally covered with trout. The bank was shaded by some large elm and butternut trees, and a convenient log lay on the bank, which I appropriated at once. I wanted to take a dozen or so with hook and line, but remembering past experience I didn't feel over confident of success, nor even of getting a bite. But I had most of the day before me, and nothing else to do but to sit on that log and tamper with that finny multitude, and for two long hours I fished that spring hole from top to bottom, and from end to end, and nary a bite. I cast over on the opposite side, cast above and below, and they seemed totally indifferent to all my efforts, and I began to feel indifferent also; so I dropped the fish pole and lay down on the grassy bank, while the boy amused himself by throwing pebble stones into the pool. As I remember it, we had sat there on the grass a half hour or more, and were getting about ready to leave, I picked up my pole and carelessly made a cast over into the pool, when my bait was snapped up in a moment, and I pulled out a fair-sized trout. I made another cast, with the same result. I don't remember just how long I fished after they began to bite (probably an hour). I only know that I pulled them out as fast as they took the bait, and that they took the bait as fast as I could pull them out. The white grub has a tough skin, and I would often take a half dozen or more fish without rebaiting the hook. Well, I stopped fishing because I had got enough, and a little later on realized that I had more than enough. The trout sized up from ½ to ¾ lbs.; there were no fingerlings among them, and I think there were no minnows or chubs in the spring hole. Doubtless the larger trout had eaten up the small fry.

The fish were gathered up and strung on two strips of moosewood bark, and when the two ends of each string were tied together they made as fine strings of fish as I had seldom seen.

The boy hung one string over his back, which was all that he could carry, and the other string—well—should there be any one of the craft who believes that to fish is all there is of fishing, let him tie a 20lb. string of fish over his shoulder and travel home (a mile and a quarter) on crutches.

As to the cooking of brook trout, I suppose the most approved method is frying in butter or lard, or perhaps an occasional broil. It certainly is the quickest and most convenient way of cooking them, and especially so when in camp. Now without wishing to detract a whit from the prescribed rules of preparing this toothsome fish for the table, I would suggest an occasional change by a slight difference in the manner of cooking. The process is plain and simple, and is about as follows: First, take a square cut of thick salt pork, skin off the rind and cut the pork into thin slices. Then with a knife split the larger trout by cutting inside along the backbone, so they will lie flat. Then take the old-time bake kettle (which possibly may be laid aside as a relic of the past age) and cover the bottom with some of those slices of pork, which is to be covered with a layer of trout, then some more thin slices of pork; and with alternate layers fill the kettle if you have fish enough; but the top layer should be covered with slices of the pork. Then pour in a half pint of water or more, put on the lid and bake two or three hours in a hot oven; raise the lid and pour on a pint of melted butter and let it bake a half hour more with a slight decrease in heat; and when the whole mixture is brought to the table you have a dish that beats sardines or dry codfish clear out of sight.

The bake kettle can be used with success in the fireplace or in camp or in any place where live coals can be used in plenty.

ANTLER.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Fishing.

NEW HAVEN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed is an extract from "Days of Fly-Fishing," published in 1828 by Sir Humphry Davy. Upon reading it, it seemed to me to be in line with those admirable quotations from the "Compleat Angler" which you occasionally publish at the head of your editorial columns. If you can find space for this gem of description and for reflection in your paper the object of sending it will be accomplished, namely, to strengthen further that old truism, "It is not all of fishing to fish."

A. B. H.

THE search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game or a fish with a club or a spear, to man in his most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same; but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterize man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon or trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon—and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature, among mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and the waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odors of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enameled as it were with the primrose and the daisy; and on the surface of the waters to view

the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, while the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the waterlily; and as the season advances to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY (1778-1829).

The Bangor Salmon Pool.

BOSTON, April 4.—A special dispatch to the daily papers says that the salmon season at the celebrated Bangor, Me., pool opened April 1. Two fish were taken with the fly that day. One, taken by George Willey, of Veazie, weighed 18lbs.; another, by W. W. Fogg, of Bangor, weighed 9lbs. Both fish were sold at \$1.25 a pound. In 1897 the first fish was taken on April 3. Two or three Boston salmon fishermen will start for the Bangor pool early this week if the weather is favorable. Mr. H. S. Jones, who will be among the number, says that it is of but little use to fish there unless the weather is bright and fairly warm; the salmon will not come to the hook in water too dark. The pool is likely to be covered with boats, rigs of every sort, and tackle widely varied from a pole and a cod line to an outfit costing \$100. An early departure of the ice from Sebago Lake in Maine, is now looked for. A letter from a well-known guide to a sportsman here on Saturday says that the warm weather in March has melted the big body of snow that was on the ice, and that it has been honeycombed thereby, and is likely to go out any day when the wind is right. A big cleft has already appeared about midway on one of the shores, and running out as far as the eye can reach. Boston landlocked salmon fishermen are ready. Some of them expect to be off by Wednesday or Thursday of this week. Mr. R. P. Woodman, who has fished that lake every year for a number of years, expects to hook a big salmon by Thursday or Friday. One or two sportsmen are already on the ground, and will begin fishing as soon as the ice is out of the mouths of the inlets. The Boston Sebago Club, owning handsome camps on the shores of that lake, will be there in a body by the 19th, which is a legal holiday in Massachusetts, thus giving the busy dry goods men of that club an additional day that they can be away from business.

The little moose, Tom, that did so much to make the late Sportsmen's Show famous, is still "in transit" to Portland, Me. He has stopped off at Boston, and is being well fed and watered. Just how long this feeding and watering will be continued is not at all certain. The big black bear has gone to Norembege Park, at Newton; also a pair of elk, a couple of deer, the badger, and one or two of the prairie dogs.

SPECIAL.

A Fishing Privilege Opportunity.

HOSTEL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, SCRANTON, Pa., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Order of the Good Shepherd is an organization of men in the Protestant Episcopal Church who give their entire life in caring for the poor, sick and needy, who also have a small convalescent home for convalescent men and boys discharged from hospitals, and who have no homes to go to until fully recovered and able to go back to work. It has become essential to the success of our work that a place out in the country must be secured in order to do larger and more efficient work. A beautiful farm containing 400 acres of land has been offered to us at the low sum of \$3,000. The place consists of 408 acres of land, and has a large stream about a mile long, with three trout ponds well stocked; one large dam covers about sixty acres. The farm is about three miles from the railroad depot, on the main line of the D., L. and W. R. R., four hours' ride from New York city, 2,500ft. above the sea, in a situation free from malaria and mosquitoes. My propositions are these: Could some of your readers subscribe the \$3,000 toward the purchasing price of the property, on the condition that the stream and the ponds would be sacredly guarded and preserved for the subscribers of the fund as long as they would live? There is a large house on the place, containing thirteen rooms, with steam heat in each room, and entertainment could always be provided by the Brothers for those who should come to fish on the place. Also fathers and mothers could send their boys for an outing and feel perfectly safe that they would be under proper moral and religious influence in the midst of the most beautiful and inspiring scenery in eastern Pennsylvania.

The Order of the Good Shepherd is duly incorporated under the laws of the State to hold real estate for the purpose set forth in its articles of incorporation. I ask your kindly co-operation in our work for suffering humanity, and if your readers can do anything in regard to my proposition I shall feel ever grateful to you.

BROTHER FRANCIS.

Fishing at the Boston Show.

THE man who played fish for Dr. Bishop to reel in from the lake in the Boston Exposition was the well-known swimmer, Peter McNally.

Another angling feature not already noted in FOREST AND STREAM was the taking of a 2lb. trout from the trout pool by Mr. H. W. Martin, with one of his automatic reels, and using ordinary sewing thread for a line.

Early Spring in the Adirondacks.

SARANAC INN, N. Y., March 30.—For the first time within the memory of the oldest Adirondacker the ice has gone out of the lakes and ponds of this region in the month of March. Navigation is now open on the upper Saranac, one of the last lakes to open. Last year the ice broke up April 27. Until this year the earliest date on which the ice was known to go out of the lakes was April 15.—*Evening Post.*

Greenwood Lake.

NEW YORK, March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There have been put into Greenwood Lake during 1896-97 the following: 1,450 adult pike-perch and 2,000,000 fry; 28 white bass; 800 adult large-mouth black bass, 800 yearlings and 5,000 fry; 160 pickerel and 100 channel catfish.

The results obtained from planting pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) have been very satisfactory indeed. Schools of these fish 6 and 8 in. in length were frequently seen in the fall of 1897, and it is believed that they will form an important addition to the supply of food and game fish in the lake. Even better results may be expected from the planting of adult pike-perch, which have been so liberally supplied by the New Jersey Commission.

In their annual bill now before the Assembly at Trenton the New Jersey Commissioners recommend that the closed season for taking bass be extended until June 15. This law now being in effect in New York, it is important that the same legislation should be enacted in New Jersey, and it is hoped that club members will exercise any influence they may have with members of the Legislature at Trenton to secure the passage of the bill. The reasons are plain: Small-mouthed black bass cannot be propagated artificially. They are not off the spawning beds at Greenwood Lake by May 30, and consequently the taking of these fish before they are through spawning means a reduction of the supply of bass, which it will be impossible to replace. The best authorities on the question of propagating black bass are unanimous in their opinion that in waters where they have a sufficient food supply, as they have in Greenwood Lake, they cannot be fished out with a hook and line, if they are properly protected in spawning, and on the contrary they continue to multiply. As soon as the New Jersey Legislature has considered this question a meeting of the club will be called to secure the appointment of a warden in New York State to co-operate with the New Jersey officials in requiring an observance of the law in both States.

GREENWOOD LAKE FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE CLUB,
L. F. La Roche, Treas.

Legislative Fooling.

SENATOR COGGESHALL introduced into the New York Legislature last week, and it was read twice and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, a bill to add to the fish law a new-section as follows: "Sec. 1099. No Spanish mackerel ever having inhabited any waters under the jurisdiction of the Spanish Government shall be permitted or allowed to enter the waters over which the State of New York has jurisdiction. Any Spanish mackerel entering or attempting to enter the aforesaid waters of the State of New York shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be subject to prompt denotation at the expense of the Spanish Government. Sec. 2. This act shall take effect immediately."

The Kennel.

Treatment of the Horse.

MANY of us have much to say in your journal about dogs and other animals, but the horse has not seemed to claim much attention. I am not a turfman, and so do not speak in the interest of the horse racing fraternity. I am writing in the interest of the horse. The turfman is generally careful about the condition of his racer and needs no advice as regards his treatment and keeping. But others, as farmers, trucksters, draymen and such, are often found to exhibit a carelessness resolvable into most despicable cruelty. If such persons had any self-respect and did but know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the community in which they live, they would be no longer contented with half-starved horses that can hardly drag their own bony frames without having to haul heavy wagons and a well-fed driver sitting as complacent and unconcerned as one on a bed of roses. Shame! Noble, faithful beast—how many there are who can render an account only with grief whom you have served with sweat and blood and hunger! Shall I give them advice? Aye, indeed, if it be not useless.

First feed the horse well. If you are not disposed to do this, then just do penance yourself. Fast and fast and fast until you get a firm settled notion of how it feels to toil day by day on a morsel of food. Never over-tax him in work or in driving for pleasure. Never smite him when he stumbles—a man makes a fool of himself every time he does so. Some men, especially old men and country people, have a habit of constantly yanking or jerking the reins to make the horse walk faster, or as if they were afraid he was going to stop walking. Touch your horse slightly with the whip rather than do this. Imagine yourself with a bit in your mouth being constantly jerked; wouldn't you feel wonderfully relieved in having your tormenter let up on his senseless practice?

If I had my way the check-rein would be thrown "to the dogs." I have seen the horse—high-checked for some time—left standing that would turn his head upon his side and hold it there to rest the tired, aching muscles of his noble neck—suffering by the foolish pride of man!

Of balking, and I am done. Remember, a horse doesn't balk because he is vicious. The animal is to be pitied rather than blamed; and whatever must be done to induce him to move should not be done in anger. He is bound by some mysterious spell, against which his will power has no force, not at least until his mind is diverted from the cause that compels him to remain motionless. I said mysterious spell. This is to say, we do not know why he will not move. We can only conjecture. It may be that the impression has possessed him that the load is greater than he is able to move, which might be, as some suppose, the result of previous overloading or stalling, which he has not forgotten. But the case or reason seems to be different when the horse in traveling comes to a standstill or backs. To account for it I know not how; but I never will attribute it to perverse obstinacy.

I once owned a small Indian pony that would travel until he was almost too weary to ascend a hill, yet he never refused to keep steadily on his journey. But when taken out of the stable to be hitched to the wagon he would keep looking around as if something was wrong, especially if several persons stood by. When bidden to move he would back up. And when at length I succeeded in starting him he would make a plunge as if he had by a mighty effort of the will dispelled a horrible incubus that had held him, as man is bound by nightmare.

N. D. ELTING.

Yachting.

THE design which we publish this week may without much stretch of the imagination be called a "knockabout," in spite of her bowsprit, and in reality is more deserving of the name than most of the boats added to the class last year. Like the first of the Eastern knockabouts, the design is intended to combine cruising qualities and speed in approximately equal proportions. The knockabout type promises to make quite a strong and popular class about New York and the Sound this season, and to give some good racing; though the absence of any distinction between the original knockabout and its fin de siècle brother, the "raceabout," gives every advantage to the latter. The present design, if built to, is reasonably certain to make a thoroughly good boat for general work, however successful or the reverse in racing; and for the former purpose alone she will be worth all she costs, the construction being durable and substantial.

The design is capable of adaptation into an excellent 25-footer, this latter size giving full headroom and a very snug cabin, with room for one hand forward. We shall publish in the following issues the full specifications, offsets, sail plan and details of construction, and at the same time we will gladly give any further information concerning the design.

WITHIN the past week the steam yachts *Sovereign* and *Josephine* have been purchased by the Government, and taken to the Brooklyn navy yard for conversion to war purposes. Mr. M. D. C. Borden, owner of *Sovereign*, was unwilling to sell her, as she is a new vessel and admirably suited to his requirements; the price asked, in the neighborhood of \$400,000, was considered too high in the first negotiations, but the sale was finally made, presumably somewhere near this figure. *Josephine* sold for less than \$200,000.

Sovereign will be given a partial steel belt of $\frac{7}{8}$ in. plate, similar to *Mayflower*. It is reported that the Government has also purchased *Alcedo II.*, now at her builder's yard, for rebuilding. Dr. W. Seward Webb, owner of the steam yacht *Elfrida*, a craft costing over \$200,000, has offered her free to the Government. Mr. Howard Gould's offer of *Niagara II.* is also free; he proposes to turn the vessel over to the Government at any time, for use indefinitely, on the sole condition that she be returned to him in good condition when there is no further need for her.

A HANDSOME steam yacht was launched on April 2 at the Erie Basin Dry Docks, J. N. Robins & Co., for E. W. Bliss, of New York. She was designed by H. J. Gielow, and is 179ft. over all, 142ft. 4in. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 6ft. 3in. draft, with triple compound engines, 14, 21, 24, 24 by 18, and two Roberts boilers. The work of construction has gone on quite rapidly, and the yacht will soon be completed.

Spray.

21ft. Fast Cruiser.

THE design here illustrated was made for Mr. J. W. Keogh, of Chicago, by W. P. Stephens, and the yacht is now partly completed at the yard of Rice Bros., East Boothbay, Me. She is not built to a racing class, but is intended for general sailing and cruising work of the knockabout sort on Lake Michigan.

She is named from a cruising canoe designed and built for Mr. Keogh by Mr. Stephens in 1881, and used for many cruises on Lake Michigan, Lake Erie and the Mississippi between that date and 1893, when she was destroyed by fire.

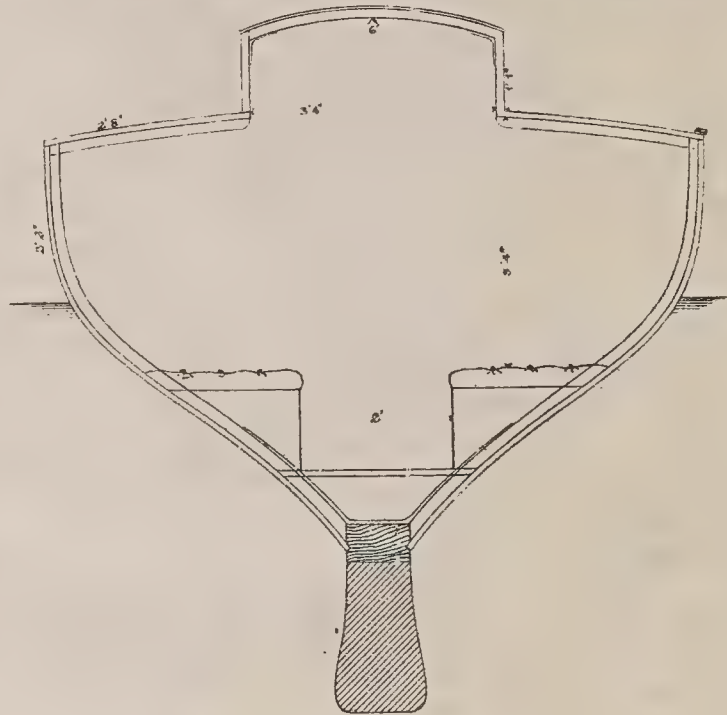
The design is practically a reduction, with some small changes, of that submitted by Mr. Stephens to the American Y. C. in its recent competition for a proposed 25ft. one-design class. The original requirements of this class, as stated by its promoters in the request for designs, called for a yacht of the general knockabout type, either keel or centerboard, of 25ft. l.w.l., and with a minimum of 6ft. clear headroom in the cabin, with about 800sq.ft. of sail in mainsail and jib, a short bowsprit being allowed. As to speed, the yachts were intended for racing only within the class, and while a lively and quick working boat was required, even in the light weather of the Sound, especial emphasis was given to the points of full standing room, good cabin accommodations, and ability to carry a full cruising outfit. As a matter of fact, after its first inception the movement took a different course, and in its final consideration of the seven designs submitted the committee made its selection solely on the basis of probable speed.

Owing to the shoal water on the anchorage grounds off Milton Point and in other of the North Shore harbors where the boats would lie, the committee from the first favored the deep centerboard type; but as the question of keel or board was left open to the designers Mr. Stephens elected to work on the former type. The design submitted was a study of the fast cruiser type on a l.w.l. of 25ft., speed and general accommodation being placed as nearly as possible on an equal basis by the designer. As a starting point in this work a very careful study was made of many known yachts of from 21 to 27ft. l.w.l., including all types from the racing fin-keels *El Chico* and *Wenonah* to the old Itchen boats such as the wide cutter *Daisy*, imported to this country in 1884, of excessive dimensions and displacement. The

dimensions, displacement, sail area and other elements of some twenty yachts, including *El Chico*, *Daisy*, the Stearns' *Seawanhaka* design and *Verona*, both enlarged, the old cutter *Yolande*, Mr. Hyslop's old *Petrel*, a reduction of the Burgess *Pappoose*, and other different craft, were tabulated in convenient form for comparison, and the midship sections of some of the best representatives of each type were plotted over each other to the same scale. These examples, in some cases reduced or enlarged to the standard length of 25ft., showed a range in displacement of from two tons to nearly nine, in area of midship section from 5sq.ft. to over 22; in beam, excluding the very wide centerboard type, from 6ft. 6in. to over 9; in draft from 4ft. 10in. to nearly 7ft., and in sail area (two lower sails) from 600 to 900sq.ft.

After a very careful consideration of these data the following elements were selected as the basis of the design: L.w.l., 25ft.; beam, extreme, 8ft. 10in.; at l.w.l., 8ft. 2in.; draft, 5ft. 6in.; depth from floor to top of plank-sheer, 4ft. 5in.; area of midship section, 17.50sq.ft.; displacement, 6.60 long tons, (sail area, 800 to 850sq.ft. The figure for the midship section was selected as the least which would give reasonable internal room with a moderate freeboard and low house, and similarly the displacement was cut to the minimum consistent with some length of floor forward and aft. The figure for the draft, 5ft. 6in., was selected as the lowest admissible for fair performance in a keel boat; to be increased if allowed to 5ft. 9in. or even 6ft.

In accordance with these figures the accompanying midship section was drawn to give a good form with the best possible average of essential internal dimensions, headroom of 6ft. not merely at one point, but over a good length of floor; "footroom" a floor of 2ft. width by as long as possible, and yet permitting a good transom locker; full headroom over locker to sit erect under



SECTION OF PROPOSED 25-FOOTER.

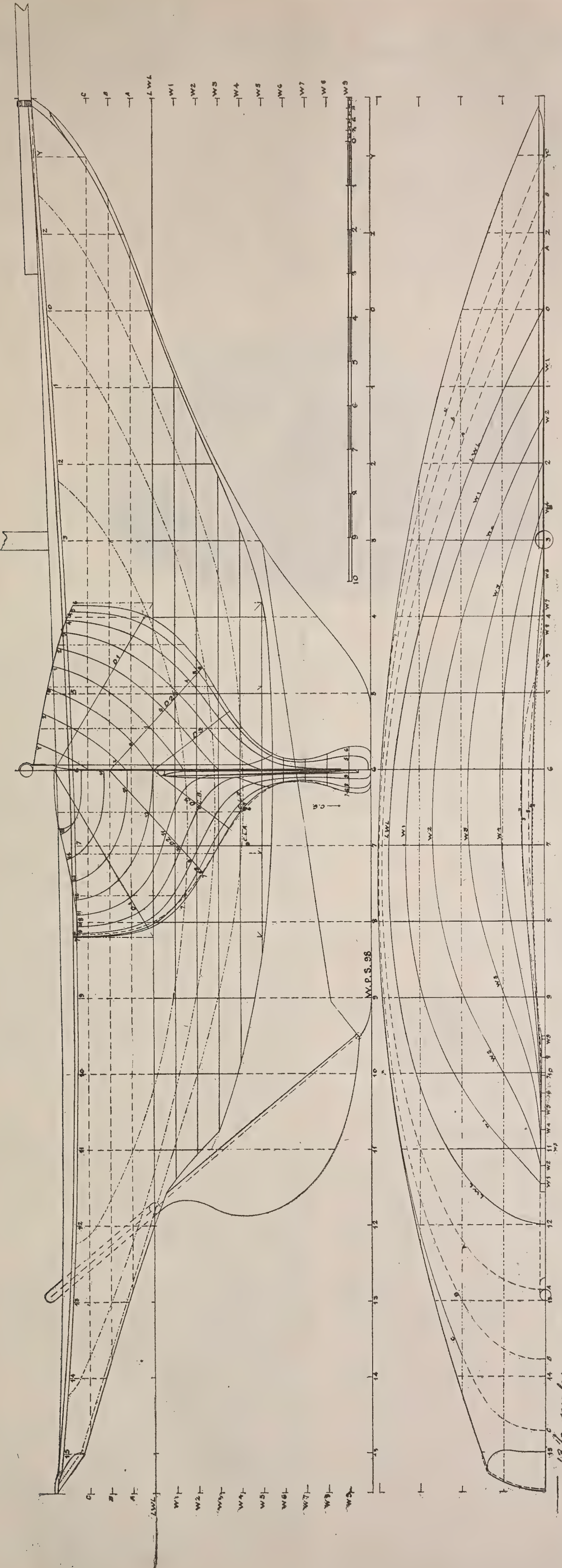
deck; a low house, but 12in. at side, and with little crown to roof, wide enough for two persons to stand and pass easily, and yet giving a good side deck, 2ft. 8in.; and as much freeboard, 25in. at lowest point of plank-sheer, as could be carried into the ends without too much top weight and a clumsy appearance. The design finally showed a floor 2ft. wide for a length of 9ft., with full 6ft. headroom under beams for a length of 8ft.; a cockpit 7ft. long and 3ft. 6in. wide, with seats on deck inside a coaming 8ft. 7in. long and 5ft. 6in. wide; and a low house 10ft. long, its highest point being but 3ft. 11in. above the l.w.l. With a fairly full l.w.l., and the full round diagonals made possible through modern long ends, the design promised a very great improvement in speed over all the older boats, and at the same time an amount of internal room quite equal to that of even the cruisers. One point to which much attention was given from the first was the preservation of a relatively large boat in the water compared to the boat in the air, both in top-sides and house, with a view to preserving a thoroughly shipshape and yachty appearance and the avoidance of high weights and unnecessary windage.

In reducing this design from 25ft. to 21ft. l.w.l., some changes were made in deference to the wishes of Mr. Keogh, and the conditions also became slightly different, as it was no longer possible to obtain 6ft. headroom, and the proposed uses of the owner made cabin space of less importance as compared with speed. The draft was increased to 5ft., equivalent to 6ft. in the 25-footers, and the sections were cut away below the floor, the keel being bulbed still more. The dimensions of the 21ft. design are:

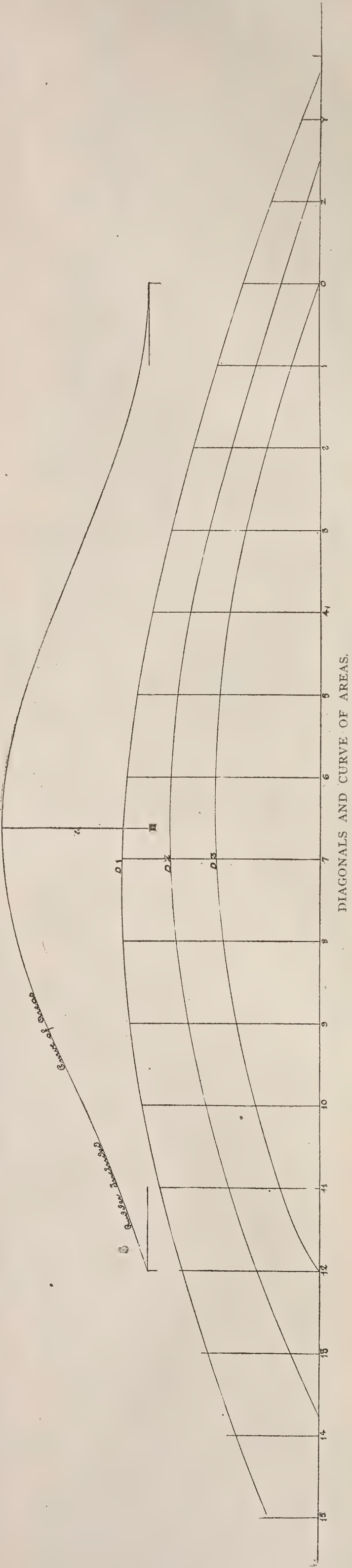
Length, over all	32ft.
Length, L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang, bow	4ft. 10in.
Overhang, stern	6ft. 2in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 8in.
Beam, L.W.L.	7ft. 2in.
Draft	5ft.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 9in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.
Sheer, stern	5in.
Displacement, salt water	4.00 long tons.
Displacement, per inch immersion	576lbs.
Displacement, coefficient	0.53
Iron keel, calculated weight	1.73 long tons.

Midship section, area	12.60sq.ft.
Midship section, coefficient	0.35
L.W.L. plane, area	107.75sq.ft.
L.W.L. plane, coefficient	0.71
Lower plane, hull, area	67.72sq.ft.
Lateral plane, rudder, area	8.05sq.ft.
Lateral plane, total	75.77sq.ft.
Lateral plane, coefficient	0.72

Station O to center of L.W.L.	10.50ft.
Station O to midship section	11.60ft.
to coefficient	0.55



SPRAY. 21FT. L.W.L., DESIGNED FOR J. W. KEOGH, ESQ., BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1888.



Station O to C. B.	11.37ft.
to coefficient	0.54
Station O to C. L. R., with rudder	12.18ft.
Station O to C. L. R., without rudder ..	11.41ft.
to coefficient	0.58
to coefficient	0.54
Station O to C. E.	11.00ft.
C. B. below L.W.L.	1.125ft.
C. E. above C. L. R. of hull	17.50ft.
Mainsail, area	465sq.ft.
Jib, area	140sq.ft.
Total area	605sq.ft.
Sail area, square root	24.60ft.
Racing measurement	22.80ft.

Mast, from Station O	5ft.	3in.
Mast, heel to truck	32ft.	6in.
Mast, deck to hounds	28ft.	
Mast, diameter in partners	5in.	
Bowsprit, Station O to cranse iron	8ft.	
Bowsprit, heel to cranse iron	6ft.	8in.
Bowsprit, gammon iron to cranse iron ..	3ft.	2in.
Bowsprit, diameter at gammon iron	3½in.	
Boom, length from after side of mast ...	25ft.	
Boom, diameter in slings	4in.	
Gaff, length	15ft.	
Gaff, diameter	3in.	
Mainsail, hoist	19ft.	
Mainsail, leach	35ft.	7in.
Mainsail, tack to peak	33ft.	
Mainsail, clew to throat	30ft.	6in.
Jib, luff	26ft.	
Jib, leach	22ft.	3in.
Jib, foot	12ft.	6in.

In the calculation of displacement, etc., as above, the rudder was included as part of the hull, being continuous with it. The dimensions of the sail plan assume that the sails are fully stretched to the limit of the spars, the allowance for stretch being left to the sail maker.

With a final adjustment of L.W.L. and sail area to the even figure of 22ft. R. M., the design complies in all respects with the limitations of the 22ft. class on Lake Ontario, and with the rules of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes. The coefficient of midship section, 35 per cent., is up to the limit of the larger classes. The original dimensions, of 25ft. l.w.l., etc., would make an excellent 27-footer, complying with all the limitations of the Lake rules as to measurement, coefficient, draft, etc. The details of construction, offsets, scantling, etc., will follow next week.

Measurement Rules.

NEW YORK, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Let us consider the measurement rule proposed by J. E. in FOREST AND STREAM of March 19:

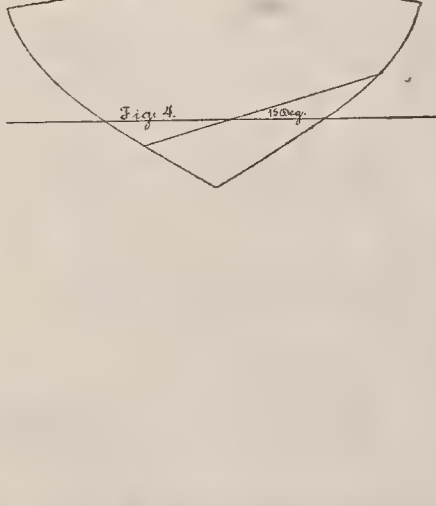
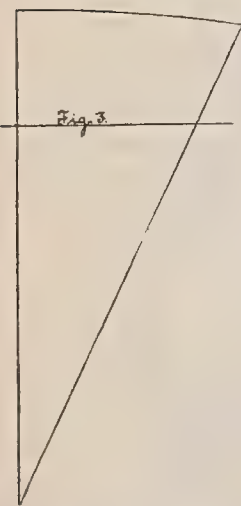
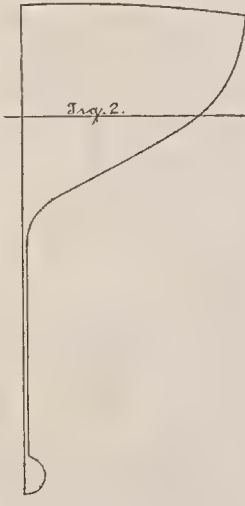
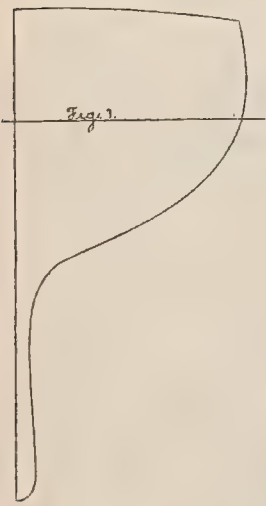
$$L_r = \frac{Sg.}{Kg.} \times L \times 8 \text{ (or } 10) \sqrt{M.}$$

Sg. (see Fig. 1 and Fig. 2). The girth is measured around the perimeter from rail to keel, following the skin. Kg. (see Fig. 3). The measurement is made in this case along the straight line.

L.—The L.W.L. length.

M.—The righting moment. Measured at 7½ degrees for large yachts and 15 degrees for small yachts.

First: Consider the factor $\frac{Sg.}{Kg.}$. This factor evidently can never be less than unity, since Kg. is the shortest line that can be drawn between the rail and keel (see Fig. 3). No matter whether the designer uses



the full section, Fig. 1, or the extreme fin section of Fig. 2, the effect on the factor is precisely the same, and naturally then the designer would use the fin section, since that has much less displacement and much less wetted surface, the effect being to secure the boat of very small capacity. He might use a section similar to that shown in Fig. 3, the effect of which would be to produce an extremely bad type.

Second: L. is measured on an even keel, therefore the designer would use that form which would give a

considerable increase of L., with increased heel and a decrease of actual beam. This also would tend to the using of the fin-keel section.

*Third: The righting moment is used.

(a) Considered alone, righting moment or ability to carry sail has always been considered a desirable quality in a yacht, and it is only undesirable when obtained by use of excessive draft combined with small displacement. Any rule, then, which taxes righting moment, leaving sail unrestricted, is vicious in the extreme, since it would encourage the building of yachts with small righting moments and large rigs.

(b) The requirement of the small righting moment for the small angle of heel given can easily be met and evaded, either by the use of the semi-circle section of fin-keel for large yachts or by the use of such a section as is shown on Fig. 4, in which by an adjustment of the weight of the topsides and hull to the weight of the keel the righting moment for either 7½ degrees or 15 degrees can be made 0, while at 45 degrees it will be sufficiently great to permit a fair amount of sail to be carried. Using such a section as is shown in Fig. 4, the girth factor would be small, the length would be



"The Canarsie side-wheeler steamed past."

extremely short, the lineal rating very small, and the resulting yacht reasonably fast and very bad.

(c) Taking a fin-keel of circular cross section, the ratio of righting moments for various degrees of heel, disregarding the effect of the spars, is as follows: 7½ degrees, 1; 15 degrees, 2; 22½ degrees, 3; 30 degrees, 3.8; 37½ degrees, 4.7; 45 degrees, 5.5.

For an angle of heel of 7½ degrees, figuring in the weight of the spars, the righting moment would be decreased to about one-half. The designer therefore would naturally design a large yacht to use a high angle of heel. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that it would be difficult to suggest a more thoroughly bad rule than this one.

GEO. HILL.

Memories of Boating Days.

(Continued from page 271.)

We had just finished giving her a finishing coat of black outside. Her interior was all newly decorated, all bright wood, such as rails, doors, skylight, etc., freshly varnished, and we went home leaving her wide open that the paint inside would dry better. That night the blizzard began. After it was over we dug her out, and of course had all our work to do over again.

In spite of this setback she was launched on April 1, and we set sail for our summer quarters at Sheepshead Bay. When in the Upper Bay it came on to snow, and the weather looked so bad that we ran into Tompkinsville, S. I. One of the crew was acquainted with the firm of Schmidt & Pannick, boat builders at this place, and we were entertained for a couple of hours viewing their models and pictures of sailing craft.

At 5 o'clock P. M., the storm showing no symptoms of letting up, we double-reefed and ran across to Gowanus Canal and tied up at Downing & Lawrence's wharf near the dry docks. The following week we took her around with a fine northwest wind, and only two hours were occupied in making the run.

The cruising fever got hold of us again this summer, and for a wonder we agreed as to where we should go, the result being that we spent a delightful week on the waters of Great South Bay, an account of which was published in this paper in 1889. Another short cruise over along the Jersey shore followed the next month, the recollections of which are so pleasant to myself that I cannot refrain from giving a brief description of the trip.

A stiff sou'wester was throwing the surf up on the beach opposite Sheepshead Bay when we arrived one morning where our yacht lay tugging at her moorings, as though trying to pull a stone weighing over 100lbs. out of the mud, where it lay sunk to the depth of several feet.

There were four of us, all thoroughly prepared for a week of knocking about. Two were what may be called passengers or invited guests—Mr. R., representative of the British Isles; and Dr. C., of Brooklyn, in search of health. Then there was my big brother, who commands the ship, and lastly myself, on whom the responsibility of crew and steward were showered on this occasion.

Our skiff or tender, as we generally speak of this useful appendage to a yacht, was lying alongside the float, and into it we threw our baggage and then stepped in ourselves. We shoved off to where Monaitpee was tossing her head up and dancing around, as though anxious to be let loose.

If our boat had been a deep draft, well-ballasted keel, instead of a lightly trimmed centerboarder, we would have braved the tempest outside, and got to Keyport that day; but not being such we simply tied in two reefs and scudded down to Richard's Point, a place effectually

sheltered from the waves, but not from the wind. Here we intended to have a try at the blackfish and small sea bass. We had not been anchored five minutes when we were dragging the mud hook and going on to the bank. Up went the mainsail, and heeling over with lee deck all under she ran up the wind faster than we could get the rods on deck. When quite near the windward bank we let go and settled back until about twelve fathoms of cable had run out, then she held on. Here we lay all afternoon, but instead of letting up, the gale increased, and even in our sheltered harbor the water was a mass of lather and flying spray. We caught a good mess of fish, among which were some kingfish, which weighed about a pound each, and made a good fry for supper.

The sun was settling down amid a mass of crimson and breezy looking clouds when the captain, getting out into the cockpit, shouted defiantly: "This boat's going through to Rockaway to-night or bust."

Well now that suits us. Rockaway it is. The crew bounced out on deck and began preparations for getting under way. Shortening up on the anchor rode, we ran up the reefed mainsail, then tripping the "killick" up went

the corner of jib. Obedient to headsail she filled away and headed out Dead Horse Channel with the wind almost abeam. Looking down from our elevated position on the windward rail we could plainly see the centerboard cutting and slashing through the green water, while her red bottom shone like gold under the last rays of old Sol.

Rounding the stake at the end of the channel we squared away for our destination. Running directly before the wind the jib was useless, so we stowed it. "Why this is not so bad!" Mr. R. shouted. "Now if it wasn't so blooming dark—whew!" His words were cut short by a shower of water which just then came flying over all hands. The skipper perceiving the sandbar opposite Barren Island close under the lee bow had suddenly hauled on the wind to clear the outer edge of it, which was distinguishable by the whiteness of the water, where the waves were tumbling in confusion about it. Coming broadside on to the sea a wave slapped up against the side and dropped itself upon our British passenger. "If it wasn't so dark," repeated the doctor, and I from my position forward perceived by the light of the cabin lamp which shone out through the partly open scuttle near where he was sitting that a fiendish smile distorted his otherwise placid features.

With the going down of the sun the gale had lessened somewhat, but when darkness set in it began again with renewed force. I looked over the bow; her horn was pitching into the black billows as though in defiance, and would scatter them from her path, while under the stem the water bubbled and surged up, sometimes coming over the rail on deck 2in. deep. I was hanging on to the windward shroud, which was as taut as a bow string, and vainly endeavoring to pierce the gloom ahead, where some faint glimmering lights were discernible, when a shout from my brother startled me.

"Let go the peak, quick!"

I had the slack of the halyard in one of my hands, and just as a gust of wind struck us like a battering ram I gave a yank at the rope, which was always belayed with a hitch that could be let go by a jerk at the loose end. Down it came, letting the bagging leech trail in the brine, and she made a lunge forward as though to take a header. Indeed she did, being extremely thin and sharp bowed she is always wet forward, and this time the water came over the deck in a solid sheet, a large quantity of which flowed into the forward cabin port-hole, which we had neglected to fasten down.

With the dropping of the peak and the heeling of the yacht the main boom was now trailing in the waves to leeward, and the captain not liking this sung out to run up the gaff again. Up it went, and away she flew with the canvas stretched and bellied around the rigging until it seemed as though the wire backstay would come through the cloth. The squall had only eased up a little when we saw the lights and heard the throbbing of a steamer coming down directly in our wake at the same moment the sharp blasts of her whistle came to our ears.

"She's going to leeward of us, steer to port!"

"All right; port it is." Down went the stick, and we shot across toward the north side of the channel, while the Canarsie side-wheeler steamed past, looking like a fiery palace.

In our endeavor to get out of the way of the steamer we ran too far onto the shoal which extends along the north side of the channel, and Monaitpee began to drag an enormous wave up behind and seemed about to stand still and let it come tumbling on deck. Jamming the tiller to port she soon fell away, and at a great risk of jibing got back into deep water. We were now directly back of the big Rockaway hotel, and in a very few minutes reached the pier where we were to land. We saw some people on board the steamboat which was

lying at the wharf gaze at us in astonishment as we suddenly loomed up out of the darkness, and shot around the pier head, letting the mainsail come down on the run as we rounded up into the shelter of the structure. Putting out a bow and stern anchor we secured the boat, so that it would be impossible for her to pound against the piles; then getting into the tender we pulled ashore to a landing place, where we made fast the skiff and proceeded to see the sights.

The place was in full blast, and the sounds of music and song came from all quarters. We spent the evening seeing the different variety of exhibitions. At about 11 o'clock we went on board and stowed in for the night.

A delightful breeze is blowing from the westward when we crawl on deck about 6 o'clock next morning. The sky is clear and there is every prospect of a fine day, and we hasten to take advantage of it by getting under way. With the intention of having a try at the weakfish near the Hospital Islands off Staten Island, we had brought along some bait for that purpose, which we began to fear would be spoiled before we could use it. After beating down to Rockaway Inlet the wind began to subside, and we set the clubtopsail. Standing along shore inside Dry Bar we went about in front of the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, and reached well out toward the Roamer Shoals on the next tack. From here we fetched Coney Island or Norton's Point. Making a short hitch across the channel we laid our course up along the west bank toward Fort Tompkins.

We had been an unreasonable long time in getting over here, and it was while we were rolling and pitching about at the mercy of the sort of tide-rip that makes across the East Bank Shoals that we endeavored to eat our noonday meal.

The wind had almost entirely died out, and the tide being on the ebb we instead of making any headway were being set back stern first, and rolling unmercifully in the sloppy waves. Every now and then her bow would drop down with a thud, and a wave which was always ready would roll over the stern on deck and run along each side of the cabin and pour over the counter into the sea again.

As I was saying it was here we undertook to eat, seeing we could do nothing else. The doctor got into the cabin to carve a piece of roast mutton, but shortly after entering came on deck while a ghastly pallor o'erspread his face. We smiled as he began "chumming" for bluefish, and the captain suggested throwing out a squid. Mr. R. somehow disliked to make an attempt where the doctor had failed, so I dropped down through the scuttle and performed the operation. The doctor lost the number of his mess that day, and could eat nothing until late in the afternoon.

During the meal the breeze set in again quite fresh, and after getting across near the bell buoy, a little below Swinburn Island, we made short work of the intervening distance between us and Fort Tompkins. There were quite a number of boats fishing around the locality, and dropping the anchor we prepared to join them in their piscatorial endeavors. But, alas! our bait, the poor shrimps, in spite of the care we had taken to keep them alive, had given up the ghost, and all that remained was a mass of colorless looking things that would scarcely hold together to be put upon a hook, even though they had been of any account. We had some clams aboard, and we got some drop lines out for bottom fish, but only succeeded in capturing a skate and one or two dogfish.

About 2 o'clock we started across the Bay for Keyport with topsail breeze, although quite squally. The wind came from the westward, and hauling down sheets we stood toward the Jersey shore on the starboard tack. It was in the neighborhood of 5 o'clock when, having ran well in between Point Comfort and Conoskonk Point, we went about, having made about twelve miles on one reach. Standing up along shore in company with a large fleet of oyster and clam boats, we rounded Conoskonk Point, and keeping the steamboat channel ran in and came to anchor at Keyport. During the evening we visited the town, where the doctor, after finding a telegraph office, proceeded to inform his newly acquired better half that he had escaped the perils of the deep and arrived safely in port.

In the morning we had occasion to make several trips ashore in the small boat, and upon returning to the place where we had landed, without exception every time we found that some natives had calmly launched our tender and were using it either to go on board some craft or to raise an anchor and tow a boat into the beach, being no way particular about how much mud they distributed over the thwarts during the operation. Mr. R. and I had taken the tin coffee-pot and gone ashore for some beer. Upon returning we found as usual our boat had disappeared. Looking about we perceived a red-headed youth rowing out toward a catboat anchored about rooyds. from shore.

"Where are you going with that boat?" I yelled, thinking that it was about time to make some objection to this kind of business.

"I'll be back right away," said he, proceeding to raise the anchor that held the catboat. Having succeeded, he threw it on the seat in the stern, mud and all, and taking the oars pulled into the beach. Landing, he stepped out, leaving the oars in the rowlocks, and began looking after his own boat.

"Did you ever see such blawsted impudence?" cried Mr. R., wrathfully, and he began to berate the boy at a great rate, getting extremely red in the face with indignation. But the red-haired youth seemed unconscious of his wrath, not deigning to look up from his occupation, and perceiving that he was wasting his breath to no purpose we got into our skiff and pulled out to the yacht and proceeded to drown our anger with the contents of the coffee-pot.

Just as we were about to start out a boy came alongside sculling a large ship's boat, almost as large as Monatipee. He was about twelve years old, and was standing on one of the seats in order to work the boat with a 12ft. oar. We were laughing at the endeavors of the boy to propel the enormous craft, when he hailed us, asking for the doctor. That gentleman answering, a telegram was handed him by the messenger. Tearing open the envelope, he cast his eyes over the sheet, and a happy smile illuminated his features.

"Hurrah, boys! she says I can stop for the whole week," and he began dancing around the cockpit, for-

getting that the boy was waiting alongside for further orders until reminded by the captain.

"No answer, boy," said he. "Oh, here—that's for yourself," handing him a coin.

The Fin-Keel and Scow Types.

CHICAGO, March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 26 Mr. George Hill presents two designs, one of a full-bodied fin and the other of a shoal-bodied boat which he dubs a "freak." The comparison shows clearly the advantage which the latter would have over the rational boat when measured by the sail area and length rule. Reference is made to the sail area and girth rule given in my communication in your issue of Feb. 12, and Mr. Hill implies that under this rule also the "freak" would have the advantage if made without a fin. In order to throw light on the matter I have calculated the ratings of his two designs, using 5,000 as a divisor:

$$\text{Rating} = \frac{\text{Sail area} \times \text{girth}}{5,000}$$

$$\text{Rating of full-bodied fin} = \frac{480 \times 19.33}{5,000} = 185.$$

$$\text{Rating of Freak} = \frac{840 \times 22.72}{5,000} = 3.32.$$

The girth is the tape line measurement from waterline to waterline plus the greatest breadth. The "freak" is measured without the fin. The rating of "freak" is over double that of the "full-bodied fin," or reduced to linear rating the "freak" would measure 25 per cent. longer than the other.

In view of these figures Mr. Hill's comment is inexplicable.

JAMES N. WARRINGTON.

Knockabouts on Long Island Sound.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., in its efforts to encourage the knock-about fleet on the Sound has sent out the following letter to members:

Members intending to purchase or build boats for the coming season are particularly requested to look into the merits of the 21ft. restricted knockabout class, which is being promoted by this club, and if possible to acquire boats coming within its limitations. These boats can be acquired at a moderate cost, and they can be maintained with but little expense. Some orders have already been placed, and in the belief that this should make a most interesting and desirable class, both for racing and cruising purposes, the regatta committee desires to secure the hearty co-operation of the members in making these boats a special feature in the club's events during the coming season. A number of boats which come within the limitations of this class can now be purchased, and any members who desire to build for the class can have their boats delivered within six to eight weeks of the time of placing the order. The rules covering this class have already been distributed among the members.

The work of altering and enlarging the club house, whereby dining and grill rooms are to be added and additional kitchen and storage accommodation secured, is progressing rapidly, and will be completed before May 1. While the house will be open to members shortly after that date, the formal opening of the club will not take place until about the end of May, regular notice of which will be sent to the members in due time.

The Regatta Committee announces the following events for the season: Monday, May 30 (Decoration Day), special race; Tuesday, June 28, circuit race; Saturday, July 30, annual regatta; Saturday, Sept. 3, fall race.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Eastern Division.

Robert J. Bowie, 204 High street, Lawrence, Mass.
Frank M. Seamans, 43 South street, Boston, Mass.
James S. Thorndike, 147 Main street, Brockton, Mass.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

April 7-8.—Platte City, Mo.—Annual spring tournament of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

April 8.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Target tournament of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kans.—Manufacturers' fourth annual amateur tournament; \$500 cash added; \$50 high average. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Macon, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

April 14-15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Glenwood Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

April 15.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

April 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting Park, under the management of J. A. Corry.

April 19.—Brockton, Mass.—All-day shoot for merchandise prizes, first of weekly series. B. Leroy Woodard, Manager.

April 19-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, Manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. H. McL. Green, Pres.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 23.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In respect to the high scores made on the first day at Reading, one of the contestants informs us that the true explanation is that, first, the ground at the score was appreciably higher than the magautrap, so that the shooters had a good view of the target a moment after it left the trap. Second, the first day was rainy, so that the coloring and shading of the background was all that could be desired in the way of contrast with the targets, they being sharply distinct throughout their flight. With clearer weather came the changes of color which made the targets more or less indistinct against the background, and the targets also were thrown faster, which made a general falling off in the scores. The increased speed alone, however, would not have made so much difference.

Mr. David Brown, Newburgh, N. Y., writes us as follows: "On May 4 and 5 the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League holds a target tournament on the grounds of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. On the 6th the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association continues the same tournament on its own account, with live birds only. The League management puts up \$50 for fourth and fifth. Open to all. For average money, six guns, \$13, \$11, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5. All regular events to be shot through both days. Targets 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents and the like are barred from entering the sweep and from share of special prizes. Members of League only are eligible to compete for special prizes."

The Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., will hold its second annual tournament on April 22 and 23, open to all. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock each day. Interstate Association rules, known traps and angles, 10-gauge guns barred. Targets, 2 cents. The handicap is as follows: All high guns will be required in each subsequent event to duplicate the score made in the preceding event, and upon failure to do so will not be considered winners in such event.

The terse letter of Mr. E. S. Rice, re the Grand American Handicap, disposes definitely of the false and unpleasant rumors concerning himself and others, to which he refers. Those rumors are largely newspaper gossip, if one may judge from the excerpts in "Western Traps," by Mr. Hough. While there is nothing authentic in such rumors, many people accept them as being authentic if they remain uncontradicted. Mr. Rice's letter effectually disposes of them, hence they have no further importance.

On Tuesday, the first day of the Reading tournament, one squad of five men made an extraordinary record in a 20-target event as follows: Banks 20, Glover 20, Brewer 20, Money 19, Fulford 19. Close up was another squad, namely, Elliott, Heikes, Trimble, Fanning and Young, with 97 out of 100. Elliott broke 99 out of 100, Banks and Gilbert 98 each, and Heikes 97; truly top-notch work.

Other shoots forthcoming next week and the week after are the special shoot of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, Newburgh, N. Y., on April 14 and 15; the tournament of the Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, Worcester, Mass., April 16; tournament at Du Pont Shooting Park, St. Louis, April 18 to 20; and tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club, Lincoln, Neb., April 19 to 21.

Mr. L. Nesbitt, erstwhile champion of Pennsylvania, spent a large part of the winter in Mississippi, where he enjoyed the sunshine between rainy spells, and had good sport with the quail. After dallying with the tournament at Hot Springs he returned to Wilkes Barre, and took part in the live-bird events of the last day, killing 14 out of 15 in the great open event.

In a return match between E. Johnson, of Atlantic City, and J. Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia, at 100 live birds, \$200 a side, 28yds., at Gloucester, N. J., on March 29, Johnson was victor by a score of 97 to 85. In their previous match Kleinz won by a score of 82 to 80. The third match is fixed for April 8, the fourth at Gloucester, N. J., April 19.

Mr. F. M. Faurote gave up his purpose to be present at the Baltimore tournament, business cares requiring his attention at his home in Dallas, Tex. He left Reading on the last day of the recent tournament held there. Mr. Faurote made a host of friends in the North, besides demonstrating that he is of the stuff which makes crackerjacks.

Mr. John Wright announces that the Brooklyn Gun Club will give an all-day shoot on April 29, at which prizes will be given well worthy of earnest competition. The shoot will be under Mr. Wright's management. The regular weekly club shoot, on Saturday of this week, also has prizes to those who can shoot well enough to be winners.

There will be a holiday shoot, April 19, on the grounds of the Brockton Gun Club, Brockton, Mass. It will be the first of a series for merchandise prizes given by Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, Campello, Mass. After April 19 there will be shoots for prizes on every Saturday, to which all are invited.

Mr. L. Harrison, of Minneapolis, who has been a welcome guest at the many shooting clubs around New York for several weeks past, returned to his home this week. He was one of the contestants in the Grand American Handicap, finishing with 23 out of 25. At targets also he is very skillful.

Out of several photographs which we have of the winners at the Reading tournament, only one, that of Col. A. G. Courtney, was sufficiently good for reproduction. The Colonel is in that defiant attitude which becomes a man who has come, who has saw, and who have conquered.

Owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Heikes, Mr. Rolla O. Heikes returned to his home at Dayton, O., before the Reading tournament was ended.

Silver Lake Gun Club.										
C Mink	10111111111111111111	21								
J McAfee	10111111111111111111	21								
C Lane	11111111111111111111	20								
Fischel	10111111111111111111	18								
F Woodsteger	10001011111111111111	17								
G Hahn	11000100010100110100	12	109							
Independent Gun Club, of Reading.										
Eshelman	01111111111111111111	21								
B Harrison	11111111111111111111	19								
J Shaaber	11111111111111111111	18								
G Ritter	01101111001011110110	17								
East	01101110011011110100	16								
J Schmeck	10101111001111110100	15	106							

OPEN EVENTS.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Banks	17	17	17	16	18	15	19	41		
Money	13	13	15	19	15	16	17	42		
Fulford	14	16	18	17	15	17	18	45		
Glover	19	16	16	19	15	14	17	41		
Brewer	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	45		
Gilbert	15	20	17	16	18	19	19	45		
Fanning	17	17	19	18	19	16	17	41		
Budd	13	12	15	12	11	10	11	41		
Hallowell	13	16	17	12	16	17	14	44		
Grimm	17	16	19	17	16	19	20	45		
Elliott	16	15	17	17	20	19	19	45		
Young	17	19	18	17	16	19	19	44		
Trimble	20	15	16	20	17	19	17	47		
Faurote	15	15	17	13	15	19	16	41		
Heikes	17	17	15	19	16	18	18	47		
Van Dyke	19	15	18	18	29	17	19	41		
Mink	19	16	16	18	18	17	17	41		
Hawkins	15	15	17	12	15	15	15	41		
Wiedebusch	9	14	13	12	12	12	12	48		
Courtney	10	12	17	16	15	14	17	48		
Stroh	17	18	17	17	14	17	14	47		
Sullivan	18	17	17	17	17	17	17	41		
Denny	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	39		
Landis	17	16	16	16	16	16	16	48		
Greiff	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	41		
Torpey	15	13	17	14	14	14	14	41		
Shaaber	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	41		
Lindsley	8	15	10	10	10	10	10	41		
Adams	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	41		
Burnham	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	41		
Sporting Life	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	41		
Brewster	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	41		
Burton	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	41		
Anderson	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	41		
Cartledge	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	41		
Lane	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	41		
Wilson	42	42	42	42	42	42	42	41		
Thurman	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	41		

The allowances in the E. C. trophy event were as follows:										
Money, 10	11111111111111111111	1001								
Courtney, 12	11111111111111111111	1001								
Hallowell, 10	11111111111111111111	1001								
Lane, 10	11111111111111111111	1001								
Landis, 4	0011									
Thurman, 15	0010111101101000									
Wiedebusch, 7	11111111									
Wilson, 15	10111911010011									
Hawkins, 8	01101111									
Denny, 15	101101111001000									

The ties were shot off on Thursday, and resulted as follows:										
Courtney, 6	01000111111111111111	1001	22							
Landis, 2	01101101010111111111	1011	20							
Wiedebusch, 4	10111011010010000011	1010000001	12							

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY.

Of the seven State events of Thursday, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 6 were at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$5 added money. Nos. 5 and 7 were at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added money. No. 4 was the Reading trophy, and the following conditions governed in the competition for it:

"For five-men team championship of Pennsylvania; prize silver trophy, valued at \$200, donated by the Reading Shooting Association. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Teams shall consist of five men, bona fide members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of \$10 shall be charged each club, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance, 50 per cent. to the donors or the holders of the trophy, the balance, 30 and 20 per cent., to the next teams in order; 25 targets per man, 125 per team, magatrap, 10 and 12-gauge guns at 16yds. rise. A bond in the sum of \$200 shall be given by the winners to the club, under whose auspices this Association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next Association shoot shall be given; provided, however, there be no Association shoot given it shall revert to the Reading Shooting Association, of Reading, Pa. No one man to shoot on more than one team."

There were eight open events, seven of which were at 20 targets, \$2.50 entrance, \$10 added money. The eighth was the Gold Dust Powder event, 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance, \$10 added, the money divided as in the other events, and the first ten high guns to receive 1lb. each of Gold Dust powder.

The weather on Thursday was raw, and though somewhat cloudy yet there was a good light. The wind blew moderately stiffly and steadily from the shooters toward the traps, though a little diagonally, about from the No. 1 score to the trap. The shooters were a little slow in joining in the shooting in the morning, and it was not until about noon that they were out in force.

Four extra State events were shot on this day.

STATE EVENTS.													
Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Shaaber	12	10	10	16	12	18	Brey	12	7	14
Wiedebusch	12	9	9	15	11	12	Denny	8	7	7	15	14
Ridge	10	9	9	9	10	8	Wilson	9	16	12
Landis	10	12	9	15	13	17	Smith	5
Stroh	13	10	12	17	13	18	Gust	8
Mink	11	11	13	18	10	12	Jones	7
Lane	5	11	12	16	11	13	Ross	12	16
Sullivan	9	9	13	18	12	18	Coleman	12	18
Brewster	6	12	7	12	12	14	Hallowell	7	20
Burnham	9	13	7	15	10	14	Shilling	11	13
Pills	9	12	13	16	10	13	Besemer	15	19
J M	10	8	13	17	11	12	Wanda	13

OPEN EVENTS.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Glover	15	17	17	16	14	17	18	20		
Money	14	18	13	14	15	14	18	17		
Fulford	16	17	18	15	18	14	18	16		
Banks	16	16	17	16	16	19	19	21		
Courtney	16	15	15	19	19	14	14	20		
Elliott	19	19	16	15	13					
Young	18	17	16	17	15	16	16	21		
Trimble	17	19	14	14	15	17	17	24		
Faurote	15	13								
Heikes	16	19	17	17	18	19	19	24		
Gilbert	19	18	19	20	18	18	18	22		
Van Dyke	19	18	17	19	15	15	15	22		
Budd	12	13	16	13	15	14	18			
Fanning	17	17	14	19	14	15	17	18		
Grimm	17	13	16	20	19	18	19	25		
Landis	15	17	16	17	16					
Mink	10									
Brewer	18	14	16	12	16	18	18			
333	12	12	10							
Hallowell	7	16	13	12	9	17				
Lindsley	11	7	7	7	10	13				
Smith	16									
Besemer	17	15	17	15	19					
Waters	12									
Denny	12									
J M	12									
Pills	18									

The Reading trophy team contest for the championship of Pennsylvania:

Florists, of Philadelphia.										
Burton	10101111111111111111	1100	19							
Cartledge	11110111111111111111	1100	22							
Sporting Life	11101001111111110101	1010	17							
Hallowell	11111000011000000100	110	11							
Anderson	11001000100000111010	00001	10	79						
Independent, of Philadelphia.										
Ross	10110111111111111111	1111	22							
Lane	10111111111111111111	1011	21							
Landis	11011001011111111110	1100	18							
Ridge	01101010101010111111	1101	18							
Shaaber	00000011011011110101	111	15	96						

The following table gives the total number of targets shot at, the total number broken, and the percentages of such shooters as took part in the open events during the three days of the tournament:

Shot at: Broke. Av.				Shot at: Broke. Av.			
Gilbert	515	464	.900	Grimm	515	437	.848
Heikes	515	463	.899	Fanning	515	432	.844
Banks	515	448	.871	Glover	515	428	.831
Landis	350	304	.868	Mink	240	199	.829
Elliott	455	399	.863	Faurote	340	272	.800
Van Dyke	365	312	.854	Brewer	345	274	.794
Young	475	405	.852	Money	515	391	.759
Trimble	515	438	.850	Hallowell	475	390	.758
Fulford	515	437	.848				

FRIDAY, FOURTH DAY.

This day was set apart for live bird contests, and several shooters who had been shooting at live birds in private events apart from the tournament were present and joined in it.

The weather was of March, though the day was of April. A stiff raw wind blew steadily and quite stiffly, favoring the men who shot in the open events at the traps in an improvised ground in the open field, since it blew toward them from the traps, making thus many incomers. Still there was much annoyance from the residuum of burnt powder blowing back, and at times finding lodgment in the eyes of the shooters.

At the set of traps where the State events were contested the wind blew from the shooters to the traps, slightly from the left of the shooter, as he stood facing the traps, therefore there were many swift drivers.

The birds were a mixed lot, poor, good and with now and then a strong, swift one, which tested the skill of the shooter to the utmost.

There were two State events, the first being the Williamsport diamond badge event, with qualities and conditions as follows:

"For the individual championship of Pennsylvania at live birds. Prize, beautiful diamond badge, valued at \$250. Presented by the citizens of Williamsport. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Each contestant shall be a bona fide mem-



COL. A. G. COURTNEY.
Winner of E. C. Cup, Reading Tournament.

ber of a club or association, members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, or an individual member of same. First prize the diamond badge to the person making the highest score, the next three highest scores to receive the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. The winner of the badge this year to receive 40 per cent. of the entrance money next year, the balance to be divided as above. Each contestant shall shoot at 15 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules, with the exception of 1/4oz. shot allowed 12-bore guns. A bond in the sum of \$250 shall be given by the winner of the trophy to the club under whose auspices the Association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next Association shoot shall be given; provided, however, there be no Association shoot given, it shall revert to the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, of Williamsport, Pa."

The contestants stood at 28yds. This event was won by Cooper, after shooting off two ties with Jim Jones.

The second State event, a team contest, was the L. C. Smith trophy event, and the conditions appertaining to it were as follows:

OPEN EVENTS.

No. 1, 7 birds, \$5, 30yds.	
Gilbert	2222222-7
Grimm	1220222-6
Nesbit	2222212-6
Paine	200
Eley	00
Fulford	2222222-7
Coldren	2202122-6
Brewer	2222222-7
Rehrig	2020
Wiedebusch	2202222-6
Young	2021222-6
No. 2, 10 birds, \$10, 30yds.	
Grimm	222222222-9
Fulford	222222222-10
Welch	122220211-9
Anthony	202201000
Martin	222122012-9
Elliott	211222222-10
Trimble	222222220-9
Van Dyke	220222222-8
Fanning	022022222-8
Budd	222112022-9
Gilbert	222222222-10
Lindsley	202222202-7
Money	222210212-9
Glover	222222222-9
Dixon	220202202-7
Breslode	022020120-5
No. 3, 10 birds, \$7, 30yds.	
Grimm	202222222-9
Fulford	220202
Capt Money	2222112100-8
Malone	0101211
Keller	0220
Brewer	02220
Schmeck	1212222202-9
Minick	0202002
Martin	222122220-9
Gilbert	2222221222-10
Five-dollar miss-and-out:	
Capt Money	1120
Martin	0
Gilbert	222222-6
Budd	221220
Breslode	0
Fulford	22222-6
Grimm	22222-6
Anthony	111210

Open event No. 4 was declared off on account of darkness coming on, and the above miss-and-out substituted in its place.

DEAD OUT OF BOUNDS.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, the traveling agent of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., was present at Reading last week. The inimitable Fred seemed to think that winning a Grand Handicap is a small matter if one only starts in and concludes aright. Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co., was a visitor at Reading during a part of the tournament last week. Mr. T. H. Keller arrived in time to join in the pigeon contests of the last day, the Boston Exposition having delayed him, it having engaged his attention entirely during the last few weeks. He reports great success, and is enthusiastic over the performances of the Peters ammunition, which took first honors in the rifle competitions at the aforesaid Exposition. For gall which knew no attenuation, the skirmishers at the Reading tournament on the last day were unequalled. A couple stationed themselves about 20yds. to the right of the shooters at the score in the open events, and proceeded to load a couple of pieces of rickety ironware with muzzles toward the shooters, their deportment being of the calm but assured kind which comes only from enjoying what is their own entirely, or some one's else entirely. The firm tones of Mr. Shaner insistently repeating the order to move out was the only obstruction to their blithesome purpose. The fences were well guarded by skirmishers, who rarely let a pigeon pass their line. The death of the pigeon seemed to be their only care.

Trap Around Reading.

BIG TEAM LIVE-BIRD SHOOT.

READING, Pa., March 28.—A live-bird match of more than ordinary interest attracted a large number of local and out-of-town sportsmen, among them being a number who were here for the opening of the State tournament at the Spring Valley Shooting Grounds. The match was between Coldren and Harrison, two local wing shots, and Eckert and Welsh, of the Riverton Gun Club. Each man shot at 100 live birds. The match was for \$200 a side. Eckert, Coldren and Harrison stood at 28yds., while Welsh stood at the 30yds. line. The best run was made by Coldren, of 27 birds straight, while Welsh had a straight run of 24. The second barrel shooting of Harrison and Eckert was fine. Betting was very brisk at the beginning, but after the third 25 the Coldren-Harrison money could find no takers. Mr. Charles W. Bechtel officiated as referee and gave entire satisfaction. In the first fifty birds Eckert and Welsh led by 2 birds, but in the third quarter they seemed to weaken, and at the 75th bird their opponents led by 2 birds, and thus kept it until at the finish of the match. Coldren and Harrison finished 8 birds in the lead. The birds were a strong lot of flyers, and 16 dropped dead out of bounds. The dead birds were distributed among the hospitals of the city. The score in full follows:

Coldren, 28	10120022222222200222012222012222222220201211211
Harrison, 28	22222012111222022122222222221221222222202010120-87
Eckert, 28	2002020221022220102222222002202222221222222222
Welsh, 30	222220222222222220222022202020120222222202222-84
	171
Eckert, 28	2220210212202012211202102111222220202220222202022
Welsh, 30	102222010121222222222222220202202020202120222222-82
	211101222212202020202020202021222212221212122211
	220222110221220222220100202021202112001111010200-81
	163

Dead out of bounds: Coldren 3, Harrison 3, Eckert 4, Welsh 6.

PRACTICE AT THREE-MILE HOUSE.

March 28.—The following practice events were shot at the Three-Mile House this afternoon. The events were at 20 targets each, entry \$2. Elmer E. Shaner acted as referee. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Heikes	16	19	18	19	18	"Pills"	18	15	13	18	18
Grimm	18	16	20	19	20	Shaaber	18	14	..	18	..
Gilbert	17	19	20	17	20	Brewster	20	18	..	16	..
Budd	16	16	15	15	17	Burnham	..	15	..	14	..
Elliott	14	17	18	19	18	Hallowell	..	17	19	..	17
Trimble	18	17	17	18	19	Stroh	..	19
Fanning	17	14	17	18	19						

The Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, and the Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown, are unable to select a date and place for the third and final match of a series of intercity team matches at live birds, and it has been declared off. The Keystone Club won the series, being victorious in the two previous matches that had been shot.

ARTHUR A. FINK.

Glenwood Gun Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., March 31.—Inclosed find scores made on our grounds to-day, twelve members taking part and 145 bluebirds being thrown. Our magautrap worked finely. The special league tournament of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League will be held on our grounds April 14-15. The entrance is small, being \$1; targets extra. The boys can shoot extra events for anything they like:

Stanbrough	01011111110111-12
Mills	1111111101001-12
Dickson	11111111010101-12
Carr	10110111010101-11
Stewart	10110011110101-11
Hoppenstedt	01010011101011-10
Lewis	011110011010110-9
Bartlett	11001011010110-9
Henderson	01000111101011-9
Wood	010101110100101-8
Holmes	000110100101010-7
Goodrich	100001010010101-7
Wm. M. Stanbrough, Sec'y.	

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, was in attendance at the first practice shoot of the Centredale Gun Club on March 26, in his peregrinations in New England recently. A sharp east wind blowing at right angles across the traps knocked hiatuses into the scores. Mr. Beveridge's 21 out of 25 proved to be the high score of the meeting. It may be incidentally mentioned that he won first average a few days prior, at the Boston Gun Club's meeting, by scoring 88 per cent. of 195 shots. He returns to New York this week.

WESTERN TRAPS.

SMOKE OF THE HANDICAP.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 31.—The beautiful weather with which Chicago has been favored this week has caused a good many devotees of the trap to think about a day or two in the field after snipe, instead of the customary afternoon at traps. The wave of trap-shooting enthusiasm which reached its height at the Grand American Handicap last week has now settled back, and there is a season of reaction for the time, which will probably be felt until the arrangements for the season club contests have been completed. In Chicago shooting matters were hardly satisfactory during the past year, but in a city the size of this it is difficult to use any term which shall be universal in its application. Some clubs did a great deal of shooting, and some did very little. Some clubs enter upon this season strong and growing, while others are weak and lax in interest. The fate of the Cook County League will not be determined until next Saturday evening. I understand that not even yet are all the merchandise prizes in the weird classification system of that body awarded. Should the organization conclude to go on with its work it might be well to take the advice of many shooters, to simplify its classifications and cut free from the ancient plunder idea. There will be proposed next Saturday evening a different course for the Cook County League this season. An attempt will be made to substitute for the Chicago club contests a series of intercity shoots, embracing a half dozen or more good shooting towns adjacent to Chicago.

I have seen a number of shooters who have returned from the Grand American Handicap, and most of them are very philosophical over their failure to land the cup. I have heard personally no criticism upon the management of the Grand American Handicap, nor have I heard personally any complaint regarding the treatment of Western shooters at that event. It is not the custom of the thoroughbred Western man to complain after he has been fairly beaten in any contest. As for the talk of a lack of personal courtesy accorded Western shooters, such as came up last year, I trust we shall hear no more of it this season, for nothing could be conceived which would show a more execrable taste. It is true that the Grand American Handicap is an open event for all shooters, and open also to criticism; yet while it has been held in the East the Western men were in a sense guests of the East, and to complain of any personal reception under such circumstances is precisely the same thing as accepting an invitation to a man's table and openly complaining afterward of the quality of the food offered. I trust no Eastern man will consider any genuine Western man as guilty of any such breach of form. Such action does not represent the spirit of the West, nor of Chicago, nor of the men who represented the West and Chicago at this shoot.

I make the above remark somewhat in view of a discussion which has taken place to-day among many Chicago shooters in regard to statements published in the local columns of a Chicago daily, the Times-Herald. "Thing that is writ is writ, and forth it goeth, though him repent, and be he ne'er so loath." Such a statement might find its way into the hands of men who would not understand it so fully as do the Chicago people. I give the story in full as printed:

"Dissatisfaction with the handicapping, conditions and management of the recent Grand American Handicap in the East has caused a secession of Western trap-shooters. Plans are being formulated for the organization of the Western Trap-Shooters' League of America.

"The movement for a separate and distinct organization in the West has been fostered for several months. It broke into prominence at the Grand American Handicap held at Long Branch, N. J., last week. The Western shooters received poor treatment and charge that the allowances were unfair. It was managed by a clique of Eastern powder and gun companies. The programme was withheld until too late to object to the conditions of money division.

"The Western shooters assert they will never go East to compete again. One man said yesterday he would not go again if his entire expenses were guaranteed. The Westerners are busy planning the new league, and expect to form a permanent organization within a few weeks.

"Elliott S. Rice, one of the local enthusiasts and a foremost dissenter from Eastern methods, has offered a tract of 220 acres, just south of Blue Island, on the Rock Island Road, for the use of the new association. Part of it is now used for powder magazines and storage purposes. Several buildings suitable for gunrooms, a club house and other fixtures are at present unoccupied, and could be utilized by the shooters. The plant is equipped with electric light and steam plants. It is thought \$5,000 can put the grounds in excellent condition for the sport.

"It is the intention of the promoters to hold an annual handicap tournament, similar to the Grand American, except as to conditions, manner of handicapping and management. Instead of but two high gun moneys there will be four, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. That will insure the twenty-fifth, twenty-fourth, twenty-third and twenty-second men a part of the money, whereas only the two higher marks broke in at Long Branch."

The organization of the Western Trap-Shooters' League is something not of itself to be condemned out of hand. If it were well handled, and if it met a popular demand in the West, it might grow into a strong and useful body. It has this to be said for it, that it is a long way from here to Elkwood, and that a great many shooters find it difficult to go for so long and expensive a trip. This is a big country, and in view of the great growth in trap-shooting matters it may be possible that two great handicap contests could be held each year. The history of all these things is practically the same, and it resembles the history of the Roman Empire in a great many ways—a gradual growth and extension, and then a final dropping off of the most distant members, one by one. The Grand American Handicap cannot go on year by year growing continuously. It may be that it reached its high-water mark this year. Even if it never were shot at all again, it has made history and it has served its purpose. This much may be said without any prophecy whatever of what may be done next year. A great deal of the talk about holding a handicap in Chicago has been a matter of local pride. We all like to talk about our towns, and we sometimes "let on" a little bit. The American spirit is very well understood in these matters, and it certainly need not be carried to the extent of creating any actual sectional feeling. Should the Grand American Handicap come to Chicago next year I doubt if it would be as successful as it was this year. We are not really prepared to handle the shoot here without undergoing great expense in the way of preparing proper grounds and houses. Most Chicago shooters are willing to consider the Grand American Handicap as a national event, and if it be national the question of locality should not be sectional. We would of course like to see the event come here, and Chicago has never seen anything yet so big that she could not handle it, but the question is whether it is worth Chicago's while. It is very doubtful whether the representation from the East would be relatively as strong as it has been from the West, since heretofore the Handicap has been held near to heavy shooting centers. It is easier to travel a hundred miles than a thousand to attend a shoot, no matter how big it is.

In all these matters, pro and con, there may be a reason for being for a Western league. That remains to be seen. Such a body, if broad and catholic, might be a good thing; or again it might prove to be only one more of the numerous and complex "leagues" which are not leagues at all, but really "splits." I think this covers the question very nicely. If it is organized as a split it could not succeed. If organized as a league and for natural purposes, it should succeed. This is a big country, but it is all one country. We used to hear of the North and the South, but we do not now. Let us not try to hear of the East and the West in any way except in the way of union.

As to the comment in the above newspaper clipping, it is printed only for what it is worth, and its absurdity is obvious. It represents in no way whatever the sentiment of the Chicago shooters or of Western shooters. There will be a few kickers at every shoot, and I presume there were some at this shoot; but kickers in the above form do not represent the gentlemen of this city or this part of the country. The shooter who cannot take a licking had better not go out to shoot. The little girl who wants to take her doll and go home because she doesn't get all the jam is usually not severely missed, and her jam is eaten by some one else very cheerfully. The above representations do not deserve any apology, but to cut it short, I should like to say for the benefit of those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who live in the East that there has been no such broad expression of "dissatisfaction with handicapping, conditions and management of Grand American Handicap." There has been no charge by Chicago shooters to the effect that it "was managed by a clique of Eastern powder and gun companies." We in Chicago as a body do not believe that any favoritism was intended or was possible. The admirable report of FOREST AND STREAM alone would show it for what it was, a great affair, admirably handled, and with men of the highest executive ability in every responsible position. This is what we want the gentlemen of the East to believe is the sentiment of the gentlemen of the West. The question of an organization of a separate trap-shooting body is a separate and distinct affair. If it succeeds it will be because it has been

managed in an honorable and manly way. I do not think it will ever be begun for any petty or ignoble reasons, and if so its success would be a qualified one, commensurate only with the homely adage that "you can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." The Western shooter knows what he wants. I do not need to protest or apologize for him. He is a pretty fair-minded and hard-shooting citizen, as I am sure the Eastern men will freely admit. Statements like those of the Chicago daily misrepresent the West, and they misrepresent Chicago. They should be signed only by the few individuals who would care to make them.

I have spoken with numbers of the Chicago boys this week, and it is the exception to find one who does not voluntarily find words of praise and congratulations for the winner, Life Fulford, of Utica. Come out and see us, Life. I don't know, but maybe you could break into our safe now, and if you can we will not kick.

THE TROPHIES.

Of all the different championship talks that have been made, I presume we shall eventually see Elliott and Parmelee come to Chicago and try to take away from Fred Gilbert respectively the Kansas City Star cup and the Du Pont trophy. Jimmie is plenty patient, and he may catch up to Fred some day. Parmelee is looked on with a great deal of favor here just now. It is generally understood here that the talk about Brewer's shooting Gilbert fell through at the close of Brewer's defeat by Parmelee, when Brewer's Philadelphia backers declined to go on further at present. So long as Jack Brewer talks about shooting for thousands of dollars on the side, the folks out here will be principally amused. Still, fortune has a specially well oiled wheel for trap-shooters, and Jack may again come out on top and in a position to talk business and to shoot a race good enough for the youngsters who are coming up.

Speaking of youngsters and possibilities, there seems to be no especial reason for overlooking Mr. Loomis, of Omaha, who, as the winner of the Grand American Handicap very probably remembers, was one of those who also ran, and ran hard and close up.

CHICAGO LIVE-BIRD CHALLENGE TROPHY.

On next Wednesday we will endeavor to shake things up a little in this village with the inaugural shoot for the Chicago live-bird handicap trophy. The following entries have already been received for this event, and several more are expected to qualify: J. H. Amberg, M. Goldsmith, O. von Lengerke, Silas Palmer, W. T. Johnson, J. S. Wilcox, L. C. Willard, G. A. Airey, W. L. Shepard, Henry Levi, C. Antoine, J. B. Barto, W. H. Palmer, H. B. Foss, Ed C. Rice, W. H. Buker, T. P. Hicks, W. P. Mussey.

TEXAS CHAMPIONESS.

Texas has a lady champion in Miss Wana Lotta Flatau, of Dallas, who at the tournament of the North Texas Gun Club, March 25, defeated Mrs. John Tiller in the contest for the ladies' State championship previously held by Miss Flatau. This tournament of the North Texas Gun Club was the eighth annual, and was well attended, the entry running to 56 on the second day.

IN OKLAHOMA.

The Gun Club of El Reno, O. T., is getting ready for a good tournament April 12-13. This ought to be a warm event, for shooters down in that country have a nerve which a cyclone here or there does not jar.

CENTRAL OF DULUTH.

Mr. E. C. Maxfield, secretary of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., sends me the following announcement under date of March 27:

"At the annual meeting of the Central Gun Club, of this city, Mr. J. W. Nelson was elected President; A. B. Thomas, Vice-President; Warren Mendenhall, Field Captain; A. W. Loud, Lieutenant; E. C. Maxfield, Secretary and Treasurer.

"The regular annual tournament of the club will be held during July or August.

"The prospect for a successful shooting season at the head of the Lakes is very bright, the Superior and Duluth clubs having arranged for a series of interurban team shoots for a medal which will be put up by the clubs."

THIS SOUNDS BETTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 2.—Earlier in the week I had occasion to comment upon the statements made in the Times-Herald, of this city, in regard to an alleged disaffection of the Western shooters. To-day I should like to offer something from the columns of another Chicago daily, the Chronicle, which sounds better. It is not quite so obviously inspired, but is quite obviously more representative of the feelings of the Chicago shooters. I am not responsible for all the inferences and deductions made by the Chronicle, but I am free to admit and to reassert that this talk about dissatisfaction of Western men with the treatment they received at the Grand American Handicap is in no way truly representative of the feeling of the sportsmen of the West, nor of the sportsmen of Chicago. There is a very grave mistake out, and it is only fair to voice the wish of the majority that this mistake and that these misrepresentations should be checked at once, in order that the Western men may be placed in proper light in the eyes of their Eastern brethren, who entertained them so royally. I have heard more expressions of regret and chagrin over this than over anything which has come up for a long time.

As to the organization of a Western league, there is no reason to change the belief earlier expressed. If rightly planned and rightly conducted, the league should be a good thing. It is largely a matter of cash. If sufficient money be put into the tournament of such a league it will be a success, and the Western shooters will cheerfully come to it and shoot for the money offered. A good many of them will also go to the Grand American Handicap, wherever it is held, and will also cheerfully shoot for the money offered there. The men of the West were out of leading strings long ago, and they are apt to make up their minds about these matters and to go where they please, and where they think it will pay them to go.

As to the trade interests involved, that is a question pertinent only to the firms interested and to the managers of the Interstate Association. No word has been received here, so far as known, putting the heads of any powder company, any gun firm, or any sporting goods house on record against the methods of the Interstate Association. Trade interests have nothing to do with the abstract principles of sportsmanship, the greatest of which is to be fair. It is not fair to charge the Western sportsmen with this discourtesy of complaint against their Eastern brothers, which complaint they have not made and do not intend to make. I append the clipping from the Chronicle to which reference has been made:

"Such men as C. B. Dicks, Ed Bingham, John Glover, L. H. Goodrich, T. P. Hicks, Silas Palmer, Tom Marshall, and a dozen others prominent among gun club men, say that no better treatment could have been given than that of the Eastern sportsmen to their Western visitors. But one complaint was made about the handicaps—Dr. Shaw thought his too strong, whereupon the Easterners graciously reduced it from 29 to 28yds. But three men were on the 25yd. line out of the 207 entries, and two of these were from the West. The third man was W. S. Cannon, Newark, N. J., a one-armed marksman, who pulled the trigger of his gun with his left finger, the gun against his left shoulder.

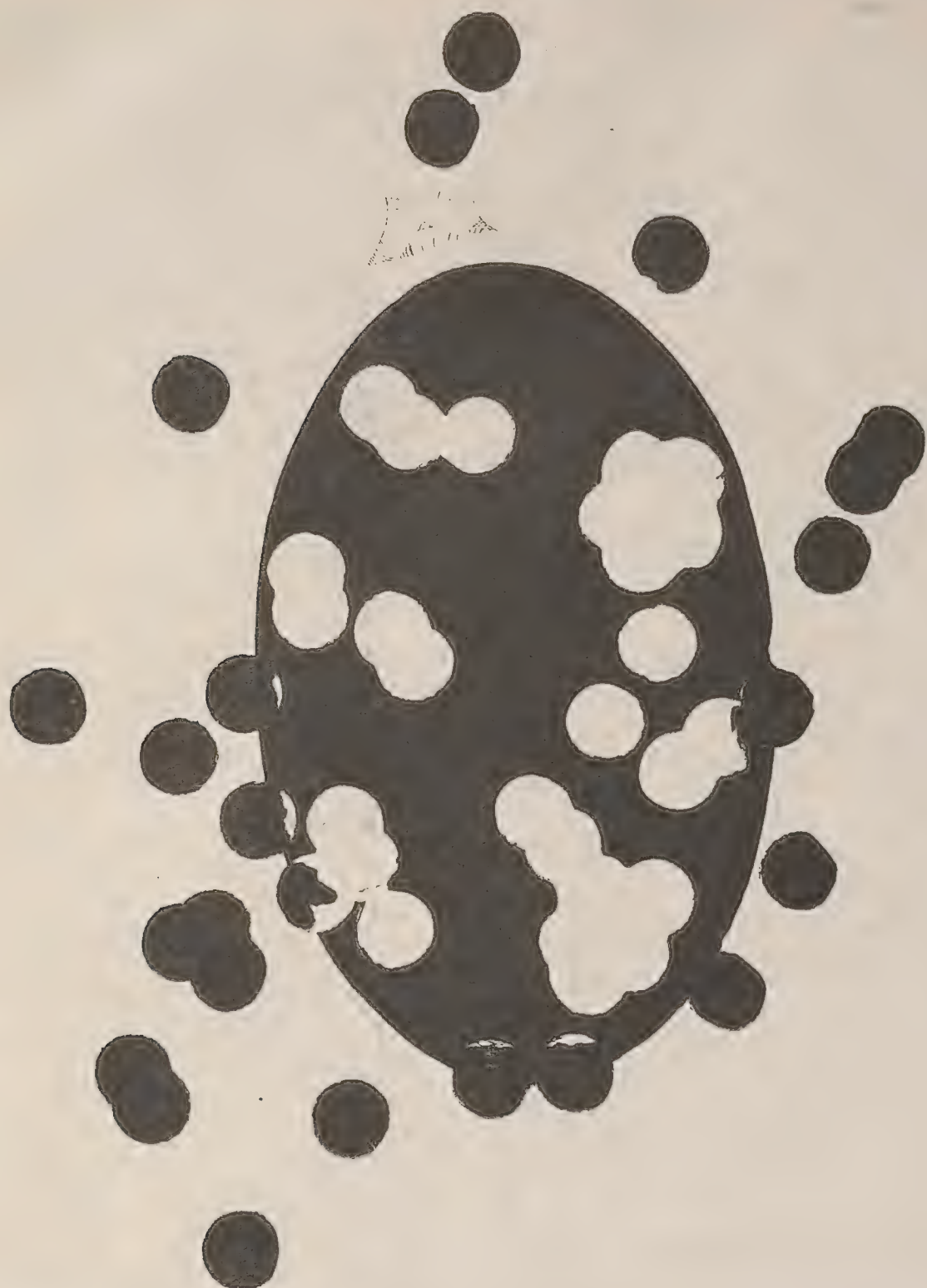
"The contestants were the cracks of the country. Nine men tied with straight scores. Of the nine but one man, and he a Westerner, shot the grade of powder that the Chicago owner of the projected trap-shooting grounds is interested in. Recent trap-shooting publications are filled with black-line heads telling of the kind of cartridges and powder that were prominent in the Great American Handicap, and to the feeling these have engendered is attributed the report of ill-treatment, dissatisfaction with the handicaps and secession. The great bulk of the Western men are not only satisfied with their treatment at Long Branch, but they are pleased at the conditions that obtained, and are ready to go in force when the big event is again contested."

ON THE COAST.

Word comes this week from Harvey McMurchy, who is at present doing missionary work on his annual trip to the Pacific coast, and who shot with the Lincoln Gun Club, Frisco, at Alameda Point, at their opening shoot. Mr. McMurchy has often been reported as interested in the possibilities of the Golden State in the fruit-growing line, but it is to be hoped that he is not yet ready to buy a ranch and quit the gun business, no matter how attractive may seem the succulent prune or the soulful claret tree.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE DISBANDS.

A special meeting of the Cook County League was held to-night at the Sherman House, this taking the place of the passed meeting of that body which should have been held last December, and being supplementary to the directors' meeting held earlier in the week and elsewhere reported. The recommendation of the directors that the League be disbanded was adopted, and by a formal vote the resolution of dissolution was carried. Thus



Fifty consecutive shots in 25 minutes by E. E. Partridge in the military revolver championship match at the N. E. S. A. tournament, with a Colts army revolver and .38cal. U. M. C. full-charge cartridges.



Six shots in one minute, by E. E. Partridge, in the military revolver re-entry match at the N. E. S. A. tournament, with a Colts .38cal. army revolver and U. M. C. full-charge cartridges. Distance 20yds.



Fifty consecutive shots in 50 minutes by C. S. Axtell in the pistol championship match at the N. E. S. A. tournament, with a Smith & Wesson pistol and .22cal. cartridges.



Six shots in one minute at 20yds., by F. B. Crowninshield, in the military revolver match, at the N. E. S. A. tournament, with a .38cal. Colts army revolver and Peters full-charge cartridges.

Rockies, with twenty-three mountains in vicinity higher than Mt. Washington, N. H. In scenery it is the Switzerland, and in climate the Italy of America. Location is suitable for temporary residence in summer or winter, or for permanent residence during the entire year, and is one of the most healthful on the American Continent, nervous diseases, dyspepsia, throat and lung troubles being greatly relieved, if not entirely cured, by stay in the climate. Schools, stores, and exceptional religious privileges are already being provided. Among the 200 lot holders and members of the Association are ministers, returned missionaries, physicians, business men, and school teachers.

Location is only twenty-two hours from New York, via Southern Railway, without change of cars. Full details and explanation of this unique plan of colonization, and for obtaining health and rest in congenial surroundings, may be obtained by addressing A. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Decoration Day Tour to Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for another of its popular seven-day personally-conducted tours to the battle-field of Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, and Washington, to leave New York and Philadelphia by special train Saturday, May 28. Rate, \$27 from New York; \$24 from Philadelphia, covers all necessary expenses. Proportionate rates from other points. For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

SINCE the last war John Finzer & Bros., of Louisville, Ky., have been manufacturing chewing tobacco, and the result of their years of experience and knowledge is shown by the fact that their brand of chewing tobacco "Boot Jack" is celebrated from one end of the country to the other as the leading brand, and is recognized by experts as the best chewing tobacco that can possibly be produced at any price. Ask your tobacconist for a sample and you will always chew it.—*Adv.*

Outfitters for the Field

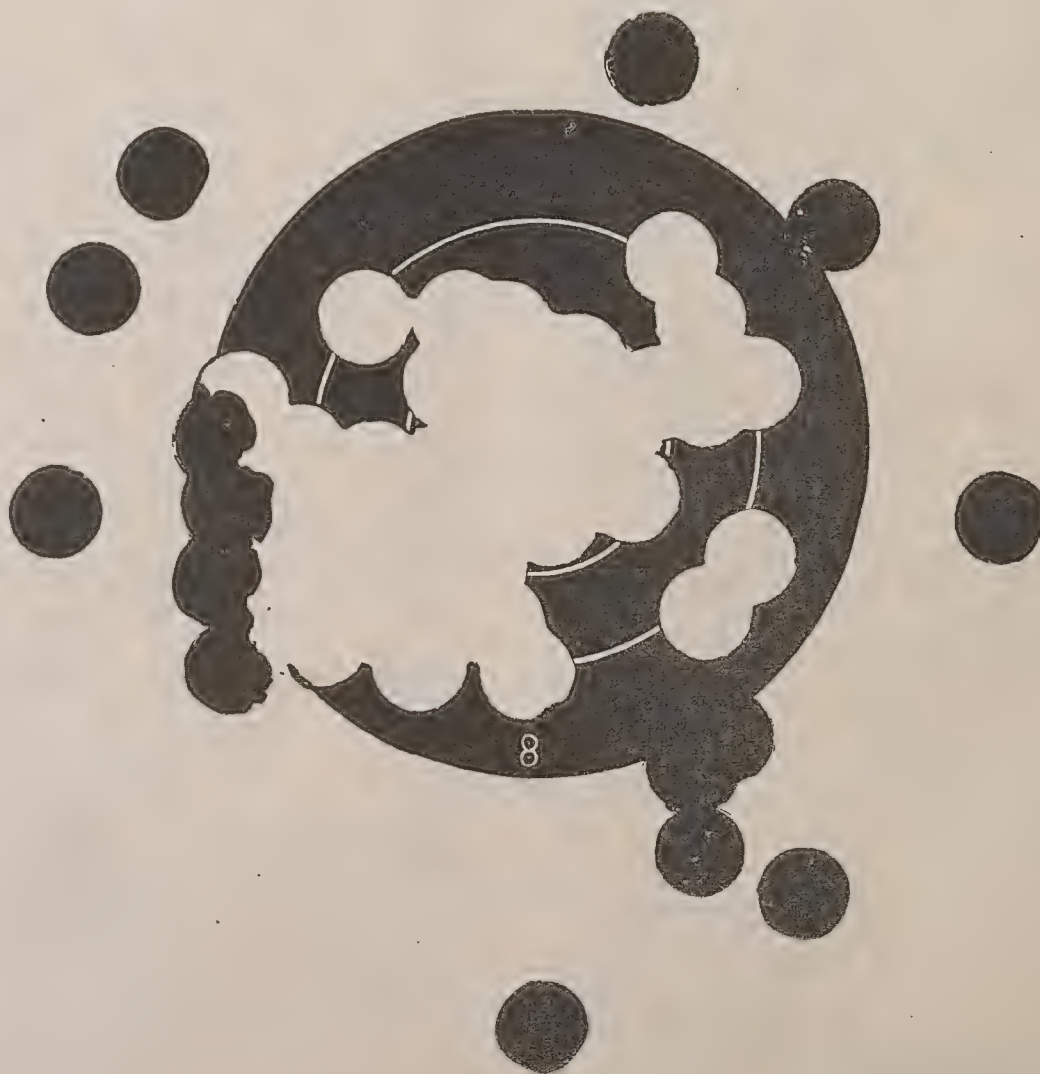
FIND the Game Laws in Brief a highly valuable advertising medium for reaching practical sportsmen. Most purchasers of the Brief are men who are going shooting or fishing. The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. will supply to advertisers information about the new Brief issue soon to go to press. Write to us.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

In Southern Mountains.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY IN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS, NEAR ASHEVILLE, N. C.

On the line of the Southern Railway, in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, twelve miles east of Asheville, N. C., and the 100,000 acre estate and \$3,000,000 palace of George Vanderbilt, a number of prominent ministers of various denominations and Christian business men are establishing a mountain health resort and Christian community. Among the incorporators and managers are: Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, Jr., Rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I.; William H. Wanamaker, of Wanamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, and brother of ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker; Rev. David Allen Reed, President of the School for Christian Workers, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. David Gregg, D.D., Pastor Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Rev. H. H. Kelsey, Pastor Fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.; Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn; and Rev. John C. Collins, Secretary of the International Christian Workers' Association, New Haven, Conn. These and others have obtained a charter from the North Carolina Legislature, with special privileges, and are establishing a community, general plan of which is similar to that of Ocean Grove, N. J., but under the direction of ministers and Christian people of several denominations. Sale of liquor is forever prohibited by legislative enactment. There is no personal gain to incorporators. All profits from sale of land and other sources belong to the entire community, and are used for schools, streets, and ordinary expenses of colony. The grounds of the Association contain over 4,300 acres (about seven square miles), with altitude of settlement 2,700ft. above sea level. Highest land this side of the



Fifty consecutive shots in 25 minutes at 20yds. by Dr. R. H. Sayre in the any revolver championship match at the N. E. S. A. tournament, with a Smith & Wesson .44cal. Russian model revolver.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 16.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Migratory birds in spring should be protected in every State, no matter where they are flying to, for they are the children of our common country, and are gladdening every part of it in their migrations. No rule is so good as the rule that no gun is to be fired at birds or animals in spring or summer. Every reason of health to the eater, of abundance of supply of the article eaten, of justice to the animal when breeding or preparing to breed, plead for the fullest and most comprehensive and uniform laws in these matters.

Charles Hallock, 1874.

PRACTICAL ANGLING PAPERS.

THE series of chapters on fishing by Fred Mather are designed for the practical instruction of beginners. Their scope will include trout and bass, perch and pickerel and other fishes in the angler's list.

We have in hand for publication, to begin next week, a series of papers on Dry Fly-Fishing, by Mr. Geo. A. D. Dewar, author of the "Book of the Dry Fly." This is the acme of the art of fly-fishing, as practiced in Great Britain and beginning to attract attention in this country. We anticipate for dry fly-fishing a vogue in certain parts of America with followers not less devoted and enthusiastic than those of the English stream where the art had its rise.

MAINE GUIDE INTERESTS.

IN another column is printed a communication from Commissioner L. T. Carleton, of Maine, commenting upon the suggestions contained in our remarks of last week respecting the guide law and guide interests.

Mr. Carleton appears to have read into what was written a spirit which no unprejudiced construction could fairly find there of opposition to the guide law. We had not the remotest purpose of seeking to bring the statute system into disrepute, nor need it be said that we were not writing in defense or encouragement of lawless guides or lawless sportsmen. The purport of the article briefly summed up was this: That among the guides licensed by the Commissioners last year were numerous incompetents; that the possession of the official certificate or badge was therefore no evidence of the possession of proper equipment for the occupation of guiding; that by thus artificially putting incapable guides on a level before the world with those who were skilled an injustice was done to the experts of the craft; that as the operation of the law had failed to correct such an abuse, the guides themselves by voluntary association and discrimination could separate the real woodsmen from the pretenders, and protect their own interests. The plan proposed was in fact wholly in line with the guides law system, and supplementary of it, to accomplish one of the ostensible purposes which the law itself may have contemplated, but certainly has not secured.

Commissioner Carleton appears fully to recognize the existence of such conditions as we named, and he acknowledges them in his letter when he explains in mitigation of them that the territory was large, the Commissioners were unacquainted with many of the applicants for licenses, and that in many instances the Commission was imposed upon and granted licenses to those who should not have had them. He expresses a conviction that the system provided by the law contains within itself a practicable means of more stringently discriminating between fit and unfit applicants for license; and that by a more rigid examination the licenses may be confined to those whose skill and acquirements merit them. This is, in short, to say that the Commission are in the future to do precisely what we said should

be done. If the ends can be accomplished by the operation of the law the voluntary associations would not be needed; but it is probable that the work, if undertaken by voluntary associations, would be accomplished much more speedily and thoroughly than could be hoped for under the guide license law alone.

The strongest criticism on the guide system, based upon this lack of discrimination of merit in granting applications for licenses, is found among those guides who are most zealous for game protection. In contending for a higher standard of merit among the licensed guides of Maine we were speaking for the class of Maine guides who represent not only the highest skill in woodcraft, but the most advanced game protective sentiment of the State. The guides as a class are progressive in their appreciation of the merits of strict compliance with the game laws. They respect the statutes themselves, and they are learning to compel a corresponding respect for the law on the part of the sportsmen they take into the woods. The average intelligent guide understands on which side his bread is buttered, to use the homely phrase; and he is a game law observer out of principle. Great as are his opportunities individually, they would be larger and more generous were the guides of the several sections united in voluntary associations, the purpose of which should be co-operation for the enforcement of the law and for elevating and maintaining "the recognized standard of character and ability which should belong to a Maine guide." The Game and Fish Commissioners would advance the game and fish interests if they would promote and encourage just such voluntary guide associations as we suggested last week.

READY, AIM, FIRE.

THE vast difference between firearm conditions in the 60s and to-day is hinted in the loading commands then and now. This was the order in war times: "Handle cartridge, tear cartridge, charge cartridge, draw rammer, ram cartridge, return rammer, prime, ready, aim, fire." To-day the command is: "Load, ready, aim, fire." It is just the difference between the perfected cartridge as in use now and the primitive paper cartridge, to "tear" which meant to bite off the end of it. We live in an age of such improvements and perfections of all the appliances of industry, social life and sports, and are so given to accepting improvements and simplifications as matters of course, that we hardly realize what an admirable triumph of art the modern rifle or the shotgun is. In lightness and strength, simplicity and ease of manipulation, safety and effectiveness, it is a mechanical produce worthy of the age which has simplified the locomotive and the sewing machine. Mr. Fred Mather's advice, that the angler should equip himself with a good rod, in which he may have lasting satisfaction and pride, applies with equal force to the choice of a gun. A handsome, symmetrical, high-grade shotgun is an object which grows in the appreciation of its possessor as the years pass and the successive seasons invest it with associations of days in the field.

BRUTE AND HUMAN.

A WELL-KNOWN New York woman was recently injured in a hunting excursion in the vicinity of Aiken, S. C. As related in the newspapers, the accident occurred in this wise: The huntswoman was on this occasion riding a horse which was considerably taller than the one to which she had been accustomed in previous hunts; the chase led across a covered bridge, through which on the smaller horse she had ridden without bending her head; and now, forgetting that she was on the larger horse, she rode erect, struck the bridge and fractured her skull. At this writing the result is still in doubt. The chase, it is related, was in pursuit of a tame deer which had been let out, like the carted stags used for the Queen's Buckhounds, to be followed by horse and hound.

Commenting upon the accident and the circumstances attending it, the Boston humane journal, "Our Dumb Animals," gives it as its deliberate opinion that the unfortunate woman "got no more than she deserved" for having participated in such a pursuit. This is interesting as an expression of that witch-burning ferocity which never hesitates to fit the punishment to its own measure of the enormity of the crime. It is another example of the smug complacency which contemplates with satisfac-

tion the direst human calamities as special providences upon the unrighteous. Opinions may differ as to the merits of chasing a freed tame deer; but in its darkest aspects the action cannot be painted so black as is the brutal utterance in a public print, that a woman lying at death's door "got no more than she deserved." That is fanaticism hardly to be looked for in America to-day, and in Boston at that. Its most charitable excuse may be found, perhaps, in the fact that people who are constantly brooding over the inhumanity of mankind to the lower animals come in time to a cranky condition of mind which is equivalent to mental irresponsibility. Unmitigated by such an explanation, this comment by President Angell, of the Humane Society, takes rank with the most bigoted and brutal treatment of woman to be found in the history of American journalism.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Weekes bill to repeal Section 249 of the New York game law was signed by Governor Black on April 6. This makes good the legislative triumph of those who have been contending for game interests. Under the new order we may confidently look for more efficient product worthy of the age which has simplified a game protector; there is no other point on the continent so important as this vast market center; and it should be amply and adequately policed. We have frequently pointed out that the system of game traffic permitted by the law which has just been repealed involved injustice and wrong to many other States. It is no less true that in enforcing the law under the new conditions New York will insure not only its own benefit, but that of all other States concerned. The good effects of this year's work at Albany will be felt throughout the West. In the operation of the market laws regulating game we have an illustration of the interdependence of the States. If you strike one you strike all; all for one, and one for all. Of the many forces which were working for the repeal of Section 249, that of the New York League should not be overlooked. President Gavitt and his associates on the Law Committee were untiring in their efforts, and to them is due credit for influencing many members of the Legislature.

To slur and ridicule the possessor of information and ability as being "scientific" is the common recourse of ignorance and fraud. The newly installed Superintendent of the New York Aquarium, appointed to his place by a transparent and dishonest trick, gave his own measure in a talk to the reporters the other day in which he derided his predecessor as having been unduly "scientific." The fact is that an aspirant for the place now held by Col. Jones was formerly subject to a civil service examination, by which he must demonstrate his equipment of practical information about aquarium management fitting him to manage the institution. Dr. Bean was possessed of such qualifications. Under the new law no such test of fitness is required; and we have the spectacle of an important public possession, which requires for its successful administration peculiar qualifications, turned over to a spoils appointee who declares that the former superintendent was "too darned scientific," and sounds the depths of vulgarity in his characterization of certain of the Aquarium employees. The situation is not calculated to inspire civic pride in the breasts of the people of Greater New York.

The Massachusetts law of 1897 against wearing bird feathers as articles of dress was pronounced inoperative because held to apply only to birds killed in the Commonwealth. A new measure has been prepared this year which is so broad in application as to cover all bird feathers, whatever the source of supply. This, if it shall become a law, will give the feather dealers an opportunity to test their contention that the statute would be thrown out by the courts as sumptuary and unconstitutional. The New York bill for a similar purpose did not become a law.

Writing of a Connecticut country doctor, a correspondent relates that it was his custom to take his fishing rod with him, or in the autumn dog and gun, on the way to make professional calls; and many a patient was made happy by the gift of grouse or trout. A little thing, but in it is the key to a life.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Fruits of Uncle Gid's Christmas Tree.

"You want tu quit a-watchin' for 'em, if you want tu hev 'em come," said Uncle Gid Corbin, as for the twentieth time that Christmas morning Aunt Milly went to the window, wiped the steam from a pane with her apron, carefully adjusted her spectacles, and searched the two blue lines which marked the freshly beaten road to where they blended in one, on the crest of the furthest ridge.

"Wal, I do know but what you're right, father. The' hain't nothin' in sight as fur's I can see. There, positively, I will not look ag'in." She fortified herself with a final searching glance, and turning her back resolutely upon the shining outer world, waddled briskly across the kitchen, whose furniture celebrated every step of her progress with lively acclaim.

"Land sakes!" she sighed, as much with the effort of squatting before the oven door of the stove as from the suggested possibility. "What if they shouldn't come arter all."

With corrugated brow and set lips she made feints at the hot latch with her bare hand, then sheathing it in the corner of the ever useful apron she flung the door open, letting out a steaming fragrance of baked meat that Uncle Gid craned his neck to get a fuller sniff at, and such a crackling of seething fat that Gabriel, the hound, scrambled out backward from his warm berth in considerable alarm.

"They've got tu come," said Uncle Gid, leaning further forward and sidewise to catch a glimpse of the source of the savory odor. "You 'n' I can't eat all you've fixed up in a fortnit. By hokey! if they git a smell o' that coon a-roastin' they'll haf tu! I'm good min' tu op'n the aoutside door an' let some on't drift tow-wards 'em."

"Wal, it doos mos' seem 's 'ough the' wouldn't ha' been so much come so providential all for nothin'," said Aunt Milly, as she drew the dripping pan so far out to baste its contents that nearly the whole length of the raccoon, sweating fat at every pore and beginning to blush with a delicate bloom of brown, was displayed to her husband's admiring eyes. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction and began filling his pipe, feeling as great a desire to smoke as if he had partaken of a feast.

"What you goin' tu call it?" she asked, as she shoved back the pan and closed the door. "They might spleen ag'in coon."

"They can't a-lookin' at it an' a-smellin' on't, an' folks 'at spleens ag'in good game don't deserve no victuals," said he, adding, after some reflection, "but we might call it turkey."

"Good land! a four-legged turkey! Hain't you ridiculous, wi' your four-laigged faowls an' your four-year-old child'en a-nussin," Aunt Milly chuckled.

"Wal, you needn't laugh, mother, for I seen a tew-headed chicken onct, an' I d' know why a turkey couldn't jest as well hev' a extry pair o' laigs. But we can call it a pig if you'd any druther."

"Only it hain't got no skin on," she objected.

"Tain't nob'dy's bus'ness if we skin aour pig," he asserted; "I'd livser 'n tu singe 'em, as I seen Pete Frenchman his'n. Yes, sir, laid his coshaw, as he called, ontu a scaffil, an' lit some straw 'n under it, an' jest scorched the brussels off on't. You never see sech a lookin' thing—blackier 'n Tony's face. I sh'd think 'twas coshaw!"

"What's that, anyway?" Aunt Milly asked.

"Oh, I s'pose that is French for pig," Uncle Gid answered, and then to the hound, who came and nuzzled his hand for a caress: "Why, sartin, ol' dawg, the' wouldn't ha' been no coons nor no honey if it hedn't 'a' been for him. Course his Uncle Gid knows that, an' so doos his Aunt Milly," and Gabriel acknowledged the recognition of his service with rapid beats of his tail that swept the sand into little windrows on the clean scoured floor.

Aunt Milly's face lighted up suddenly with a happy thought that flashed upon her. "Le's we call the coon a coshaw!"

"By hokey, we will!" Uncle Gid declared, enthusiastically; "if they can't stomek it by that name, the' 's three pa'tridges for 'em, one apiece, if that boy raly has took tu solid victuals, an' you an' me 'll go it on coshaw. What is that 'ere noise?" he demanded, with a quick change of tone, as the mellow jangling of Boston bells became audible above the monotony of his voice, the shrill song of the kettle and the muffled sputtering of the raccoon in its hot prison.

"Jung-jang, jung-jang," sang the sixteen big and little hollow, bronze globes, each wide mouth smiling blandly as it rolled back and forth, as a sweet morsel, the iron pellet which was its tongue.

"Le' me look, mother; if you look it won't be them!" cried Uncle Gid, forestalling his wife's advance toward the window with such celerity that Gabriel became excited; for he seldom saw his master move so quickly, unless to take the rifle from its hooks. But now, to the hound's disappointment, he stooped to the window and carefully regarded the approaching brown horse, the bread-tray shaped sleigh, and its occupants, and then as they recognized him through the misty panes, and smiled and nodded greeting, proclaimed joyfully:

"Wal, by hokey! it is them—Nancy an' Nathan an' that 'ere baby. I say for 't he is a lunker er less they've got him turribly bundled up."

He donned his cap, and as he hurried to the door, put on his coat with the collar turned in, which Aunt Milly plucked at unsuccessfully while she bustled behind him in a fidget of nervous excitement, and Gabriel pressed so closely in the rear as to threaten the downfall of both in his struggle to be foremost. Then, just as the door opened, the jung-jang of the bells became slower, then broke in scattered drops of musical sound, then ceased before it, and there arose a less musical, but as joyous, and louder, clamor of two feminine voices

both asking questions at once, and never answering one, for that must come later; and there was also the clear, shrill treble of the child's voice beginning the relation of his wonderful journey, and asking unanswerable questions; and Gabriel welcomed the guests with sonorous trumpet blasts; while the two men, being unable to exchange an intelligible word, grinned dumbly at each other in amused helplessness. Then the boy was unloaded into the embraces of his grandmother, and Nathan, tall, strong and good-natured, diffusing a wholesome odor of the chips and shavings made in his craft of carpenter and joiner, lumbered out of the huge bread-tray and pulled Nancy out of the entanglement of the buffalo skins, and got her on her feet—a comely, buxom young matron, having something of her father's height, something of her mother's breadth, and a wisely, motherly face, aglow with health.

So at last Uncle Gid and his son-in-law were given an opportunity to shake hands with each other, after which they drove to the stable with their feet hanging outside the sleigh, and made the horse as comfortable as possible, in the company of the cow and the small flock of poultry to whose use the equine abode had long been devoted.

When they entered the house the uninterrupted flow of the women's conversation had subsided into two nearly distinct currents, and was almost intelligible to their husbands; yet as its subjects were mainly marriages, births and deaths, it did not interest the men so much that they did not find more entertainment in their own chat in the corner behind the stove. Nathan was not a hunter, but he listened attentively to Uncle Gid's stories of the chase, and said "gosh" with discriminating emphasis at the proper points. He sometimes went fishing, and now related experiences, in which Uncle Gid expressed no unbelief; also both smoked, so there were various bonds of sympathy between them.

The little boy, with a slice of bread and honey, sat on the floor in a state of bedaubed contentment, which the hound, lying far under the stove, did not fully share in, being made to impersonate the horse in a rehearsal of the late memorable sleighride, his tail serving as reins.

An eavesdropper might have gathered from the medley of voices, accompanied by the continuous shrill tenor of the tea kettle and the bass of the stove draught, something like this of the double dialogue:

Aunt Milly: "An' don't you believe, Nancy Sherman, it wa'n't scarcely six months arter Miss Hale was laid in her grave, not more 'n seven anyway, 'fore the Squire up an' married Susan Taylor."

Nancy: "You don't say!"

Aunt Sally: "Yes, sir. Some thought it was kinder craoudin' the mourners; but I s'pose he felt for the want of a companion."

Nancy: "Wal, wal! I see 't the Hale place was fixed up dreadful scrumptious as we come by, but I hedn't no idee!"

Aunt Milly: "Yes, indeed; an' they went over the lake tu her folks on their weddin' taower."

Nancy: "I want to know!"

Aunt Milly: "An' naouw, if they ain't got a baby."

Nancy: "Mother Corbin, for all this livin' world!"

The Boy: "Doe long, bonny; doe long, me tell you! Bell say d' long, d' long, too."

Uncle Gid: "See that young un! Wal, as I was a-tellin', I was stan'in' a listenin' tu the dawg tunin' of her up, away west on me, an' me a-lookin' that way wi' all my eyes, an' gun a-ready, when all tu onct I hear a bush crack right behin' me, an' I turned my head s-l-o-w, an' by hokey! if there wasn't that tarnal fox, not ten rod off."

Nathan: "Gosh!"

Uncle Gid: "A list'nin' tu Gab'el."

Nathan: "Gosh!"

Uncle Gid: "An' I swung the ol' churn ontu him, s-l-o-w, an' got a bead 'twixt his eyes, an' onhitched an' plummed him right through."

Nathan: "Gosh!!!"

Uncle Gid: "Come tu, I'd forgot my knife, an' hed tu lug him clean hum tu skin him."

Nathan: "Gosh!"

Uncle Gid: "Jest for the notion I weighed him, an' he weighed just twelve pounds and a half."

Nathan: "Gosh! ezactly what a pickerel weighed 'at I ketched on a tilt-up last week."

Uncle Gid: "I hain't no sorter doubt on't. Jes' look a' that young un, will ye? An' I didn't know 't he was—mother, you tell 'em what I said 'baout feedin' Bub, yest'day."

And then, after a prelude of chuckles more visible than audible, except in the sympathetic creaking of her chair, Aunt Milly told how absurdly Uncle Gid had underrated the limits of their grandson's gastronomic range. Besides amusing her audience, he story served to remind her of the raccoon in the oven, and opening the door she released a cloud of savory odor.

"My land!" Nancy cried as she inhaled it. "Whatever you're a-cookin', it smells dreadful good. What is't, mother?" she asked, curiously observing it during the process of basting. "Tain't turkey—it don't look like a pig; what is't?"

"Wal," Aunt Milly answered, prodding the thicker parts with a fork, "it is a—it is a—land sakes! what is the name on't, father?"

Uncle Gid looked intently into the bowl of his pipe as he answered, laconically: "Coshaw."

"Good land; yes, it's coshaw. Why can't I never think on't!" said Aunt Milly.

"Coshaw! coshaw!" her daughter repeated. "Wal, I never heard o' them afore. Jest yu look at it, Nathan."

While Nathan examined it Uncle Gid became more absorbed in the contemplation of his pipe, and so continued till Nathan declared:

"Wal, it beats me, if it hain't a lamb, or a pig, or suthin. What sort of a critter is't? It 'pears tu be a quaderyped."

"No, 't wa'n't the name 't was, gi'n tu us." Aunt Milly shook her head in slow negation. "It's a coshaw, an' it come tu us for Chris'mas, an' that's all we can tell ye about it now. If you don't like it there's pa'tridges—father ketched three yest'day. D'ye druther hev' 'em br'iled er roasted?"

"It don't make no diff'rence tu me," said Nathan. "Accordin' tu the looks and smell on't I do' want nothin'

better 'n that 'ere—what d'ye call it?" And his wife quite agreed with him.

Nevertheless Aunt Milly broiled the partridges, and added a finer fragrance to the appetizing odor that pervaded the kitchen. But these were as nothing to their substantial resources—the roasted raccoon, the broiled partridges, the baked potatoes, the hot johnny-cake and biscuits, the cider apple sauce, the honey, and the pumpkin pies. Of all the dishes that furnished forth the crowded board the prime favorite was the mysterious roast, though none suffered neglect.

Discoursing while they feasted, Uncle Gid told of hunting the partridges, and just missed disclosing the finding of the coons; and when Aunt Milly explained how they came by honey she nearly let the cat out of the bag, or rather the coon out of the tree that yielded the honey; yet the uninitiated were still none the wiser.

As has been at least once reported of a social gathering, it may truly be said of this, that "all did ample justice to the bountiful repast"—even little Gideon, elevated on the family Bible to a working height, plied knife and fork so manfully that his grandfather's heart was filled with pride, while his female progenitors foretold such woeful retribution as ever is prophesied to overtake greedy little boys; but as usually happens in such cases, the prediction was not fulfilled.

"Du let the boy eat; it'll du him good," said his reckless father.

"If you hain't jest like a man!" Aunt Milly said, regretfully.

"If I hain't, I don't scarcely s'pose your darter 'd married me," Nathan retorted, and went into the woodshed in search of a stick suitable for the manufacture of a toothpick.

As with a professional eye he scanned the interior architecture he discovered a fresh raccoon skin nailed upon the boards in an obscure corner.

When he re-entered the kitchen he remarked casually: "I found aout one thing 'baout that 'ere coshaw. It hed rings raound its tail, ju' like the critters 'at I've hearn folks call coons."

There was a period of silence, and no one acknowledged feeling the worse for the discovery.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Some Yukon Notes.—III.

(Continued from page 263.)

WHILE game is scarce along the upper Yukon, fur, as far as our observations went, is plentiful. Coming up the river on the ice we saw the tracks of thousands of foxes, and scores of lynxes, wolverines and martens. Otters and beavers are said to be abundant in some localities, but we saw none, though the Indians frequently offered us beaver skins for sale or barter. Wolves are more common in the neighborhood of Dawson than on the upper river. It seemed not improbable that the vast number of dead horses along the Skagway trail would attract wolves to that neighborhood this winter, but I was only able to learn of two being killed—one trapped and one shot near Lake Bennett.

Coming up the river we did not see half a dozen wolf tracks in 400 miles. The wolves follow the caribou closely, and are not common at any distance from the large herds. Between the Pelly and Dawson, however, their tracks were frequent on the ice, and a man in charge of the beef raft frozen in in this stretch of river is said to have been considerably alarmed by their boldness.

At the time we recovered our lost boats we determined to build a cabin as a cache for our supplies. While looking for a suitable location for this off the direct line of travel up the river I found a sheep camp on a peninsula between a slough and one of the lesser channels of the Yukon. This camp was the point at which a band of sheep, driven overland, had been slaughtered and shipped on rafts to Dawson. Several horses had either died or been killed at this place, and their carcasses and the offal from the sheep had in time past attracted the various carnivorous animals of the neighborhood to the spot.

From present indications I could see that a wolf or two, as well as several lynxes, wolverines and foxes, were still in the habit of paying occasional visits to the spot, to recall no doubt over dry bones and unnutritious hair the memory of past banquets.

Somewhere in my outfit was a half ounce of strychnine, purchased in Juneau, and I determined to try its effect on this select gathering. Accordingly on my return to camp I hunted up the poison, melted some lard in an old plate and mixed the strychnine with it, and finally after the stuff had cooled cut it up into caramels, in square by ½ in. thick.

Just before dark Mac and I walked down to the sheep camp, but for some unimportant reason we decided not to put out the poison that night. Instead we left the plate and its contents out in the middle of the slue buried under 5 or 6 in. of snow.

That night there was a light fall of snow—half an inch or so—just enough to decisively eliminate old footmarks from any problem of tracking next day after attending to small matters about camp I thought I would go down to the sheep camp and perhaps put out some of the bait. When I reached the spot where the poison was I found that some time in the night previous to the snow flurry a wolf following up our trail had come across it and investigated. If he had eaten any of the poisoned bait he left no token to indicate the fact. The plate seemed to contain as many pieces as before, and as I had not taken the precaution to count them I could not be sure that any had been taken. However, the wolf had dug down through half a foot of snow, and I reasoned that his curiosity would hardly be satisfied by sight and smell alone. I followed up the partly obliterated tracks he had made on leaving, and saw that after the first few rods he had broken into a gallop. The tracks were two and two in groups, something more than 4 ft. apart. I saw that the wolf was making toward an open channel between two islands; and the fact that he was on the jump and after water convinced me that he had taken poison. A little distance further on I saw where he had back-tracked on his water trail, and then where he had gone a second and third time over the same course. When I had traversed a few hundred yards of the slue my attention was attracted by the coarse, raucous note

of a raven, and looking across to the opposite shore I saw several birds take wing. Something told me that the wolf lay there, but despite my conviction I could not rid myself of an unpleasant feeling that I had poisoned somebody's dog as I approached, and saw a great white animal stretched full length on a patch of bloody, trampled snow. But it was a wolf sure enough. Old Lobo, king of the Corrupaw, reincarnated and fallen again a victim to man's treachery. There lay the hoary monarch, a monster of his kind. Our sled measured 7ft. in length, and when frozen stiff this wolf was almost as long from nose to extended hindfeet. His robe was white as the arctic snow on head and neck, and only on his back was there a suggestion of gray. One glazed blind eye and two yellow tusks growing outside his mouth on the same side gave a sardonic expression to the profile that happened to be uppermost. A great gash in his side, torn by the ravens, mixing red with the white of his coat and the white of the snow added to the suggestiveness of the picture—a picture which told with a few direct strokes of a life of rapine and blood ended in blood and rapine.

I doubt if the wolf was dead when the ravens first attacked him. He had fallen down half a dozen times before reaching the last spot, and at several of these places were bloody splashes on the snow. There were also hieroglyphic marks made by the ravens' wings in taking flight that strongly suggested the Egyptian symbol of eternity on the front of the old Tombs Prison in New York.

I shouldered the wolf, which I should say weighed 125lbs., and carried him back to camp. Then I set to work sledding supplies from the wrecked boats to the site of our cache. I had taken the poison from the spot where it was left the night before, but on finding the dead wolf I concealed it in a crevice under the river bank, as I could not well carry it to camp along with the wolf. I thought I would return that evening and put some out. Events which took place a little later, however, caused me to give up this plan.

Some time during the afternoon I noticed a fresh wolf track beside my sled trail that if it had been there before had certainly not attracted my attention. I wondered if the old wolf had come so far in the hours preceding his death. I drew my load up the river bank and back a couple of hundred yards through a thick growth of small spruces to the spot selected for the cache. It was but a moment's work to unfasten the tie rope and throw off my load, yet before I reached the river again I found a fresh wolf track crossing my recent sled trail, and consequently made still more recently.

This was interesting. A wolf was unquestionably following me, possibly attracted by the scent of the other wolf on my clothing, influenced by what motive it was hard to imagine. My partner had gone to Selkirk and would not be back till after dark, but this caused me no uneasiness on his account or my own, for I did not for a moment believe that the wolf would dare attack a man.

Its boldness in following so close on my trail in broad daylight, however, suggested the possibility of securing a shot, so the next trip and thereafter I carried a rifle on the sled.

Just about the time when it should have been sunset—we never saw any sun at that place, owing to the mountains which walled in the river—in rounding the point of an island I noticed where the wolf had come along the trail in my direction, and suddenly sprang off and galloped away down the narrow channel separating the island from the mainland.

The natural inference was that he had been surprised by my unexpected return, and was still in the immediate neighborhood. Acting on this theory, I seized my rifle and ran down the river to a place where I could get an unobstructed view of the ice from shore to shore. I expected to see that wolf, and yet when he appeared, looming up very dark against the snow of the river bank, I could hardly believe my eyes. I only saw him a moment before he disappeared in the timber on the mainland, too far off for a shot. My impression was that this wolf was very dark, and in no wise resembled the old white one we had killed.

Anxious to see if the wolf would again show himself, I remained perfectly motionless in the same spot for several minutes. A red squirrel chattered, and some ravens flew up half way between me and the spot where the wolf had disappeared. Then I heard a twig snap on the river bank directly opposite. It was too cold to stand waiting longer, for my feet were fast becoming numb, but before I went back to the sled I ran across to the mainland, and satisfied myself from the wolf's track that he had run up just inside the edge of the timber, coming as close as he could without exposing himself.

This was my last trip to the cache that night. I did not go near the poison, for as the wolf was in the immediate neighborhood I concluded the chances for his taking it were better if things were left undisturbed. After breakfast the next morning Mac and I started down to investigate. Another light snow had fallen in the night. Showing up plainly in this scarcely 30ft. from our tent, we came upon fresh wolf tracks, made in the early morning hours. To surprise Mac on his return the night before I had cut a small tree and thrown the dead wolf across it directly in the trail, and to this place the other wolf had come. Plainly its boldness was due to its anxiety for its lost mate. Now that it knew conclusively the fate which had befallen him, we concluded this wolf would not delay on the order of its leaving the country. We had little faith in finding it dead, for we thought the death of the other wolf would put it on its guard against the poison. In this we were curiously mistaken, however, for at the sheep camp, a few hundred yards below the spot where the first wolf had died, we found the other wolf dead also, though still warm. It was a she wolf, younger, smaller and darker than the old dog wolf we had found the night before. The top of her back was almost black, and the skin was unusually handsome. From the tracks it was evident that she had taken the poison after she had visited the dead body of her mate. She had dug it out of the snow, upset the plate and eaten half the contents. The indications suggested suicide. The sagacity of the wolf tribe is well known, and this particular wolf had sufficient evidence to make her fully aware of the

cause of her mate's death. At various times on the previous day she had visited the spot from which I had carried him, and though I cannot be certain of the fact, I believe that she knew the whereabouts of the poison long before she touched it. If the taking of the poison were not the act of a grieved nature, why did she return to the spot where it was hidden after seeing the dead body of her mate? Lacking a fixed purpose, the instinct of self-preservation would, one might reasonably infer, have warned her to fly elsewhere. At any



MAC AND THE SECOND WOLF.

rate, I give the facts as they occurred. The incident seemed to me to have considerable interest, and for this reason I have given it in detail.

Several wolverines sampled our poison—or perhaps it was the same wolverine—on several occasions. At any rate we were unable to find that the poison had proved fatal. A red fox which took two or three baits in succession and died very close to the sheep camp was carried off by a lynx. At first I could not figure out what had become of the fox, for the lynx had not eaten him at the spot where he fell for the last time. Here the fox's track had ended, and the track of the lynx which had been following in the fox's trail was the only one in evidence. Had the lynx dragged off the dead fox, I should have understood at once; but the only thing left to show what had become of my



A YUKON MONSTER.

game was the not very noticeable impression left by the fox's brush in the snow at the side of the trail.

Quarter of a mile further on the lynx had gone into a dark nook under some fir trees, and had a lunch off Mr. Fox. I use the term "lunch" advisedly, for the formal meal was not partaken of till by a very devious course he had reached another piece of thick timber nearly a mile further on. Here the snow was strewn for a radius of 20ft. with tufts of hair and a very few fragments of crunched bone. Like the Timbuctoo cassowary who ate up the missionary, the lynx had made a clean job of it—"body, bones, and hymn book too."

I looked the ground over carefully, but could not find that he had carried off anything when he left, or cached any part of the fox under the snow or in neighboring trees. It was somewhat inexplicable that no sign of the skull or vertebrae could be found.

One of Gov. Walsh's Indian dog drivers by the name of Fiddler told me that he saw a lynx drag off a dead

wolverine on the river just below the Hootalingua. He said the lynx was backing and pulling the wolverine after him.

During our short sojourn in our cabin we caught two marten in a steel trap only a few feet away from the bed in which we slept. We had thrown the wolves' carcasses directly behind the cabin; and one night I became conscious of the fact that some animal was gnawing at them. From the noise I thought it was at least a lynx or wolverine. I knew just where I could put my hand on my rifle in the dark, and I got as far as the door of the cabin without making any noise. The door, however, was hung on wooden hinges, and squeaked badly, and as a quiet advance beyond this point was out of the question I pulled it open in a hurry and darted round to the back end of the cabin. Some very dark, small animal sprang into the nearest tree and commenced spitting at me like a cat. By the light of the moon I could make it out in silhouette, head down, slowly coming down the side of the tree. I fired at it three times at random, and without result. Then my partner came out. He had only heard the last shot, and wasn't sure but what that was only a tree snapping with the frost. Meanwhile the marten had gained the ground and disappeared.

Just as I was getting to sleep again I heard the marten come back. I lay there for some time trying to forget him, but I could not sleep for his gnawing. Finding my efforts in this direction were useless, I took the gun and walked leisurely to the back of the cabin. The marten had grown bolder, and this time refused to leave the carcass of the wolf. Instead he poked his head out of the hole made by his efforts, combined with those of the ravens, and snarled at me. His language said, as plain as words could express it, that I was persona non grata, and that he did not propose to relinquish his meal to any new-comer. I took a pot shot at him, distant about 4ft., and missed.

Before I could get to sleep he was back again. I had no trap in the cabin at the time, but it occurred to me that perhaps I might be able to poison the reckless little devil; so I got out of bed, and lighting a candle, mixed some strychnine and grease. The marten with very bad grace permitted me to deposit this in the cavity of the wolf, but by the time I had gotten to bed was back again. He stayed there till daylight, which fortunately was not long coming, and paid not the slightest attention to the poison.

That afternoon I got a fox trap and set it at the place the marten had climbed up on the wolf's body. About dark, as I was coming up the trail with a pail of chipped ice from the river, I saw the marten directly in the trail. He loped along like a rabbit, looking back at me meanwhile over his shoulder. Mac had been thawing the ice out of a tent that day to lighten it, and for this purpose he had built a large camp-fire about 6ft. from the corner of the cabin, where the wolves lay. The fire was still blazing fitfully, and I hardly thought we would hear anything from the marten that night. I was mistaken, however, for just as we sat down to supper we heard a succession of spittings, snarlings and scratchings that told us the trap had done its work. The little freebooter sprang the full length of the chain at me when I reached the corner of the cabin, club in hand, but his fiery spirit went out a moment after at the first rap of the club. Two or three nights after we heard another marten at the same spot. I got up from bed and set the trap with numbed fingers, for it was a 40-below night, and a few moments later we had this one also.

This marten did a very curious thing, for after being caught by the hind leg he crawled through the bowed jaws of the trap, thus twisting his leg almost into a knot. It was a female, fully a third smaller than the first, and so very dark as to be almost black. The warm brown that characterizes most marten was lacking. These Yukon marten have a white patch on their throats, in no way suggestive of the orange so often seen on Maine or Eastern specimens. A Hudson's Bay man tells me that the white is characteristic of the marten from the extreme north.

While coming up the river on the ice an ordinary chinchilla-colored woods mouse caused me more fright and mental suffering than any of the larger wild animals would be likely to occasion. This mouse crawled inside my blankets as I was lying out one cold night, just below Rink Rapids, and deliberately attempted to bite a chunk from off the end of my nose. Nature has endowed me with plenty of nose, and I could easily have spared the piece, but the mouse's method of taking it was very painful—the tooth marks are in evidence to this day—and I sprang half out of bed and made a frantic effort to escape from my small antagonist. When I was thoroughly awake I watched, and soon saw the mouse return to the attack. I secured a stick, and resting on one elbow, endeavored to rid myself of the troublesome thing; and I recalled certain occasions when I had ridiculed girls I knew for being afraid of mice. Finally I almost hit the mouse, and he gave up the foray for the time being, and a truce having been declared, the two armies rested on their arms.

Just at daybreak, however, that mouse got down into the blankets again and bit me on the hand. It was lighter now, and I could see better, and wasn't quite so sleepy; and this time my aim was truer. My partner when awakened in the night had thought I was delirious, and tried to soothe me; but when I showed him the dead mouse and my swollen nose he accepted me once more as a rational being. J. B. BURNHAM.

How does a Buddhist fisherman justify his trade? By arguing, says Mr. Young, that he does not kill his fish, but only draws it out of the water, whereafter the fish dies a quite natural death. We know a better story than that, of Mohammedan lascars on the Eastern steamship lines. No good Mohammedan eats pork. But your Moslem lascar has acquired a belief in the transubstantiating virtue of sea water. So he hooks his chunk of pork to a line, tosses it overboard, and after a reverent pause begins to haul in, hand over hand, to his nasal, slow chant, "Jao suar, idhar ao machee," which being interpreted means, "Away, pig; come along, fish." Experience has proved the practical efficacy of this rite.—*London Daily News.*

Natural History.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(Continued from page 264.)

THE ORYX (*Oryx beisa*, Rüpp). NATIVE NAME, *Beit*.

ORYX are not often seen in the country north of the Golis Range, but their numbers increase as the Haud is traversed, and on the south of Toyo, and in Ogaden they are plentiful. It is a stoutly built animal, about the size of a large donkey, and goes in herds, sometimes as many as fifty or more being seen together. Generally, however, a dozen individuals or less are met with. It is not unusual to find old bulls wandering about by themselves. At a distance it is impossible to distinguish the bulls from the cows, as both carry horns, those of the cows more slender and usually longer than the average of bulls' horns. But this difference in size is not perceptible unless one is very close to the animals. The horns are annulated for two-thirds their length, then become smooth, and end in a sharp point. The average length of bulls' horns is not much over 30 in., although occasionally specimens are obtained that are several inches longer, and the cows' horns sometimes reach a length of 37 or 38 in. They are very formidable weapons, and it is dangerous to approach a wounded oryx. In charging its enemy the oryx puts its head low down between its forelegs, with the horns pointed forward not much above the ground, and rushes at the object of its hate with much swiftness. These lance-like

gazella), from South Africa. This last, a very fine animal, is almost extinct, a remnant being protected on a few farms, but its days are numbered and it will soon disappear.

BIG KOODOO (*Strepsiceros kudu*, Gray). NATIVE NAME, *Golir*.

This is a mountain species, delighting in the lofty ranges amid steep declivities, ravines and broken ground, and occasionally going on to the plains; and when it does so it is probably merely to reach some other range of lofty hills. The big koodoo is a magnificent animal, one of the largest of known species of antelope, possessed of a powerful frame, beautiful coloring, and the male carries a magnificent pair of long, spiral horns. The female is hornless. It keeps near water, unlike in this respect so many African antelopes, and is very shy and retiring, remaining in the most inaccessible parts of the hills it can find, and starting off at the slightest sign of danger or sight of a suspicious object. The easy way in which a bull koodoo can travel over the rocky ground, scaling apparently inaccessible cliffs, and going at speed over the roughest places broken up into defiles and thickly strewn with boulders and broken stones, is wonderful to witness; but the animal goes clattering along, making a prodigious noise the while, with as much ease as a horse would travel on a good road. Koodoo are cunning, and their eyes, nose and ears serve them equally well, but the very style of ground they inhabit, and which serves as a refuge, is one of the means of their destruction, for it is easy to stalk them when the hunter has innumerable objects at hand by means of which he can veil his approach and gain a position near the unsuspecting quarry, from which a deadly shot can be taken. Koodoo go in small herds, usually consisting of an old bull and two or three cows,

eling from one portion of a range to another, and I have known them to leave the Golis entirely and go upon the Haud, as one time three individuals were met with by my party some ten or fifteen miles beyond the Haud's northern boundary, where there were no hills, merely a comparatively flat plain covered by low thorn trees and bushes. They seemed out of place in such a situation, and evidently felt that way themselves, for on being surprised started away in the direction of the distant mountains at the best pace of which they were capable. The color of old bulls is a beautiful blue gray, that of the females and young reddish brown, both sexes having the body decorated with eight or nine narrow white stripes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Extinction of the Passenger Pigeon.

BEING a bird lover and amateur ornithologist, I take an interest in anything I see written on bird life. In *FOREST AND STREAM* a few issues since the "Extinction of the Passenger Pigeon" was written on.

In many years I have gleaned all the information I could on this fine bird, which once swarmed in countless millions in the eastern part of this continent. What has become of him has never to me been satisfactorily explained.

That this species of the great pigeon family has become comparatively extinct is admitted by all who take an interest in such matters, and there is a reason for it, whether that reason is known to us or not. His being destroyed by storm or by the reckless slaughter of netters and shooters or any other reason I have ever heard I do not think correct. Once so numerous that they darkened the sun, it might be said of them: "As numerous as the sands of the seashore." No human slaughter could have annihilated them. True, the elements might have done so. If so, when and where was it done? It could not have happened on this continent without its being known. There can be no doubt that every animal which once existed on this planet and became extinct had a cause for its extinction; and I have for many years thought I knew the cause for the extinction of the passenger pigeon. I think he was literally starved to death.

The passenger pigeon was a bird indigenous to this country, where he had any quantity of natural food for sustenance. His home and course of travel were along its eastern part, which till the settlers cleared it up was covered with all kinds of deciduous trees—beech, oak, maple, basswood and many other kinds of trees that bore mast in abundance which this bird fed on; saying nothing of the endless kinds of shrubs which also catered for him. The bird did not become extinct suddenly. Where I live in the southern part of Ontario, a dense deciduous forest when I first knew it, he commenced decreasing in numbers about the year 1870, and it took nearly or quite ten years for their almost gradual extinction. Their extinction really was more of a spasmodic than gradual character, but during the years 1870 to 1880 they left that great hardwood forest, which once stretched, solid, from the Niagara River to the Detroit River, and "have never come back any more."

Up to perhaps 1865 to 1870 there was still sufficient bush to supply them food, but every year the axe was doing its sure and to this bird fatal work, till by and by enough natural food was not produced in the forest to maintain him, and in a few years he became extinct. The elements did not hurt him; neither the gun nor the net destroyed him. The settler's axe alone is responsible for his extinction.

L. H. SMITH.

STRATHROY, Ontario, Canada.

A Curious Fox Skin.

CLINTON, Conn., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Joel H. Carter, a farmer residing here, shot a fox a few days since, the animal being so peculiarly marked as to excite comment from a large number of veteran fox hunters, by whom its skin has been viewed with interest. No one thus far has seen or heard of a like instance, which does not seem to indicate albinism, although unfortunately the eyes are not in evidence, the animal having been skinned and the carcass left in the woods. The fur is extraordinarily short at every point and inclined to curl. The sides of the animal are of a light bluish or smoky cast, while the entire under part of the body is pink, looking as though painted. The tail is unusually short and resembles somewhat that of a sheep, the hair being also short thereon. In color the tail is of a very light yellow or cream color. The head seems abnormally large. The inside of either ear is a bright bluish shade clear to the tip.

ALLEN W. JONES.

[The skin referred to above was sent on to us for examination, and is certainly an odd-looking specimen. It is woolly and short-coated over the whole body, having apparently lost all its long over-hair, only the short, close, woolly under-coat remaining. The tail appears extremely short, which is in part due to the loss of the long hairs at its tip. The specimen having been submitted to the eminent mammalogist, Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, he has commented on its condition, and writes that he thinks "such a condition in the fox is very unusual, and that the specimen is decidedly abnormal."

We find no evidence of any skin disease which might account for the loss of the long hair, and the time of the year—late February—at which the animal was killed would seem to show that this shedding was not a seasonal change.]

The New Aquarium Superintendent gives his own Measure.

From the New York Sun of April 9.

COL. JAMES E. JONES, whom the Park Board appointed Superintendent of Small Parks in the Borough of Manhattan, began the duties of his office yesterday by taking charge of the Aquarium. Col. Jones was in rare good humor. He established quarters in Dr. Bean's old office on the second floor, and after arranging the furniture to suit his own ideas he sat down, and putting his feet on the desk, lit a long, fat cigar. Col. Jones is tall



THE ORYX.

From "Trail and Camp-fire." Photo by W. Lord Smith.

horns are quite capable of passing entirely through the body of an animal. Oryx seem to be quite independent of water, and are often seen many miles from any place where it could be procured. They frequent the waterless, treeless plains, such as Toyo, Silo, etc., in herds sometimes of large size, and subsist upon the harsh dry grass common to such localities. The skin of a bull is very thick on the neck and withers, in some cases as much as 3/4 in. thick. The natives select this part of the hide to make their shields, which are sufficiently tough to stop any spear or arrow. As the bulls are very pugnacious, no doubt their tough, thick hides are a great protection against the lance-like horns, and save them from being run through this vital portion of the body.

I have frequently seen bulls fighting and thrusting with their horns, ending in the weaker being chased for a long distance by the victor, amid a cloud of dust. Oryx are not especially wary, but their sight is very keen, and they depend more upon their eyes to detect danger than either upon nose or ears. It is not, however, a difficult matter to get within fair shooting distance of a herd, provided due caution is used and the ground is suitable for stalking. The natives frequently hunt this animal on their ponies, and endeavor to spear it, and every year a number of men and horses lose their lives, transfixed by the sharp horns of the angry game. Oryx run with considerable speed, and are able to keep it up for a long time, but the natives surround a herd and are therefore able to meet the animals, no matter which way they may run. Calves are curious-looking little creatures, something like those of the domestic cattle, having a hump upon the shoulders. They soon become quite tame, and one we had for a short time would readily suckle a goat, although the latter was not half its size. The horns at first are mere knobs with the points turned to one side, and these ends do not become straight until a length of several inches is attained. Calves utter a sound between a bleat and a bellow, and this expresses either fear or hunger. They run even more swiftly than the adult, and it is wonderful to see the little creatures keeping up with a herd in full flight, frequently taking the lead and keeping it. Oryx are often seen with hartebeest, aoul, etc., peacefully grazing on the plain together.

This species of oryx is the second largest of those known, being exceeded in size by the gemsbok (*Oryx*

with their calves, if there are any. Occasionally a young bull may be of the party, but if that is the case he is usually too young to excite any jealousy in the lord of the family. The cows are the most watchful, and are always on the lookout to perceive approaching danger, and the bull trusts almost entirely to them to give him timely warning. The note or call of the female when she is startled is a kind of bark, which, when heard, puts all the members of a herd on the qui vive. This and the succeeding species never associate together, for although the big koodoo may go down on the plains stretching away from the base of the mountains, his small relative never ascends to the heights on which he loves to dwell. They may "meet by chance," but I fancy the lesser koodoo would have no especial desire to prolong the acquaintance.

A bull koodoo will stand about thirteen hands high, and the horns measure sometimes as much as 60 in. along the curve. These, however, belong to South African individuals, which seem to have larger horns than their Somali brethren. Those of the latter country rarely exceed 50 in. on the curve and 3 ft. high, i. e., from base to tip. The largest we procured were 38 in. high, and 49 along the curve. In Somali-land this fine animal is becoming scarce, as many are killed every year, and it will not be long before this fine antelope will have disappeared from that portion of East Africa. In South Africa this species is still quite numerous in the mountains in the vicinity of Delagoa Bay, and as that is one of the worst fever districts perhaps to be met with on the continent, the koodoo may be found there after the race has disappeared from more healthy localities. A fine head of a big koodoo bull is a great trophy for a sportsman, and all desire to possess one, but it is a question whether even to obtain so coveted an object is worth while to endanger one's life, for the African fever is something that one can get on just as happily without, even if he never obtains any knowledge of it. In certain parts of South Africa, such as the country around the Zemberi River, the big koodoo does not confine itself to the hills, but is found in the thick bush along the banks of the streams, and in the thorn jungles where these are abundant, in this respect being very different in its habits as practiced in Somali-land, where, as I have said, it is almost entirely an inhabitant of the mountains and lofty hills. It seems to be a very restless animal, and wanders a great deal, trav-

and angular. He said he was fond of fishing. He looks like a man who would sit in a boat all day in the broiling sun, watching for a bite. When asked by a Sun reporter how he came to assume charge of the Aquarium, Col. Jones said:

"Well, you see, it's this way. I was appointed Superintendent of Small Parks and all the buildings therein. The Aquarium is in a small park; therefore I took charge. The management of this place is only an incident in the duties of my office."

"What is your opinion of Dr. Bean?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, he was all right in his way," replied Col. Jones, "but he was too darned scientific."

"Don't you believe he was a good man for the place?" queried the reporter.

"Oh! Lord, yes; he was a good man, but he wasn't practical," answered the new superintendent. "Everything with him was science. Now I am a practical man, but I believe in science too, because I am a graduate of a college myself; but there is such a thing as too much science. Do you know how they used to test water here to find out whether fishes could live in it or not?"

The reporter confessed his ignorance.

"Why, by scientific methods," replied the Colonel. "But I've got a way that beats that. The proper thing to do is to put a fish in the water. If it lives for twenty-four hours, why the water's all right. If the darn thing dies, why the water's all wrong."

"Do you intend to make any changes in the present force?"

"Well, not any to speak of. But I can't keep 'em all. Some of them are not fit to be chambermaids in livery stables. You can't expect me to keep them, can you?"

Wild Pigeons in Vermont.

MILTON, Vt., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I read several interesting letters regarding the wild pigeon from various sections of the country. We have a few pigeons left in Vermont, and I am certain that they nest here. During the last five years I have seen altogether probably fifty birds, sometimes small flocks of five or six, but generally single individuals, and I am positive that one pair at least raised a brood in this town last season. Old residents here say that in their boyhood pigeons were in such abundance that they were a constant source of menace to the grain fields, to such an extent that boys and men were hired by the farmers to watch the fields and frighten the flocks away. It is also said that enormous numbers were caught in nets and were shipped to the larger cities. This was about sixty years ago. KENEWAIL.

Pet Rabbit and Pet Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article on the rabbit in this week's issue calls to mind a family of rabbits under my observation. The father rabbit can do battle with the family pug dog. I have seen the rabbit turn on the dog after the dog had worried him and chased him over the yard, and have also seen him bite the dog in retaliation for his annoyance to him. It is quite amusing to see them chase each other around and quite as funny to hear the dog yelp when the rabbit nips him on the ear with his sharp teeth; and he knows his danger, for he keeps his distance when pursuing him; experience has taught him, through numerous bites, to keep "so near and yet so far" from those squirrel-like teeth or suffer for his temerity. INQUIRER.

Spring in Montana.

BOZEMAN, Mont., April 8.—Saw the first robin on March 29, and phoebe bird on April 1; the snow is nearly gone in the valley, but several feet deep in the mountains. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

After Shootin's Over.

NORVELL, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I've just bin a-sizin' up my fall ketch o' fur, consistin' of three kid rats and a white stripe. Now if you ain't too unfavorable to the notion I'd like to swap 'em fur subscripshun to your paper. Folks say it ud be safer a-sendin' on 'em through the mails nor clear money. They say that postmasters an' such fellers wouldn't be no ways so likely to tamper with 'em. I thought I'd let the paper stop, seein' she'd run out, but when I come to think on't I can't seem to endure the notion when, now the shootin' season is over, with fur good, an' the two-bar'l scatter gun has bin cleaned up an' stood away ag'in the season o' '98, I've got to have sumthin to kind o' steady my equilibrium, so to speak.

O' course there's our last hunt to think about on the last day o' the season. We had a fine time. The fresh snow that fell the night afore got me right up early in the mornin'; chores all done up afore breakfast; an' after that I slipped on the huntin' togs an' sot out to meet my old friend F. H. at the app'inted place. When I got there the first thing he said: "Say, ain't this snow a corker? We'll make up to-day for what we didn't on some other days." An' we did too. When it come night we'd bagged 1 pa'tridge, 4 rabbits an' 18 quail, an' lots on 'em got away. Didn't do no big shootin', o' course, but then we got enough for anything but a game hog.

Waal, that time is past an' gone, an' as I said afore, the scatter gun an' game bag an' things has bin laid up, an' there ain't nothin' much for me and the old dog to do in the huntin' line now; an' some of the days seem kind o' long and lonesome like. I notice about every mornin' the dog comes round with an inquirin' look in his eye to see if I ain't goin' huntin', an' when I get ready to go out he'll begin jumpin' round an' round, tryin' to catch his tail, an' knockin' things over, so tickled to think we're goin' huntin'. When he sees it's nothin' but an old rat trap or a bit o' choppin' I'm goin'

to look after he gets disgusted like an' turns round an' goes back to the house an' begins barkin' like somebody's come, to make the wimin folks open the door sost he can slip in by the fire.

An' then ag'in some days he gits to feelin' so rampant that he'll go trailin' off after birds an' stuff by himself an' scarin' on 'em up, an' then I have a real spell with him, a-callin' him in an' tryin' to make him understand we're livin' under game law government now; that we've got to let the birds and things alone; that he mus'n't even snuff of their old tracks in the snow, 'cause it might lead to disturbin' on 'em out o' season, an' that's ag'in the law, besides bein' very undogly. An' then he'll come an' put his paws up on me an' I hav' to rub his nose an' fumble his ears for him an' tell him I know it's lots o' fun, but we've got to let 'em alone an' wait till the birds hav' come back an' builded there nests an' hatched out there young uns an' gone away ag'in, an' the old bullfrog down in the pond has got done singin' "Jerry Louks, Jerry Louks," an' the maple leaves hav' turned yellor, an' the mushrats hav' beginded buildin' there houses around, afore we can ever go huntin' ag'in.

But it's no use; don't do any good; he only holds his head kind o' sideways an' looks at me, an' then gits down an' walks off waggin' his tail, oneasy, f'gety like, snuffin' around at things. I dunno wot makes it, but seems so his longin's fur huntin' be all the time a-sproutin' up an' a-pesterin' on 'im, an' I'll be glad when shootin' times come ag'in, sost I can let him go an' foller the ways of his natur'.

An' yet, after all, when I come to think on it, I dunno as his longin's be so very much longer nor mine. Mebby they be, but I ain't sure on it. As I said afore, some of the days seems kind o' long an' lonesome, now shootin's over an' the gun an' things is put away. Course I'll hav' to take the gun out of its case occasion'ly an' look through the bores to see how she's keepin', an' then I wouldn't wonder a mite if I put 'er together an' took a squint or two along over the bar's jest to see how familiar like she comes up. No particular need o' doin' the latter, as I knows on, but then I notice the true sportsman seems to enjoy doin' such foolishness. Don't you know he does? Some way the holdin' an' heftin' of the old gun seems to kind o' remind him of about some o' the happiest times of his life. He gets to thinkin' about how he use' to git up early in the mornin' an' take down the old gun, put a few shells in his pocket, an' slip out o' the house an' off down to the lake or river an' wait for the mallards to come in; or mebby he'll think o' the day when he stood on the log an' shot at that woodcock an' the old gun kicked him off in the creek; or some o' the time shootin' quail or pa'tridge along in the fall, an' comin' back at night with his bag full o' game, a-whistlin' some old tune an' feelin' mighty good-natur'd to'rds everybody most.

But now I s'pose there's bin a day in the experience of every shootin' man when he's gone out a-huntin' (an' a fus-rate day for shootin' too), an' banged away all day an' never got nothin' septin a shitpoke or some such stuff, an' when come night kind o' dragged himself along back home, the wind a-moanin' across the muzzle of his gun bar'l, a-feelin' leg-achy, an' mad at the dog, an' mean 'nough to go off in the woods an' hide, hatin' like sixty to meet his folk. Ain't ye never noticed any such feelin's—leastwise when ye was a boy, a-livin' in the fear an' admonishun o' dad? But that's all forgotten the next time he goes a-huntin'. It's one o' them fine days 'long in the fall, after we've had a frost. The sky is clear an' bright, the grass an' leaves glisten in the mornin' sunshine, the air is still, the leaves come flutterin' down, an' you can hear the squirrels a-barkin' an' droppin' nuts out o' the trees way off in the woods, an' if you listen real sharp like's not you'll hear that old pa'tridge that's got away from ye so many times a-drummin' way over there in the brush lot, an' hear the hounds a-bayin' up in the hills miles away. Bimeby the old dog begins trailin' along through the grass up to'rds that old rail fence, an' then putty soon he gets to crouchin' an' creepin' along, careful like, till jes' afore he comes to that clump o' bushes on the furdur side o' fence, an' there he stops; he's got 'em. Now he don't put up the birds an' begin shootin' on 'em right off. No, oh, no; not if he's built right on the inside. He'll stop a bit an' take a look at the dog a-standin' there with his for'd foot lifted up, his nose an' tail in line an' his eyes a-glowin' like balls o' fire, silooted as he were ag'in the bresh. He wouldn't use any cuss words on him now; no, sir; best dog in the State now. But while he's standin' there admirin' that pictur', all to onct—whir-r-r! up goes a pa'tridge; whir-r-r! 'way goes another; an' quicker'n lightnin' he fetches the gun up an' lets go with the right bar'l an' then the left. After the smoke has riz up an' the sound of his gun comes rollin' back through the woods, two little clouds o' feathers that he sees driftin' away in the air marks the beginnin' o' them days that he'll love to yarn about with the boys round the stove in the store, after his shootin' seasons are closed on him never to open ag'in. H. R.

P. S.—Hope ye won't be unfavorable to the tradin', cause the white stripe is prime fur.

Belknap County League.

LACONIA, N. H., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Belknap County Fish and Game League was held in this city on the afternoon of the 5th inst. A good attendance was present, and matters of much importance to those interested in fish and game were discussed. The following were elected officers for the current year: J. E. Wilson, President; S. S. Jewett, Secretary; A. W. Dinsmore, Treasurer; all of Laconia.

In the evening the first annual banquet and social meeting was held at the Eagle Hotel in this city, which was a pronounced success in every way. Sixty-two gentlemen sat down at table. After the banquet short speeches were made by Messrs. Shurtleff and Wentworth, of the State Fish and Game Commission; also by Messrs. J. E. Wilson, J. T. Busiel, E. P. Jewell and S. S. Jewett, of Laconia; Thomas Cogswell, of Gilmanton; W. R. Clough, of Alton; and others.

The Belknap County Fish and Game League, while only a year old, has become a power in this section in all matters relating to legitimate sport and the prop-

agation and protection of fish and game. The League has 141 members, and includes in its membership many of the most prominent men in this section of the State. The coming year promises to be one of exceeding activity for the League, as it purposes to do everything possible to stimulate the interests of legitimate sport and the protection of fish and game.

Maine Hunting Tax.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you article written by Col. Farrington. At his request I send it to you. I hope you will publish it, and make such editorial comments as you think appropriate. L. T. CARLETON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much of late is said and written regarding changes in our fish and game laws, for the purpose of making them more effective for the preservation of game.

The thought naturally is, when violations of the law are called to one's attention, that the remedy lies in enacting more stringent laws. It is my intention in this communication to call public attention to the condition of things regarding the violation of the game laws, the reason therefor, and suggest a possible remedy or what may lead up to a better condition of things.

In the first place I claim that the laws affecting our fish and game are better enforced than most other laws upon our statute books, and that public opinion is improving in sustaining an enforcement of law, and improving our fish and game preserves.

But I also admit that there is need of a better protection of our fish and game (game especially), and a better appreciation of its care. While public sentiment is improving, and the State at large appreciates more and more each year the great advantages derived from these resources, there will be for many years more or less violation of law, same as the lawless violate any and all law when it seems for their interest to do so.

How to meet the demands in the direction of best preserving our game resources is the one living question that calls for the best judgment of every person who would see the State receive the greatest benefit from them. What is best for the State at large, not what is best for this or that section or interest, should be the problem to be solved.

To that end let me make the following suggestions:

First, as I have said to many persons, the State receives its greatest benefits from its fish resources—very much greater than from its game—for from its fishing privileges come thousands of tourists who spend many months at our inland resorts, by lakes and ponds, annually leaving large sums of money.

This feature of the State's visiting business may be increased many fold by the increase of our best fish in waters now stocked, and by stocking many waters well adapted for their breeding. In this direction I would turn the attention of those desiring to make the most of these privileges for the State.

Let the fish and game business be separated. Let the appropriation for the preservation and culture of fish be at least \$25,000, which sum would show in ten years remarkable results in fishing resorts and a consequent increase in visiting tourists and their families. Its benefits would be felt in almost every hamlet in Maine in one way or another. The tax upon a valuation of \$2,000 for this amount would be about 20 cents, and I do not believe that the taxpayers of the State would raise the least objection to it.

It is the big game and its care which has led up to the most criticism, and which creates the most discontent. Do not understand that I would advise the abandonment of the care of our large game, or less attention to its protection and preservation. On the other hand, the method suggested of dealing with it would to my mind lead up to the best possible results.

I assume that our fishing interests are general. Also that our game interests are mainly sectional. In other words, the benefits coming from our fishing resources are general in their scope, and that the benefits coming from our large game accrue to certain localities and to certain individuals or corporations. To be more definite, those whose business it is to care for the sportsmen, hotels, guides, steamboats upon inland waters, and those carrying them by rail, or transporting their express, receive largely the benefits derived from our large game.

These interests are mostly in one part of the State, or rather a large part of the State only indirectly and remotely receives any profit from the preservation of large game. Therefore it is and must be sectional in its benefits. I do not wish to be understood as saying that it is not of sufficient moment and its benefits general enough to demand the care of the whole State, if that was the only and best way to preserve it. But I feel that there is a better way, fairer and more just.

Having appropriated \$25,000 for fish and fishculture, I would compel every non-resident person who desired to hunt moose, caribou or deer to pay annually \$5 for that privilege, and each resident of the State \$1 for the same right.

I have always opposed a license fee upon non-residents, and would now, if it did not apply in some measure to the resident. Laws to be accepted must be fair and just. To tax the non-resident alone is not a just or fair law to my mind. To tax the resident as much as the non-resident would not be fair or just because he is paying his proportion of the appropriation for the care of fish.

The non-resident, who would feel injured by being alone taxed, would see that there was in this no attempt to take unfair advantage of him; and the resident, it would seem, ought to be willing to pay something for the preservation of a kind of a game he desired to hunt.

It was stated in the report of the Fish and Game Commissioners that some 7,000 sportsmen from out of the State came here to hunt large game last year. Suppose 5,000 should come—and I see no reason to reduce the number—a tax of \$5 would give \$25,000; and if 5,000 in the State hunted large game we would have \$30,000 for the preservation and protection of large game.

These two amounts, for fish and game, would make Maine's fish and game interests grow marvelously.

I would then give additional privileges, the right to ship game lawfully taken to the homes of those desiring to do so, and any other reasonable privilege.

I would go further, and without hesitation separate the Commission by making one of them a game protector, and he should be intrusted with the care of game and the enforcement of the game laws. The other two to be intrusted with the care and culture of fish, and each advisory regarding both fish and game interests.

The reasons why this seems to me the best way to deal with our fish and game matters are to my mind many, but it would be too great a demand upon your paper to print them at this time.

The bare proposition for the consideration of those interested is submitted with a view of improving our laws, and of putting firmly upon reliable grounds our great interests in fish and game. E. C. FARRINGTON.

Maine Guides.

STATE OF MAINE, Office of Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, Augusta, April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The attention of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of this State has been called to your leading editorial in your issue of April 9, entitled "A Suggestion to Maine Guides."

With your permission, we wish to point out what we conceive to be some of the erroneous statements contained therein, and therefore wrong conclusions to which you seem to have arrived.

Permit us to say, however, in the beginning, that we welcome all discussion and fair criticism, to the end that errors may be discovered and corrected and the best attainable results secured; therefore, if your editorial is intended to point out wherein the guide law can be made better, improved by amendment, we are grateful for your suggestions; but if, as it seems from reading it, it is intended to bring the law into disrepute and create and foster antagonisms, turning over the whole question of game protection to the guides' associations alone, then we wish to take issue with you squarely and point out wherein you mistake many of the essential features of the law, and mislead your readers as to what it really is.

You say: "No examination is required to determine whether the applicant possesses any of the qualifications which might be deemed essential," etc. You have inadvertently fallen into error in this particular, and your broad statement is calculated (not designedly by you) to mislead. It is equally erroneous, whether applied to the law itself or to the course pursued by the Commissioners. The words "deemed suitable to act as a guide" in the paragraph quoted by you were intended by the Legislature to have, and must have, some significant meaning. This, at any rate, is the view we have taken of it, and have been governed in our official conduct accordingly.

Permit us to state the existing conditions at the time the law was proposed and enacted, and we want here to state broadly that we do not desire to enter upon any elaborate argument to defend this law, for it needs none; it is too deeply cherished by the average sense of our people to require it. One short year has demonstrated its vast importance to our fish and game interests, imperfect as it may be; but the idea contained in it is regarded by a great majority of our people as the key to the situation—as the rock upon which to build. One of the principal arguments made before the Legislature when the bill was under discussion was that "at certain seasons of the year there were not guides enough, and at such times many people got a chance to earn a few dollars who could not pass a successful examination and get a certificate, and therefore great injustice would be done." The Legislature was impressed with this argument, and the bill as originally drawn was therefore modified in this respect, to obviate this objection to some of the guides, and others—now these very ones turn around and condemn the law for omissions they asked for and got. Still there is in it sufficient to permit the Commissioners to refuse to register any one "deemed unsuitable." You are again in error when you assert: "The veriest greenhorn, if he send in his application, and the dollar with it, receives a license." You have been grossly misinformed in this respect. The fact is, the Commissioners have refused to issue certificates to sixty-three applicants who "sent their application and the dollar," and the dollar was refunded. We have been very liberal in granting certificates of registration. We intended to be; we preferred to err, if at all, in favor of the applicant at the start. The guides live in fourteen counties; many of these counties are no larger than some of the New England States, one great game county alone being nearly as large in area as the whole State of Massachusetts. They were strangers to us, and to each other, and it was a seven days' wonder when it was discovered that there were more than 1,300 of them, only five of whom but claimed they had been employed as guides for two years or more. We were compelled to rely upon human testimony in a majority of cases as to their "suitableness." We were imposed upon in many instances, and certificates issued that ought not to have been; but the registration is yearly, and this year we hope to make fewer mistakes and shut out more incompetents, for we are constantly getting better acquainted.

I trust that we have said enough to show that the granting a certificate of registration "means something more than the mere fact that he has paid a dollar for a badge," and herein you again greatly mislead.

No official badges are provided for in the law, and none have been issued. The fee paid for registration is not for a badge at all. We procured a few badges and let all the guides who wanted one have them at what they cost at the manufacturers.

We fully and heartily indorse what you say about guides forming associations. The chairman of the Commission, so far as we know, was the first man who publicly advocated this and urged guides to organize. We welcome guides' organizations, and always assist in every way in our power in securing them.

The great fact, Mr. Editor, must not be lost sight of that the fish and game in the State belong to the people of this State; this fact has been fully recognized and enunciated by the United States Supreme Court.

Our people have taxed themselves many hundreds of

thousands of dollars to propagate and protect it, and we do not enact laws for the guides alone, nor for non-residents alone, but seek to enact such wise laws as will best subserve the material and moral interests of our own citizens, ever keeping in mind the sublime fact that the citizens of all the States are citizens of our common country.

But speaking of the guide bill, Mr. Editor, we regard registered guides as being charged with certain responsibilities, and we have labored to impress this idea upon them. We find that many are disposed to accept this responsibility, and have honestly tried to assist us in many ways the past year, and are pleased to say that they have assisted very materially by their influence, and in many regions have doubtless saved the lives of much game. The old idea that they must close their eyes and ears to all that is going on around them is rapidly dying out, apparently, and considerably over half of them have corresponded with us the past winter, given us information by which we were able to successfully prosecute violators of the law, assisted wardens freely when in their vicinity, and in many cases have openly and in manly style informed the little world around them that future poaching must stop, and that they should inform the authorities of the facts, as far as able, if it did not stop.

The past winter being favorable for poaching, it would be strange if none was done; but as we can easily show you, the most of the crooked work has been done in regions where there were few or no guides.

The guide law is a jewel for us. It has helped very much undoubtedly. It will help us more as it is better understood, and the guides learn that something is expected of them, and that they have a duty to perform. They are expected to be honest, capable and truthful, sober and industrious when employed, willing to lend their influence to protect fish and game; in other words, we expect them to be loyal to the cause, and as fast as practicable shall try to weed out such as are not.

We are fully aware that there is a certain class of so-called sportsmen who like to come to Maine during the summer months, hire guides, go into the woods ostensibly on a fishing trip, with rifles, and kill deer. These men are unanimously opposed to the law requiring guides to be registered, and those guides who have been employed by this class, fearing they would lose their customers, are opposed to the law, and these two classes have made about all the noise we have heard against the law.

There are a few guides, and we are pleased to say that there are but few of this class, who on every occasion denounce the law and its authors in unmeasured terms, and they are prolific writers and talkers. A prominent member of a guides' association not long since took it upon himself to formally order a game warden not to report to us any violations of the law.

A few have refused to comply with the law requiring them to report to us the amount of game taken and days employed.

We regard the very mainspring of what opposition to the law there is, the fear that it will in some way interfere with fishing parties who wish to use Winchester rifles for fish poles.

There are hundreds registered as guides for inland fishing alone, and their certificates restrict them to a certain county, while others are registered for forest hunting alone, and are restricted to a given territory, while others known absolutely to be first-class guides are unrestricted. This is the system upon which the guides are being registered this year. It was not adopted last year except to a limited extent, because of the fact, as stated above, that we were strangers to a very great extent, and the time was too limited.

When the guides of Maine, to any great extent—should that time ever come—refuse to co-operate with the authorities for game protection, and visiting sportsmen egg them on and applaud and counsel such a course, that time will mark the hour when our Legislature will cease taxing the people for the protection of game, and the great herds of deer and moose that now roam over our almost limitless game preserves will disappear forever. Very respectfully, L. T. CARLETON, Chairman of Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

Mr. Wallihan was not Responsible.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an editorial article entitled "Books on Big Game," published in "Trail and Camp-Fire," the third volume of the Boone and Crockett Club, occurs the following: "A new departure, that of photographing wild animals in their homes, was taken in Wallihan's 'Hoofs, Claws and Antlers,' although Mr. Wallihan greatly marred the book by combining with the genuine photographs of wild animals a number of 'fake' pictures of stuffed animals."

Mr. Wallihan has written to us complaining that injustice has been done him in this sentence. He states that he had nothing to do with the publishing of "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers" other than to furnish prints of a few of his game photographs and to write descriptions of them; that the matter of inserting the pictures of stuffed animals was mentioned to him by the publisher, Mr. Thayer, which proposition he protested against and opposed to the best of his ability, and that until he saw a completed copy of the book he did not know what was in it. He asks that the error be corrected, if there is any possible way in which it can be done.

It was inevitable that the responsibility for these fake pictures should rest on Mr. Wallihan until he had publicly repudiated them, as he has now done. We are glad that Mr. Wallihan makes a protest against the unauthorized use of his name by his publisher, and that we can inform the readers of "Trail and Camp-Fire" that Mr. Wallihan was as much annoyed at the fake pictures in the book as any one could have been. He thus authorizes us to make public the fact that these pictures were printed in the book without his knowledge and against his wishes.

Mr. Thayer's conduct in the matter speaks for itself, and requires no special comment, but it may be said that acts of this kind are precisely those which tend to bring discredit on persons interested in sportsmanship of whatever kind.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Editors of "Trail and Camp-Fire."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Snipe are In.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 7.—The jacksnipe have arrived, and the end of the week will see many good bags made. The birds are reported from Shelby, Momence and Davis, all on the Kankakee marsh, but are still wild and erratic, not having yet quite settled down on their feed. The ground is rapidly improving in condition. The next two weeks will show good sport. I would again recommend Koutts, Shelby, Momence, Davis, Swift's Siding, as points which ought to be good now and better within ten days. Last Monday Billy Mussey killed 23 jacks along Mill Creek, on the Maksawba Club marsh. Mr. Mussey, Mr. Organ and others will go to that club at the end of this week and try again for the birds. So will John Watson. The latter has a deep and undying grudge against the jacksnipe, dating back to some ancient and unrecorded day. John Watson was refereeing a pigeon shoot yesterday, when he was told that his friend Mussey had killed 23 snipe, the first of the season, this week. After that Mr. Watson was so agitated that he could hardly see straight, and he privately informed me that he didn't think it was right for Billy Mussey to kill those snipe, because they belonged to him. When last seen John Watson was hurriedly calling for his rubber boots. A great many others are also calling for their boots, and within the next five days many a long bill will bite the mud of Indiana. It snowed a few lines here in Chicago one day this week, but the weather is warmer now, and the shooters may be sure of sport, if one can ever be sure of anything connected with the unprincipled jacksnipe.

Cleaning Up.

Warden Loveday is just cleaning up his season's grist of violations of the game laws, and has made several long jumps this week in reaching a few choice malefactors in widely separated portions of the State. There was a man out at Dixon, in Lee county—Mr. S. C. Argreaves, said to be a member of a local gun club and of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Mr. Argreaves has plenty of money, and did not need to hunt for the market. He hunts in many parts of the land, and has a good time generally, according to the story; but he has not been too well-to-do to be above shipping game to market, though he is a good friend of the State's Attorney, and has stood well in his community. Well, Mr. Argreaves went on shipping game—rabbits, even rabbits—and quails, and that sort of thing, and at last Warden Loveday found too many quail mixed with the rabbits. He arrested Mr. Argreaves for selling Illinois quail, and the rich market hunter has contributed \$205.50 to the cause of protection. He has promised to reform. "Stop the sale of game."

Mr. Joe DeWolf, of Assumption, Ill., is a grocer and commission man, who ships, or did ship, his game to Chicago. Mr. DeWolf had a leaning toward rabbits, but he got confused one day, and allowed fifty-four illegal quail to fly into his rabbit box. These Warden Loveday found in due course at Chicago. Mr. DeWolf was very penitent, and could not see how those quail could have become tangled up with the rabbits. He talked so sweetly that he was let off with \$95.85.

Mr. William Kroesch, of Union Hill, on one of his busy days, got together a box containing twenty-two quail, three prairie chickens and two doves, and merrily sent them off to Chicago, where everything goes, or where everything used to go. Warden Loveday held conversation with Mr. Kroesch over this, and the latter showed fight. He always had sold game when he liked, he said, and he always would. He was treated to the solitary bird act, which usually brings the tough ones to time. He was fined for selling one bird, with costs also assessed against him, of course. Then he was arrested, taken to jail, brought out again, fined for another bird with costs, and sent back again. At about the third bird he threw up his hands, saying he did not want to be engaged in this sort of thing all winter. He was therefore allowed to compromise on \$130.

Warden Loveday has one case to try in La Salle county, where a man has been trapping prairie chickens in the spring and shipping them to Chicago markets. The name of this man he does not yet care to divulge. In this case the shipment was made "by number," the consignee not daring to sign his own name, which is known by its number on the books of the house to which he ships. This is one of the little dodges of the highly moral game trade on South Water street, of this city. In this case the dodge will not serve. A man who will trap prairie chickens in this State at any time, let alone in the spring, ought surely to get the limit.

I wonder if the general public would fall dead if it really knew the extent of the trade in game? Now Illinois is a very poor State for game these days, so poor that the dealers say frankly that they do not care what we do with the game of this State, just so no one interferes with the trade of other and better States. Yet Mr. Loveday tells me that one man, by name of King, at Carrier's Mills, in this State—a little place of no importance—admits that in one season alone he himself shipped to one firm in Chicago 1,750 dozen, or 21,000 birds in all, of quail alone, saying nothing of other game. Mr. Loveday saw the man's books and knows this to be true. This is what one man in one town did, and what one firm here received from one shipper of one sort of game, in a State which is not important to-day as a field for market hunting. Is it any wonder that our game is fading away? Is it any wonder that the main concern of sportsmen to-day is to take measures to stop such doings? If we could uncover the great warehouses of Chicago, how many thousand times 21,000 quail do you suppose would be displayed to the public, which is absolutely ignorant of the tremendous totals of this business? Add to this New York; add to this Boston. Is it not a wonder that the name of sport has not been wiped off our calendars? And if we could stop these markets, what would not be the revival of sport in this country!

In view of such figures, it is with especial comfort that one hears now and then of good, stiff blows landed on this foe. I have spent some time in recording the Kewanee fiasco in which an abortive attempt was made

to break up the stronghold of H. Clay Merritt, of Kewanee. The former warden quit this case, for some reason or another, and nothing decisive ever came of it. Merritt was fined in the upper court for the birds he actually sold and sent out during the close season, but the replevin suits by which he retained possession of 27,000 head of illegal game were never pushed, and he kept his game. The vital point of the affair, therefore, was never touched upon, which of course was the question whether a dealer could hold over game to the next season, and not forfeit title if his game was discovered. In brief, it was the question whether putting illegal property on ice makes it become legal. Merritt therefore went on with his trade in game very much as before, but relied on the New York market, not daring to trust his stuff in Chicago. He got picked up in spite of his care, and then he labeled his contraband stuff as "poultry," and tried again for the New York market, not daring to trust his stuff in Chicago. He got picked up in spite of his care, and then he labeled his contraband stuff as "poultry," and tried again for the New York market, not dreaming that he would be caught in transit. Yet that is just what happened, Warden Loveday falling upon a fine lot of it not long ago. He has brought suit against this old offender in the Circuit Court of his county, the amount being set at \$50,000 at the lowest. This time it is very likely that Mr. Merritt will not see the case dropped or compromised. This is what he can be fined for having turned loose out of his freezer. Not even yet will the State of Illinois, by its warden, tackle the graver question of what shall be done with the birds which are on ice and which ought to be confiscated just as much as those which he sends out from his freezer. The lawyers say that the confiscation of such game would be "unconstitutional." It seems to me I have heard that word before. It might be very well for us to have our Supreme Court declare it unconstitutional, and not leave it to the lawyers or to the dealers. When we can open the doors of the freezers at the end of the selling season we have won our fight all over the West and all over the United States. But even if we cannot, it is a comfort to think of Mr. Merritt's confiscated "poultry," which he was hopefully sending down to New York.

One more word, brethren, and I am done. Chicago is a big market for game, but it is not the only one. Out on the Pacific coast there is also a demand for game by men who can't shoot it. The Elsinore, Cal., Press has the following item about the business done by just two market hunters:

"George and H. Atkins, two young men who have been shooting wild ducks for market the past season on Lake Elsinore, kept an account of each day's results. From Oct. 17 to Feb. 28 they killed and shipped 5,223 ducks and 88 geese. Of these 2,811 were of the variety known as spoon bills, the balance of the 5,223 being distributed among the other varieties. There were several other market hunters shooting on the lake during the season, but we have no means of knowing the amount of game they secured, but it is safe to say that altogether they must have secured as much again as the Atkins brothers."

The Los Angeles Times, commenting on this item, says in sober good faith: "It is a wonder that more of the unemployed men do not go into the business of hunting for the market during the season. There is money to be made in this way."

Club Haps and Mishaps.

The Fox River Hunting and Fishing Club, of Oshkosh, Wis., has voted to put up a good club house on its grounds on the Butte des Morts marsh, above Oshkosh.

The club house of the East St. Louis Rod and Gun Club, situated on the famous Okaw River, in Illinois, about forty miles from East St. Louis, has been destroyed by the breaking of a levee, which caused the flooding of 10,000 acres of land and the destruction of much property. The members of this club lost between twenty and thirty boats, and the furniture in the house was ruined.

Game in Old Mexico.

Mr. Howard K. Frost writes from the City of Mexico about a little hunt in that country which some of his friends have just had. Among others I see the name of Mr. Daniel Raum, of Peoria, who is of the law committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. I could wish Mr. Frost had more details to offer us about the far-off southern country. He says:

"Although my muscollonge tale from northern Wisconsin was doubted, and I have never heard of any one who took time or trouble to consult E. A. Everett, of Hotel Everett, although I gave him as a reference, I still live to tell a tale of a United States shooting party in Mexico.

"A party, consisting of Col. Moore and son, from Kansas City, Mo.; Daniel F. Raum, of Peoria, Ill., and John W. Maxey, of Austin, Tex., under the guidance of E. J. Fletcher, spent last week hunting on a four-million acre hacienda about fifty miles from Tampico.

"Six deer, a quantity of turkeys, and many small pheasants, were secured. As to the quality of the game, consult Samuel E. Magill, our genial Consul at Tampico, who with us banqueted off a fine young buck.

"I stayed behind, not being particularly fond of jungle hunting, though the size of boa constrictors can be attested by Col. Moore and Dan Raum; the number of fleas and ticks is beyond human calculation. The tired and happy hunters say that is nothing compared to the excellence and quantity of the game. Nevertheless all agree that to bag game in Mexico the first shot must be instantly fatal. Like fish, 'heaps got away.'"

Alligator Hunting.

Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, who spent part of the winter in Florida, tells me he had considerable sport in shooting alligators, of which he and a man who went along, an old gator hunter, killed 14 in all, one measuring 11 ft. in length. Dick brought up a lot of hides and several of the best heads, and will have a collection of valises and gun trunks manufactured from the hides, while the heads will be mounted with such mottoes as "Merry Christmas" and "God Bless our Home." He says it is not very hard to kill a gator, the best point to hit

them being in or near or behind the eye, or behind the forearm. He says that the activity of the alligator in the water was a surprising thing to him. He saw for the first time a new sport, that of calling alligators. The guide would do this by putting a stick below the surface of the water and giving a good imitation of the gator grunt. Soon a streak of bubbles would be seen coming toward the noise, and then they got ready with the rifles.

Legal.

Hunting rights on marshes are affected by the decision in Hall vs. Alford (Michigan), which denies the right of hunters to go in boats and hunt wildfowl on a marsh surrounding an island, in a river, without consent of the owner of the land, where the water is sometimes 10 or 12 in. deep, and at other times the ground is dry and covered with rushes.

A Setting Hen.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—The other day, as I was passing along a street near my office, I saw a dense crowd of human beings, such as make up the average population of a city, all gathered about some object at which they were fighting and struggling to get a good look. The crowd was just in front of a basement grocery store, which was offering cut rates on hams, eggs, butter and other products not indigenous to Chicago. At an earlier time I had observed his joint attracting attention by means of certain living pictures, the same being barnyard fowls roosting on a pole. I more than half suspected some other such *argumentum ad hominem*, and so was not altogether surprised to observe, as I passed, that the center of attraction in this case was nothing more than a large, coarse, yellow hen, of obviously truculent disposition, which was apparently chained to business on a nest full of eggs arranged for her on top of a barrel at the edge of the sidewalk. In plain English, this was nothing but a settin' hen, yet it was something which many persons were apparently willing to hazard their necks to witness. I suppose a great many of these city folk never saw a settin' hen before. They may have dreamed, in a vague sort of a way, that eggs came in some wholesale fashion from the fireside of Mr. Armour, Mr. Swift and other packers who make us our genuine Jersey butter. Perhaps there may have been others in the crowd in whose minds the sight of this busy fowl brought up recollections of pleasant country scenes in earlier days. For my own part, it made me think of blue skies and wide fields, with the caw of crow and the jangle of jay over head, and near at hand the cackle of many fowls—the same of goodly yellow legs and suggestful, portly presence. I admit that I paused to gaze at this yellow hen, proving thus once more the shrewdness of the dealer who posted her there as a sign, knowing that she would be welcomed by humanity, either as a curiosity or as a friend.

There is something in this city scene which jars upon the sense of eternal fitness. All men who savvy hen know very well that the hen prefers to conduct these private domestic matters in a sanctuary of her own choosing. Unless heavily hobbled and side-lined, any hen of spirit which has the intention of increasing the feathered population of the world will forsake the most luxuriously upholstered nest possible to be constructed by the skill of man, and will hunt up some spot of fancied seclusion under a scraggly currant bush at the furthest end of the plaza, and there take her chances with rats, skunks and other elements, merely for the sake of a little privacy. I do not know what there is that passes through the mind of a settin' hen, my native delicacy having prevented me from inquiring too curiously into such matters, even when I was day herd on the hen ranch of my mother. I never have considered that it was for me to inquire why a hen, with the prospect of fourteen cheerful little chirping, soft-bodied, pretty chicklets, should erect the feathers of her head like quills upon the fretful pumpkin vine, or why she should gutturally complain to the circumambient air when approached but by the hand of kindness. This, as I have conceived it, was the business of the hen, and not for me to know. Therefore I must confess that, having these preconceived notions as to the constitutional rights of the hen in such matters, it irked me somewhat to see this hen compelled to carry on her incubation, against her will, in the garish air of the crowded city, pursued not merely by one bare-legged boy anxious to count her eggs and to see whether such eggs would all float or sink in a pan of warm water, but actually surrounded by an assemblage of grown men and adult women, many of whom appeared to possess some of the marks of intelligence and education. Thus, I said to myself, progresses the barbarity of that which we call modern civilization! Nothing is sacred. The reporter with his note book invades the privacy of our divorce arrangements. The grocer sets his hen upon our very streets, concealed by not even the mockery of a currant bush!

There is a moral in nearly everything you run across, if you look at it the right way, sighting along either before it or back of it. We read now of large bags of ducks being killed this spring by those strong-kneed souls who think spring shooting should be allowed, and by those other weak-kneed individuals who think it ought not to be allowed, but who do it nevertheless. Had I been in possession of a gun the other morning, I could very easily have shot this hen, although I presume her embonpoint was not such as it should have been at a later date. I restrained my ardor and did not shoot the hen. Nay, indeed, I recall that in earlier days we never shot the hens when they were ruffling up their feathers and strutting around, evidently with this business of incubation on their minds. We could easily have done so, but we didn't. We figured that each hen thus left to herself would soon produce ten fold for us of fowl which would be better to eat than herself. I am sure I could have killed every hen that my mother owned. I did not do so, and although this was a score of years ago, the last time I was out to the old place there were just as many hens, just as many chickens and just as many eggs as there were when I was a boy. Moreover, I find that the markets of this city have just as much poultry, just as many eggs now as they ever did. While perhaps I should not speak

positively in this matter, I am disposed to believe that this perpetuity of the hen is due to the fact that those controlling the fountains of the hen industry have never made it a practice to go gunning along the currant bushes in the spring in search of easy shooting on nesting birds.

I said there was a moral in almost anything, but a moral is such a bore. Let us not draw any moral. Let us get our guns and kill every breeding bird we can. But twenty years from now let us not wail because the nests along the currant bushes, and along the marshes, are no longer to be found, and because neither on the marshes nor in the markets are wildfowl as plentiful as they are even to-day. Perhaps my hen is still to be found at the old stand. The spring has come. I have not had my gun out for quite a while. Shall I not yield to temptation, and go around and take a pot shot at this fowl which has just come in on the flight, and which is seeking a place where it may privately endeavor to add a few more fowls to the glory of nature and the good of mankind?

Another Singing Mouse.

I have heard of yet another instance of this strange freak of nature. Mr. Stanley Waterloo, of Chicago, author of "The Story of Ab," and one of the best known newspaper men of Chicago, tells me that some years ago, when he had apartments near what is now the Victoria Hotel in this city, he had a singing mouse, which entertained himself and wife for some weeks. He first heard it in one of the closets, singing very shrilly, and explained to his wife what it was. After that they often listened to it for many moments at a time. This, I believe, is the sixth instance of a singing mouse of which I have known.

About Alaska.

Mr. W. A. Work is the last one to write me asking advice about an Alaskan trip. If Mr. Work goes direct to the coast from Texas, he will pass through some point—San Francisco, Tacoma or Seattle—where the outfitting for Alaska has been brought down to a science. Lists of provisions, articles of clothing, tools, supplies, etc., are issued by these firms, and they are fairly correct for the use of a man going to make a long trip in a hard country. He may feel safe in depending on these lists, but I would advise that he add one-third to the grub list, for a man in a cold country eats a powerful lot. It is better to have too much than too little to eat, and if you get tired and come out, you can sell all the grub you have left. As to boats, Mr. Burnham, of the FOREST AND STREAM, took in not one, but two canvas boats. I understand that they did very well. They must be big enough to carry a ton of stuff between the two. It is no pleasure trip that one tackles in the Yukon journey. After he is started he may build rafts or wooden boats, as he finds needful; knock-down or canvas boats are easier taken in now than they were last year, as facilities at the passes are better.

Alaska is a great big country, and some of it is very poor game country, while some is very good. The west coast, say in the Copper River region, seems to have produced the most of the big game we hear about. Suppose one killed any good heads over in the heart of the region along the Yukon? He could hardly get them out without paying far more than they were worth. If he hunted somewhere near the coast, he might save his trophies, even then at great cost and trouble. It is impossible to speak of Alaska as a game country. It is all sorts and any kind of a country, depending on where you go. Of course it is not yet shot out, as are the United States.

As to the gun, tastes differ, of course. The old standby, the .45-70 Government, is always good. The small-bore nitro rifles are fancied by very many. The cold weather will not "kill the powder." The ammunition for the small bores is much lighter, a great point in favor of the latter. The .30-30 and .30-40 have killed some of the large moose and big bears which have this season come down from the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, so they may be said to have passed the stage of doubt. Many men will not shoot the old rifles at all any more, though the old rifles will kill meat in the proper hands. It is all a question of taste.

Got Him on the List.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 9.—I must add to my lists of persons high in position, but not too high to break the game laws, the name of Deputy Collector M. E. Burns, of Tower, Minn., who has for some time been figuring in a trunk mystery case. Mr. Burns got hold of partridges contrary to the law, locked them up in his little trunk, and then checked the latter as baggage when he went down to St. Paul. The St. Paul Dispatch tells the sequel of what happened to Burns:

Suspicion was directed to a storekeeper at that point and it was noticed that frequent trips were made by Collector Burns to the Twin Cities, accompanied by trunks unusually bulky for traffic in the woods. On his last trip down on March 30, a trunk which went up empty a short time before was brought by him on the stage to Tower, and the weight, and care with which the trunk was kept outside the hotel, probably for cold storage, attracted notice. The trunk was examined at its arrival at St. Paul, and was found to contain partridges. The game was seized and instructions were received by Deputy Game Warden Phillips to arrest Burns on his arrival in Tower from St. Paul. Burns was arrested immediately upon his arrival and bound over to the Grand Jury in the sum of \$1,000. Sufficient bond was furnished and Burns was released. There is widespread indignation here over the brazen attempts which have been made to evade the law, and guilty parties will meet with scant sympathy at the hands of the prosecuting authorities.

Tolleston Again.

There is a rumor out that a receiver has been appointed by the court to take charge of the property of the Tolleston Gun Club for the purpose of satisfying a judgment secured by Theodore Pratt, who was injured by one of the club wardens while trespassing on the club grounds a year ago. Mr. Daniels, President of Tolleston Club, says that he is not fretting any over this receiver, and that the club will not pay any attention to him, but will pursue the even tenor of its way and let the upper courts take their course.

Bags.

Members of the Carthage Lake Club, of Burlington, Ia., have been having fair shooting this spring. Last week

Frank Lundell and Gus Polson bagged 46 birds one day and 23 another. John A. Gregg killed 15 mallards one day. Messrs. Gould, Mohland and Walden have had fair sport during the past ten days.

At Hennepin Club Chan Powers and Dick Merrill were shooting for a couple of weeks last month, and they are reported to have killed large bags of mallards, though I do not have figures at hand.

Shooting in Nebraska, more especially along the Platte, has been good this spring, as earlier reported. Messrs. John M. Fairfield and F. Moore last week killed 225 ducks near Woodlake, Neb., of which 160 were redheads, 24 mallards and the rest mixed ducks. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Jackson's Hole and the Park.

JACKSON, Wyo., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting held here the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The Jackson's Hole country is the only territory south of and contiguous to the Yellowstone National Park which is susceptible of settlement and cultivation; and

Whereas, The constant agitation of the question of extending the limits of the National Park by annexing adjoining territory has a tendency to retard the normal development of our community,

Therefore, Be it resolved by the bona fide settlers of Jackson's Hole in mass meeting assembled:

First—As a satisfactory and permanent settlement of all plans for the future enlargement of the National Park by an addition of territory on the south, we do most earnestly recommend the immediate extension of Park control over the territory now embraced in the Teton Timber Reserve, believing that such addition to the National Park will amply suffice for the further and better protection of large game.

Second—While we favor the extension of the National Park to the south line of the Teton Timber Reserve, we are unalterably opposed to any other or further extension of the south boundary of the Park so as to encroach upon or curtail the present limits of the Jackson's Hole settlement. We do not believe that it would be either good policy or economy for the National Government to incur the enormous expense necessary to oust the bona fide settlers of a large and prosperous community, merely to extend the game area of the National Park; and further, we are firmly convinced that the addition of the Teton Timber Reserve will satisfy all reasonable demands for an extension of the National Park toward the south, and at the same time allay all apprehensions of actual and intending settlers in the Jackson's Hole country proper.

S. N. LEEK, Chairman.
FRANK L. PETERSON, Sec'y.

The Boston Sportsmen's Exhibition.

Boston, Mass., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What has become of that "Plank?" Has its substance been destroyed? Dry rot has been the death of many would-be great reforms, and caused mainly by the plea that the time was not ready for their presentation, or for aggressive action. I hope the plank has not got "dozy," nor FOREST AND STREAM abandoned its position that no game shall be in possession in close season. When my last week's FOREST AND STREAM came to hand I looked over the views of the Boston Sportsmen's Exhibition with much satisfaction, and confidently expected to see a full-page cut of one particular exhibit of game made by a market man. When I passed by the exhibit in question, which I did several times, the thought would flash through my mind, "This is a sportsman's exhibition! Curious that such prominence should be given to the arch-enemy of the true sportsman." And when I looked at the broken-necked grouse and quail I could not help internally anathematizing a management that would allow such an exhibition to be made. Why didn't they have a corps of grouse snarers and quail netters devote some time to showing how the game is killed by poachers? Would it be out of taste, so long as it was shown how the poacher's middleman handled it?

Here it is nearly April, and yet quail and pinnated grouse are being marketed in quantities in Quincy market and Market street, while cold storage warehouses are filled with meat and birds to be brought out as "first of the season" next fall. No one who knows the method of securing this supply of game needs to glance at the daily press for intelligence of the weather conditions at the game grounds of the country. Deep snows are surely followed by a plethora of venison, grouse and quail in the markets, and their appearance on the street or in the market is an unfailing sign that a blizzard has struck the fields where trapping, snaring and crusting is a profession. If sportsmen are to hold annual exhibitions, let them at least be in a sportsman's line, rather than in the interest of poachers and market men, or anything tending toward it. ELTSAC.

Coursing Partridges.

UNLESS my memory greatly fails me, it was a friend of my youth, Xenophon by name, who in a thrilling narrative called "Anabasis" describes very graphically the way in which certain young bloods of his time were wont to amuse themselves by galloping across country in pursuit of bustards, which, he adds, resemble and fly like partridges. Whether "the pampered favorites of the young monarch" behaved in this erratic manner, "in the spring of the year, B. C.," or after they had retired into winter quarters, as they constantly appear to have been doing, I cannot quite remember; but in either case the sturdy young Greeks must have been uncommonly well mounted if the bustards which they chased so recklessly flew anything like the February partridges of 1898. Possibly, however, it was the baneful examples set by the blades of Xenophon's generation that lately led astray two young men in the Midlands. As they were jogging homeward after a poor day's sport a covey of partridges suddenly rose from a field beside the road and alighted in a meadow a few hundred yards away. Instantly the brilliant idea of chasing the birds across country a la

Xenophon entered their brain, and within a few moments they had flushed the covey again, and were in hot pursuit. The fences were stiff, but the going was fairly good, and for over two miles the erratic youths kept the covey in sight. Then a hidden wire brought the chase to an unpleasantly abrupt conclusion. The disciples of Xenophon are still in bed.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Harper's Ferry.

THE beautiful! Nature held here her carnival after that day when the mountains were built, and showered upon the spot with lavish hand her gems and robes of beauty. There is no grandeur here, save the mimic grandeur of the pageant, but like the masterpiece of some great scenic artist all beauties are suggested. No cloud-capped towers hem it in; no peaks of snow, no mountain giants, bald and bare, look down upon the twin streams that meet here, to go thereafter, hand in hand, laughing to the sea.

The wedge between the Shenandoah and the Potomac has riven the Blue Ridge to break a passage for the dancing waters, and Maryland Heights on one side and Loudoun on the other are but the ancient gateposts to this ruined stronghold, whose portcullis fell in that long ago—and left it since an unfortunate strategic point, whose possession is a fatality; easy to take and hard to hold.

It was a favorite spot with Thomas Jefferson, who said of it, "One of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness."

This only measures the limits of his experience and the exuberance of his enthusiasm.

He had not seen the mile-high cliffs of the Yosemite or the Colorado Cañon. Even the gorgeous gorges of the near-by Great Smokies would have robbed these 1,500ft. hills of any title to "stupendous." A thousand places in Europe, from the fiords of Norway to the Bay of Naples, would as well repay an ocean voyage.

Yet it does not suffer by comparison with any spot on earth, save in the legendary lore which makes so rich every view abroad.

There, behind the coign of vantage of every rock, lurks the memory of some myth, and we are children still, and fairy stories are ever our delight. We laugh at home at the superstition of our neighbors—the easy credulity which swallows tales of Baldur or the Druids; the gods of ancient Rome, or the legends of the Rhine—and in our busy everyday life only hear them mentioned to wonder how one can find the leisure, or having found it so waste it as to pay any attention to this flotsam of history.

Dreams are there uttered as current coin of narrative, until one forgets to doubt, and all the groves are peopled with shades of endless procession—the ideal as substantial as the real, for both are but memories. Down every valley, up every hill, are hordes from the Northern bee hive swarming toward the sunny South, or stern-visaged crusaders like waves pouring to the East, or Moors coming from the south, or Romans conquering as they go to the Ultima Thule in the West. And in every age, on the outskirts of every passing throng, are the motley individuals whose brighter dress, or wit, or chance, has lent them some distinction, or attracted the local kodak fiend, who has preserved for us their "counterfeit in little," or the romancer of that day, or some subsequent, has given to the coinage of his diseased brain a "local habitation and a name," and to-day, as in the long ago, every tree has its Dryad, every stone its spirit. We are matter of fact, and smile at the childish fancy, and yet when we put aside the burdens of the hour and approach their sacred haunts, we search as eagerly as any for the fabled oak, or cave, or stone—the exact spot where Schinderhannes did his deeds of derring-do; the writer weakly treasures a bit of modern stucco from the house where the doughty robber lived—his story seems so unassailable when you have a real piece of mortar to prove it—and another bit from the keystone of the Brig of Ayr, which ought to satisfy any but a misanthrope of the scientific truth that witches cannot cross a running stream.

We stare with awe at the Tarpeian rock, where pitiful wretches were cast down to certain death, and it is not suggested till we leave the hallowed spot that in this country the boys would probably turn somersaults from it. But these fables are the fairies, who borrow from their miraculous grottoes of dazzling splendor the gems and color that tint and brighten the commonplace abroad, and whose lack leaves nature's greatest beauties here almost commonplace. At the best her beauties are with us but compositions of still life—their pictures have all the animation of the biograph.

Harper's Ferry has its memories too, but they are like all of those of the new world, too recent, and lack the glamour of ancient days—Jefferson's Rock—John Brown's Fort, the half dozen times it was taken and retaken during the Civil War. The town is only a thousand feet above the sea, and from the Heights, 500ft. higher, it is so easy to drop shell into it that it cannot withstand an attack. A dozen regiments surrendered in one of the engagements.

We used formerly to lodge on top of the hill with the Mayor of the town, who had a little hotel on the Heights, and at that time the hotel in the lower town was not well kept. But the hill was too far away from the railroad and the river for our comfort; our friend the Mayor died; the lower hotel changed hands, and just now is conducted by a model anglers' Boniface, who makes any arrangements wired for, and feeds us so well that it is one of our favorite trips; the fish, however, continue to grow scarcer. The place is easy of access, and is consequently overfished; and the refuse from the pulp mills accumulates year by year, and the

condition of the water is clearly getting worse, from that and other causes.

One of the easy methods of fishing the Potomac at this point mostly followed by anglers who use bait is to take a boat—and these are kept in the quiet water on the Shenandoah side—and pole up under the bridges to the pools.

As one starts out on this trip for the first time he will be surprised to find the bed of the river covered with shavings, refuse of the pulp mills, and when the harm they do is considered it seems a pity the mills will not destroy their waste. It is a little cheaper for them, perhaps, to dump it in the river, but it is expensive for the public, and there is no doubt the revenue to the Ferry from the visitors would be appreciably increased if they could be encouraged with just a few more bass.

The water in the pools of the Potomac above the bridge is deep, and we have never had any considerable success with a fly by this route.

The easier and pleasanter way is to ride a mile or two to the Island Park, a picnic ground of some seven or eight acres, kept in excellent order by the railroad for summer excursions.

Two or three good wells, one strongly impregnated with sulphur, are on the island; numerous pavilions scattered about, and in one of these we mount our rods, and leave our extra baggage, which is principally lunch, and a spare rod, with the obliging keeper.

A boy for each carries our landing nets and camera or canteen of water—for we do not return till time for noon coffee. There is good fishing all around the island. The stream we cross to reach it, before the moss and weeds fill it in the low water of the late season, is both good wading and good fishing, but the large bass are either taken by resident professionals, or do not care for this part of the stream, as 2lb. fish are rare; but the smaller ones are more plenty than elsewhere in the neighborhood.

The very prettiest fly-fishing, however, is the nearly square mile of tumbled rocks, and pools, and rapids, that have been poured out below the dam in bewildering confusion. When the river is low, nearly every foot of these waters may be fished by the enthusiastic wader, and indeed a good deal of sport may be had dry shod if one is accustomed to clambering over stones.

There are of course no trees, and the fly has plenty of room, but most of the pools are shallow, and as the angler has no cover, and there are no shadows but his own, or the occasional buzzard floating so calmly and mysteriously above, it is hard to keep from frightening most of the fish—as we mostly do. Our rubber sandal waders are not entirely noiseless or jarless; so many of the loose stones are "tippers," and it is always new matter for wonder when one of these, of several tons, lays over with your weight and slides you quietly into the pool—rarely quietly enough to insure your getting any fish in that particular one. And then you are left with so discomforting a sense of the instability of all earthly things; a mishap like this is apt to disturb one's fixed ideas, that is all but one, and that is the total depravity of inanimate objects.

All the beauties of the scenery here are only visible to the man in a wading suit—to stand knee deep in the swift water on a June morning, when the fog has just risen to the tops of the hills about, and all the slopes are green; the steep sides rise so suddenly that it is easy for imagination to carry their peaks beyond the clouds, and it must have been thus that Jefferson saw it when he said "stupendous;" and if there should happen to be a big bass jigging at the other end of your line it becomes a veritable valley of delight.

This is one of the places where the old, old caution, never let the sun get behind you in fly-fishing, if followed by the angler will lose him many a chance. The bare white stones grow very warm in the long summer days, and the only shelter the fish can find is in their shadow. If you fish with the sun in front of you, the fish are too, and can see you approach for a hundred yards; but if you get the sun behind you, especially when approaching some rock or hole where you know a good one bides, it is nearly your one chance of getting him with a long cast, over or around his cover, into the shadow, where he lies blinking the warm hours away to feeding time—that is, if a bass is ever guilty of such stupidity as blinking, for as a rule the proverbial weasel is a Dickens' fat boy to this alert fish.

But the writer caught one asleep once—that is, nearly caught him. It was in the arm of a lake in southern Illinois, almost solid with clean green moss, in which were many crappies and bass. As the boat was slowly paddled down a narrow channel a large, apparently dead, bass of 3lbs. was lying on the top of the moss, with head and tail just submerged, and his bowed back as dry as a powder horn ought to be; the scales do not lose their sheen soon when taken out of the water, but this was a dry, dull gray. We were sure the fish was dead—and had been for days; suddenly it occurred to one of us that a dead fish would float the other side up, and we worked with some difficulty and no care through the moss within reaching distance of the fish, the net was extended, but fearful he was old enough to make the net offensive he was lightly touched on the back with the steel hoop. This electrified him, and he us. He went up in the air and made two or three convulsive springs, that spattered us both, and convinced us he was not quite dead.

Several times that day we saw thoroughbreds making time in other parts of the lake, and were both agreed it was the same fish, which had not yet worked off his surprise. We never recovered from ours—nor has any plausible explanation ever suggested itself why a bass should be sunning himself in this fashion, or permit such an approach.

There are several fish dams about these rocks, now all abandoned but one. The illusion that these take nothing but eels and mullets was rudely dispelled here by finding a 2½lb. bass in one, which the owner of the pot did not find. One of the best fish the writer has taken here was at the V of one of these dams, which had been ruined by a freshet and never repaired, but still stayed a broad pool with its wide arms. We were coming down from the dam for the evening ride home to supper, well earned and already much desired; it was a quarter of a mile from the trysting place, but the day's

sport was counted done, and with this pool covered the boy had been promised his wage was earned. The pool had been whipped to the angle, and the bass probably driven to that point, but not badly frightened; or perhaps he was hiding where the water broke over the stones. At any rate he came up with a mighty lunge and caught himself, for a careless hand did not respond, till he tried to go over the fall with his barbed prize. Then there was resistance that threatened tackle for a few seconds, but he changed his mind and direction, came back into the pool, and finally to net—and then the day was done, and Herbert's lines recalled:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Our best wish for our best friend would be such another day.
HENRY TALBOT.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. II.—Brook Trout (Continued).

BY FRED MATHER.

WORM-FISHING for trout in clear water is claimed by some to be an art, but the worm and float in muddy pools is simply trout murder, fit only for those to whom sport is nothing and the number and weight of the catch is the only consideration. I do not look with favor on the worm, save as a lure for the groveling catfish and its neighbors in the ponds, but there are others who use it in what they consider to be a scientific manner, and as I learned and practiced worm-fishing for trout in my early days, and have seen it practiced since, I will write of it, under protest, as it were, for I can say, with the late Dr. Bethune: "My hands have long been washed of the nasty things."

Now a worm is not so dirty if it has been well scoured by keeping it a day or two in damp moss, when it becomes not only cleaner, but also tougher and livelier. The common garden earthworm, of medium size, is best, and is variously known as "our mutual friend," "barn-yard hackle," etc. On a long-shanked hook loop two or three worms, piercing them transversely about three times each, and leave the tail ends free. Use ordinary trout tackle with a 6ft. leader. One hook is plenty; more is murder; a shot, or sinker, only impedes the action of the worm, and should not be used; neither should a float, for the worm should be cast up stream, if the current is slow, and be allowed to roll or drift down, the idea being to present the worm in an attractive manner and to induce a trout that is in hiding to leave its retreat and rush for the bait. After the worm is cast the point of the rod should be lowered for a moment to allow the lure to sink, and then raised in order not to have too much of the bight of the line dragging in the water. Above all, be careful of jarring the banks and alarming the trout, for one so alarmed will not take anything that is offered.

Under the conditions described worm-fishing for trout may be classed as sport, but it should only be practiced in midsummer, and in clear water, to be so classed; and it is so easy for an angler to be tempted to use his worm in other ways and at other times that worm-fishing is not looked upon with favor by anglers generally.

Casting the Fly.

There have been many descriptions of the art of fly-casting, but to be a good caster needs practice. I will try to lay down the main principles, and the pupil must do the rest. Grass will do to begin on if water is not handy, remembering what was said in the chapter on tackle about rods and lines. Leaders and hooks had best be left off until you can get out 30ft. of line, as they will only bother you while learning the spring of the rod. Tie a knot in the end of the line to keep it from fraying out, and lay out 10ft. of line on the grass, or water, the rod pointing downward; lift the line slowly until the tip of the rod is at the height of the eye, then give it a gentle twitch to throw the line over your right shoulder, but stop the rod when just beyond the perpendicular. Use no force. Put a book under your arm and hold it there to teach you to cast entirely with your wrist, and to make the spring of the rod do the work, and not your biceps muscle. Never mind if you have seen champion casters in the tournaments throw up their arms until their elbows were high as their ears; they are working for distance, while you will never be called upon for more than 30ft. in stream fishing, or twice that distance from a boat, on a lake.

Keep the elbow at the side, and when it comes easy to drop the knot on a certain spot at 10 or 15ft., try it at 20. Now you will need to see that your line requires as much time to straighten out behind as it does on the forward cast, or it will crack like a whip and you will lose a fly every time it snaps. You will also need to keep the fly from touching the ground or water behind you, and to this end must make the twitch on the back cast up as well as back, and not let the tip of the rod go too far behind. The way to judge of time is to count from the first forward motion until the knot drops on the water, and then count as many from its leaving the water, and you will have an idea when the fly is straight out behind and is safe to be cast. This is a good rule, no matter how far you may cast.

If in one day's practice you have got out 20ft. of line, delivered straight on the water, and without either snapping, falling in the grass behind you, or coming back in your face, a fault in not retrieving the line high in air, as directed, then go home with the knowledge that you have done well, and think it over.

I have had pupils who took several days to master the art so far, while I have made good casters of others in two days. The main trouble with the slow ones was to rid them of the idea that force is necessary, a thing which they could only realize when their arms were completely tired out. I would have them take hold of my wrist to prove that a light twitch of it made the rod do the work, and then give them the rod and hold their wrists to show the exact moment to give a slight

impulse to the rod, and then when I let go they would use their arms as if throwing a stone at a cow, and muscle was needed to do it. When they once mastered the principle the invariable remark was: "Why, how easy it is!"

It is better when two learn together, and one can coach the other, for the caster should never look to the rear to see where his fly is, and then the coacher can say: "More time on the back cast;" "don't let your rod go so far back," or "keep your fly up higher in the air," as these are the three principal faults of the beginner.

Now comes the time to put on a leader and a tail fly. Then the pupil fully understands that the back cast is the main thing. Snap, crack, goes his whip, and his fly is off and he says that he will allow more time on the next back cast. But he will get into trouble if he essays to cast 60ft. before he can cast 40 well. He is tempted to try it, and his line comes back in his face; he must creep before he can walk. Without a teacher he will do well if he can drop a line straight and true at 40ft. without snapping off his fly in a week's practice.

Let him learn to use both hands, and he will be glad that he can use them when casting for several hours. And after he has mastered all that is here laid down he will find plenty to learn in casting with, against and across the wind, as well as avoiding obstacles in front or behind. A strong wind in front or behind may bring his flies about his head, and while this may often be avoided there is no rule for it, and a gust may serve the best of casters in this manner. In retrieving, incline the rod to the left to avoid fouling the line on the rod, then cast over the right shoulder, making the tip move in a circle.

In works of fiction we read of flies "alighting on the water as lightly as a thistle-down." The inference is that the line did not follow and make its mark on the water, but remained, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended in the air. Many of us can make the flies drop first by casting high and checking the flight, but that is mere trick casting, and the trick is of no use in fishing.

One of the most useful casts was introduced into this country some years ago at the New York State Sportsmen's tournament, held on Coney Island, by an English rod maker, named Harry Prichard. They called it the "hoop-snake cast," "water cast," and it was so successful that those who could not make it barred it from the tournaments. It is a most valuable cast to know where there are obstructions which prevent the angler from extending his line as far behind him as he does in front. He only needs a few feet more than the length of his rod, behind him, for he does not retrieve his line. He makes a short cast, a little more than the length of his rod, leaves the line in the water, and drawing the rod well back behind him, even as low as his shoulder, sends it out with a vim which is not used in the other method, and repeats this until he gets his line out where he wants it.

I have fished with Prichard, and have seen him, when trying for a long cast, have 90ft. of line off his reel in the water while he was whipping at it with no apparent prospect of getting it straightened out, and then have seen it roll out, loop after loop, and drop the fly in the distance. I am not an expert at this style, but can use it in ordinary fishing at 60ft., if on the shore of a lake with a wall of trees behind. It is a most valuable cast to know, but I can't tell how it is done any better than I have in the above description.

Wading Streams.

A stream is waded for two reasons; one is that there are many reaches which cannot be fished from the bank, on account of brush, or because the fly can be cast better in the middle of the stream; and the other is that the trout are not so much alarmed by a wader as by one who jars the often elastic bank in the slightest degree. There are four questions for the wader to decide, and these are:

1. Will you try to keep dry in waders?
2. Would you prefer to wade without rubbers?
3. Will you cast the fly up stream?
4. Do you choose to fish down stream?

I have practiced all these ways, and having arrived at an age when I would never fish if I had to wade all day, perhaps I may be trusted to depict the miseries of each of the two propositions which lead the list.

Waders are made in two forms, if not three. There are wading stockings which come to the hip, and are sustained by a loop which a waist belt runs through. These should be worn inside of heavy hob-nailed shoes, because a smooth, water-worn stone covered with slime invites the angler to sit down if his shoes are smooth, and as he promptly accepts the invitation he realizes that his waterproofs have a hole at the top, and when he crawls ashore he lies on his back and extends his heels up a tree trunk to drain. Then there are wading trousers, which only differ from the above in coming up under the arms, and are supported by suspenders; they require heavy shoes also. Another kind of trousers has the heavy shoes attached, and of three evils you may choose what appears to be the least. If you have worn rubber boots or clothing you will know the evil that I refer to is perspiration, which becomes cold and clammy. A slip on one's back and a change from hot perspiration to cool water is delightful. I'd rather be drowned, like Clarence, in a butt of malmsey, than be stewed in my own juices; it's horrible and enervating.

Then discard all rubber goods, put on heavy hob-nailed shoes, for reasons given; wear heavy woolen stockings, no cotton if you value health and comfort; tie your trousers about your ankles and step into the water. You may, or may not, cut slits in the shoes to let the water out; but it's not necessary to do it, for water in the shoe soon gets warm if the stockings are of wool, and if you are in cold water above the knees a moderately warm foot is a good thing to stand on. On a warm June day, to be in cool spring water from one's knees down and at the same time having the warm atmosphere about one's body and an occasional exposure of the head to the direct rays of the sun is enough to make a man who knows what rheumatism is very careful about enjoying too much of this form of sport; yet there are young men, such as I once was, who do no consider the consequences.

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

That is their motto, and it once was mine; and I have no desire to have young men stop wading streams, as we old fellows did in the auld lang syne, but merely to show them the penalties attached to each form of wading, and to let them choose. If I were called upon to wade a stream to-day, and I have passed the three-score milestone, I would prefer to get into the water with heavy shoes, low cut, and woolen stockings, and take all the chances; but that is only an individual choice, based on the fact that as soon as you step out of the water your feet are in a glow, while with rubbers you are cold and need a foot bath and towel rubbing before you feel right. This seems to be a fair presentation of case of waders vs. non-waders.

Up or Down Stream?

This question has been debated in most of the books on trout fishing since the days of Walton, and writers of the present day do not agree as to the best manner to approach a trout in running water. The difference may be likened unto that of Swift's "big-endians" and "little-endians," as far as the fact that each believes in his own methods; but the anglers have merely argued in a gentlemanly way, while Swift's people actually fought over the question of the proper end of an egg to be broken before it was eaten.

The up-stream fisher works on this theory: The eyes of a trout are placed so as to see well in front, above and on the sides, but not behind; and as he always keeps his head up stream he is not apt to see an angler who approaches quietly from behind. The line is cast above, and comes toward the trout as a worm or fly should, and the fish is not alarmed. The line should be kept from getting too much start by raising the tip of the rod as the lure comes back to the angler. He should then cast again, covering a few feet more of the water before he advances a step, and should try each side of the stream if it is wide. A trout has some slack line, and when the angler strikes there is less danger of pulling the fly from the mouth of the trout; the angler can also better imitate the action of a natural insect, and there is no disturbance of the water above the trout. These are, I believe, the stock arguments of the up-stream fisher. It so happened that I had read all this before I ever did much trout fishing, and I fished up stream in Canada, the tributaries of the Genesee River in western New York, and on other streams, and found so many objections to it that I tried fishing down stream and paraphrased an old couplet in his manner:

"This way to fish I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not."

In fishing up stream the only advantage that I can see is that you are behind the fish and it does not see well in that direction; but as you cast above it the glint, or shadow, of the rod may not be confounded by the trout with the waving of branches, especially when the branches are not waving. Then your line comes back on you and you must keep up a vigorous, arm-tiring casting, often where trees, bushes and other obstructions take the fly when you are not casting for them, but only for trout. Think of an angler striking with a slack line and "pulling the fly from the mouth of a trout!" My dear boy, when a trout rises to an artificial fly, thinking it a succulent and palatable insect, and finds that it is only a dry combination of steel, silk, shoemakers' wax, fur, feather or other unpalatable material, it drops that counterfeit like a hot potato if it can. There is no slow process of deglutition such as a catfish gives a worm, but the fraud is rejected at once, if accident has not fixed the hook in the jaw, as it does nine times out of ten, if the line is nearly taut. On a slack line a trout may do the ejecting act oftener than on one which has no slack. Its rush, snatch and retreat to cover are quicker than the strike of the angler, and the fish is often hooked by its own exertion.

In fishing down stream the water may be disturbed and the trout frightened by a rolling stone or by sediment which is loosened, and that is the only objection which I can see; but then one has complete control of his line and fly, can work it across the stream, on the shallows or into pools, and by skillful handling cause the fly to struggle like a drowning insect, because you need not cast at all, the current doing the work, no flies are hung up in the bushes, and the angler need only be careful about disturbing the water and watching for a rise. And then this fact remains: The swift brooks cannot be fished up stream because in them the angler cannot control his fly, and it is back at his feet in a short time.

I prefer to fish brooks down stream from the banks, as much as possible, getting into the water only when necessary to avoid bushes or to cross to the opposite bank, and to wear low shoes and heavy woolen stockings. By this mode one is not in the water long enough to become chilled, and can fish with more comfort than in any other way.

In England they use the fly in two ways, known as "wet fly" and "dry fly." In America, as far as I know, dry fly-fishing is not practiced; it is a modern use of the fly which is said to be killing where the trout are wary and discriminating. I only know of this method by reading of it, and not having a description of the mode handy, will give my idea of the process. The fly is a winged one, with the wings cocked up, and it is not allowed to sink, the object being to simulate a living fly which has just alighted on the water. Therefore it must be kept dry, and after a cast the angler waves the fly back and forth in the air for a longer or shorter time, until he thinks that the fly is dry, when he makes another cast. Some British angler, with a desire to save both time and muscle, has coated his flies with paraffine. If I were a dry fly-fisher I would have a tablet to that man's memory erected inside of my brain-pan, and would bless him every time I went forth to cast the dry fly, provided that the device works as well on the water as it does on paper.

Somehow the dry fly has not tempted me to try it. It looks like hard work to little purpose, and where I fish there seems to be no necessity for it. I took six good trout last week, on Long Island, in the old-fashioned

way, and the six weighed nearly 2 lbs., large enough for trout and plenty for me.

In casting the wet fly, I would have left off the adjective if I had not been writing of the dry fly; after the fly strikes the water it should be allowed to sink a few inches, and then the top of the rod, which should be from 2 to 3 ft. above the water, is slightly twitched upward a few inches; a pause and another twitch; this is repeated so as to give the fly a darting motion, several times, until the rod is so well up that another twitch cannot be made without getting its tip so high that the line cannot be retrieved. This will depend somewhat on the length of line that is out, but mainly on the judgment of the angler, who must ascertain for himself just how far he may work his fly and yet retain control of his rod so that he may retrieve his line for another cast. If he overdoes the working of the fly, and cannot retrieve his line, he must reel up until he can, and then start anew, making short casts and unreeling line with his left hand as he lengthens them.

The wet, sunken fly, with wings soaked and sodden, is not a bit like the artistic bit of millinery which you took from your fly-book, but when again dry it will look nearly the same unless you have bought flies that are half dyed at some department store. Take the red ibis, or as it is often called, scarlet ibis; the feathers of the bird are more expensive than those of a white pullet which are dyed, that is certain; but if the dye is good the feather is as good, and there's the rub. If, after a day's fishing, your scarlet ibis has faded to a watery pink you may be justified in saying what you think, for barring accidents I calculate the life of a good, well-tied fly at twenty trout. After that it becomes frizzled, frazzled and bedraggled, even if it has not partly broken away from the gut at the point of attachment. That is the weak point in all flies, but weakest in the cheapest. I will not have double gut on a hook except perhaps an inch at the attachment, and as a writer may be expected to give reasons for his opinions, this is the reason: A double snell of 6 in. long will catch a bit of weed, as it is not twisted, and no fish will rise to a fly that has weed attached to it. Then if one strand breaks the other follows. This wearing of the gut at the top of the shank of the hook is a serious evil; not serious to the fly makers, but to the angler's pocket.

On the other side of the water they have been using eyed hooks, both turned up and turned down, for flies; and while I have not seen them they seem to be a good thing. Then one merely hitches on a snell with a "fisherman's bend," and if the gut is frayed after use it can be shortened or thrown away. It is possible that such flies may be found in the tackle shops, but I have not looked over flies in the shops in some years, because I have a large stock on hand and take care of it. I have picked up half a dozen of this or that fly here or there when they looked inviting, and that is how a stock accumulates.

The care of flies has been a subject of discussion in angling papers for many years. The main troubles are the moth and brittle gut. Many an angler has opened his fly-book in the spring of the year and found a few good flies and a lot of refuse and empty moth cocoons, as well as brittle gut on his flies. Much has been said of camphor, cedar boxes and other moth repellers; but some dozen or more years ago I reasoned this way: The moth eats many furs, but never the dyed ones, like sealskin and others. The flies which it leaves untouched are those with dyed feathers or dyed wool. The female moth likes to lay her eggs in dark places, where there is little disturbance, and my fly-book, after September, is just the place. They must be hermetically sealed, but how? Thoughts of tin boxes, soldered tightly; were floating around, when a soft voice said: "Won't you come into the dining room and open this jar of fruit? My hands are not strong enough." After the cap of the Mason jar was started the fly-preserving problem was solved. No moth could get in there, and if the jar was perfectly dry the gut would not get brittle. A dozen years of canning flies and fly-books has proved the utility of this plan, which I do not remember to have seen published. There is no patent on it, but it has worked so well with me that I wonder that the rubber ring of the Mason fruit jar never commended itself to anglers to preserve their flies as well as their fruits.

When I started this series it seemed as if one kind of fishing might be done up in a chapter, but as I read over what I have written it seems as if there was enough of detail left out to make a volume, and I have not touched upon the fishing for trout in lakes, from either boat or shore, and must let that run over until next week, or the editor might rip the scissors through a paragraph where he thought it best to stop.

Variations in Fish Supply.

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to make an inquiry, and ask if some readers of FOREST AND STREAM can explain the following: In Plymouth, Vt., are ponds of from, say, one-half to three-quarters of a mile long and one-third to one-half of a mile wide, fed by good mountain spring streams. Fifty or sixty years ago they had plenty of speckled trout in them, also bullheads, or hornpouts, and eels. The trout and bullheads all disappeared. Next came pike and grass pickerel. Some ten or fifteen years ago black bass were put in by the Fish Commissioners, and perhaps yellow perch; at least they are in there, and perch in particular are plenty. There are also wall-eyed pike, put in also by the Fish Commissioners, I presume. Thirty or forty years ago it was no trouble to go up there and get a good string of pike; but of late years very few are caught. The same may also be said of black bass and wall-eyed pike. I have, and many others have, quite a curiosity to know the cause of all of this change. Of course the pike after being put in soon cleaned out the trout; but what is depleting the ponds of all the other kinds of fish, except yellow perch and black bass? Some say they are fished to death; such is not the case, considering the area to be fished over; and then again, those that do fish do not get much but perch, occasionally a wall-eyed pike, a black bass, and once in a while a pike.

AN INQUIRER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Love of Fishing.

Nearly every one who fishes has at some time or another expressed his interest in or love of the sport; at least I imagine so, for I have heard many fishermen declare how fond they were of angling, and this love of fishing is usually measured by something to indicate the degree of intensity; as, for instance, when a man says he would rather fish than eat, which is usually a figure of speech rather than a fact when it comes to a test after omitting a single meal. Never have I heard any one declare that he loved fishing better than his life, but a certain playwright must be, as I thought up to a certain point, an enthusiastic angler, and perhaps he would go without two meals for the sake of fishing, if we can judge of his fondness in this field by what he causes two characters to do and say in one of his plays. The scene is in the cabaret of the "Silver Trout" in France during the time of the French-German war. On the wall in a case hangs a mounted trout of 12 lbs. weight, and two old fishermen are discussing the fishing of other days, and the capture of the particular fish on the wall. The German army is in possession of the town, and orders have been issued that no fishing will be permitted in the river which runs through the town, under penalty of death. The two old men become enthusiastic over the thought of the sport they have had, and the longing to cast their flies on the river (for they are fly-fishers) outruns their discretion. They understand fully that if they are discovered they will be shot, and in explicit language one asks the other if he is willing to risk his life for one night's fishing under a full moon; and the answer after due deliberation, as becomes a patient fisherman, is yes. They depart from the cabaret to engage in an evening's fishing, while the German soldiers are enjoying a night of festivity at the conveniently situated castle. The fishermen are captured and brought before the commanding officer of the invading army, and the fly-book of one of the men contains memoranda of pools, fords, rapids and shallows which prove to be of use to the invaders. The string of trout captured with the men bear mute testimony to their occupation and their devotion to it, but having met the lord of the castle during their fishing, a personage whom the Germans are particularly anxious to lay hands on, they decline to answer any question which relates to the meeting, and are led out and shot in one, two, three order.

What seems strange to me is that a playwright who makes his characters talk intelligently about fish and fishing, even to the correct Latin name of the fish, and who introduces a scene such as that at the "Silver Trout," does not devise a way to enable the devoted fishermen to escape the extreme penalty for having indulged in their favorite sport. The lord of the castle is lugged in by the heels anyway, and if the meeting had been omitted no one would have missed it or known anything about it from the front, and it would have been such a gracious act on the part of the officers of the army of occupation to have excused two old men superlatively devoted to fishing for having allowed their desires to run away with their judgment. I came away from the play, well acted and well mounted as it was, simply disgusted because those two kindly old fishermen were sacrificed when a few strokes of a pen and a very little ink would have saved them; and I finally changed my opinion and came to the conclusion that the author was not a simple pure angler, but perhaps just a pot fisherman. I do not wish to be too severe in my criticism, but really the act of the two old fishermen in giving up their lives for a few small trout is as near real life as some other portions of the play; but I would not have kicked at a brutal ruffian, disguised as an army officer, becoming a tearful saint in three hours' time, nor at the strange vagaries of a woman during the same period, if the author had not deliberately, and with malice aforethought, killed the simple old fishermen.

A little further down Broadway, at another playhouse, there is a play on the boards, and here too there is a fishing incident in one of the scenes. A bright-eyed, bare-legged urchin, cheerfully soiled and rumped, appears with crude fishing tackle, gentles in a bottle and ground bait in a box, evidently, for the scene is laid in England on one summer's day, and fishes in the water on the drop at the back of the stage. An unsavory gipsy, who looks as though he would cut a throat for a sixpence, gives the boy some advice about the fishing, and charges him finally to put back all fish under 1 lb. weight. This may be considered a bit of pleasantry on the part of the ill-favored gipsy, but I choose to look upon it as sage and timely advice, and it then and there occurred to me that the stage might be made the vehicle for educating our fishermen to return small, undersized fish, and to discourage the record breaker and fish hog.

If any one will write a play on these lines, I would be glad to submit for his approval one scene showing the end of the man who kills fish to make a record or to have them photographed when there is no possible chance to utilize them, and promise that the scene depicted will be hot.

Fish Planting under Difficulties.

To one who plants fish to improve the fishing, to stock or restock overfished waters, the selfish attempts of others to thwart all good designs in this direction causes a feeling to arise which cannot be expressed in print. The utter selfishness of some men is beyond comprehension, and no punishment short of instant and violent death seems adequate to fit the crime. Here is an example: I planted some choice fish in a certain lake, and a bill was introduced and passed in the Legislature to close the streams tributary to the lake where the young fish were planted for a term of years, to enable the fish to get a start and protect them when they ran up the stream to spawn. For these purposes the stream was closed to all and every kind of fishing. The young fish, and they were landlocked salmon, did well in this stream, and finally ran down into the lake, where they continued to grow, and everything gave promise

of establishing the fish in the lake to furnish the best of fishing. When I expected the fish would run up the stream to spawn I told a game protector that the fish would be due in the stream about such a time, and I wished him to watch for them to see if they actually put in an appearance.

It must be understood that at that time I had no idea that the fish would be molested on their spawning beds, for the sentiment of the community was in favor of game and fish protection, and the lawless of the region in several instances have had a taste of the law for illegal fishing. The game protector was not to watch the stream, for when every one was apparently interested in establishing the fish it was not considered necessary; but the protector was selected because he was a safe man for the work, and would report to me exactly what he found. He did find that the salmon ran up the stream and prepared spawning beds, and at one place he counted about twenty fish, and he made occasional visits to this particular part of the stream without his visits being known.

One day he reported to me that the salmon were gone, and there was evidence on the bank in the form of tracks that made him believe that the fish had been speared. The fish were not again seen where they had made their spawning beds, and from what I can learn I fear the worst—that is, they had not spawned before they disappeared. If there is anything more contemptible than taking fish at such a time, I do not wish to know of it, and it is most discouraging to attempt to stock waters with choice fish under such circumstances. But this is but one of the many obstacles that are encountered when one tries to improve the fishing by planting with fish the waters that are fished out. People wonder why the fishing does not improve in some streams that are perhaps planted annually with fry or older fish, but the people who do the wondering are law-abiding and do not realize the constant war that is waged against the fish by all sorts of engines, from early spring as soon as the ice is out until after the spawning season in the autumn. The methods of the fish thief are secretive in the extreme, and it is only one out of many that is apprehended and punished for illegal fishing as to season or methods. Too often the sentiment of the community where the illegal methods are practiced is in a great measure responsible for them; not that the illegal fishing or the illegal engines are approved of, but because they are not disapproved of in a forcible manner. The people are simply passive in the matter, and the destruction goes on unchecked. Nothing in this world so discourages illegal fishing or illegal engines as a conviction in the courts and the imposition of a fine. This not only checks the actions in this line of the party of the first part, but it discourages his associates of same kidney.

A. N. CHENEY.

My Reputation for Veracity.

From the North Carolina Presbyterian.

LET me explain that I am a minister of the Gospel, and at the same time something of a sportsman. When my physician prescribed a rod and gun for my dyspepsia, I determined at once to take his prescription. I did not see anything inconsistent in the character of a minister and a sportsman. I could not see how fishing and hunting could hurt either my reputation or my usefulness. But sad experience has convinced me that it is very difficult for a fisherman to keep his reputation for veracity, even though he be a preacher.

I solemnly assert that I never told a lie in my life about any of my fishing or hunting experiences. I have been scrupulously exact in my adherence to truth. And yet I have lost my reputation for veracity. I want to tell you how, as a warning to all fishermen, and especially to my brethren who think of going a-fishing. One of my professors of theology used to say to his class in the seminary: "My young brethren, if you wish to maintain your reputation for veracity, you must not always tell the truth, but always tell a probable truth." He spoke from experience. It is to the neglect of this wholesome advice that I owe the first step of my downfall. Being debarred by my profession from the sportsman's privilege of drawing on his imagination, now and then, I have yielded to the temptation to tell some extraordinary truths. When the circle is gathered round the camp-fire at night, even a preacher does not like to be outdone. As he cannot invent, he must run the risk of telling some improbable truths. I thought my reputation would stand the strain. So it did, for awhile. But I had too many improbable experiences.

For example. I was fishing one hot day in July in a lake. My companions had gone off with the boat, and had left me on a log near the outlet of the lake, which was choked with drift. My minnows were all gone, and I had no flies. I put a spoon troll on my line, leaving the float on. Then I let the current carry it down to the drift and drew it along a log. At about the third cast it caught on something. At first I thought it was a snag. But presently the snag woke up, and then for about fifteen minutes I had the liveliest tussle I ever had in my life with some unseen monster. At last I landed him, and it proved to be a big black buffalo,* weighing nine and a half pounds. Now this is an improbable story, because it is a well-known fact that a buffalo never strikes at a troll. When I told the story in town it was received with an incredulous guffaw. One good old doctor, himself a sportsman, when he heard it, said, "Well, that just shows that even a preacher can't help telling a lie about his fish." I appealed to my companions who had seen the fish; but unfortunately they had not seen me catch it; besides for some reason their testimony was supposed to weaken my case. And, to crown all, one of them went down there about a week afterward and reported that he had caught another buffalo on a troll in the same place. That was too much. Let me explain that I had hooked my fish in the gill. He was in the way, and the troll had caught him by accident.

When once my downfall had begun it was assisted by others. I had a friend, a lawyer, a sportsman, and with some talents for fiction. He used to say that the only

* To preserve some shreds of our correspondent's reputation, we explain that "buffalo" is not the wild animal of the Western plains, but a species of fish.—Ed.

thing in the way of my becoming a true sportsman was my high moral character. So he set about removing that hindrance. He did it in this way: He repeated my stories with embellishments of his own, and credited the whole to me. For example: Tom Crow and I were fishing in Ink Bayou one day for pike. I had a float on my line to prevent being snagged on the bottom. We were standing on a log in the center of the stream. I made an unsuccessful cast and was just drawing back when a big pike leaped out of the water at my float, and cut my line off above the float as clean as if it had been done with a pair of scissors. "Tom," said I, "did you see that?" "Yes." "Well, don't you tell anybody, for if you do I shall have to corroborate it, and it will be as much as my reputation is worth." But he could not resist the temptation. He told the lawyer, and he reported that I had said that that pike had jumped out of the water and bit the end of my steel rod off.

At another time I was fishing on the upper White River. Standing on a log about 10ft. above the water I made a cast at a shady pool under a big cottonwood tree. The minnow fell on a root of the tree just at the edge of the pool. A 3lb. bass leaped at it and took it off that root. I told it in camp that night. When I got back to town I heard it reported that I had said that a bass had jumped up on a log ten feet out of the water and taken my hook. Could any man's reputation stand such a strain as that?

But it was a brother preacher who gave the final blow to my reputation and disgraced me publicly. He lived then in Kentucky, the land of Joe Mulhatton. I will call him the Rev. Mr. Buck. I do not give his real name, because he, like myself, has removed to a new field of labor, and I do not wish to do anything to hinder him in retrieving his lost reputation. His name is not Buck, but it is synonymous with Buck. He is a worthy son of Kentucky. (I mean no reflection on Kentucky, for I myself am a Kentuckian.) He has very decided talents as a novelist. We were talking of cold weather one day in camp and he remarked he had seen the thermometer 36 degrees below zero for six weeks in Kentucky. At another time he stated that he had seen a beech tree in Kentucky which had Daniel Boone's name cut on the heart of it. Boone had cut it on the bark when it was a young tree, and the tree had grown up around it. I was told that he used the same story in a sermon as an illustration of how outward influences affect the inner character, only I believe it was a watermelon that time instead of a beech tree. Well, brother Buck visited me one summer in Arkansas. He preached a good sermon for me one Sunday, the subject of which was, I believe, Lot's reputation for veracity. On Monday, Dr. G., a crony of mine, and I took him fishing. On the way home, we passed a celebrated shooting point, where the ducks crossed at dusk from their feeding ground to their roost. "Buck," said the Doctor, "do you see those two trees there? Well, I suppose there have been a million shots fired at ducks between those two trees." "Doctor, that's bigger than any of my yarns." "Well, Buck," said I, "they have been shooting there for fifty years, and a great many shots have been fired."

That was all that passed. Buck went home. Meanwhile I heard it reported on good authority that he told somebody in Kentucky he had ridden 150 miles with me on a bicycle while in Arkansas in one day. I had never been out with him at all on a bicycle. The next year he was invited to deliver the address before the alumni at the commencement of a certain college in Tennessee. As an alumnus of the institution and a member of the Board of Directors, I was to sit on the platform with him and open the meeting. As we were going up the steps, I said, "Buck, what about that bicycle yarn of yours, that you rode 150 miles in one day with me?" He got out of it by saying that it had happened in Texas with a man whose name was similar to mine. But he stuck to the 150 miles in one day. He announced as the subject of his address, "Exaggeration." I was struck with the subject, as I thought it one which he was remarkably competent to treat. I expected him to give some examples, but I had no idea of what was coming. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you have no idea how common exaggeration is. It is a habit into which even good men may fall, especially if they are sportsmen. Now, here is my friend from Arkansas. I believe he is a good man, and, ordinarily, a truthful man. But when I was with him in Arkansas last summer, he pointed out two trees to me and said, 'Buck, do you see those two trees?' Well, I suppose I have killed a million ducks between those two trees." It brought down the house. It leaked out in Arkansas. My lawyer friend eagerly seized upon it, and helped to circulate the story. When I left my charge, he wanted my church to call Mr. Buck on the strength of that story. But it gave the final blow to my reputation. This is the simple truthful story of how I lost my reputation for veracity. Now, brethren of the clergy and of the rod, hear the conclusion of my sermon. If you want to keep your reputation for veracity, you must not only always tell the truth, but a probable truth. And the second rule is, keep out of bad company. Lawyers, doctors, and even some preachers are not always safe company for a truthful man. But a much safer rule than either of these is this, Don't go fishing.

NIMROD WALTON.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 4, 1898.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The above relation was written evidently by our lamented sportsman parson and published in the North Carolina Presbyterian, and which seems to me too good to be sandwiched between articles on predestination and editorials on the beauties of eternal damnation.

Without being unpardonably conceited, I think I may claim to be the "friend, a lawyer, a sportsman with some talent for fiction," therein referred to.

There are others in my profession. I only say that I consider it unprofessional to lie unless I am paid for it, and that I am not much of a fish liar on general principles. But I do deny that I ruined the Parson's character, and submit that his own statement of his fish stories would ruin the character of Moses, St. Jerome or St. Paul, to say nothing of Calvin and the latter-day saints.

But the Parson did not tell all that ruined his character. My mother and Mrs. Green are next-door neighbors and pillars of his sanctuary. The mater had been away all summer, and upon her return Mrs. Green came

over, and they got to discussing church matters. Says the mater to Mr. Walton (which is not his name, but I do not desire to spoil his usefulness), "Did the Parson preach for you all summer?" Says Mrs. Green, "Yes; all except one Sunday, when he went fishing."

I was not with the Parson that particular Sunday, and I cannot say whether he went fishing that day or not. But I have known Mrs. Green for thirty years, and I am satisfied she never told a lie in her life. I am not so sure about the Parson. Again, we were building a club house at Grassy Lake, and the President, Secretary and Parson went up to see how matters progressed. It was hot, the house was not done and they had to put up with the best accommodations Mr. Retz, the German contractor, could furnish them. The mosquitoes were large, healthy and voracious. While the Parson doped himself with kerosene Retz turned the air a pale azure that left a smell of sulphur in the vicinity. At daybreak the President and Parson went squirrel hunting, while the Secretary stayed to help Retz get breakfast. While cooking it he said, "Retz, you ought not to swear that way, for one of those men is a preacher, and he does not like it." Retz: "Which is a breacher?" Secretary. "The little one with the light mustache." Retz: "Get out mit you; didn't I hear him say last night, 'Dash blank these mosquitoes to blank!'"

The Secretary, the same doctor that told about the million shots at ducks, is responsible for that story. I was not there, and personally I never heard the Parson wish an objectionable individual further away than Little Rock, which he may have considered synonymous.

I could add other instances, but space forbids. So he went downwards and his character got worse and worse, till even the ewe lambs of his flock, who generally worship their pastor, began to damn him with faint praise, such as:

"Brother Walton is a good man, but he does tell awful fish stories," or "Brother Walton is a good man, but he does go with an awful tough crowd."

And finally the climax was reached when on the strength of that buffalo story he was publicly installed as Champion Liar of the Arkansas Association of Fish and Game Liars, and I had the honor to present the elegant medal, with appropriate resolutions and remarks. And the Parson responded with another lot of stories that debared any other from ever claiming it.

And so, his usefulness being utterly destroyed by his own fish stories, he left us, regretted by none so much as by the publicans and sinners, with whom, like his illustrious Master, he most associated. J. M. ROSE.

New England Fishing.

Boston, April 9.—Early trout fishing has received a decided setback by the cold weather. Every night since the season opened the mercury hereabouts has been below freezing, and in every pond and stream in Massachusetts ice has formed since the second day of the month. Besides nearly 4in. of snow has fallen, melted, and swollen the streams with snow and ice water. For such reasons the early trout fishermen have generally stayed at home, some of them visiting the tackle shops daily to talk the matter over and "swap yarns" with each other concerning what they did last year, and what they will do as soon as pleasant weather comes. On the opening day a party of Boston sportsmen visited the Chamberlayne Brook, or privilege controlled by that gentleman, and in a couple of days' fishing are reported to have taken sixty trout. This brook was leased last year by E. H. Wakefield, Jr., a well-known lover of the rod and reel, and visited by himself and friends several times, with more or less of success. The brook is in the neighborhood of Bourne, on the Cape. Mr. Chamberlayne leases it every year, but generally reserves the right to take a party of friends there at the opening of the season. Leominster fishermen are reported to have brought in some good catches the opening day, from State and Barker brooks in and near that town, but the cold weather has since stopped about all fishing.

Some of the best known fishermen are looking for the ice to leave Sebago Lake and Lake Auburn, Me., and Newfound Lake and Dan Hole Pond, N. H. Their landlocked salmon tackle is all ready, but the cold weather has actually put the ice at worse than a standstill, for it has been freezing nearly every night, and may not go out for a week, though all ready to go a week ago. On the 16th R. O. Harding will have in charge the following party of anglers, for Newfound Lake: Edward Brooks, E. H. Wakefield, Jr., George D. Pushee and J. Otis Wardwell and son. At the lake they will be joined by the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners, Messrs. Nathaniel Wentworth and F. L. Hughes. The party will stop over the 19th, which is a legal holiday in this State. If several fine salmon are not brought out it will not be because they are not lured by both patient and expert anglers.

The Sportsmen's Show has resulted in many little episodes of good feeling between guides and visitors, especially sportsmen, and is likely to result in many more. Mr. Frank F. Dodge met a former guide there, A. B. Douglass, of Kibby Valley, Me., fame. Mr. Dodge took Mr. Douglass to the rooms of the Boston Athletic Club, where the latter was greatly interested. The other day Mr. Dodge received a letter from Mr. Douglass stating that he had sent the club "a specimen," a bear. At the time of this writing Mr. Dodge is much interested as to whether the bear is a live one or a harmless piece of work from the shop of some taxidermist. The letter does not state, but in either case the "specimen" will be well taken care of when it arrives.

Boston, April 11.—The weather has changed for the better, and sportsmen with rod and reel are improving it. Two or three parties left Boston for the Cape Saturday. They go to controlled brooks and privileges mostly, and have but little to say as to the exact location. Two parties went to a brook on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, near Moulton Station, Conn., on the same day. This brook, controlled by Boston sportsmen, is said to be a natural trout stream. Considerable restocking has been done, and trout 8in. in length have been grown in one year. The proprietors of the brook have about 12,000 trout in their troughs, of different sizes. There are two ponds in con-

nection with the brook, into which the trout are turned as they grow larger. The owners will be there often this summer.

Sebago Lake, in Maine, is about clear of ice, and will doubtless be entirely clear by the time this catches the eye of the reader. Landlocked salmon fishing has started in good earnest. Two Auburn, Me., fishermen are reported to have taken thirteen salmon from Sebago up to Saturday night, the largest weighing 11½lbs. and the next largest 9¼lbs. A number of Portland, Me., fishermen are also at the lake, and having fair success. Lake Auburn, Me., is not yet clear of ice. It usually clears a few days later than Sebago. The local salmon fishermen are waiting patiently. Late reports from the Rangeley trout waters suggest an early clearing of the ice, but after all much will depend upon the weather.

Boston, April 11.—A special to the Herald this morning says that the ice is out of Sebago Lake, Me., and fishing is good. Four Bostonians have been at the lake five days, and have caught 140lbs. of salmon. They left for home Sunday evening with fourteen large fish. At Kettle Cove, on the east side, and at the outlet of Crooked and Muddy rivers the fishing is excellent. A party of Portland fishermen spent Sunday at the lake with good catches, caught Saturday night (?) before 12 o'clock. The steamers of the Sebago Lake and Songo River Steamboat Co. are to be run in close connection with trains from Portland. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Rod and Reel.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 7.—The Milwaukee Rod and Reel Club have elected the following permanent officers: President, John P. Murphy; Vice-President, Francis Bloodgood, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry C. Reed; Directors, Benjamin M. Weil, William E. Furlong, John good, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry C. Reed; Di- The club will possibly hold a casting tournament this summer, and it is expected that it will send a good delegation to the fly-casting tournament at Grand Rapids, Mich., next June. The Milwaukee men are giving the new club a very good membership.

Effective.

Last winter FOREST AND STREAM printed in these columns the story of the long-continued violations of the fish and game laws along the Rock River, of Illinois. Then came the story of the organization of the strong protective body at Rockford, with its large membership and its definite purpose of stopping the illegal work along this stream. To-day, less than two months after this body was first organized, comes the news that the illegal seining and spearing has been practically stopped already, so vigorous has been the campaign of reform. This shows a fact often overlooked by sportsmen. It is easy to do a thing if you go and do it, and don't sit down and talk about it, and expect it to do itself.

Cleaning the Calumet.

Deputy Earle, of Indiana, has been working for a while along the Little Calumet River, just across the State line, and has now about cleaned out the nets on that stream and the Deep River. He has taken out 1,000ft. of seines and about 100 other nets. The extent of the petty fisheries here may be seen when it is known that about three tons of fish are shipped weekly from the markets of Hammond and Hobart, Ind. These streams were once very good angling waters. Most of the fish shipped now are carp.

The Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 9.—Everything points to an early fishing season this year. Friday of next week will open the trout season in Wisconsin, and there will be a goodly number of Chicago anglers who will eagerly hurry up to take part in the inaugural proceedings. Very rightly, we are not allowed to take bass in Wisconsin until May 25, nor indeed should they be taken in Illinois or Indiana until after the spawning season. It is likely, however, that this season will be earlier than common this year, and I have no doubt that within the next thirty days we shall hear of bass fishing in the Kankakee, the Fox and other well-known streams in this vicinity.

Trout Streams of Michigan.

The southern peninsula of Michigan is a wonderful fishing country, though not so well known to sportsmen of Chicago as Wisconsin. This week the G. R. & I. Railway, which crosses many good streams in that favored land, issues its season guide book and publishes a list of angling waters. I consider these railroad lists as being on the whole of value. They are compiled partly from reports of local agents, who are not always anglers, and who are not always fully posted. The evidence is therefore hearsay evidence, but indeed so is any evidence in regard to angling localities. I hope readers of FOREST AND STREAM will report any localities in the following list which they have found to be especially good. Railroads are corporations, and therefore soulless, but when they tell us where to go fishing they are doing a soulful thing. In the list the figures given show how many miles distant the waters are from the station named.

Belmont—Whitney Creek; Rum Creek, 5; McFarland Creek, 4; Smith Creek, 1½; Mill Creek, 5; Bear Creek, 5; Lamberton Creek, 6. Speckled trout.
Rockford—Barclay Creek, Rum Creek, Shaw Creek, 1½; Stegman Creek, 1½; Little Cedar Creek, 5; Gray Creek, 5; Spring Creek, 6; Hutchings Creek, 2½. Speckled trout.
Cedar Springs—Cedar Creek, Little Cedar Creek, 1½; White Creek, 4; Porter Hollow Creek, 5. Speckled trout.
Sand Lake—Duke Creek, McFalls Creek, 4; Frey's Creek, 7; Cedar Creek, 2½; Duck Creek, 5; Spring Creek, 1½; Simpson's Creek, 3; Grant Creek, 2½; Crandall's Creek, 3; Greer's Creek, 3; Simmon's Creek, 6. Speckled trout.
Howard City—Little River, 5; Handy Creek, 3; Church Creek, 2; Indian Creek, Bruce Creek, 3½; Tamarack Creek, Rice Creek, 1. Speckled trout.
Morley—Big Creek, 2; Rosey Run Creek, 5; Quigley Creek, 3½; Little Muskegon River. Speckled trout, bass and pickerel.
Stanwood—Mack's Creek, Cedar Creek, 6; Bett's Creek, 8; Big Gulch Creek, 5; Linwood Creek, 2½. Speckled trout.
Big Rapids—Ryan Creek, 1½; Water Tank Creek, 2; Byers' Creek, 5; Lockwood Creek, 7; Ganong Creek, 4; McLellan Creek, 3; Van Gilder Creek, 3; Dalziel Creek, 4. Speckled trout.
Paris—Paris Creek, Upper Buckhorn Creek, Sandburg Creek,

2; Big Stone Creek, 6; Blodgett Creek, 5. Speckled trout. Location of Michigan Fish Commission hatchery for trout.

Reed City—Hersey River and branches, 3. Speckled, rainbow and German trout.

Baldwin, Chase, Hersey, Evart—These stations are on the F. & P. M. R. R., reached via Reed City, and have good trout streams in vicinity.

Luther—Little Manistee River, Pine River, 6; Silver Creek, 6; Baldwin Creek, 6; Beaver Creek, 5. Speckled and rainbow trout.

Ashton—East and west branches of the Hersey River. Speckled trout.

Le Roy—Beaver Creek, 3; Pine River, 4. Speckled trout and grayling.

Tusting—Pine River and branches, 3 to 5. Speckled trout and grayling.

Candillac—Pine River, 6; Clam River, 8; Poplar Creek, 10; Big Clam Lake, 4; Long Lake, 6; Round Lake, 8; Sec. 10 Lake, 10. Speckled trout and grayling, pike, pickerel and bass.

Lake City—Hopkins Creek, 4; Muskegon River, 7. Speckled trout, pike and bass.

Manton—Hopkins' Creek, 9; Cedar Creek, 1; Morrissey Creek, 6; Buttermilk Creek, 5; Chase Creek, 5; Silver Creek, 6. Speckled trout and grayling.

Walton Junction—Fife Lake Creek, 2; Walton Creek, Hopkins' Creek, 5; Flower Creek, 3½; Cole's Creek, 3; Cedar Creek, 2½; Potter's Creek, 2; Buttermilk Creek 5; Silver Creek, 6; Duffy Creek, 6; Twenty-Two Creek, 10; Manistee River, 2. Speckled trout.

Alba—Jordan River, 4; Cascade River, 3; Green River, 4; Cedar River, 7; Stevens' Creek, 7. Speckled trout.

Elmira—Sturgeon River, 7; Jordan River, 5; Warner Creek, 4. Speckled trout.

Boyne Falls—Boyne River, Deer Creek, 3; Finley Creek, 3; Spring Brook, 3½. Speckled trout.

Clarion—Bear Lake, 2; Bear River, 2; Spring Brook, 2; Hay Marsh Creek, 5. Large and small-mouth bass, pickerel and perch, speckled trout.

Petoskey—Tannery Creek, 2½; Minnehaha Creek, 4; Horton Creek, 8; Bear River, 1. Speckled trout.

Conway, Oden—Crooked Lake, Round Lake, 1½. Grass pike, black bass, blue gills, silver eels and muskallonge.

Alanson—Crooked Lake, Pickerel Lake, Grass Lake, Cedar Creek, 4½; Minnehaha Creek, 4. Muskallonge, pickerel and bass, trout.

Brutus—Burt Lake, 4½; Maple River, 1½. Bass and pickerel, speckled and rainbow trout.

Pellston—Douglas Lake, 5½; Maple River, Cold Creek, 5. Muskallonge, bass, pickerel, speckled trout and rainbow trout.

Carp Lake—Carp Lake. Muskallonge, bass, pickerel and perch.

Not Destroyed.

The big dam at Bonaparte, Ia., which for years has cut off all the run of fish up the Des Moines River, is not to be destroyed after all, it seems, but a fishway is to be put in. The Winterset News takes the right ground on this point when it says that this fishway must be a fishway and not a fish trap. The News fought for the destruction of the dam, its editor being a man who likes to wet a line now and then, and who also likes to see this good stream occasionally wet a fish. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Hockhocksens and Pine Brook.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 9.—Local newspapers are aflame over an alleged outrage to trout fishermen of the Hockhocksens and Pine Brook. If the report is verified, as seems entirely probable, there is trouble brewing for some State officials.

These streams are the only ones in this county which can justly lay claim to being trout streams, a liberal supply of young trout having been placed in both of late, and the customary notices posted in relation to prohibition of fishing for three years by the State wardens. At this none were inclined to grumble, as it is a well-known fact that both streams have been overfished for years. It is claimed that on April 1 several deputy wardens, the ones in fact which posted the notices, together with a coterie of city friends, fished both streams from beginning to end, taking a large number of fish of a very questionable size. The angling fraternity are up in arms and are prepared to make matters warm for the trespassers. This is vandalism pure and simple, and makes a farce of the law, which is of the wisest conception, and baffles the work of our Commissioners, which is of the most honest kind. If the assertion is proven, their names should be published and copied by every sportsman's journal in the land, as a stench in the nostrils of decency. LEONARD HULIT.

Florida Needs a Fish Commission.

From the Tampa Herald.

IN another column is printed a very interesting editorial article from FOREST AND STREAM, the leading sportsman's journal of the country, in which is drawn a strong contrast between Maine and Florida in the respect of preserving game and fish. It should be reproduced in every paper in the State and taken as a text by every crowd of men who meet together. In a little while we will have neither game nor fish in Florida at the present rate of destruction.

More than anything else do we need a fish commission, and next to that a fish-propagating station or hatchery. Both these could be secured without much trouble if public interest were once aroused. We commend the article to the careful perusal of every citizen of the State, and its reproduction to our brethren of the press.

A Lecture on Fish.

MR. FRED MATHER will give his lecture on fish and fishing in the public school series, at No. 523 West Forty-fourth street, this city, Thursday evening, April 21.

FOR SALE.—Hunting and fishing preserve in Adirondacks. 12,000 acres forest land; several fine lakes, 15 miles trout streams. Deer in plenty. 14 miles from railroad. A. A. Leonard, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN the early part of this century the town of Galt, Ont., and its neighborhood were settled mainly by farmers from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. The most of these settlers were Presbyterians, and entertained very strong views as to the observance of the Sabbath. Some years ago an able and conscientious divine, the Rev. James K. Smith, was the pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Galt, and among his many other good points he was an enthusiastic and successful fisherman.

A cold spring creek runs through the town of Galt, taking its rise some miles away. At the time of the in-

cident about to be mentioned this stream was well stocked with speckled trout.

Very, very early one Monday morning two jolly fellows of the fishermen tribe left Galt for a point on the creek, about nine miles away, thinking they would have the stream all to themselves. What was their surprise to find a buggy ahead of them in the yard of the place they put up at, and later to meet on the stream its inmates, the Rev. James K. Smith and his two sons. In the conversation that ensued one of the jolly fellows, after cogitating a while, and putting his head on one side addressed the reverend as follows:

"Meenister, ha' ye no been a-croodin' o' the Sawbath?"

The Kennel.

Death of Alabama Girl.

GREENBRIER, Ala., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with deep regret that I am forced to chronicle the death of Mr. H. H. Mayberry's famous pointer bitch Alabama Girl, at my kennels, Sunday, the 3d inst., of hydrophobia. Her loss is irreparable to her owner and to the pointer interest of America.

As a field dog Alabama Girl had but few equals of either sex; and her affectionate disposition made her a most lovable companion. Her winnings in the field and upon the bench were as follows: Divided third in Derby (pointers and setters), Manitoba Trials, Morris, May, 1896; first in Derby (pointers and setters), Alabama Trials, Madison, Ala., February, 1897; first in all-age stake (pointers and setters), Alabama Trials, February, 1898.

In March, 1897, she was taken from the field, and without being conditioned was exhibited in the St. Louis



ZED.

Bench Show, where she won second in field class and third in open class.

Alabama Girl was by Von Arron out of Lady Mull, and was born May 1, 1895. At the time of her death arrangements had been made to mate her with Young Rip Rap, and could it have been, a litter of magnificent performers would doubtless have been the result.

WM. M. HUNDLEY.

New Field Trial Club.

The Western Field Trial Association has been formed at St. Paul with the following preliminary officers: Stuart B. Shotwell, Jr., St. Paul, President; William B. McLean, Minneapolis, Vice-President; E. D. Brown, Minneapolis, Secretary; and Elton P. Roberts, St. Paul, Treasurer. The great trouble with the trials in the Western States of recent years has been the scarcity of birds. Granted abundance of birds, this club might very well succeed in its attempt to inaugurate a Western circuit. Its trial schedule is given as follows:

First—A Derby (amateur) open to dogs whelped subsequent to Jan. 1, 1897, owned in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North Dakota and South Dakota, and to be handled by non-professionals. Purse \$100.

Second—An amateur all-age, in other respects like the Derby. Purse \$100.

Third—A free-for-all, open to dogs that have never won first in any recognized field trial. Purse \$300.

Iowa Field Trial Association.

Sportsmen of Burlington, Ia., have set about organizing the Iowa Field Trial Association, with the intention of securing at least fifty members. If everything goes well trials will be held the first week in September, with two stakes, a Derby and an all-age. The following gentlemen, all of Burlington, Ia., are the inaugurators of the movement: Messrs. John A. Gregg, C. E. Perkins, J. W. Blythe, Carl Leopold, W. L. Cochran, and W. W. Parsons.

Zeb.

The portrait of Zeb (Kemp B.—), winner of first in the Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club last November, is excellent, and faithfully portrays him as he appeared on point in that contest. He is a black pointer, with no special claim to beauty of form, but that is not a quality which counts for much in the finding of birds and the making of points. Zeb is owned by Mr. Victor Humphreys, of Lexington, N. C., who handled him in the contest which led to victory. It was Mr. Humphreys' first attempt, and the success was correspondingly pleasing. The portrait can be recognized at once as coming from the hand of that master of the brush, Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus.

Hachting.

Memories of Boating Days.

(Concluded from page 295.)

That which we had been anxiously and impatiently waiting for being settled, we had nothing to do but make sail and proceed on our cruise. The wind continued from the same quarter as yesterday, and under a full spread of cotton we plowed along down the Jersey shore past Point Comfort, Bayside Beacon and Monmouth to Sandy Hook Bay. Running up by the Horseshoe, we entered the Navesink River, passed through the drawbridge just below the Highland lights, and keeping on, turned to the north and entered the North Shrewsbury. We worked up as far as Oceanic, then standing over to the north side of the river toward Chapel Hill Beacon, we anchored.

It was a very hot day, especially after the breeze had abated, and the Doctor complained frequently of a se-

vere headache. We spent the remainder of that day in listlessly lying around, and sometimes going in bathing. The captain and Mr. R. went off in the tender, and were gone for a couple of hours, returning with about thirty crabs which they had captured along the bank of the river. The doctor and I caught several which came swimming along on the surface of the water close to the yacht. It began to rain shortly after dark, and we turned in early. When we arose the sun was shining brightly. We were to meet a friend of Mr. R.'s to-day at Highland Beach; and he was to accompany us for the remainder of the trip.

We started down the river with the ebb tide, and when nearly to the point of the Highlands ran aground on a sandbar in the middle of the stream. After a vain struggle to release her we had to give up the job, as she was hard and fast, and the water leaving her all the time. There was no help for it now, and we got into the tender and began to look for crabs to pass the time. The water being only knee deep, some of us waded around. While doing this we discovered hard clams in the mud, and we proceeded to secure them. In an hour's time we had a peach basket full of assorted sizes. We found that they were in excellent condition, and for the remainder of the trip we did not want for the bivalves.

About 10:30 Mr. R. and I took the tender and rowed down the river to the steamboat landing, where we were to meet his friend when he arrived on the 11 o'clock boat. The steamer arrived before we got there, but we found the party we were looking for. All we had to do now was to wait until my brother and the doctor came down in the yacht. The tide had begun to run in, and she would probably float within an hour; so we made ourselves comfortable on a handy hotel piazza. The view from here was fine, as one could look out over the ocean without anything to interfere between. Steamers and sailing vessels of all kinds were passing up and down outside the beach, and with their white sails all spread to the light breeze they formed a charming picture. To the southward was Seabright, with its gay assortment of cottages stretching away down the

beach toward Long Branch. While watching a steam launch, called the Jersey Lily, pursuing her way into the South Shrewsbury River, and noting her course, we observed our yacht coming around the Highlands out of the North Shrewsbury. Without waiting for her to arrive we got into the boat and rowed up the river until we met her. As soon as we were on board the course was changed, and we started into the south branch of the river. Passing through the drawbridge, we kept on for a short distance, and then turned sharply to the right. The wind was blowing a rattling breeze now, and we were making good time. Before us lay Pleasure Bay, but we could see but one or two sails on the whole expanse of water. Any but a very light draft boat is liable to come to grief here, as the bay is very shoal, with but a narrow channel winding through the middle of it. We were attended with exceptionally



"A Try at the Bluefish."

good fortune, for although we stirred up the mud several times, only once did we really get aground, and then for a few minutes, getting clear by a good lot of shoving.

About 2 o'clock we anchored at Pleasure Bay landing, close to another drawbridge, and but two miles from Long Branch. We would have liked to go to the above-named place, but the river is not navigable much further although a steamer runs through for about a mile beyond this place. It was here that the doctor left us; his head, which he concluded had become slightly affected by the sun, troubled him to such an extent that he packed up, and when the steamer came through from Long Branch he boarded her for New York. We stayed here until 5 o'clock, and then departed for Highland Beach, which we reached a little after dark, and anchored inside the bridge.

We spent part of the night on shore, and when we came on board it was with the intention of getting under way for Sheepshead Bay in the morning. It was cloudy when we awoke, and a raw sort of a wind was whistling in from the southwest.

Once outside the Horseshoe we got the full benefit of the breeze, and Monaitpee began to jump into the sea at a great rate. When near the Government dock inside the Hook a sudden squall struck her, and she went down until the water came pouring into the cockpit; but she got her feet again and shot away like a bird. The wind held good until we were well off the point of Sandy Hook, when it fell to a light topsail breeze. So up went the topsail, and we kept on past the Dry Romer and other shoals until well over. Then for a while the wind died out completely, and left us rolling and tossing about, a plaything for the waves.

For nearly an hour this continued, when, catching a light puff, we were enabled to get inside of Dry Bar, where the water was smooth, which I have no doubt was an agreeable change to Mr. R.'s friend. Running up Dead Horse Channel to Richard's Point, we cast anchor. While I got dinner ready the rest of the crew got out their lines and began fishing, and in about a half hour quite a lot of flukes and blackfish had been landed into the box used for their reception.

This fish box of ours is built under the seat in the after end of the cockpit, the seat forming a cover, which is hinged and can be quickly opened. A pipe leads from the box out under the overhang. It can always be kept clean by dashing water into it, which immediately runs out through the hole. We consider this box a valuable feature of our craft, as we do considerable fishing in a small way.

After the repast had been partaken of, sail was got up, and we ran over to a sandhill on the west point of Barren Island and went in swimming. We stayed here until 5 o'clock, when it began to rain and blow from the sea; so we started up the bay. Before we reached our anchorage it was blowing a two-reef breeze, but unwilling to stop to reduce sail for so short a distance, we held on and came up with lee deck under to the cabin windows, the water sometimes slopping over into the cockpit. Short work was made of the last half mile, and we rounded up at our buoy amid a rattling of blocks and a terrific slatting of canvas.

Our principal reason for getting back on Friday was that our passengers might have a try at the bluefish in Rockaway Inlet and vicinity; so next morning about 3 o'clock we ran down just outside the inlet and tried still-fishing for a short time, using spearing or white bait, but only taking a few small snappers. We got up sail and steered for a school that we observed jumping not far off, throwing out the squids in the meantime. Having very good headway, we dashed right into the animated mass of fish, and immediately began hauling in; none weighed over 2lbs., as the large fish do not come in around this place. However, quantity made up for lack of quality, if the small bluefish can be called inferior to the large; and when we wound up the lines on our way home the fish box was well filled.

We landed at Point Breeze and had dinner. Here we were met by our regular cook, who arrived in a small boat just in time to see us filling our pipes after the feast.

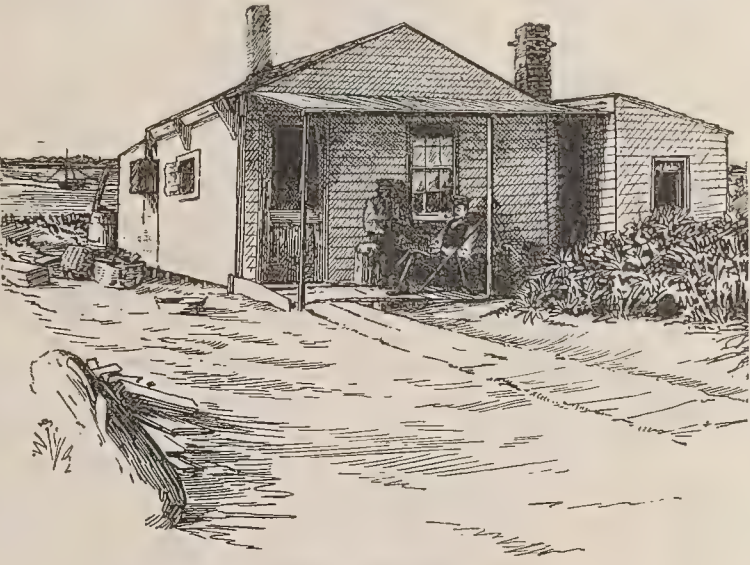
During the winter that followed extensive alterations were made in Monaitpee, and when she made her debut in the spring of 1889 one would scarcely have recognized her as the same craft. The centerboard and trunk had

SPRAY—TABLE OF OFFSETS.
Stations spaced 1ft. 9in. (1¹/₂ L. W. L.). Level lines spaced 6in. Diagonals spaced as per body plan. Buttock lines spaced 11¹/₂in. All measurements to outside of plank and deck. All measurements in feet, inches and eighths. Plank and deck each ³/₄in. thick.

STATIONS.	HEIGHTS.				HALF BREADTHS.														
	Above Baseline.		Above L.W.L		Deck.	Level Lines.										Rabbet.	Diagonals.		
	Keel, Bottom.	Rabbet.	Deck at Side.	Deck at Center.		C	B	A	L.W. L.	W. 1	W. 2	W. 3	W. 4	W. 5	D 1		D 2	D 3	
Stem.	7 9	7 9	2 9	2 9	14										14				
Y....	6 6	6 7 ⁷	2 7 ⁷	2 8 ⁴	7 ³										14	4 ⁶			
Z....	5 7 ⁵	5 8 ⁷	2 6 ³	2 7 ⁶	1 3 ⁵	9	4 ³								14	1 0 ⁵	3 ²		
O....	5	5 0 ⁶	2 4 ⁷	2 6 ⁷	1 10 ⁵	1 5 ³	1 1 ²	7 ⁷	0 ²						14	1 7 ⁶	9 ⁶		
1....	4 3 ⁸	4 4 ⁵	2 3 ⁴	2 6 ²	2 4 ²	2 0 ⁵	1 9 ³	1 4 ⁵	10 ⁵	3 ²					14	2 2 ²	1 4 ²	7	
2....	3 6	3 7 ³	2 2 ¹	2 5 ⁴	2 9 ⁴	2 7 ¹	2 4 ⁴	2 0 ⁵	1 7 ⁵	1 1 ⁷	6 ³	0 ²			14	2 5 ³	1 10 ⁴	1 1 ⁵	
3....	2 6 ³	2 10 ⁶	2 0 ⁷	2 4 ⁵	3 1 ⁶	3 0 ⁴	2 10 ⁵	2 7 ⁴	2 3 ²	1 10 ²	1 3 ²	8	3		14	3 2	2 4 ³	1 7	
4....	1 2 ⁵	2 5 ¹	1 11 ⁷	2 4	3 5	3 4 ⁶	3 3 ³	3 1 ¹	2 9 ⁵	2 5 ¹	1 10 ³	1 2 ³	8	3 ⁴	3	3 6 ⁷	2 9	1 11 ¹	
5....	0 ⁶	2 3 ⁴	1 10 ⁷	2 3 ²	3 7 ⁴	3 7 ⁵	3 6 ⁵	3 5 ³	3 2 ⁴	2 10 ¹	2 3 ⁴	1 6 ⁷	11	5 ³	3 ⁷	3 10 ⁶	3 0 ³	2 1 ⁵	
6....		2 3	1 10 ¹	2 2 ⁵	3 9 ²	3 9 ¹	3 8 ⁷	3 7 ⁷	3 5 ⁵	3 1 ²	2 6 ³	1 9 ¹	1 0 ³	6 ³	4 ⁴	4 1 ⁴	3 2 ²	2 2 ⁶	
7....		2 3 ³	1 9 ⁴	2 2 ¹	3 10	3 10	3 9 ⁶	3 8 ⁷	3 7	3 2 ³	2 6 ⁷	1 8 ⁷	11 ⁷	6	4 ⁴	4 2 ⁵	3 2 ²	2 2 ⁴	
8....		2 4 ⁷	1 9 ¹	2 1 ⁶	3 9 ⁷	3 9 ⁷	3 9 ⁵	3 8 ⁶	3 6 ⁵	3 1 ⁴	2 4 ⁴	1 5 ⁵	9 ²	4 ⁷	4 ⁴	4 2 ³	3 0 ⁷	2 0 ⁶	
9....		2 8	1 9	2 1 ⁴	3 9	3 9	3 8 ³	3 7 ¹	3 4 ³	2 9 ⁵	1 10 ²	10 ⁷	5 ²	3 ¹	3 ⁶	4 0 ⁶	2 9 ⁴	1 9 ⁴	
10....		3 1	1 9	2 1 ²	3 7	3 6 ⁷	3 6 ¹	3 4	2 11 ⁶	2 1 ²	11 ⁵	3 ⁷	2	1 ¹	2 ¹	3 9 ⁴	2 5	1 4 ³	
11....		3 11	1 9 ²	2 1 ¹	3 3 ⁷	3 3 ⁵	3 2 ²	2 10 ⁴	2 3	9 ⁷	2 ⁴				2 ¹	3 5	1 11 ²	10	
12....	5 00	5	1 9 ⁵	2 1 ²	2 11 ⁶	2 11 ¹	2 8 ¹	2 1 ⁴							14	2 11	1 4		
13....	5 7	5 7	1 10 ⁴	2 1 ⁴	2 6 ⁵	2 4 ⁶	1 11								14	2 4 ³	7 ⁴		
14....	6 1 ⁴	6 1 ⁷	1 11 ⁷	2 2	2 0 ⁵	1 8 ³									14	1 9 ²			
15....	6 7 ⁶	6 7 ⁶	2 1 ⁴	2 2 ⁶	1 5 ⁶										14	1 1			
Stern.	6 7 ⁶	6 7 ⁶	2 2	2 3	1 4										14	1 1			

For breadths below fifth waterline see plan of keel.

been taken out, the slot in the keel filled in, and an iron keel bolted on outside. The after overhang was lengthened, a new deck laid, and a new cabin trunk and all interior arrangements added. A larger sail plan necessitated new spars, rigging, etc. The idea of changing



Single Blessedness.

her to a keel boat had been discussed between us for a long time, and it was with some trepidation that we undertook to make the alteration.

The cook shook his head sorrowfully as he saw the centerboard ripped out.

"I am afraid we are making a big mistake," said he.

But it was not a mistake. Our main object in doing this was to get more stability, and at the same time better cabin accommodations, and we got both. She was a better boat in every way afterward.

Well, why should I continue this yarn further? If I undertook to relate all the incidents of our boating career, more space would be required than FOREST AND STREAM would be willing to allow, and I fear the reader may have already become wearied. We are sometimes

very apt to think our experiences as interesting to others as to ourselves. The succeeding cruises on Long Island Sound have already been described in these columns.

Two years after Monaitpee was transformed I severed my connections with her and signed articles for a voyage through life with a new mate. She proved to be almost as fond of the water as myself, so I built an 18ft. cabin cat, and for three years we plowed the deep together. Torn from her mooring one night in a severe storm, she was almost completely destroyed, along with a dozen other boats. It was near the end of the season, and I hauled her up, and the following winter sold her.

I rejoined Monaitpee, but shortly after our cook surrendered himself to the allurements of matrimony, and practically deserted the ship. His yachting career has since been confined to the reading of this department of the FOREST AND STREAM. The captain built himself a small knockabout, and became so enamored of it that I soon found it next to impossible to muster a crew together, and Monaitpee consequently spent most of her time at her moorings, the result being that in the spring of 1895 we sold her to a member of the Brooklyn Y. C.—and I guess she is there yet.

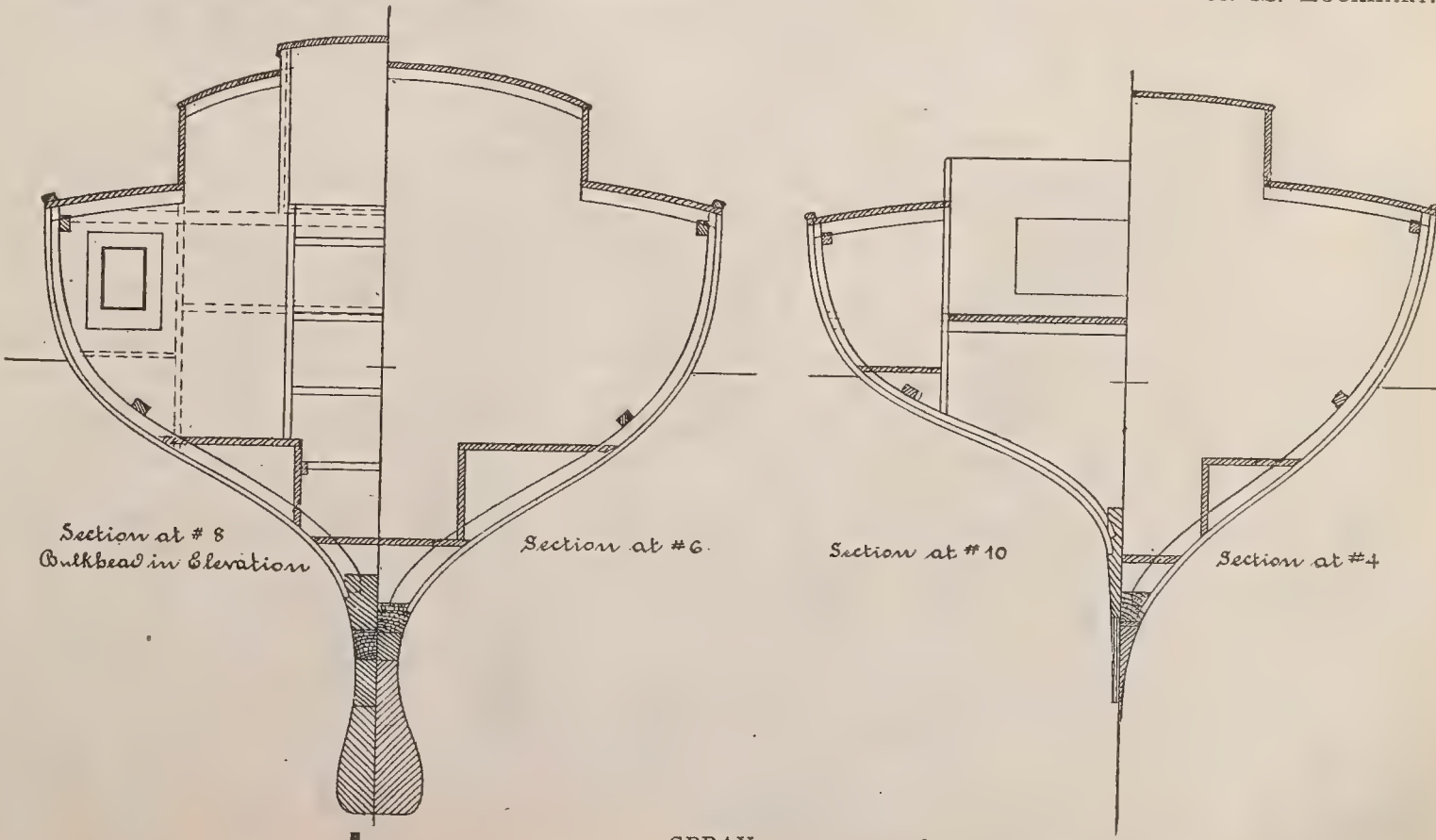
I immediately made the drawings for another boat, and three months later launched the Athlete, a boat of the knockabout type, 17ft. over all, 12¹/₂ft. waterline and 6ft. beam.

Plum Beach has undergone great changes during the past few years. Where there were once only two shanties there are now some twenty odd, and in summer months it appears quite a village.

On the site of the old "Clam Chowder Hotel" a new building has been erected, and the captain of Monaitpee sits on the piazza, lazily smoking his pipe, and occasionally takes a spin in his little Nina. For a companion he has a friend who bears the name of Friend, and who has the record of being the oldest inhabitant. They live happily together, and the captain sometimes observes, when some of us drop in to partake of their bachelor hospitality:

"See what you fellows might be enjoying if you had only had sense enough to stay single."

A. M. LOCKHART.



SPRAY.

Spray.

21ft. Fast Cruiser.

(Continued from page 294, April 9.)

We give this week the cabin and deck plans of the design published in our previous issue, with table of offsets. The sail plan and details of construction will follow next week.

Torpedo-Boat Destroyers.

The probability of a war with Spain has brought into prominence within the past few weeks the term "torpedo-boat destroyer," heretofore unknown on this side of the water, outside of naval circles. The fact that these new and formidable engines of destruction, of which Spain now has eight in commission and the United States none, are likely to play very important parts in a naval war, makes the subject of sufficient general interest to warrant the reproduction of the accompanying illustrations and description, published in the English journal, *Engineering*, of January 1, 1897, just after the completion of the vessels. The two sister craft, *Furor* and *Terror*, are of more immediate interest than any others, as they are now at the Cape Verde Islands as part of the first Spanish squadron.

The torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Terror*, designed and built by Messrs. James and George Thomson, Limited, Clydebank, to the order of the Spanish Government, have now completed their trials and have arrived in Spain. Although similar in general design to the destroyers of the British navy, there are several departures in detail, and the vessels are in some respects more nearly akin to the torpedo gunboats. For example, they are fitted with teak upper decks in addition to a complete steel deck; double awnings for the whole length of the vessel, with side curtains hanging to the water's edge, electric lighting throughout and a number of electrical ventilating fans for insuring a supply of fresh air to the officers' and crew's quarters; so that the vessels will be much more habitable than an ordinary torpedo-boat destroyer when serving in the tropical or semi-tropical climates for which they are intended. The contract provided that the mean speed should be determined by four runs on the measured mile, and by a further trial of two hours' duration, during which the speed should not be less than 28 knots. It was further stipulated that a load of 75 tons should be carried on trials, which is more than twice the load required in the case of vessels of a similar type built for the British navy.

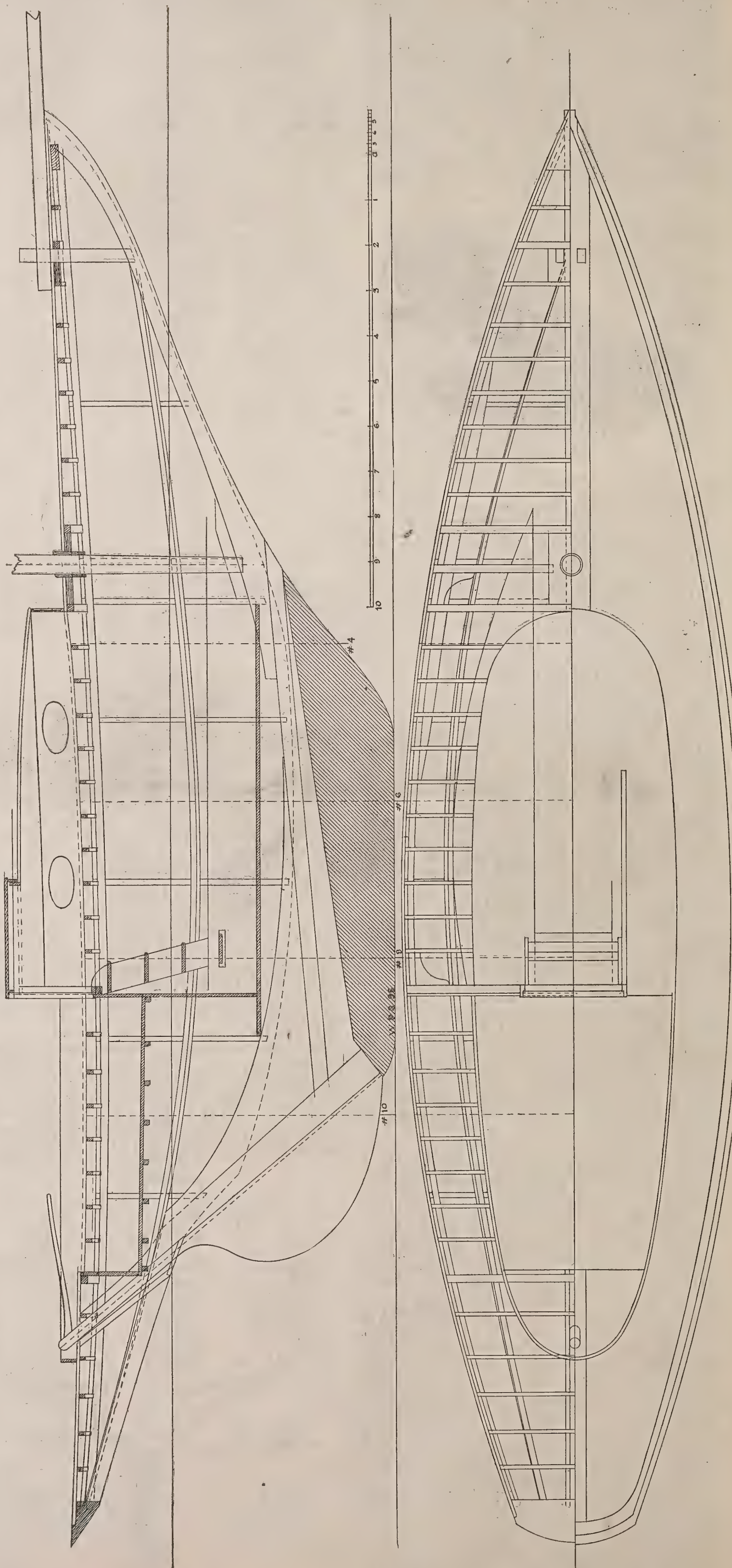
The vessels have a length of 220ft., breadth 22ft., and have a moulded depth of 13ft. The loaded displacement is 380 tons. The armament consists of two 14-pounder quick-firing guns, the one mounted forward on top of the conning tower and the other aft; two 6-pounder guns of the same type mounted on the broadside, and two 37-millimetre automatic quick-firing guns, one on the starboard and the other on the port bow. All these guns have been supplied by the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition Company, Limited, and are of the latest and most improved pattern. Their position in the ship is shown by the deck plans given on the present page. The vessels are also equipped with two torpedo tubes, 14in. in diameter, mounted on the upper deck, so as to fire off either side of the ship (Fig. 3). The torpedo tubes are on the Schwartzkopff system. Four torpedoes are carried, and there is, of course, a complete installation of air-compressing machinery for charging them, the engines and pumps being in the engine room.

After some preliminary trials, the *Furor* successfully passed her official forced draft trial on October 30, 1896. The mean speed of four runs on the measured mile exceeded the contract by about a quarter of a knot, and the revolutions were maintained without difficulty for the two hours' trial. The *Terror*, after a single preliminary trial, completed her natural draft trial, and at the next succeeding trial, successfully completed her official forced draft trial. The natural draft trials were of the same duration as the forced draft trials, and it was provided by the contract that a speed of $21\frac{1}{2}$ knots be maintained with the air pressure in the stokeholds not exceeding $\frac{3}{4}$ in. of water. It was found that this speed could be maintained with very great ease; indeed, the stipulated speed was exceeded by about a knot.

After the speed trials, the firing trials of the guns were carried out to the entire satisfaction of the inspecting officers. The terribly destructive nature of the fire, especially from the automatic guns, was very apparent, a perfect hail of projectiles of 37 millimetres or about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter being delivered by these guns, and continued so long as the person firing the gun kept his finger pressed on the trigger, the whole of the operations of loading and firing being automatically performed by the energy of the recoil.

The vessels are fitted with steam steering gear of the type usual in torpedo-boat destroyers. The engine, which is of the vertical pattern, bolted to the after bulkhead in the engine-room, was supplied by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Limited, of Glasgow. The steam capstan gear is driven by a horizontal two-cylinder engine, supplied by Messrs. Napier Brothers, Limited, also of Glasgow.

The vessels are propelled by twin screws, each propeller being driven by an independent set of four-cylinder triple-expansion engines situated in one compartment aft of the boiler rooms. Steam is supplied by four boilers of an improved Normand type, placed in two water-tight compartments. These are fired from two stokeholds, the furnaces of the forward and aft boilers discharging into separate funnels, while those of the two center boilers lead up to a common central funnel of larger size. The cylinders, which are entirely independent castings, are bolted together, and are stayed transversely between each other, and also to gusset plates in the wings, connecting the deck beams and frames. A pair of struts extend from each of the high-pressure cylinders to gusset plates between the deck and forward bulkhead of the engine-room, and similar ties secure each of the aft low-pressure cylinders to the structure of the vessel. The cylinder bottoms are separate castings, and are bolted to the cylinders, and they, together with the cylinder



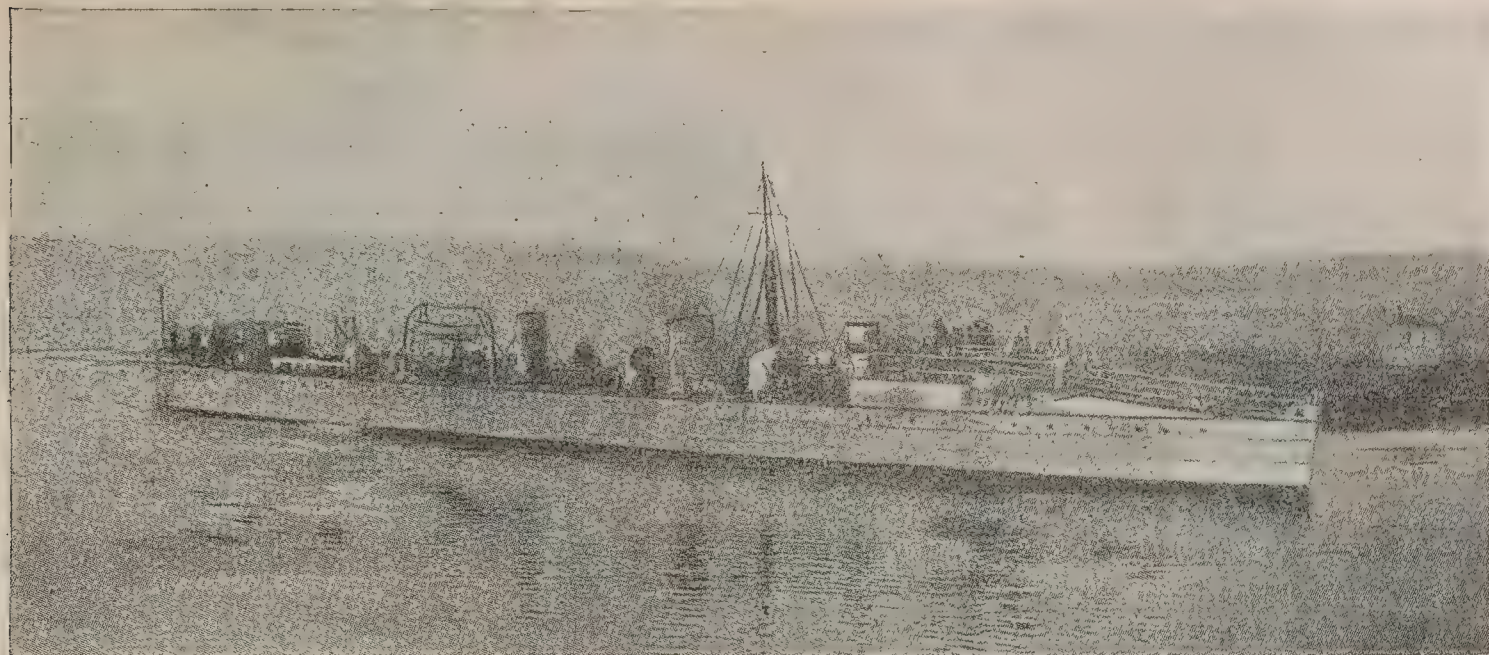


Fig. 2

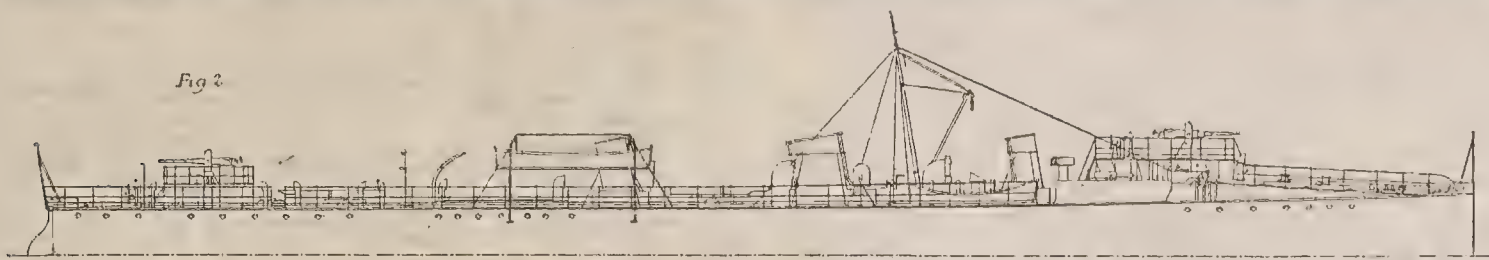


Fig. 3. Upper Deck

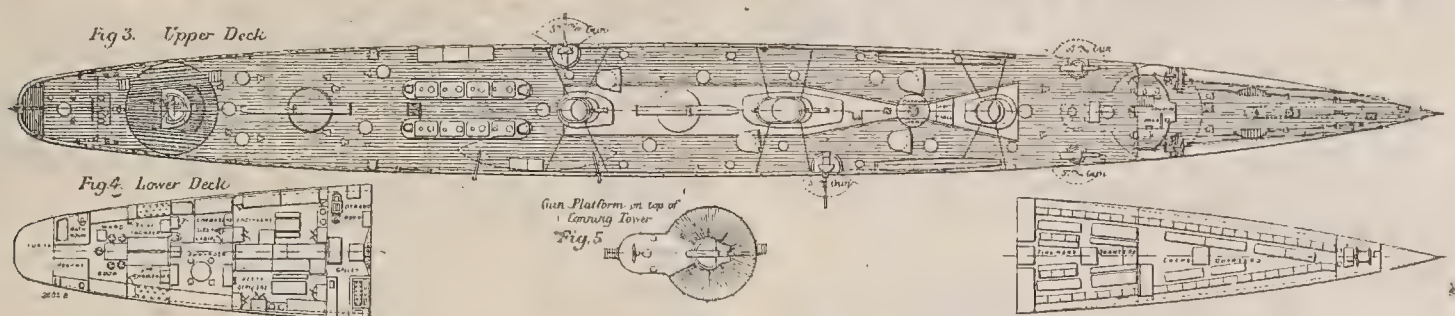
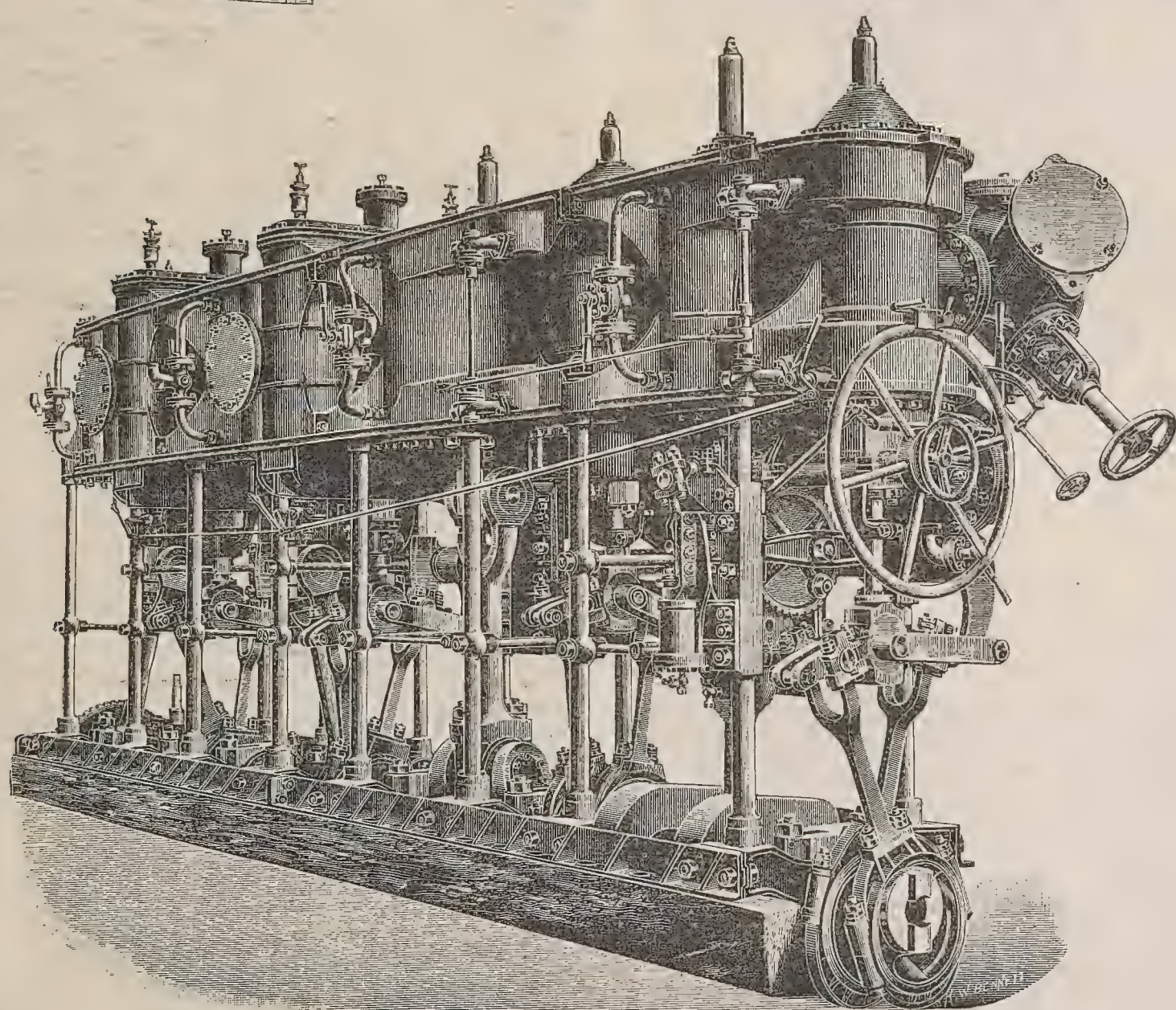


Fig. 4. Lower Deck

Gun Platform, on top of
Landing Tower

Fig. 5



FUROR—TERROR.

Spanish Torpedo Boat Destroyers, now at Cape Verde Islands en route to the West Indies.

covers and the top and bottom covers of the valve casings, are of cast steel. The pistons are of forged steel, turned all over, and are fitted with two Perkins' metal rings. The piston and connecting rods are of wrought steel, and are hollow. The crosshead pin is fixed into the forks of the connecting rod, and is of steel, case-hardened. The piston-rod guide and head are forged with the rod, and the guide has machined recesses on the "ahead" side, which are filled with white metal. The "ahead" guide faces are of cast iron, with water circulation at the back, and the "astern" faces are of bronze.

The bedplates are of cast steel; each consists of two angle-bar-shaped castings, which extend the whole length of the engine and rest on longitudinal frames extending between the engine-room bulkheads. The main bearing frames extend between, and are checked into, these castings, being secured to them, as well as to the floors of the vessel, by fitted bolts. The main bearings are eight in number, and wrought-steel columns braced together near the center form the connection between the cylinders and these frames.

The crankshafts and pins are hollow, and are of steel. The high-pressure and intermediate pressure cranks are arranged opposite each other, and each pair of cranks is forged in one piece. Balance weights are fitted on the crank webs, reducing the vibration to a minimum. The thrust and propeller shafts are also of steel, and

are hollow. The propellers are three-bladed and are of manganese bronze, each being cast in one piece.

The condensers are placed in the wings, and are of brass. The steam is condensed outside the tubes, and the water is circulated through them by a natural flow, due to the speed of the vessel through the water, two of Gwynne's pumps being fitted as auxiliaries. The air pumps are single-acting, and are driven by cranks off the forward ends of the crankshafts, discharging into a common hotwell tank.

The boilers are fitted with galvanized steel tubes. They are worked under forced draft on the closed stokehold system, the air pressure being supplied by two single-breasted fans in each stokehold, placed one on either side on the bunker bulkheads. The engines are of the open vertical type, and air is admitted to the fans by large cowls placed directly overhead.

The boiler feed arrangement is most complete, consisting of a main and auxiliary system of feed pumps and pipes, which are separate and entirely independent of each other. The main system consists of two of Messrs. G. and J. Weir's special feed pumps, placed at the forward end of the engine-room. Each draws from the hotwell tank through a Harris patent feed-water filter, discharging either to the boilers in one compartment direct, or through one of a couple of Messrs. Weir's feed-water heaters, situated on the for-

ward engine-room bulkhead between the pumps. The feed-water discharge to each boiler is controlled by a special automatic feed regulating arrangement, which keeps the water at a steady level in the boiler, greatly relieving the engineer in charge. For the auxiliary system a similar feed pump is placed in each boiler-room, and each pump is connected by separate pipes with the reserve fresh-water tank, the hotwell tank, and the sea, and discharges direct to the boilers. The pump in the after boiler-room also discharges to the deck, and serves the purpose of a fire pump.

The main steam pipes are of galvanized steel. An independent pipe extends between each boiler-room and one set of engines, and each pipe is fitted with a stop valve and steam separator on the engine-room bulkhead, thereby insuring dry steam in the engine. There is also a connecting pipe between the main steam pipes, and an equilibrium valve at each high-pressure cylinder. An independent auxiliary steam pipe supplies all the auxiliary engines, except the main feed pumps, and the exhaust steam is led by a system of pipes to either of the main condensers.

A large evaporator is situated amidships, on the after engine-room bulkhead, capable of evaporating 3,150 gallons of fresh water per day, with a distilling condenser beside it which can supply 560 gallons per day of pure aerated fresh water, chiefly used for ship purposes, the remainder of the vapor being condensed in the main condensers to serve as make-up feed. A separate engine, with pumps, is also fitted for maintaining the water level in the evaporators, circulating the condensing sea water, and pumping the drinking water into the ship's tanks. An auxiliary air pump is fitted to each of the circulating pumps, and is connected to the bottom of the main condensers, discharging to the hotwell tank. On the after engine-room bulkhead there is also a duplex bilge pump for clearing out the bilges of the engine and boiler rooms, and ejectors have also been fitted to each compartment, so that in case of excessive flooding the water may be rapidly got rid of.

The supervision of the trials, on behalf of the Spanish Government, was in charge of the Spanish Naval Commission, under the presidency of Com. Camara. The constructive department of the Spanish Navy was represented by Capt. Talero, and there were also present Capt. Peral and Capt. Carlier.

Podgers on Yacht Stoves.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by one of the last numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the subject of yacht stoves is under discussion, and sundry gentlemen give their experiences. Having wrestled with that problem to a considerable extent, I herewith contribute the consensus of my opinion on the question.

My first cruises were in a 32ft. sloop, in which I used various patterns of oil stoves that in mild weather heated the cabin to an uncomfortable degree, besides the unpleasant odor, and one or two narrow escapes from burning up the yacht. The next plan adopted was to cut off about 2ft. of the cockpit transom from the end nearest the bulkhead, lining the recess with zinc, rendering it fireproof, and to have a sheet-iron cook stove made to fit, and the whole inclosed by a door with a movable joint of pipe. The stove burned both wood and coal, which was stored under the cockpit seats, as well as the utensils. It answered admirably and cooked quickly. Having four openings, several dishes could be cooked at the same time. With a substantial rainproof awning inclosing the cockpit and a knock-down table, it made a cozy dining room when at anchor.

Another arrangement for cooler weather was a two-burner reservoir oil stove, which I placed at the after port side of the cabin in a recess at the aft end of the transom, in precisely the same manner as in the cockpit, boxing in and shutting up from sight when not in use. It took up 2½ft. from the transom, and gave space to hang the lighter utensils. To avoid removal in order to fill the oil reservoir, I had a sheet-iron tank made, 18x4in. and 36in. high, placing it in the corner outside in the cockpit against the bulkhead, with a feed pipe through the bulkhead to the stove reservoir, with a shut-off cock. The tank was boxed in, and took up but a trifle of space, and when filled lasted a whole season. A small hatch over the stove permitted all odor of oil and cooking, as well as heat, to escape.

A stove placed in that manner near the companionway obviated any discomfort in cooking, and was handy to the dining table, and being closed up when not in use had the appearance of a locker. A rack for plates and cups, and receptacles for spoons, knives and forks, over the stove on the sides made a little handy pantry.

I cannot imagine anything more inconvenient than the style of most Eastern yachts, of having the cooking stove placed under the forward deck, unless your cook is a very short man, as the deck is low and he must duck under the carlin to bring his cooking to the cabin table, besides the distance. Better have your kitchen at the forward end of your cabin under the house. The space sacrificed is small, and with a hatch over the stove to let out the heat your cabin is not uncomfortable even in warm weather, to say nothing of the comfort of the cook in being able to stand up instead of being doubled up like a jack-knife, especially if the duty falls upon an amateur member; but if your boat is small the oil stove is the thing if arranged as described.

Another item of utility and a great convenience in that connection is to place your companionway on the port or starboard side of your cockpit (whichever side your stove may be), instead of amidships, firstly for coolness for the cook; secondly, it gives a space in the cabin for an extra berth or sofa athwartships, or for lockers for guns and fishing rods, pantry, book rack, clothes locker, or whatever uses you choose to put the space to; and last, and not least, a place where you can lock up securely your snake-bite remedy, with the satisfaction of knowing that in case of such an accident you know that the cook has not during your absence imagined that a mosquito bite demands the same heroic treatment.

Most of us know from experience the universal weak-

ness of cooks and the average sailor man for the cup that both cheats and inebrates, and when the demijohn is left in a locker without a lock the temptation is too strong to be resisted, and you may come aboard to an expected good dinner with an appetite that would carry consternation to a boarding-house landlady, to find the artist fast asleep on the transom and the stove as cold as your dog's nose; and in case you have brought aboard a friend or two to dine with you it is presumable that your language would not meet with approval in polite circles. I have had it happen times enough to have learned that it is safest to put temptation under the most complicated lock you can buy.

Our cooks are generally Chinese or Japanese, and it is to be said to their credit that they never molest your small stores. I have employed them afloat and ashore for years, and have never known one of the many I have employed to be dishonest or to touch wines or liquors. As a contrast, I have seldom known a Meliky man cook that could be trusted when the key was left in the locker door, and here's where the heathen rises superior to the aforesaid Meliky man. Give the heathen plenty of tea and rice, and he is happy and cheerful, and your small stores remain intact.

PODGERS.

The Fin-Keel and Scow Types.

NEW YORK, April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Answering Mr. Warrington in your issue of April 2:

In the issue of March 26 I said that the futility of his rule would be shown by the use of "such a form as Freak without the fin, but with a centerboard until the limit of crew as ballast is past."

If we are going to design a boat to compete with the full-bodied fin, we would take Freak, reduce to 10ft. beam, reduce the sail area to 494sq.ft., and then we have the following characteristics. For equal rating:

	Sail Area.	Displacement.	Wetted Surface.
Fin	480	7,450	100%
Freak	494	2,500	66%

If these two yachts compete together, it is quite evident that the full-bodied fin has absolutely no chance, except possibly under conditions of wind and weather so severe as to lead to the postponement of a race.

The formula given by you, on Mr. Herreshoff's authority, wherever the condition obtains of L.W.L., measured when the yacht is erect, can be easily beaten with the scow type. The rule containing a function of the midship section can be easily beaten, as I show in the Freak design. The rule for displacement, considered entirely alone or eliminating L. W. L., may give good results. The same thing is true to a less extent of the rule for cubic contents, but as they stand with the function of L.W.L. as above noted, there is absolutely no difficulty in designing a most objectionable form of fast boat.

GEORGE HILL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Sovereign, steam yacht, just sold by M. D. C. Borden to the U. S. Government, has been re-named Scorpion. She is now fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Kanapaha, steam yacht, Rev. R. L. Moore, has been chartered to Chas. R. Flint, and after hastily docking sailed on April 5 from New York for the South.

Hildegard, aux. steam yacht, B. M. Whitlock, converted last year from a sailing vessel under schooner rig to an auxiliary brig, is now undergoing new alterations, including bark rig, new deck house, bridge, etc.

Nahma, steam yacht, Robert Goelet, after coaling at Fall River, will sail this week from Newport to Glasgow, where some work will be completed.

On April 9 the Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, elected the following officers: Com., Owaen Martin, acclamation; Vice-Com., Wm. Lee, acclamation; Capt., R. Slee, acclamation; Treas., W. J. Foy; Meas., A. P. Miller; Auditors, W. D. Thomas and P. Endress. Sailing Committee: F. Parkinson, J. C. Unwin and R. J. Hales. House Committee: W. Wilkinson, W. Duncan and W. J. Hutcheson; Secretary, Harry S. Jones.

The Ocean Y. C., of Staten Island, elected the following officers on April 6: Com., Theodore F. Glaser; Vice-Com., Joseph Barth; Rear-Com., Julius C. Muller; Sec'y, George W. Stapleton; Meas., William V. Johnson; Treas., John H. Boldt; Fleet Captain, William Lindsey; Trustees: Rudolph Michel, Louis Birkle and James A. Dunn.

Mariposa, knockabout, has been sold through Messrs. Jones & Crowninshield to Mr. McCord, of the Indian Harbor Y. C. Mariposa hails from Beverly, Mass.

Mr. Arthur Iselin has recently spent some time at Marblehead trying his new knockabout Dipper, the first afloat of the Seawanhaka fleet, with very satisfactory results. She will be shipped to New Rochelle this week. Mr. Stearns has orders for three more of the Cohasset design, two for New York owners. They are centerboard boats, with but 3ft. 6in. draft and a deeper board than the Seawanhaka design, with 3,000lbs. of iron on keel and 600sq.ft. of sail.

The Quincy Y. C. has already arranged to build a syndicate boat to defend its cup. The yacht will be similar to the very successful Hoodlum, designed by J. R. Purdon, who will design while Lawley will build her. H. M. Crane has also a new boat of 18ft. l.w.l. under construction at Stearns' shops, and may challenge with her for the Quincy cup.

The Quincy Y. C. announces the following fixtures: June 25, handicap race; July 9, handicap race; July 11, ladies' day; July 23, open race; Aug. 6, handicap race; Aug. 20, handicap race; Aug. 22, first cup race; Sept. 5, handicap race. First cup race Aug. 22. Ve others to follow on succeeding days until winner is determined.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha, of South Boston, Mass., are very busy with orders for both launches and machinery, having now in hand three 35ft. steam launches to be used in the Klondike for E. C. Davis & Co., of Boston; a 25ft. mahogany finished launch with 5 horse-power gasoline engine for Severe Dorion, Rochester, N. Y.; a 25ft. gasoline launch for Arthur W. Blake, of Boston; a 22ft. mahogany finished gasoline launch for F. L. Weston, and a 22ft. gasoline launch for L. F. Mongeon, both of Boston. Four 41in. Tregurtha boilers for F. S. Wormer, Arcade, N. Y.; Laighton Bros., Isles of Shoals, N. H.; A. E. Smoot, Alexandria, Va.; and W. E. Phetteplace, Webster, Mass. Two 35in. Tregurtha boilers for the Klondike & Northwestern Mining and Supply Co., of Boston, and L. V. Elder, of Galveston, Tex.; one 32in. Tregurtha boiler for John J. Cattanch, New York city, and three Tregurtha boilers for Murray & Williams, Montreal, Can. For the last mentioned parties they are also building a 3 horse-power gasoline engine, and they have built or are building five 10 horse-power gasoline engines for H. J. Smith, Rockledge, Fla.; H. E. Rogers and N. L. Moore, of Boston; C. H. Williston, of Fall River, and H. H. Buffum, of Abington, Mass. Also an 8 horse-power gasoline engine for Haines Bros., Jacksonville, Fla., and a 3 horse-power for Dr. F. E. Buck, Jacksonville, Fla.

At the annual meeting and election of officers of the West End Yacht Club, of Detroit, Mich., held at the club house on Wednesday evening, April 6, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Otto F. Barthel, yacht Ariel; Vice-Com., D. H. Petherick, yacht Eva; Rear-Com., S. H. Ives, yacht Surprise; Fleet Capt., A. L. Boushy, yacht Eva B; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. T. Lambert, yacht Yankee; Sec'y, George E. Guest; Treas., Robert Guest; Meas., Peter Arthur; Race Committee: Wm. A. Jones, chairman; Alex. I. McLeod, Ned Baird, D. H. Petherick, Chas. Sieder; Board of Directors: commodore, secretary, treasurer, Col. J. H. Beattie, Walter Dupont.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Northern Division.

E. Kirk Greene, St. James Club, Montreal, Quebec.

Eastern Division.

Harry L. Morse, Wawbewawa Canoe Association, Allston, Mass.
George R. Heckle, Wawbewawa Canoe Association, Roxbury, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Louisville Revolver Club.

THE Louisville Revolver Club held its weekly shoot at the Armory, on the evening of April 4. The attendance was poor on account of rainy weather, and it was the first meeting of the club in many months that was not attended by strangers to watch the contests. All arrangements for the Brooklyn-Louisville revolver match have been completed and it will come off on Tuesday, May 24, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Each side will score at home and telegraph the result to the non-resident club immediately after the shooting. This will be a very interesting match and will be watched by sportsmen interested in revolver shooting all over the country. The Brooklyn Club has a national reputation, while the local club has one to make, yet the local cracks are confident of winning the match. Below are the scores in full of the last shoot and rules governing the match:

Ten yards, 2in. bullseye counts 10:	
H S Gilbert	10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10-93
E B Dye	9 9 9 9 10 9 9 10 8 9-91
A H Ross	10 10 8 10 9 8 8 9 7 7-84
F M Taylor	10 5 10 8 7 8 8 8 7 6-78
N M Bowie	6 6 2 9 4 3 3 9 9 10-61
Fifteen yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10; 20 seconds for each 5 shots:	
E B Dye	10 10 9 9 8 10 10 9 7 7-89 in 34 seconds.
H S Gilbert	9 9 9 8 5 10 9 9 9 8-85 in 33 seconds.
A H Ross	9 9 7 5 4 9 8 8 7 7-81 in 33 seconds.
F M Taylor	9 9 8 7 4 9 5 5 5 4-65 in 33 seconds.

Twenty yards, standard American target:	
E B Dye	9 9 9 8 4 10 10 9 7 8-83
H S Gilbert	3 9 8 7 8 9 9 8 7 10-78
F M Taylor	7 6 4 2 3 10 9 9 3 1-54

Rules governing match, Brooklyn vs. Louisville revolver clubs: Arms.—Any revolver not less than .32cal. or over .45cal., with barrel not over 7½in. in length exclusive of cylinder.

Sights must be strictly open.

Trigger pull shall not be less than 3lbs.

Position, standing, without rest or support, shooting arm extended, elbow free from body, and only one hand.

Targets.—10 and 20yd. targets to be standard American; 15yd. target to have 4in. bullseye, with first four rings nearest to bullseye lin. apart and the balance of rings 1½in. apart.

This match calls for 15 consecutive shots, which must be finished in 15 minutes from the first shot.

Cleaning will be allowed between scores.

Any ammunition may be used, provided it be factory-loaded shells, service charges, in original sealed boxes, to be opened at time of match.

Distances, 10, 15 and 20yds.

Time allowed on 15yd. target 20 seconds for each 5 shots; for every shot fired after time is called a bullseye (which counts 10) must be deducted from score.

This match will be held at the club's revolver range at the Armory on the evening of Tuesday, May 24, 1898.

The official scorer shall be a representative of a local paper to act for the non-residents.

The result shall be telegraphed to the secretary of each club by official scorer on evening of match, at the conclusion of same. The teams to consist of six men each.

E. B. Dye.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., April 3.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range today. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king to-day with a score of 224; he was also high on the honor target with a score of 69:

King target:	
Gindele	25 18 21 25 25 23 24 21 20 22-224
Payne	15 24 19 19 19 25 22 24 18 21-211
Nestler	25 23 22 18 22 25 20 21 23 18-217
Roberts	17 17 18 18 22 22 23 22 21-202
Weinheimer	24 19 21 21 22 20 19 21 19 17-206
Topf	13 15 18 1 15 21 18 19 10 14-144
Trounstone	25 22 14 17 24 20 22 19 15 22-200
Houck	21 10 19 6 6 22 9 3 21 8-125
Wellinger	14 20 22 13 22 24 23 21 22 20-201
Drube	19 20 20 15 19 23 20 21 15-194
Randall	22 18 14 16 13 19 22 20 22 18-184
See	20 23 21 25 20 24 24 24 18 23-220
*Hake	14 19 12 14 20 22 22 17 9 22-171
Hasenzahl	22 17 20 23 20 23 23 23 21 22-213
Strickmier	24 8 20 25 22 25 19 21 17 22-203
Gindele	21 25 23-69
Payne	23 14 18-55
Nestler	16 23 20-59
Roberts	19 18 23-60
Weinheimer	18 24 19-61
Topf	19 17 15-61
Trounstone	15 20 23-58
Houck	13 19 19-51
Wellinger	19 20 20-59
Drube	19 20 20-59
Randall	16 22 21-59
See	20 21 19-60
*Hake	17 21 16-54
Hasenzahl	22 21 19-62
Strickmier	24 22 17-63
Speth	188 190 ...
* Military.	

Haverhill Rifle Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 2.—The Haverhill Rifle Club shot an off-hand match at a German ring target at 200yds., to-day, with the following scores:

H E Tuck	23 21 16 25 24 23 25 23 24 20-224
	24 19 22 21 21 19 23 19 22 24-219
	20 24 22 20 18 21 24 22 25 22-212
	20 24 19 19 22 25 19 19 24 21-212
H Jones	20 25 22 22 22 21 19 23 23 21-218
	21 23 16 25 18 23 22 19 21 25-213
C Bliss	23 23 19 24 20 19 24 20 22 22-214
	24 21 22 22 17 22 16 18 22 22-206
Rest match, standard targets:	
Knight	7 12 7 9 9 9 9 8 9 8-88
	9 10 8 9 7 8 9 9 10 8-87

In the telegraphic shoot between Cincinnati and St. Louis shooters, each club shooting on its own grounds, St. Louis won by a score of 2,700 to Cincinnati's 1,975.

Greenwood Gun Club.

The second annual tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club, Greenwood, S. C., will be held on May 26 and 27. On the first day there will be five events, one at 5 live birds, \$5, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. One at 7 live birds, \$7, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Two at 10 live birds, \$10, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. A miss-and-out, \$2.50. There are four events on the programme for the second day. The first is at 5 birds, \$5, two moneys. The second is at 25 birds, \$25, four moneys. No. 3 is at 10 live birds, \$10, three moneys. The fourth is a miss-and-out \$2.50. Ten-gauge guns are barred. All events will be at 30 yds., except second and third events of the second day. In miss-and-out events the price of birds is 25 cents. In other events the birds are included. R. G. McCants is secretary, Greenwood, S. C.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

April 13-15.—Atchison, Kans.—Manufacturers' fourth annual amateur tournament; \$500 cash added; \$50 high average. Jack Parker, Manager; Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 13-15.—Macon, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

April 14-15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Glenwood Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

April 15.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

April 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting Park, under the management of J. A. Lorr.

April 19.—Brockton, Mass.—All-day shoot for merchandise prizes, first of weekly series. B. Leroy Woodard, Manager.

April 19-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, Manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-20.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club. T. H. Keller, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 18-20.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. H. McL. Green, Pres.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 23.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the tournament of the Coeur d'Alene Rod and Gun Club, of Wallace, Idaho, is most attractively gotten up, and it offers greater attractions to shooters. It sets forth that the tournament is open to all amateur sportsmen of the Northwest, and that over \$600 in cash will be added. The club has arranged with the railroads for one fare and one-fifth, the purchaser of a ticket paying a full single fare and taking a receipt therefor from the agent. The secretary's signature on this receipt enables the holder to secure the one-fifth rate in returning. The bluerock part of the tournament will be held at the club's grounds on Nine Mile; the live-bird shooting at Osburn, three miles below Wallace. All shooting will be class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., unless otherwise specified. All ties for cash prizes to be divided. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. The charge for bluerocks will be 5 cents each, and will be deducted from the purse. After the regular events have been shot on the 22d and 23d, sweepstake shooting will be in order, in which targets will be 3 cents. General averages will be computed from events 1 to 15 inclusive, and a shooter to be entitled to any average prize must have competed in all these events. On the first day there are eight events, of which five are at 20 targets, \$2.50 entrance, \$25 cash added to each, a total of \$125. There is also one 15-target event, \$2 entrance; one at 25 targets, \$3, \$50 added, and one three-man team shoot, 10 targets, \$4.50 entrance. In this event the captain of the team calls pull, when three traps are pulled simultaneously, and each shooter fires, and the result is scored accordingly to the team; both barrels are allowed. There are eight events on the second day, five of which are at 20 targets, same conditions as on the previous day, one at 15 targets; one three-man team shoot, \$9 per team, 25 targets, \$75 added; and one consolation shoot, 15 singles, \$2, \$50 added, open only to shooters whose average is 65 per cent. or under. There are two live-bird events on the third day, No. 1 being at 10 live birds, \$2.50, \$25 in cash added. No. 2 at 15 live birds, \$5, \$50 added. There are eight prizes for averages, ranging from \$26 to first to \$2.50 to eighth, a total in all of \$100.

In the general averages of the shooters at the Reading tournament we erroneously credited Charlie Grimm with an average of .848—that is, 437 broke out of 515 shot at, 20 less than his actual performance. It is quite painful enough to lose one target at a time, but to lose 20 in a block is something beyond words to compass. The score of Mr. Grimm was 457 breaks out of 515 shot at, which is .887 per cent., which would place him in the third place of general averages instead of the tenth.

Next week, on Wednesday, the Boiling Springs Gun Club's main event is the gold watch handicap, entrance price of targets.

BERNARD WATERS.

Notwithstanding that no announcement had been made in the sportsmen's journals, a very pleasant and successful little tournament was run off here yesterday. There was a nice little programme arranged, which consisted of ten 15-target events, while the inducements were \$50 added money (\$5 added in each event), 2-cent targets and a nice lunch at noon time. The shooters in the nearby cities were notified of the event, and some few were on hand. The Pine Bluff Club had a nice delegation of members present, namely, Dr. H. E. Williams, J. T. Lloyd, E. A. Howell and J. A. Coles. W. A. Leach came down from Fort Smith and John J. Sumpter, Jr., was over from Hot Springs. These, with the local shooters, made up a nice congenial crowd, which

Mercer 21, Rediter 22-129,
 Southwark Gun Club—McAfee 27, O'Brien 27, Ford 23, Burt 20,
 ed 24, Fisher 15-136.
 Norristown, Pa., April 9.—The Penn Gun Club, of this city,
 decided to withdraw from Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League
 and to challenge Shuler Shooting Association, of Portland, and
 in City Club, of Royersford, to a series of club shoots.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 6.—To-day A. C. Paterson (Patti), the able-bodied hustler whose name appears regularly in the trap columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, defeated a field of twenty-five Chicago cracks and carried off the beautiful emblem denoting the championship of this city at the live-bird traps. This was the initial event in the contests for this trophy, and was attended with interest by many lovers of the gun. The weather was good and the birds were good and strong, a keen wind aiding them nearly all the time. But two birds were flushed, and the sport was of so stiff a nature that one by one the best of the talent fell out. In the 20 hole E. S. Graham, Shepard and Airey still stood to win had they been able to finish straight, but one by one these lost even the shelter of their handicap, Shepard staying in last, but letting a fatal zero creep in too near the end. The husky man with whiskers kept on pushing his new Remington (a gun which he won as a second prize in the Cook County League handicap, and which he had never shot before this event) against the vanishing figures of Watson's ghostliest, and he went out with 25 killed out of his allowance of 26, remaining straight after missing his third bird. Tom Hicks was thought to be dangerous, and Billy Mussey for some time held the pace, but finally used up his chances. A number of good ones ceased to trouble after they had shot at the first block of 12, and some needed but a half dozen birds or so to convince them that they did not want the trophy this time. Thus Patti captured it in the first grand open shoot, and now wears it on his bosom, which is about 4 ft. across. I can only describe Mr. Paterson's victory as a triumph of good regular habits and the best of associations, which he has had in the course of his newspaper experience.

The weather to-day was bright but chilly, and a bit raw. The wind was puffy at times, and indeed came near to boxing the compass during the shoot. At first it blew in the direction of a left-quartering outgoer, then at about 3 P. M. it switched and blew nearly straight from the score, finishing by taking a course nearly straight across the score from left to right. A good little crowd watched the shoot. No fault was found with the handicap, which being double-barreled as it is, probably confused most of the shooters until they could not figure out whether they ought to holler or not. Anyhow no one did, and everybody was happy, the popular competition being very pleasantly inaugurated. Who will be the first man to challenge for the trophy remains to be seen. The formal challenge must be sent to the office of a local paper, and if the latter will consult the files of *FOREST AND STREAM* it may see a copy of the rules governing the contest. Mr. Shepard issued a verbal challenge, but first come first served, under the rules, and it is not yet known who will be first to comply with the conditions. I should think Patti ought to easily skin everybody that comes for about six times, and in such case we will hang the badge over the trap desk in this shop, where of course it belongs, since it was here that Mr. Paterson has received his training in shooting and literary matters. The badge looks very well hanging beneath his smile, but it would also look well hanging over a desk, and I would like to issue an informal ultimatum to the effect that the newspaper profession expects Mr. Paterson to do his duty. Following are the scores of to-day:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

1 3 4 3 1 2 1 4 1 1 4 3 3 2 5 8 1 2 5 4 1 4 3 3	
T P Hicks, 30.....	22
5 2 3 4 4 1 4 3 1 2 4 3 4 4 3 1 5 1 1 3 2 5 4 5 4 5 5	
E S Rice, 27.....	22
5 2 3 3 4 4 5 1 2 4 1 5 2 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 1 5	
W Johnson, 28.....	17
4 3 3 2 2 2 1 4 4 5 5 4	
O von Lengerke, 29.....	9
4 3 2 1 4 5 2 4 3 5 5 3 3 1 1 4 1 2 4 2 4 5 4 1 3 2	
W P Mussey, 29.....	23
5 4 3 3 1 2 2 5 1 4 5 2	
F R Bissell, 27.....	8
2 5 2 5 4 1 2 5 4 5 5 3 3 4 3 5 4 3 1 3 5 5 3	
Ed Rice, 25.....	16
5 2 3 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 1 4 2 1 5 2 1 5 3 8 4 1	
B Barto, 29.....	18
2 4 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 5 3 3 1 1 5 4 2 1	
J H Amberg, 28.....	12
4 2 2 2 5 4 5 2 4 5 3 2 2 4 2 1 1 1 1 3 3 4 3 1	
B Leffingwell, 26.....	18
4 1 2 4 4 4 5 1 3 5 5 1 4 3 3 1 1 1 4 5 2 4	
Ben Dicks, 29.....	17
3 2 4 5 1 5 4 3 4 5 2 4 2 5 1 1 1 1 1 3 3 3 1 1 4 3	
A C Paterson, 28.....	25
4 1 2 3 5	
L C Willard, 30.....	3
4 4 2 1 1 1 4 5 1 3 4 4	
C Morris, 26.....	5
3 4 4 4 4 5 3 5 5 3 2 3 5 4	
M Goldsmith, 27.....	11
2 3 1 1 5 4 3 3 1 1 1 1 3 1	
H Levi, 25.....	9
5 4 5 3 2 1 2 5 2 3 1 3 2 3 3 1 3 5 1 5 1 4	
G Airey, 28.....	18
2 4 4 3 1 3 4 2 3 3 3 4 3 1 1 2 4 2 1 3 4 3 4 2	
J Gillispie, 29.....	21
5 5 3 4 4 2 1 5 1 1 1 4 4 3 1 1 1 5 4	
C Antoine, 28.....	15
3 3 5 4 4 1 4 4 5 5 4 5 2 1 4 2 1 1 1 2 5 1 5 2	
W Shepard, 27.....	22
4 1 5 5 4 2 1 8 5 1 5 4	
H B Foss, 28.....	10
4 1 5 4 4 3 1 4 5 1 1 5 4 2 3 3 5 2 1 2	
E S Graham, 28.....	19
4 1 4 1 5 4 2 4 4 1 2 5	
Dr S Shaw, 29.....	9
1 4 3 2 3 2 3 4 5 2 1 5 3 5 4 1 2	
S Palmer, 27.....	18
1 2 5 2 3 3 4 5 1 5 3 4 5	
W H Palmer, 28.....	10

ERB—NEAL.

Fred Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., was luckier with Elmer Neal than Eddie Bingham was, and succeeded in shooting him to a tie in the contest at Lafayette, April 4, for the Grand Hotel championship cup, emblematic of the target championship of Indiana. That is to say, the men were tied at the end of the 100 birds, each man breaking 88. In the shoot-off at 25, Neal scored 21 to the Hoosier's 24, leaving the cup with the latter. Mr. Neal now is classed as an Indiana man, but he learned how to shoot on the west side of Chicago, with the old Garfields, where he found plenty of good competition.

HON. TOM.

The Hon. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, has had a new honor added unto him. The shooters of his city have organized a gun club and called it "Tom A. Marshall Gun Club." The following officers have been elected: H. B. Hewitt, President; George F. Porter, Vice-President; Dave Adelsdorf, Treasurer; H. P. Humbert, Secretary. The executive committee consists of Hi Mikesell, Bart Humbert, B. C. Green and George Fleming.

I presume Tom will qualify as instructor-in-chief, and the club could have no better model.

FARGO OPENS SEASON.

"The Fargo Gun Club held the first shoot this year for its gold badge on Friday, April 1. The weather was chilly and prevented a good attendance.

"The event was 25 bluerocks from a magautrap. The scores are: Smith 15, Mack 23, Roberts 17, Guptill 17. Mack will wear the badge until the next shoot. The club shoots on Friday of each week for the badge. We use a dead bird allowance handicap. Mack, Sec'y."

THE KANSAS CITY TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 9.—The Missouri Fish and Game Protective Association, and the Federation of Gun Clubs, of Kansas City, held a joint business meeting this week and went into plans for the big tournament in May. Particulars in regard to this tournament are given briefly in the following letter from President Walden:

"Please be kind enough to say to your patrons in the trap-shooting world that our programme for our annual tournament in May will be distributed about the 20th inst., and it will certainly be a hummer. The added money in targets and live birds will be \$1,500, besides the \$1,000 guaranteed Star cup shoot, which bids fair to be one of the features of our tournament. Our live-bird programme will be very attractive to the lovers of this game; \$2.50 will be added to every pigeon shot at in all events. Our grounds have been enlarged and generally improved. Two sets of live-bird traps and two sets of magautraps will be provided and you can rest assured that the management will spare no pains or expense to make this the most attractive of any tournament ever held in the West."

This surely should be enticing to all who love a warm game at the traps. One of the features of the tournament will be the final shoot off for the Kansas City Star cup. Those now eligible to the final shoot are J. E. Riley and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City; Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia. These four, with the winner of the open contest at the May shoot, will meet in a 25-bird race for the cup.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

Gilbert and Elliott are scheduled to meet at Watson's on Tuesday at 1 P. M., April 12, in their race for the Kansas City Star cup. Elliott has, however, written that this date will not be satisfactory to him, and at this writing it is still an open question whether the men will get together on Tuesday.

Gilbert and Parmelee are to meet in their contest for the Du Pont trophy at Watson's, 1 P. M. of Thursday. It is likely that the Omaha man will be on hand, and he is expected to put up a stiff race. With the Chicago challenge trophy shoot this week and two good races next week we are not altogether spoiling for excitement at the Chicago pigeon park.

I mentioned earlier the probable organization of a trap-shooting club in the membership of the Chicago Athletic Association. It is now stated that this project will in all probability now fall through for lack of interest.

SEATTLE WINS.

As is generally known, there is great public rivalry between the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., which rivalry extends even into trap-shooting matters. On March 27 these two cities held a team contest at the traps, five-men teams, 50 birds per man. Seattle won by a score of 206 to 200, as below. Tacoma has challenged back for the trophy representative of the championship, and the race will be shot April 24. Following are scores of race: Tacoma—Denham 34, Young 43, Kimball 37, Sheard 40, Peirce 45—200.

Seattle—Chellis 36, Norton 39, Ellis 43, Stevens 44, Hood 44—206. The new gun club of Keokuk, Ia., opened its season ceremonies last week.

ELGIN NATIONAL.

Elgin National Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., issues a good little programme of its season contests for the Gold Dust cup, a silver loving cup presented by the Gold Dust Powder Co. The following are the rules and dates:

At 20 targets, five known traps, unknown angles. Best average of the six shoots to win the cup. Every contestant must shoot Gold Dust powder. A man absent at one shoot to be allowed to shoot his back score at the next monthly shoot. American Association rules to govern in any case not mentioned above.

Dates of the shoot will be April 23, May 28, June 25, July 23, Aug. 27, Sept. 24.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Chicago, April 9.—The Elgin National Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., announces a summer contest at targets, under the head of Gold Dust cup shoot. The contest is to be held monthly on the fourth Saturday of each month, commencing April 23, and ending Sept. 24, 1898. Each contest will be at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, thrown from five traps, and will be open to all amateurs residing in Kane, Cook, De Kalb, Du Page, Lake or McHenry counties.

The cup will be awarded at the end of the series to the contestant having the highest average in the six contests. Any contestant will be allowed to shoot up one back score at any regular shoot in event of his absence from a previous shoot. The contestants for the cup are obliged to shoot Gold Dust powder in the cup event. American Shooting Association rules to govern. Sweepstakes will be shot before and after the cup shoot.

Moneys divided in events under twelve entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and when over twelve entries 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Sweepstake shooting commences at 9 o'clock A. M.; cup shoot at 2 o'clock P. M. Shells and refreshments on the grounds.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular contest at targets on their grounds, corner Vincennes avenue and Seventy-ninth street, this afternoon. The early part of the day was very cloudy and accompanied with rain, which finally cleared up about noon. The light during the afternoon was anything but good for target shooting.

On account of the elements and the opening of the jack-snipe season the number present on the grounds was small.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest, classified, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.	
Hyde	011010111110111001101011—17
Hollister	111111111111001111101—22
Steck	111011011010010111111—19
Goodrich	111011011011111111101—20
Paterson	101111111110111111001—21
*Richards	01111101101100100110111—16
Class B.	
R. B. Carson	111100011111111011111—21
Kit	1111110110110110010101—18
Class C.	
A. C. Borroff	11101101101101011001101—18
Hollister won Class A. R. B. Carson won Class B. A. C. Borroff won Class C without opposition.	
* Visitor.	

Lincoln Gun Club.

The programme of the first annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club, Lincoln, Neb., can be had on application to the secretary, Mr. George L. Carter, Box 338. April 19 to 21 inclusive are the dates. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash will be added, and \$25 for high average. The club will also guarantee \$100 in a live-bird race. No bang, no bird, otherwise American Association rules govern. Professional shooters and manufacturers' agents are positively barred from shooting for purses, but they may shoot for the price of targets only. In target events there are five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10. Targets will be thrown from two sets of traps, Sergeant system. Shooting commences at 8:30 each day. Shells sent care of Lincoln Hotel will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. There are ten target events on each day, the entrance, with two exceptions, being \$1.50 to each, with sums varying from \$5, \$7.50 to \$10 added. Open sweepstakes will be shot at the live-bird traps each day. On the second day event No. 10, the King's Smokeless event, is at 20 targets, \$2, in which event shooters must use King's Smokeless shells. Of the ten similar target events on the third day No. 5, the Gold Dust powder event, is at 20 targets, \$2, and therein shooters must use Gold Dust powder. The secretary will be pleased to answer all pertinent inquiries. He writes us that everything points now to one of the most successful meets of the West this season.

IN NEW JERSEY.

SOUTH RIVER GUN CLUB.

SOUTH RIVER, N. J., March 26.—At the R. R. R. Hotel a match for \$10 a side, 50 targets, American Association rules to govern, resulted as follows:

Booream, New Brunswick, N. J.	1011111011111111101010
J Belloff, New Brunswick, N. J.	0110111111111010110010—37
	11111110101010111010111
	111111111111011011101—40

Event No. 2: Match 25 targets \$5 a side:
D Hatter, South River

Event No. 3: Sweep, 10 targets; \$1 entrance; two moneys:
Bissett

Event No. 4: Sweep, 15 targets; \$1.50 entrance; two moneys; ties divided:
Bissett

Event No. 5: 25 targets; \$5 a side:
Booream

Event No. 6: Sweep; 5 targets, 50 cents each; two moneys; ties divided:
Bissett

The day was very rainy and windy, making the shooting very difficult, and kept the shooters away. There will be shooting at this place every two weeks—always on Saturdays, at targets—hereafter.

March 31.—No. 1 was at 15 live birds, one barrel, gun at the hip; \$15 a side, each to pay for his birds:

No. 1:
Bissett, South River

No. 2: \$1 miss-and-out:
Stoddard

No. 3: \$1 miss-and-out:
Woodruff

No. 4: \$3 entrance; 5 birds; handicap; all ties divided:
Belloff, 29

No. 5 was at 5 birds, \$3, handicap, all ties divided. No. 6 was at 10 birds, \$7, three moneys, all ties divided. No. 7 was a \$2 miss-and-out. No. 8 was a 10-bird match, \$10 a side:

No. 5. No. 6. No. 7.
Bissett, 28

No. 8:
Belloff

The birds were a very good lot. This is the first shoot at live birds on these grounds. The grounds are nicely arranged, in a very even field. There will be shoots held every other Wednesday at five birds.

TRAP AT ELLINGVILLE.
In the latter part of the past week members of the Jeannette Gun Club met on the grounds of the Columbia Fishing Club, Ellingville, Staten Island, in contests at live birds. The first event was a match at 25 birds:

H Pape, 28

J Hamhorst, 28

Team race: 25 birds each man:
C Meyer, 28

H Nobel, 28

N Brunie, 28

R Debachn, 28

Match at 10 birds:
Job Lott, 30

Bender, 30

There also was a 5-bird sweep, 21 entries, first money being divided between Job Lott, 30yds.; Brunie, 28; Carstens, 28; Rottman, 25; with straight scores.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

April 6.—The gold watch handicap, shot for on the first and third Wednesdays of March and April, 50 targets, handicap, Sergeant system, resulted as follows:
Greiff, 5

Palmer

Dutcher, 10

Spiegle, 9

Matzen, 18

Sweepstake events:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Spiegle

Palmer

Greiff

Matzen

Dutcher

Morley

W. H. Huck.

KENESBERG GUN CLUB.

Kenesberg, N. J., April 4.—A large crowd witnessed the shooting at the Kenesberg Gun Club's grounds to-day. The birds were a choice and fast lot. Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, \$3 entry, two moneys; No. 4 was miss-and-out, \$1 entry. Ties divided. The scores:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.
Perrine

Compton

Bissett

Stoddard

Creighton

Oaks

Conover

Parker

Match, 10 birds, \$15 a side, loser paid for birds: Perrine 9, Bissett 7.

Match, 6 birds, \$5 a side: Bissett 4, Perrine 3.

GEO. W. SQUIER.

Mr. Edward Banks, at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club last Saturday, struck a genuine war-horse gait, breaking 84 targets straight, missing his 85th. Continuing, he broke 126 out of 130. At one time it seemed as if breaking targets was an easy continuous performance. The true secret of it all is in pointing the breech in the correct line against the shoulder, whereupon the muzzle will take care of itself. Mr. Banks refused to go in the sweepstakes after the first one, thereby meriting the censure of all his fellow crackjacks in that, first, he was in a way establishing a bad precedent to the disfavor of professionalism, and, second, he permitted the semi-experts and ordinary performers to be in first moneys on scores of 88 and 98. Alas! we fear that the good old days are going, for it bodes ill for them when the epidermis of the amateur is stripable and is not stripped.

The Baltimore Tournament.

THE fifth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, held on April 5 to 8, on the Association's grounds, on the Pimlico Road, was far from the success expected. As to the cause of the lack of support, it would be a difficult matter to determine beyond a doubt. Still there was a very strong suspicion that the number of manufacturers' agents who were present had much to do with the absence of the amateurs, or semi-experts. The latter-day amateur, he of the new school, has an abundance of the wisdom which enables him to discern when he has had enough. He doesn't want too much hopefulness as one part of the equation, and his dollars going out as the other part. Many systems, plausible in theory, but unavailing in practice, have been held forth, each with some special plea of beneficence and delectable opportunity in favor of the amateur. But one system has been found to work with any approach to equity to all concerned, and the very fact that it was the one which found disfavor with the professional was much toward proving that it was quite right for the trap-shooting interests at large. Nevertheless it has been rejected at times on the ground that there were those who objected to it.

The strong professional support given the Baltimore tournament was in part due to the manner in which the tournaments in the East, those worth the professional's attention, closed. The Reading tournament had a very strong professional attendance, which naturally went to Baltimore to attend that tournament before starting for the West, and in consequence an amateur stood about as much chance to win at Baltimore as he did at Reading, and a glance at the general averages of that tournament will show what the chance was. The amateur seemed to know it.

A high wind blew on every day, the weather being of the kind which does honor to March rather than to April. The first day was both stormy and windy, and there was a general falling off in scores. The great snowstorm which raged along the Atlantic coast did not spare Baltimore. A seat by the fire in the club house was far more to the liking of the shooters than was standing at the traps. The second day a strong raw wind blew from the northwest again, making most uncertain and irregular flights, besides drifting the shot at times to such an extent that it was most puzzling to determine the proper manner of holding the gun.

Some of the less expert shots entered for the targets only, at a rate of 3 cents per target. Some of the professionals protested strongly against this procedure, as by entering for targets only the poorer shots preserved their skins intact, which in a way impaired the ancient and vested rights of the professional as against the amateur, and deprived him of his just emoluments and honorariums. It was annoying to see the poor shooter enjoying himself, with his pockets sewed up as it were, and it was something not to be countenanced nor accepted.

Due objection was lodged with the management against the offenders, which was rather an unwise betrayal of the wolfish appetite, since it implied that if the poorer shots would not walk into the web voluntarily they must needs be brought in under pressure. It was further unwise in that such action tends more to bring the professionals into a distinct class by themselves, and will hasten their disbarment from all tournaments which depend on amateur support for their success. The objection was further badly taken even from a professional standpoint, as the poorer shot by paying 3 cents for targets was contributing to the added money which the regulars were raking in, so that the amateur was still a producer worthy of more than a passing notice, and surely too valuable to object to on the ground that he was not giving up all the money that he had. This brings to notice that the amateur is the man who pays for the added money as well as making the robust sweepstakes which he may gaze upon from afar. If he doesn't come in, his absence is severely felt, and then there is the sad, sad spectacle of wolf eat wolf, with the accompanying apologies which one wolf makes to another after he has eaten a part or all of him. It is not considered as being strictly professional for one wolf to eat another, but if there are no lambs then—look out, wolf!

The trend of trap-shooting interests has shown that the amateur will not patronize a tournament to any important extent when there are many professionals participating in it. The opportunity given the professional to display his goods and to shoot against all who enter against him is all that he can expect in the pursuit of his calling.

In the target events the moneys were divided in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. There were so many good shots and the shooting was so difficult under the existing weather conditions that even if there had been six moneys, the poorer shot would not have been in it to any significant extent.

There was a great deal of dissatisfaction found with the targets, coast pigeons being used, although the programme stated that the events would all be on bluerocks. The complaint was that the coast pigeons did not break many times when hit lightly yet sufficiently hard to break them. Indeed there was an extraordinary number of dusted targets. They seemed to require very square hitting to break well.

The cashier's and scorer's departments were ably conducted by Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia.

TUESDAY, FIRST DAY.

A gale of wind and a snow storm out of season were weather conditions far from favorable for the comfort of the shooters or their best performance with the gun. The wind, blowing from the northwest, made freakish flights of the targets, and many a shot which was aimed aright failed because of the sudden rises, dips, curves, etc., which made the targets dodge the line of fire.

The amateur attendance was not equal to expectations. The bulk of the shooting was done by the regulars. The bad weather was a check on enthusiasm, and the warm stove in the club house was the chief rallying center throughout the day.

There were 10 target events, 20 targets, \$2. Each event was at known traps, unknown angles, except 5 and 10, which were expert rule, one man up. Purses in the target events were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

THE SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at. Broke.	Per Cent.
E Banks	16	18	17	13	12	13	16	16	14	12	200	147	.735
S S Remsen	16	17	19	14	13	13	17	16	14	10	200	149	.745
S Glover	17	17	17	16	11	14	18	15	19	14	200	158	.790
E D Fulford	19	17	16	18	9	15	17	17	16	11	200	153	.765
O R Dickey	9	17	15	17	13	16	17	15	15	20	200	149	.745
F Gilbert	17	18	18	19	14	17	17	17	20	15	200	172	.860
C M Grimm	16	18	16	19	12	18	17	14	14	20	200	163	.815
J J Hallowell	12	15	14	16	13	12	7	14	16	13	200	132	.660
C W Budd	14	15	13	14	11	17	14	12	15	14	200	139	.695
J S Fanning	14	16	16	14	11	17	15	13	16	17	200	149	.745
J A R Elliott	16	17	17	19	18	19	20	12	14	13	200	165	.825
F V Collins	11	14	11	11	7	12	10	11	8	10	200	105	.525
R Trimble	17	14	17	17	13	18	15	16	13	15	200	155	.775
H Hawkins	13	16	8	16	7	100	60	.600
E C Burkhardt	14	14	13	7	15	12	12	8	200	124	.640
B H Norton	5	5	5	8	8	12	140	44	.314
W T Mitchell	13	12	14	11	11	17	14	15	9	..	200	128	.640
J L Brewer	15	15	13	14	14	15	13	16	13	20	200	146	.760
Dr Lupus	14	11	13	100	57	.570
Smith	13	15	16	15	8	140	96	.687
A G Courtney	15	13	15	10	8	12	140	87	.621
J R Malone	14	20	14	.700
Franklyn	..	11	..	14	..	14	13	80	52	.650
F Van Dyke	17	16	18	13	19	16	15	14	140	114	.814
Dickson	8	8	5	11	80	33	.412
N Walker	2	..	9	40	11	.275
Brewer, Jr	5	20	5	.250

The scores in detail of No. 5, one man up, expert rule, are as follows:

EXPERT RULES.

Banks	10101	01101	10010	12
Remsen	01110	10110	00111	13
Glover	10100	01111	01001	11
Fulford	10101	01000	01000	9
Dickey	10101	01001	01111	13
Gilbert	10101	01100	01111	14
Grimm	01010	01011	01011	12
Hallowell	10101	01011	01111	13
Budd	10100	00011	01011	11
Fanning	01010	11111	00000	11
Collins	01011	01001	00000	7
Burkhardt	01010	10000	01110	7
Mitchell	01011	01011	01011	11
Trimble	10011	01111	01101	13
Van Dyke	11101	11110	11111	16
Elliott	11110	10111	00111	14
Courtney	10111	00010	01011	8
Brewer	00011	11111	01101	14
Hawkins	00111	00011	10000	7
Smith	00010	10110	00110	8

The scores of No. 10, same conditions as No. 5, are as follows:

Banks	01101	01010	01110	10111	12
Remsen	10010	00011	10101	10001	10
Glover	11111	00111	00110	01111	14
Fulford	01110	11001	10011	01001	11
Dickey	11110	11111	10101	00111	15
Gilbert	10010	01111	11111	01111	15
Grimm	01110	01011	01111	11011	14
Hallowell	10111	01010	01010	01110	13
Budd	10011	01111	01011	0110	14
Fanning	01111	01101	01111	11111	17
Collins	10110	01110	01000	10011	10
Burkhardt	00011	00011	00001	00000	6
Mitchell	10011	00010	00010	11001	9
Trimble	10101	01101	01101	11111	15
Van Dyke	00111	11111	01011	01011	15
Brewer	00110	01011	11011	01011	13
Elliott	01111	01001	01111	11001	13

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

A strong northwest wind was blowing, which blew from the shooters to the traps. The sun shone bright, but there was a March rawness in the atmosphere which made the stove a favorite center of gathering. The percentages improved on this day, although the conditions were still very unfavorable for the best scores. Three extra sweeps were shot besides the regular events.

THE SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at. Broke.	Per Cent.
Gilbert	18	18	19	14	18	17	16	17	18	19	200	174	.870
Grimm	14	13	17	13	14	14	16	15	18	11	200	145	.725
Hallowell	20	17	16	14	10	14	14	14	16	14	200	149	.745
Budd	16	14	15	10	18	14	16	16	16	14	200	149	.745
Fanning	17	15	16	14	14	9	12	15	13	12	200	137	.685
Banks	15	17	15	14	13	15	17	16	15	14	200	149	.745
Remsen	16	9	15	11	16	12	120	79	.659
Glover	17	18	18	17	13	17	17	17	16	13	200	163	.815
Fulford	16	19	17	17	16	18	14	16	17	12	200	162	.810
Dickey	18	12	14	18	13	14	12	15	15	14	250	145	.725
Hicks	11	11	10	10	8	14	11	10	14	..	180	99	.550
Wagner	15	14	13	14	11	100	67	.670
Elliott	15	18	14	17	14	17	17	16	17	10	200	155	.775
Van Dyke	17	17	17	16	17	16	19	13	16	17	200	165	.825
Dupont	16	14	13	60	43	.713
Brewer	17	15	14	16	14	14	17	17	15	..	150	139	.772
Trimble	16	15	16	17	9	14	15	14	16	14	200	146	.730
Marcy	12	13	14	..	15	80	54	.675
Norton	8	10	11	10	5	8	14	8	16	8	200	98	.490
Collins	10	9	15	14	7	9	10	10	14	12	200	110	.550
Heyward	12	15	15	13	11	14	11	16	14	10	200	131	.655
Hawkins	18	14	19	17	15	14	15	18	16	14	200	160	.800
Lupus	11	15	40	16	.400
T K	10	12	..	11	12	12	11	14	15	..	160	97	.606
Smith	..	18	11	..	14	14	80	57	.712
Hobbs	..	14	10	..	8	14	80	46	.575
Waters	13	9	8	13	80	43	.537
Cuba	20	10	.500
Webster	10	10	11	17	8	100	56	.560
Thomas	12	13	8	60	33	.550
Franklyn	14	20	14	.700

The scores in Nos. 5 and 10, expert rules, are as follows:

Gilbert	11111	11111	10111	11110	18
Grimm	10101	11000	11011	10111	14
Hallowell	10101	01010	00001	01110	10
Budd	11111	01111	01011	01111	18
Fanning	10111	01110	11011	11010	14
Banks	10111	01011	01011	01010	13
Remsen	11111	01011	01011	01011	16
Glover	00110	01011	00011	01111	13
Fulford	10111	01111	11111	00011	16
Dickey	10111	10001	01111	11101	13
Norton	01010	10010	00001	00000	5
Heywood	01000	10011	10001	11011	11
Collins	00011	01001	10000	01010	7
T K	00111	01110	10101	01001	12
Hawkins	10110	11111	00011	01011	15
Brewer	10111	11111	11000	01011	14

No. 10:

Gilbert	11111	11111	10111	11111	19
Grimm	01111	11100	10011	10000	11
Hallowell	11001	00111	01111	11110	14
Budd	01101	10011	11101	11101	14
Fanning	11100	11110	10010	01110	12
Banks	00111	01101	01101	11110	14
Hawkins	11111	10101	11101	00110	14
Glover	11101	00101	10101	11111	13
Fulford	10110	10011	10011	01011	12
Dickey	01111	01111	01011	10011	14
Brewer	10100	01111	11110	11111	15
Norton	00001	11000	00011	01001	8
Elliott	01110	01010	11000	01011	10
Van Dyke	01101	11111	11111	11101	17
Trimble	00111	01111	01111	11100	14
Burkhardt	01100	10011	00011	00001	8
Heywood	00111	10101	01011	00001	12
Collins	10111	11011	01101	00001	12

	4154411422151451533523434
Coe, 27.....	2221222112212222210*11212-23
	833145315131322121114231
Sims, 26.....	2202222221210*1121122222*-21
	531533252323151244252314
Malone, 27.....	*212222121112122122212221-24

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass.—With sixteen shooters on the grounds the Boston Gun Club found no trouble at all in flying 1,300 or 1,400 bird imitations between one and five o'clock, Wednesday, April 6. The beautiful afternoon proved an ally worth having, and though a nasty choppy wind was in evidence, yet some excellent scores were secured. The airy disturbance affected the doubles mostly, which was not to be wondered at. Doubles are here shot same rise as singles, in itself somewhat of a handicap. At 21, 18 and 16yds., with the wind raising Cain among the Keystone angles 2 and 3, 3 and 4, and 2 and 4; 50 per cent. and over is really very fair. Those present thought so, anyway, particularly after looking at the score sheet.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17.....	7	3	6	10	8	4	2	8	9	5	8	7
Miskay, 18.....	8	10	3	7	9	4	2	5	8	7	9	..
Leroy, 21.....	8	6	2	8	7	4	4	9	8	7	9	..
Woodruff, 17.....	7	8	2	10	8	4	3	5	8	10
Sheffield, 15.....	6	6	4	9	8	2	2	8	7	9	7	5
Benton, 14.....	5	3	4	6	6	2	2
Eastman, 16.....	8	7	3	8	7	5	3	10	5	8
Taff, 16.....	6	8	2	8	8	5	3	7	10	6	7	..
Sands, 16.....	4	6	2	3	6	2	2	7	5	5	4	..
Horace, 16.....	9	7	4	10	10	3	4	8	7
Nickols, 15.....	6	5	1	6	3
Sherman, 16.....	6	4	3	6	8
Allison, 18.....	8	4	2	7	7	6	9
Hollis, 16.....	5	6	4	7	7	8	8
Spencer, 18.....	9	10	4	4	7	5	6
Poore, 14.....	2	4	2	0	2	2	..
Events 1, 4, 5, 8 and 11, known angles; 2, 6, 9 and 12, unknown; 3 and 7, pairs; 10, reverse pull.												
Merchandise match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; distance handicap:												
Spencer.....	1111111111	10	11110	4	11	10	10	4	18			
Horace.....	1111111111	10	10110	3	10	11	10	4	17			
Taff.....	1011011111	8	11111	5	10	10	10	3	16			
Leroy.....	1010101111	7	10111	4	11	10	10	1	15			
Miskay.....	0111111111	9	10111	4	00	10	10	2	15			
Eastman.....	1111001011	7	11111	5	11	10	10	0	15			
Woodruff.....	1011110111	8	01111	4	10	10	10	3	15			
Gordon.....	1111101110	8	10111	4	10	10	10	2	14			
Allison.....	1111101011	8	11110	4	10	10	10	2	14			
Hollis.....	1110000111	6	10111	4	11	10	10	1	14			
Sherman.....	1001010111	6	10111	4	00	10	11	3	13			
Sheffield.....	1101111110	8	10000	2	10	10	10	2	12			
Benton.....	1010011110	6	10001	2	10	00	10	2	10			
Sands.....	0110011011	6	01000	2	10	10	10	2	10			
Poore.....	0100100101	4	00101	2	00	00	00	0	6			
Team match, 40 targets; 10 known and 10 unknown per shooter:												
Gordon.....	1111011111	8	111011111	9	17							
Woodruff.....	1001010011	5	110111101	8	13	30						
Leroy.....	1111111011	9	101111101	8	17							
Spencer.....	1110110011	7	001011011	5	12	29						
Eastman.....	1111111111	10	101000110	5	15							
Sherman.....	0111110001	6	111111001	8	14	29						
Taff.....	1111011100	7	111111111	10	17							
Sands.....	1001010111	7	101011010	5	12	29						
Miskay.....	1100110000	5	101111101	8	13							
Horace.....	1110111101	8	111111000	7	15	28						

Centredale Gun Club.

CENTREDALE, R. I., April 2.—The scores of our opening shoot are given below. We threw about 3,300 targets from the magauprat, and it worked very satisfactorily. Beveridge broke 76½ per cent. Forehand 75; Jones 73 1-3; Walls 72; Hull 70½; Griffith 71; Greener 70; Arnold 67; Root 62½; and Moore 55. The above includes all the events, regular and practice.

The cracks were in the majority by a big margin, and included such men as Jack Hull, of Meriden, Conn.; C. E. Forehand, of Worcester; A. W. Walls, of the Sportsmen's Gun Club, Worcester; E. C. Griffiths, of Pascoag; H. H. Moore, F. L. Hammond and R. C. Root, who shot in the American Handicap; W. H. Sheldon, C. M. Staniels, Frank Arnold, S. D. Greene, Hugh Bain and C. C. Beveridge, the latter one of the crack shots of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Among the spectators were, besides the Secretary of State: Judge Albert L. Andrews, Henry C. Luther, Frank E. Comey, Dr. A. D. Rose and many other prominent men, the whole assemblage making up a concourse of genuine lovers of sport, by whom the events were contested and enjoyed heartily and without any friction or the least display of unfairness or "quitting," so obnoxious to the true sportsman.

An excellent quahaug chowder was one of the attractions, and the number of birds sprung was not far from 3,500, an enormous number, and far in excess of any like event in the annals of trap-shooting in this State. The weather after the first hour or two was bad, being cold and windy, but some excellent scores were made in spite of the gusty wind that blew across the range with the spitefulness of delayed March weather that was working overtime to catch up. The shoot was opened for practice about 10:30, and from that time until nearly 6 o'clock there was a constant fusillade of shots that sounded like miniature war to the villagers across the river. The real work began at 11:30, and the following events were contested by the shooters:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	15	10	15	25	20	20	14
Root.....	10	10	11	11	3	15	9	16	16	14
Forehand.....	9	10	17	11	10	16	14	20	13	15
Walls.....	11	13	13	10	..	16	12	15
Hull.....	10	14	11	12	6	16	12	23	13	12
Beveridge.....	10	16	10	11	5	19	11	20	17	15
Griffith.....	14	14	10	8	9	16	14	15	13	..
Arnold.....	8	14	..	12	6
Moore.....	6	13	13	6	6
Collins.....	5
Bain.....	7	..	7	5	14	8	13
Tonge.....
Greener.....	10	11	8	13	10	18	13	12
Bennett.....	..	10	9	10	10	20	19
Sweet.....	6
Tinsch.....	5	..	4
Greene.....	19	..	18
Phetteplace.....	8
Sheldon.....	18

The prize shoot among club members was postponed until there shall be more time, and the novice shoot was won by Tate, with Tonge second and Isaac Angell third. The angles were all unknown.

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., April 1.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. Aside from a strong head wind blowing against the targets, making them very erratic in flight, the day was pleasant. The magauprat is growing in favor, and attracts considerable attention from shooters of other towns. The club's average was improved 3 per cent. over last week, as the following scores will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Falls.....	2	7	4	11	1
Rail.....	4	6	3	8	5	5	2	4	3	2	..
*Williams.....	5	7	6	7	6	6	5	3	1
Finn.....	6	8	5	6	4	7	7	5	9	4	..
*Egbert.....	7	11	7	9	8	4	3	6	8
Bailey.....	1	7	8	11	9	7	7	6
C Eschrich.....	9	9	7	13	7
Tompkins.....	5	9	7	7	6	5	..	7	8	4	..
McWhorter.....	6	10	8	9	10	7
Willey.....	4	8	5	9	9	8	4	3
Fenstermacher.....	5	3	5	3	5	3	..	6	..
La Boyteaux.....	6	5	5	3	5	4	7
Redmond.....	5	3
Kramer.....	5	2
Miller.....	5	2	3
*Guest.....

WILLEY, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 2.—The scores made to-day are given below.

The new punch bowl emblematic of the city championship at live and artificial birds was brought forth from its case at the quarterly meeting of the Audubon Gun Club on the evening of April 2. The members did full justice to the occasion of the celebration of their triumph. In fact, the departure from custom found such favor with those present that there was not a dissenting voice when it was proposed to make it a permanent feature of meetings. E. C. Burkhardt and E. Reinecke generously volunteered to do the act at the next meeting.

Toasts were responded to by R. H. Hubbard, E. C. Burkhardt, L. W. Bennet, J. J. O'Brien, Arthur Coombs, C. S. Burkhardt and Dr. McMichael. J. J. Reid acted as toastmaster.

The members propose to establish the organization on a firmer basis than it has heretofore enjoyed. One of the principal features of the meeting was the appointment of a committee of three, E. C. Burkhardt chairman, R. H. Hebard and J. J. O'Brien, to select and buy suitable grounds for building a club house with the best conveniences for the members. They are to act and report immediately.

At the regular club shoot to-day the attendance was fair, considering the bad weather. Alex. Forrester carried off high-average honors in the target events, making 88 per cent. on the day's total, which was remarkably good shooting under the high wind and snow which prevailed.

In the badge shoot Norris and Forrester tied for A Class badge, and Forrester won in the shoot-off. In B class event George Zoeller and E. N. McCarney tied, Zoeller winning the shoot-off. Porter won C Class.

In event No. 7, at 7 live birds, E. N. McCarney and E. C. Burkhardt divided the purse with seven straight kills. Both did some excellent shooting, the birds being an extra swift lot, with a heavy wind to help them along. The score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	20	7
A Heindold.....	12	11	21	14	16	19	5
E Burkhardt.....	12	12	20	16	17	13	7
C Burkhardt.....	11	9	18	15	12	11	5
A Forrester.....	14	13	21	16	17	17	5
L W Bennet.....	14	11	20	18	12	13	6
G Zoeller.....	6	12	21	14	11
E McCarney.....	9	16	9	7
Mack.....	5	10	13	14	14
Ditton.....	8	13	17	15	14
E Hammond.....	11	14	21	15	15
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	20	7
R Hebard.....	10	9	19	13	15	..	6
J J Reid.....	11	7	12	10	6	..	3
Jacobs.....	16	13	14
Talsma.....	14	..	22	..	15
Norris.....	9	..	23	..	12
Porter.....	17	..	10
J E Lodge.....	14	..	9
G Stauber.....	5	6
C Hebard.....	10	5

A. C. HEINOLD carried off high honors at the targets and E. C. Burkhardt, just back from the Baltimore shoot, and E. N. McCarney at live birds in the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club on April 9.

The third event was the weekly badge shoot. Heindold won Class A badge, making a clean score of 25 straight, which was the third of the season of forty-two shoots. McCarney won Class B and J. J. Reid Class C badge. The last four events were at live birds. E. C. Burkhardt and McCarney beat out the field in these events, Burkhardt winning the first with 10 straight, and McCarney killing straight in the last three events.

Events:	15	15	25	15	20	25
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6
E C Burkhardt.....	11	12	21	15	17	21
C S Burkhardt.....	13	11	21	12	13	16
G Zoeller.....	12	11	23	14	16	25
B Talsma.....	15	..	22
J J Reid.....	10	12	21	9	12	..
Jacobs.....	12	..	18	9	16	..
Norris.....	13	14	20
A C Heindold.....	14	25	13	16	22	..
L W Bennett.....	14	23	13	16	21	..
E McCarney.....	13	20	14	15	..	8
J M Rannie.....	7	..	10
Porter.....	9	19	..	13
J J O'Brien.....	11	..	10	14
D C Sweet.....	14	..	12
R H Heard.....	19	8	15	6
H R McMichael.....	10
E S Carroll.....	19	12	13
D Kerew.....	17	10

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., April 6.—The members of our club held their weekly shoot to-day over the new magauprat recently leased from the Cleveland Target Co. The scores are fair, taking into consideration that this was the first time that the club ever faced this new trap. Many shooters present never shot at targets from a trap of any kind before. To say that every member of our club was pleased with the magauprat does not express it. The shooting was difficult, owing to strong wind. Following is the score at 10-bird events:

at 10-bird events.					
Fowler	8	7	Geyer	2	..
Wadsworth	6	6	Crumb	4	3
Fowler	5	8	Cuyler	3	3
Wadsworth	8	6	Sayre	5	7
G Waterman	4	..	Wadsworth	7	5
V Waterman	6	..	Perkins	3	5
Fitch	4	..	Greene	6	4
Seaman	9	8	Hateman	5	..
Wadsworth	7	6	Cosad	8	6
Burk	6	4	Greene	3	5
Fowler	7	7	Cosad	6	..
Hateman	5	..	Fowler	5	..
Greene	5	2	Perkins	4	..
Perkins	3	8	Cuyler	6	..
Cosad	6	8	Crumb	5	..
Fowler	5	6	Greene	6	..

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$1 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 17.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PRACTICAL FISHING PAPERS.

THE chapters on fishing written by Mr. Fred Mather are intended to give practical instruction for beginners in the delightful art of angling. They are now dealing with trout. Others to follow will discuss black bass and other game fish.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar's description of dry fly fishing as practiced in Great Britain will excite lively interest in this country, where this mode of fishing is for the most part little more than a name. The use of the dry fly calls for the highest accomplishment in the angler's art. It combines the skill of fly-casting and rod handling with the patience and circumspection and perseverance of the still-hunter for deer.

Taken by and large the fishing columns of the FOREST AND STREAM contain a generous store of reading for those whose chosen recreation is with rod and line. During the months to come anglers will find in these pages a sustained interest.

SNAP SHOTS.

The St. Mary's Lake country, so long a portion of the Blackfeet Indian reservation, is such no longer. Tuesday, April 12, the mountain strip on the west side of the reservation, in which stand the Chief Mountain, Mts. Gould, Blackfoot and many other superb peaks, together with several great glaciers and the famed St. Mary's Lakes, was opened to occupancy and settlement under the mining laws of the United States. It had been expected that this opening would be an occasion of great excitement, but it's proved a very tame affair. Winter still holds its grip upon those rugged mountains, and the snow lies from 10 to 50 ft. deep over the ground that the miners and boomers intend to prospect, and then—to sell. It is not likely that the mineral wealth in these mountains will at all come up to the expectation of those who were so anxious to have the region opened to settlement, yet the irruption of prospectors cannot fail to have a disastrous effect on the game and the forests here. Both will be in a measure destroyed, and so one of the loveliest regions in America will lose a part of its charm. Yet not even the white man can level the mighty peaks which here seem to pierce the clouds, and the St. Mary's Lake country will long continue to attract the mountain climber. It is a region of surpassing natural beauty, and at some future day will become a great resort for travelers. But to some men—those who were among the first to penetrate to the heads of its narrow valleys and to scale its towering mountains—the opening of this region to the public and the building of trails and roads through its once lonely and silent fastnesses seems a desecration.

The New York Zoölogical Society has recently undertaken an inquiry into the extent and causes of the destruction of animal life in this country; and the result of the investigation is given in another column. Summed up in two words, the verdict is: Shot off. And the remedy suggested may be as briefly stated in the injunction: Stop shooting.

One chief factor not usually taken into account by students of the game supply is the growth of population. While the quail is a species which belongs with civilization, and of which the range has been extended by the settlement of the country, a reverse principle holds with other species. Man and brute may not possess the earth in common. The wild life must give way. The whole story of the game supply of the North American Continent may be read in the census returns of the population of the United States. In 1790 the total population was 3,929,214; in 1810 it was 7,239,881; in 1890 it was 62,622,250; and in 1900 it will be somewhere around 75,000,000. This means that the game, in one of the phrases of the time, must "get off the earth."

Game reduction and extermination—by game we mean all wild life—is moreover not distinctively a phenomenon confined to this continent. It is world-wide in extent. An English writer has just published a book dealing with lost and vanishing birds, in which he points out that a large percentage of the species which have

been obliterated from the British Isles could not have been preserved even under the favorable circumstances of the most elaborate means for their protection. They simply could not persist when brought into contact with civilization and the conditions attending it.

As in America and Europe, so too in Africa, that continent whose vast wildernesses were once thought to be game preserves of inexhaustible supply. Several species of African antelope are threatened with extinction, and sportsmen-naturalists are pleading for their immunity from further pursuit. This condition is due chiefly to the activity of the record maker, the hunter who shoots for "bag," and whose highest ambition it is to see his name above all the rest as a mighty slaughterer. The curse of killing for brag is upon the wilds of Africa, just as it is upon the prairies and the mountains, the marshes and the rivers of America.

The braggart hunter has been developed the world over; and he is everywhere the product of like conditions, which are those of a superabundance of game. Where the original indigenous supply is sufficient to withstand for a time the tax upon it, a growth of the practice of shooting for count is inevitable. When because of its abundance game is easily secured, no special credit is popularly attached to moderate bags; on the contrary, it is the big score that attracts attention, excites remark, and provokes emulation. Restriction, temperance and moderation are afterthoughts. They rise into the realm of recognized virtues only after a threatening diminution of the native store prompts men to say to themselves: "If these butchers kill so much of the game, there will be none left for us and for our children." Thereupon sentiment changes. Where before a big brag bag was envied, it is now condemned; and with an observance of the newly established code of ethics the sportsman ambitious to shine in the esteem of his fellows lays claim to the exercise of moderation as a field virtue. He recounts with pride not how he killed the last animal in sight, but how having taken his legal share he voluntarily let the rest escape.

The sway of sentiment controlling shooters in any given country at any given time, whether approving or disapproving big game scores, may thus correctly be predicated upon a knowledge of the condition of the game supply; and vice versa, if we know the sentiment concerning big scores, we may infer from this the condition of the game supply. If we hear deprecations of the killing of a long list of antelope in Africa we may know that African antelope are growing scarce. If the sentiment of sportsmen condemns the scoring of great bags of ducks or prairie chickens or quail in certain sections of our own country we may deduce from this a diminution of the native wild game to a point where one may no longer kill recklessly without regard to the rights and privileges of others and still presume to hold up his head as a decent member of society. In Great Britain and some other parts of the world, on the contrary, where battues are held on artificially reared pheasants, moderation based upon a regard for the conservation of the supply has no place in the code of shooting ethics; and so we hear heralded the record of Lord So-and-so's bag; and the bigger it is the more creditable an achievement it is held to be. In short, shooting prodigality is bred of abundance; moderation of scarcity. And the fact is that human nature being human nature the world over, realization of the necessity of moderation comes tardily. The stable door is locked after the horse has been stolen.

This rule that when the objects of pursuit grow scarce protection is demanded for them applies the world over, and extends to all wild animals which are pursued for sport. Thus we have the curious spectacle of certain species hunted from time immemorial as vermin and outlaws transformed into game animals and elevated to the rank of those deserving the protection of close seasons and restrictions as to modes of capture. Grizzly bears, alligators and tigers are now subjects of earnest discussion as to the ways and means of conserving the stock.

Once in the West a grizzly was looked upon as a foe to whom no quarter was to be shown; he was classed with the Great Adversary of mankind, and might be fought against and destroyed by any device fair or foul—

if indeed the idea of fairness could be entertained at all with respect to a grizzly. But within the last few years a sentiment has been growing up that the grizzly may be hunted only in a sportsmanlike way, according to rules and regulations laid down for the guidance of the craft.

So with the alligator in Florida. Twenty years ago he would have been laughed at who should have asked quarter for it; but to-day the people of the State who have seen the alligator practically exterminated from wide areas are beginning to think about restocking and protecting; and the wanton tourist rifleman who for so long was a disgrace and a curse of the State, with his alligator butchery, has been compelled by force of public opinion to curb his brutal propensities.

The advanced sportsmen of India are demanding that the immunity now enjoyed by the females and the young of animals counted in the sportsman's list shall be extended to tiger and bear cubs. The ground upon which this is urged is that same consideration of supply and demand which is calling for the protection of our grizzlies and alligators. It is to preserve the stock. From any other than the sportsman's standpoint the fewer the tigers and grizzlies in the world the better; the lay mind would regard their extermination with equanimity and gratitude. But the tiger hunter and grizzly hunter are not as other men; or to state the principle more accurately, they are precisely like others in demanding that their own interests shall be protected. To hunt the game they must have the game to hunt; and to have the game they must give it a chance to survive. If common sense provides seasons and modes of quail shooting, it is nothing else than common sense to adopt corresponding restrictions on the pursuit of bears and tigers.

If when you are strolling through the woods you come upon a spring and find there scattered about on the ground pieces of a cardboard box, egg shells, the bleached shells of lobster claws, a cork and pieces of string, these circumstances are taken as evidence that some one has eaten lunch there. If further on you come to a wire slip-noose attached to a bush, the noose encircling the neck of a ruffed grouse, with the skeleton and a few feathers still in place, this is circumstantial evidence that the grouse snarer has been there. Just such a relic of snaring was the skeleton which is pictured in our shooting columns to-day. It was found by the efficient detective employed by the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club to break up the illicit business of snaring in the grouse covers of that Commonwealth. By the activity of the club's agent many miles of snares have been destroyed. This snare with its victim is one of the exhibits in the possession of Mr. Henry J. Thayer, the club secretary.

The Vermont Fish and Game League has a membership of over 550, distributed throughout the State; and it is building up a public sentiment which will make impossible a repetition of an experience related in the current League report as having happened in Essex county. Not many years ago a man was tried for killing a deer. The justice of the peace called the jury for a trial; there was no hotel in the place, and when the jury adjourned for dinner the men were distributed around the village. Two of the jurymen and the lawyer who defended dined with the respondent. They had venison for their dinner. After dinner the trial proceeded. At the close of the trial the jury announced that the man was not guilty.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Burnham's Yukon Notes is descriptive of the dogs used for packing, and it makes an exceedingly interesting story from start to finish. The presence of a trick poodle harnessed with a Newfoundland and in the intervals of his arduous task capering about and "doing his turn," as he may have gone through his part in some music hall, is suggestive of a veritable romance of dog life. What a story Ouida could make of it.

A few brief seasons ago there was universal complaint that the bluebird had disappeared from the land; and it was predicted that his epitaph was to be written. Then, after a season or two of scarcity, his grateful return was heralded, and to-day the bird is back in its old haunts and in the supply of former days. At best, while the people who are interested in birds are full of theories, the actual circumstances which control the supply are but imperfectly understood.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Course of the Logs.

BY A. E. STEARNS.

"THE Connecticut River rises in the Connecticut lakes, flows in a southerly direction between Vermont and New Hampshire, then through Massachusetts and Connecticut, and empties into Long Island Sound." Such is the formula we learned as schoolboys from our geographies. To most of us the lower Connecticut is familiar enough, and perhaps not altogether attractive. But how many know anything about its source and its upper waters? I have lived for years near the old river; have floated on it; skated on it; fished on it; bathed in it; and enjoyed its beauty from the shore. But not until this last summer did I become acquainted with its birthplace. For years I had watched the logs floating silently by toward the fate that awaited them at some remote saw mill, and each year served to strengthen within me the desire to follow myself the wandering course of those logs. Finally the desire prompted to action, and on the first of August I set out with a friend for the northern corner of New Hampshire, where nestle the three Connecticut lakes, the sources of the river.

Of the country about the lakes little need be said. Civilization practically ends with the first and largest lake. Leaving this, the tourist plunges at once into the woods, which extend for miles north, east and west. About nine miles beyond First Lake we find Second Lake, somewhat smaller, but with wilder and more beautiful surroundings. Eight miles away lies Third Lake, the smallest, but most beautiful, of the three bodies of water. From the eastern shore of Second Lake an old trail strikes across to Rangeley, and no better description can be given of the Connecticut lake region than to say that it closely resembles that of the Rangeleys. Thickly wooded hills on all sides; the lakes nestling quietly at their feet; and numerous trout streams tumbling noisily down their sides.

We camped for two weeks on an inlet to Second Lake; fished and tramped to our heart's content; and then, having decided that we had become sufficiently well acquainted with the birthplace of the river, we packed up our goods and prepared to follow "the course of the logs."

Between the lakes the river is little more than a good-sized trout stream, and for about twenty miles below First Lake its channel is so wide and rocky as to render it altogether unsuitable for a canoe. So we decided to launch our cedar craft at West Stewartstown, and from there trust ourselves to the fortunes of the water.

Sunday morning, Aug. 22, found us ready to start. The day was all that could be desired, and as West Stewartstown offered few attractions for the Sabbath, we decided to drop down the river a few miles until we should come to a suitable place for dinner and our weekly "washing bee."

The canoe was heavily laden, and for the first half mile the water was shallow; but the channel soon deepened, and we glided along with nothing to disturb us. The scenery along this section of the river is attractive, but not wild enough to be ideal. Cultivated farm lands extend down to the banks on either side, while in the distance gently rising hills stretch away for miles.

Toward noon an attractive-looking sand beach came in sight. Directing our course toward it, we landed, and were soon in the water, forgetful of everything but the week's collection of soiled linen. In camp life what the weekly washing list lacks in size is more than offset by quality, and the river had speedily assumed a muddy hue. But the last garment was soon spread out on the neighboring bushes to dry, and after a final plunge in the river we fell to for dinner. Baked beans, bread and butter and coffee, our customary "quick lunch," furnished our repast, and then we stretched out under the shade of the bushes to enjoy a snooze. My companion was soon in dreamland, but while I was still in that drowsy transitional stage I heard a slight splash out in the water, and glancing out in the direction of the sound I saw a large muskrat making his way across the river. The rifle was near at hand, and the temptation to try a shot too strong to be resisted. Aiming directly over my companion's prostrate form, I fired. The aim was poor, and the animal disappeared with a splash; but the report of the rifle had given a new turn to the course of my companion's dreams. He jumped to his feet as though surrounded by Indians. "What was that?" he demanded, excitedly. I pointed to the widening circles on the surface of the water and explained the situation. He rubbed his eyes for a moment, grunted a few times as though disgusted with my levity, and was soon asleep again. At just this moment another muskrat, encouraged, no doubt, by the good fortune of his companion, and desirous of showing his contempt for me and my rifle, put out from the shore and started across the stream. That wouldn't go, and this time when the rifle cracked a kicking form remained on the surface of the stream.

"What in thunder are you trying to celebrate?" demanded the disturbed sleeper, as he again leaped to his feet.

"Same as before," I answered. "I don't intend to lie here and have those creatures dare me like that. I'll take a dare from some people, but not from a muskrat."

But sleeping time was now over. The washing was dry, and picking up our goods we started on down the river. Darkness had settled before we found an acceptable landing place for the night. Supper was cooked on the shore, and then striking back from the river for a few rods we came to a large pasture. A group of hemlock trees in the middle of it looked attractive, and we made for them. The place proved to be all we could desire, and while the bells were calling the good people of the neighboring town of Colebrook to evening worship we rolled up in our blankets and prepared for rest. Sleep soon had us in its embrace, and it was not until a flock of boisterous crows began their morning praise service over our heads that we regained consciousness. It proved to be almost 5 o'clock, and so we folded our blankets and started for the river. A good fire soon

drove the stiffness from our joints, and after a warm breakfast we were anxious to be off again.

Conditions favored us as we started on our second day's cruise. The light work of the previous day had left us free from blisters and lameness, and now with a clear sky overhead and swift water beneath us, we counted on making good headway. The country through which we were passing remained about the same as that of the day before, though occasionally a bend in the river would reveal the hazy outlines of the White Mountains, which promised us some glorious scenery in the near future.

As we paddled along the water grew swifter, and it became necessary to keep a sharp lookout for hidden rocks, for our canoe was none too light. Once we barely escaped a catastrophe. While bowling along through some swift water at a merry clip, our boat suddenly glided up on top of a submerged rock that threatened us with instant destruction; but by jumping overboard before the craft could swing around I managed to get her clear, and myself well soaked. But that was part of the programme. About noon a piece of water loomed up ahead that looked ominous. We landed and surveyed the course. We decided that a light canoe could easily run through, and as my companion expressed his willingness to sack some of the heaviest and most valuable articles along the shore, I agreed to pilot the boat through the objectionable stretch of water. The trip was soon completed, and at the end of the rough water we halted for dinner. Dainties from a nearby farmhouse helped to fill out our bill of fare, and after our customary loafing period, "to settle our dinner," we were again on our way.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when we reached a stretch of water called Lyman Falls, a place about which we had been cautioned by log drivers before starting on our trip. After a careful survey of the course the same scheme we had followed so successfully in the morning suggested itself, and we set out to carry it into execution. Allowing my companion to get a good start, I pushed off from the shore, and the canoe was soon tearing through the swift water at a lively pace. The situation was just beginning to grow enjoyable, when there came a sudden bump, and I found myself in the water with the canoe on top of me. Disentangling myself as best I could, I began a fierce conflict to save our half-submerged craft from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. The force of the water, its varying depths, and the uncertain footing I was able to secure, coupled with the weight of the boat, now filled with water, made my task a difficult one. But at last my efforts were rewarded, and I had the runaway craft wedged fast between two rocks where I knew it was safe for the time being at least. Then I started down the shore, hoping to overtake the fast disappearing goods that were tearing like mad down the stream. It was useless. They were traveling too fast for me, and all I could do now was to shout for my companion. He heard me, and dropping his pack, plunged into the river. But some of the articles had already sunk, and those that still floated were spread out over so wide a territory when they went by him that he could rescue little. The paddles, however, were saved, and we went back with a good deal of anxiety to examine into the condition of the canoe. Alas! one glance was enough to convince us that it must visit a repair shop. Our tent and all of our provisions had been washed away in the wreck, and it was evident that we must practically begin our trip over again. But just now it was necessary to get dry, and a huge fire was soon roaring on the shore. As we danced around the warm blaze in scanty attire, we discussed plans for the future. That we were in no condition to pass the night on the beach was evident. Shelter must be sought elsewhere.

Drawing on our still wet garments, we hid our goods in the bushes and climbed a steep bank behind us to explore the country. Fortune had not altogether deserted us. Near at hand were some farmhouses, and in one of these we were soon resting while our good host and his wife did all they could to make us comfortable. Our clothes were dried, our hungry stomachs satisfied, and then the guest room was placed at our disposal for the night.

When we appeared the next morning we found that our host had already inspected our battered craft and had arranged to carry it for us to the neighboring town of North Stratford, where we hoped to find the necessary repair shop. And so, having done justice to the good wife's breakfast, we climbed on to the old man's hay rack, and after loading the canoe jogged along to North Stratford. But here disappointment was in store for us. The necessary materials were not to be had in the town, and we were reluctantly compelled to ship the boat by freight to Wells River, the nearest town in which there was any prospect of our obtaining the desired results. Rain had begun to fall as we boarded the train for Wells River, and when we reached that town late in the evening we were thoroughly disgusted. To be sure we had not lost a great deal of the river trip, for between North Stratford and Wells River the greater part of the course is taken up with what is known as Fifteen Mile Falls, a long stretch of rapids, practically a continuous carry; and yet we were reluctant to lose even that part of the river, for the idea of resorting to a railroad was most repulsive to us.

Clear weather greeted us the next morning, and our spirits improved. As the boat had not yet arrived we spent the time laying in another stock of provisions for our now empty larder. During the afternoon the canoe arrived. In company with an assistant of the man who was to repair our craft I drove to the freight office. But we had no sooner loaded the thing on the wagon than the horse took fright, and making a sudden turn dumped the boat over the side and down a neighboring bank, where it lodged among the bushes. The horse was quieted, and after some little difficulty we once more had the canoe on the wagon. It did not rest easy, however, and I agreed to walk behind and steady it to prevent any undue straining. Again we started, and once more the horse began to show signs of fright. In his attempts to check him the driver suddenly found a broken rein in his hand, and now all he could do was to crouch in the bottom of the wagon and let the beast choose his own course and speed. The course suited

me all right, but the speed was growing too rapid. For a few yards I held on bravely, but as the frightened animal increased his stride I saw that I and the canoe were doomed. Still I raced madly on, horrible visions of a shattered boat and an inglorious railroad ride home rising before me. But the crisis came. A sudden lurch sent the canoe out into the road, while I sailed on over it and lit in a heap several yards beyond. As soon as I could regain my wind I pulled myself together and limped back to survey the wreck. In some miraculous way the boat had apparently escaped uninjured, and I sat down to wait for developments. The horse meanwhile had run all the way to the shop, a good mile away. Here a new rein was secured and the team returned for its load. I assured my friend that we would take no more chances, and though he remonstrated I compelled him to lead his steed by the bridle until we had reached our destination in safety.

Another morning dawned bright and clear, and after a little more tinkering the boat was ready to be launched again. We breathed a sigh of relief when a bend in the river hid from our view the smoke and dust of the town, and as the scenery had improved and the water favored us we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of our surroundings.

A little below Wells River the current becomes sluggish, and for miles the river winds and twists in and out among broad farming lands, and progress is necessarily slow. At one time after paddling vigorously for several miles we found ourselves within quarter of a mile of a spot we had left long before. This was not encouraging, but as we had already lost valuable time we worked hard, determined to make up for the delay. Our noon stop was of short duration, allowing us just time for a cold lunch and a plunge in the river. Then we were off again, and when darkness came on we had left many miles of river behind us. The canoe glided into a little cove, and a fire was soon snapping at the top of the bank. The savory odors from our frying pan and coffee pot soon warned us that supper was ready, and we were not long stowing it away. The repast over, we turned in for the night under a clump of pine trees only a few rods away, and it again remained for our friends the crows to rouse us for the work of the next day.

We were late in getting started. In spite of careful repairs the canoe had leaked badly during the previous day, and we determined to remedy the defect if possible before proceeding, and so while I roasted over the coals of our morning fire a duck we had secured the day before my companion, armed with pitch and white lead, attacked the ship. When these important duties had been completed we were again ready to push on.

White River Junction was the town we had planned to reach that night, but we were doomed to disappointment. We had camped about two miles above Orford, N. H., and from this place to Orcut Falls, just above the junction, the river is wide and deep, with practically no current. To make our work harder a strong head wind sprung up, and the water became so rough that at times the waves almost submerged our low craft. At such times it was almost impossible to make any headway at all. As the daylight began to fade we were tired and out of sorts. Hanover was still a mile ahead of us, and between us and White River Junction lay about five miles of water and two carries, the one at Orcut Falls being the hardest of the entire trip. But complaining would do no good, and as the bank gave evidence of good camping grounds for the night we landed. Our disappointment had not taken the edge off of our appetites at any rate, and the way our supper disappeared was a caution. We had heaped our frying pan more than full with potatoes, bread, apples and "sand peeps"—"tip-up stew" we called the preparation—but when we had satisfied our hunger it was difficult to find even a bone. No wonder that we slept till late the next morning.

But we were already behind time and our breakfast was hurried. There was not a breath of wind stirring as we pushed off from the shore. The river was a huge mirror, and the reflections from Hanover to Orcut Falls were the most beautiful I have ever seen. The camera was brought into service, and snapped again and again. The results were in some cases gratifying, but none could begin to bring out the details or the coloring that gave to those reflections their wonderful beauty.

An hour's paddling brought us to the paper mills at Orcut Falls. As the canoe poked its way through the mass of chips, boards and logs that cover the river above the dam we began to realize that we had reached at last the most dreaded place of the entire trip. The carry here is a tough one. Up a steep, muddy bank, over a long stretch of rough ground, around the mills, and then at last down over a long, steep bank covered with a mass of broken rock and drift wood, until finally you reach a little cove, in which the canoe can once more ride safely on the water. Two hours were consumed here before we were once more on our way to the junction.

About half a mile below the falls is what is known to the logmen as the Lower Pitch, and here again we had to make a short carry. The river sweeps with great force through a narrow gap, and boils along for several rods in big choppy swells. But the carry is an easy one, and soon after 12 o'clock we paddled under the railroad bridge at White River Junction. Here we expected to find some mail waiting for us, and as it was already late we decided to purchase food for our dinner that would require no cooking. Leaving my companion in the canoe, I climbed the steep bank and made my way along the railroad tracks to the town. It was Fair Day, and the way the crowds stared at me was decidedly embarrassing. Evidently they took me for one of the freaks that form such an attractive element at the side shows of a typical county fair. My appearance would certainly have justified such a conclusion. My boots had assumed a color strangely like that of the river bottom, and were full of cracks; my stockings looked as though they had served as targets for our rifle and shotgun practice; my short trousers were adorned with everything from butter to coffee, while rents and tears were visible everywhere, some of the worst partly drawn together with the aid of pins and string, but most of them just as the bushes had left them. The sleeves of my dark blue flannel shirt had shrunk from continued

contact with the water until they barely covered my elbows, while the top button and its intended button-hole had agreed to separate until a good zin. intervened between them. This space was partly concealed by a gorgeous red and yellow and green tie, with which I had startled my companion while we were in Wells River. On my head I wore a battered cowboy's hat, with the tail feathers of a meat-hawk stuck jauntily in the band. A week's growth of beard completed my outfit. No wonder the people stared. But I survived the ordeal, and laden with letters and provisions made my way back to the river bank. The provisions were soon disposed of, the mail read and the canoe once more glided on down the river.

After the dirt and smoke and noise of White River Junction, the contrast afforded by the scenery we encountered between that town and Windsor is most refreshing. This stretch of the river is by far the most attractive one to be found between the lakes and Holyoke Dam. Thickly wooded hills shut the river in on all sides, and as the channel winds in and out among these it is often most difficult to tell where the stream is going to escape. The water too for the most part is swift, and we made good time. About 4 o'clock we reached the Queechi Falls, and here another carry was in order. The carry is a fairly long one, but the bank is free from obstructions, and our delay was of short duration. It was fast getting dark when we reached Windsor, and dropping down just below the town we landed. A short distance back from the river a steep hill rises abruptly, its top covered with trees and shrubs. Here in an old wood road we curled up in our blankets and were soon asleep.

"Wash day!" my companion sang out to me, as I opened my eyes the next morning. But breakfast was the first thing on the programme, and we set to work to prepare it. When our appetites had been appeased we dragged the canoe ashore, and dumping out its contents on the beach gave it the best scrubbing it had enjoyed for many a day. Then we set to work on our "linen." The list was a small one this week, and as the sun was most propitious we were soon on our way down the stream.

The water was still fairly swift, and we took things easy. But it seemed as though we never would lose sight of Windsor. For miles the channel holds almost a perfectly straight course, and it was well toward the noon hour when a bend in the river finally hid the town from our sight. A cool spring bubbling out from the bank offered us an attractive spot for lunch, and we made for it. Near by was a farmhouse, and while we munched our light repast the owner, a veteran of the late war, entertained us with thrilling accounts of his army life. Before we left him he had filled our pockets and every available space in our boat with the best apples his farm afforded, and as we paddled away he stood on the bank shouting after us his good wishes. There is no more hospitable or big-hearted man living than the average New England farmer.

The afternoon was quiet, the water without a ripple, and the woody banks were beautifully reflected in the river. It was an ideal time to be on the water. We had little inclination to work, and so stretching out on the bottom of the canoe we let her drift, and enjoyed to the full our inspiring surroundings. But as the afternoon wore away we realized that we must be on the lookout for our camping ground for the night. Paddling down below Charlestown, we guided our canoe into a small cove, and set out to find the place we desired. What seemed at the time an ideal place was discovered just back from the river, and our fire was soon blazing merrily. From our position among the trees we had a good view of the river in both directions. Just across the town of Charlestown lay spread out before us. On the opposite shore a party of young people were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, and their babbling voices and shouts of laughter came floating over the water to us. But their merriment was interrupted by the approach of a boat which was coming up the river. Its occupant, a farmer's boy, had given himself up to the influence of his inspiring surroundings, and as he plied his oars was pouring forth his voice in a melody of song. His tones were unique, his range remarkable, and his selections included everything from "Hold the Fort" to "Swim out, O'Grady."

We ate our supper, puffed away on our pipes while the sparks from our camp-fire chased each other up through the pine branches toward the stars above us, and then as the blaze died down we drifted into sleep. But it was of short duration. An army of mosquitoes had discovered us and we were suddenly attacked from all sides. In vain we covered our heads with our coats, or buried them in our blankets; in vain did we shift from one position to another, and beat the atmosphere with our arms. We were outnumbered and defeated. Sullenly we crawled out of our blankets, started a fire, and lighting our pipes waited for morning.

We could leave that place none too soon that morning, and after some hard paddling—all the harder because of our unsatisfactory night—we reached Bellows Falls. Here a team was required to carry our boat around the falls. We were anxious to reach Brattleboro that night, and stopping only long enough to purchase a few provisions we pressed on. Below the falls the river again quickens its speed, and we traveled fast. But we still had many miles to cover to reach our destination before dark, and we worked hard, making only one short stop to allow ourselves a hasty lunch. Brattleboro was several miles away when daylight left us, but we determined to follow out our original plan, and so on we went. It was pitch dark when we came under Chesterfield Bridge, just above the town, and without any warning we suddenly found ourselves in a short stretch of swift, choppy water that almost swamped us. Luckily no rocks were in our pathway, and in a moment the threatening place had been left behind, and we breathed again.

At so late an hour it was useless to attempt to get a supper on shore, especially since our provisions were almost exhausted; and so hiding our canoe in the bushes we made our way to the town. To our surprise we found a hotel, where in spite of our tramp-like appearance we were given shelter for the night, and were not even asked to pay in advance. But a bed did not feel natural, and we made a poor night of it. A hotel

breakfast too did not seem to rest just right on our stomachs, but in spite of such drawbacks we started on for Turner's Falls in good spirits.

Just below Brattleboro Bridge we came through another stretch of choppy water, and for a number of miles a good stiff current carried us along at a lively pace. But early in the afternoon our work began. First the carry at the French King Rapids. Then a long stretch of dead water extending to the dam at Turner's Falls. About a mile above the dam a huge log jam completely blocked the river. But the lumber company has no legal right to impede navigation, and no objections were offered when we asked to have our canoe carried around the jam.

By the time we had secured a team to carry our boat around the falls it was dark, but no more hotel beds for us. When we found ourselves once more on the river bank we fell to work with a will, and soon had a tempting supper well under way. But it was too late to attempt to find an ideal camping ground, and we resolved to make the best of the first place that presented itself. Making our way through a thick clump of alders we emerged into an open pasture. Here, under a tall elm tree, while the frogs sang their prettiest to us, and the stars watched over us, we stretched out our blankets and forgot the world and its cares.

The next day was to complete our journey. Our friends at home had learned of our whereabouts and had planned to meet us just above Sunderland Bridge and celebrate our return to civilization with an old-fashioned picnic. We were the first to reach the spot, but the others were not long in appearing, and soon after the noon hour we were making huge inroads into the choicest dishes from our home larders. As evening drew near we left our friends to pack up the remnants of that glorious repast, and embarking for the last time in our canoe paddled the remaining few miles to Northampton. A team was waiting to carry us and our outfit to our home, and reluctantly we turned our back upon the old river that had furnished us so much solid enjoyment.

To a man seeking merely adventure and excitement the trip I have described would offer few attractions. But sometimes we crave outings of a different sort. Surely to one who enjoys nature, who appreciates the restfulness that comes from floating on the waters of an attractive river, and who derives any satisfaction from investigating the history of its wanderings, a trip down the Connecticut is well worth trying. The expense is slight; the river has waters of all kinds, from long calm stretches to foaming rapids, and along its banks is some of the finest of New England scenery. There are times too when we have neither the time nor money to shoot Canadian rapids, and at such times it often happens that the enjoyment and recreation we seek lie close at our doors, unappreciated by us because of their very nearness.

ANDOVER, MASS.

The Island of Marquez.

An account of the first expedition to California, compiled from original sources for children of all ages.

It is not generally known that the first white men to set foot within the boundaries of the present State of California formed a detachment sent out by the famous explorer Coronado.

The ultimate limit of Coronado's own journey was a country called Quivira, which, we know from the accounts of his march which have reached us, lay near the Missouri River, probably in eastern Kansas; yet if you look at the old maps of America dating even as late as fifty years after this great march you will find a country labeled Quivira built out a long way into the Pacific Ocean west of San Francisco and sometimes overlapping the longitude of New Guinea.

It will not therefore surprise us much, in view of the prevailing confusion of directions, to find that the detachment whose fortunes we are about to follow was sent westward to communicate with certain ships despatched to assist Coronado—ships that could only have reached him by passing eastward over a thousand miles of dry land.

First let us look at the origin of the main expedition and then the whole sequence of events will become clear.

Through all the earlier part of the sixteenth century the hardy soldiery of Spain, stirred by an immense impulse of hope, energy and enthusiasm, had performed wonders of discovery.

It was in the month of February, 1540, that the stalwart Capt. Francisco Coronado, emulous of other pioneers, led his forces out of the valley of Mexico. He was full of eagerness to realize a prospect of almost certain and enormous riches and renown. Reports had come to the capital from venturesome sailors of gold and pearls in lands still undiscovered. Friendly Indians had told splendid tales of the rich shores of the sea of Cortez. Why should not the upper country hold wealth such as Don Pedro de Alvarado had wrung from his southern provinces? And why should "old Christians" be frightened at stories of man-eating savages or sea serpents that served the demon?

Years before, the viceroy Guzman had planned to conquer the seven golden cities of Cibola, but his Indian guide had died and no one could tell the way to that mysterious land. Then three soldiers came to Mexico who had formed part of the band that Narvaez took to explore Florida. For eight years these sole survivors of that gallant host had borne the buffets of ill-fortune, shipwreck, slavery and weary journeyings, till from tribe to tribe and from village to village they had crossed the continent and stood before the great viceroy Mendoza, Guzman's famous successor. Dorantes, Maldonado and Cabeza de Vaca had passed from Alabama westward through Arizona to the Pacific nearly three hundred years before Lewis and Clarke sailed down the Columbia; fifty years and more before Philip launched his great Armada against undaunted England. These were the pathfinders of that golden age, and you must hunt in musty records to find their names. Yet if they suffered poverty and toil, if their memory is covered deep with the dust of oblivion, truly they had their reward—the joy of vast discovery of things unknown. So Mendoza heard the wanderers' tale and summoned Francisco Coronado, the governor of New Galicia (who should not be

confounded with his kinsman, Juan Coronado), and giving him three hundred Spaniards, many of them veterans and many of gentle blood, besides a body of Indian auxiliaries, dispatched him to conquer new lands. The Spanish soldiers were sent off separately to meet the native levies many leagues to the northward, lest before they became inured to discipline they should brawl with the Indian allies. So the whole army was gathered at Compostela and reviewed by the viceroy, who then turned back to the capital, while the expedition began its toilsome march.

The road lay over rough and mountainous country for a long distance. Traveling was difficult at best, and the hardship was increased by the loss of a large portion of the scanty baggage. Over the narrow and rocky trails only pack horses could be used for burden, and few of the soldiers and none of the gentry had ever packed an animal in their lives or knew even the rudiments of the necessary art of packing.

Now at Chiametla, some twenty-five leagues on the way, the army met Melchior Diaz, a seasoned explorer, who had been sent ahead with a few men to scout the country. Melchior reported that he had gone north near three hundred leagues of actual travel and over two hundred in a straight line as far as Chilchitcale, the place now known as Casa Grande in Arizona, but that he had seen no inhabited city, for though Chilchitcale was a vast adobe building, no doubt once both dwelling and fortress of a vanquished tribe, it stood then as now roofless and fire-blackened, a monument of the ferocity of the savage nomads of the surrounding deserts.

We need not follow this expedition of romance step by step—how they conquered or visited the Zuñi and Moqui towns and Queres and Taos and Acoma; how one detachment peered into and climbed part way down the grand cañon of the Colorado and another almost reached the banks of the father of waters, and how they returned richer in wisdom than in gold to the astonished and indignant viceroy.

Let us go back to Melchior Diaz, whom we find in September at the town of Sonora (now Hermosillo) preparing to lead a band of twenty-five men in search of the ships of Alarcon. For this seaman had been despatched laden with supplies for the army under orders "to pass the straits that separated the island of Marquez (called by some the island of California) from the mainland, and coast along the shores of the southern sea as far north as the 36th degree of north latitude, keeping in touch with the land force under Coronado—yet not to pass so far north as to reach the Great India claimed by the Portuguese, which touches this country on the northwest."

From these orders it will be seen that the viceroy's ideas of the lay of the land much needed that very correction which his adventurous explorers would soon give.

Many of the details of the doings of Coronado, Diaz and Alarcon have been given in the Spanish official reports, but these are accessible mainly through French translations, which omit circumstances deemed by the translators to be little worthy of credence or attention; and the original "relaciones" of Castañeda and Jaramillo contain much of interest and importance not to be found in the French editions. Besides these official reports there is a manuscript, old indeed, but unfortunately not quite contemporary with the events related, which purports to be written by a son of Tomas Martinez, who was one of Diaz's followers, at his father's dictation. This document is in the custody of Don Juan Martinez, living now or lately in the town of Altar, Sonora, Mexico, and contains a few intimate details either not given in, or differing from, the official accounts. Yet, as the official accounts themselves are occasionally at variance while obviously true in their general purport, it seems as if the Martinez manuscript were worthy of the same regard as they.*

In September of 1540 Melchior Diaz left Hermosillo for the Western coast. He had under him twenty-four fighting men, and a Franciscan priest, Father Jayme, accompanied the party. The soldiers were in the main old campaigners, ready for adventure and danger, but with a practical eye to the advantages of wealth and some experience in getting profitable work out of the Indians of the Mexican provinces.

Besides the Tomas Martinez already mentioned there was an Andalusian, Pedro Estrada, of dark color and perhaps some Moorish ancestry, who acted as a kind of informal lieutenant for Diaz, and two young Castilians, Bejar and Sainz. All of the party were at first mounted and these two Castilians were accompanied by two greyhounds, meant for coursing game, but much more apt to worry the sheep which the prudent captain had collected and was driving with his column to supply their needs in case other provisions fell short.

The detachment marched first down the Sonora River, which toward the coast dwindles to a dry sandy bed, and then, when in sight of the sea, the party turned north through the rocky and desolate region that lies along the coast. Several horses were lost here through thirst and starvation, and the men had hard work to get water enough to keep them alive from the few and bitter springs that were found. By chance one day they came upon a party of Seris Indians, who were so surprised by the appearance that they supposed the mounted Spaniards were creatures of another world and readily guided them to a water hole, when their wants were made known by signs. The natural ferocity of these savages, however, which does not even respect the supernatural, prompted them, after their first alarm was passed, to attack the Castilian Bejar, who was separated somewhat from the rest, little suspecting such a danger, and would have been killed but for his dog, which fell a sacrifice to his devotion to his master. The Spaniards to be sure promptly assailed the Indians and killed three of them, but the incredible swiftness of the survivors enabled them

* Note by the Editor.—The manuscript of the Island of Marquez was received from our correspondent Mr. Dulog something more than a year ago. Since that time the Bureau of Ethnology has published the original texts of some of the documents here named, including the report of Coronado and the relation of Castañeda, together with translations. In these accounts there is frequent reference to the journey given us by Mr. Dulog from the Martinez manuscript.

The details here given form an interesting contribution to the history of early discovery in America.

to outstrip, without apparent effort, even the fastest of the lean horses of the whites.

Northward the column plodded for some three weeks, at times catching glimpses across the western water of the blue peaks of the mountains of the island of Marquez, or of California, as they variously called it, and suffering some loss of horses, while the flock of sheep dwindled fast, and the now lonely dog had to be kept in leash lest he should race them to death.

Diaz now decided to stop and rest his company for a week. His march had been kept down to the pace of the traveling sheep, and he had made in this time little more than two hundred miles, but he went into camp on the bank of a pool, which formed part of one of those disappearing and reappearing streams so common in the arid West. This theoretical stream was called by the Spaniards somewhat pompously the San Ygnacio River. The grass, springing after the July rains, was now strong and succulent. The horses and sheep picked up wonderfully and the men managed to capture several antelope, which proved to be excellent eating. Starting again northward and afterward westward, Diaz at last reached the Colorado River about the first of November. He called the river the Tizon (or "burnt wood") River for some unknown reason, and was much struck by its size. Moreover, he began now to have misgivings about the viceroy's geography, and found that his own map was certainly unreliable.

Still he pressed on up the river along the east bank, and was finally met by news of Alarcon's ships. He interpreted the information, much of which was given by signs to mean that the ships were on the sea coast at the mouth of the river, as indeed they had been a month before. But, while yet a good way above the river's mouth, a tree was found on the bank with a great fresh blaze on the side, and on the blaze was written by the point of a hot iron: "Alarcon has come thus far; dig at the foot of this tree for letters." The letters were found in a wooden box and told that the hardy and intelligent sailor had been up the river with his men a long way in rowboats, but had found that it would be impossible to communicate with Coronado by this route. He also said that no further advance by sea was possible because the sea was a gulf and that the ocean did not flow in around the north of the island of Marquez or California, but that that supposed island was a part of the land forming the gulf. Alarcon therefore, after doing and finding out everything possible, had sailed back. Diaz now consulted with his men about their future plan of action. They decided first to march up the river until they might find some good place to camp for a few days and either fell timber for raft-building or capture Indian boats, if they should be found, to ferry them across the stream; then to visit the new regions beyond. For they had heard much of the pearls of the island of Marquez, and seen some fine jewels from those parts, and if Alarcon was right the Marquez land was no island, but could be reached on foot by crossing the stream before them, unless indeed some "mountains of fire" laid down indistinctly on the map should bar the way. One obstacle, however, to rapid journeys and easy subsistence was the determined hostility of the natives. Further south in Anáhuac, in Culiacan, even in Sonora, the Indians, who formed large and partly civilized bodies, were brave to be sure, and fought well against invasion, but after Spanish steel and Spanish powder had won a few engagements the natives for the most part submitted to Christian rule. Here, however, from the Seris onward, the miserable unsocial wanderers seemed animated by no motive but hatred of their kind. They lived on food often of surprising and disgusting character: spiders, insects, decaying meat, cooked or raw, all seemed palatable to these creatures. Their dress was but a ragged hide or loin cloth of woven grass. Their hair, matted with dirt, was the only protection for their heads. Yet, with all this, their endurance and swiftness were the marvel of the strong and hardy soldiers. Lurking behind some rock or cactus clump for hours or even days, they would fire their arrows and speed away laughing at the futile pursuit. Fortunately their bows were weak, and their aim, except at close distances, was poor, so that as the wary captain was always on his guard, the band thus far had suffered only from a few slight wounds and the necessity of a constant watch.

Diaz then starting his men up the river in the cool weather of the late autumn, kept near enough the stream to feed his animals on the green grass of the bottoms. Scouts could examine the level desert or the low stony hills with little trouble, and while occasionally the march was stopped at the sight of hostile natives sneaking in the neighborhood, the sheep were the main hindrance to speed. The flock, however, had proved indispensable and had fed the men for many days when the wilderness offered them no resources.

A little over a week's march (during which the party must have crossed the Gila River, though none of the reports mentions that fact) brought the explorers about a hundred miles above the point where they had found Alarcon's letter. Now they spied half a dozen of the brush-wood huts that the Indians live in, and a few of those platforms with huge baskets on them which the squaws used for the storage of the wild seeds they collected. The inhabitants of this village did not exactly defend their settlement, but lurked in the neighborhood and managed to wound both a man and a horse before a volley from the matchlocks, which were carried by a part of the Spanish force, scared them off to a respectful distance. Diaz found here a canoe, but his men did not manage it well. It was a small craft at best and so cranky that the two soldiers who tried it turned over with it after a dozen strokes.

The men were in shallow water, and waded out, but they neglected the boat, which floated down stream. No effort in fact was made to find the canoe, for Diaz thought it would be better to build a raft out of a group of cottonwoods which grew in a bend of the river.

The green trees were cut and proved to be so heavy as almost to sink in the water without a load, but some old windfalls lay amid the standing timber and by choosing those which were dry but not yet decayed a raft was made, lashed together with ropes. The raft could carry eight or nine men and their baggage. The horses were towed behind, either wading in the shallows or swimming in the deeper current, and the sheep were tied

and laid on the raft among the men, a few going over each time. A great part of the crossing could be made by poling the raft, and the main trouble then was to keep off the sand banks. Then when they drew near the channel, the raft was pushed along fast, and if there were a favoring breeze blankets were held up to give headway. It took, however, five trips, and two whole days were used up in ferrying, for some of the men had to go back each time with the raft, and at every crossing the current swept the clumsy contrivance far down stream, so that when the whole party were over they found themselves ten miles below their first starting point.

On Sunday, Nov. 21, old style—for the year, you remember, was 1540—the crossing was finished, the sheep, the dog, the surviving horses and the baggage were all safely over, and Father Jayme reverently laid on the ground the small consecrated stone he always carried to sanctify his rustic altars and celebrated mass, while the Spaniards knelt and a few Indians, less ferocious seemingly than their kinsmen across the river, gazed in wonder at the strange company with their stranger animals, their glittering arms and their impressive rites.

But these solemn rejoicings were followed by a stroke of fate which cost the expedition its loved and revered leader and sent most of the soldiers on a long retreat.

About a week after the party had started south along the west bank of the river the dog of Sainz was trotting along with the column when something frightened the sheep. There is no animal probably so stupid even to the point of suicide as a sheep. The flock was crowding over toward a steep ravine and Sainz ran to head them off. His greyhound, which was ill-mannered and untrained, straightway bounded after the sheep and was like to have bitten some and chased others to their death. Diaz, whose patience had already been tried by the antics of the dog, spurred his horse to a fast gallop and hurled his lance with a speed and aim which would have pinned the hound to the ground, but for the fact that the spear glanced on the branch of a mesquite tree and turned over and over, finally sticking into the ground with butt down and point raking backward. All this passed so quickly that Diaz did not notice his spear among the bushes until he was close on to it, and then his hard-mouthed horse did not turn quickly enough to save him. The spear point pierced the thigh and ran crosswise some zin. into the body of the rider. Courageous to the last, Diaz at once had the weapon pulled out, and though faint from the shock and bleeding directed his men to make a litter and bear him on to the next water. For two days they lay encamped at a scanty spring with little shade, when it became clear that Diaz's wound would probably prove fatal. He himself urged the whole party to go forward, carrying him while he lived, and after he died taking possession of new lands for the Catholic king. The soldiers were too cast down to care now for adventure, and the Indians, perceiving that some evil fortune had befallen the Spaniards, harassed them exceedingly. By slow marches the party withdrew to the great river, and there in the cool shade they nursed their captain for several days longer until his strong and gallant spirit took its flight.

To the last Diaz had urged priest and soldiers to further efforts, showing them the duty of a true Spaniard to his king and a true apostle to his church, and finally died bravely and quietly, having partaken of the holy sacrament.

The men sorrowfully buried their commander, and then consulted as to their future course. Father Jayme was filled with missionary spirit, and eager to follow the promptings of his own heart and that of his beloved captain. Estrada too was for going forward, and of that counsel were Martinez and Bejar, but Sainz was overcome with grief that his dog had caused so great a disaster and wished to go back, and all the others except the four named agreed with Sainz. So, in great friendship, the band decided to separate. And it is remarkable to see how few disputes arose, even after the loss of the strong and gentle hand which had trained the band to feel as one man. Sainz led back his twenty men to the land of the Pimas and Papagos, who were found to be much more tractable than the Indians of the river, and by the help of these natives they managed to collect quite a little gold dust from the placers of northern Sonora, and late in the winter returned to Culiacan.

Estrada, Bejar, Martinez and Father Jayme mounted their horses, for four horses of those remaining had been allotted to these explorers, and again started to the southwest to reach the land of the Cocopahs, who were said to be more gentle or at least less ferocious than the river tribes.

Father Jayme grieved exceedingly that of all the heathen he had met on the journey, one only had he baptized, and that one was a wounded man, who tried to stab the priest during the holy office, so that it was doubtful whether the power of grace had taken effect even in this instance. He thought, however, that perhaps the natives further south would be persuaded of the truth like the tribes of Anáhuac, and he hoped strongly to save many. The natives near by, however, were so hostile that the party started at night, and by a long march got a safe lead on their enemies. One boy only was seen dogging them the next day, skimming swiftly with bare feet over sharp flints and cactus thorns, of which even the protected Spaniards were wary. It is indeed uncertain whether the youth was really an enemy or only a hostage from the southern tribes held by the river Indians, who was anxious to join the soldiers on their march, but afraid to do so. Estrada laid a cunning trap for him. The party on passing over a sharp rise in the ground saw a gully twisting down to the left. Estrada jumped off his horse and hid behind a rock, telling the rest to hasten forward, so that only a part of them could be seen at a time in the twists and turns of the ravine. The simple plan worked perfectly. The pursuer came rapidly along, scanning the tracks and glancing now and then at the distant band. On a sudden, Estrada caught him with a strong grip on both arms and raised a great shout. The companions then came back and secured the captive with a rope, when they again took up their journey. The prisoner after the first start of surprised terror had seemed resigned. His stolid and dirty features looked as if they were trying to express wonder and admiration at the bearded whites and their strange animals.

Father Jayme was delighted. That evening in camp

he strove earnestly to exorcise the demon which evidently lurked behind the grim visage of the youth by certain Latin prayers. From the accounts of the soldier chroniclers it can be seen that Father Jayme was somewhat of a classical scholar, and not a little proud of his learning. When the writers speak of him as using the words of the vulgate or the service, this Latin, familiar to all good churchmen, is often recognizable (indeed it is sometimes a surprise on looking up some deplorable Latin to find that it gives the exact words of the vulgate), but at times the renderings of the good priest's learned words became a riddle after filtering through the untaught memories of his ruder friends. This is especially true of Martinez, who seems to have been less cultivated than either Jaramillo or Castañeda, the historians, who wrote also about the fortunes of other parts of the expedition, and indeed it is not certain whether Martinez himself could write at all.

The ceremony of casting the devil out of the captive began with the words, "In nomine patris conjuro te O! Satanas." The rest of the address cannot now be restored from the confusion of tongues into which it has fallen, but the prisoner himself, in spite of his forbidding appearance, seems to have desired to stand well with his captors. He submitted to an aspersion of holy water, and was grateful when the good father undid his bonds and wound a cloth around a ragged cut in his arm, which he seemed to have got by some fall or accident during the night. The good father was now assured that he had gained a convert, and only waited for a more complete understanding of the signs or words of the neophyte to baptize him.

Provisionally he was called Juan, as none of the party could pronounce those singular sounds he used, apparently to tell his name, and as a measure of precaution Estrada took his bow.

H. G. DULOG.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John Clough's Ride.

CURRITUCK, N. C.—This season, which closed March 31, was equal to any during the past ten years; and the snipe season just beginning bids fair to be a good one also.

There has been much speculation among the natives, as well as visitors, during the past year or two as to what the future holds in store for us. If the water continues to grow salt, as it has done for the past two years, there is no question that the canvasbacks, red-heads and ruddy ducks will leave us. About sixty-five years ago, when old Currituck Inlet was open, we are told by some of our oldest friends that while there was an abundance of black brant, sea coots, old squaws and other kinds of salt-water ducks, with an occasional flock of wild geese, there were none, or scarcely any, of the other varieties we now prize so much. There are many reasons for the water changing from fresh to salt, but the principal one is that the beach lying between the Sound and Atlantic Ocean, which is only from a half mile to one and a quarter miles wide, seems slowly but constantly washing away. Every fall and spring when the equinoctial comes the storm tides come across into the Sound and leave the water for months almost as salt as the ocean itself. Whether these storms grow worse we are not sure, but certain it is that every season more and more salt water comes across, leaving the beach more level and less able to prevent it.

In my own opinion, in less than a quarter of a century the whole beach from Back Bay in Virginia to Roanoke Island, N. C., will be simply a reef out in the sea. As an example we would direct the reader to Cobb's Island, off the Virginia coast. Five years ago it was a large island, hundreds of acres in extent, with a large hotel on it. Last fall a heavy storm came, and to-day there is simply a reef out in the ocean.

It has been our lot to be caught on the coast in some of these storms. The experiences were wild and weird, and never to be forgotten.

Sunday morning, March 16, 1846, John Dyer, of Princess Anne, about nine miles south of Virginia Beach, was aroused from his slumber and told he must prepare to vacate, and that he would probably have to swim for his life. It so happened that John had been careless with his gun some weeks before, and had shot a part of his right leg off. William Clough, his wife and three children occupied this one-story (16 by 20) building with John, but they had only one small skiff between them, which barely held William and his little family. William quickly placed them in the boat and pushed off, promising to return for John and his stiff leg as soon as he found land; but alas! he found no land, or at least no olive branches, and never returned. By this time the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the breakers were tumbling over the beach 10 to 15 ft. high. Now John had been placed, when wounded, on an old-fashioned high-post feather bed, in which there were solbs. of wild goose feathers. The house began to rock like a cradle, and John to pray; still William, his only hope, came not. It was awful. The water began to come in through the door and run across the floor; still no William. The cat, the only living creature left save John, jumped on the bed, and at this moment the roof parted and blew over; then came an immense wave, and away they went, floating away on the crest of the huge billow. The top part of the house had been used for a smoke-house, and as luck would have it, when the house fell a large ham fell on the bed with him. For hours he drifted before the wind and tide, flat on his back, on this "downy couch," with no hope of being saved. All that afternoon and far into the inky night he drifted on; finally, worn out from exposure, he fell asleep and slumbered on. There are no mountains in that section, but three days later John was found in the top of a live oak tree, about 12 ft. from the ground, still sticking to the old feather bed, with the cat for a companion quietly sleeping by his side. This is a true story.

CURRITUCK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Fox Squirrels in a City Square.

PASSING daily through the court house square of this city to and from my work, I have perforce become an interested spectator of the ways and habits of a number of fox squirrels, who make this their stamping ground. In the midst of business blocks and the teeming crowd one may well view the untamed nature and unconventional life of these wood creatures with considerable exhilaration and freshness. Fringed by a row of elms and soft maples, with other forest growth here and there, the square presents a scene seemingly as satisfactory to the squirrels as their native oak openings, although the absence of nut-bearing trees must necessarily be deplored for their sake.

Originally a dozen or more of these fox squirrels were introduced in the little park some years ago by a county official, and precautions were taken to supply their every demand and creature comfort. Boxes and cages were placed conveniently in the trees, and of nuts there was always a liberal supply. They were soon acclimatized to their surroundings, and their happy ways were a source of much delight and amusement to the loungers and to the people who had occasion to pass through the square in the course of the day. By and by their lessening numbers became a noticeable feature, and comments passed on their disappearance. Doubtless the small boy with his popgun and roving dogs could tell many a tale of the murder of the innocents.

It is a wonder that the three survivors of the colony haven't shared the fate of their brethren. The wild in our park squirrel is still predominant, but his tameness is oftentimes to be marveled at. He will trust a man or boy to the extent of approaching him very cautiously and taking the proffered nut from his fingers, but should an attempt be made to touch or fondle him he will resent it in a moment by elusively leaping from his outstretched hand. Audacious and reckless, his instinctive passion for nuts and grain sometimes places him in great danger. A flour and feed store, half a block west of the square, is well known to him. He knows that scattered grains of corn are invariably left by the farmer in unloading his wagon, and he will lose no time in adding these to his store, wholly unmindful of the teams and passing pedestrians in his trips to and fro. Approaching the square from a southern direction one Sunday morning last fall, and while almost a block away, I was agreeably surprised to notice one of the squirrels leisurely trotting down the street in the middle of the car line, swerving neither to the right nor left, and with no apparent object in view "What can be his aim? 'Fresh fields and pastures new,' eh?" I heard some one say. How lucky that no dogs were about, or he might have been obliged to adopt different tactics! How far he would have extended his course it a mooted question, but a small boy directly ahead of him suddenly changed the programme. In his hand he held a shell-bark, and this is what the squirrel was after. Securing his prize he deliberately retraced his course. I felt relieved when he reached the confines of the square, but my anxiety was again renewed when I noticed a pug dog stealing upon his intended victim, who, unconscious of danger, was busily sawing away at his nut. The squirrel did not see the pug until he was almost upon him, then in a moment all his pent-up wildness rose to the surface, transforming him into a little savage. Like a cat he crouched, and before his thick-headed antagonist knew what had happened, the squirrel had suddenly shot over his head, and with lightning bounds gained a nearby elm, where, just beyond the danger line, with body pressed close to the hole, head downward, he contemplated the baffled pug with silent triumph. (I can readily imagine what his smaller brother, the red squirrel, would have done, by way of voice, on such an occasion.)

Our square fox squirrel seems to have inherited the American liking for peanuts. One day last summer one of the park loungers told me that he saw one of the squirrels make several trips across the street to a grocery and pilfer peanuts out of a basket directly within the doorway. I hardly credited this until I was a spectator to something of a like occurrence. Making a short cut across the square one day about noon, I noticed one of the squirrels steal across the street to the grocery and pause at the entrance, where, sitting upright, he contemplated the interior, and particularly a basket of peanuts, with apparent wistfulness. Several amused customers called the attention of one of the clerks to the little intruder, who, divining the squirrel's quest, undoubtedly from past experience, proffered him a peanut, which he gingerly took from his fingers, and immediately went home rejoicing.

As near as I can observe, the cavities in the trees are seldom utilized by the squirrels to deposit their nuts. The burial process is preferred. The flower beds are much in demand, but throughout the length and breadth of the lawn, and in various out-of-the-way places, this nut-planting goes on. These little caches are guarded with considerable vigilance. One day I noticed a boy attempt to dig up a nut directly after the squirrel had finished packing the ground over it, but he was so savagely attacked by the plucky little animal that he didn't relish a second attempt.

Invading the squirrel's precincts I frequently manage to have either a walnut, shell-bark or pecan in my pocket. Should foxy be about, a soft whistle will attract his attention, and if the coast is clear from dogs he will cautiously approach and take the proffered nut from my fingers. But before scurrying away he first determines whether his prize is sound, and in his pretty way manipulates it with his paws, while those sharp teeth of his make the circuit. I can record but one instance when a walnut was discarded after the usual test was applied. Cracking it open I found the kernel to be partially withered. Frequently I find cracked hard-shell nuts, where some kindly-disposed person places them for the squirrels, doubtless ignorant of the fact that nature intended them to open their own nuts to keep their teeth in subjection. One old lady remonstrated with me one day for giving the foxies uncracked walnuts. "The shells were so hard for the dear little things to open!"

To vary their nut and grain diet, slices of apple are sometimes eagerly accepted. But just why a luscious peach was snuffed at and passed by so contemptuously by foxy on one occasion was doubtless better understood by our nut connoisseur than the astonished donor. Watermelon seeds are esteemed a great rarity by the bushy tails. In this connection I witnessed a funny sight early one morning last summer. A disciple of Bacchus, with an extra load aboard, was lying prostrate on one of the park benches, oblivious to all the world. Underneath, in the midst of the scattered remains of a watermelon, two of the squirrels were enjoying an early breakfast on the seeds. Finally one of them emerged from the banquet so liberally spread before them, and in turning his head caught sight of the strange shape on the bench. His curiosity was aroused. He communicated his discovery to his brother, and together they made an exploration of the shape from heels to head. Through it all the inebriate serenely slumbered. He at least was satisfied, if the bushy-tailed explorers were not.

While the squirrels have made friends with nearly every one with whom they came in contact, there is at least one individual—a son of sunny Italy—so the story goes, who looks at their frisky ways with eyes askance. The Italian in question keeps a fruit stand across the street west of the square on the corner of the alley by a clothing store. Some time during last fall he received a consignment of pecans and other varieties of favorite nuts, and having only a small portion of the consignment on sale he stored the remainder, something over a bushel, in the basement of the clothing store for safe keeping. The squirrels, in their open-eyed vigilance, spied this maneuver of the fruit vender, and to make the story brief stole into the cellar unseen, and through much caution and by circuitous routes transported the nuts one by one to their caches in the confines of the square. The Italian discovered the theft just in time to see the last few remaining nuts disappear. It is said that he at first decided to bring suit against the city for damages, but being rather kind-hearted and fearing that the apparently innocent animals might be exterminated he resolved to guard his nuts with more vigilance in the future.

Late last fall I noticed the squirrels carrying withered grass and leaves up certain trees to build their nests. On bright, sunshiny days during the cold season they venture further, but when it is dark and dreary they invariably prefer the snug retreat in a tree's cavity or their warm nests, which may be seen here and there in the trees.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 29.

The Decrease of Wild Life.

At the last annual meeting of the Zoölogical Society of New York a resolution was passed instructing Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday, the Director, to make such investigation as was practicable as to the destruction of birds and mammals now going on in this country, and to report to the society. This report has just been made, and appears as a part of the Second Annual Report of the Zoölogical Society. It was very well that such inquiry should have been set on foot. Mr. Hornaday is excellently qualified to undertake it, and his conclusions may be accepted with much confidence. It was not to be supposed that this inquiry should develop anything startlingly new, but it is eminently desirable that the shocking decrease of our native wild life should again and again be brought to the attention of the public and impressed on as many classes of the community as possible.

The questions put by the Director are four in number:

- 1. Are birds decreasing in number in your locality?
- 2. About how many are there now in comparison with the number fifteen years ago? One-half as many? One-third? One-fourth?
- 3. What agency, or class of men, have been most destructive to the birds of your locality?
- 4. What important species of birds or quadrupeds are becoming extinct in your State?

These questions were addressed to several observers in each State and Territory, and brought replies from nearly 200 observers, representing all of the States and Territories save three. Fully 90 per cent. of these replies bear evidence of much care in their preparation, and they show, what is well enough known, that all our wild life is rapidly decreasing, but especially that "Our most highly prized species, the 'big game' quadrupeds, the fur-bearers, the gallinaceous game birds, water birds, herons, shore birds and most beautiful song birds, are the very ones that are most persecuted, and that are disappearing most rapidly."

The agencies of destruction operating to bring about this result assigned by most of the replies are tabulated by the author as these:

CAUSES OF DECREASE IN BIRD LIFE.

	Reports.
1. Sportsmen, and "so-called sportsmen".....	64
2. Boys who shoot.....	42
3. Market-hunters and pot-hunters.....	26
4. Plume hunters and milliners' hunters.....	32
5. "Shooters generally".....	21
6. Egg-collecting, chiefly by small boys.....	20
7. English sparrow.....	18
8. Clearing off timber, development of towns and cities.....	31
9. Italians, and others, who devour song birds.....	12
10. Cheap firearms.....	5
11. Drainage of marshes.....	5
12. Non-enforcement of laws.....	5
13. Gun clubs and hunting contests.....	5
14. Trapping birds for sale alive.....	2
15. Prospectors, miners and range-riders.....	2
16. Collectors (ornithologists and taxidermists).....	5
17. Colored population.....	4
18. Indians (for decrease of game quadrupeds).....	4

This is a list of eighteen agencies, of which all but four cover some form of killing birds, chiefly for food. The only two that are not likely to be interfered with by legislation in any form are the eighth and the eleventh in this list, namely, clearing off of timber and drainage of marshes. Other things being equal, the larger the mammal or bird the greater its danger from pursuit; yet the small finches are not exempt, while the destruction of birds' eggs by collectors and small boys is of course an important factor. The killing of birds for

millinery purposes is something which goes on all the time, but the sentiment against this is growing, and we believe will ultimately prevail.

The practice of conducting side hunts, which still prevails in certain parts of the country, does its part in this work of destruction. Men divided into opposing companies start out with their guns for the sole purpose of killing as many wild creatures as possible. Nothing is spared, everything counts. It is a shameful rivalry for blood pursued by men who would be shocked if the hundreds of lives sacrificed for their so-called sport were deer or antelope.

Mr. Hornaday, judging from the reports which he has received, has drawn up a table of percentages which shows, according to his figures, that "for the whole thirty States represented in the diagram the average loss in bird life for their combined area is 46 per cent." On the other hand, the report shows that in four States bird life is on the increase instead of on the decline. These States are Kansas, Wyoming, Washington and Utah. We should be disposed to ask for better evidence than can be here presented of the truth of this inference. Three of the States named are in the arid belt, and in them during the last fifteen years tree planting has gone on very extensively. This would result in the presence of many species of birds not previously observed in many localities, and it is possible that it is the presence of these new forms of bird life which has led correspondents to report as they have. On the other hand, in Washington the dense forests have in many places been cleared away, and this has led to the advent of species frequenting the open country which are wholly new to the locality.

In many places species of large mammals and even of the larger birds are reported as having become extinct; and this is inevitable with the spread of settlements and the contraction of the range. This must inevitably continue until such time as suitable reservations shall be set aside purely as game preserves in various parts of the country. This subject is one which has received much attention in FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Hornaday's conclusions as to birds and mammals we give below:

Recommendations Regarding Birds.—While at first thought it may seem impossible to propose a series of universal laws for bird protection that can save our bird fauna from annihilation, even if adopted by the different States, we believe it will be found on close examination that the task is not nearly so difficult as it seems. The difficulty lies, not in the framing of comprehensive measures, but in securing their adoption in the various groups of States wherein they are needed. The business of securing the enactment of legislation is a separate question, and need not be discussed here. As to the character of the legislation that would be most effective, there are certain demands so imperative as to be perfectly obvious, and the laws that would satisfy them would be so universally beneficial, their enactment would be desirable for every State and Territory, save two or three. They are as follows:

- 1. Prohibit all egg-collecting, except under license from State Game Commissioners, and the payment of a license fee.
- 2. Provide for the extermination of the English sparrow.
- 3. Prohibit the sale of dead game at all seasons.*
- 4. Prohibit the killing or capture of wild birds, and of quadrupeds, other than fur-bearing animals, for commercial purposes of any kind. (This will stop the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes.)
- 5. Prohibit all spring shooting.
- 6. Prohibit the carrying or using of a gun without a license.
- 7. For three years prohibit the killing or capture of any birds, except such birds of prey as may be declared by the U. S. Biological Survey to be sufficiently noxious to merit destruction. The only exception should be in favor of persons desiring to collect for scientific purposes, in moderation, and then only when properly vouched for by some scientific institution, and duly licensed by the State Game Commissioners.
- 8. At the end of three years, restrict by legal enactment the number of game birds that may be killed or taken in one day, or in any given period, by a single individual.
- Recommendations Regarding Mammals.—1. As a matter of duty to their own interests, the guides, hunters, ranchmen and sportsmen of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions should assemble and decide what restrictions shall be placed upon the killing of large game—as to the number of head per man that may be taken, license fees and fines, and as to the necessity of total prohibition for given periods.
- 2. Every State and Territory now inhabited by large game should immediately enact a law prohibiting the killing of any female hoofed animal, under any and all circumstances, and also prohibiting the killing of any hoofed animal less than one year old.
- 3. Throughout every State and Territory now inhabited by them, the killing of antelope, mountain sheep and mountain goats should be absolutely prohibited for ten years; and the possession of a fresh skin or head should be regarded as prima facie evidence of violation of law.
- 4. Henceforth every person visiting the Western regions in quest of large game should regard it as his duty to cooperate with State and Territorial authorities in the observance and enforcement of the game laws, to kill sparingly at all times, and under no circumstances to shoot female or yearling animals.
- 5. No guide should conduct a hunting party in quest of game unless each member of it pledged himself to observe the rules of moderation in shooting that now are morally binding upon all.
- 6. In view of the alarming decrease of our large game animals, it is time for the adoption throughout the United States of an unwritten law that any man who kills a female hoofed animal is not considered a true and honorable sportsman.
- 7. Every State and Territory containing large game should collect a license fee on each gun carried or used in hunting; and all funds derived from this source, and from fines, should be used in payment of the salaries of game wardens.
- 8. The sale of dead game should be prohibited.

* This has long been earnestly advocated by FOREST AND STREAM, and the proposition is constantly gaining advocates. It is also one of the planks in the platform of the League of American Sportsmen.

Vitality of the Wild Goose.

FARMER H. N. CLEMENT, of Lowell, Lake county, Ind., was gunning in the Kankakee marsh. He came upon a flock of wild geese and bagged several of them, one of which astonished him by having as a breastpin an arrow gin, long. That goose became the wonder of the neighborhood and the study of scientists, the only conclusion reached being that, wherever the wild bird came from, there it got the arrow, so unique in formation that it could be assigned to no tribe of Indians in the United States or any other known country. Finally Prof. O. T. Mason, of the National Museum, said the bird and arrow could have come from no other place on the globe than the Yukon Valley, for except in that region no such arrows are made.

Science does not pretend to say how long the goose had carried the arrow of a Yukon tribesman until it met its death from the shot of a civilized gunner down on an Indiana marsh. The bird disdained the weapon of a savage, but turned up its legs to the marksmanship of the Hoosier farmer years afterward, and thousands of miles from its summer home in Arctic desolation, as it was journeying southward.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Game Bag and Gun.

Calling Moose in the Daytime.

I HAVE noticed that some of your contributors have spoken of calling moose in the daytime as a recent discovery, and only practiced in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. I know certainly that moose were called in the daytime in Maine forty years ago; and I believe that daytime calling had been practiced long before that.

I had several times been told by friends of moose coming to them when chopping in the daytime, having evidently mistaken the sound for the calling of a cow; but I never saw a bull called in the daytime till in September, 1857. Hiram L. Leonard, the well-known fly-rod maker, and myself had on Monday camped on Caribou Lake at the mouth of Ragged Stream. Mr. Leonard had in less than two days of still-hunting killed four moose by tracking them in the moss and leaves. It was now Saturday, and as we had fired numerous shots, and had our camp-fire burning for a week, it was a most unlikely place for calling a moose. The sea, which at daylight was too heavy to cross the lake, had by 9 in the morning subsided, so that we had packed up and were just ready to start when we saw a canoe coming up the lake. They proved to be two well-known hunters—Joe Diamond and Sam Parker. One of them wished Leonard to show him how to call a moose. Leonard for fun made all kinds of noises except such as a moose could ever be expected to come to, and finally called correctly several times. We were not looking for moose, as we had no thought of a moose coming in on a rocky shore in the daytime, close to a camping place; but one of them, who had been expecting moose to come, suddenly said: "There is a bull!" And sure enough, one was walking along the shore in the water, some thirty to forty rods away. It was their moose, as they had seen him first, but as they had quarreled on account of one of them having missed three fine shots at bears, they told us to go and kill him. Mr. Leonard handled the canoe very skillfully, and the moose was shot.

That night we camped at Chesuncook Carry. About 6 o'clock, while it was still daylight, I went down to the canoe for a pail of water, and seeing our calling horn lying on the breastworks where we had landed our stuff, I called, and at the first or second call was answered by two bulls, one on our side of the lake not over a mile off, the other across the lake nearly a mile away. We at once started out, but called in vain on our side, as he had winded our smoke and would not answer. The other answered regularly and began to travel toward the lower end of the lake nearly two miles off. We kept nearly abreast of him, calling at intervals, and finally he came to us at the foot of the lake.

Four days after this, as we were pitching our tent, just above Abol, on the west side of the Penobscot, I was sharpening a tent pin, when a bull gave such a roar as I never knew a moose could make. We both thought that he was charging right down upon us. After looking for him on our side of the river I set Leonard across while I pitched the tent. He soon came back, saying there were three—a bull, cow and calf—and that we would hunt them after dinner; so we did not build any fire, but ate a cold lunch, and putting on moccasins, crossed over. After following tracks some time we came out to the river and saw the old bull standing near the river, and slowly turning his huge horns. We started to creep up behind him, when we heard the cow call in some thick alders on the further side of a narrow strip of meadow. We at once started for her, but the bull got there first and was shot by Leonard when we were within 10 ft. of him.

Again, in 1858, as Mr. Leonard, W. H. Staples, P. Antoine Tomah and myself were going down the Allegash, a bull and cow started which were near the river. Leonard and Antoine followed them by the tracks in the moss till they separated, and then took the bull's track. After following a fourth of a mile one of them made a horn and called. At the very first call he came, making, as Hiram said, "a noise like pounding the joints of a frame together." He came directly to them, and was shot at short range. This bull had very large horns. This proves not only that they will come in the daytime, but that sometimes they will come in thick woods. Later the same fall, when we were near Blue Mountain Bend on the Tobique River, we saw a very large bull on the bank, evidently trying to find a cow which he must have heard, as he was answering. He allowed a canoe to be poled as near to him as was desired. This was done in perfectly open water, and one of the men had on a bright red shirt, which shows how stupid a moose sometimes is. We camped there that night, and in the evening heard a cow calling on the opposite bank. It is probable that he had heard her and was answering when we found him.

The same fall I heard a calf calling for its mother. It made a low whining noise. I had seen its mother cross the river a few minutes before.

Late in the fall of 1859, while fur hunting on Cancemgemmock, my partner, who was looking a sable line on St. Johns waters, was driven behind his camp-fire by a bull, which came to the sound of his axe. He had a fire in front of a small, open-fronted camp of new cedar splits, and was cutting up his night's wood. The moose rushed up, and when he retreated into the camp kept walking back and forth, just the other side of the fire, for a long time, all the time grunting as they do when answering a cow. He seemed perfectly furious at being deceived and not finding the expected cow. My partner was a man of good courage, and knew all about moose, but having only a single-shot rifle pistol, thought it safest to let him alone.

I could cite many other instances of moose coming in the daytime, but the above are sufficient to show that it has long been a well-known fact that moose will come in the daytime. Mr. Leonard seldom called moose for the sake of shooting when they came, but more to get a fresh track to follow. I often see long articles written by those who, by the help of a guide, have shot a moose—or their guide has shot one for them—or as is often the case, have bought a pair of horns—in which they

tell of their feats as hunters. Thirty or forty years ago things were different. There was no guiding. When a man went hunting he was obliged to know how to handle a canoe, cook, pitch his tent, and kill what he got.

In the fall of 1857, after Mr. Leonard had returned from a trip with me, when he had killed five moose in hunting less than two and a half days, he started back early in October. He was gone three weeks. He returned to Caribou Lake. The time occupied in going and coming and Sundays left him but ten or eleven days, and in that time he killed eight moose by fair still-hunting on dry leaves, and skinned and stretched his own game, making a record of killing thirteen moose in less than fourteen days. Mr. Leonard used to tell me that in any kind of a fair chance he could average a moose a day by still-hunting, and what I have seen him do would prove it. It may be said that he could do it because moose were plenty and tame in those days. While moose were plentier, they were not so much plentier than now as some may think, and were certainly much wilder. Moose and deer both are much easier to approach now in the first of the season than they used to be. Then they were shot at all seasons, and were kept wild; but now, seeing men and not being molested for months, they are tamer in the first part of the season.

To show the difference then between hunters, I will say that in 1857 we met two men who were called as good water hunters as there were. They had been out three weeks, water hunting and calling, and had not killed a single moose. To show what a man can do who understands his business, there is a man now living in Bangor—Mr. Samuel Whitcomb, an old partner of Leonard's—who in one day shot five old bulls with a single-shot muzzleloader by fair still-hunting on a light snow. The horns of one of these spread 60 in. P. Antoine Tomah in the fall of 1858 killed four old bulls and wounded a fifth in one day on light snow. Maine men used to know how to hunt, but they did not do it with a pen.

M. H.

Manitoba Game Interests.

WINNIPEG, April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On April 8 a deputation of delegates appointed by the different field trials and gun clubs by appointment waited on the Provincial Government Law Amendments Committee, for the purpose of impressing on the Government of the Province the necessity of their amending the present game act.

The attached is a copy of the address delivered before the committee by Mr. G. B. Borradaile, the Manitoba Field Trials Club's delegate. As it fully describes the different clauses of the bill now before the Government, you would confer a favor on the sportsmen of the Province by making mention or publishing as much of the address as the columns of your paper will permit, and greatly oblige

WILLIAM CHEE, Hon. Sec.-Treas. M. F. T. Club.

Mr. Borradaile's Address.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: As one of the delegates of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, whose object is not only to improve the breed of sporting dogs, test their field qualities, etc., but to increase the interest of legitimate sport with dog and gun, I beg to point out why the club considers it necessary to appeal to you to amend the present game act.

You are aware that under the present act it is permissible for a person to visit the breeding grounds of the prairie chicken, grouse, pheasants and partridges between Sept. 15 and Dec. 1, and kill as many birds as he likes.

Gentlemen, I feel sure you will agree with me that this law would be an ideal one if the sportsman hunting would not kill more than twenty birds in a day, and refrain from shooting birds on the ground, off wheat and other stacks, and trees. Unfortunately we have in this country a few persons who pose and call themselves sportsmen, who contend it is perfectly legitimate to kill large bags of this kind of game, not only at the beginning of the season (when birds are very tame), and necessitates their being either sent to cold storage or left on the ground to rot, but who again visit the feeding grounds before the season closes and make large bags by shooting these birds off grain stacks and trees.

The present game act allows the kind of shooting I have mentioned. This being a fact, you will agree with me as to the necessity of its being amended.

Personally I regret the necessity of appealing to you to do so, as it will debar myself and others from hanging a few brace of grouse for winter supply. At the same time we all recognize the necessity of advocating the passing of legislation that will, if properly enforced, tend to better protect these grand birds that remain with us all the year round.

My reason, Mr. Chairman, for saying "if properly enforced," is, I believe there is a feeling among several of the members of the Legislature of the necessity of passing an act, on the plea of their scarcity, prohibiting the shooting of prairie chickens, etc., for a year or so. We, as a club, contend that even if such an act was passed it would not accomplish the desired aim of its promoters unless proper game guardians are appointed to enforce the law. As far as the scarcity of prairie chickens is concerned, I beg to say to you, gentlemen, that never before in the course of a residence of over twenty-two years in this Province have I ever known chickens to be as plentiful as they were in several parts last season.

It is certainly true that in certain localities they were scarce, which can be accounted for by floods in the springtime, also to prairie fires the previous autumn, which burned up their food supply; but more particularly can this be traced to the severe winter of 1897, when snow covered the ground so deep that food could not be had on the prairie, necessitating the chickens, etc., going into the timbered country, where food could be found in abundance and shelter the best. Those birds that migrated to that kind of country hatched there, and today can be seen in thousands.

Mr. Chairman, I do not think a more perfect bill could be framed for the better protection of all varieties of grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants and partridges than the one introduced at this session by Mr. Fowler, and

which I understand rests with you, gentlemen, whether it becomes law or not. The following valid reasons show why we believe the bill to be perfect and at the same time why it commends itself to all sportsmen who have the true welfare of the game birds of this Province at heart.

First—Because it shortens the open season by nearly a month, thereby prohibiting the self-designated sportsmen from visiting the feeding grounds during the cold, frosty mornings and evenings just before the season closes, and shooting birds in their own peculiar way, i. e., off stacks, trees, etc.

Second—It prevents persons from having in their possession fifteen days after the closing date of shooting any of the game mentioned. This will be considered by those sportsmen who make moderate bags somewhat of a hardship; at the same time they will agree with me that if we are sincere in our protestations to protect the game we must be willing to make some sacrifice, especially as we know that in doing so we are assisting you gentlemen to make a simple law that will permit of being enforced.

I have been asked, and refused, to advocate the passing of an act permitting fifteen brace of any of the birds mentioned to be in the possession of a person after the season has closed. My reason for refusing is, I am anxious to see an act passed that will permit of being enforced with the least possible trouble. If it is permissible to have fifteen brace of game some shooters would find it an incentive to have more than that number of birds in their possession when the season closes, necessitating the individual having more than that number calling upon his friends to help him to evade the law by taking birds under their protection.

Mr. Chairman, if you require any further evidence of the necessity of prohibiting the game mentioned from being placed in cold storage, I beg to be allowed to refer you to Mr. F. Sprado, the manager of the Manitoba; or to Mr. W. J. O'Connor, the proprietor of the O'Connor Hotel, Winnipeg, who will be pleased to inform you that prairie chickens and grouse can be purchased during the closed season.

Now, gentlemen, if you allow Mr. Fowler's bill to become law, you will make it an offense to have birds in possession fifteen days after the shooting season closes. Such a law will prevent prairie chickens, etc., from being hung up in cold storage or the back sheds of houses, in April, that should be out on the prairie breeding.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I again beg to be allowed to point out to you why the club I represent is anxious you should amend the present act, which reads as follows: "Any kind of wild duck, sea duck, widgeon or teal, between Sept. 1 and May 1," by allowing Mr. Fowler's bill to become law, which makes it an offense to kill the birds I have mentioned between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1 following.

First—Because it is in unison with the aims of our brother sportsmen to the south of us, who met in the city of Chicago on Feb. 7 last, for the purpose of drafting uniform game laws to be presented to the different State Legislatures, unanimously drafted a bill prohibiting the killing of any kind of wild ducks between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1 following.

Second—Experience has taught those sportsmen who shoot in the spring that if ducks are protected at that time they will nest in the Province. In many a late spring the birds arrive here mated and ready to begin housekeeping at the first quiet spot, but as the law now stands they are warned to "move on" by random guns at every slough and water hole they stoop toward. If the shooter cannot get enough shooting in the fall, let him take the advice of that prince of sportsmen, the editor of Field and Stream, and follow the ducks south; but "make it impossible for him who has abundant leisure to minimize the sport to him who has but a few days in the year that he can give to a shooting trip. Given immunity from danger in the spring, wildfowl would nest about every piece of water in the Northwestern States, and raise an enormous food supply and afford good sport till freezing time."

Gentlemen, that is the opinion of one of the recognized authorities on all matters appertaining to field sports.

Third—It does away with the chance of prairie chickens and grouse, etc., being shot by the self-designated sportsman.

Under the bill Mr. Fowler has introduced it is permissible to have all kinds of ducks and geese killed during the open season in possession during the winter months. Surely, Mr. Chairman, this concession should satisfy any fair-minded sportsman.

With reference to the appointment of a paid game guardian I am led to believe that on the plea of your Legislature having no funds with which to pay a guardian it is out of the question to expect the Government of this Province to appoint one.

Mr. Chairman, I do not hesitate to assure you that if the Government appoint a thoroughly competent game guardian, whose whole time will be devoted to looking after the game, and the enforcement of that act, the revenue derived from fines, etc., will more than pay his salary. While on the subject of that appointment of a game guardian, let me inform you, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the importance of the guardian receiving your instructions to affiliate with every club and sportsman in the Province, who will, I feel sure, be only too anxious to render him every assistance in bringing violators of the law to justice.

For further evidence of the necessity of the appointment of a guardian, let me call your attention to a recognized fact, i. e., that no country in America is known better, or is more widely advertised on account of its game, than the Province of Manitoba. The Governments and railways make particular mention of the different kinds of game that can be shot within its boundaries. Under the circumstances, it is not only reasonable for the sportsmen of the Province to expect both these bodies to contribute toward protecting the game, the former by paying a guardian his salary, eac., and the latter by giving him free transportation?

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, let me conclude by asking your serious consideration of the points that have been brought to your notice in my endeavors to bring before you data that it is earnestly hoped will be of as-

sistance to you in framing amendments to the existing game act.

I beg to say that in presenting it in the manner done I have only been actuated by the desire to have a law placed on the statute books of the Province that would commend itself to the sportsmen.

(Signed) G. B. BORRADAILE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Close Season.

CHICAGO, April 15.—To-day ends the open season on ducks in Illinois, and henceforth the wily jack snipe will occupy the center of the stage. The spring of 1898, so far as can be determined by a general review, was about in proportion with preceding springs, that is to say, there are fewer ducks this spring than on the spring before. This is a conclusion reached rather by a look at the amounts of game marketed than by anything else. Of course we had the customary reports of heavy flights, which were indeed true, so that there was foundation for the usual rumor that the ducks were "more numerous than for ten years past." We always hear that report when a good flight is in on some of the better known marshes. The flight comes in big waves, not in a steady flood, and when one of the great north-bound bodies of fowl drops in it surely seems that there are ducks enough for everybody for all time to come. In due course, however, comes the corollary, scattered advices that So-and-so went to such and such a place, on the strength of reports that there were thousands of ducks, but So-and-so was very much disappointed to discover that the ducks were very scarce. The shooting was very patchy this spring, as one must conclude after watching the varying reports. After the first heavy bags, made just as the ice was breaking up, very little good shooting was had along the Kankakee country. It was better on the Illinois River, but very irregular there. Lake Senachwine and Swan Lake offered sport beyond the average of some years, I should say. The Mississippi River flight was better than it was last year. More birds were killed in upper Iowa than for some time. In Wisconsin I should say the shooting was not so good as it was last year, and this I am disposed to believe applies also to Minnesota. The Arkansas River flight was not so good as it should average, but on the contrary the flight on the Platte was better than it was last year, though ordinarily there is some relation between the numbers of birds on these two standard streams. I have heard of some good bags of redheads and canvasbacks in upper Iowa, but do not think that the Lake Koshkonong, Wis., canvasback shooting was so heavy this spring as it was last; at least I have not gotten word of so many parties having success. A week ago Harry G. Carter, of Janesville, made a bag of fifty-six on Koshkonong, but he reports a good many hunters unsuccessful, though there was quite a body of birds in on the lake, keeping out in the open.

Job Lot of Albinos.

By all odds the rarest and most valuable bag of fowl made this spring in this vicinity, so far as I can learn, was that made by Henry Ehlers, of the Diana Club, whose grounds are across the river from Water Valley, Ind. Mr. Ehlers killed on the same day two albino redheads, a male and a female, beautiful specimens both of them, and very much prized by the hunter, as may be supposed. But not content with this, he killed on the same day a white mallard, his third albino for the day. I think this bag will hardly be duplicated for some time. Mr. Ehlers has had all three of these birds mounted, and it will be many a day before they cease to interest him.

It is singular how adventures flock to a man sometimes. This same hunter, Mr. Ehlers, on this same trip, was trying for a shot at some geese on ground where he had a right to expect some geese. He had out a couple of dozen of goose decoys, and was well concealed in his blind. He had arisen early, and became sleepy, and the blind being comfortable, he fell asleep. He was awakened by a slight noise, and sat up to witness his decoys mixed up with a flock of wild geese which had alighted among them and were trying to make out what made the stationary birds so unsociable and hard to get along with. Mr. Ehlers was so sleepy that he hardly knew what he was doing, and managed to discharge his gun before he was quite ready, but he killed two geese at the first shot, and got another with the second barrel. This little hunt of his was a remarkable one, Mr. Ehlers thinks. Of course down in Texas or up in Dakota no one would think of boasting much about killing three geese, but along the Kankakee this is to-day a great feat. Perhaps I should add, by way of interest, that none of the geese was an albino, Mr. Ehlers having concluded to kill no more birds which were not fast color.

Jack Snipe.

The flight of jack snipe is in and has been for a week, and it is to be said that this erratic bird is proving about as near a constant quantity as he has been for some time in these parts. Last Saturday at the marshes along the Kankakee River a great many guns were out, and nearly all got bags. At Koutts, Ind., Oswald von Lengerke and Mr. Shaw got 31 jacks, mostly on the edge of the marsh and on meadows which were pretty dry. Around the Calumet River, near the Calumet Heights Club, last Saturday 17 jack snipe were bagged by different members.

At Maksawba Club last Saturday a number of guns were out, and the sport was good so far as abundance of birds was concerned. John Watson and his retriever got an even dozen birds between them, counting in the cripples the dog picked up. L. R. Brown got 8 jacks in an hour's shoot. W. P. Mussey got the same number in a short time, and Mr. R. B. Organ and man secured 28 jack snipe and 46 prairie plover ("grass snipe"). Of these latter small but temptingly accessible birds each gun took liberal toll as the big flocks swept by. W. R. Haskell killed two or three dozen of them, and six or eight jacks also. Each man came in with stories of plenty of birds, and the flight kept on dropping in all day long, but the birds were wild and the

wind very high, so that the sport was rather exacting. The water was just beginning to fall, so as to put the marsh in good shape, but the feeding grounds were yet too deep under water over the greater part of the marsh. On ground like this the birds got little feed, and would not lie well, going up at 35, 45 or 50 yds. ahead at the first sound or sight of a hunter. It took long range work, but made good fun for the shooters. The latter all report that, contrary to what might have been supposed, the wettest marsh, close along the banks of the stream, and not out at the far edge, along the dry fields, was the best place to find the birds. The ways of the jack snipe are inscrutable, and nobody but a Kankakee marsh man can find them out.

The Jack Snipe's Paint Brush.

I mentioned above the name of Mr. W. R. Haskell. The latter is an old-time club member and all-round shooter of this city, a good woodsman or marsh man, and not altogether a bad naturalist. It was he who told me something which I never knew before, and which perhaps a great many others never knew about the jack snipe.

"Do you know where the finest paint brush in the



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
A Victim of the Snare.

world comes from?" he asked me, "a brush finer than the finest camel's-hair, and more prized than any other by artists for certain sorts of work? I'll tell you. It's out of a jack snipe's wing.

"An artist told me this once—a portrait painter able in his profession. He said that he used this natural paint brush a great deal in his work, more especially in painting in the eyes of his portraits. He said that he would not be without one of these fine little brushes for any money if he had no way of getting another. Now tell me, where do you suppose this paint brush is carried by the jack snipe?"

I had to admit that this was all news to me, and Mr. Haskell continued: "Well, we'll see if we can find it. I said I would show it to you, and now let us see if I can find it myself. It's here on the wing of the bird, just at the outer edge of the long wing feathers, close up to the butt of the quills of the outer edge. See, here it is."

He had been examining and turning up the feathers along the edge of the wing of a jack snipe as he spoke, and sure enough he produced the paint brush, a delicate little feather about three-quarters of an inch long, with a fine little quill running up the middle, and edged with just the finest, most minute little hairy bristles of web, the whole terminating in a point which made the feather look like a solid little splinter. Touched on the end, these fine fronds were seen to spread apart into little soft teeth, closing up again, when released, like a stiff

but delicate brush. It was indeed an exquisite little brush, suited for soft light touches of color.

I do not imagine that very many men ever knew of the jack snipe's paint brush, and perhaps not everybody will be able to find it now, but it is there. For what purpose, I wonder, this rudimentary little quill with its soft tip? Surely a wilder or more elfsome tool never grew ready for the hand of man. Methinks some artist should do great things yet with this brush, which should hold many strange things in its power, many scenes of many lands, fitful and evanescent, but fascinating and alluring. It is a weird thing, this jack snipe bird, and this is the weirdest thing I ever learned about it.

From the Musk Ox Country.

There arrived at Winnipeg, Man., last week a traveler from a strange country, clad in strange garb and telling a wonderful story of experiences. This was Mr. L. Clifton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, who has spent a year in the far North, beyond even the most adventurous gold seekers. Mr. Clifton left Winnipeg in March a year ago, and traveled to Fort Churchill, the last post on Hudson's Bay. He then went north to Hell's Gate, thence going among the Eskimo tribes, with whom he went on to Chesterfield Inlet, where he arrived in October. From this point he traveled 250 miles to the Maxendegate Hills, which he was the first white man to visit. At this point he concluded to go on a trip after a musk ox, and set out on a journey of thirty-five days further into the Arctic wilds. He was successful at last in getting a good head, which he brought all the way out with him, though he nearly had to eat it before he got back to Chesterfield Inlet. Not daunted by the horrors of the Northern winter he set out from Chesterfield Inlet Dec. 30, having with him three Eskimos, nine dogs, 10 lbs. of flour and 3 lbs. of tea. It was 600 miles to Fort Churchill, but he made it safely, an unprecedented winter trip. Thence it was a small matter of 900 miles more to Norway House, and he seemed to be well and hearty at Winnipeg. Mr. Clifton travels for the love of it, and knows northern Mexico, northern Africa and northern Russia very well. In 1894 he went over the Chilkoot with Wm. Ogilvie and explored the Yukon River from source to mouth, and learned then of the gold fields which have since been so largely exploited. One envies Mr. Clifton his active life in wild regions, but the story of his travels leaves one but small hope of ever getting into a new country, so far reaching already, it seems, has been the eager human foot.

With Pack Train to the Yukon.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, a well-known literary man of the West and of the East, called at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week on his way to the coast. Mr. Garland has a commission from McClure's Magazine, of New York city, and will take a very interesting journey across a very nice part of the mountain country of the West. He goes to Ashcroft, British Columbia, and thence travels horseback over the old Hudson Bay trails to the Hazelton post and Stickeen river. He will descend the Hootalinqua to the Yukon waterway, and thence drop down to Dawson City, which point he expects to reach not later than September. He will then come out from Dawson over the Dalton trail, which he thinks will by that time offer post horses for a price and feeding stations at proper intervals. Mr. Garland will have but one companion, and they will take but three pack horses, or five horses in all. They expect to go over a practically well-known country, and will have permits to outfit at the Hudson Bay points, so that they will not need to take in much outfit. They will pass over a splendid game country, including some of the best bear country of the continent, it is said; but Mr. Garland says he has not lost any bear and is only going after types for use in literary work. Of course he cannot expect to get much knowledge of the resources of the country in so hurried a trip, but as a vacation undertaking it should prove a distinguished success and any man who ever toted a gun must envy him the good fortune which makes it possible. Mr. Garland expects to be back in Omaha, via Dawson City, by next October, to fill engagements as chairman of the literary congress at the Omaha Exposition. For my part, if I ever got tangled up in that bear country, they could take their old exposition.

Wolf under Chicago Post-Office.

In the old days, yet not so very long ago, here in Chicago, they used to shoot ducks at Pullman, deer at Madison street, Indians at Rush street and wolves about anywhere. On the spot where the Chicago post-office stood—the old post-office which was last year torn down to make room for another and bigger one—there prowled in the old days the foot of many a big gray wolf, as we may well imagine. But no one would suppose that a gray wolf would ever be found underneath the foundations of the old post-office. Such, however, was the case, as I may of my own eyes testify. When they began excavating for the new foundations the workmen came upon a very good quality of clay, not a very pretty clay, in fact a sort of slaty blue clay, but none the less a plastic and tough and enduring clay. In some way word of this came to Mr. Edward Kemeys, the famous sculptor of wild animals, whose home is in a suburb of this city. Mr. Kemeys made a visit to the old post-office grounds, and saw that the clay was good modeling clay. He had four tons of it taken to his studio, and he has been making wonderful things out of it since. The first piece which he modeled was the figure of a big gray wolf, a wise, knowing, thoughtful but cynical gray wolf, such as no doubt at one time trotted over the site of the post-office, looking back over his shoulder to see if anything of interest was going on behind him. This is the wolf which was under the post-office, and it is a good wolf. A great many million people have passed that spot, never dreaming that the wolf was there at all.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

BERLIN pays a salary to a professional bird-catcher, who keeps scientific institutions supplied with birds, nests and eggs. He is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

The Big Buck of Spring Pond Carry.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last October I went to First Pond, in the Bog River Chain, in Township 2, St. Lawrence county, a distance of about two miles from Long Lake Station, to prepare a camp for Messrs. Hoopes and Smith, of Philadelphia, who had engaged another guide and myself for a fifteen days' hunting trip. On Oct. 4, after the camp was built, and before the gentlemen had come in, I started out by myself for a still-hunt, my companion also doing the same. I walked up to Spring Pond carry, about three-quarters of a mile from our camp, and soon my attention was attracted by the moving of bushes a short distance in front of me. I raised my rifle to be ready to shoot instantly should it prove that a deer was there, and stood perfectly motionless on the trail. In about a minute I saw a buck's head with a most prodigious pair of antlers. The deer was not more than six or eight rods from me, and was hooking brush. As he moved along at about a right angle from me toward the trail his whole body appeared to view, and I saw at once that he was a monster buck. He stepped into the road and instantly turned his head and looked directly at me. As I fired he bounded into the air and dropped dead about three rods from the place where he stood when I shot. I had no means of weighing the buck, but he would easily dress 300 lbs., and was the largest deer that I heard of being killed in the Adirondacks last season. I was back to the camp with the deer in just one hour and thirty minutes from the time I started out from it on the hunt.

The property upon which this buck was killed is owned by Messrs. William R. and Frederick A. Weed, of Potsdam. It is situated in the southern part of Township 2, St. Lawrence county, and contains First, Second, Third and Fourth ponds, known as the Bog River Chain; Hornet, Three Pound, Spring, Long, Bradford, Alford, and a number of other ponds, while the Bog River runs through nearly the whole tract, which consists of about 4,400 acres. I do not believe the hunting and fishing to be had here is surpassed anywhere in the Adirondacks. The speckled trout in the ponds run from ½ lb. to 3 lbs. in weight, and once last August, in the latter part of the month, while fishing in Spring Pond, one of our party caught a speckled trout weighing 5 lbs. This, of course, was an exception, but large trout are the rule here.

In regard to the game laws, I would like to say that I approve of the action of the Legislature in passing an anti-hounding bill, and believe that with no hounding of deer in the Adirondacks for five years these animals will greatly increase in number, which must necessarily prove a benefit to the country and its inhabitants. The fact that I killed this deer while still-hunting is sufficient evidence that large deer can be shot and killed without the use of hounds; and as for sport, I never had so much pleasure and satisfaction in capturing a deer before in my life as I had in still-hunting and shooting this big buck.

E. E. SUMNER, Guide.

Jackson Hole Game.

JACKSON, Wyo., April 7.—I am pleased to report to you that all the game in the Jackson Hole country has passed the winter successfully, except such as has been killed by mountain lions and coyotes, with now and then by a person who has no interest in game in any country. The elk are now working toward the Yellowstone Park, their natural and safe breeding grounds.

I fail to see in any particular how the annexation of the Teton Timber Reserve to the Park will be beneficial to the game unless all of Jackson's Hole Valley is included, as there is no game winter range therein where game can successfully winter; and if the lower valley residents are precluded from ranging cattle on the proposed Park extension they will necessarily have to use the lower ranges of elk for a summer range for cattle, thus destroying at one fell swoop the entire band of elk now using it. Cattle are fed here for from 100 to 125 days, and the fields are in main the support of the elk. It looks to me as though the promoters of the Park extension must insist upon the whole valley going into the Park. Sure it is that the upper valley includes some fine scenery as well as some dangerous game destroyers, which the annexation will probably cover—the one with the other.

THE THIRD TETON.

Ring-Necked Pheasants for New Jersey.

IN his last report to the New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners State Game and Fish Protector Charles A. Shriner reports that 250 ring-necked pheasants have been distributed to various points in the State. In the distribution the first attention was paid to associations of land-owners who control lands where the birds would be given a chance to thrive; next in order came farmers and other individual land-owners who could offer protection for the birds, and then followed individual applicants who desired to liberate the birds in suitable places. In this way it is hoped that the birds will be given a chance and that in the course of a few years they will become well established in all parts of New Jersey where the absence of pot-hunters will permit of such a course.

New York League Incorporated.

THE New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, of Seneca Falls, was incorporated by the Secretary of State on April 16 for the protection of the fish, game and forests in this State. This is a reorganization of the New York State Fish and Game Protective Association. The incorporators are: W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; R. P. Grant, of Clayton; E. G. Gould, of Seneca Falls; O. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay; C. W. Smith, of Syracuse; Percy Landsdowne, of Buffalo; C. B. Lapham, of Canandaigua; G. R. Beck, of Auburn; W. E. Wolcott, of Utica; J. E. Emerson, of Lockport; Aaron Mather, of Honeoye Falls, and L. D. Lunt, of Dunkirk.

SOME one having died, a man of birth and fortune in the West Country, celebrated in his life for drawing pretty freely with the long-bow, it was remarked that the heir had buried him with much pomp, and had ordered for his remains a handsome monument; "wi' an

epitaph," said John Clerk, in his broadest Border dialect; "he must hae an epitaph, an appropriate epitaph, an' we'll change the exordium out o' respect. Instead o' the usual 'Here lies,' we'll begin his epitaph wi' 'Here continues to lie.'"

Sea and River Fishing.

Dry Fly-Fishing.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR (AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE DRY FLY").

In Three Parts—Part I.

THE originator of dry fly-fishing is unknown. The credit of first popularizing it within a limited circle of South of England fly-fishermen has been claimed for several anglers. Mr. P——, who has been fishing for trout for getting on now half a century, believes that he took trout with the single floating fly somewhere about the beginning of the 70s. His view is that to no single known individual can be justly assigned the invention, the patenteeship, as it were, of the dry or floating fly. I find that several other fly-fishermen, who have been angling in the same parts of the country for trout for forty or fifty years, share this opinion. Observing the rapid spread of dry fly-fishing from one or two Hampshire chalk streams to waters of all descriptions, and in all parts of Great Britain, and even to continental waters, I am scarcely surprised to see that Mr. A. N. Cheney predicts that the method will be practiced by and by in America. The rivers really adapted to the



A FORT PIERCE TARPON.
Taken by Mr. F. M. Tylor.

dry fly are those of a slow or moderate pace, in which the water is clear and the fish are of a good size, accustomed to take natural flies of various sorts at the surface and in the sub-imago or imago stages of existence. If you have such waters in your grand sporting land, and if your brook and rainbow trout rise well at the fly, I can hardly doubt that the dry fly will presently be known in America almost as well as it is in this country.

It is practically out of the question to try to explain to fly-fishermen by writing or word of mouth the method and the distinctive character of dry fly-fishing without bringing in the ordinary or wet fly method. Broadly speaking, the wet fly angler fishes the stream, where the dry fly angler fishes the rise, by which I mean the rise of one particular trout which he has observed feeding on natural flies in sub-imago or imago form on the surface of the water. The dry fly angler nearly always, certainly always where he can, gets well below his trout, and casts his fly up to it; he never uses more than one fly; he never, if he can possibly help it, lets that fly be out of sight; he strikes directly he sees the rise or sees the ring, never waiting till he feels the fish; he does not fish at all unless he finds a trout or grayling feeding at the surface. None of these rules are followed by the wet fly-fisherman, and this fact will, I think, help to show the wide essential difference between the two styles, and to give besides, what is more to my present purpose, some idea of how the dry fly is used.

The first thing which the angler has to do, after he has reached the water and fitted together his rod, is to find a fish on the move, and taking, or obviously ready to take, food at the surface. On some rivers one cannot but help notice that there is a fairly steady hatch of fly and rise of trout throughout the day. Except in the burning summer afternoons where no fly to speak of hatches, and when the fish seem to prefer either basking in the sun or else hiding themselves in the weeds, I have observed that these rivers are usually the smaller ones, such as tributaries of tributaries, with plenty of fairly rapid water.

Having discovered his rising trout the angler proceeds to get well behind it, more especially if the trout is situated on his own side of the stream. Sometimes he sees the fish more or less distinctly; at others only the ring which the fish makes in taking the natural fly. If only the latter, it is necessary to fix as closely as possible upon the exact spot where the rise is taking place. When a trout only rises once in or near the middle of the stream, and does not remain in sight, it is difficult for the angler to keep the exact spot in his eye, or mind. On the other hand, when the trout rises close in under the bank, or in a particular eddy, small pool, or the like, the angler is easily able to mark the spot. A single blade of grass, a stationary break in the water—if I may use such an apparently conflicting term—the overhanging twig of a willow, or some other similar object, will serve the purpose. Yet in order to feel perfectly sure of exactly where the trout is, the wise angler will usually wait to see a second rise before he commences operations. A good trout taking natural flies at the surface will move only a very little, rarely going more than a foot to the right or left of his lair to seize an insect floating down stream. Often the trout will not stir so far as that, but will prefer to wait and suck down only the flies which come over his very nose.

In this style of angling the more the angler can imitate nature the greater will his success be. The natural fly floats down stream with, if it be, as it usually is in the case of English "dry fly waters," one of the ephemera, upright wings. It is therefore necessary that the angler should make his fly float down with upright, or in dry fly parlance, "cocked" wings. To make the fly float the angler must prevent it getting water-logged. Therefore, after withdrawing the fly from the water after an unsuccessful cast, he has to shake the water out of it by a backward and forward motion of the rod in the air, usually over his shoulder. This process is known as drying the fly.

The actual cast should be so made that the fly will fall from 6 in. to a foot above the rising fish, or above the point where the ring, which tells where the fish is waiting for its prey, has been observed. It should then be allowed to float down, and if not taken should still by no means be removed from the water till it has traveled a foot or even 18 in. below the point where the fish is known to be lying. If removed too soon it will very likely scare or "set down" the fish for an hour or more—i. e., cause the fish to cease feeding on the natural fly. Delicacy of cast is by no means only essential to dry fly-fishing; from time to time for a long while past angling writers have laid stress upon the necessity of letting the flies fall "like thistle-down" on the water. But, if it is necessary in wet fly-fishing, it is assuredly not less so when the dry fly is being used. If the fly fall heavily on the water it will soon get drowned, perhaps before it has traveled its few necessary inches; and the trout will not under those conditions deign to even glance at it. Accuracy of cast is, if possible, more absolutely necessary than lightness of cast. Let a cunning old trout see too much of the gut, or let the fly fall wide of the mark at the first cast, and success is always unlikely. Therefore the angler should measure the distance nicely, and not let his fly alight till he is tolerably sure that he will be able to place it in the right spot. Hurry in dry fly-fishing is as fatal as it is in deer stalking. It is quite true that there often seems not a moment to lose during what the angler knows to be a short, sharp rise of fish and hatch of natural fly, but still it is far better to err on the side of deliberation than precipitation. The thing is never to hurry, and yet never to lose a moment, but then that way lieth perfection.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, April 13.—Landlocked salmon fishing at Sebago Lake in Maine has been unusually good since the ice went out. Thirty-five salmon were caught there Saturday and Sunday, and ten or twelve on Monday. One of the largest, caught by C. E. Davis, of Portland, weighed 12½ lbs. One or two good fish have been taken by Boston fishermen, and they all unite in praising the fishing there. Charles A. Robinson, of South Windham, a gentleman thoroughly posted on salmon fishing at Sebago, telephoned John G. Wright, of this city, on Thursday to look out for a 12½ lb. salmon that was on the way to him. This fish goes to just the right place, since Mr. Wright has been prevented from making his usual fishing trip to Sebago this spring by illness. With Mr. Robinson he has fished there every spring for a number of seasons, and may go later.

The members of the Sebago Club are off to-day for their delightful sporting camps at that lake. The party includes Mr. Gookin and friend, Mr. E. Harding; Mr. Sias, Mr. Mitten, Judge Bolster, Mr. Paine, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Fisher. The gentlemen are all fond of fishing; several of them are salmon experts, and some good catches should be recorded, though the latest reports suggest that the fishing has not been as good for a day or two as on the first days after the departure of the ice.

Some good catches of trout are noted from Wheeler Brook, in and near Byfield. Senator Charlie Bailey and C. H. Tarbox fished there a few hours on Saturday, with the result of five trout for Tarbox and six for Bailey. Two or three of the fish measure 10 in. in length. This is considered very good indeed for brook trout in Massachusetts. The brook is controlled by the land owners around it, and is thoroughly posted. Restocking has been done to some extent, and the fine fish taken this spring are believed to be the result of restocking and protection.

BOSTON, April 18.—Cold weather has kept the trout fishermen at home for two or three days, but later the skies are bright, and good catches are looked for on Patriots' Day, April 19. The ice did not get out of Newfound Lake, N. H., till Thursday, according to telegrams, and the R. O. Harding party did not start till Saturday. They expect good fishing. At this writing the ice is still in Winnepesaukee, though expected to leave at any moment. Considerable preparations are being made at several points on that lake for the entertainment of fishermen, who troll for lake trout. Lake Auburn, Me., is clear of ice, or will be by time this item is read, since the coves were clear, according to reports last night,

A good run of salmon is looked for there, since some of the largest on record were taken and stripped last fall at breeding time. The Commissioners also noted a greater number than usual at that time on the spawning beds. Moosehead is expected to clear of ice early this year, to be in keeping with the waters of the southern part of the State, but still the woods are full of snow in that part of the country, with freezing weather nearly every night.

Fishing at Sebago Lake has been even better than at first reported. On the whole more salmon have been taken than ever before for the same length of time, and though there was a lull in the fishing for two or three days last week, still the persistent fishermen were getting two or three fair fish each day. The milder weather of to-day is expected to start the fishing again. The greatest success has been found at "The Bar," so called, not far from the mouth of Muddy River. Fully fifty fine salmon were taken there in one day—Tuesday last. Mr. R. P. Woodman, than whom there is not a greater salmon enthusiast, returned the other day with a score of seven handsome fish, the largest weighing 8½lbs. He is greatly pleased with his success, but kindly attributes a good share of it to his guide of many other seasons, Kit Shaw. Mr. Woodman says that Kit will work all day, if there is a salmon ready to bite, and be very sure to put his man "on to him." Immediately on finishing for Mr. Woodman Kit was placed in charge of two more Boston fishermen, at Mr. Woodman's instigation. They will also stop at Crocket's, which point is proving to be the best for fishing this year. On his way out, and they on their way in, Mr. Woodman met the members of the Sebago Club already noted, fourteen of them. Mr. Fisher, of that party, asked him "What luck?" "Seven fine ones," answered Mr. W. Instantly his words were caught up with a shout by the rest of the party, and went through the whole car.

Judge Hobbs, a former fishing friend of the late Judge Virgin, of the Maine Supreme Bench, has taken the biggest salmon at Sebago so far this year; and everybody is glad of it. The Judge declares that the fish "pulled like a heifer and jumped 9ft. out of water several times." Dr. Brock, of the Maine General Hospital at Portland, has taken a 10lb. salmon, and his friends are congratulating him.

The "specimen" sent to the Boston Athletic Club by Guide Douglas, of Kibby Valley Hotel, last week, proves to be a loon instead of a bear. The writing was mistaken. It got blurred somewhat, and it was easier to read "bear" than "loon." But the club is much pleased with the specimen, however.

SPECIAL.

Two Thousand Miles for Three Days' Fishing.

BALTIMORE, April 13.—O. K. Chobee's letter in your issue of April 9 reminds me to report to FOREST AND STREAM. I left Baltimore with a friend Saturday, April 2, for Florida, and we arrived at Fort Pierce on the Indian River Sunday afternoon—241 miles south from Jacksonville. Fort Pierce is a short distance from Indian River Inlet, and here the best fishing on the river can be had.

Monday rain interfered to some extent with our fishing, but as we had traveled 1,000 miles for a few days' fishing we didn't scare a bit for the rain. The wind blew a gale and the sea trout were hungry. The sailing and fighting the trout of 6 and 10lbs. on an 8oz. rod were exciting, and the boat surging along over the whitecaps lent additional zest to the sport. Tuesday and Wednesday were a repetition of Monday's catch with the exception that on Tuesday we went to the inlet and interviewed the red snapper, otherwise greased lightning.

This day my friend J. C. S. fastened on a channel bass of 20lbs., which seemed in the humor to carry away 300ft. of line, rod and reel. He, however, stopped the fish, and after a fight of twenty minutes brought him to gaff. My friend's efforts to stop him furnished me with much amusement, and I concluded I did not want any of that in mine. "Wait," said J. C. S. "He laughs best who laughs last." But the best of the fun that day was when he interviewed the red snapper. Whiz! sang his reel. "Stop him!" cried the boatman. "Stop the devil!" said J. C. S. "Can't stop greased lightning." And he didn't. The fish started shoreward, fouling the line on some mangrove roots and parting it. I didn't dare laugh, for he tips the scale at 20lbs., and the water was too deep for wading.

Wednesday he had the laugh on me. We had been out but a short time, the wind blowing fresh west-north-west, when I had a wicked strike. "Tarpon," said the boatman. Away he went, 200, 300ft. "Stop him!" "Can't do it; the line on the reel burns my thumb; see the smoke from it." I finally checked him so far as to enable me to get control of the reel. "What is it?" I asked of the boatman. "Young tarpon," he replied. "Can't be," I said; "he did not leap when I struck." "Channel bass," said J. C. S. "You now have some of my meat. What are you mad about? Bring him to gaff. Don't fool away your time."

Away he goes again, 200ft.; and we follow with the boat. I finally bring him to gaff after thirty-five minutes of hard fighting—27lbs. of channel bass and a ton of mad fish. "I don't think I ever saw you real mad before," said J. C. S. "How do you like it? Do you want more of the same?"

Now I acknowledge I was a little "riled," because he had the laugh on me. "No," I said, "if I strike another steam engine I will cut my line if I can get hold of it."

Half an hour later I had another fight with a 20lb. fish of the same kind. The fighting quality of the channel bass is not equal, pound for pound, with that of the sea trout. They make many fierce runs, and are difficult to control with a light rod, like the one with which I was fishing, and with a sea in whitecaps, but taking it all in all I have never had the sport discounted in an experience of fifty years' angling. Remember too that this was my first experience in salt-water fishing. Heretofore my angling has been confined to fresh-water brook trout and black bass (small mouth), with very few

exceptions in my early youth. We returned home well pleased with our sport and success, with a new skin on cheeks and nose, especially the nose, and were rated as fishing cranks for traveling 2,000 miles to get three day's fishing. Well, well, every man has his hobby, and we took a long journey because we didn't want to ride our hobby to death.

Now something of Fort Pierce. We were domiciled at the Fort Pierce Hotel with Mr. Frank M. Tyler, one of the best of hosts. Mr. Tyler will not only take especial pains to make you comfortable and feel at home; he will feed you well and exert himself to have you provided with good guides for hunting and good boatmen for fishing. Mr. Tyler is a fisherman for tarpon, and his prowess is evidenced in a mounted tarpon of 5ft. 6in. and a register of many others. There is a record of twenty or more, giving size and weight, as also by whom captured, during the season of 1897, which record is placed on a blackboard in the hotel office.

The Gulf Coast cannot claim all the sport, if sport it be, attending the capture of the "silver king." The method of capture on the East Coast differs from that on the Gulf Coast. On the East Coast they do not "still-fish." They troll, and the fish does not swallow the bait and hook, as is the case on the Gulf Coast; the fish is hooked in the mouth, requiring greater skill in bringing to gaff, and in consequence many more escape than are captured. Nor do they fish with Mr. Joe Jefferson's "billiard cue" (vide Brother Cheney). It seems to me the method employed on the East Coast is more sportsmanlike and to be preferred to that of the Gulf Coast, premising that I cared to fish for tarpon; but I freely confess I haven't any hankering that way. I wouldn't like to be towed all over the ocean coast at night—no, nor in daylight—by a big brute of a fish. In such circumstances I would cut and run.

E. S. Y.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. III.—Brook Trout (Concluded).

BY FRED MATHER.

THERE is no fly-fisher who is so free from anxiety as the angler who is seated in a boat upon a lake. There are no overhead bushes to either detain or snatch a fly from his line, and but few sunken logs or limbs to look out for. With a freedom from anxiety there is also a large batch of personal comfort in the absence of wet feet and the other traditional features of fisherman's luck, as well as freedom from too much physical exertion which just suits a lazy man, such as I claim to be. There are many good people who revile a lazy man, but the lazy man usually finds it too much trouble to say, as I do, that a busy, bustling, nervous man, who always wants to do something when there is no need to do anything, is a nuisance of the first water in camp. To him action takes the place of thought, and he has no pleasure in contemplation of nature in her moods and tenses, and therefore has no poetry in his soul. The lazy man may not be the most successful hunter, fisher or business man, but his compensation comes in getting more enjoyment out of life than the hustler who is worn out before he has had time to reach middle age.

Trouting from a boat on a lake is, to me, the very poetry of angling. It is a compromise between the almost lethargic angling of the Waltonian school, which was content to sit all day in hope to see "his cork go down," and the ferocious fisher of to-day who seeks to break records and is willing to tramp through miles of streams to do it. Fishing records are a modern abomination; they are supposed to measure the amount of pleasure that an angler has had when he answers the question, "How many did you get?" or "What was the biggest fish you ever caught?"

Communing with Nature.

To the man who loves to commune with nature these questions do not enter into his calculations. Angling is merely his excuse for an outing, and the lazy man is the one who takes time for such communion and is not worried for fear that his catch will not be as great as that of some other man. He is not afraid, nor ashamed, to say that his catch was very light, but with the mental reservation that he had a most pleasurable day. The Apostle was not ashamed to say: "We have toiled all night and caught nothing." There is no disgrace in this. If the fish are not there, or are not feeding, the best of anglers cannot make a large catch, and the fact that the largest fish ever taken from a certain water was taken by you does not crown you as king of all the anglers, and is not a thing to boast of, for it was an accident. If you had not been there at that time the fish would have been taken a few days later by another angler, and you are entitled to no particular credit for taking the largest fish, and its capture does not place you on a pedestal where you are to be admired as the greatest of anglers. Remember it was merely your luck.

It is not all of Fishing to Fish.

In my book, "Men I Have Fished With," I credited the saying, "It is not all of fishing to fish," to the late George Dawson. Its origin has been disputed, but the saying will live as long as it deserves to do. The busy angler who fishes from the time he can see in the morning until he can't see at night may be fond of fishing, but misses the best part of it; he keeps count of every fish, and knows the exact number in his creel, but he does not see the wood duck go to her nest in the hollow tree, the mink prowling on the shore, nor does he hear the wood pewee nor the tap of the woodpecker; to him the fishing is all there is of it.

Lake Fishing.

Seated in a comfortable boat on a mountain lake is my favorite form of trouting. No boatman is needed, at least not by me; but with light oars which have an iron swivel, or dowel, which fits into a hole in the gunwale, so that the oars may be dropped and hang by the side of the boat when not in use, one can do the little rowing necessary while casting.

In spring and fall, or while the water is cool, the trout

may be found near the shore, and it's a good plan to row up against the wind and let the boat drift down, using an oar now and then to keep in or off shore, as needed. Keeping about 60ft. from shore and casting toward it at different distances, or wherever the trout are rising, is a good plan if the wind is not too strong to allow careful fishing. If the boat goes too fast, for it should drift gently, an anchor must be dropped while the water near and far is fished; then lift the anchor just clear of the bottom and drift into new water, steering with one oar or both.

In this mode of fishing it is best to cast in semi-circles, beginning at 20ft. and casting up or down the lake, making casts 10ft. apart on the half circle and then reel off more line and cast 30ft., and so on until the water has been covered, unless you see where a trout is rising, when it is well to cast near that spot, not necessarily into it; within a few feet will do, for the chances are that the fish did not go straight down, and the angler may often see which way it headed and make the cast where the fish is supposed to be at the time.

Spring Holes.

Most lakes become too warm near the shores and on the shallows in May or June to be comfortable for brook trout, and then they do not care to go to depths of 60 or 80ft., as the lake trout of the Great Lakes and the Adirondacks do. It is cool down there, and in the lakes mentioned it is my belief that the brook trout know that their monstrous relatives dwell in those cool depths and would take the largest of them in and out of wet if they only had a chance. At any rate they do not go there, but congregate about the springs which come into the bottom of the lakes in shallower water, say from 8 to 15ft. deep, where they find a temperature to their liking, food, and light enough to see it.

To know the spring holes is to know the lake, for it is seldom that there is any surface indication of their existence. Usually the spring bubbles up in a hundred or more small boiling points, which just lift the sand and keep it clean, but with no central spout strong enough to ripple the surface. Here the trout must be approached warily.

A "dry fly" would be useless in a spring hole. I doubt if a trout can see an ordinary fly and distinguish it as a fly, if it is looking up through 15ft. of water when there is a ripple on the surface. If it can distinguish it the trout will not rise to the surface for it. Possibly the knowledge that the surface water is warmer may influence the fish, but I prefer to think it a question of vision, for a trout cannot see far, and by far I mean to say that it cannot see 50ft. straight ahead in the clearest water. True it will take fright at a splash in the water beyond that distance, but a splash may be heard or felt by the trout. Yes, a trout can hear a sound made under water, but can't hear a fisherman swear. I have no time nor inclination to go into this question, which has been argued at length, and will let the assertion rest.

Therefore spring-hole fishing for trout is an art by itself. Approach the spring hole carefully. Anchor to windward, so that you may drift down on it, but stop away off. If you know that this particular spring sheds its coolness over a circle of say 60ft., stop at about that distance from the circumference of the circle; cast toward it a few times, and if there is no rise move a few feet nearer by lifting the anchor and dropping it again; not by a plunk as if you were bobbing for eels, but as described above.

If the spring hole is over 10ft. deep, put on a split shot just above the tail fly and cast, working the fly after it has sunk about 2ft. Cast to right and left, and if a fish is hooked keep it from getting to the center of the pool at all hazards. Lead it around to the other side of the boat and fight it where it will not disturb the others, and so proceed to fish the spring hole in a systematic manner.

Never make a cast into the center of the pool until you have fairly circled it and picked off a few trout from the outside, because a trout that is hooked in the center of the pool, and fought there, may be the only one that you may get from it. To alarm a trout has the same effect as alarming any other animal; it becomes cautious.

Split shot can be bought of all tackle dealers, and in different sizes. They are readily closed on a leader by the teeth or a tap with a pocket-knife. They are a necessity in fishing spring holes, but not in other trout fishing. I don't like them, but when trout are in deep water and will not come to the surface for a fly, it is the old problem of Mahomet and the mountain.

The Number of Flies to Use.

On a 9ft. trout leader we often start in with three flies of different colors, the tail fly and two droppers; the last one is sometimes called the hand fly, because it is nearest the angler. The tail fly is an extension of the leader, and while that is sunken and moved in the water like a swimming crustacean or water insect the droppers being pendant from the leader are playing on the surface like an insect occasionally touching the water to lay its eggs, a process known as dapping.

I have said that we often start in with three flies. Some anglers never fish with less; and many a night have I lain in camp and argued the question of one fly or three. My own choice is for only one, but it is fair to present both sides of the case, and we will.

Years ago I fished and camped on an Adirondack lake with the late James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., of whom I wrote as one of the "Men I Have Fished With" in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16, 1897, and he said: "I tell you that a 'dropper' playing on the surface is more attractive to a trout than the drowned tail fly. It is more like what Reub. Wood describes as dry fly-fishing, which he practiced in England, than our ordinary fly-casting. The movement of the living insect is counterfeited, and with the right colored droppers the trout prefer the droppers. Your old friend Nessmuk, whom we rescued from a watery grave last night*, had a worm on his tail fly, but none on the droppers, and I think that he is an authority on the subject, and that you don't know a little about it. Now what have you to say?"

* See FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 25, 1897.

"I have this to say: Nessmuk is an authority on woodcraft, but to quote him on fly-fishing is a new proposition. When he was not near anglers any kind of bait that would take trout would serve his purpose. He was a part of nature, but somehow his sentimentality did not take the direction of trout fishing—more's the pity."

"Well, what has this to do with the question of hand flies?"

"Nothing further than to refute your assertion that our old friend Nessmuk was an authority on fly-fishing. I will concede him an intimate knowledge of camping, light canoes, and knowledge of the woods, but at fly-fishing he could hardly rank as a duffer, for he did not practice it. He fished merely to get meat, and he loved the woods as few men love it."

"Well, well, we will admit all that. Go on and present your case for a single fly, and that a drowned one on the tail end of the cast. I'm a sinner if I can see where you have a leg to stand on."

"My dear Jim," said I, "the tastes and fancies of a trout are various. On a stream or lake you may present three flies to at least 10,000 trout which are lying below. They all see them, but they only attract about fifty fish; figure the percentage for yourself. Of that number about twenty take the fly and are caught, the rest miss it. Of these twenty at least fifteen are taken on the tail fly, if it is the one which has lured the most fish either in its present position or as a hand fly."

"No, I object," said Mr. Geddes. "In this argument there must be no shifting of a favorite fly from a dropper to a tail fly."

"Then we must bind ourselves to keep a fly in a certain position," I replied, "and that would kill my practice of putting the favorite as a tail fly and abolishing all others. In my experience the tail fly, if properly selected as a killer for that day, will take more trout than any other fly on the leader, because it is sunken and resembles a swimming thing, perhaps a gammarus or other crustacean, or some swimming beetle or fly, or, as I think more likely, the trout does not think about it nor mistake it for anything which it ever saw, but just snaps at it on general principles, just as a puppy will grab at a toad because it moves and then drops it when the toad burns his mouth with the secretions from its skin. Usually one lesson teaches the puppy the difference between the acrid skin of a toad and that of the harmless frog, but the trout pays for the mistake with its life, while the puppy froths at the mouth like a boy who has bitten an Indian turnip, and gets over it sooner."

I can't believe that a trout is an entomologist who casts his eye aloft at the imitation insect, and thus soliloquizes: "That moving thing cannot be a May fly; its tail does not cock up enough; it is probably not one of the ephemera, but may be some species of Phryganeidae which I do not know, and I'll sample it and try its flavor."

If any of the "natural school" of fly-fishers who believe in copying the natural fly thinks that a trout reasons in that manner, and it pleases him to think so, we will not quarrel about it, but he would need to argue long to make me think so. In my first article I merely intimated that I had no belief in trying to imitate natural flies, but will now say that I have a belief on the subject, and that belief is that a trout will take a nondescript fly as quickly as any, if the fancy strikes the trout to seize it. It is an impulse that is acted on at once and is not reasoned out on entomological lines, just as I have slapped down a beetle which came too near before I ever thought of striking at it. I struck first and thought afterward, and I believe that a trout does the same.

If every trout that saw the angler's fly rose at it there would be no trout left. It is only the occasional fish, say one in a hundred, which rises to the cast, and of this number there are many which miss.

A Trout Rises in Play.

Many of the misses seem plainly intentional. I have seen the same trout rise several times at the same fly, cast after a few moments' rest, and miss it every time. The trout is a fair marksman, and while it may miss a moving fly occasionally it will not repeat the miss many times. Why then does it so often rise and miss? Play, my boy, play; only this and nothing more. Most animals play, why not the lively trout?

Some years ago, a subtle humorist, perhaps Charles Hallock, started anglers to arguing over the question whether a trout did not strike a fly with its tail and flip it into its mouth. The question was taken seriously, and as we have all seen a trout come up in play and toss the fly in air with its tail there was quite a lot of fun got out of the arguments. Verily the funniest thing is not a frog, although he has the reputation of it.

Doubles.

The reason why I wish to learn which fly is the most killing and then to fish it alone as a tail fly is a dread of doubles. I would prefer to fish for an hour without a rise than to hook two trout at once. It may happen if you use more than one fly, and that is why I prefer to fish with only one if I can hit on a fair killer for the day. The favorite of yesterday stands small chance today if the weather conditions differ, or if they do not. Woman has been charged with being capricious; in my limited experience I have not found her so, but if there is a living thing on the earth or the waters beneath that is fickle in its fancies it is a trout. With two trout on the same leader there is no yielding of the rod between them, nor giving of line which saves the day in the savage rush of a lusty trout when there is but one to handle. With a double there is danger of both jerking in opposite directions at the same instant, and then something may give way or so strain the gut that it is weakened.

When the angler is so unfortunate as to hook two fish at the same time he must be patient and humor them until they are tired enough to reel in, trusting that one may unhook itself or that they may not jerk at the leader simultaneously. If, however, they are brought near enough to net, be very careful; get the net well under the furthest trout and then take the other, but never try to net the near one until the other is in the net.

Unlucky Strikes.

Worse than a double is a trout that strikes at the moment when you are recovering for another cast. Of course it can't be prevented, and so I call it unlucky. Such a strike may break anything from a snell or a leader to the tip of the rod, and it happens to the best anglers. If the trout is a small one it may be snatched out of the water and over the head of the angler without breaking anything, but it puts a strain on tackle which does it no good, while if the trout be of good size there is sure to be damage.

Chuck and Chance.

This is a term of derision devised by the sticklers for imitations of natural flies, to be hurled at the heads of anglers of my class who do not care whether a fly imitates anything that lives or not, as long as a trout will rise at it. We are "chuck and chance" anglers, and if the term pleases them it pleases us.

What is there to do but to chuck and chance? Note the beautiful alliteration. We go to the lake or stream and "chuck" three different flies; if one or more by "chance" proves acceptable, there we are. If, however, the trout will have none of them, we change flies and "chance" again and again until we hit the right fly. Some have a rude formula which prompts them to use dark flies on a bright day, light-colored flies at evening, but others reverse the rule.

This mode of chance the "natural fly" man, who is much more common in British waters than here, contemptuously calls unscientific. In his fly-book there are no nondescripts, such as the red ibis, queen of the water, and other flies which have no resemblance to living insects, and therefore should not be used to lure trout, but he has all the so-called imitations of insects which ever by accident or design appear on the surface of the water, and he believes that they are really imitations; a faith which requires a strong imagination behind it. He approaches the water in a thoughtful and observant mood. He satisfies himself as to the kind of fly, or flies, which are hovering over the water on that day, and if the trout are rising at them he searches his book for an imitation. If he has nothing which satisfies his aesthetic mind he catches one of the flies, counts the hairs on its off hindleg, and producing materials from his kit he proceeds to tie what he thinks to be an imitation of the insect, and having wasted an hour at this work begins to cast, and if he takes a few brace of trout with his fly he is satisfied, and flatters himself that no other combination of fur, wool and feather would have taken those trout. He is perfectly satisfied, and why should not we, the "chuck and chance" men, be satisfied?

My dear brother of the angle, if the "natural fly" angler will permit me to so address him, there is not the slightest objection to your methods nor to your nursing of pet theories. You may be a trifle cranky, but you are a good fellow after all; you are entitled to respect because you are sincere. We, who cast the derided nondescripts, are as sincere as you, and if we choose to begin casting in what you deridingly call the "chuck and chance" manner, why is not our sincerity entitled to as much respect as yours?

I don't pretend to see with the eye of a trout nor to think with its brain. Just what insect the trout may think, if it does think, my fly may be is a matter of perfect indifference to me if the trout decides to take it. A fly in a tackle store may look to the buyer very different from its appearance to a trout who sees it wet and sodden through 6 ft. of water, against a sky which may be white, gray or blue.

These are radical views, but in the first article I declared myself a Philistine on the fly question, in order to anticipate the charge, if it should be made. Most anglers, especially American anglers, use more nondescript flies than the alleged imitations, and by the word "alleged" I mean to assert that the imitations may serve to deceive a trout which is lying in three or more feet of water, but to me have no resemblance of an insect. Take a "palmer," or "hackle," as it is often called; would a child of ten years old ever mistake it for a caterpillar? Never in the wide, wide world. And so it goes; the imitations of natural flies are, to my eye, most imperfect imitations, and sometimes they are killers and at others the trout will have none of them, but prefer some gaudy nondescript, and if they do I indulge them in their tancy and "chuck for chance" without a bit of respect for traditions, or the rules laid down that certain flies are only to be used during certain months, or any other rule which I may consider nonsense; but then I am a Philistine, and what can you expect?

Hockhocks and Pine Brooks.

PATERSON, N. J., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to say a few words in regard to the complaint made in your last issue by Mr. Leonard Hulit, to the effect that streams recently stocked by the State were unlawfully posted by a deputy warden. Shortly after the streams in question were stocked an application was made to me by Deputy Brown and others for notices prohibiting fishing for three years; I replied that no such notices were used, as the law prohibiting fishing in stocked streams for three years applies only to streams when first stocked. When I was informed that notices had nevertheless been posted by Mr. Brown I had the matter investigated, and I learned that about one-eighth of a mile of the stream was posted by a well-known lawyer of Long Branch, who was anxious to protect the fish against pot-hunters, but who never objected to sportsmen indulging their sport with rod and line. Every property owner has the right to prohibit trespassing at all times, and if I am correctly informed nothing further was done. I am led to believe that Mr. Hulit was misinformed as to the extent of the posting. The State Commission certainly never has prevented fishing in streams because they had been recently stocked.

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Pikes.

A GENTLEMAN in Pennsylvania sends me the following questions: Being very much interested in a controversy in which the mascalonge and pike have played an important part, I thought I would write and get your opinion on the following questions:

First—Is the true mascalonge (*Esox nobilior*) found inhabiting Chautauqua Lake?

Second—What is the most marked difference between the mascalonge (*Esox nobilior*) and pike (*Esox lucius*)?

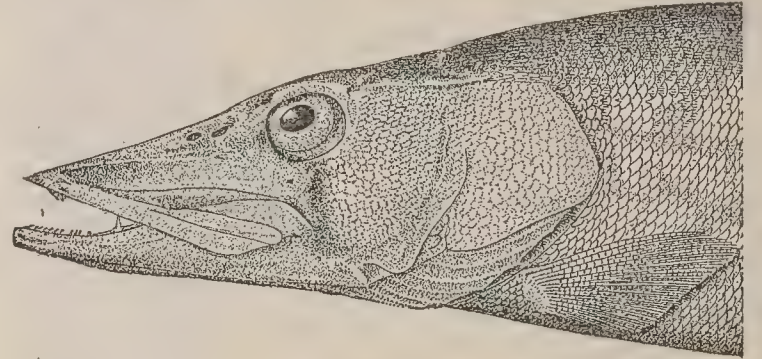
Third—Do these two species of fish ever cross?

Fourth—What is the average weight of the pike (*Esox lucius*) in this country?

Replying to these questions in their order:

First—The mascalonge is found in Chautauqua Lake, and is propagated by the State of New York artificially. It is, however, no longer known by the scientific name *Esox nobilior*, as according to Jordan & Evermann's classification it is *Lucius masquinongy*, and the pike, formerly *Esox lucius*, is now *Lucius lucius*.

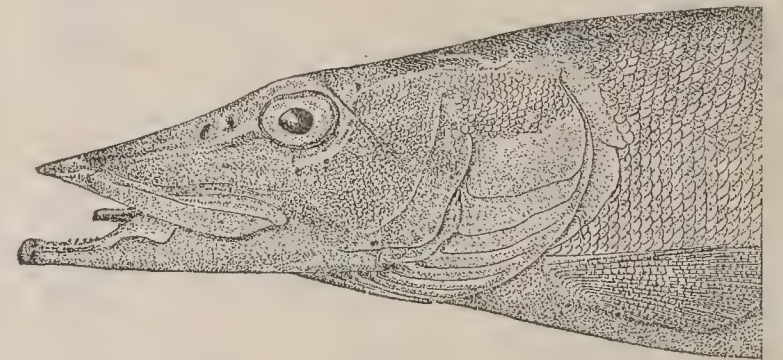
While the Chautauqua Lake mascalonge is not colored like the St. Lawrence River fish, it is structurally the same, and this is also true of the Wisconsin fish in comparison. The Chautauqua fish, instead of having



PICKEREL.
Cheeks and opercles completely scaled.

round brown spots on a light ground, has splashes of brown, quite irregular in shape, on a light ground. Occasionally these marks are nearly round, some of them on some specimens. The Wisconsin fish, like the Ottawa River fish, is unspotted, but they are all true mascalonge.

Second—The most marked difference, perhaps, that is constant is the scales on cheek and gill covers. In the case of the mascalonge the scales cover the upper half only (generally about eight rows of scales) of the cheeks and gill covers; while in the case of the pike the cheeks are entirely covered with scales, and the lower half of the gill covers is bare the same as the mascalonge. The coloring of the pike is more constant

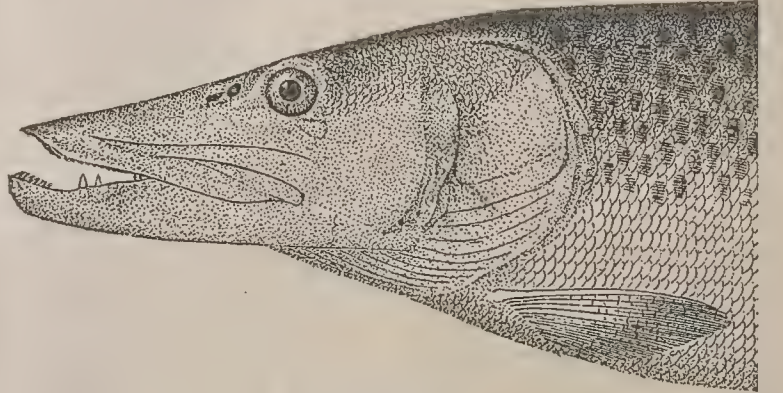


PIKE.
Cheeks scaly. Lower half of opercles naked.

than the coloring of the mascalonge. The pike of this country and Europe are the same, and always it is found with lemon-colored, bean-shaped spots on a darker ground. Within a year, I think, FOREST AND STREAM has published cuts of the scales of pike, mascalonge and pickerel on cheeks and gill covers in a manner to show the difference beyond a question.

Third—No; not in nature. It is man that makes mules, and up to this time man does not appear to have thought of making a hybrid pike, but he may when he does think of it, in which case we will have a fish that is not as good as either parent.

Fourth—It is difficult to give the average weight of pike in this country, but probably from 4 to 15 lbs. The largest I know of being taken came from a lake in



MASCALONGE.
Lower half of cheeks and opercles naked.

Pennsylvania, and weighed 35 lbs. A pike of 56 lbs. was caught in Ireland. I mentioned this fish, at the time of its capture, in this journal; and several times since that time lists of big pike have been printed in the English papers, with never a mention of the 56 lb. fellow. Very recently I read a letter from a gentleman who gave the details of the capture of the fish in question, and now I presume it will be included in future lists printed in England. Some years ago—I cannot give the date—FOREST AND STREAM published in connection with my notes a half tone of a pike caught in Lake George, N. Y., and it was one of the best pictures of the fish I have seen, and it was because the

markings of the fish were so plainly shown that I sent it in for illustration.

Pickereel.

There is a clipping on my hook which fits in right here. Some one sent me an article from the New York Sun descriptive of fishing in Florida, and in the article is this: "The pickerel of the Ocklawaha are big fellows too. They are exactly the same as the chain pickerel of the North (*Esox reticulatus*), but they are so black that the reticulations are hard to find until the fish have been out of the water some time. From 4 to 6lbs. is ordinary weight, and 10 to 12lbs. something to boast about."

This man writes as though he were perfectly familiar with his subject, and *Esox reticulatus* is the chain pickerel all right enough, or it was until its name was changed to *Lucius reticulatus*; but the weights, 10 to 12lbs., are what make us gasp for air. The maximum weight of this fish was heretofore supposed to have been about 6lbs. in very exceptional cases, and the average from 1½ to 2½lbs. The Florida pickerel has been described under another name, *Esox phaleratus*, and its southernmost limit is Crooked Lake, Orange county; but Jordan says there is no difference between *phaleratus* and *reticulatus*, and gives the maximum length of the species as 24in., and a 24in. pickerel will not weigh anywhere near 10 to 12lbs. It is true that the writer in the Sun does not declare that the pickerel of the Ocklawaha do weigh 10 to 12lbs., for he says those weights are something to boast of; but I do not imagine this is said in the same sense that a man would say that a brook trout of 25lbs. is something to boast of, knowing that there are no brook trout of that weight. We must assume, I think, that the writer intends to convey the idea that pickerel actually did grow to the weights he mentions in the waters he described, but I would really like to know whether this was scale or water weight; whether the fish have ever weighed 10 or 12lbs. on scales, or when seen in the water they were estimated to weigh over 10lbs. Will some one familiar with the region please enlighten us on this subject?

Scrod.

Another clipping came to the surface when I was fishing for the 12lb. pickerel on my copy hook, and here it is:

"The difference between broiled schrod and broiled fresh codfish is that the former is salted for about thirty-six hours before being cooked."

I protest against the spelling and the salting. I cannot now tell where the clipping came from, but probably, from its appearance, from some household receipt column in one of the daily papers, and the man who wrote it (a woman would have known better) was a farmer who may have been an artist at sheep shearing, but he was off on broiled scrod. First, as to the spelling. The Century Dictionary says: "Scrod (skrod). A young codfish, especially one that is split and fried or boiled (New England)."

The first broiled scrod was eaten in New York a good many years ago. I was in the habit of going to Fulton Market for oysters for luncheon, and I ate them at Dorlon & Shaffer's before ever Dorlon dreamed of a place in Twenty-third street. I went as usual one day, but I had rather tired of oysters, and as I met Dorlon at his stand I told him so; and he said take luncheon with him, and it would not be of oysters. When a covered dish was placed between us I was curious to know what was under the cover, and when I saw that it covered what I guessed to be a codfish I was disappointed, and expressed my disappointment, to use no stronger expression. Dorlon advised me to try the fish before finding more fault, and I have always regretted that I kicked before tasting the fish. He said that when I came into the market the codfish was alive, and had been killed and broiled while I sat at table. Since that day I have eaten the scrod where it was born, in New England, until friends have applied a name to me, and Scrod is part of the name. Within six hours of the time that I am writing this note I expect to start for Boston, and a friend, Mr. J. W. Burdick, that I am to meet on arrival, said to me: "We will go by different trains, but arrive about the same hour. Meet me at Young's Hotel, and we will have broiled scrod about 6ft. long for breakfast, and for luncheon we will have just plain broiled scrod of any size that it happens to come." Feeling as I do about broiled scrod, and that the young cod cannot be too fresh from the water for broiling, salting for thirty-six hours seems to me as much out of place as a salmon reel on a 50z. bamboo rod in front of the hand.

A. N. CHENEY.

Rare Waltons.

At the coming sale of the library of Hon. Francis B. Hayes, of Boston, says the New York Times, for the second time a complete set of Walton's "Angler" will be disposed of at an American auction, Bangs & Co. having sold Alexander's copies—the first so sold—in March, 1895. The "Angler" of 1653 is more sought after than are the other Waltons (though the second edition of 1655 is said to be rarer); but that is because it is the first edition. Alexander's copy, measuring 5-9-16 by 3-5-16, brought \$1,325, and £210 was given in London in 1892 for a copy that was 5-7-16 by 3-3-16 in size; £310 is another of the London big prices, while the highest of all, £415, was paid for a 1653 Walton, at Sotheby's, in December, 1896. Hayes' copy measures 5½ by 3½, and has been bound in full straight-grained morocco. The title has been rebaked and the dedication mended at two corners; folios 81, 83, 85, 89, 111, 155 and 161 have been repaired, and the margins of the music shaved closely by the binder, but otherwise it is a tall copy and in excellent condition.

The Hayes Walton of 1655 is in dark olive calf, by Bedford, and measures 5-9-16 by 3, Alexander's, which brought \$210, measuring 5½ by 3-1-16. Folio 117 has been mended and folio 203 repaired on blank margin. The music has been cut into slightly by the binder, and in places the headlines are nearly touched. At the Alexander sale \$150 was given for a Walton of 1661, which was 6 by 3½ in size. Hayes' is 5½ by 3½, and has been bound by Bedford uniformly with the preced-

ing edition. The back cover, however, has been rubbed, the last leaf of text mended, and a few words of the "Table" restored in fac simile. The Hayes Walton of 1668 is a fine copy, though the lower margin of the last leaf has been mended. It is in a binding similar to that of the first edition, and is 5½ by 3½. Alexander's two copies, measuring 5½ by 3-9-16 and 5-9-16 by 3-7-16 respectively, sold for \$95 and \$100. The Hayes copy of the fifth edition, 1676, is in green morocco, by Gosden, and measures 5¾ by 3-9-16. The first title is mounted and a very small portion of the word "printed" is cut away. The second title is reinforced at back. Alexander's was 6 by 3-9-16. It fetched \$90.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—The trout season opens to-day in Wisconsin, and here I am sitting at my little typewriter table writing copy, not doing my duty first instead of having pleasure, and not being up to the knees in the Prairie River instead of up to the eyes in work. Maybe things might have been otherwise if I had not heard that there was going to be a log run on the Prairie this week, so that the fishing will probably be better a little later.

The White River of Wisconsin is one of the best of the early streams in that State. It is lower down in the State than most of the well-known streams, and the trout there take the fly better early than they do later. The White is good for some heavy trout each season, and it is not an unpleasant stream to fish. Princeton is a favorite point of striking it. A great many Oshkosh men go to the White River, and among others who are reported to have gone there yesterday, so as to be on hand at 12:01 this morning, are Messrs. G. A. Buckstaff (the beagle lover, game law maker and representative in Legislature of the sportsmen of that section), Bert Hooper, John R. Evans, F. Challoner, G. L. Madison, Willis Minckler, Turn Chase, C. O. Josslyn, William Rogge and Dr. Russell. Oshkosh and Fond du Lac are fishing cities, and send out an army each spring to the trout streams. The Pine River is a favorite water also, and among others who start to the Pine to-day and to-morrow are Dr. Oviatt, B. Hooper, C. C. Chase, A. H. Goss, M. J. Peck, H. N. Clark, H. I. Weed and H. L. Battis, all of Fond du Lac, with Frank Favour, A. G. Gallinger, C. O. Sweet, W. E. Fildes, Thomas Baird, W. C. Kimball and F. Lampert. The Chicago men are usually later to make their start for the trout waters, it being very often the case that a party will prefer to combine trout and 'lunge fishing. It is further from Chicago to the trout streams than it is from Milwaukee or Oshkosh, and the sport at this season is so problematical that the average Chicagoan waits a bit before taking his chances. Still, I don't think that any trout ever tastes quite so good as the one caught on the first day of the season, just about thirteen minutes after sun-up.

Prepared.

The members of the Grand Rapids Fish, Game and Dog Protective Association have built a new club house on the Little Manistee, one of the loveliest trout streams that ever lay out of doors, and they will have a grand opening on May 1. The fly-casting tournament of this body, June 8 to 9, bids fair to be a good event, and already the members are getting together prizes for the competitions.

I do not remember whether or not I mentioned earlier the fact that the Flint & Pere Marquette Club, whose generous hospitality I sampled to my great edification last spring, has this season erected a fine club house upon the banks of their stream, Kinne Creek. This saves a little walk from the club house to the grounds. This trouting club is one of the very best in the West, and its waters are alive with fish. It has a membership of the selectest selection, and if they don't have fun over there about May 1 I give it up. Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, offers to forward the tables of the catch, and I anticipate something a bit startling, for the trout in Kinne Creek at the first of the season are multitudinous and accommodating.

Question of Popular Right.

An old but still interesting question of popular right is up for decision in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin this week. Some years ago the Willow River Club, of that State, bought several miles of land along the stream of that name, which was stocked by the State and also by the club members, most of whom live in Minnesota. The club notified local fishers that they would not permit trespassers on the stream, but a good deal of fishing was done by parties claiming that under the law any stream was open which had been stocked by the State. Several suits have been brought, and the club has won twice in the lower courts, and once had a case remanded by the Supreme Court on technical error. The present case is against one Wade, and is brought by stipulation of attorneys of both sides. Its decision will be awaited with interest by local men, who claim that this water was of no value until the State put \$2,500 worth of fry in it, so that it became tempting to the club men who bought it up. As the club has planted much fry of its own, it may be difficult to tell which is a State fry and which is a club fish, but it appears that the local anglers want to catch the trout and get them into hand for a careful examination on this point. The court will have a nice point to settle.

Blown Up.

A curious case, the second of the kind which I remember to have seen noted, occurred out in Idaho this month, in which a man engaged in dynamiting fish was blown up by his own dynamite and killed. Mr. George H. Garrison, of Olympia, Wash., sends me the account, which was taken from the news columns containing a dispatch from Kendrick, Idaho. It seems that Henry James and two other men were dynamiting fish on the Clear Water, being out in a small boat. They had five sticks of dynamite, and James was the operator. He had exploded one stick and killed a number of fish, and had lighted the fuse on another stick. He saw some large

fish near the boat, and hesitating for a moment, allowed the dynamite to explode in his hand. His hand was blown off, and the rest of the dynamite was exploded, destroying the boat. James sank and was lost, though the other two men were rescued later, not so badly injured as to be unable to swim a little. This was not a very good way to die, but the enormity of the result overshadows any act preceding it, however ill advised or perhaps ignorant it may have been.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Angler and the Queen.

THE Balmoral water, lying between the Invercauld fishery at Ballater and the Invercauld water at Braemar, covers a stretch of some seven or eight miles in extent on both sides of the Dee, part of which belongs to her Majesty the Queen as proprietrix of the manor, and part of which she holds on lease from the adjoining lairds. The scenery through which the silvery Dee works its meandering, rapid, dashing course at this part, if not so impressively grand as that some miles further inland at Mar Lodge, is yet most picturesque in the extreme. In short, as the guide books say, "The scenery is thoroughly highland and very beautiful." The Balmoral fishery includes the Balmoral water proper, the Abergeldie water and the Birkhall section, all of which are at the command of Her Majesty's guests.

"Pol-manear" is a favorite cast near the castle, and was always held as the special preserve of the late John Brown, Her Majesty's personal attendant. John was an enthusiastic and inveterate fisher, and often the royal larder was indebted to his prowess for its supplies of spring salmon, when the rods of the other fishermen failed to bring them to the bank.

It is authentically reported among anglers on Deeside that when the Queen wanted John he was immediately at her call, but when angling; and at such times she studied not to disturb him. The tacit understanding between them is said to have arisen in the following fashion. Her Majesty one day sent an imperative message to the river side, desiring John to immediately wait upon her. "Tell Her Majesty," replied John in his usual Doric, "that I am rinning a salmon and I canna come." The messenger came back to him in hot haste, saying that the Queen desired to see him this very minute. "Well, tell Her Majesty this time that I am rinning a salmon and I wanna come." And that settled it.—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Mohawk "Mullet."

DANBURY, Conn.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Not having found out as yet what the Mohawk River, N. Y., fish is named that we call the mullet, I wrote to an old fisherman who resides at Crescent, N. Y., and lives on the Mohawk River, and inclose his letter. Please give the name of this fish in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as the fishermen of Danbury are divided about equally in their opinion. Your decision in your paper will be accepted as final.

J. L. S.

CRESCENT, N. Y.—There are such fish as mullet in the Mohawk River, and plenty of them. We catch them with a hook and line, but have to use a very small hook. Just before dark they bite quite freely. The largest we catch weigh 5lbs. or upward. It is within only about three years that they have been caught here in the river, and it is supposed that they come from the lakes through the Erie Canal. I am acquainted with that species of fish; years ago I used to catch them at the Troy dam with a net in the Hudson River. DAVID F. SMITH, J. P.

[It is the mullet-sucker. The mullet-suckers, commonly called "mullet" in the interior, are coarse-scaled species, and in the Mississippi Valley they are called "red-horse." There are five or six species of them, and they range over most of the Mississippi system, the Great Lakes and New York, at least one species inhabiting the Genesee and Mohawk rivers. Their scales are so much larger than those of the common white sucker and the stone-roller as to be noticeable at once. Somehow they are not so plenty in the Hudson as are the small-scaled species. The small-scaled species are in the genus *Catostomus* and the large-scaled in the genus *Moxostoma*.]

The Mastigouche Waters.

THE angling territory controlled by the Mastigouche Fishing Club, in the Province of Quebec, will not be open to the public this year, since the members of the club have determined to reserve the fishing for themselves. This, however, does not of necessity imply that all anglers who have in the past proved the delights and rewards of Mastigouche fishing need be debarred from the preserves, since the club membership, we are advised by President Atwater, is not full.

In the notice last Saturday of Mr. Mather's entertaining book, "Men I Have Fished With" (Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York), the admirable journal to which the sketches were originally contributed was represented as the victim of an untoward fate, whereas Garden and Forest is the publication that has lately suspended. *FOREST AND STREAM*, so far from being in a state of suspension, is enjoying its vigorous existence in the unclouded sunshine of prosperity, and next month will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. Thus a well-intended expression of sympathy was wholly misplaced. The case of the elephant and the chickens may be recalled. Having killed the mother of a fledgling brood, the pachyderm gathered the chicks under his wing, and sitting down on them gently, as the old hen was wont to do, said: "Be easy now; I'll be a mother to you." It was a case of excellent intentions, but it hurt the feelings of the chicks. All the elephant could do was to regret the error. Verbum sat sapientia, and the people who have conducted *FOREST AND STREAM* to the maturity of its quarter centenary are wise in their day and generation. —*Philadelphia Press*.

FOR SALE.—Hunting and fishing preserve in Adirondacks. 12,000 acres forest land; several fine lakes, 15 miles trout streams. Deer in plenty. 14 miles from railroad. A. A. Leonard, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York.

The Kennel.

Yukon. Notes.—IV.

The Dogs.

For long journeys in the frozen Yukon country no animal of traction is so satisfactory as the dog. Horses, oxen, elk and goats are all used to a considerable extent for drawing loads over the passes at the upper end of the trail, where bases of supplies at Dyea and Skagway are handy, but the hay eaters are rarely seen at distances greater than thirty miles from the coast. Their food is so bulky that it does not pay to carry it any distance, and the country as yet affords no winter supply.

The Canadian Government had some hay at the foot of Lake Lebarge, 180 miles from the coast, that had cost \$1,100 a ton. Early in the winter circumstances made it imperative for the Mounted Police to bring through a large amount of supplies to this point, and horses and mules were used. These animals drew sleds loaded with the food, and with them went hay for their needs in tiny bales of about 75 lbs. each. This hay had been carried across Chilcoot Pass on the backs of men at a cost of 50 cents a pound. The original price paid for it in Dyea was 2½ cents per pound, and the other 2½ cents was for incidental expenses. It may easily be seen how a horse could eat his head off with that hay, and it is not surprising that private individuals do not use horses more. People who know say that the United States Government just saved itself from making a bad break when it gave up its pack train relief expedition into Dawson City. Our Government has an excellent credit, and backed as it is it might have been able to get the expedition through, but the original plan must certainly have been defeated. The expedition was not a charity, and no more was it a speculative venture, and it was proposed on reaching its destination to sell the supplies merely at cost price. This was to include the cost of getting the supplies in, and also the estimated expenses of the expedition back to the coast. There are a good many millionaires down there, but the chances are if the enterprise had been carried out on a cost basis there would have been nobody in Dawson rich enough to buy the food. With the dogs the food question is simplified. They eat the same food that their master does, and the native breeds, sharpened in this direction by their training and wolfish ancestry, can sometimes support themselves from the country. To the winter traveler in the Yukon they are all that the camel is to the Arab of the desert, or the reindeer to the Lap. Good sledge dogs always command high prices. Up in the Mackenzie country broken dogs sell for about the same price that average horses bring in civilization, or from \$25 to \$100 apiece. Their breeding and training are being carefully looked after, and owners of teams take great pride in their dogs and grow so fond of them that it is not uncommon for them to refuse to sell at any price. The difficulty of procuring dogs was one of the reasons why the Canadian Government tried horses at a time when feed cost so much.

Gov. Walsh sent a man to buy up dogs, and after a trip pretty well over the available Northwest the man returned without any, reporting that he couldn't find a dog that was a dog for any price within the bounds of reason. The Governor sent another agent with instructions not to come back till he had procured what he was sent for, and either because he wanted to get back, or else because he wasn't such a connoisseur in dogs as the other fellow, this man soon reported with a big string of canines mostly picked up on the north shore of Lake Superior. His round-up was the laughing stock of every mounted policeman and dog driver on the Yukon, and the mongrel character of the lot was freely commented upon. It was even said that a poodle was included, and the youngest sergeant in the service told me that one of the dogs had been a pet in a barber shop in Prince Albert, where he had spent his time in laying on fat rather than learning to gee and haw with a dog team.

There were some good dogs in the lot, however, and it is safe to say that the police will get out of each mother's son of them what there is in him; and what these dogs don't learn by the end of the season about the art of pulling the sledge on a trot, and keeping at it from sunrise to dark, won't amount to much. Though each member of the Mounted Police knows something about handling dogs, and many of them are expert drivers, Major Walsh has a good many professional drivers with him. Most of these men are Indians or half breeds; all are men to whom the frozen land from Hudson Bay to the Rockies and from the Arctic Ocean south is home. "Fiddler," Andrew Flett and William McBeth are types of these men. All three have driven dogs since they were big enough to handle a dog whip. McBeth is a white man who has an uncle running one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts in the far North. He is going up to see his uncle next year, and intends taking a run over into the musk-ox country, which is quite handy, with a couple of dog teams, and bringing back what robes and heads he can carry. He invited me to join him on this trip, which he says will be very inexpensive after the jumping-off point on the railroad is reached, and as I shall not be able to accept I turn the matter over to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. If any FOREST AND STREAM man wants to go I have no doubt he can make terms with McBeth. He must bear in mind, however, that a good year is needed for the trip, and that the hunt would take place in the depth of winter. McBeth says that the Mackenzie River country where he has been is a much better game country than the Yukon. It is vastly more level in general character and much more thickly wooded. Having once known the Mackenzie, the Yukon has no charms for him.

"Fiddler" is a full-blooded Indian. He is a jolly good fellow with a football shock of hair and a wiry, sinewy figure. Both he and McBeth claim to have run seventy miles in a day beside their dog teams, and there is no occasion for doubting their statements. Fiddler likes to make records, and nothing seems to please him so

much as to travel all night or get up at unearthly hours when the moon happens to rise and plug away as long as he can see the shape of his leader in the dog team. He told me that he can't eat or sleep when he is traveling as he does at other times. He has a nervous impatience to get to the end of his journey. It took my partner and myself, pulling our own sleds; two long and wearisome days to make the distance from the Big Salmon to the Hootalinqua, but Fiddler, who left at 10 in the morning and passed us on the way, reached the Hootalinqua at 4 in the afternoon—not bad for a trail that by the map measures thirty-three miles, and which as a matter of fact is considerably longer on account of its windings and detours.

Andrew Flett is the half-breed son of a Scotchman by the same name, who crossed the Rockies from the Mackenzie with Robert Campbell in the summer of 1848, and established a Hudson Bay post at Fort Selkirk, the first on the Yukon. The elder Flett is still living. Campbell died only a year ago. For three years these men supported themselves with their guns and nets, and saw no white man's food. Flett was fresh from a mercantile life in the old country, and the experience must have been an eye-opener to him.

Andrew Flett, Jr., was born on the Peel River, near the delta of the Mackenzie, where they have a hundred days of twenty-four hours' sunshine. As a result of breeding and education he has become hardened to the cold in a wonderful way. Flett was driving dogs for John Piché, Government messenger, and the fact that Piché wore an Eskimo corset and asserted that it was in the interest of economy in the food supply that he did it, as having his boilers (figuratively speaking) protected, he did not require so much fuel to keep his engine in effective working order, was a perennial source of amusement to the half-breed.

"He eats more than I do," said Flett, "and I wear no Eskimo corset. The warmer I feel the more I like to eat." I asked him what he wore, and he pulled up his threadbare cardigan jacket and let me feel his undershirt, which would have been rated as a medium fall weight in New York. Besides his Mackinaw coat this was all the clothing he wore on his upper body. In addition he had on Mackinaw pants and light drawers, a single pair of heavy socks, and a single pair of moccasins, though he acknowledged that at times he used a blanket wrapping as well for his feet. He said that he wore the same clothing the year round—that summer and winter were much the same to him. Most of his time was spent out of doors, in the immediate neighborhood of the Arctic Circle, and he very rarely slept under a shelter. He always had a good fur robe with him, however, for sleeping, and it was his custom to build a roaring big fire largely of green wood that would keep in all night. Dead wood was used, of course, to start the fire, and after that growing spruce trees felled on the fire, or long sections of green logs thrown on—all laid parallel, so that the fire would burn out toward the ends, and so keep in the longer.

Flett had a team of five dogs that in December drew a load of 3,000 lbs. eight miles over the glare ice of Lake Bennett. The sled had to be started for them, but after that they kept it moving. These were little 40 lb. dogs, the smallest that I saw anywhere. The stock wasn't anything in particular. They looked as much like large wire-haired Scotch terriers as anything. They had been bred for the work, however, and Flett had them beautifully broken in. He talked rather contemptuously of the men he had met coming out from Dawson, saying that they had spoiled their teams so that the dogs would not go unless one man ran ahead to encourage them, and another ran alongside with a club to pound them when they faltered.

Flett never let his dogs see him on the trail. He ran behind where he could steady the sled in bad places, and handled the dogs by word of mouth. He did not believe in punishing the dogs if it could possibly be avoided. He had seen too many fine dogs ruined that way, he said. High-strung dogs, which make the best workers, most often provoke whippings, and such dogs lose heart and become spiritless as a result of punishment.

His system was one of rewards, and to prove that it was effective he could point to his dogs, which excited universal admiration by their spirit and faultless work.

They trotted along as if they enjoyed their work, in strong contrast to a great many teams where the dogs plodded along with heads and tails drooped, sore-footed, beaten and tired.

The professional drivers are never cruel, but many of the white men coming out from Dawson were. I have seen a man knock one of his dogs down in the traces and jump on him in the most vicious kind of a way. Two days later this dog was out of harness, and from his looks, no doubt, he died soon after. When following the track of a dog team you could see where the owners had left the trail from time to time to cut whips from the bushes growing along the banks of the river. Judging from the frequency of these side trails, the number of sticks that were worn out on the poor dogs was something alarming. With these dog team owners it was often a desperate race against starvation to get out to the coast, and all the kindlier feelings were shelved for the time being, and the dogs were worn to the last ounce of their strength.

As high as \$500 was paid for single dogs in Dawson. I know of \$1,500 being offered and refused for a team of five dogs. The Indians grew rich from the sale of their dogs, but their money avails them nothing, for no food is purchasable, and they are starving at many places along the river.

The native dogs, siwash, malamute, or husky, were most in demand, but all kinds of dogs were used. I saw a trick poodle in one team. His leader (there were only two dogs in this team) was a big, sullen Newfoundland, a picture of pessimism personified. The poodle had been recently clipped and still had its heavy mane and tasseled tail. It must have been a joker who set the fashion of transforming this most inoffensive of dogs into the resemblance of the king of beasts.

The poodle was the best tempered little brute imaginable. Every time the team stopped, and stops were frequent, for there was a sick man along, the dog would caper around in his harness and do everything short of

turning somersaults. He stood on his hindlegs, and turned backward in the harness, and never was still for an instant. It was comical to see how bored the big dog looked.

In a good team a 40 lb. dog will draw as much as a 200 lb. man can, and keep it up; and the dog will travel in a day twice as far as the man. The general rule for men who pull sleds is to draw a load equal to their own weight. A 200 lb. man will draw 200 lbs. on his sled, and over good going travel about fifteen miles. The dog draws the same load and goes thirty miles. He is right down to his work, and exerts his force in the long run to better advantage than the man does. Most of the dogs weigh more than 40 lbs., however, and are not given proportionately heavier loads.

The big dogs from civilization give out in their backs and hindlegs, as they have never been trained for pulling. Their feet also are too tender for ice work. On the ice any dog soon wears down his toe nails, and not uncommonly they have to be temporarily laid up for this cause.

"Husky" is a shortening of Eskimo, and indicates the origin of the dog. Huskies come from east of the Rockies, and have a great deal of wolf blood in them. Flett told me that in summer wolves came around their chip pile nights, and if circumstances favor wolf blood gets an admixture into the dog pack.

The Siwash dogs are very similar in appearance and size to the huskies. They will weight 60 to 80 lbs., and have a wolfish though kindly expression. These dogs are native to the Yukon.

The malamutes are said to be Eskimo dogs, and occasionally a white one is seen. They come from the northwestern coast of Alaska, I believe.

The Indians on the Yukon hitch up on the average two dogs in a team to pull their little, narrow track-to-boggans. In the Mackenzie country and among the professional drivers four or five dogs are considered the right number for a team. Many prefer only four. In Chilcoot and White passes newcomers from the outside world frequently worked as many as nine dogs in a team. A discussion of etiquette, in which every dog of the nine takes a mouthful, is the nearest approach to a circus they have in that God-forsaken country.

The harness for teams consists of two long traces, reaching from the leader back to the sled, and attached to the collars of each dog. In the intervals between, the traces are supported by a band crossing the dog's withers, to keep them out of the way of his feet when slackened.

The collars are circular in outline and oval in section, well padded, and of a size that will just slip over the dog's head. In harnessing a team the leader is put in first. This dog is generally the most intelligent of the lot, for on him devolves chiefly the duty of obeying signals and setting the pace. The other dogs are called in turn and their heads slipped through the collars. It takes only a second to put the team in, if the dogs are fresh and willing, but with tired teams the driver often gets black in the face, swearing at the dogs, before he can get all in place. He stands at the harness and calls the dog wanted to him. The poor brute may be curled up near by, with his nose tucked down in his fur to keep warm. At first the dog pays no attention. Then, as the exhortation becomes more lurid, he twitches his ears, raises his muzzle a little and peers at the man out of the corner of his eye—a bloodshot eye, like as not.

The man holds "Siwash's" collar and kicks the other dogs from time to time to keep them on their feet, and fairly scorches the dog with a hot simoon of profanity, and at last poor, tired old "Siwash" hobbles over and submits his neck to the yoke.

"You'll get limbered up soon enough, old bastard," the man says, as he kicks the dog's hindquarters around in line with the traces, and "Siwash" knows from sad experience that he speaks the truth.

Two general types of sleds were used for dog teams, and individual variations were many. The first was the basket sleigh, which cost in Dawson eight ounces (\$16 to the ounce), and the other was the ordinary Yukon sled, 7 ft. in length, similar to those pulled by men. This latter sold for \$40 in Dawson. In Seattle such sleds can be bought for \$5.

The load is fastened on this sled by crisscrossing a tie rope from side to side, and it is generally managed by a man who runs between the dogs and the sled inside the traces, and handles the "gee pole." The gee pole is a green sapling 6 ft. long and 2 or 3 in. in diameter, firmly lashed to the front end of the sled, and projecting upward like the bowsprit of a boat, till its highest end is convenient for a man's hand. It is used to steer the sled, and by its adroit handling the sled is often kept from upsetting. The basket sleds are frequently steered from behind. The back end is built up to the height of a man's chest, with a horizontal bar on top to hold on to. Basket sleds are so named from the light wooden and wire framework that is built up on top to hold the load. This framework runs completely around the sled, generally flaring outward. It is a foot or so in height. Basket sleds are not infrequently 9 or 10 ft. in length. The standard width is 16 in., though a few sleds tracked 20. Toboggans are not common among the white men, though the Mounted Police packers had some. They are not so good for an ice trail as the sleds, as they slide sideways on the irregular surface of the river, whereas the sharp edges of the sled runners hold much better. A sled too runs easier on ice, even when the ice is covered by snow. Some of the police sleds had a toboggan body, so that if the runners sank more than a certain number of inches in the snow it became converted into a toboggan. It was an ingenious adaptation, but not popular among profane dog drivers, who said it was no good either as sled or toboggan. Dogs are driven by a combination of English, French and cuss words. "Machan," or "mash," or "mush," as the Dawson cockneys had it, which is no doubt derived from "march chien," clipped short and Anglicized from the voyageur patois means "go ahead."

The dogs are started with this word, and also encouraged to increase their speed by it. They are turned to the right or left by "gee" and "haw," and brought to a stop by "whoa" or "whoa-back."

A good team, not too heavily loaded, keeps on the trot all the time; twenty-five or thirty miles is covered in

six or eight hours, which is about the ordinary day's journey. Toward nightfall, or when approaching a camp, the dogs always increase their speed, for they like to make a grand-stand finish.

To keep up with the dogs requires a constant jog trot, and thirty miles of this makes a man feel averse to being disturbed after he once sits down at his journey's end. I have seen men so stiffened after such a run that it was the next thing to a physical impossibility for them to move once they had settled down to rest.

The dogs are fed bacon, bread, mush, rice, and in fact almost anything their owners have in their outfit. The bread is baked in long, flat loaves called bannocks. Dried salmon is generally placed ahead of other foods, but last year it was very hard to procure in the interior. The bacon and bread diet is much better than fresh meat, and though horse meat and beef heads and offal could be procured at points on the trail, they were not generally fed. One pound of bacon is said to do a dog more good in that cold climate than 3lbs. of fresh meat. They want fat, and the fresh meat is lean.

In the interior dog teams are used for freighting from Circle City and Dawson to the mines tributary to these respective centers. They have been also used to a considerable extent for freighting from Circle to Dawson. On the short trips one freighter told me he earned on the average nearly \$50 a day with his five dogs. The charge for taking "passengers" out from Dawson to the coast, 650 miles, was from \$500 to \$600 a head, or about \$1 per mile. Passengers sometimes had to foot it every step of the way, and work at making camp as hard as any one. They paid the \$1 a mile for having their provisions carried. J. B. BURNHAM.

In the Kennel World.

VOLUME XIV. of the American Kennel Club Stud Book series has made its appearance, and the steady increase since the years 1894 and 1895 has been made more apparent. The volume for 1894 had 3,666 registrations, and low-water mark was reached in 1895 with 3,473, which was followed by 3,527 in 1896, and now we have 3,737 for 1897. There is also a marked increase during the same period in the dog show record. In 1894 the record given for individual dogs filled fifty-eight pages, and at that time any mention made by a judge was recorded, whereas nothing lower than a prize winner is now taken notice of, and yet this year there are 103 pages of dog show record. There are also the official awards of the various field trials of the beagle clubs and Brunswick Fur Club, and it is a pity that the field trials by setters and pointers are not also to be found in the stud book, and thus be of easy reference. It is not because of lack of desire that the American Kennel Club does not publish these, but from apathy on the part of the field trials clubs. The American Kennel Club is too firmly established to have to ask for support not willingly tendered, and as it has a surplus of several thousand dollars there is not the slightest doubt that it would willingly oblige the field trials clubs by publishing their records. That would entail some sort of membership which could be got over readily enough if the field trials clubs would form an association of their own, and let it affiliate itself in some way with the American Kennel Club. We have the Pointer, Gordon Setter, Irish Setter, Spaniel and several beagle clubs as members, so that it cannot be said that owners of sporting dogs are not interested in the American Kennel Club, which had a membership of sixty-six clubs for the year 1897.

Still another evidence of the support it receives from pointer, setter and spaniel men is the large registration of these breeds. The following figures are based upon the rates of eight pedigrees to the page, which is the average in the stud book, and avoids the necessity of counting heads: English setters 632, Gordon setters 64, Irish setters 112, pointers 432, spaniels 320, beagles 120, or a total of 1,680 out of 3,737. Any belief that the American Kennel Club and field men are not working along for each other's good is denied very emphatically by these figures. The two breeds of St. Bernards combined alone outnumber the English setters, but taking all setters versus all St. Bernards they are practically equal in number. No argument could possibly be advanced so conclusive as these figures for the stud book becoming the medium of official record of field trials, and the clubs ought to consider the advisability of taking steps toward its becoming so, and make each volume a full reference history of the preceding year.

Still another way of judging of the hold the Kennel Club has upon dog owners of all kinds is to be found in the list of the associate members, the list now numbering 218, as against 194 for the month of December. This membership is purely voluntary, and for the \$5 dues each member gets the Stud Book, Gazette and two free registrations.

What the Kennel Club will do with its surplus is something that will ere long have to be considered seriously. It was, we believe, the intention some years ago to invest \$5,000, as soon as the surplus reached that amount, and use the interest as a special prize fund, but the litigation that took place at that time cost the club about \$2,500 and the fund prospects faded. Now, however, with a balance of \$4,276.49 on Dec. 31 of last year, and an annual increase of \$1,000, as has been the case for the past three years, the fund figures will soon be reached. The club is now giving medals of record for champions as fast as they are turned out at dog shows, but the rate at which medals are won will not eat up the interest on \$5,000, much less the annual addition to the surplus.

The storm center which developed in California last month has disappeared, and no one is particularly harmed over the result except the tempest decocter. Inflamed by false statements regarding indifference to letters and requests sent to New York, the Pacific Coast Mastiff Club sent out a circular letter to the clubs proposing a meeting for secession. A copy of this was sent by a California member to the office of the American Kennel Club, and there was nothing to be done but place the club and officers under suspension. At the same time, however, the Mastiff Club secretary had written a letter of complaint regarding the alleged

pigeonholing of the club letters and received the information that the letters had been duly presented to the rules committee and fully considered by its members. The result of this letter was that at the meeting of the club held on April 6 the resolution regarding secession was unanimously rescinded. The prompt action of the St. Bernard Club, the strongest specialty club on the coast, in repudiating secession and giving notice that it would under no consideration support any show, either by prizes or entries, not held under A. K. C. rules, was the pivotal point in suppressing disaffection, for it made the course of the San Francisco Kennel Club plain sailing. Strange to say, the suggestions of the Mastiff Club were practically carried out by the new rules, while the St. Bernard Club wanted something else, yet accepted the situation most loyally.

The cruelty of joking regarding hydrophobia was fatally illustrated last week when a young man died at a hospital in this city as the direct result of the influence of imagination. He had been bitten a short time before by a dog, but the wound had healed and the matter would have ended there, but his shopmates and companions thought it good fun to joke with him as to hydrophobia, with the result that his mind became so worked upon that he went to the hospital. There he was assured that there was nothing the matter with him, but he persisted in remaining for treatment, and although everything was done to clear away the hallucination he lost his reason and died a raving maniac. GAD.

Yachting.

MR. AND MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN, who have been abroad for several months, returned to New York last week. Just before leaving London Mr. Iselin, through Ambassador Hay, offered his services to the United States Government in any capacity in which he might be useful.

MR. CLINTON H. CRANE has placed with the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, an order for two racing 20-footers, from his designs for the Seawanhaka trial races. Mr. Crane is now in New York, after spending the winter at the Glasgow University, in the Department of Naval Architecture.

Spray.

21ft. Fast Cruiser.

(Concluded from page 314, April 16.)

THE general arrangement and construction of Spray were illustrated in our previous issue. The cabin house is 8ft. 6in. long inside, with a breadth of 4ft. 6in. and headroom of 5ft. 2in. at the fore end. The floor is 21in. wide, a compromise between headroom and footroom. The cockpit is 6ft. long (8ft. inside of coaming) and of average width of 4ft., the floor being 16in. below deck and 8in. above L.W.L. It is fitted with scuppers for drainage. Below is room enough for a water tank, if the yacht is to be used on salt water, and also for a good ice-box. The lockers in the cabin give room for two berths with the usual buffet at the fore end, or the latter may be omitted on one side and the locker carried forward to make a second berth. The interior of Spray is merely fitted with lockers and shelving, the final arrangement of closets, shelves, etc., being left until the yacht has been used for a time, and the best possible disposition of space determined by actual trial. There is room for one hand forward, if necessary, in a hammock berth; but in so small a craft the interior will naturally be fitted up entirely for a Corinthian crew.

The construction has been planned to give a thoroughly strong and durable craft, with tight bottom and dry decks for an indefinite number of years. While lightness has been considered and the scantling is cut to near the safe limit, there is plenty of wood to hold the fastenings and to stand the strain of caulking, hard sailing, etc. The specifications are given in full for the benefit of any one who may wish to build from the design, as follows:

Frame.

Keel—White oak, sided 5in., moulded as per drawing, 9in. amidships.

Stem—White oak, sided 3in., moulded as per drawings.

Sternpost—White oak, sided 3in. at tuck, tapering to 1½in. at heel, with score for rudder on after side.

Horn Timbers—White oak, sided 1in., moulded 6in. on sternpost and 3in. at after end, which shall be jogged into sternpiece and well bolted.

Chock—White or yellow pine, 3 by 2½in., fitted between the two horn timbers and projecting ¾in. to form rabbet.

Rudder Trunk—To be carefully built, with sides of 1½in. white pine, to form, with sternpost and horn timbers, a water-tight box. The joints to be made with cloth painted, and caulked where required. The lower end to be closed with an oak chock, fastened with brass screws. The bottom of trunk to be wide enough to permit rudder to ship easily.

Sternpiece—Oak, shaped as per drawings, including round of deck, with rabbets for planking and deck. To be well bolted to horn timbers. All superfluous wood to be cut away, to save weight.

Quarter Timbers—If used, to be of oak or hackmatack, shaped as per drawings and well fastened to planksheer, sternpiece and sheerstrake.

Mast Step—Oak, bolted to stem, with long mortise and space for wedges fore and aft of mast.

Deadwoods—As per drawings, of oak or yellow pine. Stopwaters—Of dry white pine, ½in. in diameter, carefully placed in all joints of stem, keel, deadwoods, etc.

Frames—Six frames spaced 42in. on centers, to be of oak, single-sawn, from knees of the proper sweep; to be sided 1½in., moulded at heels 2½in., at turn of bilge 1½in., and at heads 1in. (two frames abreast mast to be sided 1½in.) Between each pair of sawn frames three bent frames, of oak, to be placed, spaced 10½in. on centers, sided and moulded 1in. from heel to head. The

heels of all frames to be jogged into keel and deadwoods and securely bolted. Suitable timbers to be cut in all frames and floors.

Floor Knees—Each sawn frame from mast to after end of iron keel to have a forged floor knee of flat iron, 1¼ by ¾in., with arms 1ft. 3in. long; these knees to be carefully forged in the throat. Each alternate bent frame to have a solid floor of 1in. oak plank, well bolted to keel and to heels of frames.

Shelf—Clear oak, or yellow pine in single length, 2 by 1½in. for middle half of length, tapering to 2 by 1in. at ends.

Bilge Stringer—Clear oak or yellow pine in single length, 2 by 1¼in. for middle half of length, tapering to 2 by ¾in. at ends.

Deck Frame.

Deck Beams—Oak or hackmatack. Main beams, at bitts, partners, fore and after ends of house, and transom, to be sided 2in. All other beams and half beams to be sided 1in. All to be moulded 1¾in. To be spaced not over 10in. on centers.

Knees—Oak or hackmatack, sided 1¾in.; one abreast of mast on each side, one at middle of trunk, and one at after end. One lodging knee abreast mast and one at after end of house.

Partners—Oak or yellow pine, 1½in. thick at mast, also filling at bow in place of breasthook; and at bitts.

Partner Planks—Oak, ¾in. thick and 10in. wide, in center of deck forward; 6in. wide aft.

Planksheer—Oak, in single length, ¾in. thick and 3½in. wide amidships, tapering to 2½in. at ends. To be well fastened to sheerstrake and beams.

Planking and Decking.

Planking—White cedar on bottom; wales of yellow pine in single lengths. Other planking to have not over one butt in each strake, such butts to be made on butt-blocks of ¾in. oak; butts to be at least four frames apart on adjoining strakes, and if in the same frame space to be separated by not less than three strakes. The planking to finish full ¾in. The planks from the bilge upward to be not over 3½in. wide. All seams to be close on inside and full 1-16in. opening on outside for caulking. The entire outside of hull to be carefully planed off.

Deck—Of clear and dry white pine, ¾in. thick and not over 2in. wide. To be laid with sweep of side line; all ends properly supported and fastened. Seams of deck to be caulked with cotton and payed with marine glue.

Deck Joiner Work.

Rail—Oak, 1in. by 1¼in., around edge of planksheer, with scuppers.

Cabin Trunk and Coaming—Oak, ¾in. thick, side of trunk about 9in. high, coaming about 5in. high, both thoroughly edge-bolted with ¼in. steel rod. Two oval windows of ¾in. plate glass in each side of trunk, four in all, and brass-hinged decklight, of as large a size as space permits, in middle of fore end. Ledge of oak, 2½ by 1½in., around inside of trunk to carry beams; beams of oak, 1½ by ¾in., spaced 10in., covered with ½in. matched pine, with canvas over top. Companion slide and doors of mahogany.

Cockpit—Sides of matched mahogany, floor laid the same as the deck, both to be perfectly water-tight.

Fore Hatch—Coamings and hinged hatch, opening 18 by 15in., all of mahogany.

Bitts—Locust, 3½ by 2¼in., running down to sternpiece and well bolted. Keyed below deck. Locust keel, 1½ by 1in.

Cleats—Locust, for sheets, as per sail plan.

Rudder—Stock of oak or locust, 3in. diameter, tapering to 1½in. at heel. Backing of yellow pine securely through-bolted to stock.

Fastenings.

Keel Bolts—Steel, ¾in. diameter, about 12 bolts in all, with standard heads, nuts and washers.

Blunt Bolts—All deadwood, keel and frame bolts to be of good quality of iron or steel, properly galvanized and neatly headed over washers of the same metal. Stem, keel, horn timbers and deadwoods to have ¾in. bolts; heels of frames to be fastened with ¾in. bolt iron or spikes; plank floors to be fastened to stem, keel and horn timbers with two ¾in. bolts through each; iron knees to be fastened to keel with two ¾in. bolts. Planking to be fastened with galvanized iron boat nails in all frames and at hood ends. All parts not specified to be fastened in the usual manner. All plank fastenings to be set in for putty stops, and all fastenings about deck and trunk to have wooden deck plugs set in varnish.

Interior Joiner Work.

Floor—Ash, ¾in. by 2½in., matched, in battened sections fastened down by large brass screws.

Ceiling—Cabin to be ceiled with ½in. white pine or similar wood.

Ladder—Mahogany, with three steps, each with rubber tread.

Lockers—White pine, ¾in., one on each side for seat and berth. Lockers and shelves in forecabin for dishes, etc.

Metal Work.

Keel—Of cast iron in one piece, soundly and accurately cast to shape and smoothly finished; weight about 3,900lbs. To be bolted to hull with 12 steel bolts of ¾in. diameter.

Rudder Braces—Two, of galvanized iron, neatly fitted and well fastened to post and rudder. Brass cap with name of yacht on head of rudder stock. Brass plate around rudder stock on deck.

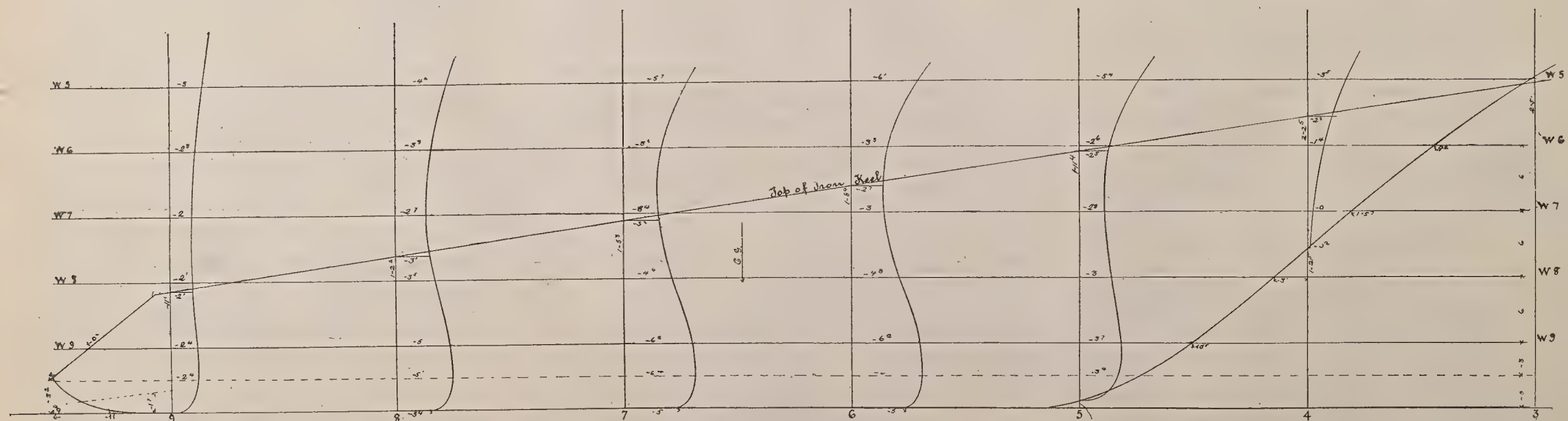
Chain Plates—Two for main shrouds and two for runners, of 1½ by ¾in. iron, with ¾in. hole for pin of turnbuckle. Two for bowsprit shrouds, 1½ by 3-16in., with ¼in. hole.

Gammon Iron—2½ by ¾in. iron. Bobstay plates, bobstay of ¾in. iron rod, with turnbuckle. Cranse iron for bowsprit end. Traveler for main sheet blocks; one pair of ¾in. turnbuckles for main shrouds and one pair of ¼in. for bowsprit shrouds. Gooseneck and spider band, 5in., for mast and boom.

Brass Work—Fittings for rudder, rudder cap, two



SPRAY, 21FT. L.W.L. FAST CRUISER.
Designed for, J. W. Keogh, Esq., by W. P. Stephens, 1898.



SPRAY. DETAILS OF IRON KEEL.



SEAWANHAKA ONE-DESIGN CLASS. W. B. STEARNS, DESIGNER. DIFFER, ARTHUR ISELIN, ESQ.
Photographed by N. L. Stebbins.

leading chocks on bow and two on quarters; eyebolts and leaders for jib sheets, screw deck plate for pump; chain pipe; hasp, hinges and lock for cabin door; brass-hinged deck light.

One No. 4 Babbitt anchor, galvanized.

Plumbing.

Pump—Single-barrel copper yacht pump, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. suction pipe to well, galvanized iron pump spear and brass screw plate in deck.

Scuppers—Of tin. lead pipe, fitted in cockpit floor, one on each side, to drain below waterline.

Spars.

Spars of spruce, to be properly proportioned and neatly worked; mast, 5 in. diameter at deck, about 31 ft. heel to truck; bowsprit, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in gammon, 7 ft. long; boom, 4 in. diameter in slings, 25 ft. long; gaff, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. diameter by 14 ft.

Fittings.

Tiller—Locust or iron.

Boom Crotch—Oak, as per drawings.

Caulking and Paying.

All seams of planking to be properly caulked with cotton, run with paint and payed with putty. All seams of deck and cockpit to be carefully caulked with cotton, using no oil or grease on the iron, and run with Jeffries marine glue, as per directions furnished by maker. All nail and screw holes about decks to be filled with wooden deck plugs set in varnish; all other fastenings to have putty stops.

Painting.

Inside of hull, below floor, to be painted with one coat of red lead and linseed oil.

Bottom—To have two priming coats and one finishing coat, smoothly applied; the latter of suitable anti-fouling paint.

Topsides—Up to rail, to have two priming coats, both well rubbed down; and one finishing coat of best black or white, no oil to be used.

Varnishing—The spars, rails, planksheer, deck, cabin trunk, and all deck work to have one coat of filler and two coats of Crockett's spar composition, each coat being thoroughly dry before the next is put on. The interior of cabin to have one coat of filler and two of Crockett's spar composition.

Rigging.

Standing Rigging—One main shroud to each side, masthead pendants and runners, jib stay, of best quality steel wire rope; to be neatly spliced and served.

Running Rigging—Of manilla rope.

Blocks—For ordinary knockabout rig, yacht blocks with patent sheaves.

Sails.

Mainsail and jib of 8 oz. cotton, double-bighted, with reef points, etc., and covers.

The details of the iron keel are given to a larger scale; the pattern is best made of a common quality of pine, two or three thick planks screwed together and worked out to the shape by means of templets made from the full-size drawing on the floor. In order to get the full weight of keel, about 3,900 lbs., the full allowance for shrinkage must be made, about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. per foot, the pattern being larger than the drawing in this proportion. The foundryman who is to cast the keel should be consulted before the pattern is made as to the proper allowance for shrinkage in the length, breadth and depth, also the placing of cores for the bolt holes. The keel should be cast and ready in the shop before the wood keel and deadwoods are completed, so that in the event of the iron keel being somewhat different from the drawings, owing to this shrinkage, the wood keel may still be made to fit it.

The main keel does not rest on the iron keel, but a piece of deadwood is interposed, as shown in the longitudinal section, page 314, bringing the keel up to a proper point to take the rabbet.

There being no restriction on bowsprit or sail plan to consider, a broader and lower rig than the regular knockabout sail plan was selected; the bowsprit gives a finish to the yacht, and is rather more shipshape in appearance, besides offering a convenient means of carrying the anchor, and as the yacht is intended for open water, and to carry a fairly large rig, there seemed no special advantage in the high and narrow rig of the knockabout as opposed to the more moderate proportions of base and height, with a decided lowering of the weight aloft. If desired, the sail plan can easily be adapted to the knockabout rig, with jib tack at the stemhead and longer mast and hoist. We shall be glad to give any further information to those who may desire to build from the design.

Messrs. Rice Bros. inform us that they are prepared to duplicate the yacht, to these specifications, for \$800.

The Seawanhaka and Cohasset Classes.

THE accompanying photos, by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, show two of the new one-design yachts designed and built during the winter by W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, Mass. The boats Dipper and Remora, the former of the Seawanhaka design and the latter of the Cohasset, are the first of their respective classes afloat, and have recently been under trial at Marblehead. Dipper is owned by Arthur Iselin, of New Rochelle, and Remora by C. H. Cousens, of Cohasset. The design of the Seawanhaka class has already appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The Cohasset class is very similar, but the draft of hull has been reduced to 3 ft. 6 in., with a deeper centerboard, and the sail area has been increased to 600 sq. ft. The photos show what handsome little ships Mr. Stearns has turned out, and there is no doubt that both classes will show well in the matter of speed.



COHASSET ONE-DESIGN CLASS. W. B. STEARNS, DESIGNER. REMORA, C. H. COUSENS, ESQ.
Photographed by N. L. Stebbins.

Cohasset Y. C.

Coming rapidly to the front as a racing organization is the Cohasset Y. C., and it promises to make its mark alongside many of the racing clubs of the Yacht Racing Association. At its annual meeting on April 14 the club voted to arrange for a date in the Y. R. A. circuit upon which to give an open race, and also to provide suitable prizes therefor. Last year's open races for knockabouts over the triangular course to the lightship and the bell buoy on Harding's Ledge was a very successful one, and an open race this year for all classes would undoubtedly take the same rank.

The club has money and many enthusiastic yachtsmen, a combination which is hard to beat. Add a fine racing course, and success ought to be in sight. It will be cordially welcomed to the racing ranks.

The following were the officers elected: Com., Frederick H. Pratt; Vice-Com., Charles W. Gammons; Treas., Charles H. Cousins; Sec'y, Irving L. Blossom; Meas., Arthur O. Higgins. Executive Committee: Commodore, vice-commodore, treasurer, secretary, William H. Crane, Benjamin C. Clark, Amos A. Lawrence, Caleb Nichols, Lyman D. Willcutt. House Committee: commodore, vice-commodore, Lyman D. Willcutt, Samuel C. Bates, Caleb Lothrop. Membership Committee: Commodore, vice-commodore, Edward F. Willcutt, Wentworth J. Earle, Edward F. Ripley, B. Preston Clark, Frank R. Pegrum, Frederick Higginson, Harry E. Mapes. Regatta Committee: Commodore, vice-commodore, Daniel N. Tower, Ralph B. Williams, Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Hugh D. Montgomery, Arthur O. Higgins.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed a club membership of 120, and a balance in the treasury after retiring 19 of the bonds issued for building the club house.

The club voted to recognize the Knockabout Association of its members, the membership in which is held by the owners of the 21ft. one-design knockabouts built by W. B. Stearns at Marblehead, and agreed to provide races for the boats of the class under Association rules.

The Association has at present nine members and nine boats, as follows: Francis J. Moors, Albert S. Bigelow, Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Henry W. Knowles, R. B. Williams, Albert C. Burrage, Wm. R. Sears, Henry De Ford, and Charles H. Cousins, secretary. Races are to be held Saturdays and holidays, beginning on Memorial Day.

Charles H. Cousins was elected delegate to the Y. R. A. of M. The club has received from Mr. Stearns a very handsome model of the new knockabouts.

Hobe Sound Y. C.

Hobe Sound, Fla., April 11.—The H. S. Y. C. continues to flourish, notwithstanding the freeze of last January. We have sailed five races of our second series and the points are pretty even. The corrected times in the first four races are as follows, for first class:

	1	2	3	4
Gull	1 05 18	1 39 46	1 39 28	0 57 15
Wenonah	1 13 38	1 43 36	1 21 16	1 07 25
Wanda	1 09 23	withdrew.	1 28 03	1 03 05
Sprogie	1 27 27

The points won are:

		Total.
Gull	4	3
Wenonah	2	2
Wanda	3	0
Sprogie	1	...

In the second class only two boats have been racing, with the following result in points:

Lorraine	0	2	1	3
Juanita	0	1	2	3

The fifth race was sailed to-day in a strong southeaster. The yachts got away well together and for a wonder stayed together. The Gull rounded the first buoy about 15s. ahead of Wanda; Wenonah, Penguin and Sprogie, in the order named, not over 1m. behind Wanda. Gull set her gafftopsail, which immediately split, and a few seconds were lost while the crew cleared away the wreck. She held her own, however, and crossed the line on the first round still in the lead. On the second round Gull, Wanda and Penguin seasawed for the first mile, but Penguin finally drew away, rounding the mark 22s. ahead of Gull, Wanda 10s. behind, and Wenonah close up. On the run home, Penguin steadily increased her lead, Gull and Wanda still scrapping, with Wenonah slowly crawling up on them.

The jibe around the north buoy and the short beat to the line were very pretty. Gull was only 2s. ahead of Wanda, and she 4s. ahead of Wenonah. It was a matter of time allowance to decide the winner.

	1st round.	2d round.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Points.
Penguin	43 39	46 09	1 29 48	1 29 48	5
Gull	45 45	49 10	1 34 55	1 31 40	4
Wanda	45 20	48 58	1 34 28	1 31 48	3
Wenonah	45 51	46 30	1 32 21	1 32 21	2
Sprogie	Withdrew.				

	Second Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Juanita	1 05 14	...	1 05 14
Ariel	1 06 55	...	1 06 55

H. D. McVEAN, Purser.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., April 11.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held their usual monthly regatta Saturday, April 2. There was a strong northeast wind. Results as follows:

	First Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Albatross	0 38 14	...	0 38 14
Britannia	0 40 02	...	0 38 41
Penguin	0 41 57	...	0 41 11
Joker	0 41 27	...	0 40 20

Winner, Albatross.

	Second Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Swallow	0 46 49

PAUL M. ASTON, Sec'y.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THE third general meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. was held in Philadelphia on April 13. It was announced that Com. Griscom had resigned on April 4, and that the trustees had elected Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May, to fill the vacancy. The trustees reported that extensive improvements had been completed at the club station at Essington, also the election of Merle Middleton as a resident member and Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins as a flag member.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

Wm. A. Mairs, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Associate Membership.—Edith DeG. Swining, Morristown, N. J.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Records at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The regular weekly shoot of the Louisville Revolver Club was held at the Armory, Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., Messrs. L. S. Barnett, president of the Hall & Hayward Co.; Dennis Long Miller, connected with one of our largest foundries, and Mr. G. F. Norton, a prominent business man joined this meeting. Mr. G. F. Norton will present the member making the highest average score in the Brooklyn-Louisville telegraph match with a silver cup. The most prominent society people of our city will be invited by Mr. Norton to witness this contest.

Mr. H. S. Gilbert in the 15yd. distance made a score of 96 out of a possible 100, shooting ten times in 33 seconds, and in the 30yd. distance made a score of 97 out of a possible 100, thereby lowering the former club records. Mr. Gilbert used Peters cartridges, loaded with King's semi-smokeless powder, full service shells.

E. B. Dye, using the above make of cartridges and powder, made a score of 99 out of 100 at the Armory on March 29, and in token of this remarkable shooting the Peters Cartridge Co. presented him with a solid gold watch chain, highly engraved, which Mr. Dye prizes very much.

The secretary of the club, Mr. Sim Watkins, has a new idea in the way of a score book for keeping scores of the shoots, and will be glad to send sheet to any one interested in such work. It will be good for rifle or shotgun scores as well.

Below we give scores in full for last contest:

Ten yards, 2in. bullseye counts 10:

W J James	8	9	10	8	10	10	9	9	10	93
H S Gilbert	9	10	9	9	9	8	10	10	9	81
E B Dye	10	10	8	6	9	9	10	4	7	83
S Watkins	8	7	6	8	8	7	6	2	8	63

Fifteen yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10, 20 seconds allowed for each 5 shots:

	Total.	Seconds.
H S Gilbert	10 10 10	9 9 10 10 10 10 96
W J James	10 10 10	9 5 10 10 10 9 92
E B Dye	10 10 9	8 3 9 9 7 6 5 76
S Watkins	8 7 6	5 1 8 7 7 6 5 60

Twenty yards, standard American target, 1in. bullseye counts 10:

H S Gilbert	8	7	10	8	10	9	6	7	10	85
W J James	7	0	0	8	5	8	8	2	3	49
Sim Watkins	0	3	3	7	0	7	1	5	10	39

Thirty yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10.

H S Gilbert	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	97
W J James	8	8	7	4	8	8	10	5	10	78
E B Dye	7	10	8	6	4	6	7	8	6	97
Sim Watkins	6	5	4	9	5	7	2	1	1	49

Shell Mound Rifle Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 11.—The customary open shoots of the rifle clubs, the "spring festivals," began April 3, the Turners' Schuetzen opening the ball. A good attendance was present.

On the same day the California Schuetzen Club held its regular medal shoot, and a notable score was made by the famous shot A. Strecker. The scores of this club are 20 shots, 25-ring target, 200yds., only one entry. Strecker made 461 rings, thus breaking the Coast record.

The FOREST AND STREAM deserves credit for the exhaustive report of the Boston tournament, given in the issue of April 2. Several of our local cracks are loudly lamenting their inability to be present, especially the experts with pistol and revolver.

Yesterday was medal day at Shell Mound, and good scoring was done:

Germania Schuetzen Club.—First championship medal, J. Utschig, 443; second, H. Hueber, 413; first class, J. Peters, 380; second class, J. D. Heise, 396; third class, Wm. Goetz, 341; first and last best shots, J. D. Heise, 24 and 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein.—First championship medal, A. H. Pape, 441; first class, John Peters, 414; second class, F. Koch, 400; third class, R. Stettin, 394; fourth class, John Langenar, 361; best first shot, Wm. Lindeman, 24; best last shot, J. D. Heiser, 25.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.—Pistol, 50yds., champion class: C. M. Daiss 39, A. B. Dorrell 47, J. E. Gorman 47, M. J. White 62, H. C. Young 68. First class: S. M. Bailey 61, F. E. Mason 65. Third class: J. P. Cosgrove 76, B. P. Jonas 78, Mrs. S. Mannell 94. All comers, Siebe medal: Dais, 40, 41, 41, 46, 47; Gorman, 32, 44; F. O. Young, 40, 40, 45, 46, 47, 48.

Medal and Ross trophy for ladies, 50yds.: A. B. Dorrell, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 28; F. E. Mason, 22, 24; Mrs. W. J. White, 52.

Rifle, 200yds., all comers' medal: A. H. Pape, 44, 52, 54; F. E. Mason, 49; F. O. Young, 51, 51, 53.

Members' rifle medal: A. B. Dorrell 49, J. E. Gorman 60, 66. Champion class: D. McLaughlin 54, F. O. Young 61, F. E. Mason 68. First class: A. B. Dorrell 71, C. M. Daiss 72, J. E. Gorman 73, C. A. Bruner 96. Second class: M. J. White 120, S. Barley 128. Third class: B. Jones 114, S. Mannell 114, Mrs. White 115, M. Carillo 177.

On next Sunday the California Schuetzen Club will hold its spring shoot at Schuetzen Park. Over \$1,000 will be distributed on this occasion in prizes. Philo Jacoby, the veteran marksman, has charge of the affair, and he is doing everything in his power to make it a success.

ROEEL.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 14.—A challenge issued some time ago by the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, to the Pittsburg Rifle Club, of the same city, for a gallery team shoot found its culmination in a team match, which took place at the indoor range of the Iroquois Club, on the evening of the 13th inst. Five members from each club constituted the respective teams, each shooter firing 30 shots in six targets of 5 shots each, the reduced standard American target being used. The contest was a most exciting one, and as the scores will show was nobody's match until the last shot was fired. The team of the Iroquois Club was victorious, defeating the Pittsburg Club team by 7 points. The scores made were as follows:

	Iroquois Rifle Club.	Pittsburg Rifle Club.
A C L Hofmeister	46 45 45 42 46 48—272	
H Spurling	36 30 31 42 39 35—213	
A O Goldstrom	36 46 44 40 42 39—247	
H B Pierce	42 40 43 44 48 45—262	
R F Phillips	45 47 44 48 41 47—272—1266	

C P Sorg	37 45 40 43 43 41—249	
L P Ittel	49 43 42 49 43 48—274	
R Hoffman	38 41 36 37 31 42—225	
D Black	40 45 44 46 40 39—254	
F Ingersoll	41 41 44 42 45 44—257—1259	

A. C. L. HOFMEISTER, Sec'y.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

Several members of the Pittsburg Rifle Club engaged in a practice shoot at the indoor range on the evening of April 5. They shot at 20yds., off-hand, on standard targets, 5 shots per target, the center counting 10. Ittel was at his best. The following scores were made:

Ittel	49 49 50 48—196	Engersoll	46 46 46 45—183
Bradshaw	48 47 46—188	Hoffman	46 45 44 43—178
Black	48 47 46 46—187	Schmidt	45 40 40 33—158
Ewing	48 47 47 45—187	Shaw	41 39 36 36—152

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

April 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament for amateurs only at the Du Pont shooting Park, under the management of J. A. Cotty.

April 19.—Brookton, Mass.—All-day shoot for merchandise prizes, first of weekly series. B. Leroy Woodard, Manager.

April 19-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—First annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Each day \$50 added to the purses. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Second annual amateur tournament. Jack Parker, Manager. Address all communications to J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

May 4-6.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17-19.—Macon, Miss.—Tenth annual shooting tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club. C. M. Scales, Manager.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

April 27-29.—Waterloo, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of

the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Wilmington, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. H. McL. Green, Pres.

May 25-27.—Owego, N. Y.—Owego Gun Club's tournament. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Frank B. Tracy, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piase Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to L. O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The second annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club, of Peru, Ind., fixed for April 27 and 28, has ten target events in the programme of the first day, and twelve in that of the second. The entrance is \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, accordingly as the number of targets in the event is 10, 15, 20 or 25. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock, but shooters arriving on any of the trains arriving before 10:15 A. M. will be permitted to shoot in the first event, so that they may contest for the average prizes. Targets 2 cents each, with the qualification that \$2.50 for each 1,000 targets thrown in the programme events will be set aside for equal apportionment among the four guns making the best general average for all programme events of both days. This reduces the price of targets to 1 1/4 cents. It is conservatively estimated that 15,000 will be thrown in the two days. All purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15. Guns and shells shipped to F. A. Haimbaugh will be delivered to the grounds free of charge. Manufacturers' experts will be barred from the purses of the regular events, but will be allowed to shoot for targets, and will be afforded every opportunity to display their goods and show their quality as agents. The club mentions that special railroad rates have been secured for those who will attend. Mr. John Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and King's Smokeless Powder companies, will be the manager, and his well-known skill and efficiency insures expert management. For further information address J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

The programme of the tournament of the Chambersburg Shooting, Fish and Game Protective Association, Chambersburg, Pa., May 3 and 4, provides eight events, six at targets, two at live birds on the first day, six on the second, of which two are at live birds. Of the target events of the first day three are at 10 bluerocks, \$1; three at 15, \$1.50. Of the two events at live birds the first is at 7, entrance \$5. The second at 10, entrance \$7.50, birds included in each event. Extra events will be shot to suit the shooters. On the second day two events are at 10 targets, one at 15, and one at 25, the entrance to the latter being \$1.50, optional sweepstakes \$2.50. This is a merchandise event. Two of the live-bird events have the same conditions as the two of the first day, besides which a miss-and-out, \$1, birds extra, will be shot. Dropping for place will not be tolerated. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Association, on Fifth avenue. Targets will be thrown from nine traps. Purses will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Manufacturers' agents are barred from sweepstakes and purses, but are welcome to shoot for targets only, and to display their goods. Shells shipped in care of A. L. Solenberger, Chambersburg, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Mr. M. R. Rhodes, assisted by F. P. O'Leary, will manage the tournament.

The Noxubee Gun Club, of Macon, Miss., has issued the programme for its tenth annual tournament, May 17 to 19, inclusive. It is open to the world, though manufacturers' agents and experts will be handicapped. Gentlemen who come under that classification can learn as to their handicaps by writing to the manager. The club announces that it will add \$500 in cash and merchandise prizes, and there are seventy-five of the latter, with probabilities of more. Dropping for place is prohibited. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. All ties divided, except ties for merchandise, which may be divided or shot off in the next event. Targets at three cents deducted from purses. Class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., except when otherwise stated. The twelve events of the first day are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance varying from \$1 to \$3, the total entrance for the day being \$20.60. The second day's events also number twelve, six of which are at 10 targets, three at 15, one at 20, one at 25, one at 5 doubles, and the total entrance for the day is \$17.85. There are ten events on the third day, from 10 to 25 targets, total entrance \$13.75. Ammunition shipped in care of the manager, C. M. Scales, will be delivered free on the grounds.

At times when the trap-shooting world has well nigh forgotten Dr. Carver, he toots a mighty blast of his horn and asks to be gazed upon and his toots heeded by the world. His last toot is somewhat overdue, but in composition it is of the same classical excellence as its predecessors, and also it is the same in theme. It is on quite a broad principle, \$10,000 to bet, but not a cent for deposit. However, the gentle Doctor's latest is couched in the pure and elegant diction for which his writings are so justly famous, and he also is lavish in generous praise of his contemporary shooters, as is becoming a man who never made a bluff, nor never evaded a chance to compete, nor never was defeated, nor never worked a paper for free and easy advertising of himself and insolent belittling of his fellows. About a dozen words with a deposit would do much toward insuring a match if it were really desired, but a million words with no deposit generally are measurable as so much rant. Space is too valuable in FOREST AND STREAM to bestow on such vapors.

At a shoot on the grounds of the Country Club, Winchester, not long ago, a ludicrous incident was witnessed by those present. On the fence are several wooden decoy pigeons, placed thereon for the purpose of inducing the birds to start quickly for the boundary when they take wing. The dog which was doing the retrieving cast an unholy eye on the decoys, and in an evil moment ran swiftly to the fence and sprang at one of them, striking hard against it with his teeth, knocking it off. Astonished, but undismayed, he charged at another, with a similar result. The second attempt was sufficient, and he desisted from further attempts. If he could think over the matter calmly, he was thereafter more charitable in his thoughts of the shooters who missed such hard birds.

While at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's shoot last week on Wednesday, Mr. Edward Banks and Mr. T. W. Morley arranged a series of matches, the first of which takes place this week on Thursday. Mr. Banks shoots at 100 targets, Mr. Morley at 105, the latter thus being conceded a handicap. The first will take place at the Lyndhurst grounds; the second at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds. This should be a very closely contested match. Both parties to it have been shooting in very high class form of late, so that high scores may be expected.

Mr. A. C. Paterson, of Chicago, has a busy season ahead of him, if he preserves possession of the recently emancipated Chicago challenge trophy. He is the recipient of several challenges, inviting him to try it all over again—a state of affairs which is most commendable, and which is the true vitalizing condition appertaining to any trophy. A challenge trophy which is not challenged has about as much significance as a challenge without a deposit—a bob-tailed Carver challenge, for instance.

The scores made in the match between Gilbert and Parmelee, 86 to 82 respectively, under the conditions mentioned by Mr. Hough in Western Traps, were excellent, and amply prove that both men are great shooters. However, if John Watson would divide up the wind so as to give a fair division to each big event on his grounds, instead of exhausting a month's supply in one day, it would be more equitable to all.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association will call a meeting of the Association to take action in regard to postponement of its tournament till early fall, the present dates, May 17-20, having practically been abandoned. Thirty days' notice is necessary under the constitutional provision governing the matter, so that the meeting will not be held earlier than the latter part of May. The revivification of the Association has not been an easy matter, and the inheritance of cups with string attachments, etc., has hampered the workers very much. The better way to dispose of the whole matter would be to dump the rubbish of the past into the past and begin a new Association, free from prejudice, ancient troubles and constitutional apathy.

One of the processes of ratiocination which puzzles the new editor of this department is that exhibited by the secretaries of numerous gun clubs who are preparing programmes of their respective tournaments. In the same envelopes are reading notices varying from ten to a half column in length for publication in our columns, which we are pleased to publish gratuitously, but in separate letters are requests that we take a page or half page in the programmes, paying for the same at full regular rates. Aside from the material value of the advertising in our pages and in the pages of a programme, there is a lamentable angularity of vision in observing meum et tuum in the matter.

The Troisdorf cup will be competed for at the Saturday shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club this week. There will be other events quite up to the standard of interest which John Wright, the manager, always infuses into these shoots, several useful articles of merchandise being a reward for those who prove that they deserve them. Keep in mind the Brooklyn Club's one-day shoot on Saturday, April 29.

On Saturday of this week the April cup of the Bergen County Gun Club will be contested for on the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J. Shooting will begin at 1 P. M. This event will be at 25 targets, \$1 handicap, the cup to become the personal property of the winner. Sweepstake events also will be shot. The club extends a cordial invitation to shooters.

This week the popping of guns at Brockton, Mass.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Louis, Mo.; Hingham, Mass.; Wichita, Kans.; San Antonio, Tex.; McKeesport, Pa.; Wallace, Idaho, and places of lesser note is sweet music to those who enjoy the battle, not from afar off, but where the fray is thickest.

Under date of April 18, Mr. Frank B. Tracy, secretary, writes us as follows: "The Owego Gun Club have selected May 25, 26 and 27 as the days for its next shoot. The 27th will be devoted to live birds, and the 25th and 26th to inanimates from our magautrap. Programmes will be sent you when printed."

The Rockaway Park Rod and Gun Club will give its last shoot of the season on the first day of next week, and will endeavor to make that event a pleasing finisher to a pleasant series. The sweepstakes are low, targets are \$1.50 per hundred, and a good time is sure.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

MONEY DEFEATS EDEY.

April 16th.—A race of exceptional interest was shot at Garden City, L. I., on the grounds of the Carteret Club, April 16th, between Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., and Mr. W. S. Edey, of New York. The conditions were 100 live birds, \$250 a side. Capt. Money stood at 23yds., and conceded 6 misses as kills. Edey stood at 27yds. It was a very close race, and up to the very last bird it was impossible to forecast the victor with any reasonable degree of certainty. Indeed had not Mr. Edey lost his last bird dead out of bounds, the race would have been a tie. That bird, hard hit, but still strong and vigorous, barely managed to clear the top of the boundary fence, where it fell to the ground and died. The score was 94 to 87 in the actual number of birds killed, but with the 6 misses added as kills to Edey's score, as per conditions of the match, the result was 94 to 93, Capt. Money thus winning by one bird.

There was a stiff southwest wind blowing in the first part of the race, but it gradually died away to almost a calm after the first 50 birds had been shot. A thinly clouded sky obstructed the sun's rays for a few minutes after the race began. The sun then shone clear and hot for a half hour, after which the clouds again deadened its brightness. The race began at 10:33 and ended at 12:24.

The short boundary, 30yds., made quick and accurate work absolutely necessary. Capt. Money shot with excellent judgment on birds fast or slow, and although the birds were a very good lot he rarely allowed one to become hard. Edey shot an excellent race, but he made hard shooting some of the time by delaying a moment too long. A number of the birds which he lost were hard hit, but died out of bounds.

After the match there were not a sufficient number of members to hold the club's cup shoot, so it was postponed. A match between two of the club members and a few sweeps pleasantly filled up the hours of the afternoon.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

5 1 5 1 4 5 1 4 5 4 3 5 5 1 4 1 4 4 2 1 5 5 4 1
Money, 23.....1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1—23
3 1 4 1 3 1 2 3 3 5 4 5 5 4 5 1 1 2 3 4 1 4 2 3
Edey, 27.....2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1—24
1 4 4 2 1 1 1 1 4 3 4 2 3 1 2 2 2 5 2 4 2 1 4 1 5
2 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 *—21
3 2 4 5 5 4 5 1 2 3 3 1 1 1 3 1 3 1 2 1 2 3 2 3 4
2 1 * 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 * 2 2—21
5 3 1 3 5 3 4 5 2 5 5 1 3 1 3 3 2 3 5 2 3 5 2
2 1 2 2 0 * 2 * 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 *—21-87

NEW UTRICHT GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16.—This was a perfect day for shooting, and fourteen members of the New Utrecht Gun Club took part in the regular bi-monthly target shoot at Woodlawn. A good breeze from the northwest made the targets somewhat erratic, and poor scores were made at the start, but all improved in their work later on. Mr. G. E. Greiff presented a cup to the club, to be known as the Troisdorf cup, and to be competed for at each target shoot under the same conditions and handicap as govern the club shoot. The cup will become the property of the member scoring the first four wins. P. E. George secured the first win for the Troisdorf cup.

Platt Adams won the club cup. Event No. 1 was the Troisdorf cup event, 25 targets, handicap allowance; No. 2 was the club cup event, 15 singles and 5 pairs; Nos. 3 to 7 were at 10 singles. The scores:

Deacon, 11110101101101111101111	—20
W H Thompson, 311100011110110100100011111	—18
Adams, 300100111101110001111111010	—18
Greiff, 011100110100111011011011	—17
Hegeman, 311101011110110100100010111	—17
F A Thompson, 2101001001100011010111110	—16
Bennett, 210100110010011000110100100	—12
Class B:		
George, 401101001111001100110011011	—18
Dr Shepard, 400011110100110000010110111	—14
Porter, 50001110010100011101110100001	—14
Hayden, 810110100000100011010000010011000—12	
*F A Bates0011001011000010101010100	—10
*H Money1111110101101110110110111	—21
* Guests.		
In the other events the scores were as follows:		
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	
Targets: 25 25 10 10 10 10	Targets: 25 25 10 10 10 10	
H Money.....18 13 8 9 10 6 8	F Thompson.....17 19 4 4 8 5 5	
Deacon.....18 17 6.....7	Dr Shepard.....17 w.....	
W Thompson.....17.....	Porter.....12	
Adams.....16 22.....	Hayden.....10 9 3 8 5 4 3	
George.....22 16 8 8 9.....	Bennett.....12 15.....	
Greiff.....14 20 9 6 9 7 10	Nostrand.....17.....	
Hegeman.....17 w.....		

The Macon Tournament.

The first target tournament of the Interstate Association for the season of 1898 was held in this city April 13, 14 and 15. Tuesday afternoon, April 12, practice shooting was indulged in by the members of the local club and such visiting shooters as had arrived, and seven 15-bird events were finished, with about fifteen shooters, five over the old, tried and true expert traps, which have served so faithfully under Manager Shaner's management for so many years past, and two over the magautrap, which the local organization has lately placed in position, and it is not saying too much to say that the old expert traps used by the Association never worked better, and shows what good care they have received at Manager Shaner's hands in their long years of service.

The tournament had quite a strange and ludicrous introduction. Paul North had dropped into town early in the morning, and finding Mr. Shaner had gone out to the grounds Paul thought he would also go out, and being a very great walker, and thinking he could find the way without any trouble or assistance, he decided to walk. They have been having a slight small-pox scare here for some little time, and the city has established a camp for the afflicted on the Fair Grounds, on a portion of which the tournament was held, and Paul in his meandering around, looking for Mr. Shaner, and the well-known tent of the Association, saw two or three tents pitched on one side of the grounds, and made a beeline for them, but was stopped by a man who cried out, "Go back! Go back!" But Paul, nothing daunted, insisted on going ahead, saying he was looking for the shooting grounds, whereupon the guard said, "This is no shooting ground, but a small-pox camp," and a moment or two afterward Elmer Shaner and Jim Baker noticed a large cloud of smoke coming across the grounds, and presently they made out Paul's form tearing down the race track, and emerging from the dense volume of smoke, which was all caused by his burning the air in his anxiety to put distance between himself and the small-pox camp. Now, if any one for a moment imagines that Paul is not an expert sprinter they have only to mention small-pox, when they will at once change their mind.

As mentioned previously, the traps were located on the Fair grounds, located about a mile from the center of the city, and they faced almost due east. The background was not of the best, as the grounds are inclosed by a high board fence, having been used for a baseball grounds. Left-quartering birds from No. 1 trap were thrown nearly to the fence, while right-quarterers were rendered extremely difficult on account of a dense grove of pine trees just beyond the fence on the right.

A more charming city for a tournament than Macon could not have been selected. He who has not heard or read of Macon and its many beautiful women and open hospitality has lived in vain. The city has a population of 38,000 to 40,000, and is steadily growing. It is one of the thriving business cities of Georgia.

This was the first tournament given by the Association since the new rule allowing paid representatives to shoot for birds only was adopted, and it has been clearly demonstrated that it was a move in the right direction, as a glance at the scores for the first day will show. With twenty-five shooters participating, eighteen shot the programme through, six of which were trade representatives, and the other twelve shot for the money in every event. How different would have been the result had there been four or five trade representatives present shooting for the money, and experts at that. Not more than five or six would have shot the programme out, except for the targets. You could hear expressions of approval on all sides, and it will grow in favor as the ruling become more thoroughly understood.

The trade was represented by Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co.; A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun; H. P. (Du Pont) Collins, of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies; U. M. C. Thomas, Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Paul North, Cleveland Target Company, and J. H. Mackie, King Smokeless and Peters shells.

The visiting shooters from out of the city embraced Messrs. J. T. Anthony, J. W. Todd and B. W. Sperry, of Charlotte, N. C.; Col. Thos. Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; Capt. G. H. Swan, Geo. Peterman, John Wohlman and Joe Peters, of Charleston; Henry Meinert, Marietta, Ga.; W. P. Woodcock, Danville, Ky.; Dr. Henry, J. J. Garrett, Decatur, Ala.; R. G. McCants and M. L. Rice, Greenwood, S. C.; and F. G. Byrd, A. S. Hook, J. E. Avery, E. Crabb, C. Everett, from Atlanta, those from Greenwood and Atlanta having arrived in time for the second day, while Irby Bennett, of Winchester Arms Co., who was detained by important business matters, arrived in time for the live-bird day. Messrs. Etheridge, Baker, Bowdre, Greer, Holt, Hardeman, Wasner, Williams and Harris represented the home club.

The cashier's office was looked after by Mr. Walter Huff, assisted by D. W. Hill, while B. C. Epperson looked after the pulley box.

The trapping was done by colored men, and there was no cause for complaint on the part of the shooter. Taking it all in all, everything worked as smooth and harmoniously as could be desired by the veriest crank, and it was one of the most pleasant and successful tournaments ever held.

It is very seldom that you will find twenty-five shooters who will average as closely as those who shot on the first day, as a glance at the scores will show.

John W. Todd, of Charlotte, and Capt. Swan tied for first average with .876 per cent, Francis second with .853, and A. G. Courtney and T. Thomas third with .841. The day opened fair, but with rain threatening, and about 11 o'clock, when five events had been shot, it began to rain, and continued during the remainder of the day, but did not interfere with the shooting, and after the first five events were finished on the upper set of traps, event No. 6 was shot over the magautrap, when we again returned to the other traps on account of covering for the boys from the falling moisture, and the programme was concluded by 3 o'clock, after which an extra 15-bird event was shot on the set of expert traps, and one of the same kind over the magautrap, the latter being shot in quite a heavy rain. The scores for the first day follow:

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Courtney13	11	17	14	19	13	15	11	18	12
Du Bray8	12	11	13	17	10	14	15	17	12
Collins10	13	14	13	15	11	14	8	13	11
U M C8	9	14	9	10	4	10	8	12	9
North11	13	13	13	16	11	18	11	16	13
Meinert10	11	12	9	17	9	12	11	16	12
Baker11	13	18	9	15	10	13	11	17	11
Holt11	13	14	12	16	10
Swan13	14	18	14	16	10	17	14	19	14
Wohlman12	14	17	13	15	10	12	11	10	9
Peterman13	14	18	12	17	10	15	12	17	11
Hardeman11
Mackie14	12	15	13	16	10	18	12	15	10
Williams10
T Thomas12	14	18	14	16	13	17	12	15	12
Dr Henry9	9	12	10	11	10	14
Martin11	12	16	11	15	13	18	11	15	14
Francis15	14	17	12	17	14	17	10	15	11
Woodcock12	14	15	12	17	12	17	12	17	11
Todd13	13	17	12	18	15	14	13	17	11
Garrett15	9	17	12	16	13	17	12	18	13
Bowdre11	12	12	11	15	15	17	14
Anthony8	13	16	12	16	12	17	13	18	12
Sperry	14	12
Wasner	9

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY.

The day opened bright and clear, but rather cool for this section and season of the year, and a stiff breeze blew during the entire day, which accounts for the low scores, and not a single straight was made during the entire day's programme, 18 being top score in the 20-bird events, and 14 in the 15-bird events. Five events were shot over the expert traps and the programme concluded over the magautrap. Rain began falling about 11 o'clock, but did not interfere with the shooting, and the programme was finished by 3 o'clock. Paul North made the only straight of the entire day, which was in an extra 15-bird event over the magautrap. Col. Courtney won high average with 141 out of 170, .829 per cent.; Peterman second with 140, .823 per cent, and North third with 138, .811 per cent. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Courtney11	12	16	13	18	11	17	14	16	13
Du Bray10	13	15	9	16	7	17	11	14	6
Collins10	10	10	11	14	12	8	14	8
U M C8	8	12	10	16	9	15	8	15	11
North13	12	17	10	16	10	17	12	17	14
Wasner4
Francis9	12	18	11	15	10	17	13	14	11
Henry8	7
McCants11	12	18	10	11	14	17	9	8
Todd10	9	13	7	14	11	15	11	18	11
Arty10	9	15	12	14	13	17	6	15	12
Byrd11	11	13	13	13	13	13	11	14	10

Stevens6	9	14	9	14	10	10	9	6
Elwyn10	12	12	10	9	10	8	11
Crabb6	12	16	10	15	10	15	10	14	11
Garrett13	12	16	14	17	9	9	12	14	9
Evans10	11	17	10	17	10	12	11	10	13
Swan12	13	13	11	15	11	15	9	16	8
Mackie9	13	13	10	16	11	16	8	17	13
Woodcock10	11	17	10	16	13	16	9	16	9
Wohlman9	13	13	12	18	8	11
Peters7	7	5	6	6
Peterman12	14	17	14	16	11	13	11	18	14
Rice7	15	11	15	11
Martin10	13	16	13	18	11	15	11	15	13
Anthony12	10	16	13	12	13	17	12	15	9
Bowdre7	8	16	10	17	8	10	13	14	7
Sperry	9	7
Smith	9	7	8
Williams	6
Harris	11	12	9	14	12	14	7
Decatur	10	10
Shinholser	5
Ironson	9
Crump	9

FRIDAY, THIRD DAY.

This was devoted to live birds, the programme embracing one 5-bird, one 7-bird and two 10-bird events, and the day was all that could be desired, with a good wind to help the birds, and the birds were all first-class. All the shooters stood at 30yds.

The scores speak for themselves: No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$5; No. 2 was at 7 birds, \$7; Nos. 3 and 4 were at 10 birds, \$10.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Du Bray.....2222*4	02002*2-3	2021222221-9	2222222222-10
Angier.....11122-5	2202211-6	202111*222-8	1201101011-7
Rice.....20220-3	22*2220-5	2212222222-10	2222222222-10
McCants.....10202-3	222222*6	22222*200-7	2122020220-7
Bennett.....21222-5	2222020-5	2222222200-8	*222222220-8
Elwyn.....22222-5	2002020-3	2222012202-8
Crabb.....21*11-4	1110000-3	1201000210-3	1111111112-10
U M C.....20122-4	0122200-5	2021001202-6	0122*21022-7
Collins.....22221-5	1200222-5	0012212021-7	22222202002-7
Garrett.....21100-8	2000110-3
Graham.....01*00-1
Francis.....22222-5	0222*02-4	2222222222-10	2222222222-10
Crawford.....11112-5	22*1112-6	2022111111-9	113121*020-7
Anthony.....211*1-4	1021121-6	*1000121*2-5	22*1221211-5
Bowdre.....02110-3	21122*2002-7
Martin.....11121-5	2120220-5	2111222122-10	12222*2212-9

Kilbourn 22222112222222-
C. R. MIZNER

Erhardt's Annual.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 15.—Lou Erhardt sustained his reputation for conducting successful tournaments by demonstrating to the doubting ones that it is possible to have a large attendance at a strictly amateur shoot. This is a new departure from the old and established custom of open-to-all shoots. Many predicted all sorts of unsuccessful things for this venture, which, however, they will now have to retract, or lose their reputation as prophets. Be this as it may, the tournament was a decided success, and exceeded anything in the way of attendance at a target shoot in the West or South since the last San Antonio Midwinter.

The gathering was truly a representative one of the amateur shooters of this great and growing West. Erhardt has conducted several tournaments, at which the entries have exceeded this one, but these were of the kind that are designated as "plunder shoots." This shoot was devoid of these "bones of contention," as there was nothing but coin to shoot for here, and this can always be satisfactorily divided. Consequently everything passed off satisfactory, and while there were no big winners there were also none that are apt to become permanently "gun shy" from the fact that the game was entirely too expensive, and it is safe to predict that there are none among those who were present who will not be found here again next year, when Airy will as usual be doing business at the old stand. Those who came here with the expectation of winning big money were naturally disappointed, as it is a simple matter to figure out that this would be impossible where the programme consists of 15-target events and five moneys; but it must also be kept in mind that this very feature kept many shooting, where otherwise they would have dropped out. The sooner the idea of shooting for profit only is eradicated from the sport, the more popular will it become.

EXECUTIVE FORCE.

Under this head I will briefly refer to the grounds and the manner in which the shoot was run and also those who contributed by their labor to make it a success. The shooting was done on the ball grounds at Forest Park, a place most accessible for this purpose, being reached by electric line. The location is on a high ridge that overlooks the city, and which at once assures a sky background. There were three sets of traps in position, all arranged on the Sergeant system. On two of these the regular events were shot, while the other was used for extras, in which all were allowed to enter. The trade representatives were debarred from contesting for the money in the regular events. The extra set of traps was always well patronized, and there were plenty who were willing to pit their skill against the crackersjacks, and none need to imagine that this class had nice and easy pickings. Jack Parker was manager, as is always the case at Erhardt's shoots, but unfortunately he was a very sick individual during the entire shoot, and should have really been in bed in place of trying to conduct it. A bad case of the grip was what was ailing Jack, and he brought this with him from Detroit. Nevertheless the shoot passed off nicely, as there were others who came to the assistance of the management, as is usually the case under such circumstances. The cashier position was ably and acceptably filled by C. H. Wallingford, of DeKalb, Mo., who, without any assistance whatever, handled the numerous entries with a neatness and dispatch that was commendable.

IN ATTENDANCE.

There were Messrs. C. E. Latshaw, Geo. L. Carter and George Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.; W. H. Herr and M. S. Kempton, Concordia, Kans.; Frank Hodges and W. L. Lemon, Olathe, Kans.; George Hall, Geo. W. Stevenson, Jr., A. H. Barlow, and H. F. Talbot, Waterville, Kans.; Walter M. Howe, Dave Elliott, C. C. Herman, Chris S. Gottlieb, T. F. Norton, J. W. McCurdy, Chas. Wright, Walter Bruns, J. J. Cornett and W. H. McGee, Kansas City; F. Miller, Berwyn, Neb.; Al Martin, Highland, Kans.; Andy Fulton, Bendena, Kans.; Dan Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; A. C. Connor, St. Louis, Mo.; Geo. Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; C. T. Callison, Cummings, Ia.; H. E. Blasier, Williamsburg, Ia.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; W. H. Allen and J. S. Thomas, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; C. F. Reust, Frankfort, Kans.; C. C. Holzworth (Hayden), A. M. Bernhardt and W. S. Duer, Hastings, Neb.; H. C. Mortenson, Britt, Ia.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kans.; W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; A. J. Lawton, W. R. Mason, Art. Matthews, D. L. Macaffree, J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, Col.; E. M. Fish, (Kabo), C. M. Churchill (Marks), Eau Claire, Wis.; C. T. Percival, W. C. Page and W. Wolfe, Bonaparte, Ia.; G. W. Goff and W. H. Koehler, Leavenworth, Kans.; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore, Neb.; Tom Graham, Rosedale, Mich.; C. B. Cockrell, F. N. Cockrell, J. W. Davis, and Dr. S. Redman, Platt City, Mo.; F. A. Reynolds, Gothenburg, Neb.; Dr. M. S. McGrew, Holton, Kans.; Fred Bohner, and J. W. Den, Arapahoe, Neb.; A. D. Renfro, South Cedar, Kans.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; F. R. Patch, Hartley, Ia.; E. D. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; L. C. Worthington and W. R. Milner, Des Moines, Ia.; N. D. Gardner and T. B. Curtis, De Kalb, Mo.; H. S. Montgomery, Topeka, Kans.; F. L. Gregg, St. Joe, Mo.; Dr. R. S. Dinsmore, Troy, Kans.; J. Gray, Severance, Kans.; F. E. Ruggles, Jewel City, Kans.; Henry Thiele and Howard Davidson, Junction City, Kan.

The trade was represented by John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co., Batavia, N. Y.; Wm. Crosby, of the same place, who is pushing the Baker gun, and Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., well known as the shooting representative of the Peters Cartridge and King's Powder companies.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

This is perhaps one of the most interesting features of a tournament, and more attention is paid to this when summarizing on the results than anything else. There was \$50 set aside for general averages at this shoot, which was to go to the seven high guns divided as follows: \$12, \$10, \$8, \$5, \$5, \$5, \$5. Altogether twenty-six shot through the whole programme for the three days, and of all these only one finished with a percentage of 90. Duer by his great shooting on the first day was easily first with a good margin to spare, as he leads his nearest competitor 18 birds. For this display of nerve and skill he receives \$12, and no more popular win could have occurred, so it goes without saying that none envy him his success. The next six high guns are all bunched, only 8 birds separating the second from the seventh, which shows how evenly the contestants were matched. Of those who got a part of this money none finished so strong as Lawton, who finished in fifth place, passing a number when he thought he was hopelessly out of it. This average money kept up the interest in the shoot until the very last, and also encouraged some to continue when otherwise they would have dropped out. This is a thing that should be embodied in every programme.

Shot at. Broke. Av.			Shot at. Broke. Av.				
Duer	450	413	917	Hagerman	450	375	833
Worthington	450	395	877	Barlow	450	375	833
Reust	450	394	875	Graham	450	375	833
Garrett	450	389	864	Bray	450	373	828
Lawton	450	388	862	Patch	450	371	824
Gottlieb	450	388	862	Linderman	450	370	822
Kabo	450	387	860	Norton	450	367	815
Peterson	450	385	855	Miller	450	366	813
Herr	450	381	846	Trotter	450	363	806
Mortenson	450	381	846	Hallowell	450	346	768
Rogers	450	379	842	Milner	450	341	757
Conner	450	378	840	Cockrell	450	339	753
Ray	450	375	833	Ferguson	450	313	695

APRIL 13, FIRST DAY.

The low averages to-day will doubtless be a matter of much comment when read by the shooters who were not present, as one would naturally surmise that in a field of shooters such as are assembled here, comprising nearly all the crack amateurs of the West, many would have a percentage of 90 for the day's shooting. To thoroughly understand the conditions one would have had to be present. Such a gale of wind as prevailed here to-day I have never seen equaled while a tournament was in progress. The nearest approach to this was the weather encountered at Joplin two years ago. Puzzling and deceptive flights will scarcely properly describe the antics of the targets.

One shooter nevertheless came through it all in triumph. He is one of the most gentlemanly and popular young shooters in the entire West—Billy Duer, of Hastings. To make an average of .926 on such a day is certainly a most extraordinary piece of shooting, and is the most creditable performance that has come under my observation for quite a while. The number of targets that separate him and the nearest of those who are tie for second position will of itself attest this. Four are tied for second position, but 13 birds separate them from Duer, while their average is but .84, which is very good under the conditions.

The other creditable performance of the day was Gottlieb's 35 straight; he started off with this, but was unable to maintain it. Reust wound up with a run of 34 straight, which remained unfinished.

The attendance was good. Seventy-five participated, of which number fifty shot through the entire programme. The greatest entry in any event was sixty-eight, and the least fifty-six. Keith-

line, Jacobson, Duncan and Gregg shot in only one event. The other seventy-one are shown in the table attached.

The weather was bright, though the wind referred to above made it cold and disagreeable.

AVERAGES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Cent.
Duer	14	13	14	13	14	14	15	13	14	15	150	139	.926
Rogers	13	12	14	12	12	15	11	12	11	14	150	126	.884
Marks	12	13	14	12	13	10	14	13	12	12	150	126	.840
Connor	13	13	13	12	14	13	14	14	10	10	150	126	.840
Elliott	12	11	14	12	12	12	12	13	13	14	150	126	.840
Gottlieb	15	15	11	11	9	12	13	13	12	15	150	124	.826
Peterson	15	14	12	12	11	9	13	13	12	15	150	124	.826
Ray	11	14	10	11	15	12	13	11	15	14	150	124	.826
Bray	10	12	12	13	14	9	14	14	12	12	150	122	.813
Sumner	11	14	12	12	11	12	15	11	12	12	150	122	.813
Koehler	12	11	15	9	10	13	14	10	13	14	150	121	.806
Garrett	12	13	9	10	13	14	13	10	14	12	150	120	.800
Ruest	13	11	12	11	11	9	11	11	15	15	150	119	.793
Kabo	15	15	12	12	13	10	10	14	10	10	150	119	.793
Patch	15	13	11	11	7	13	12	12	13	13	150	118	.786
Linderman	13	11	12	12	12	14	11	7	14	12	150	118	.786
Heer	10	10	12	12	14	12	11	14	10	10	150	117	.780
Barlow	14	13	14	9	11	11	19	10	12	12	150	117	.780
Lat	12	14	14	9	12	13	11	12	8	11	150	116	.773
Norton	13	12	12	13	10	10	9	13	11	12	150	116	.773
Worthington	14	14	13	9	14	7	14	12	9	10	150	116	.773
Lawton	10	12	11	11	11	9	13	12	12	14	150	115	.766
Hagerman	10	10	11	11	12	13	12	11	15	10	150	115	.766
Running	12	12	13	13	11	8	13	9	10	14	150	115	.766
Carter	9	11	13	11	13	11	13	11	7	12	150	113	.753
Mortenson	10	10	13	11	11	9	14	8	12	12	150	110	.733
Hall	12	11	15	11	9	10	9	12	12	15	150	110	.733
Graham	13	11	11	10	9	10	11	12	13	13	150	109	.726
Ferguson	10	12	11	13	10	9	12	10	11	11	150	109	.726
Hill	13	11	11	9	11	10	13	8	11	12	150	109	.726
Thomas	7	14	9	11	9	11	11	11	13	13	150	109	.726
Stevenson	11	10	10	12	11	5	13	10	12	10	150	107	.713
Wright	12	10	14	10	13	9	9	8	9	12	150	106	.706
Lytle	12	11	9	10	12	9	11	10	10	10	150	106	.706
Miller	10	11	12	10	11	12	9	10	8	12	150	105	.700
Hayden	13	6	12	11	8	14	12	10	7	12	150	105	.700
Mason	9	12	9	11	12	11	10	11	10	10	150	105	.700
Milner	12	10	10	10	11	10	12	9	10	9	150	103	.686
Herman	11	11	8	10	12	9	13	8	9	12	150	103	.686
Smith	8	10	9	10	10	10	13	11	7	12	150	100	.666
McAfee	7	9	9	12	11	10	12	10	10	9	150	99	.660
Trotter	7	8	12	11	8	10	11	12	10	9	150	98	.653
G E T	13	11	7	10	6	11	11	10	7	12	150	98	.653
Talbot	13	7	8	10	11	11	11	7	11	11	150	95	.633
Sergeant	12	10	8	10	10	7	9	9	11	8	150	94	.626
Berney	12	11	12	6	7	11	6	10	8	11	150	94	.626
McCurd	8	10	10	10	12	11	6	11	8	6	150	92	.613
Cockrell	6	10	7	11	10	4	10	8	12	12	150	90	.600
Hallowell	11	9	6	9	3	10	10	7	11	11	150	86	.573
Allen	5	5	8	9	7	9	5	10	11	11	150	74	.493
Fanning	11	14	12	11	10	8	12	13	13	11	150	73	.487
Matthews	11	14	12	11	10	8	12	13	13	11	150	73	.487
Page	12	11	12	11	10	8	12	13	13	11	150	73	.487
Clyde	11	10	13	8	11	10	11	9	13	13	150	67	.447
Wolfe	12	8	12	11	9	12	10	12	12	12	150	87	.580
Fulton	11	15	7	7	9	11	12	14	14	14	150	86	.576
Jones	9	10	13	11	11	6	13	11	11	11	150	74	.493
Boelmer	10	10	10	13	10	12	12	8	10	10	150	85	.567
Percival	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	150	60	.400
Den	9	9	10	11	9	9	10	11	10	10	150	79	.527
Simms	12	10	9	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	150	58	.387
Cable	11	10	10	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	150	58	.387
Davidson	12	10	8	11	11	5	8	11	11	11	150	65	.433
Hodges	8	10	11	10	9	6	9	10	10	10	150	63	.420
Lemon	10	7	12	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	150	60	.400
Bruns	5	10	10	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	150	60	.400
Thiele	5	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	150	75	.500
Blasier	7	12	11	11	11	5	7	8	11	11	150	90	.600
Jackson	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	150	30	.200
Shaw	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	150	30	.200
Kempton	8	3	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	150	60	.400

APRIL 14, SECOND DAY.

The gale of the previous day had almost subsided, which had a noticeable effect on the shooting, for to a great extent the improved averages of the day can be attributed to this. In the morning it was still blowing some, but by the afternoon the wind had entirely subsided. This made it an ideal day for shooting, as the sun shone bright and warm. There was a marked increase in the attendance, something that is rarely the case, as one seldom sees the entry list on the second day of a tournament exceed that of the first. To-day there are as many who reached the 90 mark as there were 80s on the first. In this lot Worthington and Fanning tied for high honors; in the next place there were four—Garrett, Kabo, Reust and Crosby. Three others—Duer, Herr and Cornett—just scored an even 90. There was an abundance of straight in nearly all the events.

The largest number of entries in any event was eighty-three, the first. This was fifteen in excess of the highest of the previous day. There were not quite as many who shot through, but this came about for the reason that the supply of birds on the grounds became exhausted, and many would not wait until others could be brought from the city. This may seem rather strange, though it is excusable because the supply on the grounds was larger than the number used the day before, and as mentioned above, it is rarely the case that more targets are used on the second day of a shoot. In all there must have been more than 13,000 targets used during the day. Aside from the regular events, extras were continually in progress on a separate set of traps.

AVERAGES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Worthington	14	15	15	14	14	15	13	12	15	13	150	140	.933
Fanning	14	12	15	14	14	14	15	14	13	15	150	140	.933
Garrett	15	13	13	14	14	15	14	12	15	13	150	137	.913
Kabo	14	13	12	14	15	15	15	13	12	13	150	136	.906
Reust	15	15	14	14	15	13	15	13	12	10	150	136	.906
Crosby	13	12	13	14	14	14	15	14	14	13	150	136	.906
Duer	13	15	14	13	14	12	14	14	14	12	150	135	.900
Herr	14	14	14	12	15	13	12	14	14	14	150	135	.900
Cornett	15	13	15	14	11	13	13	14	14	13	150	135	.900
Lawton	11	14	13	12	15	15	14	12	13	13	150	134	.893
Hagerman	12	13	12	14	12	14	15	12	15	12	150	131	.873
Trotter	13	14	10	15	13	12	15	12	14	13	150	131	.873
W S Allen	13	12	15	13	14	13	13	13	13	12	150	131	.873
Marks	14	15	14	11	12	14	13	11	11	12	150	130	.866
Mortenson	14	15	9	14	13	15	15	11	12	12	150	130	.866
Barlow	15	13	13	14	13	11	13	13	12	15	150	130	.866
Hall	12	11	13	14	13	14	13	14	12	12	150	130	.866
Elliott	11	14	14	12	14	15	14	12	12	12	150	130	.866
Graham	12	12	14	14	12	11	13	13	14	14	150	129	.860
Callison	11	12	13	13	14	13	14	12	12	12	150	129	.860
Gottlieb	13	10	12	13	15	13	14	14	15	10	150	129	.860
Miller	13	13	14	13	11	14	15	10	13	13	150	129	.860
Norton	13	13	14	13	12	12	14	13	11	14	150	129	.860
Peterson	14	11	13	14	12	15	11	11	12	13	150	126	.840
Bray	13	12	13	14	14	13	13	10	12	11	150	125	.833
Patch	14	14	14	11	11	11	12	12	13	13	150	125	.833
Matthews	14	14	12	12	11	14	12	12	13	11	150	125	.833
Connor	14	12	14	15	10	11	15	11	10	12	150	124	.826
Hallowell	13	12	15	13	11	11	14	12	11	12	150	124	.826
Stevenson	13	11	14	8	15	13	15	11	12	12	150	124	.826
Ray	14	12	13	11	11	13	14	12	12	12	150	124	.826
Lat	14	12	13	13	12	12	11	14	12	11	150	124	.826
Rogers	14	11	14	12	11	10	10	13	14	14	150	123	.820
Hodges	12	11	14	13	12	12	13	7	15	14	150	123	.820
Linderman	13	10	13	9	14	12	13	12	12	14	150	122	.813
Macaffree	14	13	11	13	10	13	13	11	11	13	150	121	.806
Bochner	10	11	11	14	13	12	15	11	11	13	150	121	.806
Milner	13	11	14	13	11	13	14	9	13	10	150	120	.800
F N Cockrell	13	12	13	13	14	6	15	9	13	10	150	118	.786
Hill	13	9	10	15	13	9	11	14	11	17	150	116	.773
Mason	9	11	12	12	14	10	14	8	13	13	150	116	.773
Clyde	11	11	14	10	14	10	14	10	6	15	150	114	.760
Ferguson	14	10	7	8	12	10	14	12	10	10	150	108	.720
Martin	13	11	15	13	15	13	90	80	.888
Den	14	15	9	14	14	75	66	.880
Lemon	14	14	12	13	12	13	11	105	89	.847
Thomas	13	15	10	14	14	12	12	10	14	..	135	114	.844
Bergeant	11	14	12	12	14	11	12	14	14	..	135	114	.844
Goff	15	12	13	9	13	13	12	105	87	.828
Cockrell	12	12	11	14	8	15	15	12	120	99	.825
Berney	11	10	12	15	11	14	15	11	11	..	135	110	.814
Jayden	13	11	11	12	14	13	11	12	120	97	.808
Lunning	14	11	12	11	60	48	.800
Page	10	..	12	9	12	13	13	13	13	..	120	95	.791
Davis	11	12	13	15	10	12	10	12	120	95	.791

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 18.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

All day there was the deepest silence in the desert; but, as the shades of night came on, the scene became animated, and even noisy. Aquatic birds arrived in countless troops, and soon millions of hoarse and screaming voices filled the air with their wild harmony. Tartary is peopled with these migratory birds; and, as we contemplated their innumerable battalions wheeling about in the air, and thought of the many countries they had traversed, we used to please ourselves by imagining that some among these myriads might have passed over the lovely soil of France, and have sought their food in the plains of Languedoc, or in the mountains of the Jura. Huc's Tartary.

THE WAR AND YACHTING.

THE developments of the past few weeks, bringing the country actually to a state of war, have wrought a great change in the yachting situation, so that it is impossible to predict what the outcome may be. Up to a short time the outlook was promising enough in a way, with nothing magnificent or sensational in store in the way of international racing or big boats, but a certainty of good sport throughout the country among yachtsmen at large and in the smaller classes. On Long Island Sound the indications were for a lively and exciting season under the management of the Sound Y. R. A., with plenty of racing in the regular classes of 42ft. and under, and an unusual amount of sport in the new one-design classes. About Boston the conditions were equally favorable for a good racing season, with more new boats than about New York in the regular classes, and with some extra interest added through the Quincy Y. C. cup. In the West and on inland waters generally the outlook was good for yacht racing in all the smaller classes.

It is true that the prospects of sport on the coast in the large classes were even worse than usual, a little desultory racing on the part of Colonia, Amorita, Wasp and Queen Mab, a quiet and uneventful cruise of the New York Y. C., and possibly a mild attempt at class racing by Syce, Kestrel and a new boat in the 51ft. class being all that could be hoped for. Much as this state of affairs among the large yachts is to be regretted, it is obviously unavoidable under existing conditions, and as a compensation for the dullness and stagnation in this branch of yachting there has been an unwonted activity both in the domain of the smaller yachts and in the peculiar interest in the sport at large, as well as in the efforts of individuals, clubs and associations to extend and improve it.

The beginning of a war of uncertain duration has already so affected yachting that it is impossible to predict what the result may be. The developments thus far are hardly of a nature to warrant such an extreme step as that of the Larchmont Yacht Club in calling off all the races set for the season of 1898, and we hope and believe that such a measure will prove unnecessary. No similar action is thus far contemplated by the Massachusetts and Sound associations.

Of course, if the war is of long duration, there will be no thought of yachting. Many of the yachtsmen are already enrolled in the navy or army, and the indirect influences of a lengthy and serious war will of themselves put a stop to all sport. At the same time the chances now are that the war will be a brief one, and that the check to yacht racing will be but temporary, and affecting only the first part of the season. The greatest effect will be felt in the steam yacht fleet, through the permanent withdrawal of a number of the largest yachts.

With hostilities actually begun by the capture of seven or eight Spanish merchant vessels by the United States, some anxiety is felt for the safety of American yachts, of which a number are now cruising in the West Indies or the Mediterranean. The big Nahma, sister to May-

flower, now on her way from New York to the Clyde, would make a fine prize for Spain, as would Varuna, last reported at Constantinople on April 11, and Margarita, now in the Mediterranean. Of the smaller steam yachts in the same locality are Narada, Andria and Arcturus. Norma (schr.) left here for Naples on April 11. Fleur de Lys was at Horta on April 5. Intrepid (schr.) has returned to New York from Nassau, and the steam yacht of the same name is at Tebo's, where she has lain all winter, though reported as in the West Indies. May, Barracouta and several other steam yachts are now in the West Indies. The best that can happen to the yachts mentioned is that they may be tied up for an indefinite time in some safe neutral port. Nahma has been reported safe at Gourock on April 23. Andria put to sea from Leghorn on April 21.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is a well-established principle, recognized perhaps since Noah let the animals out of the ark, that when once a wild creature which has been held in captivity recovers its freedom, and passes beyond the possession and control of its captor, it is no longer his property, but will belong to anybody who may capture it. So familiar is this that in these days a counsel who advises his client to the contrary must be inexcusably ignorant. Yet we continue to hear of squabbles in the courts between losers and finders of wild animals.

In 1896 some of the seals confined in a pond at Glen Island, a pleasure resort in Long Island Sound near New York, escaped into the Sound, where subsequently one was captured by a fisherman, who sold it to Mr. Jas. A. Bradley, of Asbury Park, N. J. The seal was exhibited as an attraction at Asbury Park through the summer, and was sent for the winter to the National Zoological Park in Washington. Here it was seen by Capt. Mullet of New York, who recognized it by certain marks or abrasions on the fins as one which had escaped from Glen Island; and he laid claim to it as his property. When his ownership was disputed he brought suit for \$500 damages; and the case came up in the District Court in this city last week. Justice McKean held that there was no cause of action, since the seal, having escaped to its native element, was no longer the property of Capt. Mullet. This was no more than the Captain's lawyer should have told him in the beginning.

It will not do to be severe on the attorney in this private case, however, when we have just had presented to us a national blunder of precisely the same character, and involving an enormous sacrifice of public funds. In the Senate of the United States a resolution was introduced one day last week to pay Great Britain the sum of more than \$420,000, awarded by the Paris Tribunal as indemnity for our seizure of British sealing vessels in Bering Sea. The claim of the United States was that as we owned the Aleutian Islands, the breeding grounds of the seals, we had property rights in the seals after they had left our territory and betaken themselves to the high seas. Acting upon that claim, we sought to enforce our rights by seizing the sealers, which in the open sea were beyond our jurisdiction. The Aleutian Islands seal case goes on all fours with the Glen Island seal case; the same principles apply; when wild creatures escape beyond control of their former possessors, all rights of property in them terminate; and if it is sought either by individuals or nations to enforce rights which do not exist, the courts will find against them.

If the United States Senate can take time in the intervals of the conduct of the war to pay some attention to a defense of the forestry interests of our own country, it ought to put a damper on the plot which now menaces the forest reservations. An amendment has been offered in the Senate, to the Sundry Civil Bill, suspending indefinitely the orders creating forest reservations, proclaimed by the Executive on Feb. 22, 1897. This suspension, if put into effect, will amount to a virtual abandonment of the reserves forever, or at best until the timber thieves who are back of the suspension job shall have completed their ravages. The American Forestry Association has prepared a timely protest against the threatened nullification of the national forest reservation scheme; and has embodied its protest in

a memorial praying that if the surveys of the territories concerned have not yet been completed, so that more time shall be required for them, the suspension shall be limited to one year only, and shall not be made indefinite. This action of the Association is timely and patriotic. In times of war the timber plunderers will find their safest opportunities for despoiling the public domain; they are intent on picking Uncle Sam's pocket while his back is turned.

Human nature is pretty much the same the world over. The non-resident sportsman discrimination in our own country has its counterpart in far-off Ceylon, whose Game Protective Society is agitating against the foreign visitor. Complaints against the globe trotter, the secretary reports, are frequent and emphatic, and the general opinion among the members of the society is that the present facilities for sport afforded to visitors to the island should be discouraged by considerably increasing the cost of a license to such strangers. The complaints are doubtless well founded; and the sportsman from these United States visiting Ceylon would willingly pay his shot. He could indeed expect to receive, being a globe trotter far from home, no other treatment than that of an alien. But so long as one remains at home under the Stars and Stripes he is everywhere conscious of "the sublime fact," as Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, put it the other day, "that the citizens of all the States are citizens of our common country." And when going from one State into another he runs up against a non-resident hunting tax, such as they are now proposing for Maine, the sublimity of the thought receives a painful jolt.

Ceylon affords another illustration of the exercise of the principle of game protection which is coextensive with the dominion of Great Britain, and it is interesting to note that in that far-away land they recognize that the traffic in skins and horns is the factor of the problem most difficult to deal with. The skins of certain Ceylon deer are the most valuable received in European markets, and in consequence of this trade the species is threatened with extinction. The adoption of the Plank form is in order in Ceylon.

By the recent death of Dr. George W. Massamore, of Baltimore, the sportsmen of Maryland have lost one of the most earnest, active and efficient workers for game and fish protection in the history of the State. As secretary of the Maryland Fish and Game Protective Association Dr. Massamore stood before the people as the actual working agent of the Association. He was prompted by a sincere desire to promote the public good; and he possessed in addition to the very essential qualities of determination and perseverance a fund of common sense which never failed to stand him in good stead. The organization of the Maryland Association was largely due to his initiative; and its work was in his hands. His services in the public interest should be remembered with gratitude.

We have all heard the story of the fellow who told how when he was hoeing corn one day he caught a deer stalled in a snowdrift. He was outdone the other day by Judge J. Frank Fort, of Newark, N. J., who in a written opinion sapiently decided that the defendant in a game law prosecution had a right to go gunning on Sunday to protect his father's sprouting corn from ravages by crows—in September. It was this same Judge Fort also who, according to the Paterson Chronicle, gave his opinion that the law forbidding possession of game in close season was unconstitutional. Game cases are of minor importance compared with many others which occupy the attention of the courts. Heaven help the victims of Jersey justice who fall in the way of such judicial blundering and crass ignorance.

Martha's Vineyard has been stocked with pinnated grouse, which have been put out to replace the native heath hen. The heath hen, a correspondent writes, is practically extinct on the island, one chief cause leading to this result being woods fires which have swept over the breeding grounds. It is asked that visitors to the Vineyard shall respect the newly introduced grouse and give them immunity.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"Hark Back."

YOUR well-trained hunter has carried you, to your entire satisfaction, over a sporting country with a fast pack of hounds, a good fox in front. Bank and ditch, stone wall and brook safely past, there is a "check." Your horse is refreshed, yourself not sorry for time for reflection. A cast to right and left is made in vain. The master of foxhounds gives the command, "Hark back!" and soon the eager hounds take up the scent; you tighten the girths; your horse settles down to his work with renewed vigor; you are once more in the "ruck;" you follow on to the death. No such question remains in your mind as "Is life worth living?"

With feelings such as these, as an old sportsman who had gone far afield to fish every available salmon river, every well-known trout stream, having shot his legal number of moose, caribou and red deer, within reach of his wigwam in eastern Canada, I succeeded in securing a few days for reflection, rest and relaxation amid the "toil and moil" of this period of unrest of the nineteenth century; I decided to "hark back!" and take a canoe voyage of about 200 miles in a well-known chain of lakes in New Brunswick—the Squattick, Toledi, and Temiscouata—connected by the Madawaska River. Here

"At each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil."

On the principle of distance lending enchantment to the scene, I had previously passed these lakes by on the

be called, over hill and dale, and through alder swamp, the whole route being through ever-varying forest. At last, before night set in, the cheering sight of the lake caused us to quicken our steps until we reached the spot selected for our first camp.

It is needless to describe the theory and practice (the result of experience) of pitching tents (two), collecting fir boughs, cutting firewood, and settling down for the night. Oh, the delight of the first night in camp. The first meal has been a veritable feast. It may consist of the simplest of camp rations, but memories of that meal linger long in the heart of man, while the choicest cooking of New York's palace hotels or its most fashionable clubs is soon forgotten.

After such a camp repast you lie flat on your back on the spruce bough couch; smoke from the fragrant weed curls slowly from your mouth; you build delightful castles in the air, and you are in no hurry to knock them down. Here no tumult of sounds, the constant rumble of street cars or other motors, the shrieks of peddlers or newsboys, or the questionable music of street organ or street band, assaults your ear. The noiseless moose bird perches on the bough above your head. Your overtaxed brain is relieved from strain; worry has fled to the winds; you are out of reach of telegraph or telephone, newspapers, or hourly mail delivery; you are a free man. Oh, the delights of freedom in this free country after such an evening of repose! How sweet the sleep! How fresh the awakening! How fit the physical frame after the morning bath and the hearty breakfast. The breaking up of camp is not a tedious operation. There is always a sigh as you leave behind your picturesque camp; each spot on which you pitch your tent seems more picturesque than its predecessor.

Now we are busy with the welcome paddle in crossing this pretty lake, and you wonder why it received so sug-

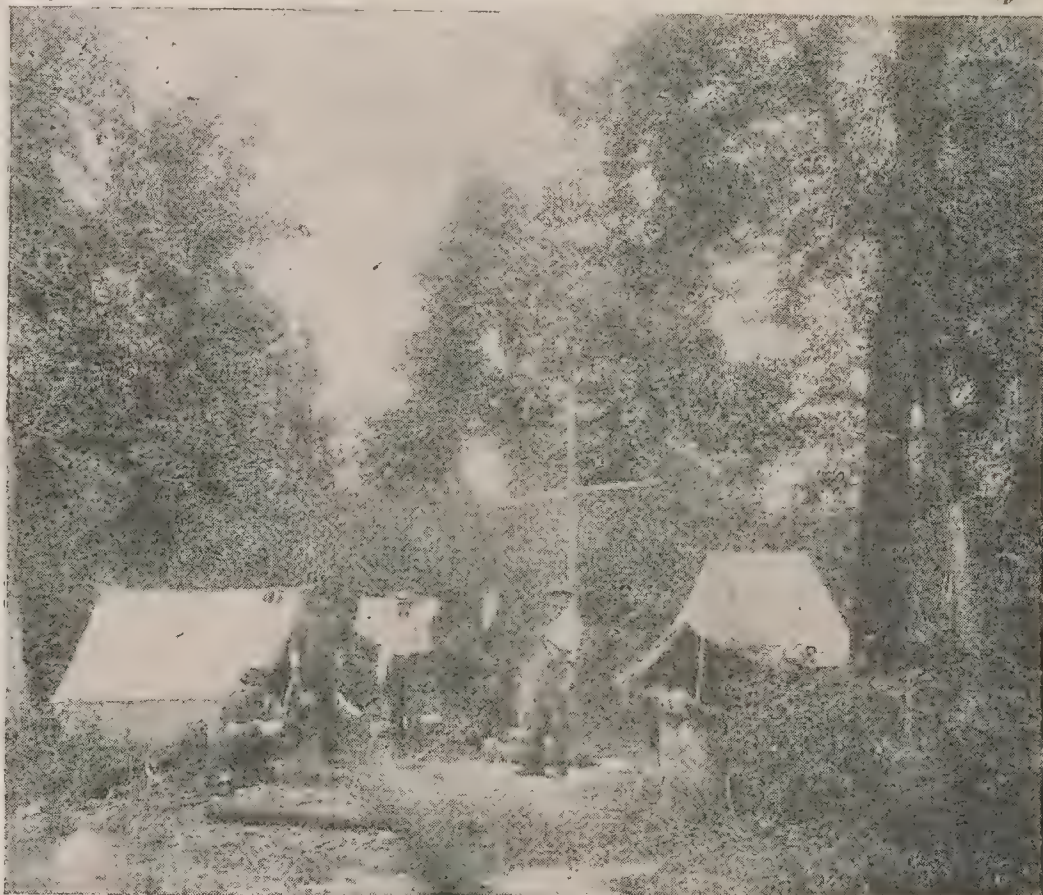
this ideal means of transport, a milicete canoe. You fish or let it alone at your sweet will. This is the poetry of existence.

Before reaching the lake the stream widens, and is less rapid. The waterlily, affording ample concealment for trout, is seen in abundance now in full bloom of autumn. Here by long casts from the canoe we picked up as many trout—several of them large—as the most ardent admirer of Izaak Walton could desire—and it was only the sun's sinking to rest behind the forest-clad hills that reminded us that we must "fix camp" ere night set in. Our camp that night at the head of the lake after a day full of enjoyment, ending with a swim in the lake, was one long to be remembered.

We were desirous of camping next night on the shores of Squattick Lake No. 3, within sight of Sugar Loaf Mountain, of which we had heard much regarding its beauty, as we had heard much too of the large trout in that lake. We therefore broke camp and pushed on at an early hour next morning. We had a strong head wind, and white men and red plied paddles in vain to reach the still waters leading to lake No. 3 before the midday meal, we were therefore forced to seek shelter on the lake shore for that purpose. After the much-needed refreshment we put on a spurt, and were amply rewarded before sun down on suddenly coming in view of Sugar Loaf Mountain. Of the many well-known European and American bits of mountain scenery none have made such a lasting impression on my memory as this Sugar Loaf Mountain, with the deep forest-clad dells and recesses at its base, the most beautiful of the Squattick lakes, studded with islands beneath and the setting sun of early autumn beyond. It required more than one call from our guides to detract our attention from the view, and fix it on the fishing grounds we had approached. Here we made many casts without success.



CAMP AT HEAD OF LAKE.



CAMP AT SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN.

other side without a thought. To these happy fishing grounds I bent my steps in September last in search of that well-earned rest and relaxation which can best be found in forest and stream.

All sportsmen know by heart the preliminary details as necessary for the canoe voyage, the autumn moose call or the winter still-hunting of caribou or deer; but few, however, realize the importance of the proper selection of the "companion du voyage"—the comrade in tent or wigwam, on barren or in green wood. This has been brought prominently forward in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the delightful essays on "Men I Have Fished With." I can with truth say that looking backward through a long vista of years of the many men I have fished with, my "pal," my comrade on this occasion, my friend in the hour of need or in the bright sunshine of summer day sport was the "survival of the fittest." When you combine the qualities of keenest sportsman with the rare talents of geologist, entomologist and ornithologist, one skilled with pen and pencil, ever ready with camera and kodak, and possessing the never-failing secret of "how to keep his temper" under circumstances the most trying, you have an ideal man, hard to find, one you are loth to part with. Such a man I found, and sad it was to say the last farewell, as but recently he sailed with his regiment for the West Indies. Let his name here be Blank, though it will ever remain fresh in my memory. Moreover, we were fortunate in the selection of Indians (two)—Michell and Banard. These we secured at the Indian camp near Edmunston.

We made Edmunston our base of operations. Here we secured our supplies; here we obtained the last "tip" as to the killing fly for the Squattick lakes; here in the "coöperative store" of the place, where everything from a needle to an anchor can be purchased, we learnt of the difficulties of the route in prospect. These were painted in the darkest colors, and here one of our Indians drank "success to sport" in the vilest of prohibited liquors. From this point (Edmunston) to Otterburn on Temiscouata Railway, thirteen miles, you have your choice of means of locomotion, road, river or rail. At Otterburn, however, you leave all traces of civilization behind, save the rudely constructed means of transit with man and horse, for our two canoes—a sort of bob-sled with skis attached, built on the river bank while our midday meal was being cooked.

The portage to Mud Lake—prosaic name—is long and tedious, eight miles over tortuous road, if road it can

gestive a name as Mud Lake. Soon, too soon, you learn how to appreciate the name. The steersman in each canoe points to a low mud bank, and again you wonder where is the exit. There is an imperceptible passage through the bank hidden by interwoven alders. Oh, how interwoven! Through these in a narrow stream—if stream it can be called—we push the canoe. We push, we pull, we drag. Again and again a springy alder strikes us on the face or head as it flies back from the bow man. My comrade is put to the test, but he never fails to keep his temper. For four weary hours this "hide and seek" through alder bushes continues, and at last—happily at last—each canoe is carried directly westward and downward by the swift current of a clear stream—one with open gravel banks and gently rising hills. Here the graceful elm and the hardy oak succeeded the network of alders. We can now breathe freely as we glance swiftly down this lovely stream leading into Squattick Lake No. 4 to the cheeriest song of the now happy canoeist.

The only thing to be regretted in this part of our voyage is that in full enjoyment of rapid transformation as compared with the slow progress of our alder bush experience, we passed over without a "try." The gentle angler too must be reminded that at this time of year—early in September—trout are not "grouped" in pools at the mouth of cool springs, as is the case in midsummer fishing, where large "scores" are made, and where the "scales" are often resorted to with the view to the record as regards large trout being broken. No, every inch of water, so to speak, had now to be carefully fished in order to secure a "bag." We found this the case as we pulled up for the midday meal at a lonely spot at a bend in the stream—an ideal trout stream. Here we fished carefully, but the trout rose short, and it required the long cast, and quick striking with frequent change of fly to secure enough pan fish (no large trout) for the meal.

After this delightful break in the journey (we were loth to leave a spot perfect in picturesqueness and affording fair sport) we pushed on in order to reach Squattick Lake No. 4 before night set in. How we enjoyed this "gently down-stream" experience! No hurry or undue excitement; no train to be caught; no business engagement to be kept; no ringing up of "Central," to put you on the track of some unoffending mortal, who, like yourself, prefers peace and quiet to the whirligig of business life. No, you simply move gently down stream in

—the fish merely breaking the water to sport with our fly—until my comrade tried a fly given us by a friend at Edmunston. On this he hooked a monster as compared with any fish previously taken. I made a similar change of fly, with similar success, and soon we had fish and fishing to our hearts' content. At last we pointed the bows of our canoes for the camping grounds, the most picturesque beneath the shadow of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

After dreams, in which our favorite bits of Swiss mountain scenery seemed blended harmoniously with angling and anglers of Canada, we were early astir, to return to the sport of the last evening. In our eagerness we found that we had long to wait before the rising hour of the slumbering trout. When, however, that hour did arrive we were amply rewarded. After a well-earned breakfast we again returned to the favored spot, and again "in him" was the only audible sound that interrupted our reverie. A sporting friend with two French guides, whom we had expected to meet in these parts, and who had started for this lake from the opposite direction, now appeared on the scene, and after friendly greetings and comparing of notes we were as a party similarly occupied in having excellent sport, when one of the guides discovered a splendid specimen of male caribou, with wide spread antlers, swimming directly toward us. The first impulse at such a time is to seize one's rifle; the second thought is whether it is the close season for caribou. Prudent second thoughts prevailed on this occasion, and we merely admired the scene as this denizen of the forest swam proudly across this picturesque lake, though one canoe party struck out, using every exertion in trying speed with the caribou, and simultaneously caribou and canoe reached the lake shore, when the proud animal leaped gracefully on the bank and was soon lost to sight in the dark forest.

Fain would we linger long on the shores of this lovely lake—I strongly advise the gentle angler not to hurry past such happy fishing grounds. But our limited leave of absence necessitated our pushing on; we therefore struck camp one bright autumn morning and steered our barque for Squattick lakes 1 and 2, pulling up to fish every likely spot, and we were neither disappointed at the sport, nor at the picturesqueness, ever varying, of the country through which we passed. Our midday meal was at the forks, where the Toledi River joins the outlet from Squattick lakes. Here we were having excellent sport with large trout, when a thunderstorm set

in. Such a thunderstorm—rain coming down in bucketsful. Hoping it would clear and knowing of good trout pools at the outlet of Eagle Lake we plied pole and paddle to reach that lake before evening had set in. We accomplished this, but the thunderstorm continued, and in vain we cast our brightest flies—May flies; wings painted red, green or blue would not fetch the trout, so we decided with no angelic temper to spread our own wings as angels, now seriously despoiled by rain, and fly from this spot. In carrying out this resolve we neither left behind the steady downpour of rain nor our much ruffled temper. Down stream—a now swollen stream—we dashed at no ordinary speed, making for a settler's house fifty miles from nowhere at the forks. Nothing so successful as success; we reached it as dark was setting in. There was, however, sufficient light to discover the dirt and discomfort in this hut, 18ft.x18ft., and the presence of ten or twelve brats of boys and girls of ages ranging from one to ten years. You could not take a step to the front without tumbling over a boy or girl. We beat a hasty retreat, and with much difficulty, amid the long-continued thunder shower, cooked an evening



AN IDEAL TROUT POOL.

meal. With the morning dawn, the long-wished-for dawn, there was a clear sky, all evil thoughts had fled to the winds, even the dozen boys and girls, who came to cheer us as we glided down the rapids, or to fling one last stone at us, seemed comparatively clean. Down the Toledi stream we went, through lake and on river; now coming across a flock of flappers; now stopping off to fish; now taking a snap shot at an ideal trout pool—or last, not least, to cook the inevitable midday meal. It was toward evening ere we reached Lake Temiscouata, and we were once more on the outskirts of civilization. Here and there a settler's hut could be seen, and there were evident signs of that spoiler of the picturesque the lumberman's axe. Nothing, however, even the appearance of the railway train from Riviere du Loup, or the advent of a bike on the road on the western shore of the lake, could quite mar the scenery of this grand lake, with hill and dale, forest and stream, as background for its blue waters. Happily in this country we have not yet reached that stage of over-civilization spoken of in Merrie England, where at a bend of a trout stream (the Itchin) the angler sees on a board the advertisement in big letters:

IF YOU CAN'T CATCH 'EM WITH QUILLS
TRY —'S PILLS.

We camped that night on the lake shore opposite the village of Notre Dame du Lac.

We made an early start next morning with the view to reach Edmunston (thirty miles), the starting point of our trip, before sunset. At St. Rose, the outlet of the lake, we were surprised at the large size of the trout taken in the Madawaska River, and from that until we reached Edmunston we were kept busy with rod and landing net. Here at Edmunston endeth, not our first lesson in fishing, but a trip to which in winter evenings or on summer days one can "hark back" to as among the most enjoyable of autumn holidays. MICMAC.

FREDERICTON, March, 1898.

Penobscot River.

Air: Gypsy's Warning.

In thy youth among the mountains,
Thou art but a wayward child;
Ever singing, ever babbling,
To the forest lone and wild.

Grown to manhood thou art mighty,
Fierce and strong, and full of life;
Foaming, leaping, hoarsely shouting,
In the wildest, maddest strife.

But with age thy waters deepen,
Rushing onward, bold and free;
And thy life ends, ebbing, flowing,
Battling with the restless sea.

I was born beside thy waters,
* Where they fall with deafening roar;
And I played in childhood's hour
On thy legend-haunted shore.

Oh, I love the lonely forests,
Whence thy waters rise and flow;
Where the moose and deer are hiding,
Where the pines and larches grow.

Some may sing of Western rivers,
Sweeping broad o'er turbid sand,
But give me thy reckless waters,
"Old Penobscot," thou art grand!

Hermit, in Boston Sunday Globe.

* Old Town Falls.

Mr. Burnham's next paper will deal with Yukon outfitting and personal experience on the trail.

The Island of Marquez.

An account of the first expedition to California, compiled from original sources for children of all ages.

(Continued from page 324).

FOR five days after this there was little to note except the increasing dryness of the country. On the sixth morning Juan sat gazing fixedly, while the pioneers saddled their horses and prepared to march. When all was ready he touched Estrada and pointed in a direction somewhat more westerly than they had thus far come. The party had left the immediate neighborhood of the river on account of the difficult nature of the traveling, but thus far they had been able to meet occasional water holes in the gullies, which were marked by a greener herbage or a different kind of bushes. Now toward the south the horizon seemed smoky, while further west the sky, though hazy, was clear.

Juan pointed south, held the hollow of his hand to his mouth, went through the pantomime of sipping and then shook his head; no water there. Then turning westward and pointing to himself as the guide he showed that they would reach water in one sleep. Estrada, however, did not like to vary his course. He thought he was near the river and could follow it down. Accordingly they started south, Juan sulkily, the rest with the intention of either finding water by midday or then changing their course.

The decision came near being a fatal one. Little by little the sky seemed to become brassy, and the hot air had in it a smell of sulphur. Plumes of smoke and vapor shot up now and then from the level desert ahead, but the sharp-eyed wanderers had caught a distant sparkle as of a pond or lake and kept doggedly on. A light northerly breeze seemed to press back the vapor before them and help the advance. And now it was glaring noon, and just beyond the seeming pond some two or three miles away was seen a hillock about 50ft. high and other small mounds dotted the country all over the southern view. Now and again a feathery crown of vapor would rise from one or another hillock, as they looked, and drift off on the wind. No living thing had been seen that day save a lizard and one hawk that skimmed low over the ground in fruitless hunt. The water skins held store for one night, but they were now partly empty and must be filled at the lake to insure the supply. For an hour or more the band toiled on, the Indian clearly frightened and the priest becoming suspicious of Juan's possible connection with the underworld, and at length they came to the sparkling surface that had lured them on. It was indeed a pond, but what water! Beyond a dirty margin of whitish crust spread a black liquor coated in places with a yellow scum, glittering with rainbow colors as the ripples passed. Even as they stood horror-struck, the hillock beyond the pond sent up a spout of vapor, and dark mud could be seen trickling down its sides. For a moment the fitful breeze veered to the south. The hawk, which had towered for a view, caught a strong whiff of the smoke and came to the ground fluttering and gasping. Even the men were nearly stifled with the sulphur fumes, and waiting for no prayers or exorcisms to take effect they started west. The good father, muttering some remedial texts, picked up the strangling bird and carried him for an hour until he had recovered enough to soar alone, while the men, thankful for their escape, though still anxious for the future, asked themselves whether these hillocks were not the mountains of fire spoken of on the map. Meanwhile they thought more of the Indian's intelligence, and he, with recovered serenity, trotted over the sharp and burning stones, humming in dreary, monotonous recitative some tale of boasting or of magic wonders. As the band lay that night, waterless, but thankful, Estrada agreed with the others that they had seen the ink pot of Satan, and the place is named, as they called it, the "tintero," to this day.

It was during the painful experiences of this day that Father Jayme's courage seems to have faltered for the only time on the whole expedition, rather through a dread of the infernal powers than from any fear of bodily pain. Several times during the advance to the ink pot and its smoking hill he urged the party to turn homeward, quoting the phrase of Vergil, "Easy is the descent to hell. Hard is the backward path." I admit that the text of Martinez must be a little amended to get this meaning, but it seems to be approximately proven. The blunt soldier gives the words of the priest, repeated several times with slight variations, as follows: "Faciles deseeos haber ni sed. Revocar agrado que labor." These words are all Spanish, to be sure, but the sentences are neither idiomatic nor indeed grammatical. The simple chronicler seems to have thought this an elegant way of saying "It is easy to wish not to be thirsty. What (bootless) toil it is to take away contentment." Read the line, however, as it is pronounced and you have very nearly "Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum hic labor"—a sentence which is not indeed in the Vergilian order, but represents the passage as usually quoted.

The next morning, when the dawn drew its first pale band in the east, the Spaniards were on foot, and waiting for no breakfast started at once, taking advantage of the brisk winter air for a rapid march. The Indian, with much willingness and evidently knowing the country well, took a rapid pace toward some low barren hills looming like a black ribband in the southwest. By 7 o'clock in the morning, when the edge of the sun was just peeping above the desert, they drew near a rocky ravine with a few shrubs in it, when Juan crouched down and pointed eagerly. Bejar was the first to see something moving among the shadows where the Indian pointed, and soon all could distinguish six animals looking very large in the early light. For a moment the Spaniards thought that they had come to a country of shepherds, for the animals looked like common sheep when some distance away. But Bejar drew near to the flock, which stood gazing curiously, and managed to kill one of the females with his match-lock, though he missed the ram with great horns that he aimed at. Martinez calls the game a goat, because apparently of the curving horns carried by the female, and says that they had no wool. Clearly, however, the creatures were mountain sheep, come for

their morning draught to the desert spring, which the travelers soon approached.

Here, with much eagerness, all drank, though the water was still somewhat bitter, and then they cut up the wild sheep and cooked part of it for breakfast, while Father Jayme with fervent thankfulness intoned "De profundis clamavi."

And now, after two days' rest at this spring, Estrada wished greatly to bend his course gradually to the eastward, so as to reach the sea on its western side and be able to guide his steps with better knowledge. He talked much to the Indian boy by signs, for by this time the explorers had learned to understand this method of mute speech pretty well, and to be astonished also at the identity of gestures used to explain the same thing in different tribes—so that many simple ideas could be exchanged by people who understood no word of each other's language.

Juan would not hear of any change of course as yet, but he let his captors (or rather now his companions) know that in four or five sleeps they would reach a region of plenty, which he called Cocopah. So Estrada and his friends decided to let Juan, who had already saved them from perishing on the desert, lead them out of this dangerous place.

In two days of a somewhat toilsome journey the ranges of hills which ridged the level desert began to show signs of vegetation. Cactus, mesal, and various thorny plants familiar already to the explorers in Mexico, began to be scattered more and more thickly over the stony surface; but there was still no sign of human life. The boy Juan, however, jogged stolidly on, as if now sure of his destination, and on the evening of the fifth day the party made camp by a small spring near which were seen traces of fire and a wretched shelter of brushwood. Juan now repeated his word Cocopah with much satisfaction, and made signs to indicate that there was always plenty to eat here, though appearances of the vicinity were not promising. Nor was the welcome of the natives warmer here than elsewhere. Bejar, who had started to look for the horses next morning, was grazed by an arrow from a hidden foe. As he was not armed at the time he came hastily back to camp and reported his adventure. Toward the end of this day's march, which was otherwise undisturbed, another brushwood hut was seen at some distance in a ravine, and with the boy Juan in the lead the party approached and discovered six male Indians (for the squaws, though doubtless present, do not seem to be counted here), who turned out to be Cocopahs, members of the clan which Juan was seeking. The savages were at first much startled, but after exchanging some discourse, which sounded like grunting, with the boy, they resumed their composure. It seemed from Juan's imperfect account, for he now pieced out his gestures with a few Spanish words, that food was not so plenty here as he had fancied. The rains, which had fallen to the eastward of the gulf, had not favored the western shore, and for over two years the always arid country had suffered from a complete drought. The mesal plants which formed the Indians' chief sustenance, had failed to mature in sufficient numbers to support them, and they had eked out a living with mussels from the beach. They were even now planning another trip gulfward, and Estrada, hearing this, decided to stay with this band at least for that trip.

Nevertheless, though there was little preparation to be made, several days were passed in this spot and in similar camps in the neighborhood before setting out for the sea, and two more Cocopahs had by that time joined the party. The provisions of the Spaniards were getting low, and Bejar and Martinez got two of the Indians to go with them after deer. A few deer were seen, most of which were very shy, and Bejar, who was a poor marksman and used his match-lock rather hastily, missed several shots before he finally got a deer. The guns were indeed heavy pieces, old enough to have seen service at Pavia, and not easy to handle, so that misses were very common. The report of the gun was at first terrifying to the guides, but they afterward looked on the firing rather as a magic ceremony, which had to be repeated a number of times before the charm would work.

The deer was sorely needed for food, though on this day the natives by careful search had succeeded in getting a few mesal plants, which were said to be the last that were fit to eat. These were roasted in a hole in which a fire was made, and stones heated, the entire mass being covered up with sand when the flames died down and left until morning. Martinez said that he and his friends tried this dish, which tasted almost as sweet as sugar cane, but was so filled with sand by the method of cooking that they feared for their teeth, and would not eat it again. They did, however, find among the broken mussel shells which lay around the old roasting holes a few small pearls, discolored by heat, and were straightway very eager to start at once for the shore. Estrada, like many a recent prospector, may well have had enticing dreams. He may have fancied that he was now in the very Golconda, the mother land of precious jewels. Did not the viceroy say that the Indies of Portugal touched this country on the northwest? Why should not an enterprising leader win provinces for Spain and honors for his own hand? Perhaps he saw himself gradually mounting the ladder of nobility: Count Adelantado, viceroy, grandee of Spain! And Father Jayme shared the general enthusiasm. He no doubt dreamed of new regions subject to the cross like that City of Goa in the Orient to which Saint Francis Xavier was sailing this very year. The good man may even have seen in his vision a lofty cathedral raised to cover the bones of a blessed martyr, canonized as Saint Jayme by a grateful church.

But Juan did not take much interest either in the pearls or in the journey. He communicated to Martinez and the priest the fact that the oldest of the Cocopahs had a wizard's powers and had said that a man must be sacrificed to the water spirit to bring rain, that their mesal thickets might flourish again. In some way Juan had come to think that he was looked upon by his tribesmen as the destined victim, and by reason of this belief he kept close to the Spaniards most of the time.

The party started betimes on their march for the coast, distant some four days' travel. The Spaniards were now all afoot. One horse had died from the effect of an ar-

row wound, and the other three, which were by this time mere skin and bones, were too weak to carry riders, and could get no pasture at all further on, so they were turned loose to find what green thing they could among the stones. The first two days' travel was toward the south. Then the direction changed eastwardly, and on the afternoon of the third day's march a faint smell of smoke was noticed. The Indians, after indicating that water lay a short distance ahead, branched off in the direction from which the wind was blowing, and could soon be seen well up on a stony hill crawling with the utmost precaution either to surprise some enemy or to escape unseen if the other people were too strong.

The Spaniards kept on down the ravine they were following, and came to a scanty pool in the bottom shortly before sunset. Some hours later the Indians joined them, bringing in a prisoner bound with cord ingeniously made of mescal leaves, who proved to be the sole fruit of their recent raid. It seemed that a party of three men had made a fire to cook some mesquites and that, while two of these had seen the Cocopahs and escaped unhurt, the third one, who lay asleep, had not been awakened by his companions and had fallen into his enemies' hands. He belonged to the tribe of the Quiliú, who were always at enmity with the Cocopahs, and he regarded his captors with a sullen indifference as far from hope as from fear. This prisoner was driven along all the next day, no other incident occurring worth mention, except that Bejar again missed several shots at a deer, and about evening a spot was reached near the mouth of a dry valley that opened on the beach. Just beyond could be seen a small mesquite tree, the only green thing visible for miles. By scraping a hole in the sand at the bottom of the valley, water could be collected, slowly oozing from below. Hardship, however, seemed doubtless a slight thing to men excited by the hope of wealth and honors, and perhaps even after their long march the Spaniards did not sleep soundly that night.

A consultation was held next day. Estrada, Bejar and Martinez desired to explore as much of the coast as possible, discover its resources in food and water and gather such pearls as they could during the scout. The Indians had now enough water for the present, and a supply of food lay near that would last for several days at least. They refused, therefore, to move, and Father Jayme, hoping to soften their hard natures, decided to stay with the natives until his companions returned, as they would have to do in any case, if they did not find a practicable country beyond.

Estrada and his friends then set off southward along the shore. Very desolate mountains hemmed them in on the west, but they found mussel and oyster beds in great numbers, often reaching above low water mark. For several days the adventurers, who had to live on brackish water collected in holes in the sand, gathered masses of shell fish, spread them in the sun, and when the mollusks died and the jaws of the shells opened they searched for pearls, gathering indeed several hundred small ones and a few of the size of a pea, which were afterward sent to Spain by the viceroy with his report of the expedition. Meanwhile a great event had occurred at the upper camp. The water at the spring in the cañon had failed entirely. The Indians had gradually scraped away the stones and sand until the bed rock lay bare, but though the rock itself was moist not a cupful of water could be collected. The Cocopahs thereupon finally decided to sacrifice the Quiliú prisoner, and Juan told Father Jayme that the procedure would be to knock the Quiliú on the head with a stone club. The Cocopahs would then eat his heart and liver, so as to inherit his courage, while the rest of the body would be a sacrifice to the big fish spirit, who lived beneath the sea, and swallowed so much water as not to leave enough for the dry season.

This logical intention was strengthened by a singular portent. Martinez relates that on the morning of the threatened sacrifice he and his companions saw a great serpent swimming northward in the gulf about 200 paces from the shore; that his head was of the bigness of a wine cask, with eyes near the size of a breast plate and long white teeth. The monster held his head a few feet above the surface, and clove the water fast, showing at different moments from six to nine great folds of his undulating body above the water and stretching along for a space of upward of thirty paces.

It is doubtful of course in the view of the naturalist whether any such creature has existed in historic times, and there may, in this instance, have been some delusion on the part of the observers.

It should, however, be remarked that the most reliable reports of the appearances of sea serpents have come from two places, one off the coast of Massachusetts and one in the Gulf of California, and that many cool and practiced observers have given an almost identical description of the creature seen. So that we can at least credit the honesty of the historian in this case, whether we think he saw some rare saurian (perhaps a survivor of a prehistoric species) or whether some commoner thing deceived him.

This same serpent, we are told, passed in full view of the lone mesquite about two hours afterward, and excited the Cocopahs greatly, confirming them in their plan of sacrifice to the now visible deity. In vain Father Jayme assured them that it was but a tool of the demon, and would fly from the cross. They understood his actions if not his words, but their minds were made up.

The monster had no sooner vanished to the northward than the Quiliú was thrown down and dragged to the lone tree, where lay a broad, flat stone. The priest sprang forward among the savages, who were howling with excitement, and forbade the sacrifice, doubly abominable both as a murder and as a worship of the fiend.

For a moment the Cocopahs fell back, but they again gathered and advanced with sullen determination, as Juan said, "to get water surest way." Now Father Jayme had been searching for springs with the others, and had of course looked closely around this lone mesquite standing at the mouth of the valley without finding what he sought, but at this moment he seemed inspired by a higher knowledge.

Perhaps the good man felt the broad stone on which he was standing yield and sway under his feet; perhaps he saw a little moisture around the edges or perhaps

he simply took the last chance he had to turn the Indians from an impious purpose. "The Lord will provide," he shouted, still interposing between the executioners and the victim, and summoning Juan to his side he rolled away the bound captive, and with the boy's help stood heaving at the broad stone to turn it over.

While the Cocopahs gazed the stone was lifted a little and slipped back with a thud that forced out some damp sand at its side. Another strong effort by the two, and the rock rose, balanced on its lower rim and toppled over, while from the bottom of the hole, where it had lain, a little stream bubbled up, filled the basin, swelled over the brim and trickled down the beach. Father Jayme, meantime panting with exertion and excitement, stayed on his knees, fervently repeating the Psalm "Te deum laudamus te dominum confitemur." And to-day still, on the beach at San Felipe stands a lone mesquite, probably the same tree that grew there more than three centuries ago, and in its shade still wells up a spring of sweet water that tumbles down the sandy slope to mingle with the briny surges of the gulf.

This seeming miracle satisfied even the dull Cocopahs that the priest possessed mysterious powers. The Quiliú was neglected, and Father Jayme straightway undid his bonds and set to work to prepare him by conversion for baptism. The stolid Indian accepted the advances of the missionary with the same stolid composure that he had faced imminent death. He watched the priest's gestures closely, and even kissed the wooden cross when it was offered to his lips, imitating in this the action of the father. This therefore seemed a propitious moment to complete his entrance to the church, and Father Jayme performed the rite of baptism with all the ceremony his scanty fittings would allow. He also tried to induce the Cocopahs to be baptized at this time, but the boy Juan was the only one of the tribe who consented, and the father might well have felt a temporary regret that the armed force at his disposal was too small to make the baptism compulsory.

That night was a contented time. With enough to eat and a supply of fresh water the natives had lost much of their bad humor, and all slept well except perhaps the Quiliú, who, in spite of his recent admission to the church, took the first occasion to exercise his new found liberty, and was far away when morning broke. The priest grieved over this backslider, and the Indians seemed rather apprehensive lest the former prisoner should gather his tribesmen and attack the party with superior numbers.

Anxieties, however, were soon pushed aside by the return of Estrada and his two companions with their little bags of pearls. Of course the explorers were greatly elated by finding this earnest, as they thought it, of a great treasure, yet the state of things was quite embarrassing at the best.

The country to the south had proved to be as desolate and waterless as any they had yet passed through, except the region of the ink pot. Shell fish could be found along the beach, but no other food could be got. It was tempting Providence to try to scale the dry and barren mountains without a guide, and Estrada reluctantly decided to go back by the tedious and toilsome path that he had come. A few days' rest would first be had, and then they would shape their course for the Tizon (Colorado) River and leave further discoveries and conquests for a later time. This was the plan; but it was destined to meet a speedy check. On the morning of the third day after the arrival of the pearl hunters, the whole party was preparing to move westward, when the boy Juan, who had started early, came running back.

He had seen Indians lurking among the rocks of the ravine, which was the only pass for a retreat inland from this point. "Quiliú," said Juan, and he held up both hands, opening and shutting his fingers five times, to indicate that his estimate of the enemy's force was fifty men. Estrada thought that, counting the Cocopahs, who were eight in number, and the four Spaniards, they might fight through even so, but the Cocopahs, who seemed to possess a singular mixture of ferocity and cowardice, were not in fighting mood. They crouched behind rocks and made themselves as small as possible, even while no enemy was in sight. Father Jayme, greatly shocked by the local influence of the demon who had so depraved the mind of his late convert, advised that the party wait until night.

The Cocopahs would then hardly dare to be left alone, and the missiles of the Quiliú would fly harmless in the darkness. This course was full of danger, but it gave them a chance to get a good start, as they had never yet found any Indian keeping night watch, and besides the enemy might have to withdraw, either wholly or a part at a time, to get water, so this plan was adopted. But the Quiliú, on their side, had no idea of waiting until night. Several sneaking skirmishers were soon seen dodging from rock to rock, and it was not long before an arrow was fired from the mountain, which fell short of the Spaniards, but scared the Cocopahs so that they all, except Juan, who had good reason to distrust his kinsmen, dodged off up the coast as fast and as secretly as they were able. And now the prospects of the Spaniards seemed very unfavorable. More skirmishers crept up over the shoulder of the ravine. More arrows were discharged, some falling quite close. Martinez and Bejar fired a few shots with their match-locks, but they wished to save their ammunition for close and sure work. Bejar's bad marksmanship had probably been reported by the recreant Quiliú to his tribesmen, and they did not show so much fear of the firearms as Estrada had hoped.

Still the Quiliú advanced, skipping actively from shelter to shelter, when Father Jayme spied his late convert among the assailants.

Filled with holy indignation, the priest shouted warnings to the prisoner he had befriended. "Nec velocim est cursus nec fortium bellum." The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, he cried. "Beware of just retribution." Saying this he pointed out the wretch to Martinez and Bejar, who alone had guns, and they took careful aim at the exposed part of the Indian's body and fired almost together. Whether the shots took effect or not they could not see at once, and almost immediately their attention was called away by a heavy jar, which seemed like thunder, though the sparkling sky had not a cloud stain on it. Father Jayme hailed this

"fulmen e sereno," as he called it, this bolt from the blue, as a good omen. But Estrada, with a soldier's eye, caught sight of a dim smoke rising over the rocky back of the cape close to them on the south, and knew the sound for the cannon of their deliverers. In a moment more the blunt prow and bellying sails of a caravel appeared around the headland, and hardly ten minutes had passed before the ship luffed, the sails slackened and spilled the wind, the boats dropped from the davits, and while the broad standard of Spain floated from the banner staff on the vessel's stern, the oarsmen of Alarcon pulled fast to the rescue.

It is not necessary to tell how this gallant seaman had set out to find the little band of Diaz, whose long absence had aroused anxiety, nor how he was on his way to the great river when he heard the shots and fired his signal.

We will leave the happy explorers and their boy Juan. We will leave the joyous and grateful priest on the beach proclaiming with uplifted arms, "Non nobis sed nomini tuo sit gloria." Not unto us, oh, Lord! but unto thy name be the praise, while the bright muskets and the glittering breast-plates of the deliverers draw near. But we will call attention to the fact that the first white discoverers who set foot in California lost not a man save their beloved captain, and slew not an Indian save in self-defense.

H. G. DULOG.

Natural History.

About our Bluebirds.

ORNITHOLOGISTS state that the bluebird is an insectivorous bird, which signifies that this species of birds subsists chiefly on insects. The peculiar form of the bill of a bluebird indicates that its principal food consists of insects in the larval or worm state. Ornithologists tell us also that the bill of a sparrow indicates, by a different form from the bluebird's bill, that the irrepressible sparrow is not an insectivorous bird.

The male bluebird is a sweet and charming singer of a little song which a person of lively imagination can readily interpret into: "Be no more winter." Bluebirds always appear in pairs—male and female, husband and wife. In the latitude of New Jersey and New York bluebirds have always been accustomed to appear in the former part of vernal seedtime. An ornithologist who was a resident of Newark, N. J., stated more than twenty years ago that bluebirds always appeared in the latitude of New York city on Feb. 22 of every year. In autumn they all go to some southern clime, to escape the cold of our northern winters. We can only conjecture where they go. No ornithologist has ever been able to follow them to their congenial region, far away from the piercing cold and snow. But they always return to their former homes, and repair their old nests, lay their eggs, hatch and rear their young ones, unless some reckless shooter thoughtlessly and cruelly pops over the charming songster. Bluebirds build their nests in holes and hollow places that have been pecked in the bodies of trees, like the holes where woodpeckers build their nests. Or they will build a nest in a small box provided with an auger-hole of sufficient size to allow them to enter and make a nest.

Many years ago, when I resided in central New York, the home of my early life, a pair of bluebirds built a nest in the open top of the penstock of our pump, in the barnyard, where we watered our domestic animals. It was a cozy and secure place for them. No cat nor other nocturnal marauder could disturb or harm the eggs or birds. Every spring, some time in March, that cheerful and happy pair of songsters would return and repair their old nest, and lay four or five beautiful little eggs, and hatch and rear their young birds. We knew that they were the same birds every spring, as they looked and acted precisely as the pair did that had been accustomed for several years to occupy that place. They were so gentle that the mother bird would not fly off the nest when we came to the pump to draw water. We could look right down in the top end of the penstock about a foot, and there see the little nest and the cunning little eggs, when the mamma bird was not on. When she was on the nest she would look up to us with an inquiring and impressive gaze, silently appealing to us not to molest nor hurt her or her little family. Many times every day, like a true and faithful consort, the male bird would come to their secure retreat and bring in his bill a fat worm, which he would deliver to her. Then all day long he would keep a watchful eye on the movements of crows or hawks or other robbers of birds' nests; and when he saw any animal which he thought was an enemy he would utter such an alarming outcry that some one would hear him and go immediately to see what hostile foe was about to molest the happy family. Crows, hawks, cats and rats all like to feast on young birds of any kind. But bluebirds are endowed with so much of the instinct of caution and self-preservation that they build their nests in such secure places that very few of their enemies can devour their eggs or reach the young birds.

After the little, tender things have burst the shells the careful mother takes every fragment of a shell in her bill and carries it many yards away from the nest, instead of allowing the shells to remain in the nest, or instead of heaving them out on the ground directly below the nest. All birds possess this instinct of cleanliness and caution. Crows and hawks, instead of simply throwing the broken shells of their eggs, after hatching to the ground, carry them, often, hundreds of yards from the nest. Instinct teaches them that if they heave the shell out of the nest and allow the fragments to fall to the ground directly below the nest some enemy would see the shells and find the nest, and then destroy the eggs or the little birds.

It is really wonderful and amazing to consider the intelligence, the carefulness and parental caution exercised by bluebirds in feeding the little, tender fledglings before their tiny eyes are open, and before the helpless bundles of life have enough strength to keep their bodies right side up in the nest. We look down into the little nest and see the careful mother bird bite off a very small piece of a fat and tender worm, and hold it in her bill, and then touch the bill of one little baby bird, when,

by instinct, the little thing opens its mouth and the mother drops the tidbit in the young bird's mouth. In this way she feeds every tender fledgeling. Instinct teaches the mother not to drop in the mouth of a bird an atom of any food that is not soft and delicate and easy of digestion.

The mother is always the queen, the manager, the superintendent, the director and absolute controller of all the operations incident to selecting a place for their nest, building the nest, choosing the better time in all the year for laying her eggs and rearing the little family. The male is always a subordinate equal.

When our bluebirds returned one season, in early springtime, to the pump which had been their little home for many years, and found that their house had been removed, and not a trace of it could be seen, they both lingered about the place for several days; and when any one went to the well to draw water with the new apparatus the dear birds would come and light on the curb and look anxiously into every nook and angle for their old nest. I took a part of an old, half-decayed fence rail, in which woodpeckers at some former time had bored in, and excavated a place for their nest in the soft wood, and placed it on one end under an apple tree a few yards from the pump. Then I clapped my hands together and adjusted my thumbs so that by blowing in the opening between the palms of my hand I could make the welkin ring by the shrill sound of that extemporized whistle. Quicker than I can rehearse the fact the female bird came from a distant part of the orchard, flying swiftly to me and lighting almost within my reach. I talked to the anxious warbler and told her that there in that old rail was a nice and cozy home for her. I have no idea that she understood my language; but I continued to remain a few yards from the old rail, to see if the birds would not discover that hole and build their nest in the old home of a pair of woodpeckers. Very soon the mother bird spied the hole in the old rail and flew quickly to it and peered in, and then went in and came out, and then went in again and came out, and gazed inquiringly all around in the tree top, and cast many glances at me, as if inquiring if everything was all safe and right. "That is all right, birdie," said I. "Take full possession. No one shall disturb you if you make your nest there." The bird looked at me, turning her head this way and that way, in the attitude of an anxious inquirer. I repeated again: "That is all right, dear birdie." Quick as thought she flew to the top of the tree, and in a shrill tone of voice, which could be heard hundreds of yards away, she called: "See here! see here! see here!" as plain as could be to my interpretation of bird language. In less than half a minute the mate came flying swiftly from somewhere (I didn't know where), whereupon she flew to the hole in the old rail and went in and out. Then I heard her utter a low note, which the male seemed to understand, as he went quickly to the hole and entered in and came out. Then she went in and out and bade him go in again. Then they rubbed their bills together and both flew away out of sight.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "that is the best I can do for you." But to my surprise, in only a few minutes the female bird returned with a mouthful of wool, which she took into the hole in the rail. After a few minutes longer the male returned with a mouthful of fine horse-hair, which he delivered to his mate. After the lapse of two or three days their little nest was finished, the interior being covered with down and soft lamb's wool. Then, after the lapse of a week or two, there were five pretty eggs, from which five charming songsters were hatched and reared.

When I moved to New Jersey and built a suburban villa, holes were bored in the hollow corner posts of the railing on the summit of the tower, more than 50 ft. from the ground. Bluebirds built their nests in those hollow posts and reared their young birds, until cruel shooters had popped over the last songster of this species of birds. Bluebirds and all other insectivorous birds always manage by instinct to lay their eggs and hatch their young birds exactly at the period of vernal seed-time, when there is a generous supply of tender worms. The goose always makes calculations to build her nest, lay a setting of eggs and hatch her goslings at that season of the year when

"The grass comes creeping, creeping, everywhere,
On the sunny hillside, in the cozy nook,
In the fields and on the lawns,
And by the babbling brook."

The bluebird, the Baltimore oriole, the bobolink, the meadow lark, "little chippie" and many other birds were all insectivorous birds. They are immensely valuable in fruit orchards, as they devour untold numbers of insects which are very damaging to growing apples and other fruit. Seventy years ago wormy apples and pears were extremely scarce, for the simple reason that the birds devoured such immense numbers of the worms. But at the present time we are amazed to notice how few apples are free from worm holes. If the singing birds could only be restored, their services by way of destroying noxious insects would be of immense value.

ORANGE, N. J.

SERENO E. TODD.

A Drumming Grouse.

WHILE in the woods of northern Michigan last summer I had the rare experience of witnessing a ruffed grouse drumming.

So often have I heard people, even sportsmen, advance the theory that the drumming sound is produced by the bird scraping or striking its wings against a hollow log or stump that I take the liberty of writing this piece, repeating what many must already know.

One afternoon, about the first of June, I was seated on a bluff overlooking Lake Superior, with a virgin forest behind me, when suddenly a grouse started to drum near me. He would drum and then wait a short time, and then drum again. He kept it up so long that I thought I might be able to crawl along the ground, and so get a view of him. Getting down on my hands and knees, and taking care not to break any sticks or shake the underbrush, I crept toward the sound, only moving forward when the drumming was going on. After crawling in that manner for a short distance I happened to look up, and there was a large cock, standing

on a log, not more than 20 ft. away. He saw me about the same time, but didn't seem to be scared, for after a pause, a little longer than usual, he continued his drumming. He would throw out his breast and puff himself up, and then raising and throwing forward his wings, would beat his sides and breast, slowly at first, and increasing the frequency of the strokes until they ended in quick vibrations, making his wings almost invisible.

The first five or six strokes were about a second apart, and he would increase the strokes steadily from that on until almost the end. After drumming he would spread his tail, and craning his neck would look all around, and then remain perfectly still and listen for about five minutes, then repeat the drumming and again remain still and listen. While I was watching him he went through the performance six or eight times, and then jumped down from the log and walked away. After he had gone I went up and inspected the log. It had evidently been selected as a general place for drumming, as there were feathers and other signs around and on the log. The log was 3 to 4 ft. in diameter and partially decayed, and gave out a hollow sound when struck. No doubt the log is used as a sounding-board.

I waited for some time, but he didn't come back, so I returned to the club, where I was visiting.

FRANK SEMPLE, JR.

The Care of Marmosets.

IN his "Rois en Exile" Daudet says that the King, when bored by his mistress, sent her "the most beautiful little creature imaginable," a marmoset, to signify that he wished to be rid of her.

This substitution of monkey for man seems to me an evidence of consideration on the part of His Majesty, for the woman who knows the companionship of a marmoset can well do without royal regard.

These phantasmal little creatures, tender and timid, affectionate and intelligent, are perhaps of all the smaller pets the most satisfactory. Knowing the marmoset as I do, it is a matter of pain and surprise to me to find that but comparatively few persons know how to give to them the intelligent care which would insure the health and comfort of their pets.

I have seen many a marmoset die an agonizing and unnecessary death simply because they had been fed by their owners on bread and milk, whereas in reality Paris green would give a more humane death than the lingering one caused by the artificial diet of bread and milk, crackers, candy and cake. Civilization has many sins to answer for in regard to these unfortunate simian sufferers. The marmoset is essentially insectivorous. He must have bugs or die, and with the bugs as a steady dietetic stand-by must go bananas, and of inestimable importance in the hygiene of these beings of film-like tissues and membranes—tapioca. I cannot lay too much stress on the nutritive virtues of tapioca, boiled in sweetened water and given freely to all kinds of monkeys, from the atomic marmoset up to the gigantic gorilla. They all love it, and grow sleek and fat on it. Eggs, both raw and hard-boiled, are capital, and in summer grasshoppers, crickets, moths, millers, June bugs, and in short every kind of bug except our own native croton bug and cockroach. These two are deadly. In winter, and in fact all the year round, the bug problem is solved by the wholesome and succulent meal worm. These may be bought of any dealer in birds, or better still, keep in your cellar a box of prepared meal and bran, wherein can be bred myriads of worms. Onion juice mixed with sugar may be given two or three times a week to the marmoset with beneficial results. In addition to the articles of diet I have mentioned may, or must, be given all varieties of fruit and uncooked vegetables, notably corn and tomatoes, soft-shell almonds and popcorn.

Sleep is an important factor to these beings of an acute vitality. Twelve hours they must have, and sixteen hours will insure to them a hale old age, free from nerves and tremors. A basket and a blanket of eider-down flannel are all that they ask, and thus equipped they sleep like dormice.

I cannot think without pain of a caged marmoset. They must leap and climb and jump, or soon the spinal cord becomes affected and paralysis sets in.

The climate in summer, if the animals are fed properly, is not too severe for them. From May till October mine have the freedom of the town, sharing the trees with the birds and the fences with the cats. More monkeys die from bread than cold. A crumb of bread is more to be feared than a ton of climate.

A marmoset in health never drinks water. Thirst is a sign of fever in the stomach. This is also the case with the larger monkeys. Fed properly, they never want water, and when they do they need a doctor.

It is my conviction, based on many years of observation, that when bread and milk are banished from the cages of the monkeys in our public zoos and menageries we will put to flight pneumonia, diarrhoea and all the troubles attendant upon an erroneous dietetic system. It has been my sorrow to see many of these unfortunate creatures suffer and die before I knew how either to cure or to prevent disease. Their evangel came in the form of my own marmoset Dulce. All that I know of his race he taught me. Dulce is now in his sixth year, and is as strong as a Shetland pony. It is with me a distinct mission to spread the gospel of Dulce.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

Iowa Wolves.

BERKELEY, Ia., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday last a farmer residing here captured five young wolves. They were taken in an open meadow, where the old wolf was evidently moving them to a better place of concealment. He succeeded in getting a shot at one of the parents, but at too great a distance to be effective. Last year at a little later date five young ones were taken from an old straw stack in the same vicinity. The former litter showed unmistakable signs of hybridism, some of them being marked with a white spot on the neck and head, and one with a few white hairs on the tip of his tail, somewhat resembling a shepherd dog; otherwise they were true to the species in form and color.

E. D. CARTER.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ducks.

CHICAGO, April 21.—There seems a decided tendency of sentiment in the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin against the practice of spring shooting. The agitation is distinct in many circles, and the increase of sentiment against the spring killing of migratory fowl will in all probability before long be recognized in the passage of sweeping laws prohibiting such shooting. From Minnesota the reports come that the season has been unusually good so far as the shooting possibilities were concerned. More ducks were killed this spring in Minnesota than for some time past. Not long ago this would have been considered simply a matter for self-congratulation, but this season there has been an awakening, and many shooters are beginning to speculate what would have been the result if these birds had been allowed to breed. A distinct movement is under way in Minnesota, and representatives who go into the next Legislature will be sounded as to their views on spring shooting by a large and increasing contingent of constituents.

The Minnesota season closed last Friday, but Wisconsin allows shooting until May 1 on the deep-water ducks. This is another instance of the loophole in the law, and of course it means that all sorts of ducks are killed by a great number of persons. Mr. George A. Morrison, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes me as follows in regard to the abundance of fowl in his part of the world:

"We have had the best spring shooting here this season that we have known for years. Big bags were killed here the last two weeks, mostly of blue-bills, and a few good strings of redheads. The ducks have not been chased up and down the lakes from morning till night as heretofore, and so have had a chance to rest. However, I hope this will be the last of spring shooting in our State. If the laws continue as they are at present, we will in a few years have no shooting at all, either spring or fall. There seems to be a sentiment growing among the local shooters in favor of a close spring season."

Yet another Wisconsin gentleman, Mr. W. E. Warren—and curiously enough, a resident of the same section as the writer last above quoted—adds his testimony regarding the spring flight of '98. Under date of April 20 he writes me as below, from Fox Lake, Wis.:

"The slaughter of ducks is on here at Fox Lake, and I guess last week broke all records. Fred Merrill, of Milwaukee, got 105 in one day, and others report nearly as many. One of the market shooters of Milwaukee took in over 200 as 'baggage.' I suppose some of the market shooters, even, are now advocating the stopping of spring shooting. I sincerely hope we will get such a law soon, before it is everlastingly too late."

In Illinois the flight was kissed good-by in the upper county of the State last week. Mr. Ernest McGaffey, of this city, shot for a couple of days at Long Lake, just below Fox Lake, Ill., and killed a couple of dozen ducks, 17 in one day. Along the Fox River Messrs. V. S. Lumbly and C. P. Barnes killed 97 ducks in one day week before last, bagging 43 birds in one hour and fifty minutes. These gentlemen live at Woodstock, Ill. In the lower part of the State the shooting practically ceased the week before the close of the season.

Snipe.

The snipe season has been on the whole very satisfactory thus far. There is a large territory in Indiana and Illinois suitable for feeding grounds, and the consequence has been that we hear of a greater number of small bags and not so many of very large bags. I have as yet not heard of over 30 birds to any one gun this spring, but a great many reports come in of bags of a dozen to two dozen.

Near Freeport the shooting was last week very good, and a number of fair bags came in. Around Fox Lake, Ill., there has been some good shooting, but not of extraordinary interest. On the Sag, just west of this city, a few shooters have managed to connect with the flight, and have had heavy shooting, though others who have gone to that capricious vicinity have not been so fortunate. All around the southern edge of Chicago, there has been a lot of good snipe country, and very good bags of jack snipe have been made practically within the city limits. Charlie Antoine and a friend one day this week picked up 30 jacks while driving around from place to place at the southern edge of the city. Oswald von Lengerke, Mr. Antoine's business partner, with Mr. Shaw, of the same house, made a second trip to Koutts last week, but got only 27 birds.

At Maksawba Club, on the Kankakee, is one of the best snipe marshes in Indiana, and a great many birds have been killed there this spring. Mr. W. P. Mussey went down last week and in three days bagged over 60 birds. John Matter at the same place bagged 38 birds in two days. On one day several of the club members went out, with the following success: W. H. Haskell 22, Mr. Irwin 24, R. B. Organ 23, W. P. Mussey 26, M. Petrie 7, W. Gillett 8. These birds were on the marsh about three or four miles from the club house.

The snipe are now fat and in good condition, and the shooting becomes easier every day. John Watson went down to the marsh again day before yesterday, and he will in all probability be good for two or three dozen snipe a day. All the country is now getting green and the grass is coming up nicely on the marsh, while the receding water is making drier and more wormful large strips of the fat black soil of Indiana.

News from Montana.

Mr. John D. Losekamp, of Billings, Mont., is spending a few weeks in Chicago this spring purchasing goods for his Montana outfitting store. It breeds a vast discontent with city life to hear Mr. Losekamp talk about the Montana country. He reports Old Bill Hamilton, Liver-eating Johnson and other Montana friends as still well and prosperous, and says also that the mountain trout of the streams near Billings, notably of the famous

Boulder Creek, are bigger and sassier than ever before. I have earlier spoken of Mr. Losekamp's efforts in planting the Mongolian pheasant in his country. He tells me that he has the most sanguine hopes of the success of his experiment, and has no reason to regret the expenditure of hundreds of dollars which he has put into this work. He is using, not the ring-necked pheasant, but the uncrossed bird known as the Denney pheasant, which he obtained at considerable trouble from Oregon. He has these birds scattered out over the country among the ranches of his section, and he thinks they are doing well. He says they are the gamiest birds he has ever met, and speaks of their qualities with the most unqualified enthusiasm. One of the cocks was found with a broken leg, but was ready to fight even on that basis. A doctor set the leg and the old fellow is now going round as good as new on the patched leg, and ready to fight anything that moves. Mr. Losekamp says that one of these birds will whip a bullet hawk so quick that the latter will not know how it happened. He thinks that the Yellowstone Valley, with its great area of grain crops, will eventually be a feeding ground for many thousands of these valuable birds.

Mr. Losekamp is one of those practical, executive men of whom the world has but too few. He is a business man and knows that you cannot always sell goods unless you purchase stock. Besides his experiment with the pheasants he is now doing what he can to get the Fish Commission at Bozeman to stock the beautiful sheet of water known as Bear Tooth Lake with trout. This is a grand sheet of water, with many fine tributaries, but being above the falls of the Clark's Fork, is barren of trout. As the fry can be taken to these waters in less than sixteen miles from the railroad, and as the Billings men offered to pay all the expense, it is hoped that the Fish Commission will grant the above request. Dr. Henshall is an angler himself, and has not been at Bozeman for nothing, I imagine; so as an angler I hope he will see what he can do toward thus increasing the mileage of mountain trout waters in the grand State of Montana, where there is such angling as Eastern men never knew.

So far very well in the news from Montana, but Mr. Losekamp has a report of a much sadder sort. It may not be generally known, and it was indeed not wished to be generally known, that for some ten years the ranchers of Montana have been trying to preserve a little band of buffalo which ranged in Fergus, Custer, Choteau and Dawson counties. At the time I was in Montana in 1895 this herd was reported to have eight head in all, and two or three animals were killed that year and the year previous. Mr. Losekamp tells me that the little bunch gradually increased, under the watchful care of the cowboys, until there were twenty head two years ago. The cowboys would round up these buffalo each year, and they had made a practice of branding such as they could rope from time to time. The "79" outfit had their brand on thirteen head, and branded five buffalo calves in one year. The Montana ranchmen had great hopes of this little herd, which was the largest left outside the Park, and which ranged in a country little visited and difficult of access. All their hopes came to an end season before last, when a wandering band of Cree Indians came in from the North and cleaned up the entire herd. Since then not a head of the lot has ever been seen, and it is thought that not one is left alive.

Mr. Losekamp is accompanied in town by Mr. Warren Evans, of Crow Agency, Mont., who is East on a visit. I should not forget to add that both gentlemen speak in terms of the highest praise of a new fountain of youth, the springs of the Stinking Water, south of Billings, on the stream of that name. Here with several friends Mr. Losekamp spent some weeks last season, trout fishing, having all the wild game they wanted all about them, with fine angling and the best waters on earth. Methinks that neither White Sulphur of old, nor Saratoga of later years, ever offered such a programme as this of the little known Montana healing springs!

The Tree and the Bird.

If there were no trees and no birds, we might think that this old world was a pretty poor place to live in. The doctrine of more trees and more birds is a safe one and well worth promulgation. At least so thinks Gov. Schofield, of Wisconsin, who has issued proclamation setting apart Friday, April 29, as Arbor and Bird Day for that great State.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

About Maine Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of April 23 there appeared a very suggestive article signed M. H. Who can wonder, after the perusal of that article, that one of the noblest animals on this continent has been well nigh exterminated, and that the most skillful of hunters may now hunt for days or weeks in the territory mentioned by M. H. without getting a shot? His hero, Hiram Leonard, it appears, had killed four moose in two days, but that only served to arouse his lust for blood; so he and M. H. go out and kill another. That night they shot the sixth, and four days later Mr. Leonard demonstrated his propensities by putting lead into still another. His biographer then goes on to state that two years later, after Mr. Leonard had already killed five moose in less than two and a half days, he started out to indulge in further carnage, and killed eight more, making for himself the unenviable record of slaughtering thirteen moose in less than fourteen days! to say nothing of the probability of having wounded several others during that time.

As Mr. Leonard was a rod maker, and presumably went into the woods as a sportsman, he could not even plead the excuse made by the market hunter. He goes further and sneers at the man who kills but one moose, and ventures to relate the circumstances in FOREST AND STREAM, as though the story of killing one moose in a sportsmanlike manner were not more entertaining and agreeable than the nauseating and gory picture portrayed by M. H. "Maine men used to know how to hunt, but they did not do it with the pen," says M. H., and yet he has demonstrated with his own pen that at that day some Maine moose hunters did not know how to hunt

as sportsmen, but wantonly destroyed game they had no use for, and did their full share toward robbing the present generation of its heritage.

It is true that at the time of which he writes the game laws were not in effect in Maine, but there were laws of humanity and sportsmanship in force then, as at all times, and as now. Thank God, the time has gone by when men can safely turn a forest camp into an abattoir, and the time has come when even the recital of such things as M. H. writes about cannot pass unnoticed or uncondemned. The day is at hand when through wise legislation, and better still, a generous spirit of true sportsmanship, the game will be protected and allowed to increase, until the fields, woods and waters will be again tenanted by the birds, animals and fishes which folly and selfishness have well nigh exterminated. Then the game hog will suffer such penalties, both legal and social, as he deserves.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

The Old Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the head of "Ready, Aim, Fire," you vividly depict the charms of the modern gun.

Compared with the arm of a generation ago, it is indeed a wonderful weapon and a source of pleasure to the possessor; but it has its disadvantages, the chief of which is the ephemeral character of its charms. In the time of the muzzleloader a man kept a good gun during his lifetime, and bequeathed it to his favorite son or grandson. It was as well known among his friends as himself. Its "voice" was recognized at a distance as readily as that of its owner.

It's different in this era of invention and improvements. We have to change guns every four or five years or shoot a "back number."

When the breechloading shotgun appeared we fought against it and disparaged its shooting qualities faithfully as long as we could, but had to fall in line and try to keep up with the procession. Soon improvements were made necessitating another change. Still other improvements followed until the climax, as we supposed, was reached in the hammerless gun and smokeless powder. But no; if we want to be up to date we must have an ejector, and now comes the single-trigger gun trying to seduce us from our allegiance to our latest, which we have owned just long enough to get well acquainted with, and which we already love next to our wife—or our dog.

It's wicked, this breaking up of family ties, this parting of man and gun; but what are we to do? We don't want to be classed with Rip Van Winkle. We must keep up with the times and have a gun that is up to date, even if we must, as Mr. Hough says, forego the pleasure of feeding and clothing our families.

The factory-loaded ammunition also, loaded in an unimaginative and matter-of-fact machine, takes away the individual characteristics of our gun, as well as dispels the fond illusion that our own particular gun, loaded as we alone know how to load it, excels all others in killing power.

I am free to confess, however, that these thoughts become more prominent with us old sixteen-to-one sportsmen (sixteen silver threads to one of the original color) when in a reminiscent mood, with chair tilted back and feet on the table, than in the field with dog and gun, or when at the trap smashing the elusive bluerock (or trying to).

I don't see any one going back to the muzzleloader and G. D. caps, though the old fellows hate to break the "ties that bind" to the old gun.

Mc.

Logging Head Works.

I SEE that your printer has changed what I intended to read as "head works" into "breastworks." As a state of war does not exist in the Maine woods, we seldom see breastworks when hunting; but we could not possibly drive our logs without "head works." A head work is a large raft of logs or hewed timber, which has a capstan in its center. This capstan is provided with ten or twelve capstan bars, which are turned by as many men, or often by double crews. The head work is placed at the forward end of a boom of logs, a long warp is attached with a 900 to 1,000lb. anchor at the end. This anchor is boated ahead as far as the warp will reach, and then the boom is by means of the capstan wound up till the anchor is under foot; then another warp is attached, and another anchor boated ahead, and the first anchor is raised, to be in its turn placed ahead again. In this way all our logs are warped across our lakes, often 10 to 15 miles at a stretch, when the wind is ahead, except on those lakes where steamers have been placed for the purpose of towing.

Deer are coming out in abundance on the railroads. A conductor who lives near me counted twenty-seven in one week from his train.

M. H.

Pheasants in Rhode Island.

IF the residents in the vicinity of Warwick Neck happen to see a strange bird resembling in size and form the native partridge, but differing somewhat in color and plumage, they need not be surprised, for it is probably one of the Mongolian pheasants which have recently been liberated by the Warwick Neck Game Association. It is expected that these birds will propagate rapidly and stock the surrounding country, and be a valuable addition to the game supply. The result of the experiment of the Warwick Neck Game Association in introducing Mongolian pheasants into this State will be watched by all who are interested in birds, and it is confidently expected that it will prove successful and stimulate private enterprise in the same direction.—*Providence (R.I.) Press.*

Adirondack Deer.

A RECENT letter from my guide, C. L. Stanton, of Blue Mountain Lake, reports that the deer have wintered well in that section, and that the prospect is fine for a good game season.

J. C. A.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fresh-Water Angling.

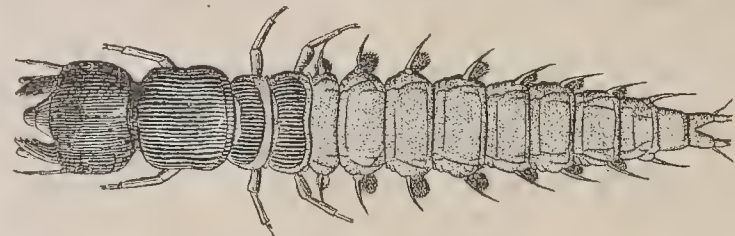
No. IV.—Black Bass.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE black bass is the gamiest of all fresh-water fish, taking it pound for pound. If a 25lb. salmon had as much fight in each one of his ounces as a black bass has he would be a terror and we would have to devise some new salmon tackle to hold his avoirdupois.

The black bass can be found in all fresh waters, from the cold Adirondack lakes, where brook trout live, to the warmest waters of Florida. Therefore the black bass is accessible to more anglers and is a more popular angling fish than any other that is caught in the fresh waters of America. It is a superior game fish to any that exists in Europe, if we except the trout.

Stick a pin here! Stop and think a moment. Trout worship came to us from the old world, and it is almost akin to heresy to whisper that any other fish could be as gamy as a trout. We received our angling beliefs as we did our language from England, and English angling literature was the only angling literature we knew until our own Norris wrote the first original American book on angling for American fishes. He was not an ichthyologist, and followed the teachers of his day. Here was a new fish not laid down in English angling works, and "Uncle Thad," in his great-hearted, kindly way, treated it gingerly; he knew it as a good game fish, but as he told me just before he died, he was not sure of his ground. As the first independent American writer on our native angling fishes, Thad. Norris ranks first. All others who wrote before him were not practical anglers for American fishes. Frank Forester's book on "Fish and Fishing" was merely a rehash of English works with some purloinings from De Kay's "Fishes of New York" to pad it out. To my great confusion, when I tried to identify fishes from his descriptions, especially



HELGRAMITE OR DOBSON,

or alligator, or angle dog, or bloomer, or bogart, or clipper, or cobbler, or crawler, or devil catcher, or dragon, or go devil, or goggle goy, or hell driver, or hojack, or klugmite, or stone crab, or stone devil, or water grampus, or —

the black basses, I had not then seen De Kay's work, and knew nothing of classification. Later Dr. Gill reduced the many so-called species of black bass to two easily defined ones, and then it was simple; we had only two scientific names to remember and two fishes to know—the big-mouth and small-mouth. Dr. Henshall upset the scientific names again when he examined the type specimens in Paris, and his nomenclature stands to-day.

The Two Species.

Although the species may be distinguished at a glance by most anglers, there are many who cannot tell which of the two they are catching. Nearly twenty years ago, before Henshall's revision of the names, I wrote some doggerel verses to explain the differences. With the alteration of a couple of lines to make them technically correct, they are:

The little-mouth has little scales,
There's red in his handsome eye;
The scales extend on his vertical fins,
And his forehead is round and high:

His forehead is full and high, my boys,
And he sleeps the winter through;
He likes the rocks in summer time,
Micropterus dolomieu.

The big-mouth has the biggest scales,
And a pit scooped in his head;
His mouth is cut beyond his eye,
In which is nary a red.

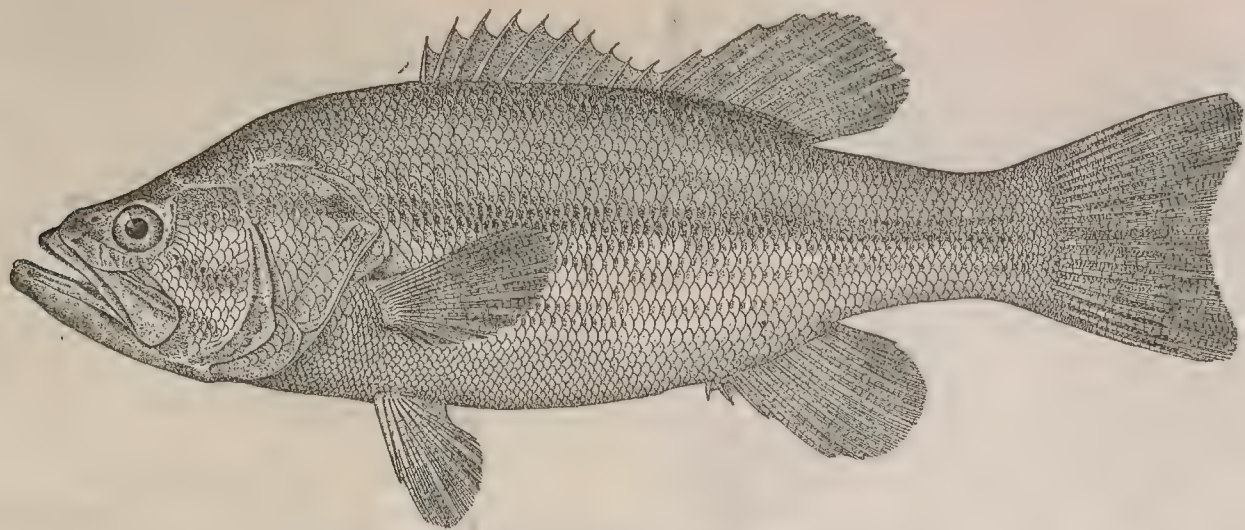
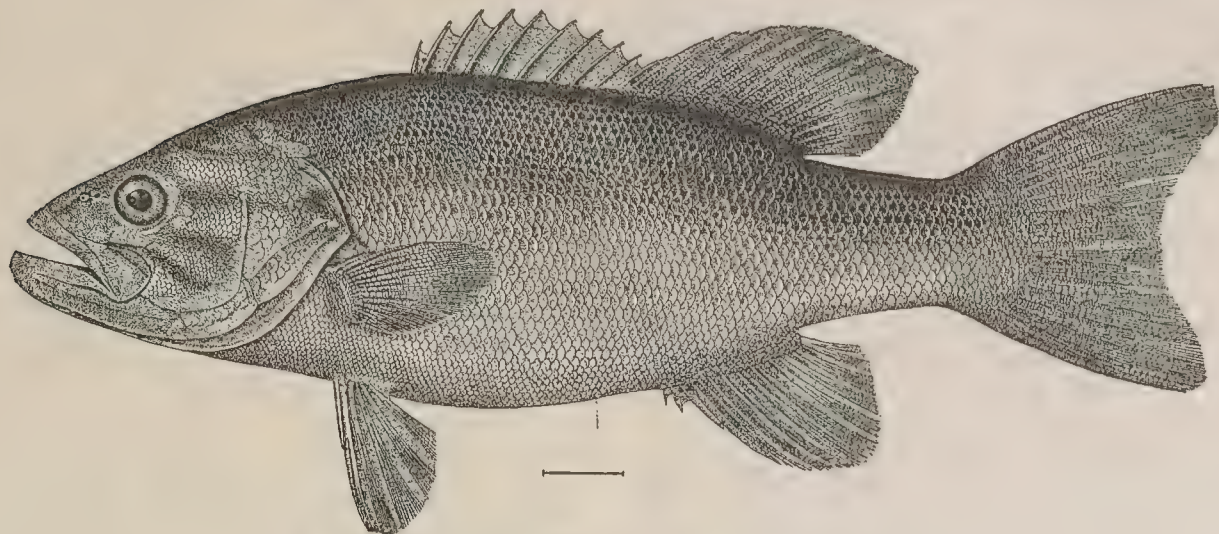
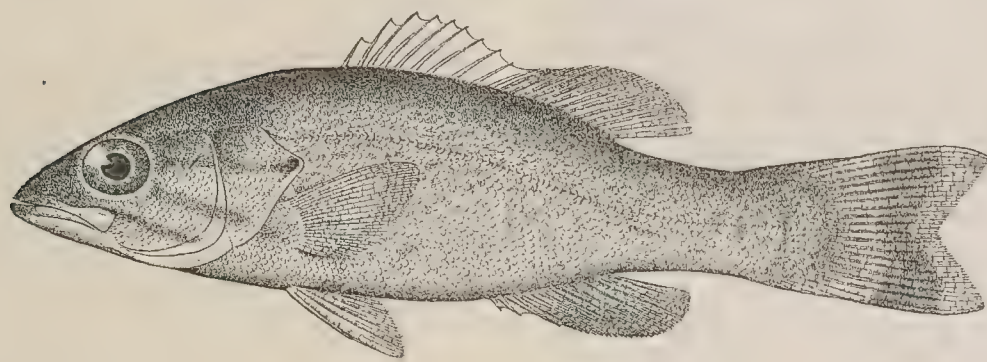
In his eye is nary a red, my boys,
But keen and well he sees;
He has a dark stripe on his side,
Micropterus salmoides.

These lines sum up the main differences. The size of the mouth is not determined by opening it, but by noting how far the bone of the upper jaw extends on the cheek. In the small-mouth it stops about the middle of the eye, while in the big-mouth it is prolonged beyond the eye. As I read the above lines after many years, there seems to be another benefit in putting the description in verse, and that is to rhyme "salmoides" with "sees," for I have heard men pronounce it in two syllables. It has four, for in all these Latin names every vowel is a syllable; therefore, my boy, call it sal-mo-i-dees, and you'll be right.

The Latin termination "oid," or "oides," means likeness, and while the fish has not the slightest resemblance to a salmon the name was given as a concession to its popular name of "trout," in the South, where the naturalist Lacépède found it.

Popular Names.

Without being particular as to which species is meant, for the popular names were bestowed before the species were clearly defined, we have "chub" in Virginia and on the Tar River of North Carolina; "Welshman" on the Neuse River, N. C.; "jumper" in Indiana; "trout" and "moss bass" in the Southern States. According to Goode it is also known as "pearch" in some parts of the South, while Jordan says that in Alabama it is known as "mountain trout." Goode also gives marsh bass, river bass, rock bass, slough bass, white bass, green bass, spotted bass, green perch, yellow perch, black perch and

LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus dolomieu*).

YOUNG OF SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS.

speckled hen as names applied to one or both species.

As railroads take anglers into all parts of the Union where fish are to be caught, these various local names will disappear, and the name of black bass for both species will take their places, because by that name the great body of anglers know them. Yet the fish are not black, nor anywhere near that color, but a name is a name, no matter how absurd. In parts of New York the provincial and non-progressive angler calls only one species "black bass" and the other he designates as "Oswego bass," and this to a fish which has a greater range than its congener and is found from Canada to Florida! But as I always get hot under the collar when a man talks of "Oswego bass," which the boatmen on Greenwood Lake—partly in New York and partly in New Jersey—who call themselves "guides," have corrupted into "Swago." "Guides," forsooth, where one could not get lost under any conditions.

Distribution and Habits.

The range of the two species is nearly identical. The big-mouth covers the most territory, ranging further north and south than its brother. Jordan gives its range as: "Dakota to New York, south to Florida and Mexico, everywhere abundant, preferring lakes, bayous and sluggish waters." The same authority limits the small-mouth to: "St. Lawrence River to Dakota, south to South Carolina, Alabama and Arkansas, preferring clear and running streams, hence less common South than the next species," meaning the big-mouth. My assertion that the b. m. ranges further north than Dakota rests on a statement made to me by an English angler whom I met while fishing in Louisiana some years ago, who was familiar with both species, and said that he had taken the b. m. in Lake Winnipeg, in Manitoba. If my informant was correct, then the b. m. should be found in Lake of the Woods and other waters flowing off to Hudson's Bay. I do not say that the fish is found in Manitoba, I tell it as 'twas told to me. * * * After this was written I took down Henshall's "More About the Black Bass," to see what he said, as he was not very definite about the range of species in his first work. He says, p. 41, "The geographical distribution of the black bass is remarkable for its extent; the original habitat of one or other of the two species ranging from Virginia to Florida and from Canada and the Red River of the North to Louisiana and east Mexico." As the Red River of the North flows into Lake Winnipeg, we may presume that the b. m. ranges as far as that system of waters does, until it meets the brine, for which the fish has no use.

The two species are often found in the same waters, if the waters be a lake of some size. They are taken side by side in many lakes, but the b. m. is not fond of swift, clear rivers.

There were no black bass in the Hudson River until the Erie Canal was built, some time in the 30s, and then they followed down and were locked through into the river. We boys occasionally caught one, but they did not seem to become plenty, and it is a singular fact that they only breed freely in the lower fresh waters of that river, say about Kingston, which is something like fifty miles below where the bass came in at Albany and Troy. Neither species of black bass is frequent enough

between the city of Hudson and the Troy dam, a distance of nearly forty miles, to entice an angler to fish for them. Apparently there are spawning grounds and waters suitable for both species, and there is food in plenty. The river is rich in eels and suckers, and unless these fish despoil the nests of the bass I cannot guess why they do not thrive between Hudson and Troy. The upper Hudson, from Troy to the rapids of North Creek, looks like good grazing and spawning for the s. m. bass, but they are not there in numbers. To a superficial observer, like myself, the contrast between the Hudson and the Potomac as bass streams is a puzzle. The conditions appear to be the same—but they must differ, somehow. It does not seem to be a difference of food nor temperature, and if not these conditions, what is it? The two species were not indigenous to the Potomac any more than they were to the Hudson. They were native to Carolinas, but not to waters further north on the Atlantic coast.

The habits of the two species are much the same; they feed on the same kinds of food, and only differ in the fact that the big-mouth will thrive at both colder and warmer temperatures than his brother, and will also live where the water is quite brackish, which the s. m. will not. The s. m. prefers the clearer and cooler water of the heads of Southern streams, while the other fellow seems indifferent to temperature. The black bass of Florida and eastern Mexico are all of the b. m. species, and grow to a weight of 16lbs. or more, while in the country north of Pennsylvania one of half that weight is a big one, no matter what may be the length of its jaw.

Black bass spawn when the waters warm up, in New York from about May 10 to the middle of June, and earlier or later north and south. The law of New York allows them to be caught on May 30, when perhaps half of them have spawned; but as the fish guard their nests and young for at least a week after spawning, the date is too early. All attempts to fix a later time for opening the season have failed. Anglers have held off about as long as they can stand it; the trout season has been open for at least six weeks, and the trout are usually far off, while the bass are close at hand; May 30 is Memorial Day and a State holiday. It was formerly called Decoration Day, and was set apart for the semi-religious purpose of placing flowers on the graves of Civil War veterans, and has been adopted in many States both North and South, but as a holiday few observe it in the manner that it was intended to be, while the masses find that ball games, horse races, etc., are more to their taste, and the observant angler, noting all this perversion of the day, naturally asks: "Why can't I go a-fishing for black bass?"

The question is a natural one. He has no particular interest in dead men who persist in remaining dead, and he sees others making merry on that day, and why may he not fish? He also sees that the black bass hold their own when they are given what I have shown to be half a chance, and why should he miss a holiday, or why should he wait until July before he can wet his line in the clear, cool waters of Champlain and other lakes and streams?

These are questions that an angler asks. Personally I do not fish on Memorial Day. As a member of the G. A. R., there are duties to be performed in "God's

Acre," and I am one of those who heartily applauded the Mayors of Bridgeport, Stratford and other cities in Connecticut for refusing circus licenses on that day—and I dearly love a circus; but while the racer races and the baseballer balls, surely the peaceful angler may angle without protest from any. When we can't make our neighbors think as we do, the next best thing is to compromise. Puritanism, like all crankism, allowed no compromise; but to-day we are more liberal. With these things in mind it seems best to let the black bass fishing open on May 30 in the State of New York, the main argument being that, having restrained their ardor until this date, you had better not try to pull the curb too hard, for if you do there will be a kicking over the traces, and there may be a demand for an earlier season from men who do not care whether there is a bass left when they have shown their string in the bar-room, but who have political "infloence."

It is a fact that in the New England States, which the late Prof. Louis Agassiz called a "Zoölogical Island," the s. m. bass has thrived while its brother has been neglected because of an absurd prejudice which we will consider later, but will here say that I mean the prejudice, which has become popular, of considering the big-mouth black bass to be an inferior fish. A man can only speak from his own knowledge, if he speaks authoritatively, but he may talk like a parrot.

Parrot talk has hurt one of the best of American game fishes. It has denounced it as a "vulgarian" (see my sketch of "Virginia Men and Fishes" in FOREST AND STREAM of March 12). The only men who have written of the two species of black bass, and who have not spoken slightly of the game qualities of the big-mouth, that memory recalls are Dr. Henshall and myself. Dr. Henshall did more to bring the gamy qualities of the black basses to the notice of the angling world than all the American writers on fish put together. In his splendid volume, "Book of the Black Bass," he has reared a monument to these fishes and to himself, and when we read the last of his 460 pages the subject seemed to be perfectly covered; but under the title "More About the Black Bass" he gave us 200 pages more, and as full of interest as the former work.

Before quoting from the Doctor on the comparative gameness of the two species I will say that he uses the term "large-mouth," which I never do, because it seems awkward, bookish, or is not, to me, so expressive as big-mouth, yet the word "large" is the antonym of "small," and a captious critic might say that if I use "big" I should also speak of the "little-mouth," but that seems awkward and not euphonious, and there is a heap in euphony, sometimes.

In his first book, pp. 140, 141, he says: "Where the two species coexist in the same stream or lake, the large-mouthed bass always grows to a larger size than the other species, and an angler having just landed a 2lb. small-mouthed bass after a long struggle next hooks a large-mouthed bass weighing 4 or 5lbs., and is surprised, probably, that it 'fights' no harder, or perhaps not so hard, as the smaller fish—in fact, seems 'lazy;' he therefore reiterates the cry that the small-mouthed bass is the gamiest of fish.

"But now, if he succeeds in hooking a large-mouthed bass of the same size as the first one caught, he is certain that he is playing a small-mouthed bass until it is landed, when to his astonishment it proves to be a large-mouthed bass; he merely says 'he fought well for one of his kind,' still basing his opinion of the fighting qualities of the two species upon the first two caught.

"Perhaps his next catch may be a small-mouthed bass of 4lbs., and which, though twice the weight of the large-mouthed bass just landed, does not offer any greater resistance, and he sets it down in his mind as a large-mouthed bass; imagine the angler's surprise, then, upon taking it into the landing net, to find it a small-mouthed bass, and one which, from its large size and the angler's preconceived opinion of this species, should have fought like a Trojan.

"Now, one would think that the angler would be somewhat staggered in his former belief; but no, he is equal to the occasion, and in compliance with the popular idea, he merely suggests that 'he is out of condition, somehow,' or 'was hooked so as to drown him early in the struggle,' and so, as his largest fish will necessarily be big-mouthed, and because they do not fight in proportion to their size, they are set down as lacking in game qualities—of course leaving the largest small-mouthed bass out of the calculation."

There you have Dr. Henshall's opinion, and I indorse it. Years ago I wrote that the fighting weight of a black bass is 2lbs., and it is true to-day. By this I mean that a 2lb. bass will often make the angler believe that he is over twice that weight, while a larger one will not put up as stiff an argument, certainly not in proportion to its avoirdupois. My own experience is that at 2lbs. weight the two species are equal in gameness. In the second paragraph quoted Henshall says, "still basing his opinion of the fighting qualities of the two species upon the first two caught." To this I would add: if not prejudiced by what others have said. There is an old adage about giving a dog a bad name, and another which says: "A lie will travel round the earth while Truth is pulling on his boots." These two sayings fit the case. Men follow like sheep where one leads, and anglers are men, with few exceptions. The big-mouth has been so lied about by well-meaning anglers who would never lie about the size nor weight of a fish that an action for slander would lie. The Spanish have a saying that Inferno is paved with good intentions. I have paraphrased this by often saying that it is full of well-meaning people; who on earth can work more mischief? The well-meaning angler has heard some older one declare that the b. m. is lacking in game, and repeats the slander partly to show his own knowledge and partly because it is easier to have opinions already cut and dried for us than it is to work them out in an original manner.

If—stick a pin in that "if"—it can be proved that the big-mouth is not quite as gamy as its brother, say only able to stay for a dozen rounds in a finish fight, to which I do not agree, then let me ask what other fresh-water fish, barring the trout, if you will, compares to him? Surely not the perch nor the pike, and all Europe has not his equal among what they call "coarse fish," a term meaning all but the salmon tribe.

Food of the Black Bass.

The food that any fish prefers indicates the lures by which it may be taken. The teeth of fishes are not as sure a guide to their food as are the teeth of mammals, yet those of the pike are purely piscivorous. The bristle-like teeth of black bass may be used to hold fish, but do not denote a preference for that diet. Where crayfish, which in parts of our country which were settled by Germans are called "crabs," are abundant, they are a favorite, especially when they have moulted and are soft. Insects and their larvæ and pupæ come next, especially that much-named larva and pupa of the *Corydalis cornutis* which I early learned to call a "dobson," but seems to be more generally known as a "helgramite." Then comes the frog as a *bon bouche* if the bass can get one, but in bass waters the frogs become educated, and the progeny of one which has left a leg with the bass will keep near shore, and when on the bank and compelled to plunk in immediately turn and come up under the bank; no deep water for them. Grasshoppers, crickets, flies and small fish about complete the menu of the bass, but fish are but a small part of it, smaller indeed than that of the perch of Europe, which we have to distinguish from other perches by calling it "yellow perch," "ringed perch," etc.

While speaking of food and baits for the bass, the temptation to give another rap at those fly-fishers who are sticklers for natural flies is too strong to resist. At Cold Spring Harbor on the north shore of Long Island, N. Y., there is a large mill pond fed by springs and ponds above, and I stocked this with black bass in 1884. A short stream below the dam connects it with salt water, and after the bass had become plenty I fished it by way of experiment in many ways. One day I gathered a lot of fiddler crabs from the salt marshes and tried them, and the bass took them greedily, although they had never seen such a thing before, and there are no crawfish or other crustaceans larger than the little gammarus in the fresh waters of Long Island. The "fiddler" is a burrowing crab about an inch wide by about half that length. The female has two small claws, but the male has one great claw, which is carried across his front and is nearly as large as himself.

To the old question: "What does the salmon take—or mistake—the fly for?" I may respectfully add: What did those bass think a fiddler crab was? My own answer would be, as in the case of the trout, there was no thinking about it further than this: a fish sees something stir, and it may be alive and good to eat. The fish will try it and eject it if the strange object is not palatable. The question of a concealed hook, which is prominent in the mind of the angler, does not occur to the fish the least little bit, not even to one that has been pricked with the hook, for there are few nerves in the mouth of a fish, and if it is hooked, struggles and backs away, it has no knowledge of the actual danger it was in, but merely grows cautious about attacking things which might prove troublesome.

Outside of the instinct of self-preservation, a fish, one of the "lowest" of vertebrates, has not the fine nervous organization of the mammal, the bird, the batrachian nor the reptile. It feels little pain from a wound, whether a cut or bruise, and its intellect, if it has one, is very feeble, being confined to the bare necessities of existence. The insects seem to be endowed with all the "instincts" that the fishes have. "To live, procreate and die" seems to be the limit of enjoyment of much of animal life, but we can't expect that they will be up on trigonometry. Browning, Walt Whitman and the dry-fly question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dry Fly-Fishing.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR (AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE DRY FLY").

In Three Parts—Part II.

Stalking the Trout.

Dry fly-fishing is mainly resorted to where very clear, quiet-flowing waters are concerned, and it is here that the trout are necessarily most wary and shy of the approach of man. The dry fly-fisherman casts, whenever he can, up stream to his rising trout for two reasons, first, because he can in this way cause the fly to float more naturally, and secondly, because he is far less likely to scare the trout than were he to cast down stream. But though a trout has not eyes at the back of its head, it has a habit very often of observing the approach of the enemy even when that enemy is right behind its tail. Unless therefore the angler is fishing the opposite side of a fairly broad stream he should get into position for casting in a distinctly insidious way. Let him always keep the point of his rod well down. The rod really seems to alarm trout as much as the gun does certain wild birds, and when it flashes in the sunlight, or is held almost straight up, it will cause a perfect panic among the trout of our clear streams. It is curious how many otherwise accomplished anglers manage to scare and set down fish by careless carriage of the rod. Not only is it well to keep the rod down in carrying it, but where practicable the good angler often prefers to keep it down as much as possible in casting. What is called the underhand cast is precautionary as well as thoroughly workmanlike. The more the rod is flourished over the head the more risk is there of frightening the trout.

A trout's rise or supposed rise having been observed, the dry fly-angler will constantly have to bend down low and advance within range very slowly; at other times it is absolutely necessary to go on hands and knees, and occasionally one must simply crawl or drag one's self along the ground to the scene of action. In dibbing with the dry fly—an exciting branch of dry fly-fishing to which I shall hope to refer—I have again and again taken off my hat, and flat on the ground, drawn myself to the edge of the stream, for this has been the only way of approaching the trout sufficiently near for the purpose. It may be frankly admitted that there is not much stalking needed when the stream is broad and the trout are rising under the opposite bank. A trout, I fancy, does not see you so well when you are opposite him as when you are above or below him; at any rate he does not seem to

take nearly so much notice, and that is the great point. The greatest care in stalking is necessary where the banks are high and the angler is not wading—this I think is almost the most difficult of all conditions for dry fly-fishing—or when there are almost no banks at all; the water being practically flush with the surface of the ground, and no cover. Hands and knees have to be frequently resorted to in these cases, and the angler must keep away from the water as much as possible. I have found a little cover go a long way—a few blades of coarse grass, a few rushes, even a big thistle, will help greatly if the angler carefully avails himself of this apparently meager shelter. Ronalds, author of the charming "Fly-Fisher's Entomology," and usually very accurate, was not right, I think, when he wrote that the trout's vision was so keen that it could penetrate even a bush. It is a clear cut figure against the skyline, or a sudden movement, or the flash of a rod, which alarms the trout so invariably. Given a small amount of cover, the angler, by very deliberate and gentle movements, can usually get well within casting distance of even the wariest trout. Failing cover in between one's self and the trout, cover immediately at one's back is better than none at all, provided of course it be not so high as to make casting impossible. In some dry fly waters wading is allowed, and it is then often much easier to approach trout without scaring them; but indiscriminate wading is a simply abominable practice in a clear dry fly water. It disturbs the water shockingly, and sets down shy trout sometimes for hours.

Stalking a fish carefully is often necessary, not only in order to avoid scaring that particular fish, but also in order to avoid scaring several others feeding hard by, whose turns should come presently. By frightening fish situated between one's self and the selected feeding trout, one often finds, moreover, that the latter is alarmed and set down through the commotion caused by the former. A scared trout frequently scares several others, where the stream is well stocked, and few things are more irritating than this to the angler who knows he has himself to blame.

As a rule it is best to get as near one's trout as possible. Some anglers prefer to fish "far and fine" with the dry as with the wet fly, but to my mind "near and fine" is commonly better. A fish hooked with a long line gets away much oftener than a fish hooked with a short line, and besides one can see more what the trout is doing at close quarters. The shorter the line the more careful the stalk must necessarily be. Of course no matter how careful the stalk the attempt to put the floating fly over the rising trout at close quarters must in the long run mean the scaring of more fish than where the longer line is used in casting; but notwithstanding this, I shall always prefer to get as near my trout as I can to casting to it from a distance. I like to see if possible the whole performance, which adds greatly to the interest of this branch of angling. When the trout is seen rising distinctly at the artificial fly, it is well to give him time. A fatal inclination under such conditions is to strike too soon.

The strike really is or should be nothing more than a twist or twitch of the wrist, which is quite sufficient to drive the barb of the hook home. In wet fly-fishing, so far as I have observed, and so far as my own personal experience goes, the angler does not by any means always strike—unless fishing up stream—until he feels his trout, and then the strike is really the tightening of the line, caused by raising the top of the rod, the beginning of the process known as playing the fish; but in dry fly-fishing the angler should strike directly he sees the ring, that is in cases where he cannot see the trout. Where the trout is distinctly seen somehow one does not as a rule notice the ring, perhaps because one is so engaged in observing the fish itself, and then, as I have pointed out, there is often a fatal inclination to strike too soon. When the trout is thus seen rising at the fly, the angler will do no harm by allowing him to turn before striking. Some anglers try to accustom themselves under these circumstances to count say three slowly before striking. It may be hard to school one's self in this way, especially where big trout are concerned, but it is certainly easier when the whole performance has been observed to fail through striking too soon than too late. There have been anglers professing to disbelieve altogether in the strike; but I am sure it is necessary in dry fly-fishing; only a certain proportion of fish will hook themselves. A gentle feeling at the line by a slight slow movement of the rod to make sure whether a trout has taken or no, is nearly always fatal, for the hook will come away. Strike therefore with decision, but not too hard.

Remember that the finer your tackle and the smaller your hook—we often dry fly-fish with a 000 hook—the less considerable must the sudden strain be. As regards these very small hooks I must say that I do not take very kindly to them. They come away from a fish's mouth more easily than a fair-sized hook. At the same time in clear waters when the dry fly is used they tempt more shy and well educated trout, and as the season advances they become more and more necessary no doubt during the daytime. Fine gut, nicely tapering, attached to a nicely tapering line—I commonly use one of your American waterproof trout lines—is very desirable for this dry fly work. Coarse casts will often set down the fish.

Angling last Mayfly season one broiling Sunday afternoon on the headwaters of old Izaak's favorite stream, the Lea in Charles Lamb's "Pleasant Hertfordshire," I found only one fish stirring. This was a huge trout of perhaps 6lbs. or more in weight lying in the shallows and now and then leisurely sipping down some minute object, probably one of the "fisherman's cusses." My cast was rather coarse, as I had been using May fly, it being the time of the imago of that insect called with us the spent gnat. I attached a small fly to this cast, got into position, and sent a long line up stream over the great fellow. It was a fair and a straight cast, and the fly gently fell on the water a foot or two above the trout's nose. He noted the gut and rushed off in wild alarm. Two hours or so later I found the fish back again, and cast to him with exactly the same humiliating result. That trout knew a good deal no doubt, but the sight of anything save the finest gut will terrify much less edu-

cated trout in very shallow, clear and slow water. A fine cast is a thing one must not do without in dry fly-fishing, save when May flies or some other equally big artificials are being used.

I wrote with interest this observation of Mr. R. B. Marston in his paper on the brown trout in Mr. Cheney's Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission Report for 1895, which I have just been fortunate enough to add to my small angling and natural history library: "If the brown trout retains in American waters the same characteristics that he has here, then I think American anglers will find that it requires more pure skill to deceive him and successfully land him than any other fish in the world, weight for weight. If this is so, it will give him an additional value in their eyes."

Some Dry Fly Difficulties.

It is the great object of the dry fly-fisherman to imitate closely nature in order to deceive the trout. Therefore the artificial fly should float down over the rising fish, just as the natural insect floats down. As already mentioned, it is usual for the fly-tyer to imitate the insect known as *Ephemeridae*, which have upright wings. The angler's fly, accordingly, whether it be an imitation of May fly or of dun, must float or sail down stream with erect wings. It is true a trout will sometimes take the artificial when it is lying flat on the water, provided it is floating well; but the most shy and educated of our chalk stream fish will often scarcely deign notice, much less take, an artificial which is not floating with well "cocked" wings. Flies are made nowadays with split and sometimes with double wings, which when dry float well under favorable conditions.

But there is a difficulty in dry fly-fishing which no tackle inventor has so far been able to overcome in the least, or reduce, and which, I fancy, he never will, namely, what is called the "drag." The "drag" is easy to explain, if passing hard to defeat. It occurs when the current takes hold of the angler's line and drags the artificial fly at a greater rate than it would travel if attached to nothing; the "drag" pulls the fly down, thus taking all the "cockiness" out of it, and ultimately drowns it. The trout with any pretensions to education or enlightenment will have nothing to do with the fly in these cases, and occasionally it will so offend him that he will at once cease rising. These extreme cases where a "dragged" artificial actually causes a trout to cease rising are scarcely credible to some anglers, and I for one have been reproached for exaggeration in dwelling upon them; yet that there are such cases I am quite sure, and so I know are other anglers who have studied trout at all closely. Indeed the sight of an artificial floating naturally will apparently offend a rising chalk stream trout at times—though fortunately such cases are not very common.

The drag occurs of course by reason of the stream being stronger at some point between the angler and his artificial fly than on the piece of water on which that fly is floating, and to avoid it the angler has recourse to various devices. He will try to so alter his position in casting that his line shall not fall upon the stronger current. Sometimes he will, in order to avoid the drag, have to cross the stream and try and assail his rising trout from the other side. And at other times, if this practice is allowable, he will wade out into the stream and cast from a more favorable position. Again he will keep a little spare line in his hand, and pay this out to the current, hoping thereby to save his artificial from being, as it were, instantly knocked over and drowned. The spare line cure is occasionally effective, as it may save the artificial for a matter of moments, and meanwhile the trout may rise and get hooked; but only occasionally. Where a trout is rising in a still or almost still pool, and go where the angler will there is a bit of rapid water between that pool and himself, the "drag" is practically unavoidable. The trout sees the artificial directly it alights perhaps, comes at it, but before he can seize it the resistless current has dragged away fly, cast and all. The lure is again presented to the hungry trout, and the same thing again takes place. After a while the trout grows weary of this phantom and takes no further notice of it.

I have only known a very few cases of trout in good condition—"mens sana in corpore sano"—taking a "dragged" artificial in dry fly-fishing on chalk streams, though the grayling is not always so particular in this respect. The "drag" is more constant in the sharper flowing streams, which twist and turn about a good deal. Such streams form many a miniature backwater, which the trout have to frequent because the natural fly gets driven thither by the current, and can then be captured by the rising fish at a slight exertion. The lower lengths of our (Derbyshire) Wye, which are familiar to so many Americans who come to see Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, and often stay at the far-famed Peacock Inn, are full of such miniature backwaters, and the dry fly-fishing on this river is accordingly very difficult.

Sometimes the drag may be avoided by the angler going above his fish, and casting a dry fly down to it. This method is known as "drifting" the dry fly, and its advantage is that the fly having a good start of the line will not drag till the line, as it were, catches it up. But "drifting" the dry fly is a very difficult thing to execute satisfactorily, and I fancy most anglers could count on their ten fingers the number of good trout they have captured by this device. The best way to defeat the drag is to avoid it by getting if possible into a position where it may be at any rate minimized. Only practice and experience will enable the angler to overcome difficulties of this kind, together in some cases with a thorough knowledge of the water.

As we have seen, it is of prime importance that the fly should float well. In wet weather it is really hard work to keep the fly from getting "water-logged," because it tends to become saturated with the rain, even while the angler attempts to dry it in the air. The May fly, owing to its size, is particularly difficult to dry properly on rainy days, and one may blister one's hands very easily over the work, even if they have been holding the rod a good deal for some time and have therefore become fairly hard. To make the fly float well very many dry fly anglers now touch the hackle or wings with a little paraffin or oil. Small bottles of scentless paraffin

are sold for this purpose with a camel-hair brush attached. Paraffin certainly does work wonders. A fly painted with it will float for hours even on a wet day, and require scarcely any drying in the air. I frequently fish without paraffin, and in fine weather, especially when using small flies, do not much concern myself about it one way or the other, but for May fly work it is a great assistance in bad weather.

Perhaps, however, the chief difficulty of all—if we except that of inducing the terribly overeducated trout of chalk streams of this country to rise at all—is that of the wind. Accuracy, it must be admitted, is far more important in dry fly than in wet fly-fishing, and to put a fly lightly on a certain bit of water no bigger than a dinner plate when an adverse wind is blowing hard is most difficult. Some people profess to be able to cast a line in the teeth of a small gale; very likely they can, but all I can say is that I have never seen the feat satisfactorily accomplished, and feel certain that ninety-nine dry fly anglers out of a hundred will habitually fail at the first cast or two, and after that the trout will very likely begin to think that somehow there is too much line and gut flying about the water to make feeding a safe and pleasant occupation, and hence he will retire for a while. Accuracy is indeed to the vast majority of dry anglers a very hard matter in rough weather. The less wind the better is dry fly-fishing. A gale at one's back, it is true, enables one to get out a very long straight line, and to make the fly travel into the opposite bank of a broad stream, but I have known it to bring the fly straight back into my neck or cheek in a way that has made me consider the advisability of giving up fishing for the day. Then, too, the fly, though it may travel straight out when the wind is behind it, will be inclined to fall on the surface of the stream like a little stone; and this is the reverse of attractive to the trout. No, depend upon it, the less wind the better for genuine dry fly work.

Under these circumstances it is distinctly unfortunate that several species of the *Ephemeridae* family of insects should often hatch so freely on roaring days, and that trout should feed on fly so persistently at such times. If there is no wind there is quite likely no fly hatching, and consequently no trout moving at surface food.

Peculiarities of Trout.

APROPOS of Mr. Mathew's argument in the April 23 number of FOREST AND STREAM, regarding the taking of flies by trout, I will relate an experience of my own.

Some years ago I was fishing the Pocono Creek in Monroe county, Pa., and one hot noontime I strolled into the deserted blacksmith shop which spanned a portion of the stream flowing through the village of Tannersville. I was guided to the place partly by the hospitality suggested by the open door, and by a desire for shade. As my eye roamed around the interior it was attracted by a knot hole in the floor, and knowing the stream flowed underneath I got down to look through, in the hope of seeing something that would be of interest. To my surprise I saw five or six large trout lying quietly in the shadow, their fins gently moving. They seemed to be the embodiment of languor, intensified perhaps by the general heat prevailing.

After watching them for some time and until fully satisfied with the spectacle, the next thing, of course, was to stir them up. As horseshoe parings were plenty, I picked up a small piece and dropped it through the hole. As it touched the water every trout sprang into motion. The first one to seize it turned and shot away, ejecting it at the same instant. As it zigzagged through the water, slowly settling, it was taken by another, who went through the same performance, then by a third, and so on until all had satisfied their curiosity by taking it in their mouths and voiding it.

After waiting an interval I dropped a second piece. Again a trout arose, took the paring in his mouth, emitted it and swam away. Before it reached the bottom of the creek another investigated it in the same manner, but the remainder took no further notice of it. After another interval a third piece was dropped. This time but one trout made a motion toward taking it; he approached within a few inches of the morsel, then turned and languidly sailed to his former position. Further efforts in a like direction failed to arouse in them any more interest in the experiment.

This portion of the stream flowed through the tannery grounds, and the trout were preserved, otherwise the experiment would have been carried further. In other words, I would, after the first enlightenment, have tied a piece of the paring to a naked hook, and from a suitable spot made a cast under the building. I am morally certain I would have hooked a trout.

On another day, during the same trip, I was on the meadow above the dam. The water there is quite deep, considering the size of the stream, say 3 ft. or so, and the banks were lined at that time by a thick growth of alders. I had crawled through them to the edge of the stream, and as I lay stretched out, looking on to the water, I saw directly in front of me a trout lazily maneuvering around, but never moving far from a central point. He would move up stream a few feet, then, apparently, standing on his head at about an angle of 45 degrees, slowly drift back. Then he would take little side excursions, but all in an aimless manner, as though imbued with the languor of the lotus eaters. As I watched him, admiring the flash of gold and crimson that was revealed at intervals, when he slowly turned, my ear caught the sound of a slight splash on the water above. Glancing in the direction, I saw a gang of flies being lifted from the water; again came the cast, and from the masterly way in which the flies were dropped I knew that Milt Woodring, a native of the stream and the locality, had hold of the rod. Now, thought I, is my opportunity of seeing a wild mountain brook trout take the fly. Slowly but surely down stream came the flies, 6 ft. away, 3, 2, then directly over the trout, with as fine a cast as one could wish. The trout at that particular moment was enjoying one of his drifts back while standing on his head, and was about a foot under water. Again came the cast, this time a trifle behind him, but they provoked no flurry, no excitement; they made no change in his movements; whether the surface of the

water a few inches above him was being thrashed in streaks and little whirlpools by the restless flies, or gently ruffled by the passing wind, it was all the same to him. It was not until the immediate presence of the wading fisherman intruded on his domain that he moved away.

I have been on the stream and seen trout, 20 ft. away, scurry for their lairs as though the devil were after them, and again have had them break all around with impunity when casting.

I have passed the fifty-mile stone, and still lie awake nights pondering over the eccentricities of trout.

R. K. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Choppewamsic.

CHOPPEWAMSIK CREEK is a little run which empties into a tide-water marsh a mile and a half south of Quantico on the Virginia shore. The tortuous channel of the creek, as it approaches the river, takes the course of a letter S with its perpendicular axis parallel with the shore.

When the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad was built it followed this imaginary axis, and therefore crossed the winding channel three times in its short course over the marsh. As sand and wood boats occasionally passed up the creek with the tide, this was a navigable stream, and a drawbridge was placed at each crossing only a few rods apart.

This arrangement was so expensive to the company in maintaining a man in charge at each bridge, and the delay to traffic on the road so serious, from the time required to operate the rude hand-power draws, and so annoyed and delayed the boats trying to make the passage, that the railroad company finally filled up the two upper crossings, and changed the channel of the creek to run directly through the last bridge. Thus the two fills cut off a horseshoe curve of the old bed of the creek. Into this the tide enters by a couple of foot-square culverts in the uppermost fill, and the result is an ideal fish pool.

The culverts let in the pike, carp and bass from the river, and twice a day the tide pours in loaded with fish food. The water does not come directly from the river, but sifted by the vegetation of the marsh, is nearly always clear, so that fishing may be found here when no other stream, for the length of the Potomac, is in condition.

The pool has long been noted for its pickerel, and as these north-country fish are lively in much colder water than bass, we have been in the habit of making our first spring trips here, beginning as early as February, but always till last year with the minnow or spoon, fishing from the railroad bank and catching nearly all our fish at the culvert, on an incoming tide, as they gathered there to feed.

Something over a year ago large-mouthed bass, with which the Fish Commission has stocked all the tributaries of the lower river in reach of a railway, were noticed in considerable number.

Then we left our coarser tackle at home and made a raid with the fly. The bridge tender had a couple of gunning skiffs, and these we hired him to put over the bank into the pool. With a native colored boy to paddle we set out among the lily-pads and mossbeds. The boats were cranky as a racing shell, but we had spent many an evening on the Potomac in just such, and when they are well handled there is no better fishing craft for the fly-caster, in quiet water. We found the bass plenty and hungry. They were in the shallowest water, and it was clear as crystal, so it became a matter of approach and reach, as fly-fishing mostly is anyway, but we were abundantly rewarded.

Then we had a new experience, and a new delight, added to a cup already full. We found the pike taking our fly, and for short, sharp, vicious biting and fighting he has no peer.

The older books on angling tell of catching pike with a fly, and several give cuts of the nondescript animal to be used—fully 6 in. long—the body of a mouse, with wings nearly as large as those of a Mother Carey's Chicken, and built about a tarpon hook.

Such an engine may be necessary for the large pike of higher latitudes, but for the little *Reticulatus* of these waters it would be of little service, and the finest bass tackle makes the best sport.

Twenty-two inches is a good-sized pickerel here, though we have "seen signs" of some monsters that much exceed this, and 8 lbs. is the claim made for the record fish. A couple of our friends on one trip were using one of the boats, skittering a minnow; a ½ lb. bass had taken the bait, and was being helplessly hurried to the skiff, when it was seized by a large pike. After an exciting struggle, in which he ran about as much as he pleased, though almost netted in his rushes past the man with the paddle, he broke, leaving the bass thoroughly crimped, and quite dead, to say nothing of the two men in the boat. Since then he has made several demonstrations—enough to keep alive a hope that he will yet be ours. He is known as the Five-pounder, though of course that is pure conjecture.

Our flies for bass are tied to No. 4 hooks, as anything heavier does not cast well from our light rods. For the pickerel two or three threads of Christmas tinsel tied to the head of the hook, we thought, made a fly more killing. This did not add appreciably to the weight or at all interfere with the cast, and made the fly much more showy, with the gleam of the minnow or the spoon; either we or the pickerel became educated past this rude device, and we could not fish finer or further off, for grayling or trout, than we now do for this coarse fish, and the sport is not to be despised, even after Nepigon trout.

Few fish are more deliberate with a gorge bait than the pike; the general directions of most authorities are that nearly the only way to lose him is in failing to give him plenty of time to pouch. But on the snap few fish are his equal, and at the fly none his superior. This is a deliberate challenge. From his lair in the weeds or beneath the floating leaf he will rush sometimes for 20 ft. on the surface of the water, open-mouthed, at the fly, not taking it with a gulp as does the bass, but with a vicious snap that threatens destruction to the hook and

makes the angler glad there is a length of line between his hand and the fish. His mouth is bony, the membranes thin, and if not caught in the gills or tongue the barb must be set quite through the bone to hold, for he goes up in the air and turns such somersaults as earn and secure his freedom many more times than the angler would have, if he had everything for the asking. The teeth are sharp as needles, but round, and the gut of the fly is not badly worn, and never bitten as one would expect; it slips between the teeth. But the feather work of the fly is pretty badly demoralized after it has enticed three or four pickerel. Round almost as an eel, nearly as incorrigible a squirmer, and nearly as slimy, the pickerel ceases to amuse after he is landed. The best plan to handle him, the writer found, is the key of a patent binder, which opens like scissors, only different, and inserting this in his jaws and forcing them open, he is helpless, and as the jaws open very wide, the hook is easily extracted. This was not resorted to until a gentler effort resulted in one of the needle teeth piercing a finger nail like paper.

As an article of diet, always a matter of taste, the pickerel with us ranks third—from the bottom. The chub last, then carp, then pickerel, and these are now the perquisite of the boatman.

The record catch of pickerel here was 50 lbs. to one angler, but this was with minnow, and before the place became so popular as to attract the net fishermen, who try each year to rake it clean, but so far have not succeeded in getting them all.

The marsh between the pool and the river is covered with a rank growth of cattails, which is usually burned off in the winter by some local hunter to make snipe grounds for the spring shooting.

Very high tides occasionally come over this from the river, and on one of our early trips last year an unusual spring tide covered it to the depth of a foot or more. All over this great fish were splashing about, which we could hear and see for twenty rods.

Curiosity drove us to investigate, and the boatman paddled out over the already sprouting bed of cattails; we approached without difficulty, great carp swimming about in twos and threes, always close together, apparently excited, and sometimes making plunges that threw showers in the air. They seemed at least of 20 lbs. weight and hundreds in number; they were apparently spawning, though the low tide left no water in these shallows, but they moved on too rapidly to be on the feed. The landing net was passed over the heads of preoccupied couples as they passed, but the net was so small and the fish so large that it was not much more dangerous to them than to us. Their frightened plunges when thus disturbed in the shallow water so liberally sprinkled us that we were glad to desist.

The bass here, like all those of the lower river, are the large-mouthed, mostly from Illinois. The tide brings in minnows, perches and mudshad, and the bass take their places near the culvert, with the pickerel, and make alternate rushes for the passing schools. At any rate, if the pike ever get the advantage of them, it was never apparent to us. When of equal size they never seem the least disturbed by the other. The pike is the bully of the pool, but the bass is the policeman, with considerably more dignity and quite as fine a courage.

One of our memorable trips here, and we have had many, we had taken the 4:40 P. M. train from Washington, reaching Quantico at 6 o'clock. Sending our traps across to the hotel, we hailed a couple of boys for the boats, and started at a warm pace down the track for our mile and a half walk to get the evening fish.

When we were ready to begin operations it was nearly 7 o'clock and sundown; an hour's daylight left. The evening is perfect; there is just the cat-spaw of a ripple on the water, but plenty for this hour. The wooded hills, the dark water, with bass breaking up and down both sides of the pool, the soft summer evening haze; we feel all this, as well as see where

The sun hangs low adown the western sky;

Its length'ning shadows gloom the wrinkled pool;

The chattering halcyon flits with nervous cry,

Or hovers still—to shoot down bye-and-bye;

Thus day by day he decimates the school.

The cattails whisper still of Midas' ears;

Flame-hearted mallows nodding to the night;

The drooping lilies with their glit'ring tears,

The modest symbols of a maiden's fears,

In hammocks green—seem fairies, snowy white.

The sentry rails are calling in the grass,

The blackbirds quarrel ere they go to rest;

A flock of crows, loud cawing as they pass,

Are flying high, an inky, noisy mass,

To distant roosts in mountains in the West.

Beyond the pool a stilted crane stalks grim,

And peers for frogs about the mucky mash;

While high above, upon a blasted limb,

A fish-hawk sits, with feathers sleek and trim,

And screams defiance at intruders rash.

A quiet good-luck as we arrange ourselves in the skiffs, with the net behind within easy reach of angler or paddler and the bag of flies and comforts at our feet. We take the two sides of the pool, as the skiffs are pointed, and at the first cast outside the line of lily-pads a good bass takes the dropper; he has hardly warmed up to his work when a full-grown pickerel makes a break for the trailing tail fly and gets it; the little 5½ oz. bamboo has its work cut out, and the "racing and chasing on Can-nobie Lee" was probably a tame exhibition to the merry-go-round performance of the next few minutes. It was not easy to net both; the pickerel doesn't seem to know when he's whipped, but both were finally saved.

When we packed up to tramp back to supper the after-glow of sunset was spent, and the dark was on us, but we did not care; one rod had taken twenty-seven bass and the other forty-two. My friend had the larger score and had taken nine doubles. We were to fish the next day, and only killed enough for breakfast—three each—and the others had been carefully returned.

There are not many pleasanter walks than counting ties on a dark night. This sounds absurd, and yet that evening's stroll to supper, up the railroad track, with the signal lights of the freight yard and the little village bright below, and the spangled sky all bright above; the whippoorwills that come at your call, all about; the

plaintive cry of the screech-owl; the anticipation of a warm supper, delayed beyond our usual hour and the memory of the sunset on the water—well, there are many occupations in life duller than counting a limited number of ties under such conditions.

On one of our trips, when the wind had blown our skiffs off the lake and we were driven to try from the railroad bank, we noticed as the tide was coming in hundreds of bass on the outside in the creek, dozens coming close up to the mouth of the culvert. We watched them for some time, hoping they meant to enter, but they seemed to have no particular intention or business. They were not feeding, but moving lazily about; we offered them flies to no purpose, and even caught a couple of small perch and tried them with bait, but they ignored our attentions. Some doubt was expressed as to whether they were bass, and to settle that question the triangle was taken off a pike-spoon and thrown over one.

He moved deliberately away, but his place was quickly taken by another, which swam so directly toward the line that when it was twitched one of the barbs engaged his lower lip, and after a short struggle was landed a bass above 2lbs.

Then the fly was tried again further out, and whenever it could be dropped near a patch of weeds or floating grass we had a response. Standing on the high bank we were in plain view, and the bass would touch nothing we offered, but when the grass hid us, if a bass was behind it, he made for the fly, and we took a beautiful string all of a size. Several times since we have seen them here, but never again had anything like as good sport with them.

There are large fish here. The bridge tender late last fall saw one struggling helplessly on the surface of the pool, and secured it. It proved to be a bass with a big catfish fast in its gullet. Too large to swallow, the spines had prevented ejection, and the bass must have soon died. He took the fish to the village grocer and recorded its weight, something over 7lbs. We claim the mate.

HENRY TALBOTT.

New England Fishing.

Boston, April 21.—Of the R. O. Harding party to Newfound Lake, N. H., for landlocked salmon fishing, Mr. Harding was high line, and his friends are offering congratulations. He took one salmon weighing 8lbs., one of 6½lbs. and one of 6lbs. These fish were displayed in Appleton & Basset's window to-day, and drew a good deal of attention. The other successful fishermen of the party were J. E. Devlin, with a salmon of 7lbs.; E. H. Wakefield, Jr., one of 5lbs.; and Edward Brooks, one of 4lbs. Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wakefield remained at the lake for a few days longer, determined to get some larger fish. The party was quartered at Mrs. A. F. Sawyer's, the Masaquebec House, near which point excellent fishing is reported. The fishermen suffered a good deal from cold, their lines frequently being thoroughly iced in the morning, with plenty of ice in the boats.

At the head of the lake there has already been excellent fishing. J. W. Sampson, of Hebron, has taken a number of large fish. G. G. Fellows has taken one of 7lbs.; C. L. Eddy, one of 5lbs.; Charles S. Bates, of Boston, one of 4lbs. and one of 6lbs. A fisherman at Bristol has taken six fish in one day, and had four strikes, which he hooked and lost. Off Whittemore's Point one weighing 10lbs. has been taken, one of 8lbs., one of 6lbs., and three of 5lbs. each. The lucky fisherman's name is A. G. Dolif, of Bristol. C. E. Rounds, of the same town, has taken two salmon of 8lbs. each and one of 7lbs. E. A. Pike has also taken two salmon there of 7lbs. and one of 8lbs.

Such has been the fishing in Newfound Lake up to date. Later good fishing is looked for on lake trout. One has already been taken there—last Saturday—weighing 14lbs. The lake is noted for large fish of that description. Commissioner Wentworth, who met the Harding party at the lake and came out with them, is greatly pleased with the remarkable catches of salmon there of late; the best ever known. He is more particularly pleased since it is the work of the Commission in restocking that has brought the salmon fishing up to such satisfactory results. Concerning salmon in Winnepesaukee, the Commission is also very hopeful. They have been putting in salmon for some time, and some results are noted. It is a great body of water, and must necessarily take longer to restock. But it is believed that landlocked salmon will be a great success there at no very distant date.

Lake Auburn, Me., is open, and to Mrs. H. Haskell, of Auburn, belongs the honor of landing the first trout of the season. It was landed at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and weighed 3lbs. L. Baker, of the same town, has taken the first salmon, one of 7lbs. This was landed after a fight of fifteen minutes, on Tuesday.

The ice is out of the lakes at Winthrop, Me., Maranocook and Anabesecook, and some good trout have already been taken. These lakes are really coming into note for large brook trout, after having been given up to pickerel for many years. First the lakes were stocked with black bass, and the theory of the Maine Commissioners is that the bass have destroyed the pickerel, so that the trout put in have had a chance to thrive.

Boston, April 23.—Landlocked salmon fishing at Sebago has stopped rather suddenly. Reports from that lake to-day say that very few fish are being taken. The theory is that the smelts, on which the salmon are feeding, have moved up into the rivers and streams, and that the salmon have followed them. In about a week, or as soon as the water is a little warmer, the smelts will return, and then another good run of salmon is expected.

Salmon at Newfound Lake have continued to come to the hook in good shape, and a number of Boston fishermen are off and will go as soon as business will permit. C. D. Lyford, of Cambridge, went to Newfound yesterday. He will stop at J. W. Sanborn's, Hebron, one of the best points on the lake for fishing, and the one from which a great many fish have been brought this season. Dr. T. F. Carrol, of Newton, is going to Newfound on Monday. John E. Devlin, of the R. O. Harding party, has gone to Newfound again. A party is also planned for Newfound about May 2, including J. A. Wade, F. O. Webber and George Robbins.

Lake Winnepesaukee fishermen are getting ready. G.

R. Leavitt and J. E. Hill will leave for Winnisquam to-day for lake trout fishing.

Reports from the Rangeleys mention an early clearing of the ice. Capt. F. C. Barker writes from Bemis that the ice will go out about May 1, all depending upon the weather. Mr. Sargent, of Sargent's camp, Mooselucmagutic Lake, though getting his rods ready to be off as soon as the ice is out, does not expect to be on the ground before May 5. Mrs. Sargent will be with him, as usual. He has visited the Rangeleys almost every year for about thirty years; has taken trout up to 9 and 10lbs. He is as fond of the sport as ever.

The departure of the ice from the Rangeleys for the past seventeen years has been as follows, the record being from the files of the FOREST AND STREAM:

1880—May 7
1881—May 9
1882—May 12
1883—May 14
1884—May 13
1885—May 15
1886—May 3
1887—May 16
1888—May 21

1889—April 30
1890—May 9
1891—May 10
1892—May 4
1893—May 20
1894—May 3
1895—May 6
1896—May 7
1898—

The weather will tell.

Lake Auburn is turning out some good fishing. A dozen good fish were taken the second day after the ice went out, which was on Monday, April 18. Boats can be had of Cy Metcalf, but one has to be booked ahead, on account of the demand.

The ice is out of Lake Cobbosseecontee, Gardiner, Me., and the fish are reported biting well. Over fifty boats were out on Monday, April 18. The first fish was taken by Harry Wright, of Providence, R. I. Camp Conway Castle is filled with fishermen. Among the number are Mr. Conway, Mr. J. L. Kenney, Mr. B. Dunn and Mr. M. McGawley. Trout fishing has greatly improved in that lake during the past few years.

April 25.—E. H. Wakefield, Jr., and Edward Brooks, of the R. O. Harding party, are just in from Newfound Lake, N. H. Mr. Wakefield got two salmon of 5lbs. each. Mr. Brooks captured a salmon of 4½lbs. and a trout of 5lbs. Mr. Brooks captured a salmon of 4½lbs. The above are Mr. Wakefield's first landlocked salmon, though he has caught about his share of trout. He is much pleased with Newfound Lake, and will go again later. His only complaint of the Masaquebec House, where they were quartered, is the way they treat fishermen there. A nice, warm fire, and four meals a day, are on the programme; eggs, coffee and hot toast at 3 o'clock in the morning, so that they may be on the lake at daybreak; breakfast at 8:30, or when they get in from fishing; dinner at 1; and supper when it is too dark to fish.

Mr. Lyford, of Cambridge, got a 4lb. salmon at the foot of the lake the first day he fished. On Sunday four salmon were taken at that point. On the way out Mr. Wakefield saw a beautiful salmon, 25in. long, in a box of just the right size. The fish was bedded with evergreens, and had a bunch of Mayflowers in its mouth. The name of the captor he did not learn; so much more interested was he in the beautiful prize.

The Sebago Club party of seven has just returned from that lake. They took ten salmon and one trout. The fishing was not as good as immediately after the ice went out, but in front of Camp Sebago sixty salmon have been taken thus far for the season. Mr. Fisher, of the party, was high line in three ways. He took the first salmon, and the largest one, a fish of 9½lbs. He also took a "square-tail," as they term them at that lake, or brook trout, of 4½lbs. They mention a rainbow trout, taken by one of the party, doubtless the result of restocking.

SPECIAL.

Early Spring Fishing in Canada.

THOUGH the season during which both trout and ouananiche may be taken in Canada "with an angle" only opens on May 1, it is very seldom that the condition of the ice and the water does not delay the opening of the angling season until the very end of the month. From May 20 to 25 is perhaps the average period for the opening of the spring fishing in northern Quebec, but on some few occasions the ice has not left Lake St. John until the first days of June. Most often it disappears from May 10 to May 15, and the fishing for ouananiche in the lake itself at Roberval and in the mouths of the Metabetchouan, Ouitchouan and other rivers flowing into it commences as soon as the ice has gone and continues there as long as the waters are rising, which is usually about three weeks. When the water of the lake commences to fall the fish gradually disappear from their earlier haunts, and the much prized fishing of the Grande Decharge commences. I have gone into all these details so that anglers may calculate for themselves, from the condition of the water, which I will report from time to time to FOREST AND STREAM, what time they should arrive at Lake St. John for the particular locality in which they desire to fish. I have had good ouananiche fishing in Lake St. John as early as May 20, and it has lasted in some years up to almost the middle of June. From June 20 to June 30, in the average season, the early fishing in the Grande Decharge arrives at its best, but I have had my best sport as early as June 12 in these rapid waters, and taken several 4 and 5lb. fish in succession in one afternoon. This year the season promises to be earlier still. Present appearances indicate that it will be at least ten to fifteen days earlier than usual. A month ago summer seemed to be breaking right in upon us, but since then we have had colder weather. Nevertheless we have already lost our ice bridge from the surface of the St. Lawrence in front of the city, earlier than it was ever known to disappear before, and a message from Lake St. John states that the ice is quite rotten and liable to sink at any time. It is pretty certain to go by the end of the month, and in that case we shall have ouananiche fishing in the first week of May instead of the third, and good angling in the Grande Decharge in the first week of June. For this early fishing anglers will do well to provide themselves with a number of flies tied on No. 3 and No. 4 hooks.

Trout fishing ought to be fairly good this year about the middle of May, and even earlier if the weather turns warmer, while the bottom fishing for the heavy trout in

Lake Edward, which is now open water, will be in full swing just as soon as the ice is off the lake, which may now be almost any day.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, April 22.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—The beginning of the trout season in Wisconsin does not show all the results that could be asked. I have kept tab on the Prairie River through advices received by a friend from a resident on the banks of that stream, and the last news is that the weather has turned too cold and that it will be better not to go out after trout there until next week. That is, by the time this issue of FOREST AND STREAM is in the hands of the readers the trout outlook at that point should warrant one in chancing the trip. Of course the first flurry, before the mosquitoes begin to operate, affords the most enjoyable sport of the season, though it is not until the long-bills are biting also. I have not heard of any Chicago parties who have tried the Prairie as yet this spring. Mr. Edward Taylor I have earlier mentioned as bound for that point at any early date. Mr. H. L. Stanton, of this city, also wants to try the trout a whirl there, for he says he has not had a trout trip for five years. We have not many anglers here who understand trout much better than Mr. Stanton, and I should like to be with him on this happy little river next week. On May 25 Mr. Stanton, his friend Mr. Frank Willard and several others whose names are not yet certain, will go up to Squirrel Lake for a week with the 'lunge.

A number of anglers of West Superior, Wis., have been out this week along the streams of upper Wisconsin adjacent to their city, but their report is generally that of bad luck. The streams have not yet settled down into their natural flow, and no sport of steady sort has offered, the fish taken being dull and averaging very small.

Wautoma Creek and the White River near Princeton, Wis., have had a good quota of anglers this week, among others from Ripon and adjacent points being Messrs. L. E. Reed, H. P. Cody, H. C. Evers, E. J. Burnside, T. S. Chittenden and George Hill. It is very likely too early for much sport there, though these streams are among the first in the State to offer fishing.

At La Crosse, Wis., a great many men are ardent trout anglers, cultured on the many streams which run not far from that good angling point. The opening day contingent from La Crosse was a goodly one. Henry Heil and Benj. Ott tried the Mormon Coulee, Harry Hirschheimer went to Sparta, Dr. Gattedam, S. L. Bowlby and Henry Gund went to Galesville, Messrs. Joseph Boschert, Ed Richardson and J. E. Willing tried Lafayette, joined later by E. J. Tull and Judge Kleeber.

It appears to be one of the beneficent arrangements of nature that trout fishing begins just about the time jack-snipe shooting stops. The snipe are still here. Between the two the average Chicago man is keeping happy.

Bass.

Mr. S. A. Wright, of Sand Lake, Ill., writing to a friend in this city this week, says: "The fishing is good here now. Black bass and pickerel both feeding in fine shape. I had some jump clear out of the water after the bait. I caught a fine string yesterday, although the wind blew hard from the northeast."

West Michigan Fly-Casting Association.

Mr. Eber Rice, secretary of the West Michigan Fly-Casting Association, writes me with a very kind invitation to be present at the first tournament, June 8 and 9, which I shall certainly see if it be among the possibilities. Mr. Rice adds: "We propose to spend a couple of days among some of the finest trout streams in the world, which we have in the northern part of this State, and give a practical illustration of casting."

The West Michigan Association tournament, as earlier stated, is under the auspices of the Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association of Grand Rapids, Mich., and the competitions will be held at Reed's Lake, near that city, where preparations are already well under way for the events. The officers of the Association are John Waddell, President; E. Crofton Fox, Vice-President; Fred J. Adams, Second Vice-President; Eber Rice, Secretary-Treasurer. The address of Mr. Rice is 81 Lyon street, Grand Rapids, Mich., and he will send out a full printed programme to any inquirer. The rules are printed in the programme. There will be six championship medals as first prizes in each event, with many valuable merchandise prizes.

Protective Meeting.

The Michigan State Game and Fish Protective League has been called to meet at Grand Rapids on the morning of June 8. This meeting is for the purpose of considering the action of the Wardens' Convention at Chicago last February. Secretary Charles E. Brewster hopes that there will be a good attendance of this protective league; inasmuch as many members will be present at the fly-casting tournament.

One Good One.

April 23.—Messrs. George P. Rose, Jr., and Hugh Davidson, of La Crosse, Wis., with another friend, opened the season along the Kickapoo streams last week, taking 98 trout. Mr. Rose was so lucky as to get one good one weighing 3lbs. 2oz. He also took another weighing 1lb. 4oz. This is about as good a catch as I have seen mentioned this week. Reports coming from Wisconsin do not speak of very good luck thus far. Indeed, most trout trips have more hope than trout in them. Thus I hope we shall hear of better luck within the next ten days. The first week in May is usually the best of the season in Wisconsin.

Sooners in Michigan.

Michigan anglers are in the leash waiting for May 1. The Big Rapids Gun and Rod Club have established headquarters on the Pere Marquette River, and there will be several camps on the Little Manistee, the Boardman, etc.

Where was It?

Mr. C. H. Davis, of Superior, Wis., on April 19 caught in the Mississippi River a muscallonge 50in. long and weighing 33lbs. The fish was taken on a trolling spoon. If this was a Wisconsin muscallonge it was legal, but if the "Mississippi River" was in the State of Minnesota it would seem to have been illegal, since the law of that State forbids the taking of food fish between March 1 and May 1. Anyhow it was a pretty good fish.

Unconstitutional.

The Cedar Falls Rod and Gun Club, of Iowa, have been trying to get a fishway put in over the dam on the Cedar River at that point. The Fish Commission, Mr. Delavan, says that he is not sure the right of way can be condemned, as last year Judge Dewey, of Oskaloosa, declared the fish law unconstitutional, and the Supreme Court has not yet passed upon it. Of course any law which prevents any man from doing what he likes ought upon the face of it be declared unconstitutional, and it is a poor court which cannot issue a decree to that effect.

Distinguished Guests.

The West Michigan Fly-Casting Association has invited many distinguished guests to be present at its tournament, June 8-9, among others Senator Teller, of Colorado; ex-President Grover Cleveland, ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. William Jennings Bryan and Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago. Mayor Harrison is a skillful fly-fisherman himself, and was among the early anglers in the grayling days of the noble South peninsula, whose best streams he knows like a book.

The Record Cast.

On last Monday, at San Francisco, the famous long-distance champion, Walter D. Mansfield, broke even his own previously existing outdoor records and also the indoor record made by Mr. Leonard at Madison Square Garden last winter. Mr. Mansfield cast, out of doors, 120ft. 6in. It would appear that this record is very apt to stand for a time, as it beats Mr. Mansfield's next nearest cast by an even 7ft.

Would Steal the Fish Commission Next.

On last Thursday officers from Oconto broke up a gang of gill netters who were openly plying their calling near De Pere on the upper Fox River. Still bolder was the conduct of a choice lot of fishers who have been fishing with spears at Gill's Landing on the Wolf River, within a stone's throw of the headquarters of the Wisconsin State Fish Commission, which collects its wall-eyed pike spawners at this point. Deputy Johnson, of Oshkosh, made the arrests. This is the biggest nest of spear fishermen caught in Wisconsin this season, and as proof of their success at their sort of fishing it may be noted that over 500lbs. of pike were found and taken from them.

Incidentally I observe a little mention this week in regard to the work of the Wisconsin Commission, which states that the Commission has had poor success in getting wall-eyes for its propagating purposes at Gill's Landing this spring. It would appear that the best way to get these pike there is to spear them at night with jack lights. At least that is what the above-named gentlemen were doing, and they had very good luck.

Hon. Nat Cohen, the energetic and irrepressible President of the Illinois State Fish Commission, was in town this week, and paid the FOREST AND STREAM office his always welcome visit. There are two things which I should like to see come to pass: first, Mr. Cohen's favorite notion that it is wrong to fish under a dam in the spring run; second, my favorite notion that it is no good to compromise with fish dealers. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Cohen would get his heart's desire a little ahead of me.

Discrimination.

We hear sometimes about the question of discrimination in the matter of non-resident licenses of one sort or another. Perhaps there may be some bearing upon this in the following note from the legal news:

"Discrimination between the citizens of different counties in respect to the right of fishing without a license is held, in State versus Higgins (S. C.), 38 L. R. A. 561, to be unconstitutional, as a denial of the equal protection of the laws."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Wyoming Fishculture.

THE Wyoming State Fish hatchery, reports the Laramie Republican, was never in better condition than at present. All the upper ponds have been thoroughly cleaned, the buildings are in good condition, the troughs containing the young fish are as neat and clean as a new pin, and the fish, both old and young, have the appearance of vigor and health.

In the main building there are now 650,000 young trout, all of which will be ready for delivery in April. Of these 60,000 are the Von Behr, or German brown trout, 200,000 rainbow and the remainder Eastern brook. The brown trout and the rainbow are more suitable for the large streams of the State, such as the Big and Little Laramies, and the brook will be planted in the smaller streams. As they dart about the hatchery troughs the little fellows appear as healthy as they can be, and the loss amounts to almost nothing.

The next Legislature should make an appropriation adequate to put the grounds at the hatchery in good shape. With plenty of stone near at hand the expense is very small to construct proper walls to beautify the grounds. The trees which have been planted in the years gone by are all doing well, but more are needed, and a new system of pipes inside the hatchery will be a necessity before long, as the present pipes are becoming badly rusted. It is estimated that \$2,000 would make all necessary repairs and put the grounds in apple-pie order. There is not a single State institution out of which the people get so much for the money expended.

In order to fully realize the great good the hatchery

has done the State it is necessary for one to reflect back say fifteen years. At that time there was not a trout in the tributaries of the North Platte, and many doubted whether they would live in those streams. Note the change. Every stream in the State is populated with the finny tribe, and some of the tributaries of the Platte are among the finest trout streams on earth. Where can one go to find such fishing as on the Big Laramie, where the lordly rainbow sports on dashing rapids, or lurks in cool retreats? Aside from the immense revenue brought to the people of the State by tourists who delight in the pleasant pastime, thousands of pounds of health-giving food is annually taken from the waters of the State for the benefit of its people. As an investment the State has no cause to regret the money spent for trout. It has been returned ten times over in food alone.

The Republican would be pleased to assist the Wyoming Fish Commission in advocating the passage of a law which would furnish mutual protection to those people of the State who delight in the pleasures of angling and the ranchmen who dwell along the streams as well. The waters of the State and the fish are the property of the people, and some equitable way should be devised whereby the people can have the right to fish in the streams of the State, so long as they obey the laws in regard to fishing with hook and line, close sea-



TWO OF THE GROUP OF FOUR ATLANTES

surmounting the clock tower of the New York Life Building, in which is the FOREST AND STREAM office, No. 346 Broadway. The colossal size is indicated by the figures of the men who were photographed with the Atlantes, as here shown, at the works of Mr. W. H. Mullins, Salem, Ohio, where the group was done. The piece ranks with the most artistic examples of exterior decoration in New York architecture, and is one of the most conspicuous of such objects, both by day and when illuminated by night.

Mr. Mullins is well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as a builder of metal boats; and it is to be said for the Salem establishment that as the Mullins' boats sail every inland sea, so the Mullins' gods and demigods lift themselves against the sky from countless towers and pinnacles throughout the land.

son, etc. The rights of all should be made so plain that there could be no room for controversy. If the people of the towns can be driven out of the streams, and have no rights only through the sufferance of others, then the sooner they know it the better, that they may protect themselves by withdrawing the financial aid which they have so freely given in the past. What the people pay for in common they should be permitted to use in common, without let or hindrance, and the rights of the people should be clearly defined by statute.

Early in April the Commissioner will begin the distribution to the various counties of the State, and this year's output will be as large as any ever made from the institution.

California Trout Waters.

REDLANDS, Cal., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting season has closed for all but rabbits, on which there is no law, and which I am told breed all the year round. There are some who shoot rabbits all the time. The dove season opens on July 1. The fish law was out on the first of this month. The mountains are full of tourists and fishermen. J. L. Brown rode up to near the head of Alder Creek on Friday last, which was the opening day, stopping at convenient places to cast line in the limpid ripples. He took twenty-three nice trout and saw a man who had sixty. There is quite a lot of snow in the mountains yet. John saw one mountain quail and the track of a large mountain lion. He rode most of the way on his wheel and on the return trip I think rode all of the way. Most of the fishermen here use earth worms for bait. The trout are usually very small, but they form one of the chief attractions to the army of pleasure-seekers who invade the hills during the term of intense heat and dust in the valleys.

I have been informed that twenty arrests were made on the Sunday preceding the opening of the trout season here, all of which were duly convicted and fined.

REELFOOT.

To Catch the Large Trout or "Bilers."

WE have a law, passed by a most humane and non-sporting Legislature, which prohibits the catching of any trout not exceeding 4in. in length. My hand is full 4in. broad, and since the law was provided I have laid every little trout which came my way across the palm of my hand, and every one of them projected from side to side, so it may be said that this part of the law is in no great danger of violation. But there are natural safeguards thrown around the small trout that protect it better. They are too troublesome to clean and carry home. On our clear mountain streams the fisherman nearly always sees the trout before it takes the hook, and if it is not big enough to make a desirable addition to the day's catch, the hook is drawn out of its reach, much to the little fellow's disgust, I have no doubt, and another ripple or pool is tried.

But there is a time when even 7 or 8in. trout are a drug in the market. For instance, our party has gone back in the mountains for a week's stay, at the forks of Cranberry, and our camp is ten miles by air line from the nearest mountain cabin. If the conditions are favorable the fish are caught in too great quantities to be eaten, and a halt is called and camp life must be endured, lies swapped, novels and back copies of FOREST AND STREAM read, and such other amusements tried as may be indulged in at camp. Not that it takes a small number of mountain trout to do the four or five men and the black cook, who has made it a constant source of pride for about ten seasons not to let a fish go to waste at camp. But a few hours' fishing down the little river or up either one of the forks through the heart of a dense wilderness absolutely free from any of the encroachments of civilization, will result in a basketful of trout which, added to the other lots brought in and all cleaned and sunk in a little pool, will make enough to supply the market for a day or two.

These fish are fried and eaten with warm biscuits, baked in the old-time oven at the camp-fire, bacon, potatoes, onions, butter and coffee. About the second evening a great cry goes up for "bilers." They are looked upon as the delicacy of the trip. The large fish are taken and boiled until they are cooked through without the skin being broken. They are carefully removed to keep them whole, and the same sauce-pan and liquor is used to make the sauce by adding flour and butter mixed in a stiff dough, and lemons squeezed in or vinegar to suit the taste. The sauce should be the consistency of batter, and poured over the fish, which are served at once. If cooked properly, this makes the finest dish in which fish can be eaten, but if messed up the slightest it is the nastiest.

Believing that there is really more enjoyment in catching one good-sized trout from a deep pool than the ninety-and-nine that are to be taken half grown from the ripples, I have paid some attention to the taking of the "bilers" or big bull trout from the deep water. Ordinarily I use flies in fly season, but you may whip the deep blue pools till you are deep blue in the face without getting a big trout to rise. Your big trout will all be caught in shallow water, where they may be lying temporarily. It takes special study to work those big pools, where you know the big trout live in the shadow of the overhanging rocks. They have been "dulled" in dry season, but I never envied the man who caught them that way. Fishing worms are of no use. It is possible to catch one middle-sized fish, but if you persist the minnows will eat up the bait. The most successful plan I have ever pursued was to use crawfish. A handful of these may be secured by turning up the rocks along the shore. On one occasion I was looking for a place to hunt for bait, when I came on a raccoon turning over the stones, looking for crawfish. He got out of my way slowly and stopped within thirty steps and looked at me and remained there until I threw a rock at him. I took up the work where he had left off. After securing a handful I ground them into small bits between two stones and cast a handful of the pieces on the pool. The bait sinks, and I attach a piece of a defunct crawfish the size of a grain of corn to my hook. I have rarely failed to take from the pool several fish by these tactics. With a little care in casting and fishing, if you can fish at all, you should be rewarded under these conditions by seeing your line walk away soon, and striking in at the right time find that you have a fish which will give you some satisfaction to capture.

After a minute or more of acute excitement a big red 12in. trout lies gasping on the strand, and you see by his sharp teeth, which punish your fingers so cruelly when you take him from the hook, that he has attained his full growth. I have caught as high as eight full grown trout from a pool in a quarter of an hour. After this time their biting fury is apt to be over. It is supposed that the abundance of bait scattered broadcast over the water brings on their appetite for death.

But I have never been able to fish the Shumate Hole with success but once. This is the longest, deepest, broadest pool in the river, and the popular belief is that trout live there which can break your tackle all to pieces. I have tried the crawfish racket time and again without results. One fish of ordinary size might be deluded into suicide. I have tried minnows and grasshoppers, and dozens of strange looking grubs from under the bank of rotten logs, but the magic would not work. One whole season I hardened my heart and passed this pool of unknown depth, and wasted no time on it. On the last trip I made there, however, in fishing down the stream with fly I noticed a "spotted minnow," such as is tolerably common in the Greenbrier River, where I fish for bass. I cannot give its name, but it is a little fish about 2in. long, something like a sucker, lies close to the bottom of the stream, has wonderfully tough flesh, and is by far the best bass bait known to me. It was an unusual thing to see it in this trout stream, and I was lucky enough to catch it by cornering it in shallow water. Being near the Shumate Hole, I determined to try it as bait, remembering that I had often caught bass with this minnow when they would take nothing else I had to offer them. I cut the minnow into six baits and I am certain that I was not ten minutes in catching six trout

a foot long. By the time they were on the bank I could not have told the time by my watch I was in such a whirl of excitement. I tried then the ordinary minnow and crawfish, but not another bite did I get from that pool. I resumed my fly-fishing and caught eighty trout before I got back to camp, "big enough to keep," but those six were the pride of the lot.

If I should be so fortunate as to get back there this year, I shall keep my eye skinned for the "spotted minnow," and hope yet to catch an 18in. trout from the Shumate Hole.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Trout Fishing and Trout Fancies.

I HAVE just been reading in the *FOREST AND STREAM* Mr. Fred Mather's Chapter No. 1 on Fresh-Water Angling and brook trout, and was very much interested therein.

I suppose it would be called rank heresy to have the temerity to differ in views with such high authority, but in a few unimportant items I may be pardoned for so doing.

I have been a fly-fisherman from way back, and my dear old Governor before me, anterior to the luxuries of split-bamboos, click reels and silk lines, in fact even jointed rods. My Governor's pet rod was a light flexible bamboo with a lancewood tip; and I as a boy rejoiced in a light spruce that cost many a day's search in the woods; and when we started out, our rods carefully wrapped in cloth to prevent damage, projected beyond the wagon, thereby advertised the fact to the neighbors that "the Squire and that vagabond boy of his were off again 'fishin'"—a pursuit by no means approved by the more serious portion of the rather straight-laced community, who looked upon shooting and fishing as frivolous pursuits, unworthy the attention of respectable citizens. To see a man or boy with a fishing rod (or pole, as we were wont to call them in those days) was to elicit a prophecy that he would "come to no good." But I always noticed that the prejudice did not extend to refusal of a share of the "catch" distributed among the neighbors.

In our county, in New York State, were trout streams galore, but still better ones were in the adjoining county of Delaware, and whenever I observed the Governor cocking his eye up at the clouds, followed by taking down the bamboo and an inspection of the sacred drawer where the tackle was kept, I went out, gave the horse an extra feed, and greased the wagon, dug a can of worms and made things ready for an early start next morning. Our destination usually was a creek appropriately named Trout Creek, about fifteen miles over in Delaware county—a long distance in those days, over primitive roads and steep grades.

Arriving at the creek at about noon, the horse was taken out and secured, and after having lunched the work began. My share of the sport was to carry the fish in a big bag or pocket attached to a belt around my waist, and my fishing was only when the driftwood in some deep hole prevented the use of the fly; then my turn came, and dropping my worm-baited hook down between the logs I landed the big fish of the day, and chuckled when I observed the Governor cast an envious glance at my capture.

About the middle of the afternoon I returned to the wagon, harnessed up and drove down the road along the creek to the country tavern, put up the horse and walked up the creek to meet the Governor and relieve him of his heavy bag. The next morning we fished for a couple of hours and started home with trout enough to supply the whole village; and all this with the simplest tackle—a hair line and home-made flies. Even the flies were an innovation, and the wonder of the country granger, who looked over his rail fence to see the Squire "catching them fools of trout with nothing but a feather." In fact, fly-fishing was hardly known back in the country in those days. The trout, like the people, were unsophisticated. They always seemed to me to be surprised and to say: "Hello! what's this? Let's go for it." And they did. They were not fastidious, not educated, as Mr. Mather claims they are in these days. No such thing existed in those days as tackle stores in villages remote from the city, and our flies were necessarily of home production and limited in variety. The barnyard furnished the feathers and the family work-basket the silk, floss and body material. We contented ourselves with the red hackle from the big red cock, the gray from a speckled hen, the miller from white owl feathers; and there we rested. Our trout were satisfied with that assortment and so were we.

I have fished in many localities from Canada to California, in all the Northern States, and tried all varieties of flies; and from actual experience have settled down to less than a half dozen varieties: (1) The red hackle, with yellow bodies; (2) the same with peacock bodies; (3) the black; (4) the moth miller and (5) a green-bodied fly with black wings.

I have had fly-books with every known variety, and have kept them until the moths reduced them to bare hooks, without a trial except occasionally out of curiosity. For instance, I never have caught a fish of any kind on a red ibis, not even a chub or a dace, which, by the way, afford fine sport in many rivers, as they bite at the fly as readily as trout. In these days, when it is the proper thing to go loaded down with a hundred varieties of flies, patent reels, silk lines, hook extractors and expensive rods, and to indulge in scientific fish lore, an old-school fisherman stands in the background and has nothing to say.

I agree with Mr. Mather that a good reel is a good thing and a poor one an abomination. As for rods, I can get as good and serviceable a rod for four or five dollars as I can wish for. I have one I paid \$25 for, and have followed the market down to \$2, and I see no especial merit in my \$25 over the \$2; in fact I seldom use the more expensive one, as it is a double-action, and I hate it. Neither do I advocate the lightest. No 5oz. rods for me; I want to handle my fish, not he me.

As for lines and leaders, I am partial to short leaders, say 3ft. In regard to lines I occasionally amuse myself going back to my boyhood days and make myself a hair; but my favorite line is the Japanese, made of native grass, strong and light, colored variously. Some years

ago I sent \$5 over to Japan for as many lines as it would purchase. In return I received a bundle of lines of every size, from the finest to those for heavy fishing—enough to set up a tackle store—and notwithstanding the quantity I have given away I have still a stock to last me a lifetime. It is wonderful how strong they are, and how free from decay.

Mr. Mather and myself present the two types of fishermen. He represents the latter-day, scientific, refined, educated disciple of Izaak, and I the old style, conservative, matter-of-fact fisherman; but I claim that when it comes to the plain and primitive versus science, in a test of results I will not be very far behind.

It may be an evidence of conceit to say that I have never yet fished with the scientific fisherman that he was one trout ahead of me.

While I appreciate Mr. Mather's views in general, I have no envious feeling at his superiority in the science of fishing and fisherman's lore. I have read his articles on the Aquarium with a great deal of interest, as I always do all articles from his pen, and if he sets me down pityingly as one of the old foggy "has-beens" I shall not feel the least annoyed; but I would like much to meet him on some good trout stream and test the question of the old and the new school, he to be armed with his Jock Scots, silver doctors, mandarins, etc., against a common brown hackle, and let us test the theory of an advanced intelligence that creates fastidiousness and greater daintiness to tempt the trout to rise only to the semblance to one of these imitations of nothing that lives on the earth or under the earth, or whether the fish has not still remaining some of the characteristics of his grandfathers, that were satisfied with a good old style of brown hackle.

If trout are changing their natures, keeping even with the times, and becoming fastidious, we conservative old fishermen will have to seek the outskirts of civilization or ruin ourselves for outfits corresponding to the popular idea of what constitutes present-day essentials for a trout fisherman. As the alternate I think I should go further, on the principle that I could fare no worse. I think streams may be found where trout are yet unsophisticated and are not educated to glance at the sun before rising to see if the color of the fly is the proper thing for that hour of the day, and where half a dozen varieties of fly will suffice and fill the bill for all hours. The question reminds me of the inquiry of an old friend, who did not shoot, but frequently accompanied me in the boat when duck shooting. Observing one day the different numbers of my cartridges, he said: "What do you do when you see a No. 3 duck coming, and have a No. 4 shot in your gun?" On the same principle, if you observe an educated trout smiling derisively at you, look at your watch and say: "Beg pardon, old chap, for trying to fool you with a 9 o'clock fly at half past. No wonder you won't rise. Excuse me for my stupidity, while I correct the error." The moral of it is: If you are to fish in a stream containing the modern educated trout, my theory of half a dozen varieties of flies will not suffice; you must provide yourself with one for each hour of the day.

It must be this same principle that prevails in the style of costume apparently required for the different sports—one for bicycling, another for golf, another for tennis, etc. How mortifying it must be to be invited to a game of golf when you are in your tennis or bicycle suit; you are debarré, of course. It would be entirely inadmissible. The game could not be played in an unsuitable suit, no more than a young lady could go yachting without being decked in blue, with a broad collar with anchors embroidered in the corners, and a sailor hat. She would sacrifice all prospects of a good time, stay at home, cry her eyes out in vexation, rather than be seen in anything but the swell costume fitting the occasion. And it is getting to be about as bad in case of the fisherman, especially if he lives in the city, and is told he must be outfitted to suit the fastidiousness of the present-day trout—not omitting a book of flies of every hue of the rainbow, that would drive an old style of trout daft and make him fall back on worms for the remainder of his life.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Buffalo Fish.

IN the Journal of the Rev. John Ettwein, the Moravian preacher, who conducted a congregation of his people from Wyalusing on the upper Susquehanna to the Beaver River in the western part of Pennsylvania, in the summer of the year 1772, recently published in "Notes and Queries" in the Harrisburg Telegraph, we have some notices of the natural history of the region through which they passed in early times that are extremely interesting. For example, on July 25 his party encamped near the Mahoning, a tributary of the Allegheny, likely in what is now Armstrong county, where they remained over Sunday. "At this place," says Ettwein, "enough fish were caught to supply the entire camp—large pike and salmon, but especially a large species unknown to us all, resembling the sheephead, in these parts called 'buffalo fish.' In place of a skull they have two small white stones lying toward each other. The mouth resembles that of a sucker, but without teeth; instead in the throat it has two pieces of bone fitting one on the other, in the form of a large shoemaker's pincers, with which it crushes the mussels, its proper food. The meat is better than rockfish, and there are no fins."

In the "Food Fishes of Pennsylvania," the State Report of the Fish Commissioners, 1892, I find described what is called the "buffalo fish," but I cannot identify it with the Mahoning fish, as described by Ettwein. If there ever was a fish in these parts answering to Ettwein's description, I should think it has long since become extinct.

In the same connection he says, "We also took an unknown species of tortoise, as large as a goose—with a long neck, pointed head, and eyes like a dove. The shell is hard above only along the back, and below in the middle, otherwise all around soft and liver-colored." This description of a tortoise, "as large as a goose," reminds us of Dr. Johnson's famous description of a giraffe: "As big as an elephant, but not so thick." However, this strange tortoise, with "eyes like a dove," seems to have accompanied its queer cotemporary, Ett-

wein's "buffalo fish," into the shadowy domain of departed things, for quite sure I am that no such creature now inhabits the waters of the Mahoning.

Game at that time in central Pennsylvania was fairly abundant, as the party in the course of their journey, which extended through a period of about two months, killed three bears and one hundred and fifty deer. Rattlesnakes were greatly in evidence; "I know," says Ettwein, "that upward of fifty were killed." These unwelcome customers invaded the camp itself, sometimes basking between the fires after the travelers had all lain down to sleep. Yet no one was injured by them.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Shad Taken on the Hook.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—I have had considerable discussion as to whether shad could be caught with a hook. If you will answer this, naming the bait used, if any, in your next edition, I will deem it quite a favor.

S. H. M.

[A Washington correspondent wrote us a few years ago, under date of May 2:

"While fishing with angle worm for white perch, about two miles above this city, in the Potomac River, we caught two large roe shad. My little daughter Mabel caught one which weighed 3½lbs.; the one I caught weighed over 4½lbs. They were caught fairly in the mouth as though they had taken the bait. I have fished on this river for twenty years or more, and never before had a like experience, nor can I find any one who has had. I have always understood that shad could not take a bait of any kind, and when they come up stream to spawn they do not feed, as their stomachs are always found empty."

Shad do not come into rivers to feed, hence they seldom notice any kind of bait; but in a few localities, notably Washington, D. C., and Holyoke, Mass., they have been captured with small and light-colored flies, like white-miller or white and ibis, dressed on hooks corresponding in size with No. 6 or 7 Sproat. In his report on the fishes of Lake Ontario, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, notes the taking of shad with grasshopper bait in the St. Lawrence. The fish were supposed to have come from a planting of shad in Lake Ontario waters. He says: "In August, 1881, Mr. H. L. Matheson, of Oswego, N. Y., was fishing at that place for black bass. As an experiment he baited his hook with a grasshopper and cast his line from the shore of the island into the current, made somewhat muddy by a strong westerly wind. The bait was promptly taken, and to his great surprise a 3lb. shad was landed. More grasshoppers were secured, and fifteen shad, weighing from 2½ to 3lbs., were taken in a few hours. On succeeding days, six, three and two fish respectively were caught. Several other parties took one or two fish each in the same way." Mr. J. V. Sharp reported in these columns that he had seen shad take the fly in the James River, Va., the fly of medium size and bright color; on one occasion five roe shad were taken in an hour.]

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., April 25.—The ice went out of the lake April 17. The past week has been mostly rainy and cloudy weather, but the salmon fishing has been excellent considering the temperature of the water and high winds.

Fishermen from Boston have carried home a number of salmon averaging 8lbs. each, and residents here have made good catches. A. Doloff, of Bristol, caught five the day after the ice went out. April 23 Frank Kirk at sundown hooked a large salmon, which refused the net for an hour; it was quite dark when the fish was finally landed in the boat; the weight was over 15lbs., the best of the season thus far.

There has been the usual number of large ones (?) that got away, but the losers are consoled with "It is better to have fished and lost than never to have fished at all." The lake trout fishing has not been quite so good as usual, only eight trout being taken as yet at this end of the lake.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

A Possible Interruption of Mr. Mather's Fishing Papers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I go to Albany to-morrow night to offer my services for my country. If they are accepted, I will remain in Albany until the regiment being raised by Col. J. Meridith Read leaves for the front. I once said: "No man will ever shoot at me again with my consent;" but now that the war drums are beating, and my country needs men who have been under fire, I cannot remain idle and see the boys go off without wanting to go also. If for any reason I cannot go, I will sadly resume my pen and tell how little I know of fishing. A week will decide it.

FRED MATHER.

Adirondack Trout.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., April 25.—The fishing has been very good so far. On Thursday, April 21, a gentleman from New York, with Lowell Brown as guide, caught four nice lake trout; the largest one weighed 11½lbs.; they were caught in Lake Cobby, a small lake about three-quarters of a mile from Saranac Lake village. On Friday, April 22, Mr. Pemberton Pleasant caught in Lake McKenzie, a small lake about two miles from this village, a brook trout measuring 17½in. in length. April 22 a prominent lawyer from New York caught in Little Tupper Lake sixteen brook trout, weighing from ¾lb. to 3lbs.; the average was 1½lbs.; these trout were caught by trolling.

E. E. SUMNER.

Pennsylvania Trout.

THORNHURST, Pa., April 23.—Trout fishing is excellent this season, and trout streams are in fine condition. Mr. J. G. Bailus caught one in Lehigh River below Thornhurst, weight 2lbs., length 21in. Large catches were made in Delaware Lake on April 15 and 16 by George Waddell, of Wilkes-Barre, and others. Mr. Stark, of Pittston, caught one in the lake, 16½in., weight 1½lbs.

A. E. P.

The Leetly Fishyman's Boy.

Dat leetly fishymans was be Pierre La Roche. He was mek dat leetly song in hees head of it, an' M'sieu' Mumpsin say he was gat 'banot so much rhym' as dey was raisin in it. Ah' do' know what dat mean, prob'ly. M'sieu' Mumpsin was wrote on de papier jus' sem Pierre was spoke it, an' de bes' was he mak' b'lieve it was true story, happen in Canada.—ANTOINE BISSETTE.

Mah fader she keel in de Papineau war;
Mah mudder come dead for so sorry;
Bose lef' me for be poor awfultin boy,
'E a'n't know where he live to-morry.

Mah onc' he tol' me come live long to he.
Mah ha'nt say he be fadder and mudder,
Mais always Ah'll took de bes' Ah'll gat, me;
Ah'll took dat w'en Ah'll can't get no odder.

Mah onc' hugly, for lick me lak t'under,
Mah ha'nt mak' gre't nowze wid his mouse,
'F you'll heard it, den you'll prob'ly was wonder
How many chill'n dey gat in dat house.

One tam dey tol' it Ah'll might gone feeshin'—
'Ta'n't often Ah'll get it chance for some play;
But if Ah can had de bes' t'ing for weeshin'.
Ah'll a'n't want better as had it dat way.

Ah'll leetly small feller, 'bout t'ree, four foot hole,
Jus' hable for pull up big angly worm;
But two tree Ah'll chop for mak'-it two pole,
Was mos' clear off one corner de farm.

Den Ah go on de bank of de river,
An' lucky mah hook so Ah'll can't spit more,
An' more as two nacre Ah'll kiver,
Wid all kan' o' feesh Ah'll a'n't see beffore.

Wid peck'ril, bass, parch, sheep'head an' dore,
Ah'll poun' de groun' fas' as two man's trash,
An' bull-plug plenty sam' in dat story
Some peop' was tol' 'bout dat Kankakee ma'sh.

Mah onc', mah ha'nt, dey bosc was get grosse riche,
For sol' w'at Ah'll ketch dat day, Ah s'pose;
An' heat so much all kan' o' feesh
De bone stick out so he can't pull his close.

An' dey come dead an' go, Ah do' know w'ere,
An' lef' de money an' de farm behin';
An' Ah go feeshin', me, an' took good care,
Because w'at dey lef' all was be mine.

The Kennel.

Three Good Dog Stories.

WE were speaking of the power possessed by some animals of communicating their ideas one to another, and my friend kindly furnished me with two or three stories to illustrate the point. He said: James Cumming was fishing a stream near Coupar, and was much annoyed by a small terrier, which followed him along the path barking, till he turned and "flicked" the dog over the nose with his fishing rod, when the dog at once ran off. My friend went on with his fishing, and forgot the incident till he noticed the small dog returning, trotting by the side of a large retriever, who, without any growling or preliminaries, quietly bit Cumming's heel, and in the same quiet and dignified manner at once retired, honor having been satisfied.

In the district of Rangitikei, New Zealand, where I lived for some years, hares were very plentiful, and coursing was the sport indulged in by everybody, the result being that greyhounds swarmed in the townships; and while their owners were busy, they were inclined to suffer from ennui, and thus it happened that some fifteen to twenty hounds would often trot out from the village, quite unattended, about a quarter of a mile, to a paddock opposite my house, and there they would mass up in one corner close to the gate. Presently one of the number would dash out from the mob toward the middle of the field, and when it had got some 50 to 70yds. start, would begin to "double" and twist exactly as a hare would do when hard pressed. The pack would at once commence the chase, while the "hare" dog dodged and turned at full speed, till at last he was "collared" and pulled down, when the panting pack would return to the rendezvous at the gate, and after a brief "blow" another dog would break away and assume the role of "hare." This sport I have seen carried on for nearly an hour at a stretch, perfectly spontaneous on the part of the dogs.

Another curious story was told me by Dr. Frank Wallace McKenzie, of Wellington, N. Z., whose father owned a run in Otago, which was much overrun by rabbits. In order to keep the rabbits in check, if possible, a non-descript pack of dogs was kept at the station to hunt rabbits for their living. The pack was composed of half-bred greyhounds and collies chiefly, and they were in the habit of going out every morning quite by themselves and hunting all day, returning in the evening to the station. A very small Scotch terrier always accompanied these expeditions, his small body allowing him to take the part of a ferret, and turn the rabbits out of their burrows. This dog, therefore, became necessary to others if they wanted really good sport; but there were times—as this dog grew old—when the comforts of the kitchen fire outweighed the joyous excitement of digging rabbits out of the snow, and as he was a privileged individual, and his daily bread did not depend entirely upon the slaughter of the chase, he would sometimes absent himself from the "meet," but the other dogs knew better than to start without him, so a deputation would return to the kitchen to ask him to "reconsider his position," and being armed with wider powers of persuasion than most deputations, when this one was met with snarls and growls, it set upon the object of its prayers, and dragged him out of the place. At once he was surrounded by the pack, and hurried off to the hunting ground in no very gentle manner. Once there, the "spirit of the chase" would come over him, and his stiffness wear off, but the same performance would probably

have to be gone through next morning. I have often wondered what the other dogs did when this terrier died.—Our Dogs.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE American Kennel Club Stud Book for 1897, Vol. XIV., is now ready for delivery. In binding, printing, etc., the volume is up to the usual excellent standard of the A. K. C. books. It contains pedigrees from Nos. 42,590 to 46,327; a list of the officers, active members and associate members of the A. K. C., advisory committee, a record of the bench show and field trial winnings of 1897, cancellations, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, re-registrations, standing committees, a list of the bench shows and judges of 1897 and bench show winnings of the winners of 1897. The volume covers the records from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1897. It can be obtained of A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York.

Mr. C. E. Buckle, of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, writes us that he leaves for England on the 23d inst., returning in time for the summer training on chickens and the Manitoba field trials. Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va., will attend to the business affairs of the kennel in the meantime.

Yachting.

THE steam-yacht Free Lance has been presented to the United States Government by her owner, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, of New York. She was designed by A. Cary Smith and built by the Crescent Shipyard, Lewis Nixon, in 1895. Her dimensions are: Over all, 137ft.; l.w.l., 109ft.; beam, 20ft.; depth, 11ft. 7in.; draft, 8ft. She is of steel, schooner rigged, and carried triple expansion engines. Her speed will make her a very useful craft.

SINCE last week the Board on Auxiliary Cruisers has recommended the purchase of ten additional light draft vessels, yachts and tugs, and a number of yachts have been inspected. Those purchased are Thespia, Viking, Restless and Corsair, Penelope and Aileen. The work of converting them goes on rapidly at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Scorpion was finished last week and sailed for the South. When she left the yard, with only her foremast standing, and that cut off at the hounds, with her bowsprit sawed off plumb with the figurehead, with topsides, deck houses, spars and boats of one dull shade, a dark lead color, and with two 5in. guns forward and two aft, with a half dozen rapid-fire guns in addition, no one would have recognized her as the shapely Sovereign. The names of the yachts thus far completed are:

Original.	New.	Commander.
Mayflower,	Mayflower,	M. R. S. Mackenzie,
Hermione,	Hawk,	J. Hood,
Columbia,	Wasp,	A. Ward,
Alicia,	Hornet,	J. M. Helm,
Almy,	Eagle,	W. H. Southerland,
Sovereign,	Scorpion,	Adolph Marix,
Josephine,	Vixen,	Alex Sharp, Jr.

COM. MORGAN, of the New York Y. C., has given orders that all the stations of the club be put in commission at once, that all telephonic and telegraphic facilities at them be perfected, and that they be placed at the disposal of the Government. These stations are placed as follows: No. 1—Bay Ridge, N. Y. No. 2—New York, Twenty-sixth street, East River. No. 3—Whitestone, L. I. No. 4—New London. No. 5—Shelter Island. No. 6—Newport. No. 7—Vineyard Haven. No. 8—Atlantic Highlands. No. 9—Ardsley-on-Hudson. No. 10—Glen Cove, L. I.

THE trustees of the Larchmont Y. C. have extended to Lieut.-Commander Field, United States Navy, in command of the Third Coast Defense District, the full use of all the facilities of the club house and station, including such accommodation as he may require in the main house and other buildings; and the use for any purpose of the club floats and landing stages, launches, telegraph instruments, and long-distance telephones. The trustees of the club further announce that in the event of actual hostilities between the United States and any other country during the coming yachting season the events already scheduled, including regattas and the festivities of race week, will be omitted.

ON April 25 the following orders were issued by Major H. H. Adams, in charge of the fortifications of New York Harbor:

Submarine mines having been placed in position in connection with the defenses of New York, the following regulations for safe navigation by friendly vessels and for the protection of the defenses are hereby established by authority of the Secretary of War:

1. No vessels will be allowed to pass Sandy Hook or the Narrows between the hours of sunset and sunrise. During this interval vessels must not approach within three miles of Coney Island, Gedney's Channel, Sandy Hook or the Narrows.
2. Patrol boats will be stationed above and below the defenses. These boats are authorized to stop vessels to inquire into their character, or to instruct them how to pass through the mine fields. The orders of the patrol boats must be strictly observed.
3. Sailing vessels and all small vessels drawing 3ft. or less can safely pass through any part of the channels during the daytime.
4. Steam vessels must pass at slow speed through a special channel, which will be marked by buoys.
5. Vessels are warned that if they disregard these regulations they will expose themselves to serious damage, and will be liable to be fired on by the batteries.

With Coal to Callao.

E. J. Brady in the Sydney Bulletin.

THEY slewed her in to dump her load,
And cleaned her aft and fore;
They turned her out to take the road
She'd taken oft before;
All geared aloft, all free aloft, all tight and trim below,
To take the road, and make the road, the road to Callao.

He kissed the girl ashore he'd found,
And said: "You'll never miss me;
You won't start weepin' if I'm drowned,
But kiss me, sweetheart, kiss me!
'Tis miles to go, long miles to go, eight thousand miles or so,
With seas about and seas abeam, and coal to Callao!"

Around his neck she twined her arms,
"Luck speed you, Jack!" cried she,
"And from the sea and all its harms
Come back some day to me.
I'll wait for you, I'll watch for you, though well, dear lad, I know
There's other girls and fairer girls—the girls of Callao."

He took his sheath knife from his belt
And said, "'Fore God, my beauty,
Yon sun from out the sky may melt,
But I won't turn from duty.
This lock o' yours, this curl o' yours, goes with me where I go—
Across the world, around the world, to hell—or Callao!"

Her eyes were like two shining stars
That sparkle through the rain.
All sail was bent upon the spars,
He kissed his love again.
'Twas "Come aboard!" and "All aboard, and let her shore lines go,
And take the road, and make the road—the road to Callao."

They swung across Newcastle bar,
And sou' by east away;
They saw the Cross hung out afar
Below the Milky Way;
They saw the land go down a-lee, and heard the rollers go
Across the road, along the road, the road to Callao.

The sun came up on sixty days
And set on sixty nights;
Beneath the star-lit heaven's maze
She kept her course to rights,
And while the cool winds kissed her wings, as white as driven snow,
She drove the dancing spray ahead—laid down for Callao.

They heaved her log for sixty days,
But on the sixty-first
Her greasy cargo went ablaze,
And then the hatches burst!
'Twas "Man the pumps! All hands to pumps; and curse her as ye go;
A broken ship, a burning ship, ten days from Callao!"

They tied the air pumps throat and neck
With canvas triplefold,
Then passed the wet hose down the deck
To flood her flaming hold;
All cursing hard, all praying Christ to heed them in their woe,
To bring their seared and sinful souls alive to Callao.

The yellow smoke that trailed a-lee,
It clouded in her wake;
The steam that tore the lashings free
Hisssed like a scalded snake;
And blinded, beaten, driven back, they watched the fire fiend grow,
And cursed the hour and damned the day they sailed for Callao.

Death's angel bared his flaming sword
And smote her hip and thigh;
Her foremast splintered by the board
Like twig three seasons dry;
But when the mainmast crashed to port they sweltered in their woe,
To see her useless boats drift by—ten days to Callao.

The prisoned gas shot out aflame
And licked her mizen yard;
Her broken bones against her frame
Jammed home again and jarred;
They flung the hurried scrawl adrift, to let their fellows know
What fate was theirs who'd fought with death, bound out for Callao.

She lurched abeam until the brine
Began to lap her rail,
Till doom and she with level twine
Were reeving neck and tail.
They dragged the rum keg aft at that, and let the liquor flow,
To die the death they had to die, ten days from Callao.

But when she gulped the water in,
And when her stern heaved clear,
With God's good grace to shrive their sin,
They rose a British cheer—
Then choked like men who pay the debt all men to nature owe,
On either road, on every road, 'tween this and Callao.

They're swinging coal aboard the Star
'Longside Newcastle quay;
And out across Newcastle bar
Far spreads the lonely sea;
And Jack's fond lass has found a friend to love her e'er he go
Along the road, the level road, the road to Callao.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Sound Y. R. A. was held on April 18 at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house, all the members being present, as follows: C. T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; O. E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Y. C.; E. Burton Hart, Jr., Huguenot Y. C.; W. P. Stephens, Corinthian Fleet; O. H. Chellborg, Knickerbocker Y. C.; F. Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; and Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.

The committee organized for the year with Mr. Cromwell again as chairman and Mr. Chas. P. Tower as secretary. Mr. F. B. Jones, who has held the office of secretary since the organization of the Association, declined a re-election. A vote of thanks for the work he had done during his incumbency was tendered. The following amendment was adopted, the wording having been delegated to the executive committee—Rule II., Section 4:

The racing measurement of a yacht launched after Nov. 1, 1896, shall be assumed to be the maximum limit of her class; or any yacht the measurement of which has been increased to such an extent as to place her in a class above that in which she sailed prior to that date (Nov. 1, 1896) shall assume the maximum length of that class in which she will sail.

At the annual meeting a rearrangement of the starting signals was decided on, the final details being left to the committee. The arrangement adopted at the meeting was as follows:

- Red ball—For all schooners.
- White ball—First class, 70, 60 and 51ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls.
- Blue ball—43, 36 and 30ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls.
- Two red balls—25, 20 and 15ft. classes of cabin and open sloops.
- Two white balls—30 and 25ft. classes of cabin cats.

Two blue balls—25, 20 and 15ft. open cats.

Red and white balls, white and blue balls, and red and blue balls—For special classes.

Several changes of date were announced. The opening regatta on the Sound of the Huguenot Y. C. will be on May 21 instead of May 14; the New Rochelle Y. C. will take May 28 instead of May 21; and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. may exchange with the Douglaston Y. C., taking June 25 in place of June 29, in order to work in its cruise to New London.

The committee decided to print an official list of yachts, owners, racing numbers, etc., in pamphlet form. It was decided that the blanket entry should be used through the season. Secretary Tower's address is New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mayflower.

Steam Yacht—Torpedo Gunboat.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the New York Times for the accompanying illustration and description:

The Mayflower, the yacht that the late Ogden Goelet had built on the Clyde, and on which he spent thousands of dollars and devoted much time in order to make her the finest floating palace in these waters, is now a torpedo gunboat. Her handsome interior fittings, artistic decorations, which were done by the best decorators of France and Italy, and all her luxurious furniture have been taken out of the yacht, and in their places now are torpedoes, rapid-fire guns of different caliber, powder and shot. The yacht that was the pride of her builders, the pride of her designer, the pride of her owner, and the pride of the New York Yacht Club, in whose fleet she was enrolled, is now a fighting machine of no mean power.

The Mayflower cost about \$800,000 to build, furnish and decorate, and after the death of Mr. Goelet it was decided by the executors of the estate that the yacht should be sold. At one time it was reported that the King of the Belgians had purchased her, but just when it was expected that she would leave for Europe the yacht was turned over to the United States Government to form one of the auxiliary fleet. It is said that \$500,000 was paid for the boat, and Mrs. Goelet was allowed to remove all the furniture and as many of the decorations as could be taken away.

The Mayflower was designed by George L. Watson, and was built by G. & J. Thompson, the builders of the steamers Paris and New York. Her tonnage is 1,800, and her dimensions are 275ft. on the waterline, 32ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. beam, and 30ft. depth. She is fitted with twin screws, one under each quarter, which are driven by double and independent sets of triple-expansion engines. These engines have four cylinders each, which are 22½, 38, 40 and 40in. in diameter respectively, with 27in. stroke of piston. Two single-ended boilers furnish the steam.

The boat is plated up to what is known as the hurricane deck. Rolling chocks nearly the whole length of the boat from the turn of the bilge are fitted on both sides. They are about 18in. deep.

The different decks are the lower or cabin deck, the main deck, the bridge deck and the deck of the topgallant forecastle. The bridge deck does not reach as far aft as the counter, and the plating stops short with it. At the fore end of the bridge deck there is a break, which leaves an open space between the bridge deck and the topgallant forecastle. But this well in the main deck does not reach down to the lower deck. A half deck prevents any quantity of water being shipped into this break, and under the half-deck space has been found for trunk rooms and other impedimenta. Since the Mayflower has been in the yard this break in the plating has been filled in, and the boat has been further strengthened by having nickel-steel plates 6ft. in width riveted on each side. These plates cover the vital parts of the boat, and extend about 2ft. below the waterline.

The engines and machinery are amidships. As a yacht the interior arrangements of the boat were very elaborate. On the main deck were two staterooms with dressing rooms and bath room attached, which were for Mr. and Mrs. Goelet. These were forward of the machinery. There was also a large boudoir. On the starboard side of the engine and boiler casings were three smaller staterooms, the armory and the smoking room. On the port side were the laundry, galley, pantry and other accommodations. The dining cabin was amidships, occupying the whole breadth of the yacht. On the starboard side was the reception room. The reception room was quite a feature, and opened upon a landing in the gangway by a door in the yacht's side. By the gangway visitors arriving by boats or launches reached the reception room without having to go on deck.

Immediately abaft the reception room was the drawing room, extending the whole width of the yacht. Aft the drawing room was the library, having a passage or alley each side on the main deck, inside the bulwarks. The cabin deck forward of the machinery accommodated one large stateroom with bath room and rooms for valets and maids. Aft the machinery were six large staterooms and a maid's room. At the extreme after end, with separate entrance from the deck, were the rooms of the men servants. On the same deck, amidships, between the engine and boiler casings, were the quarters of the firemen, also steward's stores; here also were situated the refrigerating chambers.

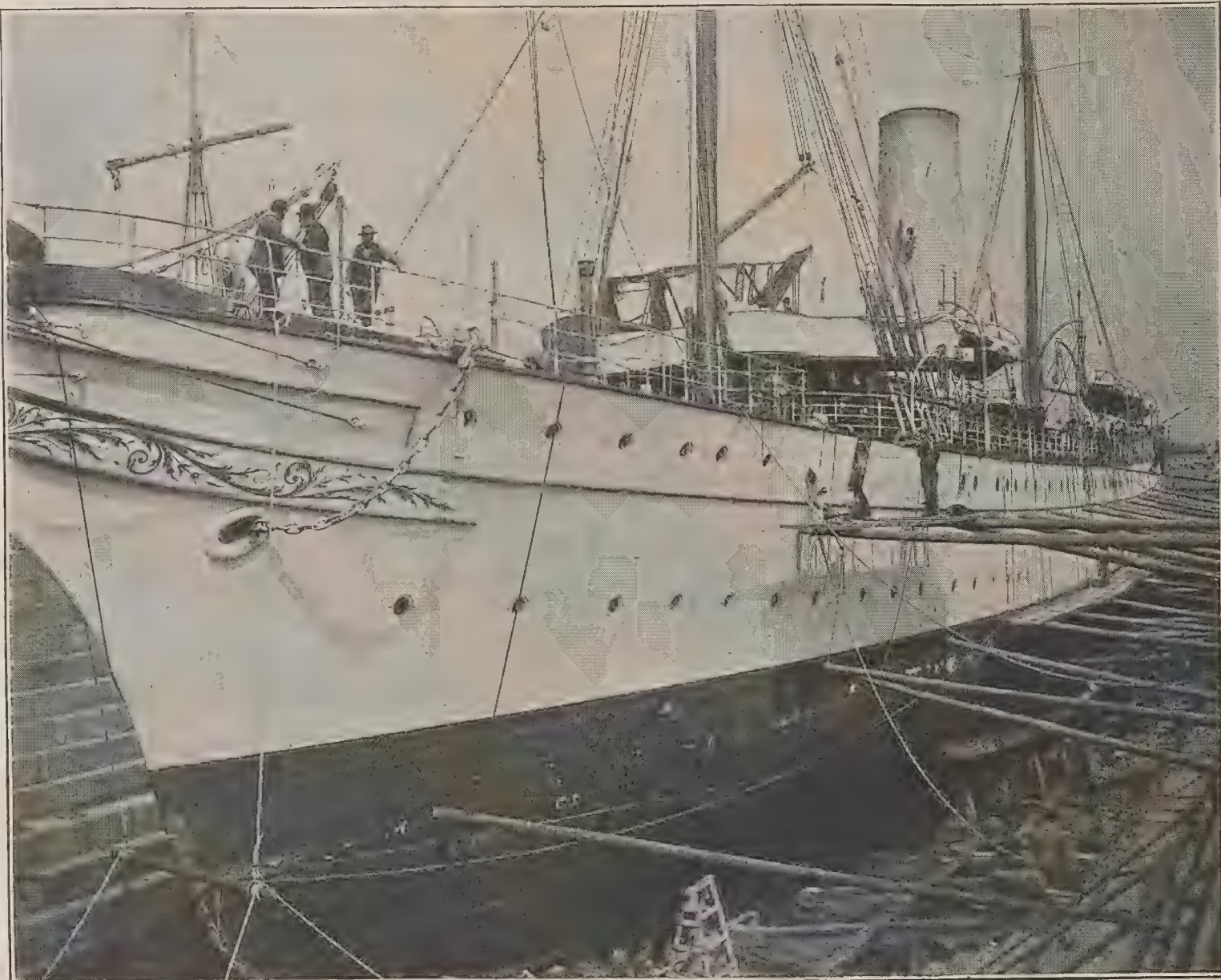
Forward of the private cabins were the quarters of the ship's officers and of the petty officers. Under the cabin deck forward were the storerooms for the boatswains, stewards, and also for the crew. Under the topgallant forecastle deck is the windlass, the galley for the crew, the quartermaster's rooms, the laundry, the lamp room and the lavatories. The bridge deck was occupied with the forward deckhouse, in which were the deck boudoir, chart room and vestibule. Aft, it accommodated a large smoking room and vestibule. The navigating bridge is over the chart room. The yacht's armament consisted of six Hotchkiss guns on the bridge deck and on the topgallant forecastle. She was lighted throughout with electricity, with arrangements for decorating the masts and spars on special occasions. On the bridge deck forward are two searchlights. She carried nine small boats, including a 32ft. steam launch, two large lifeboats, three dinghys, cutter, gig and electric launch.

Now all this luxury is changed. Several of the state-rooms have been sacrificed, particularly those on each side of the engine space. On the lower deck, aft of the engine, room has had to be made for the torpedo tubes, which have been placed on each side of the boat. Other rooms on this deck have been transformed into magazines, and additional bunkers have been put in. Those rooms that are left will be fitted up for the officers of the vessel. The drawing room will be the officers' mess room. The captain will occupy Mr. Goelet's room, and the library will be his cabin. The officers will divide the other rooms among them. The tars will occupy the quarters that were intended for the yacht's sailors, and the petty officers will have the rooms that were formerly used by the yacht's officers.

The boat's armament is a powerful one for such a vessel. In addition to the torpedoes she will have when finished two 6in. rapid-fire guns on the main deck for-

tight floor. The yacht is handsomely finished below, in pine and mahogany, and fitted with ice chest, etc. Considering her canoe shape, the most has been made of the internal room. She will carry a good sail spread, there being no limit under the rules.

The second yacht, which will be named Cartoon, is for the 25ft. l.w.l. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., one of the fine wholesome family cruisers produced by the plain l.w.l. rule, as opposed to the racing machines produced by the Seawanhaka rule. She is designed to comply strictly with the new definition of a cabin yacht of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. She is 43ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam, 12½in. draft of hull, and with her fin will probably draw over 7ft. The model is a combination of the extreme features of the 15-footer El Heirie and the 20-footers Skate and Shark, carried into a larger class. The sheer plan and sections are much like El Heirie, there being the minimum freeboard called for



MAYFLOWER, STEAM YACHT, DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON, 1896.

In dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, April, 1898.

By courtesy of the New York Times.

ward and two 5in. rapid-fire guns on the same deck aft. On the bridge deck twelve more smaller rapid-fire guns have been mounted; so the new Mayflower will be quite an ugly customer to tackle.

The original rig of the boat was brigantine, but the topmasts have been taken out, and now she carries two pole masts.

The Two Parker Yachts.

THE two yachts ordered by Mr. John D. Parker and his brother of Gardner & Cox are now well advanced at B. F. Wood's yard, City Island, the larger being ready for launching. She is a keel boat, for the 30ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and is similar in type to Norota and Syce, practically a fin-keel. Her dimensions are over all 46ft., l.w.l. 30ft., beam 9ft. 6in., and draft 7ft. 5in. She is a beautifully moulded craft, one of the handsomest that the firm has yet turned out; the S section is much cut away, practically into a fin, as mentioned above, giving a canoe-like body; but the fore and aft and section lines alike, though round and full, are beautifully fair. The keel contour is similar to Syce, very much cut away forward and aft, with a slightly balanced rudder on a post that is nearly vertical. The lead keel is a short, compact lump of over three tons, flat on the bottom, and with nearly vertical sides. Like all of the type, the yacht gives a minimum of accommodation on a maximum of draft; at the same time, by the use of a rather high house, she has a cabin that will accommodate four very comfortably, with room for two forward. In looking over her we are reminded of Mr. Gardner's first attempt in a keel boat of the same l.w.l., the 30-footer Kathleen, as extreme in the way of heavy displacement as this yacht is in the opposite direction. Kathleen, with a flush deck and low skylight, had good headroom, a roomy main cabin, ladies' cabin, and almost unlimited locker and stowage room.

The construction is excellent both in design and execution, and Mr. Wood has done work that will stand comparison with any we have yet seen. The frames and deck beams in the middle body are of angle steel, well strapped diagonally, the end frames being of bent oak. The wales are of oak, with moulding worked solid, and there are oak shelves in the wake of the wood frames and beams in the ends; but there is no shelf of clamp amidships, only the steel frames and beams united by deep gussets. The main and runner chain-plates are carried on steel plates riveted to the frames. The planking is single, fastened with bronze stove bolts. The planksheer and transom are of mahogany, the latter handsomely worked from a heavy plank, and the deck, laid straight fore and aft, is a fine piece of work. The cabin house is 15in. high, with 6in. crown to top, all of mahogany. There is a small cockpit, with water-

by the rule, 21in., with no sheer, while the keel is in one piece from stemhead to the flat square transom. The deck plan is worse than in El Heirie, more like Al Anka and Skate, a semicircle at the bow. The "cabin house" is much the shape of a mandolin, inverted on the deck, the crown being excessive. When the crew of six, as allowed by the rules, are compelled to give a practical test of the ability of the cabin top to support their entire weight, they will probably have to be glued or lashed fast, or they will slide off. The hull will be of very light construction, double skin with cedar inside and mahogany outside, the same elaborate bracing and strapping being employed as in the Seawanhaka 20-footers. The rudder will be narrow and very deep, as in Shark, and the fin will be a bronze casting with lead bulb, also very narrow and deep. The 25ft. class at present includes some very serviceable boats of the Cape type, fast enough for racing, but also used for general yachting service. Just what this new family cruiser will do against them remains to be seen; but with the liberal crew allowance, six, giving enough shifting ballast in addition to the fin to sail her at a rank angle, she should at least be fast, whatever bad qualities she may develop. The result of her racing with the old and new boats of the 25ft. class promises to be highly interesting and instructive.

The North American Y. R. U.

THE meeting of the Council of the North American Y. R. U. will take place on April 30 in New York, and the Council will then recommend a rule of measurement for adoption in the fall. The following has been sent out by Secretary Jones to various designers:

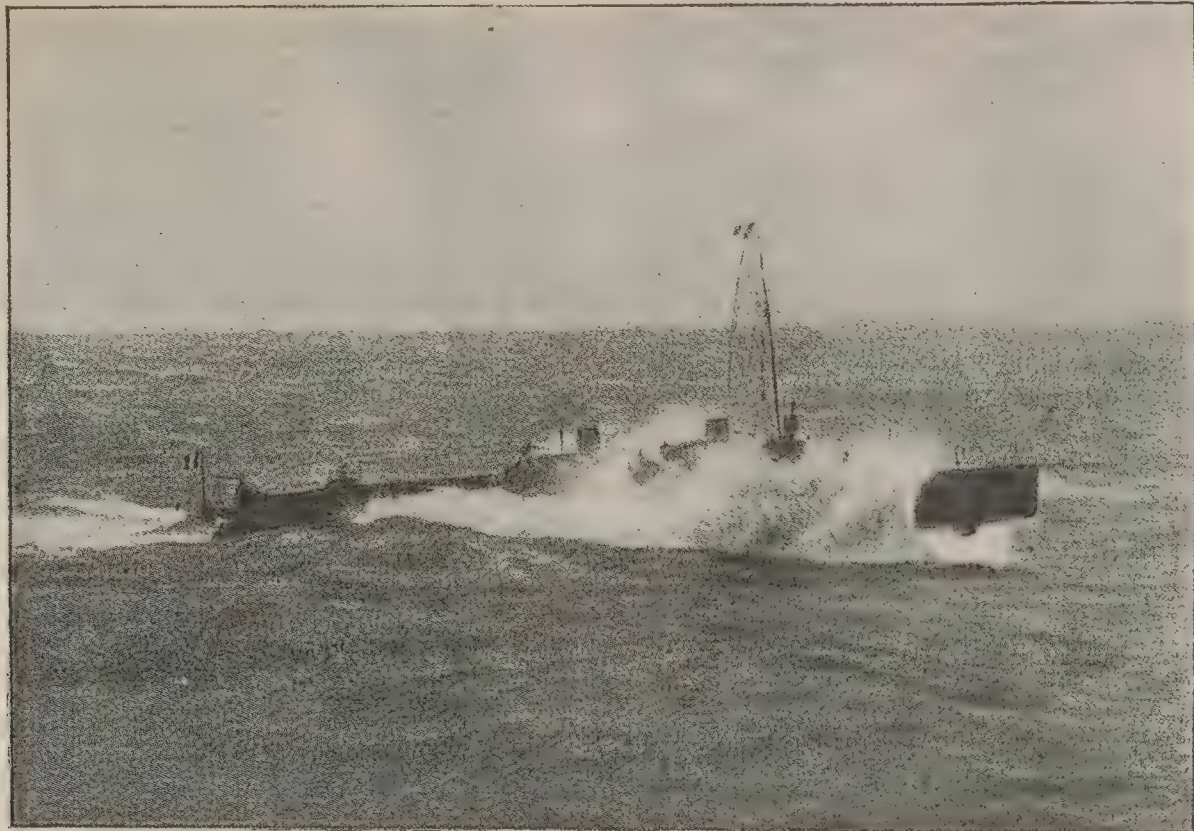
"Dear Sir: I am instructed by the Council of the N. A. Y. R. U. to invite an expression of opinion from the leading naval architects of this country on the advisability of the Union recommending for adoption by the yacht clubs of the United States and Canada the rules of measurement at present in use by the British Yacht Racing Association, the formula being as follows:

$$\text{Lineal Rating} = \frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \text{Beam} + .75 \text{ Girth} + .50 \text{ S.A.}}{2}$$

"If in your opinion the adoption of this exact rule is not desirable, would you recommend a rule using the same factors with different values? Also, how, in your opinion, should the centerboard be measured in estimating girth, so that yachts of the centerboard type would not be at a disadvantage in competing with keel yachts. A meeting of the Council will be held on April 30 to act upon this matter, and I would be pleased to hear from you before that time. I inclose herewith the report of the committee appointed to confer with the Y. R. A. Yours respectfully,

"(Signed)

FRANK BOWNE JONES, Sec'y."



ARIEL, FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT.

From *Le Yacht*.

The French Torpedo Boat Ariel.

THE spirited picture which we reproduce from *Le Yacht* represents one of the later French torpedo boats of the sea-going type, a comparatively new vessel from the Normand works at Havre, which was sunk on the night of March 24 by the French cruiser the *Friant*, while both were taking part in the practice maneuvers off Brest, France. The *Ariel*, under command of Lieut. Benoit, had exchanged signals with the *Friant* about 1 A. M., both running without lights, in a smooth sea, but a very dark night. A short time after, the *Friant* running about 10 knots and the *Ariel* 13 to 14, the latter crossed the course of the former, and though the *Friant* was instantly sent astern at full speed as soon as the torpedo boat was discovered, it was too late to avoid a collision. The *Ariel* was struck well forward, in the officers' cabin, one of the second assistant engineers, who was asleep in his berth, narrowly escaping a blow that would have cost him his feet and legs. The *Ariel* was cleared and hauled alongside the *Friant*, her crew boarding the latter; then she was taken in tow, but she quickly settled by the head and disappeared in 30 fathoms of water, some 10 miles off shore. She had proved a very successful boat, making 26 knots on her official trial, and could be depended on for 22 to 23 knots in service.

Hermione.

HERMIONE, steam yacht, was one of the first of the pleasure fleet purchased by the United States Government a few weeks since. She was designed by G. L. Watson and built by Fleming & Ferguson, Paisley, Scotland, for Messrs. R. G. & J. A. Allan, in 1891. She was brought to this country under charter by Robert Goellet in 1895, and in the following year was purchased by the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, by whose estate she has just been sold. She is 154ft. between perpendiculars, 145ft. l.w.l., 22ft. 8in. beam, and 13ft. depth, her tonnage being 360 T. M. She has quadruple expansion engines, 15, 23, 30 and 45in. by 30in. She is a very handsome and shipshape craft, and well fitted and finished. We are indebted to *Le Yacht* for the illustration.

Model Yachting.

LIKE their fellows in the larger branch of the sport, the model yachtsmen have of late been working toward union and combined effort, and with such good results that after correspondence and work by committees of the different clubs a meeting was held in February, at which the following constitution was adopted:

NAME.

1. The name of this organization shall be the Model Yacht Racing Union of North America.

OBJECTS.

2. The objects of the Union shall be to encourage and stimulate model yacht designing, sailing and racing in North America.

ORGANIZATION.

3. All recognized model or miniature yacht clubs in good standing, composed of members of lawful age, having sailing stations in North America, shall be entitled to representation in the Union.

REPRESENTATION.

4. Each club shall be represented in the Union by three delegates, one of whom shall be the commodore of the club. The other two delegates shall be selected advisedly from the regatta committee.

JURISDICTION.

5. The powers of the Union shall be advisory, and no club shall be bound by the action of the Union until two-thirds of the clubs composing the Union have ratified such action.

MANAGEMENT.

6. The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a council of seven representatives, who shall be elected annually by the Union at its annual meeting, and who shall have the power to fill vacancies in their number. Not more than two representatives from the same club shall be eligible for election to the council.

DUTIES OF THE COUNCIL.

7. It shall be the duty of the council to pass upon the eligibility of clubs to representation in the Union, to appoint special officers and committees, to frame racing rules and arrange dates for union racing events for adoption by the Union; to determine and settle all questions and disputes between members of the Union re-

lating to model yachting which may be referred to them for decision, which decision shall be final, and to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the Union.

The council shall elect a chairman, secretary, treasurer and statistician.

MEETINGS.

8. The annual meeting of the Union shall be held in New York on the evening of the Friday immediately following the second Monday in April. The fall meeting shall be held on the second Friday evening in November.

The council shall call special meeting of the Union upon the written request of the representatives of two clubs.

Four representatives, representing two clubs, shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Union.

The council shall appoint such times and places for its meetings as they consider expedient and four members shall constitute a quorum at any such meeting.

ASSESSMENTS.

9. The expenses of the Union shall be borne equally by all clubs belonging to the Union.

VOTING.

10. Each representative shall be entitled to one vote, and voting by proxy shall be allowed.

AMENDMENTS.

11. Amendments to these rules may be adopted at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the Union, provided due notice of such amendment has been given in the call for the meeting.

A meeting was held on April 15 in New York, at which officers were elected as follows: Chairman, Com. E. E. Flynt, Wave Crest Y. C.; Sec'y, George F. Pigott, American M. Y. C.; Council, F. S. Sweeny and W. H. Dixie, New York M. Y. C.; S. H. Lane and George Orrok, American M. Y. C.; and E. E. Flynt and E. B. Hopkinson, Wave Crest Miniature Y. C. Another member will be elected.

The first general regatta, open to Union clubs, will probably be held in the middle of September.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Pine Lake Y. C. has accepted the challenge of the Pewaukee Y. C. to race for the Pabst cup on July 9, on Pine Lake.

A fin-keel, similar to the noted Dilemma, is now building at the shops of Hallock & Son, Center Moriches, Long Island, for J. B. King, owner of *Elsemarie*, schooner, who will use her about Newport. She is 38ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam.

Three of the one-design schooners are now under way at the yard of Brown & Son, Tottenville, the order originally placed on City Island, by Mr. Buchanan, having been cancelled and later placed with Brown & Son.

The D. Van Nostrand Co., of New York, has recently published two very successful and practical works on nautical subjects. The first of these, the "Naval Militiaman's Guide," by Lieut. John H. Barnard, 1st Naval Battalion, N. Y., is particularly opportune at the present moment, when the attention of the whole nation is directed to its naval fleet, and when the papers are filled with naval terms, with which the average landsman is unfamiliar. The book is intended as an elementary guide to the landsman in the understanding and use of sea terms, and in that work, such as boat handling, which falls to the new recruit in the naval militia. A short chapter on "Phraseology" defines some of the more important

nautical terms, in particular those which are most likely to be misapplied, such as "pulley" for block. Other chapters deal with rigs and types of vessels, spars and standing rigging, sails and running rigging, ground tackle, handling boats under oars, handling boats under sail, and the handling of steamers. The book is clearly written, and the definitions and explanations are explicit, and in simple language easily understood by the non-technical reader. One useful feature is a reference index to various standard works, such as "Luce's Seamanship," where more extended information on seamanship, gunnery, navigation, etc., may be found. Apart from those for whom it is specially intended, the young naval militiamen, the book will be of value to all who propose to follow the stirring news of naval warfare which will fill the magazines and papers for some time to come. The price is \$1.25.

The second book, "Model Engines and Small Boats," by Nevil Monroe Hopkins, opens up a most inviting field to every boy possessed of love of engines and boats, and a fair amount of mechanical ingenuity. It deals with the construction of model engines of various types, not from castings for which expensive patterns are required, with an elaborate outfit of tools, but from such simple materials as brass tubing, sheet and wire, easily obtained in small quantities and readily manipulated by means of a modest plant of files and drills. The author begins with the simplest form of single cylinder oscillating engine and shows how it may be constructed from a short length of brass tubing and a little sheet brass and wire, leading up to a very practical and efficient model of a slide-valve engine with reversing gear. The various operations, each in itself simple and requiring only files, drills and taps, are described in detail, with numerous illustrations. The subject of boilers is treated in the same manner, directions being given for the construction of several types. A short chapter on elementary designing tells the amateur how to plan out his work in advance on paper. The author follows a novel system of hull construction, the wooden frame being "plated" with strong cardboard, which is protected from dampness by six to eight coats of shellac. This simple method is recommended by him as producing a strong, light and watertight hull. The amateur who studies the book carefully will find no limits but his personal skill to the production of quite elaborate working models from such materials as may be had at a small expense from any dealer in small tools and machinists' supplies. The price is \$1.25.

This is about the time of the year when the yachtsmen are suffering most from the yachting fever. It first makes its appearance about the middle of February in a tendency to linger about pier-heads, bridges, or anywhere that there is a sight of the blue water and a sniff of the salt air. Later it develops into the desire to visit the boat as she lies hauled up for the winter, and crawling in under the canvas cover, to poke about in the well-known nooks and corners, think over the good times of the past, and plan changes and improvements for the future. But it is about the first of April that the early yachting fever is at its height. That is the almost uniform time to begin putting the boats into the water; the yacht-yards are humming like bee-hives, and everyone is working to get his boat in commission as soon as possible. And from the time that the work of getting the boat ready first begins, the real enthusiast finds it hard work to let a day pass without paying a visit to his pet, and noting what had been done since his last visit. It gladdens his heart to see the ugly canvas covering swept away, and his craft's graceful lines once more in sight, and then to follow every step of the transformation; to see the rusty sides once more shine with snowy white or glistening black, the stubby lower sticks, surmounted by the graceful, tapering topmasts, with their sweeping, airy drapery of running and standing rigging, the bright wood once more clean and polished, and the cushions and draperies in place in the cabin; and then some day at low tide to haul the cradle down to the water's edge and wait for the rising tide. What is more blissful to a thorough yachtsman than the first heave of his craft under him, as the water lifts her from her cradle, unless it is to feel the kick of the wheel in his hands, as with sleeping canvas and roaring bow she bends to the wind, and goes sweeping away from the city and its wharves for her summer anchorage.—*Land and Water*.

The Pacific Interclub Yacht Association has published a very handsomely made code book, containing its special yacht code, for the use of the associated fleet of San Francisco Harbor. The code signals and the club burgees are beautifully printed, and the book is in appearance a credit to the makers. The Association includes the San Francisco Y. C., Pacific Y. C., Corinthian Y. C., Encinal Y. C., California Y. C. and South Bay Y. C. The code is prepared with special reference to the locality.

Mr. H. W. Hanan, who has recently sold *Acushla* to Com. Wills, Indian Harbor Y. C., has ordered a 51-footer from C. C. Hanley. The new yacht will be a centerboard boat, and will race against Syce.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

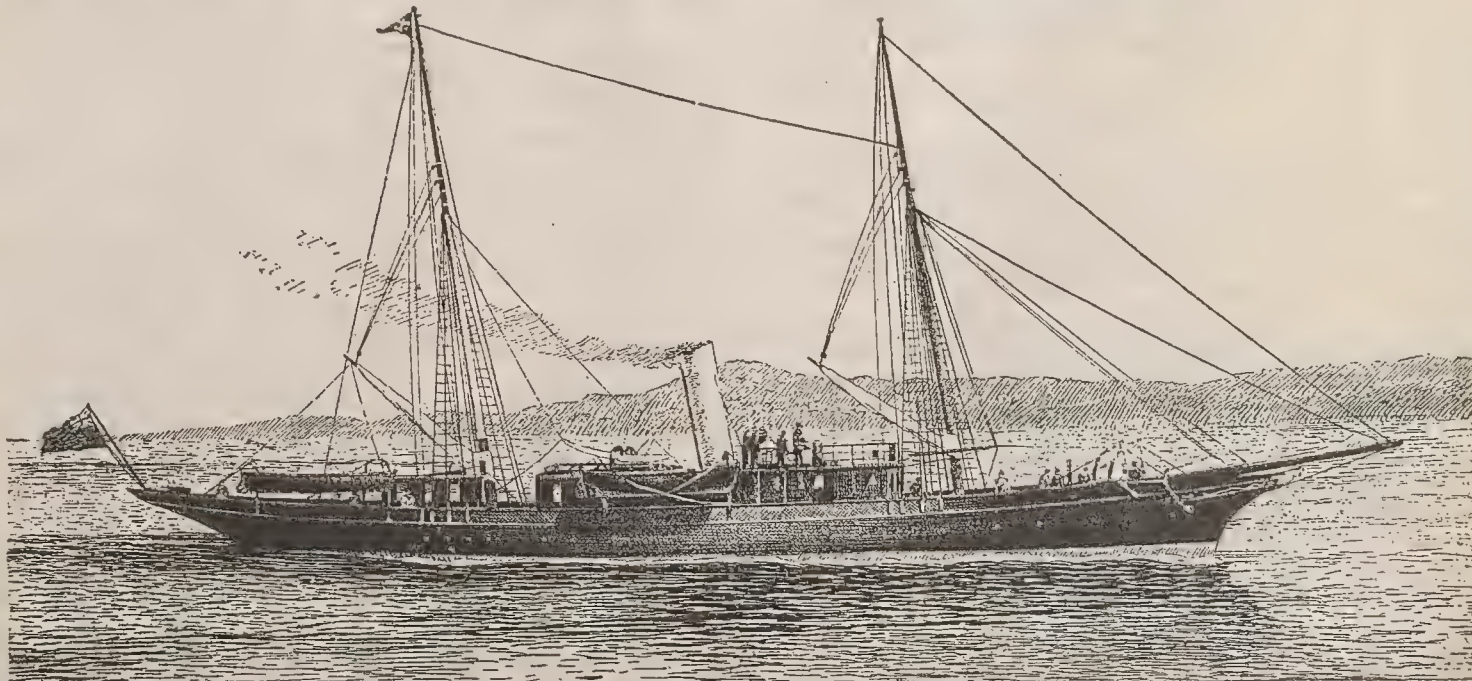
Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Eastern Division.

Wm. J. Osgood, Wawbewawa Canoe Association, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
W. P. Brown, 21 St. Botolph street, Boston.



HERMIONE, STEAM YACHT, DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON, NOW HAWK.

From *Le Yacht*.

Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, Campbells, Mass., has been doing some good work recently with his Remington and U. M. C. shells, he making a few clean scores at Worcester on April 15 in the wind and rain, and being the only one to break 10 straight in the team shoot.

The Grand American Handicap.

NEW YORK, April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems somewhat unfortunate that so successful a shoot as the recent Grand American Handicap should have given rise to such an amount of hostile criticism as has been poured upon it and its promoters, the Interstate Association, by certain daily papers published in Western circles. Having been closely identified with the management of the last three Grand American Handicaps, I feel personally interested in having these attacks, and the misunderstandings that gave birth to them, ventilated as thoroughly as the columns of the sporting press will admit, with a view to relegate them to the position they ought to occupy in the history of the greatest live-bird event in the world.

While it is perfectly true that the Interstate Association is a corporation composed entirely of manufacturers of and dealers in sporting goods, it is also perfectly true that this Association was not formed to cater to any one section nor to individuals. The purpose for which it was organized was the encouragement of trap-shooting, with the idea of increasing the consumption of the various articles manufactured and dealt in by the firms forming the Association. There is nothing quixotic or disinterested about its methods. Everything it does, or has done in the past, has been devised with that one end in view. The selection of the Southern and the New England States as the scene for its circuit of target tournaments in the last three years has been made solely with a view to fostering a spirit of trap-shooting in those sections where the sport had little more than a mere foothold. That was business.

It was business too which prompted the Interstate Association to retain the Grand American Handicap in its list of fixtures. From a very small beginning in 1893, the Grand American Handicap has grown to be something more than an experiment. It has been a record-breaker during the past three years. In 1896 it broke all previous records, and since then has kept on eclipsing its own records, until in this year it reached a mark scarcely dreamed of before—207 entries, with 197 actual contestants! After quoting the above figures it almost seems superfluous to say anything more in the way of explaining the action of the Interstate Association. It needs nothing in the way of a defense. Results show that its policy has been approved of by the shooters of the country. It seems, however, that there is still some misunderstanding as to the rights of the Interstate Association and the rights of the shooting public respectively in this great annual live-bird tournament.

First, it is made to appear that (judging from the above-mentioned daily newspaper reports) the shooters of the West look upon it as a right belonging to them, that the Interstate Association should hold its Grand American Handicap next year at some point in the West, Chicago, for instance. This I look upon as a slur cast upon Western shooters by some hungry space writer, who has grasped at an expressed wish and magnified it into a declaration of right. My reasons for so thinking are the interviews I have had with visitors from Western points both during the Grand American Handicap and at tournaments held since the date of the great shoot.

Next, as I have said before, the Interstate Association is in the business not for its health, but for profit. It cannot, therefore, with any degree of wisdom go beyond its means, and the advertising obtained through the medium of the Grand American Handicap is bought at a good price. While the Grand American Handicap has now grown into an event of national importance among trap-shooters, it is still a private enterprise, and as such it is likely to remain. Such being the case, the Interstate Association names date and place, and draws up a programme which it carries out faithfully to the best of its ability, being governed by the time limit of three days for its tournament. This year, to accommodate the shooters in the tie for first place, it violated its rule and ran over into a fourth day.

The selection of locality is the most important point of all. Learning by bitter experience in the years of 1895 and 1896 that it was necessary to make more than ordinary preparations for the comfort of the shooters, the Interstate Association is never likely to take the Grand American Handicap to any place where 200 shooters cannot be accommodated with comfort to themselves, whether the elements are propitious or not. Being a fixture that falls due in the springtime, when the weather is fickle, shelter from the storms that may come is a sine qua non when it comes to choosing the scene for the Grand American Handicap. Having been present as a newspaper man at all the meetings of the Interstate Association when the choice of grounds was under discussion, I think I may state without fear of divulging any State secrets that this point had more to do with the selection of the grounds than anything else. The comparative inaccessibility of Elkwood Park was more than counterbalanced by the ample accommodation furnished for the shooters, and by the perfect equipment of the grounds. The question of East or West, North or South, never appeared in the discussion on location. To get the shooters to the grounds; to house them well and comfortably; and to carry out its programme to a successful conclusion, have always been the aim of the Interstate Association. That, again, is business.

As to the programme and the division of the moneys, it seems very strange that we should not have heard something of that prior to the conclusion (and the successful conclusion too) of the sixth annual Grand American Handicap. The division of moneys in this event has always been "high guns, not class shooting." It would be tiresome to count the number of times that phrase was repeated in the programme for the event of 1898. Anybody who read the programme with any degree of care must have seen and noted that "high guns" would win the money in every event, not in the Grand American Handicap alone.

In 1896 there was no disapproval of this method of dividing the purse, but in that year there was not a single straight score. The eight 24s and the thirteen 23s divided the purse. The 22s got nothing.

In 1897 there was still no expression of dissent in regard to the division of the purse. In that year Hon. T. A. Marshall won first money, \$500, as the result of his 25 straight, which was the only one made. The weather was wild and stormy, and the birds were exceedingly good, hence the three-miss men got into money. The 24s each drew down \$188.45, the 23s received \$99.50, and the 22s got \$19.55 apiece.

Then came this year's event, with good birds, a first class lot, but with little or no wind to help them. The result was nine 25s and twenty-two 24s. Each of the 25s drew down \$412.60, while the 24s got \$61.85 each. The 23s got nothing. Still thirty-one men out of the 207 entries got into the money, being a proportion of a little more than one out of every six entries. If anybody has one of the programmes for the Grand American Handicap lying on his desk let him turn to it, and he will find that the Association, in figuring out the moneys in the purse, had calculated up to 170 entries, making two additional moneys for every ten entries above sixty; pretty close figuring, I take it. At the time of drawing up the programme, it was thought to be scarcely worth while to figure on more than 170 entries, so the proviso was made that in case there were more than 170 entries, all money in the purse in excess of \$4,250—that is, 170 entries at \$25 each—should go to form a fund to be divided equally among the ten high guns. This was thought by some to be wrong, but did any one, save the most sanguine, expect that there would be an addition of thirty-seven entries to the number figured upon? This gave a sum of slightly over \$80 to each of the ten high guns, the total purse, forfeits and post entries included, amounting to \$5,075.

Suppose, however, that the Interstate Association had embraced a total of 200 entries in its figures, continuing its proportion of an additional two moneys for every ten entries over and above the sixty entries required to fill the guarantee of \$1,500. This would have raised the total number of moneys from twenty-five to thirty-one. But there were just nine 25s and twenty-two 24s, or exactly thirty-one shooters in for money in those two classes alone! The forty-five 23s would not have received very much apiece, would they?

Again, much stress has been laid upon the fact that the 25s each received \$412.60, while the 24s, with one kill less, only received \$61.85 each. This it was pointed out was a discrepancy that was absurd, and not warranted by the score of only a solitary kill more to the straight man's credit. But suppose that the nine straight scores had shot out for the money as well as the cup. Fulford's 48 straight and Loomis' 47 straight would have netted them \$600 and \$500 respectively, while Junius Davis (Jim Jones) would have received \$400 for his 38 straight. How about the proportion there? Loomis killed 9 birds more than Jim Jones.

Continuing this analysis, go on and figure out what would have happened had the twenty-two 24s shot out for place and money. Six of the 24s would have been shut out, while the last nine men on the list of those in for money would have received only \$55 apiece. Also Elliott and Wagner, the two men in the straights who fell out in the first round of the ties, would have divided only 13 per cent. of the surplus, while the high man in the 24s would have taken 5½ per cent. of the surplus. Not much difference there after all, is there?

It is rather interesting to note that the stress is laid chiefly on the fact that a man scoring 92 per cent., or 23 out of 25, did not get into the money. Such a score, while certainly a good one, is good only relatively as it were. There were thirty-one shooters out of 197 who made scores better than 92 per cent.; and nine of the thirty-one made 100 per cent. As a matter of fact, it is only fair to presume that had there been a gale of wind, such as prevailed in 1897, the majority of those 23s would have been com-

paratively just as far out of the money as they were under the existing circumstances. While this may not be true in every instance, yet the argument is good as a whole.

Knowing as I do the value of space in the trap columns of a sportsman's journal, I must plead the exigencies of the case as my excuse for trespassing so boldly upon the same.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Ltd.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, April 19.—The Emerald Gun Club held its monthly club shoot to-day. The event was at 10 birds, point system. The scores:

E Weiss, 25.....1002222*2—6	C Stuetzle, 25.....001*110201—5
Dr O'Connell, 29.....122222*202—8	Jennings, 28.....2220222002—7
Dr G Hudson, 29.....222*222222—9	G Greiff, 29.....21111111*1—9
*G Kitching, 28.....1222221222—10	B Amend, 25.....1111102212—9
H Fessenden, 28.....122*221022—8	R Regan, 25.....0121201102—7
E Vroome, 29.....21121*2112—9	G Breit, 25.....121001212—8
C W Billings, 28.....2201220*20—6	*Amred, 28.....2200*00212—5
J Woelfel, 25.....2112222002—8	W Catton, 28.....211210121—9
W Joeger, 28.....*112112222—9	Dr Ruyle, 25.....1112112*1—9
Dr Richter, 25.....0022021221—7	J Moore, 28.....10021*112*—6
E Clark, 29.....2112120212—9	O Brown, 25.....2210021222—8
W Sands, 28.....22*0222020—6	Smith, 28.....000012*200—3
Dr Nesmer, 29.....2222*22221—9	Rathgen, 25.....*010112021—6
*U Bender, 28.....0102111110—7	T Coady, 25.....111101020—7
T Short, 28.....2020222211—8	G Hillers, 28.....2111120002—7
F Place, 28.....2120110211—8	*C Weigger, 28.....01002*2120—5

*Guest.
C. W. BILLINGS.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, April 23.—The bi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Woodlawn to-day, and it was fairly well attended. The birds were a good lot, and also the shooting was good. Close scores were the rule. The grounds are in first-class condition. The addition to the house has been completed, and we will now be glad to have any of our friends to come and see us, and we will not feel ashamed of our grounds. The special cup shot for yesterday is to be contested for in live-birds shoots for the remainder of the season. The cup will be a beauty. Distance handicap and point allowance will be given in this contest.

Club shoot: Class A.

F A Thompson, 28.....2122220222—9	2110012—5
W H Thompson, 28.....1121211110—9	2111102—6
C M Meyer, 30.....0221*22222—8	2222022—6
C Furgusson, 31.....222*222*22—8	2222220—6

Class B.	
P E George, 28.....2221222121—10	2102102—5
J N Meyer, 28.....111202121—10	2221211—7
S B Toplit, 28.....000—0	1011*00—3
A Eddy, 29.....121121*2222—10	
E G Frost, 27.....	1102212—6

Match race, 10 birds: C. M. Meyer 10, F. A. Thompson 8.
Sweep, 5 birds: C. Furgusson 5, C. M. Meyer 4, J. N. Meyer 3, F. A. Thompson 5, Toplit 3.
Sweep, 5 birds: C. M. Meyer 5, J. N. Meyer 4, F. A. Thompson 4, Toplit 4.
E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

April 23.—The shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held on its grounds to-day, was well attended, and the moments from the time the first gun was fired till the last were busily occupied with competition of some kind. Mr. Banks refused to enter in any of the sweepstakes, shooting for birds only, thus giving the poorer shots a showing in the top of the scale. In the two merchandise events, however, they being handicap events in which the competitors received a fair allowance of misses as breaks, he joined in the competition, he being scratch man, a hopeless position in an event of that kind.

Beveridge won handsomely in the gold button event with a straight score, the only one of the event. Wright won in the gun case event. The Troisdorf cup event was won by Waters. Several more contests are necessary before the absolute winner is determined.

No. 9 was a fast event between Banks and Swan, each shooting his Winchester with the full six loads. Their quickness and precision were extraordinary, there being smashed targets in the air close to each other while they were shooting. Their performance was heartily applauded.

The weather was pleasant, there being no wind until about 4 o'clock, when a gentle S. O'clock wind sprang up.

The contest for the gold cuff buttons resulted as follows:
Banks, s.....111111110111—14 Waters, 3.....1011010111101—11
Beveridge, 1.....111111111111—15 Remsen, 1.....101111011111—14
Swan, 2.....111111011111—14 Wright, 3.....1001111111101—12

The contest for the gun case resulted as follows:
Banks1111111101111101—13
Beveridge, 1.....01001111111111—12
Swan, 2.....11110110010101—11
Remsen, 1.....11111101111111—14—15
Waters, 3.....11100001101111—10
Wright, 3.....11011011011111—12—13—15
Dr Smith, 3.....11011111101010—11

The Troisdorf gun event, at 25 targets, handicap allowance, resulted as follows:
Banks, birds1111011111011111100111—21
Beveridge, 301111111111111111111—24—3—25
Swan, 51111110010110110011111—19
Waters, 6111111011011001100111111—21—6—25
Greiff, birds1111010111010110110101—19
Adams, 710101010111101101101101—18—7—25
Remsen, 311110101111101111111—22—3—25
Dr Smith, 71011101111101010101011—19—7—25

First ties:
Beveridge, 31101111101001111111111—21—3—25
Waters, 61101111101111111110111—21—6—25
Adams, 71110001111110110110011—18—7—25
Remsen, 311111111011101111111—24—3—25
Dr Smith, 7011000110010101111111110—16

Second ties:
Waters, 6111111111011111111001110—21—6—25
Adams, 7100100011100101010101010—13—7—20
Remsen, 30111111111001111111111—21—3—24

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	25 10 15 10 15 25 25
Banks24 10 13 10 12 21 ..	21 14 .. 14 16
Waters23 8 13 6 11 21 21 21 ..	11 .. 15 16
Swan18 9 11 9 13 19 ..	21 14 .. 12 18
Beveridge20 9 13 9 14 24 21 ..	15 .. 13 13
Adams15 7 6 8 10 18 12 13 12
Greiff8 14 9 10 19 12
Wright3 4 12 .. 17
Remsen8 11 22 24 21 ..	14 .. 16
Miller9 16
Smith9 19 16 16

No. 6 was the cup event; Nos. 7 and 8 were the ties; Nos. 11 and 12 were at 10 doubles.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, April 20.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the New York German Gun Club took place to-day in a strong wind, which blew straightaway from the shooters. All stood at 28yds.

J Wellbrock2222222222—10	M J Bondon2010210102—6
J Schlicht*22112122—9	J P Dannefeler101010101—6
H Meyer020112111—8	E Hotz2001011202—6
Dr Hudson2020222202—7	P Moersch2021001010—5
H Leopold0010112111—7	F Kronsberg0201000122—5
B Koehn0210121012—7	H Mesloh0102220020—5
H Oehl201121100—7	P Neusch2200021001—5
Fred Sauter0102101101—6	J Boesenecker0101010100—4

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

April 19.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held under unfavorable weather conditions, a rain storm prevailing. The wind blew in the faces of the shooters. Kitching was a guest; he was the only one to make a straight score. The contest was at 10 birds.

Twenty-nine yards, 7 points:	
G Greiff2110222222—9	E J Clarke2202222222—9
Dr Hudson211220122—9	Dr Nesmer2222222222—9
E A Vroome111212012—9	Dr O'Connell2222022022—8

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:	
H P Fessenden2201201222—8	

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:	
Wm Joergen211012112—9	G B Hillers1021011120—7
Wm Canton221012111—9	G W Billings2022010020—6
Thos Short201112202—8	I H Moore1001201102—6
F W Place220121012—8	W Sands2020220220—6

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:	
B Amend121102112—9	W J Amend2200002000—3
J H Jennings2010110222—7	

Twenty-five yards, 6 points:	
J Woelfel101101112—8	I Rathien1020102102—6
O H Brown102101212—8	E O Weiss0011022011—6
Dr Richter2010210112—7	C Stuetzle0101001201—5
R Regan010210112—7	

Twenty-five yards, 5½ points:	
Dr Stillman2112211102—9	

Twenty-five yards, 4½ points:	
G K Breit2101202221—8	T F Codey0122022022—7
Guests, 28yds.:	
G Kitching2222222222—10	C Wigger2020101002—5
U F Bender1201002212—7	J J Alfred2000220101—5

WESTERN TRAPS.

WEEK'S GRIST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—In the grist for the ensuing week I observe the challenge of Monsgr. Edward Bingham by Mr. W. D. Stannard, for the Cook County League E. C. cup, lately won by Mr. Bingham from Mr. A. C. Paterson. This comes off Tuesday at 11:30, and the schedule laid down by Mr. Bingham includes 20 targets, unknown angles, 25 expert rules, 25 reverse pulls, and 15 pairs—pretty near the gamut of the traps.

On Tuesday next, at 2 P. M., April 26, Messrs. Elliott and Gilbert meet for their last match for the Star cup. It would please the spectators if these two should get as hard a day for shooting as Gilbert and Parmelee met. I have seen some comment on the "low scores" made that day. Really the scores were not low at all, but very good ones. It was not a case of pop-ups, that was all.

On Friday next Mr. Paterson will meet Mr. V. L. Cunyngham, who challenges for the Chicago live-bird challenge trophy, won by Mr. Paterson in the open event. This challenge was received too late for publication in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Paterson at a late hour determining to select Mr. Cunyngham in preference to Mr. Shepard or Mr. Amberg, as seemed his privilege under the rather loose rule governing on this point. The match will be at Watson's, of course, and will be shot at 2 P. M. Thus we shall not be altogether given up to ennui at the center of the West for the next few days.

CINCINNATI GUN CLUB.

Cincinnati is just a shade ahead of all the American Monte Carlo joint stock companies with its shares at \$5 each and \$525 paid on one night. Mr. R. S. Waddell is top hustler there, and as chairman of the committee on site is ready to report on a location for the elaborate grounds. It is trusted that this club will be one of the great ones of the country, and will make much and honorable history.

BUTTE AND ANACONDA.

It was always one of the wonders to me to see trap-shooting attain such a hold as it has out in the mountain countries of the West, where one would think the attention of shooters would fall upon other things. Yet at many mountain cities of the West the sport is followed keenly. Out in Montana the two sturdy cities of Butte and Anaconda have begun their season's friendly argument at the traps. The medal shoots of the Butte Gun Club have also begun, in the last one the medal being won by Christianson, captain of the club, with 24 out of 25, a very good score under the wind and rain, which made the sport difficult and unpleasant. Butte Gun Club is getting ready for the big State shoot, May 20-21-22. An addition has been built to the club house, the puller's stand has been raised to the second story, and the grounds have been leveled off in good shape. The distances are pretty long between towns out in Montana, but the State event has not yet failed of being a full success, and will no doubt be a repetition of such success this time.

WESTERN ILLINOIS TROPHY.

Mr. L. C. Huckins, of Kewanee, Ill., one of the 24s at the Grand American Handicap, was on last Tuesday presented with the season championship live-bird trophy of the Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League; to which he is entitled by reason of totals in all the different live-bird shoots of that body during the season just closed.

CREAM CITY CRACKS.

On Monday of this week—the members of the Wisconsin Gun Club, of Milwaukee, made the following scores: Schmidt 18, Heiden 13, Bush 7, Himmelstein 12, Paul 16, Worth 11, Horlick 8, S. Meyer 8, E. Heiden 7.

O. K., OF K. C.

At the last monthly medal shoot of the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Gottlieb and Cockrell tied on 15 live birds straight for the trophy. Tom Graham shot as a guest of the club. Score:

W H Herman11011112122100—12	
J W McCurdy021011102202112—11	
F M Cockrell21121121222222—15	
C C Herman12122211022122—14	
Ed A Hickman102222002102102—10	
Tom Graham22212221222122—15	
J M Curtice20222022222222—13	
J D Sweet012221222220212—13	
Chris Gottlieb22221221222222—15	
F M Berkey012222120221222—13	
J W Bramhall20222220220202—10	
G M Walden202212001100111—10	
A Lincoln020201001111121—10	
Slingbloke101122010210202—10	
Dr Plaucke011121011111212—13	

OUT.

The twenty-first annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association are out, and they are beauties, as befits the coming-of-age party of this strong shooting body. May 16-21, and don't forget it.
E. Hough.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 23.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly contest for medals to-day on the club grounds, corner Vincennes avenue and Seventy-ninth street. The attendance was light, owing possibly to the fact that many of its members are away from the city snipe shooting. The shooting was hard, owing to the overcast sky and the strong wind, which blew from a left quarter toward the traps. Large scores were infrequent during the day. The following are scores in the practice event preparatory to the medal contest:

W D Stannard1101010001010110101010—13	
Sprague0010000110001011111011—14	
Fish10111010101010101011101—16	

No. 2, known traps, reverse pull:	
W D Stannard11100001100111100000—9	
Fish1101001001100111111—13	

The following are detailed scores in the medal contest classified:

Class A.	
Ed Steck1101010011111111110111—20	
W D Stannard1011111011001111111111—21	
Goodrich1111111011111111111111—23	
C C Heyde000100000010010010000100—5	
Patty10111111001011011011101—19	

Class B.	
----------	--

St. Louis Tournament.

St. Louis, Mo., April 21.—The closing of the three days' shoot here yesterday added some more history to the sport, though nothing unusual. There were no new records nor any old ones broken, neither in regard to the skill displayed nor in the way of attendance. There were plenty of visitors here, but for some reason that is inexplicable the locals failed to turn out; that is, if you except the old guard who are always on hand. Why no more of the home shooters turned out is a mystery, as the programme was certainly a most liberal one, from which all trade representatives were barred and none but those whom we designate amateurs could participate. With \$300 added and 2-cent targets, this should have been well represented. St. Louis can boast of at least a dozen gun clubs, and yet, all told, scarcely that number of local shooters participated. There is more than enough material here to make a good, big tournament without assistance for the outside shooters; but this will never be, unless all pull together, and only by such an effort can St. Louis regain its former prestige as a shooting center. Let us hope that this may occur ere long, and that the next time a tournament is held here all the locals will turn out and thereby assist in making such ventures the success they deserve to be.

VISITORS.

Here are the names of those who were present: H. E. Bonebrake, El Reno, Okla.; Wm. Gerst, Frank Legler and Wm. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn.; F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.; G. E. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Wm. Montgomery, Moro, Ill.; F. N. Cockrell, Platt City, Mo.; W. M. Bates, F. O. Diemer and T. E. Pratt, Palmyra, Mo.; G. C. Beck and E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.; H. J. Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; Tom Graham, Rosedale, Mich.; G. W. Clay, Austerlitz, Ky.; Fred Schiess and J. W. Beall, Alton, Ill.; Elmer Apperson, Kokomo, Ind.; Lou Erhardt, Atchison, Kan.; John J. Sumpter, Hot Springs, Ark.; John Parker, Detroit, Mich.; A. M. Bernhard, Hastings, Neb.; J. W. Den and Fred Boehner, Arapahoe, Neb.; E. E. Baker, Kewana, Ill.; W. T. Peoples, Shawnee, Okla.; J. L. Winston, Washington, Ind.; Dr. Knowlton, New York; W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; W. F. De Wolf, Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Here there was \$45 set aside for average money, to be divided among the five high guns on the old percentage system of 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. This was won by Sergeant, Tripp, Apperson, Connor and Graham in the order named. Fifteen shot in all the target events scheduled for the two days, and finished as shown:

Sergeant	300	262	87.1	Sumpter	300	232	77.1
Tripp	300	255	85.0	Beck	300	228	76.0
Apperson	300	219	83.0	Sconce	300	227	75.2
Connor	300	248	82.2	Pendergast	300	224	74.2
Graham	300	239	79.2	Gerst	300	221	73.2
Elliston	300	238	79.1	Lenhardt	300	218	72.2
Bernhardt	300	236	78.2	Nold	300	189	63.0
Clay	300	235	78.1				

This week it will be Junction City, Kan., or Peru, Ind., just as you choose.

FIRST DAY, APRIL 18.

Everything considered, Sergeant's 92 per cent. is quite a creditable piece of shooting, this being easily first, as no one else could approach the 90 mark. Graham is second with 87.3, Tripp third with 86.0, Elliston fourth with 84.6, while Apperson and Sumpter come next with 84.0. With the exception of Sergeant's score, none of this is very high-class work, but the weather is somewhat responsible for it. Most of the day a mean, nasty rain fell, which made it very disagreeable; and the light being poor it was very hard to locate a target promptly and properly. There were few straight scores made during the day, and as a rule those that were paid well. In No. 1 Sergeant and Tripp made one. In No. 2 there were none, but Apperson won first alone on 19. Fourteen was high in No. 3. Haweater made the only straight 20 of the day in No. 4, while again in No. 5 Sconce was the only one to make 15, and got first undivided. The only other straight of the day was Dr. Knowlton's 25 in the seventh event. This was first with a bird to spare, being the best pot won so far.

Thirty-seven participated, and of this number twenty-five shot all the events. Owing to the bad weather the shoot dragged along, but the programme events were shot out by 5 o'clock.

Events Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 were at known angles, while the others were shot at unknown.

THE SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	20	at. Broke. Av.
Sergeant	15	18	14	19	14	19	20	19	150 138 .920
Graham	14	17	14	19	14	17	21	15	150 131 .873
Tripp	15	16	14	19	12	15	20	18	150 129 .860
Elliston	13	17	14	18	14	15	20	16	150 127 .846
Apperson	13	19	13	16	11	17	20	17	150 126 .840
Sumpter	13	16	13	16	14	16	21	17	150 126 .840
Connor	14	17	14	15	12	13	23	17	150 125 .833
Lenhardt	12	17	12	16	13	17	22	16	150 125 .833
Beck	11	17	12	17	13	17	22	16	150 125 .833
Haweater	13	16	14	20	11	18	20	12	150 124 .826
Pendergast	10	16	14	19	13	13	22	15	150 122 .813
Palmer	13	17	11	15	13	16	22	14	150 121 .806
Sconce	13	12	14	16	15	23	13		150 121 .806
Clay	14	14	10	19	14	22	13		150 120 .800
Legler	10	14	14	17	14	17	16		150 119 .793
Cockrell	10	13	12	17	11	19	21	14	150 117 .780
Diemer	12	16	14	14	13	14	18	16	150 117 .780
Ray	13	18	13	13	11	15	19	15	150 117 .780
Bernhardt	13	17	14	16	8	16	16	14	150 114 .760
Piasa	13	15	11	16	12	17	14		150 110 .733
Schiess	10	14	13	16	9	13	20	15	150 110 .733
Gerst	12	15	11	16	7	18	16	10	150 105 .700
Nold	11	15	12	11	7	11	21	16	150 104 .693
G T	13	16	9	13	10	14	11		150 100 .666
Campbell	12	16	11	11	9	14	15	12	150 100 .666
Knowlton	16	13	19	25	16				100 89 .890
Kling	12	16	21	17					80 66 .850
King	11	17	13	11	15				85 67 .788
Erhardt	11	16	17	18					80 62 .775
Taylor	16	11	17	19	14				100 77 .770
Montgomery	9	15	12	13	21	18			115 87 .756
Parker	11	16	17	18	14				80 59 .725
Rockridge	9	14	13	9					65 45 .692
Howard	12	13	9	16	14	14			115 78 .678
St Clair	10	11	12	11	13				85 57 .670
Skinney	5	8	7	10	15				90 45 .500
Dee	12	11	9						...

SECOND DAY, APRIL 19.

This was a great day for some one to make a scoop, if they could have developed any old sort of a streak, and it need not have been anything extraordinary either. This is evidenced by the fact that .83 was the top percentage of the day, and that not a single straight was made in the entire events. Sergeant won first money on 14 in No. 1. Tripp on 18 got all of first money in No. 4; and in the fifth Tripp and Sergeant got all of first and second on 24 and 23. There were several instances where third, fourth and fifth money was won without a tie. But while the reader is contemplating how he would have got some easy money here if only present, there is something that remains to be told. For several days previous the weather had been very warm; so much so that overcoats and woollen underwear had been dispensed with. Now to-day the weather is bleak and cold, the wind blowing a gale that penetrates and cuts to the marrow. Overcoats none too comfortable, and the stove in the club house is kept hot, and is being well patronized. Not only did the wind play havoc with the targets, but the cold soon chilled one through at the score, so as to make the shooter slow and lose his time. This will explain away some of the mysteries of the poor shooting.

While more shooters participated than yesterday, not near so many shot through. Only eighteen did not miss an event. After the target programme had been finished a \$2 miss-and-out was started. This had nineteen entries, and Dr. Starkloff, Tripp and Elliston cut up the money after scoring 7 birds, Sumpter losing out in this round by having a good bird fall dead just out of bounds.

The programme to-day was the same as yesterday, and the same conditions prevailed.

THE SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	20	at. Broke. Av.
Tripp	11	16	14	18	9	17	24	17	150 126 .830
Sergeant	14	19	16	13	12	23	17		150 124 .826
Apperson	13	19	13	16	13	13	20	16	150 123 .820
Connor	13	15	14	17	14	15	19	16	150 123 .820
Bernhardt	11	16	11	17	13	17	21	16	150 122 .813
Gerst	11	18	14	12	13	18	19	12	150 116 .773
Frank	10	15	12	17	13	16	15	17	150 115 .766
Clay	12	16	14	16	8	13	20	16	150 115 .766
Elliston	9	16	10	16	12	13	21	14	150 111 .740

Graham	10	16	12	14	12	14	15	15	150	108	.720
Howard	13	14	8	15	10	14	17	16	150	107	.713
Sumpter	13	15	11	12	10	15	9	11	150	106	.706
Sconce	10	17	8	13	11	15	18	14	150	106	.706
Beck	11	14	10	16	11	14	15	12	150	103	.686
Pendergast	11	13	11	11	11	14	16	15	150	102	.680
Lenhardt	8	9	9	9	12	13	19	14	150	93	.620
Nold	8	12	6	14	7	15	18	5	150	85	.566
Miss King	6	7	7	6	9	13	17	5	150	70	.466
Kling	13	16	20	17					80	66	.802
Knowlton	12	14	8	14	19	16			115	83	.721
Erhardt	11	10	14	20	17				100	72	.720
Davis	11	14							35	25	.714
Montgomery	11	16	11	12	10				85	60	.705
Piasa	11	13	10	17	9	16	15		130	91	.700
Gardner	10	11	13	13	13	18	15		135	93	.688
Cockrell	10	15	13	16	7	9			105	70	.666
McFadden	16	20	7						65	43	.661
Collins	13	13	10	14	16				65	43	.661
Burrows	13	13	10	14	16				100	66	.660
Ray	13	12	8	9	14	12	15		130	83	.652
Taylor	7	14	18						60	39	.650
Ferguson	18	11							45	29	.644
Dodge	14	13							45	27	.600
Selzer	10	7	12	16	14				100	59	.590
Jona	10	10	8	13	15	10			115	66	.573
Legler	11	10	7						50	28	.560
147	9	9							35	18	.514
Jones	8	6	9	9	8	15	7		135	62	.459
Schmidt	8	8	6						50	22	.440
Skinney	18							
Palmer	11	15	13	13	10	14	19	13

THIRD DAY, APRIL 20.

This was live-bird day, and the only event was a 25-bird handicap. With 34 entries and but one set of traps it will readily be seen that it would require all the time to finish this event. The weather was bright and clear, but there was a high wind blowing diagonally across the grounds, and it made what would have been only an ordinary lot of birds extremely hard ones. At times some were as swift as ever left the trap. Among these Boehner got one that was beyond comparison. These, as is usually the case, invariably escaped.

The conditions of this event were \$15, birds included, five money, class shooting, with a very handsome charm for the winner. The race was close enough to be exciting all the way through, and was finally won by Dr. Starkloff, a local shooter, who scored the only straight. The win proved to be a popular one, as the Doctor is one of the most enthusiastic of local shooters, always contributing liberally to anything that will advance the shooting interest of his city. As is frequently the case, it is asserted by some that the Doctor was fortunate in drawing easy birds; but this can probably be attributed to the excellent time he was shooting in, and at all times using the best of judgment. To one familiar with the sport it is well known that the best of birds appear easy when the shooter is in good form and shooting in good time. This fits the Doctor's case exactly, and for this his win is all the more creditable. Then too he is no novice at the sport, and is liable to duplicate his performance of to-day at any time. Shooting from the scratch mark as he did it was nothing but pluck and skill that won the race for him. That he possesses these most essential qualities he has over and again demonstrated.

Five—Dr. Knowlton, "147," Tripp, Howard and Sconce—scored 24, so it will be seen that the winner was chased clear up to the finish. Of those who finished with this total, Knowlton and "147" did the best shooting; the bird that each lost was a very difficult one, and both were shooting from the scratch. Tripp shot at 29yds., and the only bird he let escape was not a hard one. The other two, Howard and Sconce, both shot at 27yds., though being new beginners at the trap they put up a good race.

The order in which the others finished is shown in the appended score, along with the fight and the number of the trap. Herbert Taylor made a most acceptable referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Starkloff, 30.....	3 2 2 2 3 1 3 1 2 1 3 3 1 2 5 3 1 1 2 4 2 3 2 3	
147, 30.....	2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2	25
Knowlton, 30.....	1 2 4 3 3 3 1 2 1 4 3 1 3 4 3 5 4 5 4 5 1 3 3 3	
Tripp, 29.....	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	24
E Howard, 27.....	2 5 2 3 5 5 4 2 2 3 2 3 4 3 5 2 4 1 5 5 5 8 5 4	
Sconce, 27.....	2 2	24
Sumpter, 30.....	4 5 5 3 5 5 1 5 5 4 4 4 5 1 3 2 2 8 4 3 3 2 4 2 1	
E Pendergast, 30.....	2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	23
Bernhardt, 27.....	4 1 5 5 1 4 4 5 5 2 3 3 5 5 3 1 4 1 2 4 4 2 5 4	
W R Elliston, 27.....	2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	23
P Beck, 30.....	1 2 5 3 4 4 5 4 2 4 2 1 3 2 4 3 4 2 4 1 4 3	
Nold, 27.....	3 1 1 4 1 3 1 1 5 3 4 2 1 3 1 4 3 5 1 1 4 5 4 1	
Graham, 30.....	5 4 3 2 5 2 3 5 4 3 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 4 1 3 4 2 2 4	
Clay, 30.....	1 4 4 1 2 2 4 2 1 4 4 3 4 5 1 5 5 4 5 1 1 2 4 1 5	
Bugh, 27.....	5 2 2 2 2 3 5 3 4 1 1 2 4 4 2 3 2 3 4 4 8 2 5 3	
Crosby, 30.....	1 3 4 4 3 2 2 4 2 5 1 5 2 1 4 4 3 5 3 5 1 3 4 2 2	
Schwarz, 27.....	2 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1	21
J W Den, 30.....	5 4 2 3 1 4 3 5 1 4 1 4 5 1 4 4 4 1 5 1 5 3 2 5 4	
Boehner, 29.....	2 0 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1	21
Kling, 30.....	4 1 2 4 1 2 3 1 5 1 4 5 4 8 5 2 5 2 1 3 3 4 2 4 1	
Cockrell, 27.....	5 4 4 3 9 4 2 5 5 5 3 1 3 5 4 2 2 2 2 4 4 3 3 3 3	
Selzer, 30.....	2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0	20
Sargent, 30.....	3 2 3 3 3 4 5 1 4 2 3 1 2 2 1 5 1 2 1 2 1 3 1 4	
Peoples, 27.....	2 2 * 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 0	18

Cofray, 28,.....	1 1 4 3 1 5 3 2 1 3 1 5 1 1 4 3 1 3 4 5 5 1 H↗↖↗
------------------	---

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, April 19.—Patriots' Day was celebrated by a large number of shooters at the first shoot of a series on the grounds of the Brockton Gun Club. Everybody seemed to have a jolly time despite the bad weather. Miss Kirkwood (Miskay), of Boston, accompanied by her brother, Horace, was one of the special features of the shoot. The conditions were not favorable for high scores, yet Miskay made four clean scores of 10, and was second in average for the day. A number of the shooters put in good scores for the merchandise prizes. Scott carried off the watch charm after shooting off a tie with Bradley, of Lynn; he will wear it until the next shoot, April 30. Le Roy made a clean score of 25 straight. As he was the one who donated it, he declined to shoot off.

No. 10 was a merchandise match, 25 targets, with handicap allowances added, unknown angles, 25 cents entrance.

Merchandise event:	
Eastman	1101111101011101110111-19-3-22
Miskay	11110111110001111101111-20-3-23
Horace	11100111101111100101110-18-3-21
Bradley	11101011110101110001011-16-4-20
Earl	01100001010010001000000-6-9-15
Le Roy	11111111111111111111110-24
Barrett	11010101110111111100111-18-3-21
Worthing	1110101111010111110111-20-3-23
W. Murdock	10010100011101011010010-13-4-17
Scott	0000000111101111001010-14-3-17
Francis	1001111110101110111010-18-3-21
Leonard	00100000011000100100000-5-9-14
Everett	000101010111011101101-16-3-19
Donahue	111010110100001000100000-9-9-18
Bartlett	0111111101011101001111-19-1-20
Tisdale	11111111111111111111011-24-1-25
A. Murdock	111111111111011011111-23-3-25
W. Thayer	110100100110100110110001-13-9-22
Taylor	01100010100110011001101-14-3-17
W. Woodard	0010110101011101111110-17-5-22
Grant	0010101101011111111101-19-1-23
Allen	11101111011111111111011-22-4-25
Stanley	0101010101100000100101-12-5-17
Stork	11111011011111011011111-21-5-25

No. 11 was the watch charm contest, 25 targets, entrance free, handicap allowance added, known angles.

Watch charm contest:	
Eastman	1111101101011111110001-19-3-22
Miskay	11110111111010110111011-20-3-23
Horace	1100111110111110011111-20-3-23
Bradley	1111011101111111111111-22-4-25
Earl	000010101000010000001010-6-9-15
Worthing	11110101011111011101101-20-3-23
Everett	011000011101011101110011-17-3-20
Taylor	11110011111010111111011-20-3-23
Francis	011001011110111101110110-17-3-20
Allen	11101010011111110110111-18-4-22
Barrett	111111110111011101001010-19-3-22
Stanley	0010101111110100110111-17-5-22
Donahue	1110101000010101000011-12-7-19
Scott	1110111111111111011110-22-3-25
W. Murdock	11011111000101010000011-14-4-18
Stork	1101110010111100111001-17-5-22
W. Thayer	001110110001001110101-15-9-24
Le Roy	1111111111111111111111-25
Chase	00011110101001010101010-13-9-22
W. Thayer	01101011010001101000101-13-9-22
W. Woodard	11101010101001101000001-13-5-18
Bradley	101101010-6
Scott	011011011-7

Scott won charm. Le Roy donated charm, so didn't shoot off.

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13 and 15 were at known angles. No. 8 at reversed; the remainder, unknown angles:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 25 25 10 10 10 10
Eastman	7 9 8 8 7 10 8 5 10 19 19 9 10 7
Miskay	9 8 10 9 7 10 10 5 6 20 20 10 8 8
Horace	9 6 8 8 8 7 6 8 6 18 20 8 10 5
Bradley	7 6 8 9 7 10 10 6 5 16 22 7 8 7
Earl	9 2 2 5 3 2 4 3 1 6 6
Le Roy	10 10 10 9 9 9 8 6 9 24 25 10
Stork	8 5 8 5 6 8 9 8 8 21 17
W. Woodard	8 9 8 6 2 17 13
Barrett	8 8 9 8 7 8 18 19
Leonard	3 2 2 1 3 4 5
Grant	7 6 8 7 5 9 5 19 6 8 7
Allen	6 6 6 8 7 6 9 3 22 18 8 7
Donahue	8 5 5 9 12
Wright	7 5 2 6 4
W. Thayer	5 4 4 5 4 13 15
Bartlett	10 8 10 10 10 7 10 19
Chase	5 5 5 13
Stanley	7 7 12 17
Tisdale	9 9 8 5 4 24
Wilder	4 8
Easton	4 2
A. Murdock	7 23
Worthing	8 20 20
Scott	7 14 22 7 6 9
W. Murdock	5 13 14 5
Everett	8 16 17 5 8 6 7
Francis	18 17 4 10 4 6
Taylor	14 20 5
H. Thayer	13
Plummer	2
Parkinson	2

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Pigeons at Memphis.

THE interest in the contests for the possession of the Memphis Gun Club's live-bird medal is wrought up to a high pitch by the result of the last two contests, in each of which A. H. Frank has proved the victor. The fourth contest for the trophy took place April 12, and there were ten members on hand to dispute for the possession of it. Frank, however, was in rare form, and ran up a straight score of 25. In addition to this he shot in a 5 and 10-bird sweep, scoring 5 and 9 respectively, making 39 out of 40 for the day. Poston also shot well, scoring 24 in the medal race, and 10 straight in the sweep.

The birds for the trophy shoot were selected from a large lot, and should have been capital ones.

On April 16 the fifth contest took place, and Frank again proved the winner, and that too on a straight score. This time though it required even more than this, as his was not the only straight, Poston also duplicating his feat.

But in the shoot-off Frank won out, and to him falls the honor of being the first to win it twice. Previous to this each contest had been productive of a new victor, Allin, Divine and Edrington having won it in the order named. Poston has tied for it twice, but has as yet been unable to land it. Who can tell but what his turn will be next, as the form he has displayed all through these contests must eventually win for him. This, however, cannot be long deferred, for should Frank win it again, he becomes the permanent possessor of it. This he is likely to do, as he possesses all the pluck and confidence so essential in contests of this nature. To-day he scored 38 out of 40, while Edrington scored 37 out of 40.

The weather conditions were perfect, though there was no wind to help the birds along.

April 12.—Medal shoot, 25 live birds:	
T. A. Divine, 28	202211211111011122121202-22
I. Bennett, 29	20221222222022222222-21
A. H. Frank, 29	22222222222222222222-25
J. P. Edrington, 29	2212212221222122222002-22
J. C. Neely, Jr., 29	22222221122222222222-22
S. P. Walker, 29	222221212110221222210222-22
F. P. Poston, 29	1012111111112212121223-24
J. C. White, 29	2110112221111221022212-22
W. F. Allen, 29	2121222021221111212202-23
W. D. Thompson, 29	2222222211121202122222-22

April 16.—Medal shoot at 25 birds, fifth contest:	
A. H. Frank, 29	2222222222222222222222-25
J. P. Edrington, 29	1122211111222221112212-24
Dr. W. H. Gagg, 29	2112122221111122212121-23
F. P. Poston, 29	2221111121121212111222-25
J. C. Neely, 29	2221212121222121201012-23
T. A. Divine, 29	111110210120
B. F. Popham, 29	1211202222212202021222-20
S. P. Walker, 29	22212210212121111021*1-21

There will be war in the camp at the next shoot; all will be pulling to keep Abe from making three successive wins.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., April 20.—The last shoot of current prize series took place at Wellington Wednesday afternoon last. The wholesale trap-shooting of the previous day, a holiday in this section, depleted the ranks somewhat, but a dozen attended, quite oblivious of the cloudy and moist weather conditions. Eastman and Horace tied for first prize, a gold watch charm, but according to the rules of the contest the former won it, having attended all the shoots, and Horace only ten. The shooting of both during entire series has been excellent. The best six scores during the fourteen contests, beginning Jan. 12 and concluding to-day, form the prize total, and below are given the complete results. Eastman and Miskay discarded eight scores, Spencer 7, Taft and Gordon 5, Horace and Woodruff 4, Leroy 2, Hollis 1 and Paine none.

The team match was somewhat of a foregone conclusion at this last stage, 7 targets separating first and second; Eastman and Taft requiring a 39 to win, provided Miskay and Horace failed to advance. The latter improved 2, the latter 4 targets, so the Thurman shooting blouses go to Miskay and Horace, and now Miskay is complaining because Thurman blouses are not made for ladies.

Mr. J. R. Hull, representing Parker Bros., was a visitor to-day, and acquitted himself very creditably on the varied shooting, and particularly so on the three 5-target events at 21, 22 and 23yds. rise.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
Targets:	10 10 3p 10 10 5 3p 10 10 10 5 5 5 10
Gordon, 17	7 5 5 7 7 5 3 9 7 8 4 2 1 8
Miskay, 18	9 8 3 7 8 5 4 7 9 7 2 4 5 6
Leroy, 21	7 6 3 10 4 4 3 9 9
Woodruff, 17	7 8 4 9 8 5 4 10 9 9
Benton, 14	3 4 3 2 4 1 3 6 6
Hull, 18	10 8 3 8 9 3 4 9 9 8 3 5 5 9
Eastman, 16	9 7 5 10 8 4 5 10 10 8 3 2 2 8
Taft, 16	8 5 3 7 8 5 5 7 8 4 2 2 1 5
Horace, 16	8 10 3 8 8 4 4 10 8 8
Dickey, 21	8 4 7 8 5 5 8 7 9
Spencer, 18	8 8 10 5 2 8 9 10 4 4 4 7
Poor, 16	2 2 0 2 4 2

Events 1, 4, 5, 8, known angles; 2, 6, 9, unknown, 11, unknown, 21yds. rise; 12, same, 22yds. rise; 13, same, 23yds. rise; 3 and 7, pairs; 10 and 14, reverse pull.

Events 1, 4, 5, 8, known angles; 2, 6, 9, unknown; 11, unknown, known and 3 pairs; distance handicap:	
Taft	011111101-8 11111-5 11 11 10-5-18
Dickey	011111101-8 11111-5 10 11 11-5-18
Leroy	111111111-10 1101-4 10 10 10-3-17
Miskay	111011011-8 11111-5 10 11 10-4-17
Woodruff	111101011-8 11111-5 10 11 10-4-17
Eastman	011011111-8 11011-4 11 11 10-5-17
Spencer	111111111-10 11111-5 10 01 00-2-17
Hull	111110111-9 01110-3 10 11 10-4-16
Horace	101101111-8 10111-4 11 11 00-4-16
Gordon	011011011-7 11111-5 11 00 10-3-15
Benton	001100010-4 00010-1 00 11 10-3-8
Poor	000000100-2 11000-2 00 00 00-0-4

Team match, 40 targets, 10 known and 10 unknown per shooter:	
Gordon	101111111-9 111011001-7-16
Woodruff	111111111-10 111011111-9-19-35
Leroy	111011111-9 101111111-9-18
Spencer	111101101-8 111111101-9-17-35
Eastman	111111111-10 111111111-10-20
Taft	100111110-7 111110110-8-15-35
Miskay	100101111-7 011111111-9-16
Horace	111111111-10 101110111-8-13-31
Hull	011111111-9 111011111-9-18
Dickey	111101011-8 101101011-7-15-33

Winners of prizes, with totals; possible 126:	
Eastman, first	19 18 18 17 17 16-105
Horace, second	19 18 18 17 17 16-105
Miskay, third	18 18 17 17 17 16-103
Spencer, fourth	18 18 17 17 16 16-102
Leroy, fifth	17 17 17 16 16 16-100
Woodruff, sixth	18 17 17 16 16 15-99
Taft, seventh	18 16 16 16 15 14-95
Gordon, eighth	18 17 15 15 15 14-94
Hollis, ninth	21 17 15 14 14 13-94
Paine, tenth	17 15 15 14 14 12-87

Team totals, possible 200:	
Miskay and Horace	35 35 35 34 32-171
Eastman and Taft	35 34 33 33 31-166
Gordon and Woodruff	35 33 32 31 31-162
Leroy and Spencer	35 34 31 30 29-159

The summer series starts Wednesday, April 27, and continues until June 29, with prize contests at 30 targets, 10 known, 20 unknown and 10 reverse angles.

Boston.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., April 21.—The members of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club opened the season with an all-day shoot on April 19 although the day was dark and it rained more or less, yet it did not dampen the ardor of the boys, and darkness only stopped the shooting. We shoot entirely for sport, and the fun is fast and furious from start to finish. A merrier set of sportsmen it would be hard to find.

The following is the score:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	10 5 10 10 5 10 10 5 10 5 10 10
Smith, 13	3 3 4 7 5 6 4 1 4 3 5 7
Whitaker, 13	7 3 5 7 3 3 4 4 3 4
Estabrook, 13	5 5 5
Field, 13	3 3 3 5 4 8 7 3 5 2 5
Hooks, 13	7 4 6 5 4 6 5 2 6 1
Stickney, 13	5 3 6 4 5 7 6 4 3 4
Converse, 13	3 1 8 5 3 3 6 4 4 3
Woods, 16	8 4 4 4 4
Wright, 16	3 4 5 5 3 5 4 3
Bingham, 13	5 2
Train, 13	4 1
Kirkpatrick, 13	4 5 5 5
Fenwick, 13	1
Ziegler, 13	3 4
Richmond, 16	4 1 1 1 1 3
Dix, 16	2 4 1 5 5 5 4 2 8 8
White, 13	3 6 6 4 3 2 1 3
Jenna, 13	1 2 1 2 1
Atwood, 13	3 1 1 1 5 5
Demmon, 13	1 2 1 4 1 1
Hawkins, 13	2 8 8 9 4 5 1 7 6
Curly, 13	4 5 2 1 3 2 5
Bradbury, 13	1 2 2 4 4 2
Wilber, 13	3 7 4 3 7
Liversage, 13	3 3 5 1 4 1 5
Jackson, 13	2 3 1
Putnam, 18	1 4 8 5 8 4 4 3
J. Rice, 13	1 3
Cutler, 13	5 3 5 4 5 7 3 8 7
Leonard, 13	2 4 4
Austin, 16	3 5 5 5 6 1 1 6
Parker, 16	3 3 3
Elliott, 13	4 4 3 1

Events 1 and 2, known angles; 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10, unknown traps and angles; 5, 11 and 12, incomers; 7 and 9, pairs.

IRVING O. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

Trap at Worcester.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 12.—At the opening shoot for the L. C. Smith trophy some excellent scores were made, especially those of E. S. Knowles and Jack Hull, both breaking 48 out of their 50 targets. Jack lost his 25th bird in his first 25 and his 22d of the last 25. Knowles won the trophy, as Mr. Hull was not a member of the gun club, but oh! how he did shoot!

Following are the scores of the L. C. Smith trophy contest: Hull 48, Knowles 48, Snell 46, Forehand 45, Hanson 44, Walls 40, Roach 38, Emory 37, Buck 32, Bucklin 32, Kinney 30.

April 15.—The State shoot to-day was a failure, as the day was too rainy to shoot; only a few shooters ventured out to the shooting grounds. The following events were shot:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets:	10 10 10 10 15 15 20
Leroy	10 10 6 6 13 9 16
Smith	10 5 6 8 8 10 14
Jones	9 10 7 7 10 12 14
Chapin	8 8 8 5 9 9 13
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets:	10 10 10 10 15 15 20
Walls	7 10 7 8 11 11 17
Davis	10
Forehand	7 8 9 13 12 17

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 23.—Tuesday, April 19, was Patriots' Day in this State, and the Haverhill Gun Club celebrated the day by holding an all-day shoot on their grounds at Hoyt's Grove, in this city.

It was the opening shoot of the season, and was a decided success, everything running without a hitch to mar the enjoyment of the shooters from beginning to end, though it must be confessed the shooting was nothing to brag of. Our captain, Mr. Miller, was high gun for the day with an average of 77 per cent., but it must be remembered we are only two years old, as an organization. We have done no shooting since Christmas Day, and many of the shooters were shooting at the traps for the first time. Then too we have never favored "kindergarten birds" very much on our grounds, and the strong and erratic wind added much to the speed of the targets, besides causing them to indulge in all sorts of antics, thus making them puzzling marks for the older members and the despair of the "green hands."

Below you will find the events in tabulated form, and the scores made:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
Targets:	10 15 10 15 10 15 10 20 20 10 15 10 15 10 10
Angles:	K K U U R R S K U R R U U U U
Bryan	9 10 5 8 7 11 9 18 13 6 13 8 13 8 7
Pray	7 11 7 9 8 11 6 15 18 7 13
George	8 13 8 12 8 9 7 18 14 7 9 6 11 7
Leighton	3 8 4 9 8 7 7 13 6 4 3
Bradford	6 5 7 8 7 9 6 9 12
D. S. Short	7 12 9 12 8 7 16 13 8 10 7 10
Tozier	3 12 7 5 4 16 13
Vining	3 3 1 6
Doc	2 4 3 9 7 4
Brooks	6 6 10 15 16
Meserve	0 2 2 7
Lewis	0 3 1 1
Sprague	9 5 13 12 7 7 5 9 8
Wright	9 3 12 5 9 7 8 8 7
Merritt	6 16 17 6 9 10 13 8 7
Conly	6 7 2 2 3
Stevens	9 13 10 9
Hilliard	6 3
Brown	7 4 11 4 6 6
Griggs	7 7 15 10 6 8 9 11 7
Miller	7 16 7 12 9 8 9 9
Orne	3 10 10 8 10
Holden	5 6 4 9 3
Ingraham	3 15 14 7 13
Marble	4 14 16 7 13
F. J. Blake	6 9 8 5
Osborn	1

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 19.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

SOME RECENT EXAMPLES.

A PHYSICIAN of New York city who spent the month of August of last year at the headwaters of the Aroostook River in Maine, where excellent fishing was enjoyed with $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout, found himself in a rich game country. He saw at least a hundred deer, two caribou and five moose; and was so close to one of the moose that he "spanked it with a paddle." But not a shot was fired. The excursion was for fishing; it was not one to kill even incidentally game in the close season. Commenting on this, a correspondent remarks: "It is refreshing to know that here was at least one sportsman who could resist temptation to violate the laws of the State of Maine."

Unstinted credit is due such right living in the woods, but it would be a mistake to consider this instance unique. The record may rather be taken as typical of the rule of conduct observed by an increasing proportion of fishermen who go into the woods in summer. That rule is to observe the laws of the land, the laws of nature, and the obligations imposed by one's self-respect. We could match the record of the New York man with that of others. There was Mr. W. H. Wesson, of Springfield, Mass., who spent two months in the Maine woods last summer and refused to take firearms on the trip, inasmuch as "there would be no game in season, and no use for a gun." And there was Mr. Fred Gould, of Boston, who went moose calling in Maine on the night of October 14, before the opening of the season, and went without firearms, since the purpose of the enterprise was to call and see the moose, and not to shoot it. The calling was entirely successful; for Edgar Harlow brought the bull so near that the men, being unarmed, were with good reason frightened. It is a pleasure to add that on the night of the 16th Mr. Gould got his moose.

The rule of strictly and cheerfully observing the laws obtains in growing degree with sportsmen and guides in every important hunting district. Testimonies to this effect come not from Maine only, but from the Adirondacks, Minnesota, North Carolina, and in fact wherever residents and visitors are learning for themselves by practical, personal observation, experience and thinking the homely lesson of supply and demand. We are quite likely to have wrong impressions on this subject, because we perhaps hear and read more about the law-breakers who are censured in print than about the multitude of the law-abiding, concerning whose correct conduct in field and camp no chronicle is made. It is thus regarding sportsmen in some measure as it is with Indians, for the majority of people never hear anything about the red man except in connection with some Indian trouble, for which reason they get the notion that the savage is always on the rampage. There is in this town a daily paper which makes a specialty of chronicling the shortcomings of clergymen, and those who get their notions of the clergy from reading this journal are not more mistaken in their estimate of the character of men of the cloth than one might be regarding sportsmen in the field, if his judgment concerning them were based wholly on the frequent reports of game law violations.

The man who sets out to be a law unto himself, and to kill wantonly and beyond reason, in these days is quite likely to find rebuke where it is little expected. They tell a story of a visiting angler at a well-known Maine camp, last summer, who, finding the fish in abundant supply, caught so many that there could be no possible utilization of them for food; and quantities were thrown away. When the camp proprietor expostulated with the guest and urged him not to kill fish for waste, the reply was in substance that there were plenty of trout, the guest paid his board, and he proposed to do as he pleased. The rejoinder was in the nature of an ultimatum; the man was given his passports and early next

morning took passage on the first outgoing buckboard. Such stand by a camp keeper is to be applauded. If proprietors generally would adopt the same course they would find the sentiment of anglers and shooters abundantly strong to sustain them. An assertion of the rights and obligations of decency commands respect in the woods as well as out of them.

In a different way, but none the less effectively, did a Southern host curb the wanton conduct of certain Northern guests, who were bent on beating the record for quail. There were birds galore on his territory, but when once he had taken the measure of the killers for count, he took pains to guide them to such localities as he knew to be barren of game, and persisted in this treatment until, disgusted at their successive failures to score, the deluded shooters packed off bag and baggage.

AUDUBON.

THE name of no American naturalist is so well known as that of John James Audubon; yet this does not mean much. Persons interested in science know his name well. Those best equipped in general literature know of it, but even to these last it has but little meaning. It is a name and little more. Most of those who hear it recognize it as familiar, and try to remember what Audubon did, but cannot. And yet, "the greatest monument erected by art to nature"—the "Birds of America"—was built by Audubon.

Even of those reasonably familiar with ornithology in America, but few realize the vastness of the work which Audubon accomplished, and fewer still comprehend at all what this accomplishment involved. When Audubon began—though all unconscious of the task—the labors which culminated in the "Birds of America," the country was utterly new; the War of the Revolution was not long past, there were no means of communication or of travel. Railroads and telegraphs were still far in the future. If one wished to go anywhere, he walked, or rode on horseback; if he desired to communicate with his friends in any part of the country, he sent a messenger.

Traveling on foot, Audubon crossed and recrossed the United States from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic coast, collecting with his own hands and for himself the birds of his beloved country. Without pecuniary means, yet with a family whom he tenderly loved, he was forced to devote much of his time to the support of his dear ones. In the face of difficulties which we cannot comprehend, with labors that are now incalculable and against natural dangers that are no longer known, he fought his way from absolute obscurity to the position which he longed to reach and gained the pinnacle of fame, which was his highest ambition.

As we turn over the great pages of his wonderful work, which contains 435 plates, representing 1,035 figures of birds, all of life size, we realize what this man accomplished, and yet we wonder more and more that one man should have been able to do so much. Yet such was his unfailing energy that no sooner was one task completed than he turned eagerly to another. The fervor that animated his brush later drove the "iron pen" which gave us the "Ornithological Biographies" and the "Synopsis." Toward the close of his long life he worked with the same energy on the "Quadrupeds of North America," which he did not live to see completed.

The results of his work were his own and accomplished by himself; he owed nothing—except kindness and sympathy—to any one outside his own family. If he received some species of birds collected by naturalists attached to expeditions to the further West, these were so few as to be insignificant compared with the great total. How widely different his from the work of the naturalist of to-day, whose collecting expeditions scour the utmost limits of the continent and bring back material by the carload.

In the life of Audubon—as indeed in the lives of most great men—there is a lesson that may well be laid to heart. The example of industry, cheerfulness, and never failing tenacity of purpose, which marked his long career, is worthy of emulation, and the name of John James Audubon may fitly be cited as an example for every young American.

As among naturalists to-day the name Audubon stands for American ornithology, so for us all it may well sym-

bolize that energy, endurance and singleness of purpose which we are proud to consider characteristics of the true American.

SNAP SHOTS.

Compared with the prices which have been paid at former sales the sums paid for the early editions of Walton's Compleat Angler sold in this city last week were low. The first edition, London, 1653, brought \$240; second edition, 1655, \$67.50; third edition, 1661, \$37.50; fourth edition, 1668, \$50; fifth edition, 1676, \$25. This Walton set illustrates the ways of book collecting; for having been gathered, after long and patient searching and waiting and watching, into the possession of one individual, they are now dispersed again to different collectors. Making a library of angling books is like angling itself: the satisfaction in possession comes only after the uncertainty and protracted effort of the pursuit. There have been angling libraries sold in bulk, when one could on the instant possess himself of what it had taken years and years to bring together; but such a cold check-book transaction gives one neither the interest of pursuit nor the zest of capture, to say nothing of the thousand and one diversions in the gentle art of angling.

One of the best ducking marshes on the James River in Virginia is owned by New York sportsmen, who visit it annually in their yachts. As the time they spend there is inconsiderable, and as the preserve is prolific of game all through the season, it is further utilized for market hunting, being leased to professional shooters who ship their game to market. The rent exacted is \$300 a year, and it is recorded that on one occasion with two shots the hunters gathered in ducks which netted them \$120 toward paying the rent for the season. The industry is remunerative and the arrangement profitable to all concerned. The sportsmanship of hiring out the preserve for market shooting is not conspicuously in evidence at first glance, yet it does not differ so greatly from the practice pursued at some Atlantic coast ducking clubs whose members market their game by the barrelful. In each instance it appears to be a consideration of \$300 more or less.

There are some astonishing figures in recent returns presented to the Dominion Parliament, showing the amount of Indian earnings for the last year. According to these statistics the Indians of Canada received as proceeds of the fisheries \$450,270.85; and as earned by hunting \$408,318.83. The statement "earned by hunting," as our long-time Quebec correspondent, Mr. J. U. Gregory, tells us, is to be understood as including all furs, wherever sold, to the Hudson's Bay Company or others. In these days, when we are all talking about the obliteration of wild creatures, this annual fur catch of more than \$400,000 for Canada is significant of an enormous native supply, all the more remarkable since the fur industry has been carried on for so many decades.

It was not generally understood last season that the close term of five years for deer in Greene, Sullivan, Ulster and Delaware counties in this State had expired, and knowledge of the fact was kept very close by all interested in giving the game a chance to establish itself. The district game protectors were instructed not to advertise the open season, and in every way pains were taken to discourage hunting. Some deer were killed, but the number was small, and probably the supply was not materially lessened. In the last session a measure to extend the close time for another five years was adopted, and this has just been signed by Governor Black.

The red deer put out by M. Menier, the French chocolate manufacturer, on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, have apparently multiplied, although at the time the last advices from the island were received at Quebec so much of the territory had not been visited that an approximate calculation could be made. More moose will be taken to Anticosti. The availability of the island for a great game preserve is yet to be demonstrated.

The largest tarpon taken on the West Coast this season fell to Mr. W. Ashby Jones, of Richmond, who captured on April 19 at Fort Myers a fish of 7 ft. 3 in., weighing 185 lbs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—X.

THREE days had passed since the boats had crawled up against the current of the little Western river until they grounded against the hot edge of a great sandbar.

Just here the river swept around in a broad curve, washing and cutting away the bluff on one side and forming the bar on the other as the aggressive current advanced.

A fine open growth of timber back of the bar made a good camp ground, and a clear spring boiled up through the gravel to supply the best of water.

The white canvas, more or less stained by camp usage, had gleamed among the trees these three days, and furnished a home for the boy and me when we came in from our rambles through the enchanted woods or floated back in the black canoe with the water that forever passed by, steadily, resistlessly moving on, on, on.

Where it came from, where it went, were two things to which we gave no thought. It was always there, and it was the home of the fish, the ducks and the many other things that made life a day of joy for us.

Strange things came down on the ever moving current; some went by, some stranded on our sandbar and furnished a moment of wonderment and vague conjecture as we saw them—and left them there.

There were fragments of stone on the bar too, rocks that were strangers in the prairie country, and a constant source of wonder to the boy, who continually brought them into the tent to ask their history. Sometimes I had to wonder with him, and could give no information, because the rock was a stranger to me too—a stray pebble that had started—where?

At times the youngster would toss a bit of water-smoothed stone down beside me, drop to the ground himself and stretch on his stomach, his chin resting on his crossed arms, and broad hat tilted back while he waited and listened to the probable history of the fire-born, ice-milled, water-moved bit of rock that had traveled hundreds of miles and stranded on "agate bar" for the boy to find.

This rock lore was full of mountain voices, tales of the great, lonely country that basked in the sun to the westward; stories of the ruins of that part of the world called "bad lands," of crystal streams that hid flakes of gold in their sands and trout in their waters; of pine woods where wild animals roamed; and of other talk of the wilderness.

It was just the beginning of Indian summer when we camped by the sandbar, that delightful time in the year when one may dream all day and every day; and it had its effect on the boy.

He was preoccupied, thinking, dreaming, looking into the haze that dimmed the western horizon.

"Say, less take a trip to the mountains, will yeh?"

He had decided on a plan of action, and wanted my indorsement and company.

I smiled, lighted my pipe and sat down for a talk. I had already seen the backbone of the continent and the withering, soul-killing country where the gray sage grows, where the loafer wolves howl like lost souls, where the ghoulish buzzard floats in the clear air, where death lurks in the water and the blistered, alkali-strewn ground.

All afternoon I sat there and told the boy of this lost country and of the great hills that pierced the sky to the west of it while he listened and dreamed.

"Less go, will yeh?" he said when I had finished.

"Less get the outfit together 'n' light out this fall. I'm tired of this old level country where they ain't anything only th' river 'n' the woods, 'n' juss catfish. I want to git up amongst th' rocks 'n' snow 'n' pine woods—'n' I'm goin' too."

"Well, if you're set on going, we had better wait till spring, so the grass will furnish feed for the horses, anyhow. You can't travel far out there in the fall when the grass is dead and the water holes all dried up. Then again, you would no more than get to the hills before you would have to hurry back to get home ahead of the snow."

"Guess yer right," he answered, with a sigh. "Haff to wait, I reckon. Will yeh go in the spring, shore?"

"Unless something turns up this winter to prevent it, I will go in the spring and stay all summer if you like. We can take along a prospecting outfit and maybe locate some color worth working too; there is plenty of it in the hills, if you can find it, and it will give us an excuse for going anyhow."

So it was settled there by the little Western river, settled and all winter left for anticipation, which I have begun to think is more real pleasure than the trip, whether it be around the world or only an afternoon off for fishing.

The boy could always find some new interest hovering over the country we were to visit, and the questions he asked were as many and varied as the cottonwood leaves that sang in the breeze over our heads.

First it was to be a wagon and team, then this would be abandoned as the superior advantages of a pack horse outfit were discussed; then the limited capacity of such an outfit would throw his opinion back to the wagon idea again.

So the discussion went, back and forth and back again, until I said: "Let's go fishing and let the trip rest while we are in camp. We've got all winter to think it over, and when the time comes we'll be ready all right, and with the right kind of an outfit too."

"Yep, reckon we sure will," he answered, as he gathered up the rods and canoe paddles and got ready for a short hour of enjoyment before night should put out the light of the sun.

"They must be some mighty nice places out there 'n' th' mountains," said the boy, as we drifted and cast our minnows toward the rocks along the bank where we knew the big pike-perch balanced and waited.

"I've always wanted to see the mountains ever since I first heard about 'em, an' I got a idee I could juss live round 'mongst them rocks 'n' trees 'n' things all th' res o' my life 'thout botherin' a heap about anything much."

"Gee! they muss be high. Less see—12,000 feet—how much is a mile? Five thousand two hunderd n' eighty—that's right—into 12,000—that's twice and about a quarter over, ain't it? Gee! Juss think! Two mile 'n' a quarter straight up 'n' th' air! Whew! Say, that's as far's fr'm town clean to th' stone quarries down th' river. I bet them red clouds ain't that high right now. Must make a feller feel kinder queer like to git up that high 'n' look down, don't it?"

"Well, it would perhaps if you could look straight down, but you must remember that the hills begin to rise a long way from the peaks, and the country up there isn't so much different from any other rough country until you get to the pinnacles. Then it is mostly rocks piled up into needles and gashed and split into cañons that make it pretty hard to get through; the rest of it is only one hill piled on top of another for miles."

"Huh! Pictures o' mountains don't look that way. They look like they run right up from a flat country like this—that is, generally they do."

"Well," I replied, "when you are twenty or twenty-five miles away the hills look that way too; but they are different when you get there."

"Kin you ride—gee! I got a whale, I guess."

A big "spicker" had coupled on to the boy's hook and cut further discussion about the mountains short for the evening, for the sun was gone and there was only a red glow in the western sky when the big fish came in over the side and quivered in his last gasp on the bottom of the canoe.

"Less have him for supper, will yeh?" asked the youngster as he surveyed the catch.

"All right, I'm fish hungry myself, and he will make a good supper for both," I answered.

"Yep, less go to camp an' git him a-sizzlin'."

Rods were tucked away in the canoe, and the whispering paddles crooned a lullaby as the black canoe cut the surface of the river, wrinkling the red and gold reflections of the sunset into a thousand scintillating prisms of color that flickered from the brown sands of Agate Bar to the blue shadows reaching out from the foot of the bluff across the stream.

As the glow faded from the sky and the blue-black shades of night came on, our little fire burned merrily and grew hot and red against the night, half illuminating the white tent and penciling the overhanging cottonwood limbs in lines of light.

The big pike sputtered and grew brown, the coffee complained and bubbled against the hot sides of the pot, and other things gave odors to whet the outdoor man's appetite, until we sat down to a hungry, healthy man's fare there by the silent river, at the end of another day that we had lived—one day in a life that has passed to the shades of recollection now, for that was long ago, and in a country that has now become only a part of the traditions of what was once the great, limitless West.

EL COMANCHO.

Yukon Notes.—V.

An Outfit for the Yukon.

AN outfit for the Yukon should include everything necessary for a year's sojourn in the country. It should contain no unnecessary articles, and yet be adapted for a great variety of conditions, ranging in component parts from gauze netting and mosquito oil for summer use to face masks of fur or buckskin and the heaviest winter underwear.

Of course individual requirements and preferences vary, and every man will make up his outfit in accordance with his own ideas.

I shall only attempt to give a few general hints gained by personal experience in the hope that some of these may prove of interest and profit to campers out. First I shall say something about camp outfit as distinguished from personal outfit.

Camp Outfit.

The main essentials of the camp outfit are tent, stove, bedding and cooking utensils. The average party for the Yukon trip last year numbered about four men. This was a good number, for four men can handle such boats as were commonly used to good advantage, and make and break camp with expedition. Large parties are hard to manage, for there are apt to be as many minds about any question of importance as there are men, and pooling of interests and cliques are the result, while with smaller parties the camp work is greatly increased for individual members.

A party of four should have two or three tents. One 10x12 wall tent of heavy duck, and two small, light A tents, would be a good combination. It is very important that both light and heavy-weight tents be included in the outfit, the former for traveling and prospecting and the latter for use when a stop of any duration is made. The heavy tent is practically a necessity for camping on the ocean side of the passes leading to the headwaters of the Yukon, where it requires something considerably above the average to keep out the continual soaking rain, and it is also very desirable for occupancy at the time of going into winter quarters. Such tents retain the heat very much better than light-weight ones. And if the peak is low and the base banked with earth or snow, one can be perfectly comfortable in them in the coldest weather, while the cabin is building.

During the latter part of November and first of December we were very comfortable in a tent at a time when the thermometer for a good many consecutive days hung between the 50s and 60s below zero. The sides and back of the tent were banked with snow and the roof was covered with extra canvas. We had selected a spot in a dense growth of small spruce trees with low-reaching boughs, where we were completely sheltered from the wind. The first twenty-four hours the tent was somewhat chilly, for it took that length of time to thaw out the intensest rigor of the poles and base logs and surface of the ground; but after that we could get the place as warm as the hot room of a Turkish bath by the scientific firing of our little Yukon stove. The greatest hardship was starting the fire in the morning. I often went to bed with my gloves on and extra drawers outside my pants (for I like to be comfortable,

and I was comfortable, and never lost any sleep worth mentioning; but starting that fire involved the exposure of the nicely warmed upper portion of my body and the baring of my hands. Shavings had been prepared the night before, and all that was necessary was to throw down the blankets, roll over on my elbow, light a candle (for it was dark, and we would never have gotten up if we had waited for broad daylight), open the stove door, push in the shavings and kindling, and apply the flame of the candle to the draft hole in the front. Then I would roll back again into bed and cover my head with the blankets and blow my numbed fingers to start the circulation for a while, till I thought the fire was well under way, when another sortie was in order for the purpose of adding more wood. Soon the stove would be puffing away like a locomotive engine, and the draft cover on the front rattling at a lively gait, and we knew that our faithful little friend was a glowing cherry red on the firebox end, and that we could get up and undress for breakfast with perfect comfort.

In cold weather we reversed the usual process—dressed to go to bed and undressed for breakfast. Our heaviest clothing was reserved to sleep in. Much less was required when exercising outdoors or sitting in the heated tent.

On our sledge journey out to the coast we had to travel without stove and tent, because we had made the mistake of not providing a light-weight tent that could be carried without overburdening ourselves too much.

The chief discomforts of this journey, which lasted a month, were not being able at any time to get thoroughly warmed up by external heat—a luxury which one must be deprived of to fully appreciate—and not being able to bake bread or cook other dishes very satisfactorily. I had enough of flapjacks and grease cakes and frying-pan bread in that month to last my natural lifetime, and never want to travel again without some kind of a baker.

The peaked A tents may be built very light, and at the same time shed the rain fairly well, on account of the steep pitch of the roof. I saw one 7ft. tent, made of some oiled material—linen, I think—that the owner told me only weighed 7lbs. Most oiled tents are heavy, but this one was not, and seemed to be just about as near perfection as could be, for it was waterproof and windproof.

In summer the roofs of wall tents are sometimes painted black. This is to enable the occupants to sleep, for for several months it is daylight in the Klondike region practically the twenty-four hours. Wall tents and A tents should be constructed with a rope along the peak, so that they may be pitched without the use of a ridge pole if desirable. Sometimes standing trees may be utilized for pitching tents so arranged, and under any circumstances the problem is very much simplified. Near the summits of the passes ridge poles cannot be obtained, and if used have to be packed several miles.

The stove which is all but universally used in this country is one originated in Juneau, but obtainable now at any of the outfitting points on the Pacific coast. It is known as the Yukon stove, and though built in a great variety of sizes and styles, conforms in the main to one general pattern. This is a sheet-iron stove about twice as long as it is broad or deep, without legs, and having a firebox at the front and oven with over and under draft at the rear end. The best stoves are asbestos lined. Some are made to fold for convenience in carrying. The smaller sizes weigh about 25lbs., and the price is in the neighborhood of \$5. Parties coming up the river on the ice during the winter often knocked out the partition separating the oven from the firebox, making the stoves lighter and permitting the use of longer wood. These stoves were only used for heating the tent, and all that was desired was a mere shell that would hold the fire and conduct the smoke outside. They were very light, and I saw one that only weighed 8lbs., including the stovepipe. Stovepipes are often made to telescope and fit inside the oven or firebox. These pipes, however, are generally small, and sometimes in a day or two become clogged with soot and refuse to draw. The larger sizes are more satisfactory.

Another style stove (procured by our party in Victoria) had for the oven a drum-shaped affair interpolated between the first two joints of the stovepipe. This gave more fire space and was an advantage in many respects, but the combination was a nasty thing to pack, and I would never choose such a stove for use when traveling.

It is well to make sure when buying your stove that you have enough pipe to go up through the roof of your tent. It sometimes happens that not enough is supplied, and lacking it stakes must be driven into the ground for supports, or some similar arrangement made.

There was a vast variety of opinions on the trail as to the position the stove should occupy in the tent. In the smaller tents the stove was frequently set up directly in the middle of the tent, just inside the door. One of the front corners of the tent, however, was more frequently chosen. Stones are generally used to raise the stove up from the ground. Some support is required, for otherwise the firebox will set fire to the vegetable matter in the ground underneath.

The mess kit and cooking utensils supplied with the Buzzacott outfit are of particular value to the Klondiker, for they are easily packed and are arranged to nest in the least possible space. Lacking these, the cooking outfit is frequently carried in a wooden mess box. Often there is a set of nesting pails arranged to fit the oven of the stove. At times when even the slightest weight is a serious objection, as in sledging parties, the mess box is done away with and the utensils carried in a sack. The outfit should include three or four granite ware covered buckets—four, six and eight-quart—and at least two frying pans. A good, big mixing pan for bread making is also desirable, though it is possible to get along by using a gold pan instead for this purpose.

As for supplies, beans, bacon, flour and tea are the staples. Almost as essential are sugar, salt, baking powder and dried fruits. Then come oatmeal, rice, cornmeal, evaporated potatoes and onions, raisins (a good thing—25lbs. are enough for a year).

Soup extracts, including desiccated vegetables, con-

densed milk (evaporated cream is good, but spoils after being frozen), canned butter (get the 2lb. hermetically sealed tins), coffee and cocoa, smoked beef, hardtack and dry salt pork. Many other things may of course be added, but most of the above articles are essential.

The Canadian Mounted Police had an oatmeal biscuit prepared for dogs that was mighty good eating for men. It did not freeze, and was just the thing for lunch on a winter's day. Then there was a kind of egg powder, put up in Seattle, that struck me as being a good thing, though I did not have a chance of trying this.

The hardtack should be put up in 5lb. tins; the salt, sugar, tea and coffee in oiled waterproof sacks or tins; and the fruit should also be similarly protected. In fact oiled sacks are good for all the articles named. A wetting is more to be feared for the sugar than any other one article, for no matter what precautions are taken afterward it is sure to continue to lose weight by leaching. It is bad enough with salt, but salt can be dried. Flour never wets through, and in a 50lb. sack only 5 or 6lbs. is caked by an all-round wetting. This caked flour may be eaten, though it is of course impossible to get baking powder into it or bake raised bread. Oatmeal and cornmeal sour after a wetting, and beans must be dried before they swell. Fruit may be saved by drying within a reasonable time. Properly cured bacon can stand repeated wettings without deteriorating in quality. The baking powder requires especial care, as it is very susceptible to the presence of moisture and easily loses its leavening qualities.

For bedding furs should always be taken. One can get along in summer very well with blankets, but they will hardly answer for the intense winter cold. I have slept between 60lbs. of good quality blankets and had to wear gloves to keep my hands from freezing. In that Arctic cold blankets seem porous, "like so much mosquito netting," as Frank Slavin expressed it, and adding to the pile over you seems to do very little good. If a man relies on blankets alone he must pack around a tremendous weight of them when traveling in winter, and more blankets means less food.

Fur robes, on the other hand, possess the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight. The skins of the smaller animals, such as lynx, fox, badger, wolf and rabbit, are preferred to such heavy skins as those of bear, deer or buffalo. Lynx and rabbit skin robes are perhaps held in the highest esteem. The latter is the lightest of all furs. The rabbit skin robes were procured from Indians through the Hudson's Bay Company. They were made of the skins of the Northern hare, cut into narrow strips and woven together double, in such a way that the fur faced outward on both sides. One can push his fingers through these robes anywhere, and yet they seemed effectually to keep out the cold. The owners assured me that they were comfortable "lying out" in 50-below weather, and other members of the parties with which they traveled said that these men never seemed to mind the cold at night, and slept better than any one else.

At first I could scarcely credit this, as the robes were very light (a 6ft. square robe weights only 9lbs.), and often they were neither covered nor lined, and it seemed as though the cold could easily penetrate the meshes; but after seeing them in use and talking with Hudson Bay men who had been accustomed to them all their lives, I had to change my opinion. The Hudson Bay men believe in using the robe without covering or lining, as they say it is warmer that way. They acknowledge, however, that if a man is at all particular as to his appearance this will not do, as the hairs come out in the worst kind of a way. Generally they are lined with blanket material, though in one case silk was used.

These rabbit skin robes are very cheap, but were hard to get in the Yukon last year. The cost is in the neighborhood of \$10. The lynx skin and other robes were much more expensive, the price varying of course with the primeness of the fur. Coyote skins make good robes, and these may be had at very reasonable prices.

The robe should be of good size. While one 6ft. square is large enough under some circumstances, a robe 6x9ft. or 8x9 is better. The Canadian Mounted Police require a robe 8x9ft. in size.

Sleeping bags are good for use under favorable conditions, but they are hard to dry out, and this is a serious objection in the Arctic climate of the Yukon. A single night will make the bedding very icy, for one has to sleep with his head covered, and the breath congeals. Blankets soon become as stiff as boards, and constantly gain in weight. Then too, when turning in for the night this ice in the bedding must be thawed out to some extent by bodily heat before the temperature inside becomes very conducive to sleep.

Waterproof sleeping bags of the best type, such as the Kenwood, are excellent for use in the fall, and at times when the thermometer does not drop much below zero.

In connection with the general outfit I should like to say a word in praise of the folding canvas boats we took along as a part of our outfit. While I should not recommend the use of such boats as freight carriers, on account of the necessity of mooring them off shore when the load is left in over night, I think they cannot be excelled for prospecting or hunting or trips where only a light outfit is carried. Canvas boats will stand an incredible amount of rough usage and banging on rocks, but a hole will very soon be worn through the bottom if they are left resting on a rock or with the bow drawn up on a gravelly beach. When they cannot be anchored out clear of the shore the boats must be unloaded and afterward carried up on the beach.

Our boats were a large size Eureka model, made by the Acme Manufacturing Co. They were only 12ft. long, but they had 44in. beam and were 23in. high, bow and stern. Amidships they were 15in. high. Eureka boats are built on a canoe model, and are excellent sea boats, and when not loaded too heavily they row very easily. We shot the Cañon and White Horse Rapids with these boats half decked, and carried from 350 to 450lbs. of freight. This load was necessary to steady the boats and keep them from tossing the rower out. With it they could be handled to perfection. The worst pitch of White Horse Rapids was avoided by running the boats into quieter water near the west bank. Our boats were the smallest that ever successfully shot these rapids,

and the only ones, I believe, that went through with a single occupant. The boats are very readily put together or taken apart, and two when folded may be packed on a horse's back at one time.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Sport in Spain.

Correspondence of Forest and Stream.

It has been said that the public taste for bull-fighting is dying out in Spain. I believe the opposite to be the fact! Among the first things I read in Madrid was an article about a project to bring an enormously large and powerful elephant from the Zoölogical Garden at Amsterdam to Madrid, and pit him against a tiger, a lion, a white bear, and against five bulls.

The town was covered with flaming posters of the approaching "corrida"—six bulls from the famous "ganaderias" (pasturages) of the lineal descendant of Columbus.

I know of no more magnificent spectacle than a bull fight. As to its morality, or its influence on a nation of amateurs at this sport—that for the moment I will not discuss.

Those who believe that the sport is dying out should see such crowds as Rennyson and I beheld streaming from "la Puerta del Sol," filling the wide avenue, "Calle Alcalá," and finding place in the circus with its room for 12,000 spectators. Everybody who can hire a wagon or a mule drives or rides at the greatest speed of which his animal is capable, in clouds of dust amid a hubbub of yelling.

The driver is seated on the shafts, his legs dangling among the mules, which he can conveniently whip; and in the carryall are as many boys and girls as can be seated, or hang on by their eyelids, chattering like magpies. It's a country circus and a Fourth of July multiplied by a thousand.

The mules and donkeys are decorated with all sorts of ribbons, tassels and streamers.

The day of the "corrida" is a holiday for everybody.

A peasant and his wife astride on muleback—he carrying his "escopeta" (gun) slung on the shoulder—are coming in from the country; others are on tiny little donkeys, the riders' feet almost scraping the ground, like the pictures one sees in illustrated Bibles of locomotion in Palestine; long wagons like hayricks, to which are harnessed six gayly and festively decorated mules; and such is the crush for seats that, to be sure of them, we took our tickets in advance.

Every ticket is numbered and every seat is "reserved"; there are six great doors, and the people take their places without confusion. When we arrived the arena was full of people who had been looking at the bulls in the "toril." A detachment of soldiers enters the arena, and executing a half pivot swing, sweeps the crowd out.

The bulls are suggestively bellowing; acquaintances are calling to each other across the arena, which is large enough for a regiment of cavalry to maneuver in; ladies are plying their fans, making a rustling, sibilant sound like 10,000 butterflies; students in groups are shouting their college songs.

One of their number asks a dignified old gentleman, just arriving, what time it is. He gives the hour, and they shout in chorus "Gracias," nearly startling the old fellow out of his wits, and everybody laughs—except the old gentleman.

A brass band discourses excellent music; hawkers throw oranges to purchasers in every direction, and deftly catch in their hats the "cuartos" thrown in payment. An orange goes astray, knocks off a man's silk hat; there is a grand general laugh, but the hatless one is furious.

The audience commences to pound with their canes; the students sing; "Time's up."

The "alcalde" (mayor), who presides, takes his chair in the box of the "Ayuntamiento" (City Councils) beside the Royal Box. A lady faints, and instantly the 12,000 people are on their feet, standing on the benches. A fellow with a speaking trumpet which makes a noise like a clap of thunder calls to a friend on the opposite side. Excitement runs high, the minute approaches, the noise is immense—a sullen roar—12,000 voices mingled.

The music ceases; at a trumpet sound four mounted, armed guards enter the arena and slowly ride round it, inspecting if all is right, every barrier closed, the ground in perfect condition.

Twelve thousand spectators look at the "alcalde's" box—the silence is absolute.

The band strikes up; the gate under the Royal Box opens, and the "cuadrilla," all the "toreros" in gala costumes, enter in procession.

They are greeted by an immense explosion of applause. First come the "primas espadas" (swordsmen) dressed like Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," followed by "banderilleros," "capeadores," "picadores" and "chulos." It would much exceed my limits to describe their costumes; every color and material, satin, silk, velvet, laces, fringes, ribbons, all increasing the harmonious effect.

I can imagine nothing more Olympian than their march around the arena. It was a blend of a military review, a band of masqueraders and cowboys. They march with military precision, stop before the mayor's box and salute. The "alcalde" throws down the key to the bull stalls ("toril"), and all go out of the ring, except the "picadores," mounted and armed with long lances, and some "capeadores," with their red and yellow capes. All eyes are fixed on the gate where the bull will enter—the silence is deathlike—the bulls below, the blindfolded horses tremble; the "picadores" show some anxiety and settle themselves more firmly in their saddles and poise their lances; the trumpet sounds, the gate opens, an enormous bull, head and tail erect, rushes into the arena, and 12,000 throats simply yell.

My friend Rennyson, who had never seen a bullfight, turned pale. I confess shivers chased each other up and down my back. The bull rushed like an avalanche at the first "picador," who stuck his lance in its neck, but did not stop it; the bull struck the horse amidships, lifted him and the "picador" bodily from the ground, tossed them lightly from his horns against the barrier, then

rushed at the second horse and the third with almost identical results. The three horses were killed in less than a minute. Then the bull ran out to the middle of the arena, horns and nose covered with blood, snorting, pawing, and looking at the people as if to say: "Anything more I can do for you?"

Everybody howled like a band of demons.

The "chulos" (servants) ran and helped up the wounded "picadores," took the saddles and bridles off the dead horses, and to save the "picadores" who are struggling to free themselves from the poor animals the "capeadores" run round the bull flaunting their red flags in his face, provoking and taunting; he runs after them in a whirlwind of dust, butts his head in his fury against the barrier, paws, bellows, again attacks the dead or dying horses, tries to fly over the barrier, and runs about frothing mad round the ring.

In the meantime other mounted "picadores" have posted themselves at intervals, and when the bull perceives them he rushes at them frothing with fury.

The "picador" jabs his lance into his shoulder and succeeds in holding him at bay. The bull leaves him and attacks the next horseman.

Thunders of applause reward the "picador's" successful resistance. The poor, disemboweled horses were disgusting to see.

At a trumpet call all the "picadores" gallop out of the ring, and "chulos" cover pools of blood with sand.

Now comes the poetry of bullfighting, if I may be allowed so to explain myself. I mean the "banderilleros." Their duty is to stick an arrow about 18in. long, and ribbon-decorated, having a barbed point, in each side of the bull's neck. To do this trick gracefully he posts himself about twenty paces in front of the "toro," and then by gesticulating with his arms provokes the animal, who rushes at him; the "banderillero" with lightning swiftness fastens an arrow in each side of his neck, and springs aside out of danger with the nimbleness of a panther.

Should his foot slip, or he miscalculate the distance or hesitate, he would be speared like a fish. The bull bellows with pain, snorts and jumps, pursuing his tormentors, who, running for their lives, clear the barrier and are safe. Another man with "banderillas" enters the ring, plants two more arrows, and after him a third man does the same; the bull, pursuing, jumps the barrier after his tormentors, and bellowing, screaming horribly, is in the corridor pounded with canes by the front seat spectators; then he runs round the corridor head up, looking at the crowd defiantly, and is at last chased again into the arena.

All the spectators stand up, and wildly gesticulating, yell like madmen. The "banderilleros" and "capeadores" renew the attack; one twists his tail, another blinds him by throwing his "capa" over his horns, a third using his lance as a spring pole jumps over the bull's back, then throws his lance at the animal's feet, in which it becomes entangled, and the bull snaps it like a pipe stem as he runs. All this was done with the grace of a dancing master, with the rapidity of a sleight-of-hand performer, while the people enjoyed, laughed and applauded. The "toro," now at white heat of exasperation, is considered "ripe for slaughter."

Now comes the solemn part of this barbarous spectacle.

The trumpet sounds, and the "prima spada" (swordsmen) enters the arena, having in the one hand the "spada," in the other the red flag attached to a stick, presents himself before the mayor's box, takes off his cap and makes the "alcalde" a speech in which he assures him of his homage and determination to kill the bull or die in the attempt.

Tossing his cap in the air, he advances resolutely toward the bull. Now is the struggle! A young man of perhaps twenty-five, dressed like a dancing-master, silk stockings and slippers, alone, with no defense but a small, thin sword, against the terrible brute with horns sharp as poignards, exasperated with pain, blinded by wrath, looking hideous, frightfully bloody. But the eyes of the vast, breathless, excited multitude are on him, and 6,000 pretty hands of the señoritas will applaud him.

The bull, head down, swift as an arrow, plunges at him, the "spada" jumps aside straight up in air, heels together, and is rewarded by thunderous applause. The audacious "torero" advances again, taunts the bull with his "muleta" (red flag), which he flaps around his head and between his horns, lets it fall and picks it up while the monster is charging on him; attacks the quadruped ten times, and each instance escapes certain death by a quick jump aside.

The supreme moment has arrived—the audience yells: "Que lo mate! Que lo mate!" (kill him!)

The "espada" stops, assumes a tragic pose, shakes his flag, holds his sword horizontally; a stillness of death reigns, the people appear as so many stones; the bull rushes; we see the silver flash of a sword, the poor thing staggers, falls on his knees, belching blood, and from every throat comes an infernal, unearthly yell, followed by deafening plaudits and cries of "Bueno! Viva!" The tumult is indescribable; all are standing up, gesticulating wildly; cries are universal; it is momentary insanity; the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, clap their hands; the band strikes up; the scene is past painting. The "spada" is again a hero!

The spectators throw him cigars, hats, canes, purses, opera glasses—anything they have in their hands. Preparations for the next slaughter are begun; nothing stops the "sport," not even the death of a "torero."

In this "corrida" we saw six bulls and twenty-one horses killed in the space of two hours and a half.

Rennyson was amused, frightened, disgusted. Near us were children with their mothers, who laughed, applauded and screamed with delight. Such sights would fill an American lady with supreme disgust, but drew the plaudits from the grand Spanish ladies who graced the occasion.

Who can analyze the matter psychologically? You are horrified beyond measure with the atrocious brutality of killing the horses; you are astonished and delighted with the beauty of the display, and the wondrous agility, the charming fearlessness of the performers; you feel as if you would faint when seeing the blood of the disemboweled horses; you yell and applaud the marvelous courage, the matchless dexterity,

the "spada," who faces and dominates an enraged animal who kills a lion, a leopard, or a white bear.

Like poets, "toreros" must be born, not made, if you will pardon such dusty platitude. The "primas padas" are the nerves of the nation. They are better paid than their Secretary of the Treasury, more popular with the people than their Premier, or their greatest orator; they are idolized by the ladies, bowed to by the society leaders; frequent the most select circles; are received at court; they have their carriage and splendid horses; their photographs, oil paintings and statues are displayed everywhere in the shops, placed on fans, figure on handkerchiefs. They are the true heroes of Spain.

Explain it for me if you can, for to my mind the enigma is complete.

I asked my friend Rennyson what he thought about it. "Don't let's talk about it, for I am disgusted, wearied out, and feeling as if I wanted to sleep for about two weeks." Such was the expression of feeling on his part.

MAJOR W. W. HASTINGS.

A Letter from Lake Okeechobee.

OKEECHOBEE—"Great Water"—is well named, for while of comparatively limited area, in appearance it is almost boundless. Three-fourths of its shores are fringed with a belt of saw grass varying from one to six miles wide; the other fourth of the lake shore is composed of a dense forest of cypress, the water flowing freely through grass and among trees until it is hard to say where land stops or lake begins. We have sailed entirely around the lake, and have found very few places where one can land dry shod.

There seems to be an abundance of fish. Big-mouth black bass, goggle-eye perch and bream, and leather-back turtle, are in evidence, while gators are an unknown quantity. I had a little experience with one of the biggest the other day. Perhaps I'd better tell you about it.

It was over in Chezy Bay. I had paddled across and up into a little cave among some large cypress trees. The water was quite deep, but everywhere covered with a dense growth of the cow lily. I had forced the canoe well into the mass, when alongside, and not more than 6 ft. from the canoe, there came to the surface the largest alligator I have ever seen. He came up very slowly, parallel to the canoe. As his eyes came to the surface he saw me, and slowly milled around until his head was pointing to the bow of the canoe; then he began to swell up and rise still higher out of water. His size was enormous, and I think his girth would equal that of a large ox. I had a large double gun loaded with heavy shot. I reached for the gun; then I stopped to think. My thoughts were something like this: "I can lift the top of your head with one barrel, and then you'll kick; and then where will I be? If I should escape getting my back broken I couldn't swim in all this tangle of lily pads." And I very quietly left the gun alone, took my paddle, and very, very carefully backed out of the vicinity. Perhaps that was not just the way to do, but I have always been satisfied it was best.

I have seen but few birds around the lake; beyond a few rookeries of cormorants there is a dearth of bird life. Deer and turkeys are fairly plenty now, and a few hummock and cat squirrels.

Altogether my impressions concerning the lake are disappointing.

One thing we certainly had a surfeit of, and that was rough water. I have done a good bit of sailing in my time, and I am of the opinion that Okeechobee can get up the meanest and nastiest little chop sea, and can do so on the least provocation, of any body of water twice the size that I am acquainted with.

All of which reminds me that I must tell you of how we made our last harbor on the lake. We had been running for some time before a strong easterly wind; a good breeze at first, it had gradually increased until at sunset it was blowing half a gale. We were looking for shelter. Ahead and on either bow was a heavy cypress forest. We thought to run in as close as possible, anchor, and ride it out. As we neared the trees we discovered an opening and decided to run in if we could get in. We were soon at the little gap, and driven by the now furious wind dashed in between two immense trees, with room enough, but none to spare. But the old man was at the helm, S. was on the bow, and Charley was shaking in his shoes. It was terribly exciting for a moment. No one knew how much water was under us, no one knew how many roots and stumps were in our way; but on we drove. "Luff!" luff it is! "Steady! steady! Keep off—hard up—stand by for a jibe!" And presto! all was still as death. We had run out of a furious gale into a perfect little basin, surrounded on all sides by tall trees, its waters scarcely rippled by a breath of the storm king that so furiously howled outside.

"Down jib! Let go anchor! Down mainsail!" And here we are, in as perfect a little harbor as ever gladdened the heart of a storm-tossed sailor.

All through that night we could hear the wind howl outside. The thunder and lightning was almost incessant, while the rain fell in torrents; but we were safe. After supper and the usual smoke, with a story or two thrown in, we sought our little beds, and if we did not sleep much we rested safe and secure in our little tree-sheltered harbor.

With the morning came fair weather, and with a cordial good-by to our little haven we stood down the lake for the canal and home.

TARPON.

MANY readers of the Post are personally acquainted with the venerable Samuel Sanders, of Schrono, who is one of the old-time hunters and trappers. Mr. Sanders, who is a blacksmith by occupation, has in the course of his long life made 126 bear traps and caught or killed 92 bears. As a maker of bear traps he stands at the head among Essex county blacksmiths, and as a bear trapper he ranks next to our peerless Elijah, who is spending the happy evening of a hunter's life under the shadow of Mt. Raven, after having killed 150 bears.—*Elizabethtown, N. Y., Post.*

Natural History.

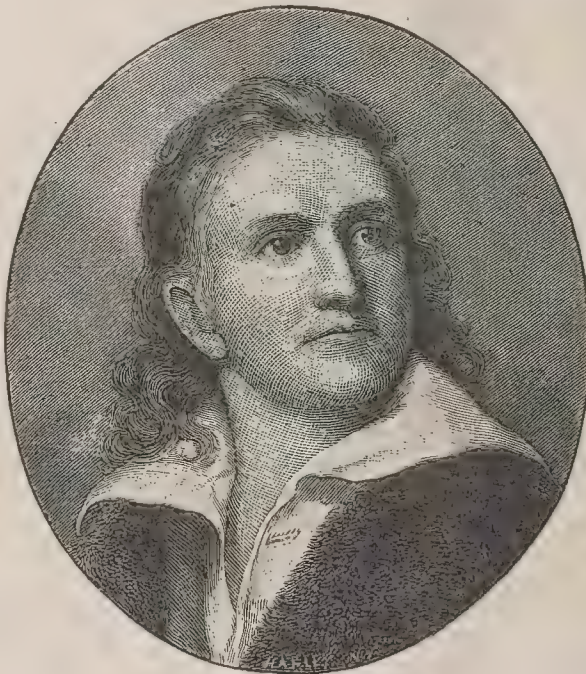
Audubon and His Journals.*

NEARLY fifty years have elapsed since the death of the great artist-naturalist who is undoubtedly the most widely known of the ornithologists of America; and until now no adequate history of his life has ever been written. Two lives of Audubon have been published, both being incorrect, inadequate and so unsatisfactory. We have now, thanks to the naturalist's granddaughter, Miss M. R. Audubon, a life which is as complete as anything we can ever hope to have, and which shows us, after the lapse of all these years, not so much Audubon the naturalist, the artist or the traveler, as Audubon the man.

The material comes to us almost exclusively from his own writings, and chiefly from journals kept by him, in which the happenings of his life were set down from day to day during his absence from his family for perusal by his beloved wife and later by his sons. These journals together with a great mass of other material have been brought together with loving labor and untiring industry extending over several years by Miss Audubon, and the material has been used by her with rare judgment and with most effective skill, and so she tells us the story of her grandfather's life.

The year of Audubon's birth is usually given as May 5, 1780, though it is probable that the real date is earlier. He was born on the plantation of Mandeville, on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana, his father being a French admiral, and his mother a Spanish creole. He lost his mother early in life, in one of the local uprisings of the slaves in Santo Domingo, and was early taken to France, where his father was in active service. As a boy he was tenderly cared for and greatly spoiled by his stepmother, for whom he always felt the warmest affection, and who is constantly mentioned in his writings. Happily his father was of sterner mould, and learning at last how completely the boy was his own master sent him away to school.

When about eighteen years of age, the troubles of France led to his being sent to America, where he took possession of a farm known as Mill Grove, which be-



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

longed to his father. Here his time was spent in shooting, fishing and athletic exercises, and it was here that he met Lucy Bakewell, whom he married a few years later, and who survived him for many years. Unquestionably a great part of Audubon's success in life was due to the steadfastness with which he was believed in, encouraged and assisted by that noble woman.

Some of the best years of Audubon's life were ostensibly devoted to commerce, and it was often his part to furnish the capital for various enterprises where other people attended to the business. The results of this course to Audubon's pecuniary fortunes were disastrous. The naturalist in fact spent much of his time in the forest, studying the birds that he was afterward to paint and to write about. He had no taste for business, he had even no interest in it, except so far as the making of money was necessary to the comfort of his dear ones.

It was in the spring of 1826 that Audubon sailed for England to set on foot, if possible, the publication of his great work on birds. His success there is well known, and is delightfully told in the journals which begin this work, for most of the earlier volumes of Audubon's journals have been lost. But the European journal from 1826-29, the Labrador journal, 1833, and the Missouri River journals, 1843, remain to us, and are given here, illustrated with many hitherto unpublished portraits of the naturalist, and together with two of Madam Audubon and two each of his two sons, pictures of his residences and unpublished sketches of the birds that he drew.

Following the Missouri River journal are to be found the episodes which are printed in the original edition of the "Birds of America," together with one that has not been before printed.

Much of the material found in the journals, bearing on the habits of birds and mammals and on various sections of this country, is of course found also in the works on birds or the quadrupeds of North America, since in these journals are inscribed the field notes from which the volumes were written. The material is abundant, and it is all quotable. We take from the Missouri River journals (August, 1843) a few paragraphs about the buffalo in those days:

"Although I have said much about buffalo running, and butchering in general, I have not given the particular manner in which the latter is performed by the hunters of

* Audubon and His Journals, by Marie R. Audubon, with zoölogical and other notes by Elliott Coues. 2 vols., illus. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

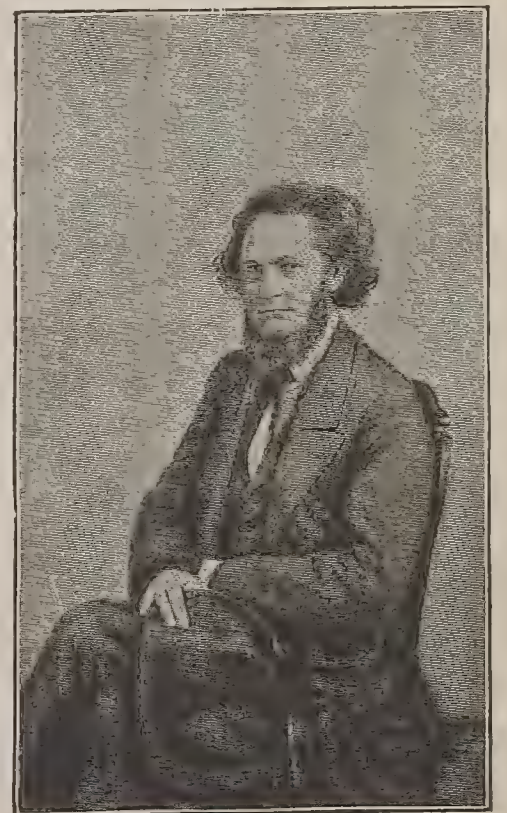
this country—I mean the white hunters—and I will now try to do so. The moment that the buffalo is dead, three or four hunters, their faces and hands often covered with gunpowder, and with pipes lighted, place the animal on its belly, and by drawing out each fore and hind leg fix the body so that it cannot fall down again; an incision is made near the foot of the tail, immediately above the foot in fact, and the skin cut to the neck, and taken off in the roughest manner imaginable, downward and on both sides at the same time. The knives are going in



MADAM AUDUBON.

From the Audubon Magazine.

all directions, and many wounds occur to the hands and fingers, but are rarely attended to at this time. The pipe of one man has perhaps given out, and with his bloody hands he takes the one of his nearest companion, who has his own hands equally bloody. Now one breaks in the skull of the bull, and with bloody fingers draws out the hot brains and swallows them with peculiar zest; another has now reached the liver, and is gobbling down enormous pieces of it; while perhaps a third, who has come to the paunch, is feeding luxuriously on some to me disgusting looking offal. But the main business proceeds. The flesh is taken off from the sides of the boss or hump bones, from where these bones begin to the very neck, and the hump itself is thus destroyed. The hunters give the name of "hump" to the mere bones when slightly covered with flesh; and it is cooked, and very good when fat, young and well boiled. The pieces of flesh taken from the sides of these bones are called filets, and are the best portion of the animal when properly cooked. The forequarters, or shoulders, are taken off, as well as the hind ones, and the sides, covered by a thin portion of flesh called the depouille, are taken out. Then the ribs are broken off at the vertebrae, as well as the boss bones. The marrow bones, which are those of the fore and hind legs only, are cut out last. The feet usually remain attached to these; the paunch is stripped of its covering of layers of fat, the head and the back bone are left to the wolves, the pipes are all emptied, the hands, the faces and clothes all bloody, and now a glass of grog is often enjoyed, as the stripping of the skins and flesh of three or four animals is truly very hard work. In some cases when no water was near, our supper was cooked without our being washed, and it was not until we had traveled several miles the next morning that



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON.

From the Audubon Magazine.

we had any opportunity of cleaning ourselves; and yet, despite everything, we are all hungry, eat heartily, and sleep soundly. When the wind is high and the buffaloes run toward it, the hunters' guns very often snap, and it is during their exertions to replenish their pans that the powder flies and sticks to the moisture every moment accumulating on their faces; but nothing stops these daring and usually powerful men, who the moment the chase is ended leap from their horses, let them graze, and begin their butcher-like work."

"Mr. Culbertson tells me that these animals can endure hunger in a most extraordinary manner. He says that a large bull was seen on a spot half way down a precipice, where it had slid, and from which it could not climb upward, and either could not or would not descend; at any rate, it did not leave the position in which it found itself. The party who saw it returned to the fort, and on their way back on the twenty-fifth day after, they passed the hill and saw the bull standing there. The thing that troubles them most is crossing rivers on the ice; their hoofs slip from side to side, they become frightened and stretch their four legs apart to support the body, and in such situations the Indians and white hunters easily approach and stab them to the heart or cut the hamstrings, when they become an easy prey. When in large gangs, those in the center are supported by those on the outposts, and if the stream is not large, reach the shore and readily escape. Indians of different tribes hunt the buffalo in different ways; some hunt on horseback and use arrows altogether; they are rarely expert in reloading the gun in the close race. Others hunt on foot, using guns, arrows or both. But I will give you the manner pursued by the Mandans. Twenty to fifty men start, as the occasion suits, each provided with two horses, one of which is a pack horse, the other fit for the chase. They have quivers with from twenty to fifty arrows, according to the wealth of the hunter. They ride the pack horse bare-back, and travel on till they see the game, when they leave the pack horse and leap on the hunter, and start at full speed, and soon find themselves amid the buffaloes, on the flanks of the herd, and on both sides. When within a few yards the arrow is sent, they shoot at a buffalo somewhat ahead of them, and send the arrow

the leader of the herd will be restless at the sight of the precipices, and if the fence is weak will break through it, and all his fellows follow him, and escape. The same thing sometimes takes place in the pen, for so full does this become occasionally that the animals touch each other, and as they cannot move the very weight against the fence of the pen is quite enough to break it through; the smallest aperture is sufficient, for in a few minutes it becomes wide, and all the beasts are seen scampering over the prairies, leaving the poor Indians starving and discomfited. Mr. Kipp told me that while traveling from Lake Travers to Mandans, in the month of August, he rode in a heavily laden cart for six successive days through masses of buffaloes, which divided for the cart, allowing it to pass without opposition. He has seen the immense prairie back of Fort Clark look black to the tops of the hills, though the ground was covered with snow, so covered was it with these animals; and the masses probably extended much further. In fact it is impossible to describe or even conceive the vast multitudes of these animals that exist now, and feed on these ocean-like prairies."

Audubon's expedition to the mouth of the Yellowstone was made for the purpose of collecting the materials for the "Quadrupeds of North America," the joint work of himself and his two sons together with Dr. Bachman. The record of this trip, except as it appears in the "Quadrupeds," was wholly lost until the summer of 1896, when it was discovered by Miss Audubon and her cousin Miss M. E. Audubon in the back of an old secretary. The value of the discovery can hardly be overestimated.

After his return from the Missouri River trip, Audubon



EAGLE AND LAMB.

From "Audubon and His Journals."

Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

in an oblique manner, so as to pass through the lights. If the blood rushes out of the nose and mouth the animal is fatally wounded and they shoot at it no more; if not, a second and perhaps a third arrow is sent before this happens."

The method of capturing buffalo in pounds, by Blackfeet, Gros Ventres and Assinaboines—the primitive Indian way—is given in the following language:

"These pounds are called 'parks,' and the buffaloes are made to enter them in the following manner: The park is sometimes round and sometimes square, this depending much on the ground where it is put up; at the end of the park is what is called a precipice of some 15 ft. or less, as may be found. It is approached by a funnel-shaped passage, which, like the park itself, is strongly built of logs, brushwood and pickets, and when all is ready a young man, very swift of foot, starts at daylight, covered over with a buffalo robe and wearing a buffalo head dress. The moment he sees the herd to be taken, he bellows like a young calf and takes his way slowly toward the contracted part of the funnel, imitating the cry of the calf at frequent intervals. The buffaloes advance after the decoy; about a dozen mounted hunters are yelling and galloping behind them, and along both flanks of the herd, forcing them by these means to enter the mouth of the funnel. Women and children are placed behind the fences of the funnel to frighten the cattle, and as soon as the young man who acts as decoy feels sure that the game is in a fair way to follow to the bank or precipice, he runs or leaps down the bank, over the barricade, and either rests or joins in the fray. The poor buffaloes, usually headed by a large bull, proceed, leap down the bank in haste and confusion, the Indians yelling and pursuing till every bull, cow and calf is impounded. Although this is done at all seasons, it is more general in October and November, when the hides are good and salable. Now the warriors are all assembled by the pen, calumets are lighted, and the chief smokes to the Great Spirit, the four points of the compass, and lastly to the buffaloes. The pipe is passed from mouth to mouth in succession, and as soon as this ceremony is ended the destruction commences. Guns shoot, arrows fly in all directions, and the hunters being on the outside of the inclosure, destroy the whole gang before they jump over to clean and skin the murdered herd. Even the children shoot small, short arrows to assist in the destruction. It happens sometimes, however, that

remained at his home on the banks of the Hudson River in New York until his death in January, 1851. Old residents of that section of the city still remember the tall, white-haired old man, and the romantic surroundings of his home.

The character of Audubon as depicted in these journals, and so revealed in the free, frank manner in which one would show himself to his immediate family, is very different from the estimate usually had of him. He is often represented as mercurial in temperament, vain, fond of display, careless and thoughtless of others. Certainly when writing of his daily life for his wife to read he shows none of these characteristics. Though passing easily from depression to cheerfulness, his naturally volatile character received the balance which it needed from his enthusiasm for nature and his great love for his wife. As a very young man he had a young man's faults, but as soon as the responsibilities of a family were assumed he grew in steadiness and in seriousness. Tender hearted he always was—ready to sacrifice himself to others and to empty his pockets on the relation of any plausible tale of woe. He was a character in fact of great sweetness and sensibility, childlike in his simplicity, in his enthusiasm and in his impulsiveness, an ardent worshipper of nature and passionately devoted to his family; but withal possessed of a singleness of purpose, which, after he had once discovered what was his real object in life, led him to press steadfastly onward to the goal toward which he had set his face.

It might not have been difficult for a biographer with this material before him to have injected into it so much of himself as materially to have changed the pleasing and the true picture found in these pages. Discretion such as has been shown in this task by Miss Audubon no doubt arose in part from her true appreciation of the character of her grandfather and her enthusiasm for his work. These gave her a keener eye and a sharper discrimination than might have been had by one who was not connected by blood with Audubon the naturalist.

In preparing this work Miss Audubon has had the valuable assistance of Dr. Elliott Coues, who has contributed many zoological and other notes which add much interest to one aspect of the work, and render it more complete.

The mechanical part of the book is quite beyond criticism.

The Wild Pigeon.

Our records of this species during the past few years have referred, in most instances, to very small flocks and generally to pairs or individuals. In The Auk for July, 1897, I recorded a flock of some fifty pigeons from southern Missouri, but such a number has been very unusual. It is now very gratifying to be able to record still larger numbers and I am indebted to Mr. A. Fugleberg, of Oshkosh, Wis., for the following letter of information, under date of Sept. 1, 1897: "I live on the west shore of Lake Winnebago, Wis. About 6 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 14, 1897, I saw a flock of wild pigeons flying over the bay from Fisherman's Point to Stony Beach, and I assure you it reminded me of old times, from 1855 to 1880, when pigeons were plentiful every day. So I dropped my work and stood watching them. This flock was followed by six more flocks, each containing about thirty-five to eighty pigeons, except the last, which only contained seven. All these flocks passed over within half an hour. One flock of some fifty birds flew within gun shot of me, the others all the way from 100 to 300 yds. from where I stood." Mr. Fugleberg is an old hunter and has had much experience with the wild pigeon. In a letter dated Sept. 4, 1897, he writes: "On Sept. 2, 1897, I was hunting prairie chickens near Lake Butte des Morts, Wis., where I met a friend who told me that a few days previous he had seen a flock of some twenty-five wild pigeons and that they were the first he had seen for years." This would appear as though these birds were instinctively working back to their old haunts, as the Winnebago region was once a favorite locality. We hope that Wisconsin will follow Michigan in making a close season on wild pigeons for ten years, and thus give them a chance to multiply and perhaps regain, in a measure, their former abundance.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 25, 1897, is a short notice of "Wild Pigeons in Nebraska," by W. F. R. Through the kindness of the editor he placed me in correspondence with the observer, W. F. Rightmire, to whom I am indebted for the following details given in his letter of Nov. 5, 1897: "I was driving along the highway north of Cook, Johnson county, Nebraska, on Aug. 17, 1897. I came to the timber skirting the head stream of the Nemaha River, a tract of some forty acres of woodland lying along the course of the stream, upon both banks of the same, and there feeding on the ground or perched upon the trees were the passenger pigeons I wrote the note about. The flock contained seventy-five to one hundred birds. I did not frighten them, but as I drove along the road the feeding birds flew up and joined the others, and as soon as I had passed by they returned to the ground and continued feeding. While I revisited the same locality, I failed to find the pigeons. I am a native of Tompkins county, N. Y., and have often killed wild pigeons in their flights while a boy on the farm, helped to net them, and have hunted them in Pennsylvania, so that I readily knew the birds in question the moment I saw them." I will here take occasion to state that in my record of the Missouri flock (Auk, July, 1897, p. 316) the date on which they were seen (Dec. 17, 1896) was, through error, omitted.—Ruthven Deane, in Auk.

Wild Pigeons of the Northwest Coast.

CHAMPOEG, Ore.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of March 26, about wild pigeons: Would say they have not all gone the way of the buffalo, as they arrive here in good numbers during the month of May and stay with us until November. I have seen flocks with from 200 to 300 birds together, and I killed upward of 150 last fall. Their principal food here is berries, of which their favorite is the salmon berry, although they eat all kinds of berries, as well as grain. We can always kill enough to go around at the numerous mineral springs which abound in the Willamette Valley, when they are here. When they leave us I do not know where they go, neither do I believe they breed here, as I have never found their nests or young ones.

CAPT. JACK.

[The bird here described is not the passenger pigeon, commonly known in books as the wild pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*), but the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*), a bird common on the Pacific slope, but extending eastward into Colorado.]

An Adirondack Wildcat.

A BOONVILLE, N. Y., reader sends us this story from the March number of the Northern Tribune: "For the first winter in many years wildcats have been numerous along the Fulton Chain. Bill Harwood, an old-time Adirondack guide, was around last week with his head and arms done up in bandages, as evidence of the willingness of a wildcat to fight when in close quarters. Harwood and his big deerhound Spot had been making a tour of the lakes for winter game when they were caught in a snowstorm on Black River Mountain near Rocky Point. They camped for the night in a shack left by a party of surveyors. Along in the morning Harwood was awakened by the barking of the hound. Turning over in his blankets he saw the shining eyes in a corner of the shack. Harwood knew it was a wildcat. The cat had crawled to the entrance when the hound leaped ahead and blocked the way out. A terrible battle followed. The cat leaped for the hound and literally tore the dog in shreds. Then the decayed trees holding the shack fell over the entrance and the cat and Harwood were literally penned in to fight a duel to the death. The odds were plainly with the cat, for Harwood's gun had fallen with the brush outside the shack. He was crawling to reach the weapon when the cat came down upon him, tearing its claws through his face and down his right arm. If the cat had followed the attack immediately the battle would have been over there and then. Harwood's life was saved by luck and a clever idea. As the cat leaned back for a second attack Harwood fell forward. His hands struck a box of red pepper, which he had brought with his provisions. Quick as thought he snatched a handful of pepper, and arising threw it at the head of the cat. The aim was good. The cat was blinded until Harwood could crawl outside and reach his rifle. Then he dropped under the edge of the shack, and locating the cat by the noise, fired until the animal was dead."

Range of the Mountain Sheep.

At various times in past years I have called on readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* to give me information concerning the range of the white goat (*Oreamnos*) and the prong-horned antelope (*Antilocapra*), and the distribution of these two species has been indicated on maps printed in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. For many of the data, for these maps I have been indebted to correspondents whom I have never met.

I now beg the assistance of your readers for some facts bearing on this same subject of present distribution in connection with the mountain sheep, and shall be very grateful to each one who may be willing to send me anything on this subject.

What I desire from every individual familiar with the species is a series of dates—as close as possible—telling when and where he has observed mountain sheep from the year 1890 to the present time; the locality of each observation should be given as exactly as possible, it being understood that the precise locality will not be published, nor publicly given in any form which will enable hunters

Number seen.

How often?

Character of country as to—

(a) Roughness.

(b) Aridity.

(c) Timber.

What is known as to summer and winter ranges?

Have any been killed recently?

Are they much hunted?

With this letter I am asking the *FOREST AND STREAM* to print a blank map of the Western country, and on this map I would ask each correspondent who may be willing to interest himself in the range of the mountain sheep to indicate, by a black dot, each locality where he has observed this species. Each mark so received will be transferred to a general map, to be printed later in an article giving the results of this inquiry.

As has often been said, data such as I am requesting from readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* are of the utmost importance to naturalists. The rapidity with which our large game is disappearing makes it extremely desirable that records such as these should be set down without further delay. Knowing the interest felt in such

mittee; and the Treasurer's statement, showing the balance in the society's treasury to be \$37,862.66. The total subscriptions to the fund for building and collections amount to \$103,550. The membership of the society at the date of publication of this report was 600, and it is confidently believed that before long this number will be multiplied several times.

Three communications have a place in the report: The London Zoölogical Society and its Gardens, by W. T. Hornaday; A School of Animal Painting and Sculpture, by Ernest Seton Thompson; and the Destruction of our Birds and Mammals, by W. T. Hornaday, recently noticed in these columns. The whole report is one of very great interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

[On the Pickerel River.

MILTON, Ont.—As I was somewhat under the weather last October, and believed that what I needed was an outing in the woods, I set out about the middle of the month, in advance of the party with which I have hunted deer during a number of seasons, and took up my quarters in a backwoods hotel on the road to our camp on the Pickerel River, in the Parry Sound District, Ont. I brought with me my shotgun and fishing tackle, and put in the time until the end of the month shooting ruffed grouse and angling for black bass and pickerel. As birds were less plentiful than usual, owing to a cold, wet spring, which had killed off the young ones, and as it was rather late in the season for bass fishing, I did not get enough of either to claim a record or to earn the name of fish or game hog. But I put in the time very pleasantly, and was able to express a couple of dozen birds home.

Incidentally I looked after the preparation of a hunting camp, ten miles from the hotel, by two sons of a settler with whom we had stored our outfit after our previous season's hunt. They put a new roof on one of the smaller buildings of a deserted lumber camp, covering it with tarred paper; built bunks against the walls; made a dining table; and set up a sheet-iron stove.

On the evening of Oct. 29 the rest of my party arrived at our hotel, after a tramp of thirteen miles from Ah Mic Harbor, where they had landed from the steamer. Our supplies and baggage were brought thence in a wagon, but the roads were too bad and rough for comfortable riding. Our party included Ed and John, my old-time hunting companions; Johnston, who had been with us in 1895; my son Kenneth, who had made his debut in 1896, in his sixteenth year; and George and Fred Hewson. The Hewson brothers were new additions to our party, George being an experienced hunter and Fred a novice.

We remained at our hotel over night, and set out for camp early next morning. We reached the shanty in due time, and our eyes were gladdened by an examination of the mud in a salt-lick which had been made by emptying into a slough the brine from the meat used by the timber men. The mud was one mass of deer tracks, but all appeared to be some days old, the smell of the tarred paper on the roof having apparently kept the deer away after it was put there.

By Monday morning, Nov. 1, when the season opened, we were ready for business, and as the weather was wet, left our dogs in camp and set out for a still-hunt. Kenneth got first blood. He, John and George went to a large beaver meadow about two miles from camp, and had just separated when a buck walked out in the open about 50yds. from Kenneth, who put a bullet through it behind its shoulders, and as it made off gave it another, which broke one of its hindlegs and brought it to a standstill. This should have been enough, but boy-like he fired again, put another ball close to his first, and brought the buck, a fair-sized one with a six-point head, to the ground. John and George turned in to help dress and hang up the deer. While the three were busily engaged at this, having laid their rifles aside, a doe and two fawns appeared. George was the first to get hold of a rifle. He got Kenneth's instead of his own, and let fly at the doe, which was standing broadside to him, about 50yds. away. He missed her clean, and she did not give him a second chance, but was out of sight in no time. George accounted for his failure by the fact that he had not used his own rifle; but the boys wouldn't have it that way, and laid it to buck ague. The question as to which it was remains unsettled.

No more deer were killed on that day, and as the weather cleared up and remained fine up to Saturday, we ran our dogs day after day; but we had indifferent luck, for the larger deer, instead of taking to the runways on which we had had good luck during former seasons, almost invariably went away from, instead of coming to, us. We saw a number of fawns which we might have shot, but according to our rule let them go and waited for something larger. Two does were killed on the runways, Fred getting one of them, and George bagged a third at his stand, but without the assistance of the dogs, which had not been near him. He heard the doe walking through the underbrush, finally saw it about 100yds. away, and dropped it with a bullet through its neck.

Ed was not far away, arrived on the scene just as George was bleeding the doe, noticed that the bullet had gone through a 4in. hemlock before landing in the animal's neck, and asked for an explanation. George had one ready. He said that his shot was no fluke; that when the deer appeared all he could see of her was part of her neck; that the only way to reach it was through the hemlock; that he had aimed at its center; and that the result was before them. This explanation was reported by Ed on reaching camp, and George was the recipient of numerous compliments on his ingenuity; but what puzzled the boys was why he had aimed to hit the part of the doe's neck which he could not see.

Saturday morning was very wet—so wet that we were late about starting; but finally I announced that I was going to still-hunt around a beaver meadow at another deserted lumber camp. George said he would go with



SKETCH MAP FOR RANGE OF THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

to reach the special sheep country of which the correspondent writes. In naming this country, he should give State or Territory, and county, and should especially give the name of the nearest stream draining the locality and of the larger river to which that stream is tributary. The numbers of sheep seen at each observation should be given with great particularity, and it should be stated whether the animals were seen more than once at any time, or on any trip, and whether they seemed abundant or few in number.

Something should be stated as to the character of the country where the observations were made. First, as to its roughness; is it a bad land country, or a prairie country, with high buttes, or a region of rocky mountain peaks? Second, as to its aridity; is it a country well watered or dry? Is the rain fall heavy or slight? Third, is it a timber country?

Incidentally, two other questions might be answered. Have any sheep been killed recently in the locality under consideration, and are they much hunted there?

We are all aware that within a few years the naturalists have announced that in America—instead of the single species that old hunters knew—four species of mountain sheep are found. These are *Ovis canadensis*, *O. dalli*, *O. nelsoni* and *O. stonoi*. It is not to be imagined that any large proportion of the hunters who may have observed mountain sheep will recognize the specific differences on which these forms are based, and with our present limited knowledge as to these the locality and the character of the country must be depended on to give hints as to which species is found there.

I repeat below the different points to which I urge special attention, but should be glad to have each correspondent give me, in addition to these data, as full an account as possible of the species as he knows it.

Mountain Sheep.

Ovis ———.

Observer's address.

Dates of observation since 1890.

Locality (giving State, or Territory, and county, but especially name of nearest stream and the river to which it is tributary).

matters by many of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I confidently look forward to receiving a great fund of information from them. I may add that any correspondent who will give the name and address of any friend or acquaintance familiar with the mountain sheep, who is not a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, is requested to do so, in order that I may send to such person a copy of this letter and the blank map which accompanies it.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

NEW YORK, May 1.

Western Small Mammals.

In Publication No. 27 of the Field Columbian Museum Mr. D. G. Elliot, Curator of Zoölogy, gives an annotated description of the mammals represented in several collections made for the museum by W. W. Price, Dr. S. E. Meek, G. K. Cherrie and E. S. Thompson. These collections come from the States of Iowa, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and California, and from varying localities, ranging from the coast up to mountain peaks of an altitude of 10,000ft., while others in Nevada and southern California represent peculiarly arid and desert regions. The collection comprised over 2,500 specimens, and in many cases species were represented by very large series—in one case, for example, by 416 specimens. Several new species and subspecies were found in this great collection, which Mr. Elliot here describes. The species represented in this collection are chiefly rodents, though there are a few insectivorous weasels, and one *Bassariscus*.

New York Zoölogical Society.

THE second annual report of the New York Zoölogical Society has just been issued. It is a handsome pamphlet of 143 pages, illustrated by a number of fine half-tone engravings and by three maps, one of which is a large folding sheet, colored and showing the situations chosen in the Park for the different animals to be exhibited. The volume contains lists of the board of managers, of the officers of the society, of the members; a resolution passed Oct. 6, 1897, in memory of the Hon. Wm. A. Stiles; the report of the executive com-

ine, and away we went through the rain. On reaching the meadow we faced the wind and skirted it, George taking one side and I the other, agreeing to meet at a point nearly a mile away, where the opening narrowed and was not more than 10 or 15 yds. across. We happened to approach it about the same time, and as we were doing so George jumped a six-point buck, which he could not see, and which crossed the narrows and ran toward me. It was pretty close before I could see it, and as I raised my rifle it stopped and snorted about 30 or 40 yds. away. I put a ball through its heart, and it dropped after running about 50 yds. George helped me to dress it and hang it up, and we went back to camp for dinner, agreeing that as tracks were plentiful we would return in the afternoon.

We did so, and Ed, John and Kenneth accompanied us. As the wind had fallen, we were able to hunt in any direction, and divided, John and Kenneth taking the course followed by George and me in the forenoon, and George, Ed and I going in the opposite direction. The meadow ended a short distance above us, and was divided from another by a neck of bush. George again did the dog act without seeing a flag. Just as Ed had entered the neck of bush we heard something coming from George's direction, and then a doe appeared running about 60 yds. away across his front; but as he heard something behind her he waited, and was rewarded by the sight of a very large buck with a ten-point head, which he thot through the heart, and which dropped within 100 yds.

On Monday, which was very raw and windy, we crossed the river, taking a brace of beagles with us to hunt the large tract of burnt rocks on the other side. The dogs ran deer after deer with no result as far as we were concerned, but Johnston, who had got tired of hounding without any luck, went off for a still-hunt by himself. He had got a mile or two from the rest of us, and was traveling against the wind, when he saw a very large buck with a twelve-point head standing in a gulley about 80 yds. away. He fired hurriedly and missed clean, but redeemed himself by following the buck up, getting another chance and killing him. There was no one to help him to hang up his meat, which he managed to do after about an hour's hard work. He made plenty of noise, but had gone a very short distance from the spot when he saw another buck about a hundred yards away in a thicket. He fired and the buck appeared to drop, but when Johnston reached the thicket he was astonished to find instead of a buck a doe, killed by a bullet through her spine. Johnston had seen nothing but the neck, and was unable to explain the result of his shot except by the fact that it was the rutting season.

On the same day John shot a doe which walked into range on the edge of the "burn," but the dogs had nothing to do with it.

Next morning we took out one dog and made for the beaver meadow, where Kenneth had shot his trick. The dog ran a fine buck, with an eight-point head, to Fred, who shot him through the kidneys, crippling him so that the dog caught him in a small water hole in the meadow and jumped on his back. Kenneth was close by and finished the buck by shooting him through the head.

The dog then took another track and went straight away, and nothing was left but a still-hunt. Ed was in luck again. He saw a deer, which disappeared at once. He mounted a log and was watching for it when another one, a large buck with a ten-point head, appeared, and he downed it by a shot through the shoulders. Two does were also killed, one of them by Kenneth, to whom it was scared by some one else as he was on his way to camp. As she was very close he put a ball through her neck and spoiled no meat.

I should have killed a huge buck on the same day if I had kept my wits about me; but I was taken by surprise. In climbing the side of a ridge in a timber slashing I had to walk over a lot of dry twigs, which cracked so loudly that I had no idea of getting close to a deer there; but on mounting the ridge I was astonished to see the buck about 100 yds. away, with his head down, looking straight at me and ready to jump as soon as he could satisfy himself as to what I was. Instead of raising my rifle slowly I forgot myself and brought it up with a jerk. The buck was under cover in about two jumps; and I had only a random shot at his flag and another ineffectual one as he crossed a small opening further on. He had a tremendous set of antlers, and his track corresponded with his big appearance. He went into a thick green bush, and though I tracked him for a long time and jumped him repeatedly I could never see him again.

We had now thirteen deer, and only one more to get to complete the number to which we were limited, two each. The next morning was very wet, and I went out for a lone still-hunt where I had been on the previous day. The rest of the party went to drag out deer, work from which I was excused, as I was not yet in good condition. I had not gone far before I started a buck and a doe together, but I saw nothing but their flags and did not get my rifle off. I circled on them several times and started them each time, but could not get a shot, and finally gave them up. I went further into the bush, and as I was picking my way through a swamp I saw a large buck about 75 yds. away, walking fast and evidently tracking a doe. I waited until there were no trees intervening, aimed behind his shoulder and fired. From the way he plunged I knew I had him, and let him go. He disappeared, and when I reached his track I could find no blood, but I tracked him about 100 yds. and found him stone dead, my bullet having gone through his heart. He was a beauty, with a particularly fine ten-point head, heavy and well-matched horns. He was too heavy for me to hang up, even if I could have found a sapling to bend down for a spring pole, which I could not in the swamp, and I worked a long time dragging him to some hard wood and yelling between drags for help. At last John and Johnston appeared. They said that they were two miles away when they heard me, and congratulated me on the strength of my lungs, seeing that I was weak otherwise. As we were so far from the road and the brush was so thick, we decided to drag the buck out at once, rather than wait to blaze a trail in order to find

him later. It was a weary trip, and took us two long hours, though Ed turned up to help us when we had got about half way, and we were all soaked to the skin.

This ended our third season at the best place for deer hunting that we have ever struck, and next day we had our deer and outfit brought out by two teams as far as the hotel, where we remained over night, and on Friday we reached Ah Mic Harbor in time to catch the boat for Burk's Falls. On arriving at the latter place and having our deer weighed at the express office we found that they were even heavier than we had expected. Ed's two bucks weighed 215 and 204 lbs. respectively, mine 210 and 140, Johnston's 201, Fred's 180, and Kenneth's 162.

I shall add a few remarks about Ontario's game laws as far as deer are concerned. They remain as in 1896: two deer per man, \$2 per license, two shipping tags with each license, hounding allowed, but no killing in water. Settlers in unorganized townships are allowed to get venison at any season for food only. The law works well as far as non-resident hunters are concerned; but the settlers and shanty men are in most places a law unto themselves. Local deputy game wardens do not meddle with them to any great extent, and are probably afraid to do so. Deer are said to be killed in the water in many places, and I may say that during our outing we repeatedly heard strings of ten or a dozen shots evidently fired over water, and in localities where we knew there were no hunting camps. Deer are killed by settlers to sell to unsuccessful visiting hunters. This is illegal, and is the cause of a great deal of mendacity on the part of the purchasers in fabricating stories with full particulars of the killing of each deer. Non-resident deputies should be sent in occasionally to watch the settlers.

The prohibition of the killing of deer in water works well with the non-resident hunters, who are watched very closely, and causes many an old-time canoe hunter to go home empty-handed. The result is that there is a strong agitation for its repeal. I hope and believe that this will be of no avail; but in my opinion, which is not confined to myself by any means, the Government should prohibit hounding. This would stop all killing in water, and further would reduce the number of fawns shot. I make the latter assertion on these grounds: I have had years of experience in hounding, and the result of it is that I believe that the men on the runways get a great many more chances at fawns than at full-grown deer, because when a buck is run by hounds he circles very little, and often goes straight for water; a doe circles more than a buck, and a fawn often hangs around one locality almost like a hare. On the other hand, during the rutting season, which is the hunting season in Ontario, the bucks move from place to place more than the other deer, and give the still-hunter many chances.

Advocates of a return to the old order of things argue that still-hunting is the most destructive of all methods, and that it is practically confined to backwoodsmen and professionals, as others are unable to practice it on account of the danger of losing themselves in the bush. I admit that the expert still-hunter can kill more deer than any other except the butcher in the canoe, but as the law stands he is restricted to two, and while many non-residents in the bush dare not leave the roads and trails lest they should go astray, this is not the case with all. No member of my party, for instance, ever sees the bush of the North except when he goes there to hunt deer, and it includes a schoolboy; but we can all strut through the wilderness without difficulty, and though we have made a practice of spending the most of our time on runways we have done the bulk of our killing season after season without the help of dogs. The hunter who must be guided to his stand when the hounds are about to be let loose, and led back to camp when the run is over, has no business in the deer forest, and should stay at home. No Government should legislate for his special benefit, and I hope ours will not.

W. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Jack Snipe's Nest.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 30.—We are about at the dead center of the season these days. May 1 is about the last day which even the most enthusiastic snipe hunter will allow to himself in the spring season. For over a week the birds have been pairing in this latitude. Ten days ago a gentleman who was shooting on the Kankakee marsh found a snipe which was sitting on its nest. His dog was trailing about, and as the shooter stood still he observed the snipe, which he thought to be crippled, start from the ground within a yard or so of his feet. The bird fluttered away a few yards and then lay upon the ground with both wings outspread, apparently quite helpless. Something impelled the shooter to look about him, and there at his feet he saw what he had never seen before, a nest of genuine jack snipe. There were three eggs in the nest; and the finder describes them as being surprising to him in their size. They were nearly as large as pigeon eggs, but very large at one end and tapering rapidly to very small size at the other. In color they were blotchy yellow. It is needless to say that the shooter did not attempt to injure the mother snipe, which finally flew away in regular jack snipe fashion, and not in the least crippled. This gentleman says that he never had before seen a jack snipe resort to this well-known ruse, which is practiced by mother birds of many species. The same friend tells me that in earlier years, when he did not put up his gun at the first of May, he has found jack snipe in this latitude as early as May 10, showing well-developed eggs. The birds were very fat and offered easy shooting, but since then he has made a game law of his own, which he has never violated.

This discovery of the nest of the jack snipe is the second of which I have ever heard, although it is well known that these birds nest to a certain extent, even in these days, over a great portion of Illinois and Indiana. Earlier in the history of shooting of this region, when ducks occupied more attention than snipe in the minds of the sportsmen, the jack snipe bred in the marshes of the middle West much more than they do now. They unquestionably breed to a great extent in

the marshes of central Wisconsin, and much of the September snipe shooting on the Winneconne and Horicon marshes is on local birds. The bulk of the flight, however, passes on into the mysterious North, where the main nesting grounds are supposed to be situated. Even there, I imagine, this wise and secretive little fowl hides its nest so skillfully that it is rarely seen by the eye of man. It is no wonder that tradition assigns odd habits to certain birds of little known antecedents, such as the snipe, the woodcock and the rail. Is it perchance true that this snipe discovered by my friend upon the Kankakee marsh was a freak of its kind, and that for the most part the jack snipe come up from under the mud in the spring after their hibernation, as it is well known among many natives is the custom of the little rail bird?

After the snipe we have nothing until the woodcock, that other weird, mysterious creature, shall appear in its own occult manner along the tangled streams. This bird is the subject of much story in the Eastern States, but as I have earlier remarked, it does not cut much ice in this neck of the woods, possibly because it is most abundant in July, when good men sleep, and in light-winged dreams ascend to other places than waist-deep bogs where mosquitoes and malaria are more certain than the bird with the bulging brow. If one could hunt woodcock as my friend does doves down in Tennessee, with a bucket and sangaree and a fan, it might be practicable, but the hard common sense of the Chicago man usually keeps him out of the slums most affected by this paradoxical beast. I say paradoxical, because no man hath yet discovered how it is that a woodcock can poke around in the uncleanness of his surroundings and come forth therefrom not only unsullied, but exceeding sweet. Thus goes on the divine poem of nature, by which spring broilers are extracted from earthworms and the grasshopper of the field.

With the woodcock comes the black bass and the smiling muscallonge. Thus we need wait but a few short weeks between courses of our sporting repast; and the toothsome and gamy clay bird we have always with us.

Audubon Society of Indiana.

There are few names in American history better known than that of Audubon, yet perhaps a great many do not know so very much about his personal life. A newspaper of Indiana states that he was born "across the river from Evansville, Ind." The State of Indiana this week formed an Audubon Society, under the auspices of the Indiana Academy of Science, and it is the intention that the name of the great bird lover, who knew so intimately all the wild creatures of this country, shall not be allowed to die in that State. The inauguration of this movement appears to have been of exceptional interest and strength, and among other papers read at the initial meeting the following were scheduled: Gov. J. A. Mount, on "The Importance of Protecting the Birds;" Amos W. Butler, on "Bird Life in Indiana;" D. M. Geeting, on "What Can the Public Schools Do for Bird Protection?" W. S. Blatchley, on "Birds in Winter;" James Troop, on "Birds and Insects;" Joseph Swain, on "Audubon;" Mrs. Martha McKay, on "The Relation of the Birds to Man;" George L. Roberts, on "Bird Study in the Schools;" C. E. Newlin, "Birds' Nests;" "The Boy and the Pigeons," by George S. Cottman; "The Effect of Man's Destruction of the Birds upon Himself," Mrs. May Wright Sewall; "Preservation of Natural Forest Areas and their Influence on Birds," by William Watson Woollen.

The Passing of Kaskaskia.

With approaching senility we are all given to reminiscing. Not content with the history which is going on about us, we want to go back and dig around in the history which happened about the time we happened, or maybe a little earlier. Thus I have for many years been much interested in the early history of Illinois, about the time of the early fathers. Any one who lived in those times, in the past century or the early part of this century, must have heard of the town of Kaskaskia, Ills. This town was one of the very earliest human ganglia of sufficient size to be called a settlement. Its early inhabitants were mostly French, and many French families have remained in that part of the State until this day. I do not remember at just what date the town of Kaskaskia was founded, but it was before Eddie Price came to Illinois, which is a very long time ago, for Mr. Price has often told me that he was here before they had turned the water into the Kankakee River. In the early days, when St. Louis was a fur trading post, they used to talk about the "French settlements" up in Illinois, meaning by this Kaskaskia and vicinity. But as I was about to say, the ancient town of Kaskaskia is now approaching its end. A good many of its inhabitants have left to go to Oklahoma and the Paris Exposition. The vineyards round about have become less and less fruitful. The river has been washing into the streets, so that the scow of the cat-fisherman may now pass softly where once the moccasined feet of the voyageur trod. This week the Great Father at Washington reached out his hand and took away the post-office from Kaskaskia, inasmuch as most of the inhabitants sleeping on the hillsides of that quiet country are now of that sort who care not for the printed page, or the indited messages of love or commerce. Kaskaskia has passed away, and with it what a fund of story. What stirring times there must have been in those days of real men and real opportunities! To-day we fight each other all over this country for \$9 a month, and feel savage if we see another fellow smile. Would it were Kaskaskia back again, and that there were left alive on earth only the men and women who read FOREST AND STREAM and love its doctrines! It would again be a lovely world if Kaskaskia were here.

Too Bad.

A current number of a newspaper of Williamsburg, Iowa, has the following lament in regard to the oppressive game laws enacted by the Iowa Legislature:

"Iowa's new game laws have practically killed the sport of hunting. Dealers in sporting goods report a great falling off in their sales. No man cares to go out for a day's sport and take chances on paying a heavy fine or serving a jail sentence by un-

consciously violating some game law he is unaware of."

Inasmuch as there is no kind of game on which the gunner can legitimately exercise his skill until after the breeding season, it does indeed seem too bad for the downtrodden and oppressed American citizen. Let me call the attention of our suffering fellow men across the line to the late story of the sitting hen in *FOREST AND STREAM*. There are many setting hens in Iowa, and I know of no law protecting them. I trust all readers of the newspaper referred to will rejoice exceedingly and go forth after the hen.

Spring Venison.

A while ago State Warden Brewster, of Grand Rapids, Mich., brought a case against W. O. Holden, landlord of the Park Place Hotel, of Traverse City, Mich., charging him with serving venison in close season after the five days limit. During the past week the case came up before Judge Corbett in the Circuit Court at Traverse City. The result is not encouraging in the precedent established. Holden admitted serving the venison, but claimed he bought it in open season. Judge Corbett said in his decision that under the Michigan law a person may keep for his own and his family's use all the venison on hand at the close of the season. "The law thus does not define that if one keeps boarders he shall not serve such venison to them as well as to his own family." By this ingenious piece of judicial wisdom Judge Corbett, having given into the hands of any landlord paternal care over all the earth that has the price, infers that Mr. Holden was not culpable in serving this venison to his "family." Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have been very fond of large families, for military reasons, but it would appear that he must yield the palm to Judge Corbett, of Michigan, who has given us the last word in regard to the size of a legitimate "family."

Invitation to the Klondike.

I have been invited to a good many good corners of this big country in my time, but not until now to the big game country of Alaska, where above all places I should be delighted to go. Mr. A. G. Jordan, who is now temporarily stopping at Springfield, Mass., is just back from the Klondike region, and is now getting up a party which he is to pilot to the gold fields. I never have met Mr. Jordan, but to show how small this world is will explain that he was met on a railroad train by a friend of mine, Mr. Bruning, who was also a stranger to him, but who seems to have introduced himself and myself too. Mr. Jordan has been up in the Stewart River region, he writes, and he goes on to say:

"I have been in the Northern region about seventeen years, and know most of the haunts of the game up there. I would have liked to see you, but have to get on East to Springfield. After locating my party all right up in the Klondike I intend to devote my time to big game hunting, collecting curios, heads and horns. There is any amount of moose, caribou, goat, sheep, black, grizzly and silver-tip bear. Now, if you can get away this summer, I would be pleased to meet you, say at Wrangel, Alaska. I will show you what I call sport, and you will have all the satisfaction a hunter can feel."

This is simple, plain and easy—all but the getting away. This new far land is very tempting, and it is without doubt the latest thing in big game grounds. Many will have the good fortune to explore a part of it, and all such are to be congratulated. I must thank my unknown friend, Mr. Jordan, very much for his invitation, although it makes me very miserable. There isn't a whole lot of fun living in a place where the only game is English sparrows, and where grass is 10 cents a bag.

A Bobo Bear Preserve.

I frequently hear, even at this late day, of the *FOREST AND STREAM* story describing the hunts with that king of all bear hunters, Capt. R. E. Bobo, of Mississippi. As I stated later, the result of the *FOREST AND STREAM* story was not altogether a pleasant one, especially to Capt. Bobo himself. The reports of the wonderful abundance of this large game in a country so little known, but so near at hand, brought the region into a prominence which in the minds of the local hunters was an entirely undesirable one. Since then the timber buyer, land buyer and speculator have pushed more and more into that rich and favored country, the Delta of the Mississippi, and Capt. Bobo now sees destruction threatening his ancient hunting grounds. The grounds themselves were and are to-day wonderful ones, and I presume it is easily true that there does not exist in America any area of four times the extent which can show an equal amount of bears, deer and turkeys. Here Capt. Bobo has lived for years, enjoying sport such as I presume no other man in America has enjoyed in this generation. The number of bears that he has killed in his lifetime would, I think, not only pass the hundreds, but actually go into the thousands, and this I say seriously. He writes me mournfully now that "he only killed thirty-five bears this past winter." This he calls poor sport.

But what I wanted to get at is this: Capt. Bobo has seen the best of the open hunting days in his generation. He has now joined the procession, and realizes that the time for the open hunting in his country is nearly over. What it must mean to him to admit this any one can best understand who knows the man. I confess to a great personal sadness when I see Bobo, the bear hunter, come out and say that he needs a preserve for his bears. Yet this is what he says.

In a letter received by me this week Capt. Bobo goes on to say: "I have a plan in which I wish you would help me out. It has always been my wish to keep the public out of this country, but as you know, that day has passed. The settlers are coming in droves to this rich soil, and it is no longer a hidden wilderness. The axman is on his way to the best hunting grounds of the world. The only thing which can save this great hunting place is for a few rich men to put in what they call spending money, and create a home for this game. If we could keep out the lumberman and the homesteader, we could protect this game country, and it would always offer a place for magnificent sport both in hunting and fishing. But something must be done and done quickly, or hunting here is a thing of the past. I have only killed thirty-five bears this winter. I have

a ranch now on Devil's Lake, near where you killed your bear by firelight. I am sorry to see the game decreasing and being scared away. Take up this idea for me and set the ball rolling. I would like to tell some men who want a genuine game preserve something about this country here."

I presume I am approached on an average a dozen times a year by some one who wants help in establishing a game preserve, such preserve to be arranged to his own personal profit. The idea of personal profit is not the one inspiring Capt. Bobo in this movement, which I am sure he makes only with reluctance. I always answer inquiries of the above nature to the effect that I am a newspaper man and not a real estate man, and that *FOREST AND STREAM* is a sportsmen's journal and nothing else. In this case I can only say that it would please me as much as Capt. Bobo to see his country protected, at least to a point equal to the damage caused in it by the well-meant exploiting of the country in *FOREST AND STREAM*. If he can enlist the aid of some wealthy men, it will be matter of good fortune for the best interests of all sportsmen. There never was such a game country in America as this Delta country, even within the present decade. Bear hunting in that country, such as might be possible on a preserve of large acreage, would be bear hunting of a sort not known by very many men, rich or poor, nor by very many kings and princes, and under the regulations of a good preserve the sport would be as certain as the less exciting sport of deer shooting in Europe. Animal and vegetable life of all kinds is wonderfully prolific in this rich, mild country of the Delta. It seems a wide thought to imagine it, but perhaps we may yet see a Bobo bear preserve in the history of American sport. If so, I will warrant in advance that it will be the most wonderful game preserve in America, so far as actual hunting of actual big game is concerned. The wild boar, if introduced in the Delta, would increase wonderfully. Wild boar and wild bear—the thought has something of fascination; a fascination never to fade from the mind of any man who ever heard the bear pack open in the woods and brakes of the Delta.

CHICAGO, May 3.—[Special to *FOREST AND STREAM*.]—The Maksawba Club's house on the Kankakee was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, and many guns and much clothing were lost. The club will rebuild.

Got Some.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, took a little jaunt after jack snipe early this week among the Indiana marshes. He alleges that he slew eighteen jacks and a wad of sand snipe. While I do not wish to be engaged in any entanglements of a controversial or sporting nature, I would like to wager the price of a new hat that the Mayor of Chicago can skin the Mayor of New York, or any other city, in a mixed race on snipe, quail and trout. There may be others like our Mayor, but I don't think they can be found.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Muskrat a Delicacy.

I AM not a regular reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* for two reasons: (1) I haven't the time, and (2) the yarns make me feel like a pup tied in the yard when the folks are on the front porch. After reading them I feel like growling at the job that holds me and taking a bite out of the jobber. In my days of rags and poverty I saw a great deal of hillside, meadow, spring, wild marsh, creek, river and bay, and my present affluence is not sufficient to allow me to leave my domicile among millions of people for "some vast wilderness where the wild man roams at his leisure and the wild beast howls for his prey."

I have read about delicious venison steaks, but have said I did not like them because they were to me tasteless and dry; and thus opened the batteries of a deer-hunting enthusiast, who would have sworn by car-horse if he tackled it after a stomach-starving, heart-invigorating tramp through the woods. Let the dry venison fellows croak "Chump" in chorus, but give me muskrat. I will confess, however, that I have never eaten venison in the woods or cooked by any one except those who had only cooked it occasionally; consequently I am open to conviction.

I have lived in a muskrat country and traded in their skins by the thousand; but it was not till I had left that I first met the animal with a knife and fork. My wife came from the other side of the same bay that I had been familiar with, and on her side muskrat was a drawing card at church suppers; and she knows how to prepare it fricasseed or in imitation of terrapin. Last winter some of her friends sent us three; and I invited a young chap who is my neighbor to join us in our muskrat banquet. When it was served I helped him liberally; and as we were both strangers to the toothsome dish his face wore a somewhat troubled expression at the generous portion I dealt him. My wife, having prepared it, received a similar supply with a confidence that was assuring; and I helped myself. Sitting opposite my guest, it seems superfluous to say that I saw him and he saw me; but really we did, and there seemed to be an inquiry in the gaze that was mutual. After the first forkful there was a facial relaxation that dispelled constraint and brought a genial interest which was more like delight than satisfaction. I helped him again more liberally, and myself without stint; and we gave what my wife termed a gastronomic exhibition, which we proclaimed was due to the excellence of her cooking.

It is not necessary for me to say that the muskrat is a clean little fellow, and those who have met him outside of trap or snare know that he is game. On the table he is also game, and game worthy of an epicure, with a flavor somewhat like the wild ducks that have been shot in the marshes where he has fed.

He should be skinned carefully so that the musk bags will not be opened, and he should be opened and cleaned. In cold weather it is no disadvantage if he is left out and frozen. He should then be soaked in cold water over night. Then the body should be cut in suitable pieces for serving when it is ready for the pot, in which a few slices of salt pork should be added. Put

in water enough not quite to cover the meat; and stew slowly until about dry, the pork keeping it moist and from burning. Pepper and salt about the same as chicken while it is cooking, which will not be over one and a half hours. Bread and butter and jelly are all the trimmings required to make a veritable banquet at home or in the swamp.

This new experience adds another to my troubles. I am unable to buy muskrats at the markets, and live too far away from their natural haunts to get them myself; but I hope that I shall be able to arrange for frequent meetings with the game, and I hope that many who read this may seek his acquaintance and be delighted.

MUSKRAT.

National Park News.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The past winter has been a very mild one in this section of the country. All the game has been doing well. I think there has been no loss from starvation, although thousands of elk have wintered in sections of the Park where the range is limited.

Scout Morrison tells me he has snowshoed a little over 1,200 miles the past season. He saw twenty-one buffalo in one band, four in Hayden Valley. I think these are the four I saw the winter before. There are a few buffalo on Falls River, and three were seen on the old buffalo trail near the Fountain Geyser. Eight more were seen in one band on the east side of the Yellowstone Lake, and several more in other parts of the Park.

As the winter was so mild, the Yellowstone River was closed by ice only for a few days. It is a great wintering place for ducks, geese and water fowl. Morrison said he saw fifty swans at one time on the river just below the lake. I have seen hundreds of geese and ducks, but never more than about twenty swans.

I found the roads from Gardiner to the Mammoth Hot Springs dry and dusty. I saw no game in the Gardiner Cañon, but on the flat across the river saw



A YELLOWSTONE PARK BEAR.

Photo by Mrs. H. E. Klammer, July, 1897.

a few antelope. As the snow is well off Mt. Everts except for drifts, the antelope are moving back, on to Black Tail Deer Creek. Even the elk are moving from their winter range to a higher country, Specimen Ridge and the high plateaus.

I was very much pleased on my return here not to see one coyote. Neither have I heard one. They have been very successful in killing them off. The people at Gardiner have killed quite a number with poison and guns, just outside the Park, while along the boundary soldiers and men appointed have so thinned them out that they are quite rare.

To show how little snow there is in the country, I can say that a team went through Golden Gate and on to Swan Lake flat on March 21. There they could drive around by keeping out of the drifts. Of course the drift at the Gate had to be shoveled out.

There is so little snow throughout the mountains, it looks as if we were not to have very high water this spring. I saw a man from Jackson's Hole who says there is very little snow there, and that the game is looking well.

There are about twenty-one sheep on the upper Gardiner River, where the east fork comes in. They had been down as far as the mouth of Gardiner River.

Several large bands of blacktail—I ought to say mule deer—were around the springs all winter. I am told of their getting into dooryards and doing other queer things, like looking into windows at flowers in pots, as though they would eat them if the window was open; but I can't tell such stories unless I have a photograph to go with them.

I inclose a photograph of one of the Fountain Hotel bears, taken by Mrs. H. E. Klammer last July. She was within about 20 ft. of it. I think this must be the bear the cat drove up the tree; it is rather familiar, and looks as though it wanted to investigate the kodak.

Some of the troops have been sent from here to care for Fort Missoula, and all the soldiers seem to want to take a hand in the coming trouble. If they are removed Congress ought to provide for a number of scouts or Park police.

E. HOFFER.

Game in the Sawtooth Mountains.

OVANDO, Mont.—The Sawtooth Mountains belong to the main range, connecting at the head of the Lemhi River about 100 miles south of Gibbon's Pass. I have been a guide in this country for twenty years and know every part of it. The Sawtooth Mountains beat the world for deer and goats, with bears and elk in goodly numbers.

M. P. D.

Jackson's Hole and the Park.

JACKSON, Wyo., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pending bill, introduced by Senator Hansborough, extending Park control over the Teton Timber Reserve, seems to have caused much misapprehension and idle comment, generally amusing, often exasperating.

The primary object of the measure is the acquisition of a winter range for the big game of the Park. There are "side issues," but everything else is subservient to the central idea of game preservation. This idea is timely, well founded, and deserving of encouragement. No sane, disinterested person will demur to any measure calculated to benefit the national pleasure ground without working a hardship upon the contiguous States.

But why should the Eastern sportsmen seek to harass the settlers of this valley whenever the question of Park extension is mooted?

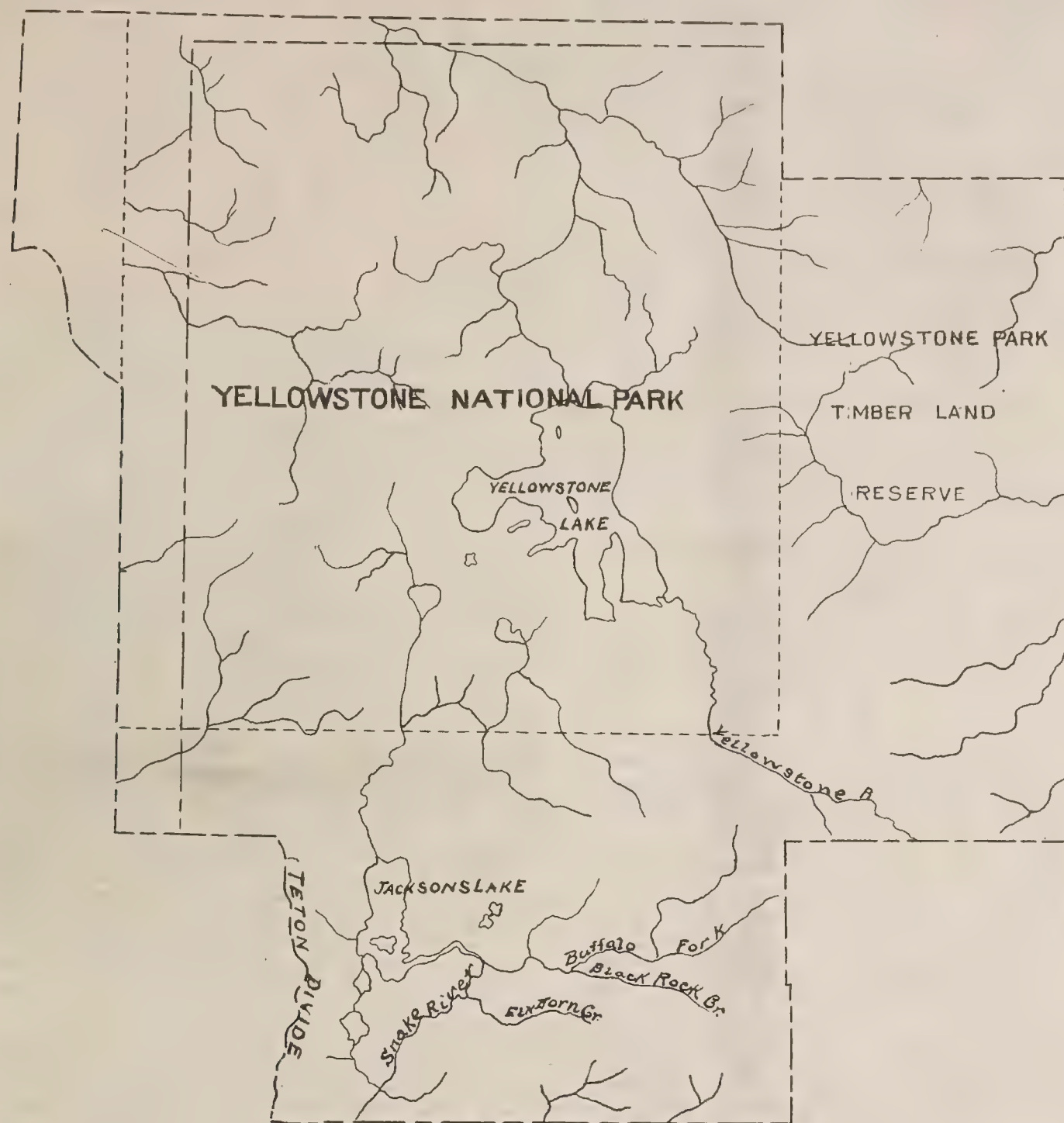
Various articles have appeared, in various journals, tending to calumniate our people. For instance, the point is frequently made that an extension of the National Park south would result in driving out many

tion upon the Federal courts, and ultimately resulted in the far-reaching decision of the U. S. Supreme Court affirming the contention of the Wyoming State authorities that Indians were amenable to the State game laws as well as whites.

At a recent mass meeting, called at the suggestion of our Congressman, a resolution was adopted favoring the addition of the Teton Timber Reserve to the National Park. Does this action savor of "lawless poachers" who dread the proximity of legal restraint? We live here among the big game, and we want it protected—for selfish if for no higher reasons—and we know more about the exigency of the situation than the whole army of squirrel hunters, who have yet to cross the Mississippi.

Extend the Park, certainly. We want this matter settled soon and permanently; but no one who is familiar with existing conditions expects the proposed extension to include the Jackson's Hole community.

There should be ample room in the National Park for breeding ground and winter range for the elk and deer, whose natural habitat it is; but it is not necessary to take half the State of Wyoming for this purpose.



PRESENT AND PROPOSED PARK BOUNDARIES.

desperate and dangerous poachers—men who live by depredating on the Park. And Jackson's Hole is the "bete noir" of many advocates of a southern addition to the Park; they invariably refer to the matter as "taking in the Jackson's Hole country," thus ousting a set of savage centaurs, not only for the betterment of the game, but for the protection of sportsmen as well.

Now all this is not only nonsensical, but it indicates, on the part of the writers, ignorance or malice, or both. Perhaps a truthful synopsis of the situation may cause a better understanding all around.

The name Jackson's Hole is an indefinite designation. Locally it means the settled portion of Snake River Valley east of the Teton Pass and southeast of Teton Peak; popularly it means all of the country lying along Snake River from the south line of the National Park to the mouth of Hoback's River. The Jackson's Hole settlement proper, surrounding the Jackson post-office, embraces nearly six townships, has a voting population of about 150, a tri-weekly mail service, and a class of citizens who need not fear comparison with an equal number in any neighborhood in the Union.

Instead of being temporarily held by a migratory band of poachers this country is permanently settled by a peaceable, prosperous and intelligent people. The ranchmen here are engaged in cattle raising, and some meadows yield as much as 250 tons of hay per season.

True, many of our people act as guides, and furnish outfits for tourists and hunters each season; but they do not poach. No one but a simpleton would sneak into the Park to hunt, and run the risk of detection and punishment, when a far better game country can be found nearer home. Nor should the people of Jackson's Hole be judged by tourists who have been no further south than Jackson's Lake, and have there come in contact with a few itinerant rumsellers. Here we have a regularly organized school district, a good school-house, and a commodious and comfortable club house.

And have we, who live in the heart of the game country, done nothing for game protection?

The people of Jackson's Hole took the initiative in stopping the wanton slaughter of big game by the Indians; it was this local action which forced the ques-

Enough is a good thing, and can be obtained, but an effort to get too much will result in disaster to the whole plan.

It is the impression of a good many people of ordinary intelligence that a sportsman occasionally wants sport, and that legitimate sport is harmless and healthful. Shooting big game, subject to sensible legal restrictions, is by many considered the very acme of field sport. In order to shoot big game there must be some place where hunters can go with a certainty of finding such game. It would seem unjust and impolitic to corral all the big game in the National Park. Let the Park embrace all the unoccupied territory requisite for the maintenance of a large and varied assortment of native game animals; but leave us a few hills and dales where the true sportsman can enjoy his brief outing, unvexed by the arbitrary restrictions of the national preserve.

D. C. NOWLIN.

Eskimo Curlew at Currituck.

KNOTT'S ISLAND, N. C., April 28.—There has been the largest flight of Eskimo curlew to-day I have seen in thirty years. There were thousands upon thousands of them. I do not know how to account for it unless they have been blown in by the northeast storm, which has been blowing about fifty miles an hour for the last thirty-six hours. I know they are often seen on the Pacific coast on their way from China and Japan to Alaska and other northern points; but they were never seen in such quantities here for many, many years past. I placed my decoys exactly in the line of flight, and expected fine sport, but they would not decoy at all. I only succeeded in bagging three. They were very large, but exceeding thin, proving, I think, that they had been flying a great distance.

English snipe have not been abundant here this spring, forty-five being the largest bag I know of by one gun. But yellowlegs, especially the large size (winter yellowlegs), are very plentiful just now. I shot fifty-one one afternoon this week. The small-sized yellowlegs and dowitchers are usually here in quantities all through May. It is too cold for them yet; the thermometer is down to almost freezing to-day.

MORE ANON.

Dr. Massamore.

THE Baltimore Sun gives these notes of Dr. Geo. W. Massamore's life:

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore was born in Manchester, Carroll county, Md., but had lived nearly all his life in Baltimore. About the time he completed his studies the civil war broke out, and his sympathies being with the South, he enlisted in the Confederate army and fought throughout the war under Gen. Ewell. Upon several occasions Dr. Massamore distinguished himself for gallantry upon the field. He was in the battle at Gettysburg.

At the close of the war Dr. Massamore returned to Baltimore and entered the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, where he graduated in 1867. He practiced here for a number of years until forced to give the work up because of ill-health. He was one of the best known numismatists in the country, and owned a costly collection of coins and medals. In 1881 he was elected a member of the Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York and continued a member until his death. He was also an enthusiastic stamp and autograph collector. His autograph collection contained the signatures of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and other men famous in American history.

Dr. Massamore was perhaps best known throughout the State as an enthusiastic sportsman. He was zealous in having the game laws of Maryland improved. He was secretary of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, and also a member of a similar association in the District of Columbia. Recently he was appointed assistant State game warden.

About a year ago Dr. Massamore had seines hauled in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, saving in this manner thousands of bass, which he put back in the Potomac River. It was through his efforts that the bill for a close season and restricting the methods of fishing in the Potomac became a law. He spent much time at Annapolis during the January and February sessions of the recent Legislature looking after the bill making game laws uniform in every county in Maryland. While engaged in this work it was that he caught the cold that finally resulted in his death.

John Gomez has a New House.

THE Fort Myers, Fla., Press has this story of a recent Panther Key real estate transaction: Down on Panther Key, on the southern end of Lee County, among the Ten Thousand Islands, is the home of John Gomez and his wife, Mr. Gomez being probably the oldest living man in the United States. A few days ago we learned of a new incident in the life of the old man, from Mr. J. W. Watson, who lives about eighteen miles from the veteran.

Some time ago another old citizen on the Keys named Brown made a bargain with John Gomez to build a new five-room cottage for him on condition that Gomez was to deed him his island when he died. John Gomez is now 117 years old, and Brown was about 65 years old. Brown naturally expected that he would soon come into possession of the island through the death of the old man, but he reckoned without his host, for Brown has crossed over the river to that unknown land from whence none ever return, while old John Gomez is in possession of the new five-room cottage, in good health, and apparently good for a dozen years more of this life.

John Gomez was born in Portugal in 1781, and when a young child moved to Bordeaux, France. At the age of twelve he came to the United States, and for the past twenty-two years has lived on Panther Key, an outside island of the Ten Thousand group. He is hale and hearty, apparently able to take care of himself for some time to come. His wife is a pleasant old lady of seventy-five years, and shows more feebleness than does "Old John" himself. He occasionally visits Fort Myers, and has many friends here who are always pleased to see him.

A Camp-Fire on Jersey City Heights.

RECENTLY between twenty-five and thirty ladies and gentlemen gathered at the residence of a well-known sportsman on "The Heights," to renew old associations and recall Adirondack experiences. New York and Brooklyn, as well as New Jersey, were represented by men as expert with rifle and rod as in business, medicine and theology. Patriotic song and excellent piano and harp music prepared the way for camp-fire reminiscences. Then a prize contest in storytelling took place under the following rules:

1. Each story must be of personal experience in the Adirondacks.
2. Each story must be limited to three minutes.
3. Each story must relate strictly to the topic assigned.
4. Each story must tell the truth, the whole truth, and everything but the truth.

Two prizes were awarded: First, for the best story, a paddle; second, for the poorest story, a can of powder (sand). The ladies of the company were the judges.

Among the topics announced were these: Setting fire to water and cooking dinner over it; supper time in camp and rations lost in the woods; with parallel between the sinking of the Maine and the sinking of a little buck in Cascade Pond, both caused by an outside explosion; reflections in a beech tree at midnight; chasing a deer with grappling irons; initiation in Adirondack life, with incidental comparison between the "dogs of war" and dogs of the Adirondacks; how four women took hold of one man, saying "Give us a row," and how the speaker gallantly came to the rescue; meditations on Watch Rock.

Much merriment attended the contests and the awarding of prizes. Who won must remain a mystery as impenetrable as "The Lady or the Tiger?" It is sufficient to say that the programme was so effective that when the dining room was reached everybody had a genuine woods appetite. The favors were cedar tips fresh from Blue Mountain Lake. Later followed by request a stereopticon exhibition of forest views, mainly photographed by gentlemen present. At a late hour the camp-fire went out, but its cheery reflections will long brighten the memories of those who gathered around it.

JUVENAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Great Cacapon.

ONE of the wildest, prettiest and most romantic of the many tributaries of the Potomac is the Great Cacapon, sometimes called Capon for short, which empties into the main stream between the Pool of Woodmont and Sir John's Run, nearly fifty miles above Harper's Ferry.

A flag station taking its name from the stream is at its mouth, and here the angler may procure a team and drive up the river road as far as desired.

A considerably longer route, requiring much more time and labor, but which amply repays the extra investment, is to stop at Hancock, a couple of stations nearer, and take the little spur railroad for three or four miles to Berkeley Springs.

This road winds along the valley of the brook, fed by the wonderful warm springs, which break out in a bunch at the foot of the mountain, and sustain the little settlement, that may be some day a very popular resort.

One of its drawbacks heretofore has been a tannery established not far below the springs, for which the warm waters were probably very convenient, but whose discharges of refuse destroyed the beauty of the crystal brook, and a stream of tar would be more sightly and more savory than that which unwinds to the visitor in his ride to the springs. It may be of some slight advantage as rendering treatment universally necessary on arrival, for the conditions were calculated to make a well man ill.

It is said just now not to be in operation; the proprietors own several other plants more advantageously situated for necessary materials and markets, and it is to be hoped they may continue to find the others more profitable and abandon this.

The industry is one of vast importance and value to us; its existence a necessity; but so is cooking—and yet we object to its evidences in the proximity of a parlor or drawing room. So such a plant at a pleasure resort is a blot; its destruction of a beautiful stream a sin; casting its refuse in the river to kill the fish and threaten the health of the population below who drink the waters—a crime. Hopes are reiterated that the proprietors may find such abundant profits elsewhere as to spare this little valley.

The waters of the springs are pleasant enough, and said to be wonderfully effective in the treatment of some ailments, but that is a matter of doctors, fashion, wallets and constitutions.

We embarked in a substantial "fix" with a strong team, and sailed up and over the Warm Springs Mountain, and wound down the other side, a devious way, into the valley between this and the Cacapon Range; then a long climb to the summit of this, and the Valley of the Great Cacapon was at our feet, with a background of distant hills, and the haze of a summer afternoon softening the landscape and veiling the detail of all but nearby objects.

We rapidly descend to the level of the river valley and reach a farmhouse some sixteen miles from the mouth of the stream, and are glad to "light" after our pounding; and how we do enjoy the supper which comes later; then two great easy chairs on the wide porch woo us to an evening's enjoyment of curling blue smoke, and watching the deepening shadows in the valley and the waning high lights about the surrounding green hills; we dream of to-morrow's sport, but an early curfew signal sends us to finish our nap in the company bed.

The next morning we find the boat in which we are to drift down the stream fast at the ford. The team is to take a later start, and driving down the river road, which has a habit of losing itself among fallen timber and washouts, is to keep as near us as convenient, in case of mishap.

We soon find fish, but most of these first are too small to keep. Maybe the residents have caught the larger ones here, or educated them to be more wary of their natural enemy.

At some of the little rapids the rocks are so high and the water so low that the boat requires assistance to get over, and sometimes we need it for the same purpose.

My companion is large, the boat is small; he is not an angler, and his enthusiasm on the subject is all anticipatory; his weight makes such a difference in the draught of the little boat; and the cranky skiff keeps him in an agony of apprehension concerning the stability of his equilibrium; so he prefers the road most of the time to the boat.

Fortunately the stream is narrow enough to require no rowing, only to keep the nose of the skiff pointed down stream, and while this loses lots of good fishing water there's plenty left, and rises enough to satisfy a glutton.

Little fly-fishing is done on this part of the river, and the ambitious angler who makes a trip here has practically virgin water.

The bass are not large, but numerous. There is little vegetation along the banks and few bushes come down to the rocky channel; so there is little shelter but the stones, and it is into their shadows most of the casting is done.

The scenery is very fine throughout its course. The most striking feature in this section of its panorama is a great tower, which "stands four square to all the winds" that blow; at least that is the impression from the distance we view it. It stands out from the face of the mountain, its green top apparently inaccessible, but once gained, an impregnable stronghold. It is called "The Eagle's Nest," and the usual legend is associated with it; this one may be true—that during the early days a hunter and his two daughters occupied a mimic fort which he had built on its summit, and here he could leave them in comparative safety while he inspected his traps or restocked the commissary. One sorry day a band of roving Indians surprised him in the valley, but he succeeded in reaching his tower of refuge,

and from the advantage of his height and superior weapons easily kept them under cover. But while they showed an appreciation of his advantage, and a realization that their charges were expensive, they manifested no disposition to abandon the siege, and soon convinced him they meant to keep him where he belonged till starvation did their work. He was a reconcentrado, and didn't know it. There is a hiatus in the story as to suitable provisions for water on the isolated pinnacle; there is room enough for a cistern; he may have had a pool or barrels; perhaps its lack led him to the romantic and heroic part of the story. Finding the band disposed to become at least a temporary permanency in his Happy Valley, he became anxious, then desperate, and one night when a wild mountain storm had driven the besiegers to shelter, and they had relaxed something of their customary vigilance, he left his girls, stole down his winding stair, up the face of the mountain by a secret path, and made his way in safety to the settlements for help. The story would be incomplete if it did not recount how each day the girls fired a shot or two at the skulking Indians among the trees below, just to convince them that the old man was still on guard; and how the unsuspecting savages were finally surrounded, surprised and slain to a man; and the girls never went back to their eyrie, for each found a mate among the rescuers.

Though their names are forgotten, their pillar, better builded than that of St. Simeon the Syrian, still stands to perpetuate the memory of their lives, their peril and their rescue.

It is far below this where we hail our wagon, and with a good basket of fish drive home in the gloaming. One's lines may sometimes be cast in pleasanter places, but not often.

It is said that the bass are appearing at the present writing in wonderfully increased numbers in this stream, by reason of its waters being free from any contaminations from factory or field, and if this be true it will prove indeed an Angler's Paradise to those fortunate enough to reach it this season with a fly.

The Charms of Fly-Fishing.

Speaking generally, the fly-fisher gains much in enjoyment over the man with a float. Every muscle is brought into play, and in these athletic days this is a strong recommendation. His hours unfold to him the ever shifting beauties of the kaleidoscope.

Each cast brings him new skies, and hills, and flowers, and rocks, and new fish to try for.

It is not the proverbial patience of the lone fisherman which is required here so much as energy.

Compared with the kindred sport, hunting, the still-fisher is like the gunner who has a stand or blind, and waits the patient hours for the game to come. The fly-fisher more resembles the eager mountain climber who stalks his prey.

The blind hunter may be strange to his surroundings, but with ears and eyes open to every sound and movement, fares quite as well as the native. The stalker must know every rock and by-path, every salt-lick and drinking pool; signs of wind and weather, may the very habits of the animal he seeks, to reward his quest.

So the fisher with a float, if he but have a general knowledge of the art, may have as good sport the first day in new waters as his last, or as the resident champion in whom use hath bred a habit of getting more bites than his neighbor. But with the fly-fisher, every trip to any locality increases the coefficient of his efficiency and enjoyment. He learns the haunt of many a fish; knows them by sight and sometimes by name; every mossy bank and sylvan spring; each pleasant shade; every stone and stump becomes to him a friend, to ignore whose evident greeting would be a rudeness.

Five miles of stream are to him what the float is to his colleague.

He knows where the wild flowers are thickest, which side of every reach is best; where the fallen trees block the path; the briar thickets, where the bramble and the blackberry weave their webs for the unwary, and which he gives a wide berth.

He knows too where there is a little pool no bigger than a tub, but so close to big water that one flirt of the tail carries to safety its occupant—a finny Daniel Lambert, whose hunting lodge it is, and probably as dear to him as is the camp in the woods to the man who seeks him.

Our failures are our school, and as we frighten out the fish from stone or crevice, each carries with him, securely fastened to his caudal fin, an imaginary aluminum tag, with which we ornament him, confident that next time we will claim our own.

But the account is not all so one-sided, or all who could would soon be fishing with the fly. It is not all gain. What is secured of advantage to observation is lost to contemplation.

To watch the sun and wind, and shadows and current, and depth; the stones and blossoms beneath your feet; the logs in front, the branches overhead, the trees behind—all more ready to take your fly than the fish—are all so many checks to dreaming.

Walton was not much of a fly-fisherman, though I believe with Marston that he knew all that was going at that time on the subject; but he principally watched a bob, and had plenty of occasion between bites to dream or talk, both of which he did to such good purpose. If he had fished only with the fly we should not have had such a book, and he would not have said the sport was a contemplative recreation, but rather an observant exercise.

To this extent the exchange is a real loss.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet, retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled and sometimes impaired.

So said Milton. Yet, take it all in all, fly-fishing has many more charms for the business man of sedentary habits. To him his outing becomes a feast. The very attention demanded—to his surroundings and his sport—is proof against the insidious entrance of carking care, of busi-

ness worries, which the contemplative float rather invites.

There is but one rule, however, by which a man will determine which to elect—that which pleases him best.

Not all waters, nor all weathers, nor all tackle, nor all fish, nor all men, are fit for this style of angling; but when the combination is complete it is the royal flush of sport.

The gentle craft is sanctified by the daintier methods of the willowy withe, the silken thread and feather, while geology, botany and entomology attend the angler close to minister to his delight.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Dry Fly-Fishing.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR (AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE DRY FLY").

In Three Parts—Part III.

The Charms of the Method.

ENGLISH anglers have in the case of many streams been driven to the use of the dry fly through sheer necessity, the wet fly method being no longer of much avail on clear and slow flowing waters where the trout are often assailed and have grown very cunning. Some day, perhaps, American anglers may be driven to the use of the dry fly by similar causes. But though we were compelled to take to the dry fly because we could not do anything on Test, Itchen and other waters with the wet fly, we have soon come to regard the necessity as a very agreeable one. The dry fly is indeed an engrossing and almost enthralling pursuit. The number of its votaries increases every year.

Eagerly scanning the likely-looking spots in the stream for the ring which tells of a feeding trout; stalking that fish with great care and patience; seeing him rise and draw in your neat little artificial; or seeing him rise, follow the lure down stream for a foot or so, and then after evident hesitation decline to have it—these are some of the incidents which make the sport so fascinating. Then the gut casts for dry fly-fishing, out of at any rate May fly time, must be of the finest, and the hooks on which the beautiful duns and spinners are dressed about the smallest procurable; and when a 3 or 4lb. trout in condition is hooked and has to be played with tackle of this description, then interest and excitement reach a high pitch indeed. The rush of a clean run salmon is superb, but personally I know of no sensation in the world of sport to equal that experienced when the twitch of the wrist is given that drives home the hook in the mouth of the 3lb. trout in perfect condition. It is one that never seems to lose its edge, and instead of diminishing in intensity as we grow older, I really think that it actually increases. Then too the first good trout of the season, hooked in one of these limpid streams—what a fish that is to the dry fly angler!

Where fish are not too plentiful—and trout I hold can be much too plentiful—and where they are very hard to "get up" even with the driest of olive duns attached to the finest of fine gut, every trout taken by the angler will very probably have a little history of its own. The angler on such a water has been out perhaps from 10 in the morning to twilight on a glorious June day, and has made a basket of say two or two and a half brace—a very good day indeed, mind you—on some of our loveliest South Country trout streams. On his way home he goes over in his mind the events of the day, and is proudly conscious that his five fat trout, all well above the limit of three-quarters of a pound or a pound, were taken by real skill and patience.

One took an hour and a half to hook. It was feeding on natural fly right underneath an overhanging and very awkward bough. It seemed almost impossible to get the fly over this fish, and again and again in the attempt the angler got hung up in the aggravating willow, or in one of the herbs or long grasses which drooped over the bank close by where the fish was steadily rising and taking every dun sailing down within a foot or so of his lair. Once or twice the angler had to lie flat down and drag himself along the ground in order to stretch out his hand and disentangle the hook without scaring and setting down the fish. Another trout was rising all but out of range right under the opposite bank, and only after many failures, and perhaps one or two cracked-off flies, did the angler succeed in getting well and neatly over the fish. The third, the fish of the day—a 3-pounder in noble condition—rushed instantly into a most dangerous place, infamous among dry fly anglers by reason of its weeds, or stakes, or roots of old, gnarled trees; and this trout was only secured through the angler's knowledge of the spot and great caution in playing him. And so with the other fish; the capture of each is a little history in itself, which the angler may recall days and even months afterward, when he has a little time and the inclination to ponder over fishing days and ways.

Dry fly-fishing has, of course, its drawbacks, its keen disappointments. An ideal-looking day will quite possibly produce no natural fly at all, and with no natural fly on the water there will be no rising trout, and with no rising trout there will be nothing for the dry fly-fisherman to cast to. It is indeed hard to find one's carefully selected day for a celebrated water turn out a fly-less and therefore a trout-less one. The angler whose time is all his own, and whose opportunities are as thick as May flies on the River Test, need not be greatly pitied, but it is different with the busy city man, who has been looking forward for weeks to his day on some famous water near town, and who has most probably promised a brace of trout to every one in his office and to two or three of his neighbors. Such things are known to have occurred even in regard to experienced anglers. Yet they are not quite peculiar to dry fly-fishing.

Despite these and other drawbacks, and with trout growing apparently more and more difficult in the case of many streams to induce to look at the artificial, dry fly-fishing when once cultivated by the keen and thorough angler is sure to remain a favorite pastime. "Neither the art of fly-fishing," said Froude, the historian, "nor the enjoyment of it when once acquired and tasted, will leave us except with life." Certainly the art and the glamour of the dry fly method, when once

known, do take hold of men in a masterful way. Set me down with my rod and box of flies on a fair day, by the side of a crystal, clear, slow-flowing stream containing big and wary trout, and I know well that I shall find that day all too short, even though not a solitary trout be landed. On a May or June day by the sweet water, which winds through the meadows and commons of an English South Country shire, I think too that I shall always be able to see the world as it appeared in the wild woodland rambles of childhood, when

"The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

ANGLING NOTES.

"On a Sunshine Holiday."

THIS is the title of a new book by The Amateur Angler, otherwise Mr. Edward Marston, father of the editor of the English Fishing Gazette, and the volume is just as dainty and just as charming as those which have preceded it from the same pen, namely: "Days in Dove Dale," "Days in Clover," etc., etc.

Mr. Marston's style is singularly captivating, for he has a way of taking his readers into his confidence, as it were, and talking to them instead of writing at them or for them. As he strolls along on his holiday outing, he has sharp eyes, and is a close observer of all things in nature, and when he tells you of what he observes the reader feels that the outing is taken for his especial benefit, and he experiences a keen pleasure that he has been invited to become the companion of the author on his walks afield. He says of his little book: "The chapters are not all about fishing, for I had but few fishing excursions to record; the chief connection between them is that all have reference, more or less, to sunshine holidays."

That the author is a philosopher and does not believe that all of fishing is to catch fish is evidenced by his chapter on "The Prose of Fly-Fishing," from which the following is extracted: "When the wind fell, a little another torrent came on, and we were driven to seek shelter under our favorite wide-spreading ash, which the Professor long since christened 'The Pub,' a name which it will retain forever. The rain, coming down straighter and heavier than ever, soon found its way through the thick foliage, and we had to move. We made a dash through the pitiless storm for a quarter of a mile, helter-skelter, to our never so pleasant old hut, dripping and dragged like barn-door fowls who couldn't or wouldn't go in when it rained. Monday was worse than Saturday—we fished all day in the rain without ever seeing a rise, for really there was nothing to rise at, and food was plentiful down below." And after all this was a sunshine holiday. It is the ability and adaptability to make the best of everything that comes that drives the wrinkles away, keeps a young heart in an old body, and in the case of an angler, as Sir Henry Wotton tells us, is "a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions and a procurer of contentedness."

That is slightly paraphrased, but it is true, and there are kindred qualities that Walton laid stress upon in the make-up of the contemplative angler the author of "Sunshine Holidays" seems to possess in an eminent degree, and he imparts something of these feelings to his readers, and they read his little volume with profit as well as pleasure.

The Triton's Dinner.

The Triton Club, of Canada, has so many members in and near Syracuse, N. Y., where the president, Mr. G. F. Gregory, resides, that they have organized themselves into the Syracuse Tritons, and annually they give a dinner to which all the Tritons are invited, and if you are a Triton it is worth going a good many miles to attend the dinner, where good fellowship, good stories, and good things to eat abound. The dinner this year was on March 14, and about forty Tritons gathered at the Yates upon the invitation of the Syracuse Tritons—Mr. L. C. Smith, president; Mr. M. C. Pierce, vice-president, and Dr. U. S. Brown, secretary. Mr. Seaton, the secretary of the Triton Club, came down from Quebec, and Mr. B. Frank Hall, the vice-president, came up from Pennsylvania, and other members came from other places, until there was a crowd of good fishermen at the Yates, each man filled with the fishing fever as stories were told, such as are told when fishermen congregate, of fishing past and fishing hoped for. Of the dinner itself, I would better say nothing, for it is eaten and done for, and it would only be an aggravation to print the menu after the dishes composing it were eaten. Filet of caribou à la Seaton still lingers in memory as the best caribou I ever ate, and even at this midnight hour I would like some fresh mushrooms on toast, but it only makes me hungry to recall the menu. The dinner was down for 8 o'clock, and it was 2:30 or 3 or 3:30 A. M. when the Tritons dispersed. On the wall in the dining room facing me was the stuffed glbs. trout taken at the club last year by ex-Mayor Kirk, and during the little sleep I got after I retired that trout seemed to haunt my dreams. As Mr. Kirk said at the dinner, the mounted fish is good in its way, but the real thing is a live fish on the reel.

The speeches made at the dinner were not recorded, although they were good enough to be preserved in the archives of the club; but I must rescue the verses on the menu from the pen of a Syracuse poet, written for the occasion:

Hail to the might that brings us here
Fraternal ties to tighten,
And to each friend and comrade dear
That knows the land of Triton!

Recalling many a famous day
We'll tell what we remember,
And what we're going to do in May,
Or else in cool September.

Then here's to hill and stream and fen,
And every forest rover;
And when we meet with Triton men
We'll pledge them three times over!

A Fishing Dog.

Everyone who has read the touching story of "Fish-in' Jimmy," by Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson, will remember that Jimmy lost his life in trying to rescue a dog: "On'y a dog? But he wa'n't jest a common dog, sir; he was a fishin' dog. I never seed a man love fishin' more'n Dash."

I met a fishing dog last year, and met him at the Triton Club, and as Mr. Hall, Mr. Walter Witherbee and I journeyed to Syracuse to attend the Triton dinner, Mr. Hall reminded me of the dog, for we were together when we saw him fishing. Old Jimmy's dog was one that simply took an interest in the fishing practiced by men: "Sitting in the boat beside his master, watching with eager eye, and whole body trembling with excitement, the line as it was cast, the flies as they touched the surface; his fierce excitement at rise of trout, the efforts at self-restraint, the disappointment if the prey escaped, the wild exultation if it was captured."

My dog was not that kind of a dog, for he fished for himself, and took not the slightest interest in the fishing by men. He was a spaniel, and looked like a well-bred dog, and when I first saw him he was fishing in Lac des Passes near the guardian's camp, and he belonged to the guardian. I regret to say that my dog was a lawless dog in his fishery desires, and apparently he did not aspire to trout, for he was fishing for frogs when I first noticed him, and he was fishing for frogs not from any sentimental or æsthetic reason, but simply to fill his empty stomach. He was a good fisherman too; in fact he had to be, for it was a ground hog case with him. When he captured a frog he waded ashore and ate it and returned to his fishing. Occasionally he would catch a small chub, and he caught chubs as deftly as he caught frogs and for the same reason, that if he did not catch them he would go hungry. No cat watched its prey more closely than that dog, and his movements in the water reminded me of the movements of a cat, they were so stealthy. He made scarcely any noise as he slowly waded in the shallow water, looking for food, and when he discovered it within reach he rarely missed seizing it in his mouth, showing that he had practiced the art of fishing, as he understood it, for a considerable time. It was interesting to watch him, but I could not help but feel sorry for the poor beggar that he should be reduced to such straits as frog and minnow fishing to keep him from starving, and I wondered what he would do for food when ice covered the lake, but perhaps the guardian is not above killing a caribou to keep the wolf from the door of the cabin, and that the dog in such a case would come in for a dividend in the form of scraps of meat. To tell the simple, unadorned truth, I was more concerned about how the dog would pass the winter than I was about the guardian.

Trout, Mink and Owl.

Last year, while fishing at Moise Lake, on the Triton Club tract, I came into camp one evening about sundown, and the guides having gone up the path to the tents I stood alone by the canoes fixing my rod, fly-book, etc., to put them away for the night in the tent, for a rod left outside may be gnawed by hedgehogs, or get wet by a rainstorm, and wet flies should be cared for and not be put away soaking wet, as they are taken hastily from the leader, when a change is made. As I was unjoining my rod, a mink came from somewhere and took a trout almost at my feet, and ran off with it. It was only one trout, to be sure, but we were living on trout and we killed only what we could eat from one meal to another, and we figured pretty closely as to the capacity of our guides and ourselves, and to prevent a recurrence of such a raid on our larder we set a trap for the mink and caught him two nights later. The trap was just at the head of our tent, and when the deadfall came down on the mink's neck there was a noise from the mink that could have been heard across the lake, and was continued until the mink was killed with a club. Speaking of this to Mr. Seaton, who sat next me at the Triton dinner, I said a small mink could make a very large noise when caught in a trap, and this reminded him of an experience on another Triton Club lake. He was just at the opening of his tent one nightfall after coming in from fishing, and his trout were just in front of his tent, when a mink came from somewhere, as mine did, and seizing a trout in its mouth made off with it, but before the mink was out of his sight a big owl swooped down and grasped the mink and made up into the air with it, and the last he heard of the mink it was screaming pitifully up toward the zenith.

Sounds in the Night.

This story reminded me to ask Mr. Seaton about another night occurrence. Mr. Rathbone and I returned to the Triton Club House from Moise Lake one afternoon and prepared for our return to our homes on the sleeper from Lake St. John to Quebec, which passes the club house station soon after midnight. Early in the evening after dinner we were both in the big parlor of the club, Mr. Rathbone reading in the middle of the room, and I was writing at a table by the windows looking out on the lake. It was moonlight outside, and after dinner we had walked around the club house and down to the dock, and had talked with our guides and the steward at the steps of the front veranda, and had been inside the house but a short time when we heard the yelps of a puppy in pain from the rear of the club house in the direction of the kitchen in the wing, back of which the guides' house is situated. There were two puppies about the place, cross-bred spaniels, fat and lumbering and perhaps 25 lbs. in weight. The noise from the one in agony seemed to travel from the rear of the house around the east end and in front, and ceased in a faint whine about opposite the windows facing the writing table where I sat. The candles burning on the writing table blinded me as I tried to look out of the window into the moonlit night, and I ran to the front entrance at my left as Rathbone ran to a western door opening out on a veranda which faced a ravine well wooded. I went around the front of the house and met Rathbone at the side piazza, but there was no sign of a puppy. Two of the guides came from the rear, and we asked what had hurt the puppy, and they said some

animal had carried it off, and they had heard the last of its cries over in the ravine growing fainter and fainter with distance. Asked what kind of an animal, they said a bear, which to me seemed absurd. The puppy must have been seized almost in front of the open kitchen door, where there were several club servants and one or two guides. Only a few feet away was the guides' house, forming with the kitchen wing and the front of the house three sides of a square. The bear must have come up out of the ravine on the west, and passed between the guides' house and the end of the kitchen wing, taken the pup very near to the open door and carried it out of the open square around the east end of the house and along the front to the ravine, passing the well lighted room where Rathbone and I were. I had two candles on the table close to the window and Rathbone had at least two reading lamps on the table where he sat. We got lights and looked for tracts, but could find none of bear or anything else, and as we left for the station before midnight that night the matter was a mystery to me and I assumed that the pup had hurt himself in some way and had run off into the woods and would show up next day, but Mr. Seaton told me that the pup was never seen after that night, and that it was in all probability a bear that carried it away, for a female and two cubs had been seen around the club house and another family of bears had been known to frequent the point in front of the house. It being true that a bear carried off the pup, for pure cheek I would back that particular bear. The pictures of the club house in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26 do not indicate that it is a good place for bears, but the fact remains that the pup did not come back.

Scrod.

When I sat at my desk writing "Angling Notes" about a week ago to-night, I believe I said something about broiled scrod. Well, I have had some since then, and it was just as good as it used to be over in Boston. The night I reached Boston and when the veteran artist and salmon fisherman Walter Brackett and I were ordering our dinner at Young's we spoke of scrod, but as Mr. Burdick had not arrived I did not think it quite fair to take advantage of him and anticipate the breakfast we had agreed upon, so we ordered another kind of fish. Mr. Brackett said shad for the fish, and I accepted with a mild protest, but he knows Boston fish better than I do, for it was good, good as you can get anywhere unless you select your fish in the net and have it cooked as soon after as possible to get to a broiling fire. But the next morning we had the scrod all right enough, and that night for dinner when Mr. Brackett, Mr. Burdick and I sat down we tried rock cod for variety, and returned to scrod the following morning. The best fish I saw in Boston was on a canvas in Mr. Brackett's studio, and although he has painted many salmon so good that no other man can equal him in this respect, I think his very best was then on his easel. Mr. Burdick remarked that it was fresh-run enough to have sea lice on it, and certainly it had the sheen and coppery tint of a fish just from the water in absolute perfection of form and coloring, and it is wonderful that this man can transfer the king of fishes with such fidelity to canvas with brush and paint.

At the sportsmen's show a very charming Boston woman was good enough to take an interest in my fondness for broiled scrod and enlighten me upon the subject from her personal experience. She said perfect broiled scrod was not young codfish, but young haddock, and she said it in such a way that I know it is so without trying it; and hereafter in deference to her, if for no other reason, my broiled scrod shall be haddock. Moreover, this charming woman said to me confidentially that but few people who broiled fish knew how to add the butter to fish after they were broiled, and when she told me I asked that I might tell all the anglers through FOREST AND STREAM, and she gave her consent, and I shall always hold her in highest esteem, for I have tried her recipe, and it is as good as it sounded in the telling. Do not melt the butter on the hot fish, but melt it in hot water—boil it if you like, and when the water has cooled sufficiently for the butter to gather at the surface, partly solidified, skim it off and pour it over the fish, and there is no rank taste even if the butter is a little inclined to be that way itself.

Cod and Tomcod.

Every little while the daily newspapers print valuable misinformation about fish or fishing. They do not mean it for misinformation, quite the contrary, but they do mix things terribly at times. A correspondent sends me a clipping which tells of the capture of a tomcod with a tag. There is a picture of the fish with a tag like an express tag, or larger, fastened to its dorsal fin and bearing the number 360. The fins show that it is not a cod of any kind known to ichthyology, but the text informs us that it is a tomcod, captured and tagged by the U. S. Fish Commission, and when recaptured weighed 7½ lbs., which is a right smart weight for a fish that rarely grows to exceed 12 in. in length.

The text says that the tag was of copper, and a tag of that metal of the size represented in the picture would drown a poor little tomcod. The tagged fish was undoubtedly a codfish, for the Government does make a practice of tagging codfish, the same as salmon are tagged, to find how rapidly they grow, but no one thinks of tagging a little tomcod or frost fish, for it is known how large they grow, and how rapidly they grow is of no particular interest. It is doubtful if the U. S. Fish Commission hatches tomcods. The State of New York does, and last year nearly 45,000,000 were hatched at the Cold Spring Harbor Station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission.

And that reminds me: A reporter on a Syracuse newspaper asked me how many fish of all kinds were hatched and planted in the State of New York last year. I told him in round numbers 213,000,000, at the same time I cautioned him that if he printed the statement to please see that the intelligent compositor used the necessary ciphers to indicate millions, for I had found on several occasions that similar figures were shy several important ciphers absolutely necessary to convey the truth as to

the number of fish planted. The next day the newspaper gravely informed its readers that the State had hatched and planted 2,113,000 fish in one year. How the figures became twisted around is beyond me to explain, for they were quite correct in the reporter's notes.

How to Gaff a Fish.

A correspondent asks, "How would you gaff a fish, by placing the gaff under or over the fish?" That would depend upon the fish and where it was at the time it was to be gaffed. Salmon are usually gaffed from the shore by placing the gaff over the back of the fish, but salmon are generally gaffed in water that is shallow, and it might be difficult to place the gaff underneath, although some anglers advocate gaffing salmon from underneath. Lake trout are as a rule gaffed when they are drawn to the surface, where the water is deep, and they are gaffed from a boat. For many years I gaffed my own trout, and always I gaffed them from underneath upward, for the reason that when a trout sees the gaff he will try to settle in the water, and naturally he settles on to the staff of the gaff, and a quick stroke does the rest. If the gaff is used from above downward the trout settles away from it if he settles at all, and yet I have seen many trout gaffed from above downward. I used to think I had to gaff a big trout near the tail, and many a time I have played a trout to get a tail hold with the hook, but as I have grown older I have grown less particular, and a safe rule is to gaff a fish, no matter what kind, where the hook will hold and the fish will not get away, and if this is done it will be the right way, whether it is from above or below.

Whitefish on Hook and Line.

Mr. Rowland E. Robinson writes me as follows: "About the middle of February one of our market fishermen who was fishing for perch and smelt in Flat Rock Bay caught a whitefish or lake shad of 2½ or 3lbs. It was taken in about 25ft. of water on a small hook baited with eye of a smelt. Our lake shad are so rarely taken on a hook that it is certainly worth mention. Lots of very large smelts are caught here this winter, more meat to the dozen, but not so toothsome as the little fellows."

It was very good of Mr. Robinson to take the trouble to write me about the whitefish, and in doing so he gave me some information previously unknown. He uses the term smelt in a way that would horrify some of my friends on the other side of the lake who persist in calling them ice fish. They know they are smelt, but they wish to possess a fish that is not known elsewhere, and so they talk and write of ice fish and ignore the term smelt. In fact a friend sending a box of the fish to me this winter said they were really ice fish, and he so marked the box, and not smelt, but I do not care what they are called if I only get them. I did not know that they were caught where Mr. Robinson indicates, as Lake Champlain people pretend to say that they are found only at Port Henry, West Point and Burlington. The small fish are usually considered best, but I have come to consider the larger they are the better. Talking with a fisherman this winter, he told me that the large smelt are never seen in the lake except just before the ice forms and after it has formed, but the smaller ones may be seen at all times during the summer, generally in the vicinity of a brook entering the lake. This helps a theory I have been trying to work out.

A. N. CHENEY.

Salmon Problems up to Date.

THE ways of the *Salmo salar* are past finding out. The salmon philosopher of any standing has long ago discovered that the more experience he seems to be accumulating in regard to angling and fishing lore, and the ways of the salmon generally, the less he seems to know. In short, he feels that the older he grows the more need he has of more and more exact knowledge, and the less and less conceited he becomes in his ideas as to salmon problems. But although this may assuredly be the case with most open and inquiring minds, yet there are some well-defined rules, the result of long and continuous observations, as to the migratory movements of the *Salmonidae* family, which the salmon philosopher will not readily give up without good cause. He will hold to his belief tenaciously, because it is not only founded on his own meager and perhaps intermittent observations, but it has also been the belief—traditional or otherwise—of other and more sage observers in times past. One of these popular beliefs has just received a severe shaking.

It has been so common an observation in past seasons that a good grilse season is certainly to be followed by a good early run of spring fish, and, conversely, that a bad grilse season is as certain to be followed by a bad spring fishing, that it has become a fixed rule among fishermen that when the one happens so certainly will it be followed by the other. In fact the law of cause and effect over again.

Now it may be remembered that last season's grilse crop was an entire failure, as far as the most prolific of Scotch salmon waters was concerned. There had not been such a poor show of grilse during any previous season within the memory of the proverbial oldest fisherman. But memory was not trusted to alone. Statistics kept regularly at most, if not all, the netting stations showed the same disastrous state of matters. Nor was the angler a whit better than the netter in regard to his head of grilse, but worse. From this it was concluded that the present spring would prove a very poor one in regard to the crop of early spring fish.

During the first two days of the present season over 1,000 salmon were netted on the Dee and adjacent coast stations between the first dipping of the net at 12 o'clock on Thursday night—or rather Friday morning—and 6 o'clock on Saturday night, when the Sunday slap intervened and put an end to the slaughter. Add to this that only a certain part of the Dee tidal is netted, and that a strong westerly gale prevented the full benefit of the coast stations being reaped, as it was next forenoon before all the leaders could be got in, and that the returns from them were very meager for the first day, and the full significance of such magnificent results will become more apparent.—*London Fishing Gazette*.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, April 28.—The weather, with a hard freeze and ice in the streams yesterday, and snow and hail today, has stopped a number of trout parties to the Cape. One company of four went down to Plymouth, to a trout preserve, on Wednesday. The weather was so cold that they did not try the trout at all, but were back in Boston to-day.

The legal trout season in Maine opens May 1, and one or two parties from the Hub will start by train Saturday night for trout waters that they know. The ice is out of the Schoodics, and landlocked salmon fishing has begun. No reports of catches are at hand, doubtless for reason of the cold and storm. Mr. Lyman Underwood will leave for the home of the Duck Lake Club on Saturday to put matters in order at the camps. Mr. Harry Underwood expects the Duck Lake party of fishermen this spring to number about thirteen, an unlucky number, but the boys, all Boston merchants and manufacturers, will take the chances about May 20.

The war is actually drawing from the ranks of the rod and reel sportsmen. One shoe manufacturer will be forced to stay at home from the Duck Lake Club party, for his partner is daily expecting to be called out; an officer in the militia. Another dry goods dealer expects four men to go from his store, and if they go, his spring fishing trip will have to be given up. At the Rangeleys a bigger business than usual is looked for by the hotel and camp people. The dangers of war promise to drive people to the mountains and inland, rather than to the seashore. It is reported that the Rangeley hotels and camps already have more guests booked than usual.

The Fish Commissioners are to give a hearing at the Rangeley Lake House, May 17, as to the proposition to close the whole Rangeley system to all bait-fishing after July 1 of each year. The summer guests at the hotels will oppose the action, but the sportsmen, who usually fish by trolling in the spring and with the fly in the fall, are strongly in favor of some action that shall stop the taking of trout by what is termed "baiting up" in the summer time. Deep water is selected, and minnows, chopped up, are thrown in for several days in succession. When the big trout have been tolled to these feeding grounds the hooks are brought into requisition, attached to 50 or 100ft. of line, as the case may require. In this way many beautiful trout are taken that have sought the deep waters to escape the heat. The petition to the Commissioners is directed more especially to the stopping of this sort of fishing.

BOSTON, May 2.—A number of Boston merchants and business men are much interested in the affairs of the Commodore Club, with club houses and fish hatcheries located at Moose Lake in Hartland, Me. Mr. John G. Wright has taken a good deal of interest in restocking that lake. He remarks that "Somebody is going to get some good fishing in the future, though we may not live to enjoy it. We have now in our hatcheries 30,000 landlocked salmon fry, hatched from eggs received from the State of Maine hatcheries at Orland last fall. The U. S. Government hatcheries at Green Lake also gave us 10,000 landlocked salmon eggs and 50,000 steel-head salmon eggs from the Pacific coast. These we have hatched, losing but a very small percentage. Then we have 30,000 brook trout fry, hatched from eggs from the State of Maine hatcheries. We shall hold and feed these fish till fall and then turn them loose into the tributary streams of our lake. In all, our lake has been restocked with over 300,000 salmon and trout since we began the work. A number of small salmon have already been taken there, and they are to be seen in large numbers at the inlets of the streams where we have put them."

Mr. D. H. Blanchard and his fishing friend, Mr. Keeler, are about starting on a fishing trip. They have both Lake Auburn and Lake Hebron, in Monson, in view. Mr. Blanchard has fished the Monson Lake a good deal and had good success there, but having heard of the good success at Lake Auburn, would like to try it. There is not much news of success at the big salmon pool at Bangor. Mr. John Caswell, of Boston, is there to give the salmon a try. After that he will visit Green Lake for a few days. Fishing has been reported good there. Fish Commissioners Stanley and Oak have just visited Sebago Lake for landlocked salmon. They are generally very successful there, both being "sportsmen that stick," but this time they have taken but very few fish. They have also fished Swan Lake and taken a number of the beautiful brook trout that lake is noted for, but no landlocked salmon. The ice is out of Lake Megantic, and Spider Lake is rapidly breaking up. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, treasurer of the Megantic Club, with one of the directors, will make a trip of investigation immediately, and have matters put to rights for the spring fishing. They also hope to get a few days' fishing. Sebec Lake, Me., is clear of ice, and salmon fishing has begun in earnest. The clearing of Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream has started the Hoyt party off for those excellent landlocked salmon waters. In the party besides Mr. Hoyt are Messrs. Puffer, Slack and Holmes. Dr. Carrol, of Newton, is back from his fishing trip to Newfound Lake, N. H. He found terribly cold weather, with winds so high that it was almost impossible to be out on the lake at all. One evening his friend S. B. Bray, of Beverley, took two salmon of 5 and 7lbs. weight respectively. Dr. Carrol will try the same lake again as soon as the weather is fine. J. W. Sampson, of Hebron, upper end of Newfound Lake, has just reported a salmon of 13½lbs., taken there. Particulars of its capture were to have come in season for this letter, but they are delayed. S. J. Byrne, who managed the advertising and newspaper departments of the late Sportsmen's Show with so much success, with S. S. Hibbard will be off for Moosehead Lake as soon as the ice is out. They will fish Moosehead for a few days and then go to Northwest Carry. The ice is still hanging in Moosehead, as well as the Rangeleys; the clearing doubtless put back by the recent cold weather. Moosehead usually clears two or three days before the Rangeleys.

Henry C. Litchfield says: "Our old fishing friend Rowell, of East Andover, has been in to get his tackle put in order for the spring campaign with the black bass, in spite of the war with Spain."

The legal opening of the Maine trout waters, May 1, has started several Boston trout fishermen in that direction. On the Boston & Maine train Saturday evening there were six or eight rods, which were dropped off at several stations between Berwick and Portland. Early this week we may hear from them. Dr. Heber Bishop, with a fishing friend, has started for Maine. Doubtless he will fish the Rangeley waters as soon as the ice is out. C. P. Stevens will go down to his camp, Vive Vale, at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, as soon as the ice is out. He will remain there for the spring fishing. It is reported that A. C. Lombard, of Lowell, is to build a steam launch at Sunapee Lake, N. H., this season, and that several new cottages are to appear. Good fishing is looked for there.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass Biting.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 30.—The bass are beginning to bite in good shape in Indiana. As early as week before last some strings had been taken in the Kankakee, and the fishing is still better now. Mr. H. A. Newkirk, of this city, writes me that he caught a nice lot of black bass at Cedar Lake, Ind., last week. The lily pads were not yet up. The weather was stormy, but Mr. Newkirk thinks that a few days of good weather would insure fine fishing with frog bait on Cedar Lake. This is one of the earliest bass waters about Chicago.

I should think that within the coming week one could have some fun with the bass along the Fox River in this State, if he cared to go out in the beginning of what is the spawning season on that stream. This is a lovely water, and the Fox at such points as Clintonville, St. Charles, etc., offers a nice place for a day's loafing and angling. It is about forty miles from Chicago, and the angler who is also a wheelman can spend two or three days very pleasantly by visiting the points above named in the early summer.

Trout.

Mr. E. G. Taylor, of this city, started this afternoon for Dudley, Wis., on his trout fishing trip, which will be of some duration. He promises to report the outlook on streams of that neighborhood. Thus far very few Chicago men have been out, and of course there never is such an exodus here as there is from the large Eastern cities on the opening of the season in Maine. We are not so blest with trout waters in this part of the world. But after all is said and done it is just as much fun to catch a little trout among little ones as it is to catch a big trout among big ones. It is all in the way you look at it.

A report from Parrish, Wis., states that on the first day of the season Messrs. J. Shepard and J. Hamlin had very good luck on streams of that neighborhood. Mr. Shepard caught nine trout, weighing 9lbs. 2oz., his largest fish weighing 1lb. 12oz. Mr. Hamlin had twenty, weighing in all 13lbs. 14oz. Their thirty-one trout weighed in all 23lbs. It is very rarely indeed that we hear of so large an average among the Wisconsin trout, and I am inclined to believe that it is due to the fact that the rainbow trout are becoming more numerous in many of the Wisconsin streams, where they have been planted by the Fish Commission.

To-morrow is opening day in Michigan, and many a rod will be busy soon after early dawn, I fear, in spite of the church-going bells. The southern peninsula of Michigan is a wonderful fishing country, and there is no place between the Atlantic and the Rockies which offers so good an opportunity for fly fishing in practicable streams. Soon we shall hear of the sport along some of these streams, had in the early days in the merry month of May.

Anglers.

This week the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM was favored by a call from Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, Mass. I regret very much that at the time of Mr. Ames' visit I was out looking for a boarding place for a dog, and so unfortunately missed him. Mr. Ames was, however, conducted through the principal parts of the establishment, and was shown the Kekoskee fish story medal and other articles of vertu which have blown in here in the course of the years. Mr. Ames, I recollect, was one of those who took great interest in the legend of Kekoskee, and had I been able to meet him it would have given me pleasure to conduct him to that very spot in Wisconsin where the incidents perpetuated in the legend actually occurred. He should have stood upon the very bank, once slippery with the tails of myriad bullheads. Nay, he should have gazed at that very spot whence burst forth that eruption of virile bullhead life that brought fame to an otherwise obscure village in the heart of a distant land. I know Mr. Ames would have enjoyed seeing that historic spot, just as I myself should enjoy visiting Bunker Hill. There is no difference between Kekoskee and Bunker Hill except that Kekoskee has no monument. That is to say, it has no monument builded of stone and mortar, though above it towers imperishable the record of its greatness. I am sorry Mr. Ames did not get to see Kekoskee.

Mr. Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky., was another among the callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office. Mr. Pragoff is in the sporting goods trade at Louisville, and is a devotee of the rod and gun also in an amateur capacity, being especially fond of fishing. He tells me that one of his favorite bass waters, out of all he has ever tried, is the Cumberland River up toward its head. To reach this stream necessitates a long ride by rail from his city, but the trip is worth it, for it takes one into another world. Here the inhabitants are the quaint and primitive hill dwellers of whom so much has been written in current fiction and truthful narrative. Mr. Pragoff says that up in that country the people live as they did before the flood, trusting mostly to the good offices of nature. They have but the rudest of dwellings, and how they make a living from their tiny and ill-titled fields is something never fathomed by an outsider. The cabin has but one room, and here the whole family sleeps. Mr. Pragoff says

that he has thus slept in a room where eleven persons, adults and children, found beds in some mysterious manner. The cookery is very poor in such a home, but the people are generous and will give you anything they have. The moonshine industry is by no means extinct in those mountains yet, but it is not now so dangerous to go into that country as it was not long ago. The man who goes in there and tends to his own business and does not ask any questions is all right. Yet even the most industrious angler is an object of curiosity if not suspicion, for the inhabitants are utterly unable to believe that any sane man would come up into that country for the purpose of fishing and nothing else. They follow the angler along the stream, watching his actions with wondering eyes. Plainly, so it seems to them, a man must be crazy who will wade in the water when he goes fishing. Yet the bass angler who wades the upper Cumberland at times when the water is clear and not troubled by the wash from the steep mountain sides is very apt to be repaid by good baskets of the fightingest sort of small-mouth bass.

In the Pine Woods.

That energetic young hustler Fay Buck, of Manitowish, Wis., writes me that he and his father now have three resorts open on the Spider Lake, Turtle Lake and Manitowish waters, and all the camps are connected by telephone, so that any one at either of the camps may telephone to any other camp or to town. This means a great saving of time and expense to guests and will add to the popularity of these first class fishing resorts, all of which will open May 1, though the bass fishing does not begin until May 25.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, proprietor of the now well-known Minnesota resort, Kabekona Camp, on Woman Lake, has brought out a very neat and fetching little novelty in summer literature this week. I say literature, for though there is not a word of text, the twelve Kabekona photographs speak each a potent language. The views show different scenes among the tidy log cottages and give the lake front view of the camp also, together with fine landscapes of some of the mightiest fishermen who have visited that favored spot. There is a view of a canoe on the water, a picture of the bark palace of old Bungo Buck, the Chippewa outlawed Indian who has taken up with the white men because he can't live with the red ones unless he kills one or two of them every day; moreover, there are the public documents of strings of great muscullunge, which ran up to 41lbs. last season. I have heard doubt cast on the Kabekona average by men who have never been there, but Mr. McCartney personally told me that during the last part of the season, when the large fish were biting, the average of total catch at that resort ran over 20lbs. in weight. It was rare to take one so low as 10lbs., and I understand that there has not been one brought in at that resort which weighed less than 9lbs. It is certainly pretty good lunge country. As to the bass, it is not fun to catch them, I am told, because they are too numerous to offer any difficulty to the angler. A good big market-fishing outfit was just about to drop in on that chain of lakes two years ago, having put up their ice houses and made every other arrangement to begin cleaning out those waters, when they were confronted with the Minnesota law forbidding the taking of black bass for the market. Also, Mr. McCartney dropped in on that chain with his happy idea of a sportsman's resort, and so the riches of those still unexhausted waters were left assured for many years to come. I should add in passing that Mr. McCartney is going to put his little Kabekona view book on sale this season up at his camp, so that an angler may show the proof of what might otherwise be considered fiction. The tidy little collection is bound in permanent form.

Prizes in Angling.

That there are prizes in angling would seem to appear from a look at the programme of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, who will give a grand tournament Sept. 9 and 10. In each of the eight events the winner will receive a \$75 diamond medal, and there will be \$1,250 worth of merchandise prizes.

I have often gone on record in regard to the merchandise idea in amateur sport, giving it as my personal belief, not of much value, that no sport is ever benefited by the old-fashioned plunder list, nor is any giver ever benefited by a gift of such plunder for such purposes. So much for what it may seem to be worth. I wish, however, to qualify my remarks upon the general subject of merchandise prizes in angling circles. I confess that I have discovered one instance of a merchandise prize received by an angler under circumstances which command my absolute and unqualified approval. Indeed, so seemly and fit do these surroundings seem to me that I will go further and say that under no other except similar circumstances should any angler ever take unto himself any merchandise prize. This instance it is my duty to give as recorded when it first came to my attention. It was down in Missouri, and a Missouri paper describes it as follows:

"Robert Bryson, while fishing near the mouth of Buffalo Creek, instead of a fish landed a pair of pants, in the pocket of which was a roll of bills amounting to \$23. Owing to a protracted stay in the water the greenbacks were hardly recognizable, but they will, however, be sent to Washington for redemption."

I consider a merchandise prize received under such circumstances as the above to be not only entirely legitimate, but indeed highly commendable; for not only did Mr. Bryson earn his increment by his skill as an angler, but by the same act he saved a worthy pair of pants from a watery grave.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Ohio Bass Waters.

HUNTSVILLE, O., April 25.—Black bass began taking minnows here on April 16, and since that time many large catches have been made by Cincinnati anglers. Of the strings taken by E. W. Ellis three weighed 15lbs. Lewis A. Davison took one of 5½lbs. The fishing is in "Indian Lake," a new name for Lewiston Reservoir. A recent writer in the Georgetown Gazette says of these waters: "The Reservoir, to the visitor, is of great in-

terest. It is just six miles from Huntsville, in the north-western part of the county, and is a great sight, with the thousands of stumps of trees projecting from the water, the many fishermen in boats landing large fish every few minutes, and the constant roar of the water as it rushes through the bulkhead to come in contact with the thick, muddy water of the Miami Canal. The "pond," as it is called, covers 16,000 acres of territory, which includes the islands and waste land. That it is a great resort for fishermen and hunters is proven by the fact that last year 64,000 people entered the gates of one of the resorts, Lakeridge, and so far this year 58,000. This does not include those gaining access to the pond by way of the other resorts, nor by the public roads which run to the Reservoir. The resort spoken of, Lakeridge, is managed by W. E. Clarke, and is an ideal place to spend a week or so in hunting and fishing.

"Bass, ring perch, cat and sun are the most numerous, and are taken in great numbers during the season. A string of twenty or thirty is an ordinary sight, but before gaining much of a reputation as a fisherman you will have to double that number, and even then you will not be the cause of much comment, big catches being the rule, not the exception. The fish run ¾ to 7lbs. each, and the bass are said to be especially fine.

"The Reservoir, with its waste land and islands, is a great feeding ground for wild ducks, and in season they are killed by the hundreds. A good marksman can easily land thirty or forty fine specimens in a day. The fare from Cincinnati to the Reservoir is \$4 the round trip, which is the rate given all hunters and fishermen by the Big Four."

The Rainbow Trout in England.

THE rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) was introduced into Great Britain in 1885. They were not very successfully bred, nor did they attract much attention for some years following. In a recent essay by Mr. Wm. Senior, read before the Piscatorial Society of London, the past, present and future of the fish are thus discussed:

I have not carried my researches any further, my object being merely to show how the rainbow trout was introduced into this country; and by this time, viz., in 1895, the cultivation, and, I presume, distribution of rainbow trout was being made a regular business by most of the fishculturists of the country; and it will be seen by the fishcultural advertisements of the present day that there is scarcely a hatchery that does not supply them. I think much of the caution which has been recommended in the introduction of rainbow trout to rivers is traceable to the fishculturists themselves. The old hands among them had paid pretty dearly for the enthusiasm worked up over the *fontinalis* when it was first introduced into this country. Nothing could exceed the rapture lavished upon that fish. Everything was to be revolutionized; the *fontinalis* was to be the trout of the future. There is no need to enter into the history of the movement, but the *fontinalis* is not the trout of the future, but is, I think, with us at any rate, the trout of the past. He was confidently recommended for both river and lake. His enthusiastic admirers were prepared to back him against our own wild brown trout, and the boom of the *fontinalis* was a most pronounced success. People bought them right and left, and put them into their rivers and lakes, and then it was found that they disappeared from the rivers, and after giving perhaps a couple of seasons' sport in the lakes became sulky and non-sporting. Some of the fishculturists, therefore, have remembered this, and, I expect, resolved to avoid a second mistake if possible, though it was no special mistake of theirs, as they were pushed on to a boom of the *fontinalis* by enthusiastic admirers from the outside.

It has been shown from dates that we have had the rainbow trout bred in our public hatcheries and put in the market for ten years and over. There must have been hundreds and thousands of them distributed in our waters, but up to this moment, so far as I know, anything like adequate evidence of their success in a trout stream is wanting. For lakes and ponds I should say the rainbow trout is the best fish we know of to-day, for he grows rapidly and gives sport, though whether, like the *fontinalis*, after awhile he will become sulky and belie his own character, is a matter which time only will prove. But it is certainly strange that during the ten years we have been told so very little of results.

The general question uppermost in the minds of all of us is, no doubt—What is going to happen? Is the rainbow trout to be the trout of the future, and by its size and gamesome qualities to compensate us for the over education of our native fish? I wish I could answer that question, but I cannot. I have some very good friends who are inclined to think that the rainbow trout will not prove the disappointment which the *fontinalis* has done, and there are others who still maintain their attitude of reticent observation, and are waiting for definite facts. Meanwhile the angling associations of the North have just taken to action, and are stocking with rainbow, so that we shall in due time get our evidence. Anyhow I am sure the rainbow trout will have a perfectly fair, if not an enthusiastic, trial. I believe if it could be clearly proved that the introduction of rainbows into four, five or six of our trout streams had been successful—that is to say, if they had remained in the streams, increased in numbers, risen well in their third season—there would be little more doubt about the matter. This all beside the mark to tell us of the magnificent size the fish repeatedly grew to under artificial conditions. That is a matter of course, and it may be accepted as beyond dispute that the rainbow trout have answered well in lakes and ponds. There are hundreds of pieces of private and public water in the country at the present moment that are practically waste, and that by slight trouble and expense might be stocked with these fish. But we are slow to move, and although the cultivation of waste waters has been urged again and again, it is only occasionally that we hear of a venture being made. Let us by all manner of means give the rainbow trout a perfectly fair trial; for I end as I began, by saying that our only object can be to improve our fishing, and make our stock of sporting fish, if possible, the best in the world. Let the best fish, like the best man, win.

Pike in the Connecticut.

'CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A letter in FOREST AND STREAM a short time since called attention to the variations in the supply of fish in Plymouth Ponds, Vt., the head of Black River, which passes through Ludlow, Cavendish and Springfield to the Connecticut. The inclosed letter from the old veteran gunsmith at Bellows Falls, Mr. Brockway, throws some light on the original stocking with pike. For "Ludlow" read "Plymouth" in his letter, as the ponds in Ludlow are merely mill ponds, caused by dams. No pike had ever been heard of in Connecticut River when I left home in 1841; but a year or two after, when home on a vacation, I heard of the capture of two large "Lake Champlain" pike at Morris' Mills in Springfield, about three miles above the mouth of Black River. The next year I heard of the taking of that large one at Bellows Falls, but think it was in 1844. As I devoted my vacations solely to brook trout, I did not pay much attention to the matter, except to try and find out where they came from, when I was told that some one in Vermont had stocked the ponds at the head of Black River, and the fish had worked down. Yellow perch were always plenty in the Connecticut, and the mouth of Black River was one of my favorite fishing places for them when I was a boy, more than sixty years ago, before I was weaned from all other fishing by the delights of the trout brooks. The perch must have worked up Black River from the Connecticut some time, but I doubt if it has been within the memory of man.

My friend the late Commissioner E. B. Hodge insisted that the yellow perch were great spawn-eaters, and attributed the discovery of the "Sunapee saibling" in 1881 to the destruction of the spawn-eating perch by the black bass, which had been introduced in Sunapee about 1870.

I think it most probable that the scarcity of pike in Plymouth Ponds at the present time is due to a want of food. The ponds are not very large, and the pike have probably cleaned them out gradually, and then "cleared out" themselves. They are moderately plentiful here in the Connecticut, as are the smaller "pickerel," but they do not leave much of anything else! Glad to see the illustrations of the family in friend Cheney's last letter.

VON W.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., Feb. 1, 1898.—Samuel Webber, Charlestown.—Dear Sir: I wrote you last winter about the pike in the Connecticut River; I have also written to all the parties I thought might know about it, and have a letter from Dr. Charles A. Scott, of Tyson, Vt. He is an old man, and has always lived near there, and he writes me that in 1828 one Jephtha Spaulding went "over the mountains" to Lake Champlain, brought them over and put them in Ludlow Pond. His expenses were paid by subscription raised among the neighbors, and after this they were put in other ponds around there. He thinks they killed out the trout in those waters. This is the best account of the fish I have, and it agrees with the facts we have here, that they come down Black River, and were caught in the stream before any were caught in the river. They were taken here about 1840, and Henry Hill caught the first big one that weighed 18lbs., and Mr. J. K. Wales, of this place, helped to carry it about town to exhibit. My own fishing memory dates back to 1848, and I have caught many pike myself. They seem to drift down the river, but don't work up stream much, as the most northerly point they strike, of which I have knowledge, is in Claremont at a place called Toad Hole. They are caught down the river by Springfield and far to the south of this point, and called "muscalonge." I have never seen one of this species in this river, though I was in Springfield some years. They think down the river that they come up stream, but I do not agree with them. Yours truly,

N. S. BROCKWAY.

Black Bass in Southern Waters.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read in the issue of April 9 in Mr. Hough's article a reproduction of a letter from Dr. Neely, of Cookville, Tenn., which causes me to take up my pen, as the subject is one of special interest to me. Having had considerable experience in using the fly in fishing for bass in some of the streams of Tennessee, my whole aim is to be of more service to Dr. Neely in his laudable desire to join the craft.

What Mr. Hough says of tackle is true in most instances, in all I might say, except where the party concerned has an almost unlimited supply of the needful. So I would say to the Doctor, if he is indeed earnest about "jining" the craft, go shy of cheap tackle, especially flies, rods and leaders.

I would suggest that one carry guide rings with him on his trip, also a spool of silk and bottle of rod varnish in case of losing a ring. In my opinion there are more rods broken for the lack of a ring on the tip or second joint than from any other cause. Last season I saw a tip smashed on an expensive rod for the lack of two rings. Of course the maker came in for some remarks about swindling, etc., when all the fault was with the user. I do not care how much you pay for a gun or rod, unless it is kept in condition and taken care of it is no better in the end than something cheap, only that it will stand abuse longer.

I prefer my flies tied on Pennell's turned down eyed hooks, No. 4, for bass fishing. If I cannot get these I would take them on Sproat, same number of hook. My experience is that the flies tied and sold as black bass flies are entirely too large. There is certainly no reason for using them that I can see. They are much more difficult to handle except with a very heavy rod, and I do not think under most conditions that the fish rise to them as well as to the smaller flies. The largest bass I ever landed with a fly was caught with a fly tied on a No. 6 Sproat hook. The flies I have found most successful in the waters of Tennessee and Alabama for early spring and summer are the silver doctor, the oriole, the royal coachman and the bucktail. The latter is particularly a killer in the last part of July. For fall

fishing I prefer the darker colored flies. I have had more success in the waters of the States named in the months of September and October than in any other part of the season.

As for learning to cast the fly, the only thing I can advise is to read any of the authorities on the subject, master the theory, then go to work to educate the muscles and senses to perform it. Of course one would learn much more readily if he had some one to coach him, but with patience he will learn anyway, and when he takes his first bass on the fly he will think himself fully repaid for his labor.

Waders are a nuisance anywhere, and in our climate are unnecessary. An old bicycle suit with a pair of hob-nailed shoes I find is the thing for me where I can wade. I carry a short-handled landing net with a piece of leather worked with a button hole tacked on the handle. This is buttoned on one of the suspender buttons on the left side.

As for casting the bait from a free running reel, the novice will have to learn this, as he does fly-fishing, by practice after mastering the details as laid down by some of the authorities. In my case this was more difficult to learn than fly-casting. In fact I have never become an expert, even after some years of practice. I think every angler should know something of bait fishing, for there are times when fish will not rise to the fly, and I am not such a crank that I think camp should go without fish just because they do not happen to like an insect on that day. There is much more sport in taking the fish with the fly, but suppose he will not bite; why, try him with something else. I have found the little casting spoons, the Skinner spoons, of great help to me under such circumstances. I use the No. 1 with a 2ft. gut leader. There is no such great difference in this from casting with the fly. The spoon is taken under the water, and of course you miss the savage rush to the surface, but a bass will fail to show himself after he is hooked, and give you plenty of sport. The small spoon can be used with the fly rod. In bait fishing I have found nothing to equal the live minnow in our waters. Helgramites and frogs are scarce articles at best with us.

I hope Dr. Neely will not think that I am trying to advise him in this without having been asked; for the truth of the matter is that reading the article suggested to me that there might be many in the South who would like to know more of fly-fishing in the waters of this State and Tennessee, and this is written to give them all the information in my possession. ALABAMA.

Winnepesaukee Lake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There may be more beautiful lakes than this New Hampshire gem somewhere in the world, but a lovelier body of inland water is not necessary to satisfy any one.

The combination of numerous islands, broad bays and irregular shores, with the grand view of the distant mountains, make it one of the most enjoyable places to visit. The natural beauty of Winnepesaukee is not the only attraction, especially to the sportsman. The lake is well supplied with fish; trout, bass pickerel and yellow perch are to be found in great numbers.

I have never failed to secure a reasonable number of bass at this lake, and I have spent several weeks there each season for the past three years. Early in the season, say June 15 to July 15, the fly is the proper lure, but from then on bait fishing must be resorted to. Deep-water trolling for trout and still-fishing with minnows or helgramite for bass.

There are several particularly good places where bass may be found, but a stranger would not always be able to strike good fishing grounds unless he had the points given him.

A branch of the Maine Railroad System which runs from Boston to the White Mountains passes close to the western shore of this lake, at The Weirs, and it is at this point that the tourist or sportsman can best make his headquarters, as it is the most convenient for visiting the various points by steamer or rowboat.

A narrow channel connecting this lake with a smaller, Lake Panguis, is within five minutes' row from The Weirs. This channel or river is not over a half mile in length, yet hundreds of pounds of bass are taken from it each year. Last summer I saw a string of twenty-three, caught by one man in an afternoon, which weighed 51lbs. There are other places equally as good which can easily be reached from The Weirs.

It is not at all surprising that there are numerous resorts on the shores of this beautiful lake, or that the picturesque islands and shaded hillsides are dotted with cottages and sportsmen's camps.

If any FOREST AND STREAM reader should conclude to spend a few days or weeks beside this marvelous sheet of water this summer, and I am there, as I hope to be, I shall take pleasure in pointing out to him the spot where I hooked and lost the biggest bass of the season, and where I landed many. DOCTOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

"More About the Black Bass."

ALBANY, N. Y., April 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that you printed my note of April 23. I will add: The regiment of volunteers now being raised by Col. J. Meredith Read in this city cannot be accepted in this first call because the National Guard will fill the bill; but we have on our rolls over 600 men ready for the next call. I started a company in Rensselaer and one in St. Lawrence county, and have been appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. I leave for Brooklyn to-night to continue recruiting there and incidentally to resume my fishing articles, hoping that the Governor, or the President, will call us soon. Will give you "more about the black bass" next week. FRED MATHER.

The Castalia Club.

TOLEDO, O.—The Castalia people (upper club) had an unusually successful opening on the 15th ult., with large catches. Ex-President Cleveland will be the guest of one of the members on the upper stream May 5. J. BEEBE.

The Kennel.

Hunting the Big Cats of the Rockies with Hounds.

THERE exists among sportsmen a general misapprehension as to the habits and characteristics of the big cats of North America.

The blood-curdling screech and ferocious attack of the panther, lynx, or wildcat has been harped on so often by writers knowing comparatively nothing of their subject that the average man feels that he takes his life in his hands when hunting them.

As a matter of fact, the panther, cougar or mountain lion (*Felis concolor*) is the only one of the three that is apt to become the attacking party, and this only when hard pressed.

As they are nocturnal animals, it is a difficult matter to hunt any of these cats successfully, and the only way that it can be done is by the use of trained dogs. Foxhounds are by far the best dogs for this kind of sport, and while they require special training and much time to fit them for the work, a well trained pack of six or eight dogs can chase and capture lion, lynx or wildcat with reasonable certainty. It is commonly supposed that dogs have an instinctive fear of the cougar, but as far as my experience goes this is a mistake. As the wildcats travel and hunt mostly by night, lying in cover, generally in rough and rocky country, where scent does not lie well during the day, much of the work done by the dogs is cold trailing of the most difficult character. Here in the West, owing to the dry climate, scent does not lie well unless the ground is either frozen or covered with snow, and for these reasons nearly all such hunting must be done during the fall and winter.

The cougar has a preference for rocky or broken bad land country, where his prey, either domestic animals or game, is to be found. Parts of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah fairly swarm with cougars and they are very destructive to horses, cattle and game.

In hunting cougars with dogs, it is the practice to start in the morning, keeping the dogs coupled, and find the trail or other signs of a cougar before turning loose.

This is rendered necessary by the fact that there are always more or less of other animals, such as wildcats, coyotes, badgers and wolves, in a country that cougars inhabit, and if the dogs should jump one of these before a cougar track was found, good-by to cougar hunting for that day.

When it is intended to shoot the cougar when treed or at bay, no other dogs than foxhounds are needed, but when the dogs are left to kill the cougar unaided, two or four foxhounds and three or four powerful fighting dogs are required, as foxhounds, while hard fighters when things are going their way, have neither the weight nor courage necessary to pull down and kill a full-grown cougar, except in large flocks. I have found that cross-bred dogs, such as collie and staghound or foxhound and mastiff, are very good for this purpose, though we have other cross-breeds that are excellent at this work. I have just got a Great Dane as an experiment, and shall likely try bloodhounds as cold trailers before long.

The length of time that elapses between putting the dogs on a cold trail and getting the cougar up is very uncertain. When his game is plentiful a cougar does not travel much, as he is fat and lazy, but sometimes from lack of food or other causes a cougar will travel twenty-five miles in a night, and then a long, weary day's work is ahead of the hunter. A cougar catches his game by stalking it as closely as he can, and then rushing, and after he has pulled it down will drag the carcass to some secluded place. Here, after making a meal, he covers the remainder of the meat with leaves, twigs and dirt, and will stay within a few hundred yards of the spot as long as his food lasts. This habit makes him easy to get, as it is possible to turn the dogs on a trail a couple of days old, the chances being that they will jump the cougar within a few miles.

On the approach of dogs a cougar nearly always takes to a tree, though it will at times come to bay on the ground, and will at long intervals attempt to run before the hounds.

As a cougar is very short-winded, he must, unless the ground is bad and the scent poor, succumb after a short run.

Well trained hounds will, on the cougar being treed or brought to bay, remain barking at him for hours, until the hunter, who may have been miles behind, comes up.

Sometimes the engagement which follows is, while it lasts, a lively fight, and for the time required to get the cougar down there is an animated whirlwind of dogs, with a very much bewildered cougar in the vortex.

The gray lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) furnishes finer sport in some respects than the cougar. Possessed of the cunning of the fox, and leaving very little scent, the soles of his feet being covered with fur, a lynx will escape from any but old experienced hounds. Inhabiting the higher ranges of mountains, the lynx stays in the spruce timber, where snowshoe rabbits, his favorite food, are plentiful.

As it is almost impossible to hunt lynx successfully before snow falls, very few sportsmen have ever killed one.

Lynx are hunted in much the same way as cougars: that is, by finding a track before turning loose the dogs. As a lynx will often jump from one tree to another, and has a great habit of walking logs, it is slow work for the dogs to jump one, thus making it possible for the sportsmen to keep right up with the dogs. Half the fun of hunting with hounds being in watching them puzzle out a tangle in the trail, lynx hunting, in this respect, is ahead of cougar hunting.

On being jumped, a lynx makes quite a run, often staying ahead of the hounds for hours, and sometimes escaping altogether, being enabled to do this by the poor scent it leaves. If unable to keep ahead of the dogs, a lynx always trees, as it does not seem to have the courage to face its pursuers on the ground.

Lynx must almost always be shot from the tree; it is nearly impossible to get one to jump out while the

dogs are below. They make a very poor fight against dogs, and some powerful fighting dogs will kill a lynx almost instantly. A single dog to be able to kill a lynx must be able to stand punishment without flinching, as the lynx on closing with a dog will make all four sets of claws fast in the dog's head, at the same time making his teeth meet through an ear or cheek. A dog used to this style of fighting will disregard such slight hindrances, and getting a good grip on the lynx's chest kill it dead at one crunch. The lynx being a slim bodied animal, a dog can always get a fatal hold at the first dash, if he understands his business.

But for all-round fighting qualities the wildcat or bobcat, as it is called in the West (*Lynx rufus*), is far and away ahead of either cougar or lynx.

If the cougar had the courage and ferocity of the wildcat, hunting him would be more dangerous than any other sport that we have. The wildcat knows not fear, will fight to the last gasp and only his small size prevents him from killing dogs as fast as they come, or from being the hunter more often than the hunted.

A full-grown wildcat will give a dog plenty of exercise in mastering him, and the dog always comes out of the encounter more or less marked up.

I have seen a wildcat back up under a rock and stand off half a dozen foxhounds, and then, when one of the fighting dogs rushed in, the cat would fasten on with teeth and claws, never giving up his hold until his life was crushed out.

As the wildcat is often found in a country where no other game but rabbits and birds live, it is possible in hunting them to turn the hounds loose to find their own trail. The scent of a wildcat under the most favorable conditions does not lie more than four or five hours, and is poor at the best.

The best sport I ever had with cats was when engaged, in company with Mr. A. G. Wallihan, in photographing them.

Near the ranch was a tract of stunted cedars some ten or twelve miles in diameter, furrowed with shallow rocky gulches, and an ideal place for cats. As there was no other game to bother, we used to turn the hounds loose as soon as we started, and it would not be long before a short, impatient yelp from one of the older dogs would betoken that the last night's trail of a cat had been found. Gradually, as the other hounds gathered in, the eager snuffing and low barks would gather force, until the entire pack burst into full cry, and the cat was away.

If the tracking was extra good a short run would bring the chase to an end. But if the trail was at all bad, or the ground rocky, the cat would run ahead of the dogs for hours, making all the turns and doubles possible. When hard pushed, it was even up whether the cat would take to a tree or come to bay on the ground, though sometimes one would take refuge in a rabbit or badger hole, or crevice in the rocks. When we got one up a tree we would, if possible, photograph it, but if the position or light was unfavorable, would poke the cat out. The cat would nearly always jump clear of the dogs and get quite a start. On several occasions we had a long chase before we could tree the cat again. Once by setting the camera to command the ground where the cat was likely to run we got an instantaneous photograph of the cat in full run, with a couple of dogs in hot pursuit.

Photographing wild game in rapid movement is, however, disappointing work, as very often the photograph gives to the observer no impression of speed, but has an unreal appearance. WM. WELLS.

WYOMING.

Open-Air Show.

THE New England Kennel Club will hold the first open-air show of the season of 1898 on Saturday, June 4, at Brookdale Farm, the home of the New England Kennel Club, at Braintree, Mass. It will be a one-day show, under the rules of the A. K. C., and recognized by that body, so that wins will count. The entries will be \$2, with first money \$4 and second money \$2, in all open classes, and \$3 and \$2 in novice and limited classes.

The premium list, which will be out about May 1, will include all the popular breeds, and the following will be provided in most cases, with classes for dogs and bitches: Puppies, novice, junior, open; and in some terriers an American-bred class will be opened.

Specials are coming in very well indeed, and specialty clubs are requested to send in their special premiums as soon as possible, so that the premium list may be very complete.

The following gentlemen have promised to judge for us: Mr. James Mortimer, Mr. Arthur Mulvey, Mr. George W. Lovell, Mr. Harry W. Lacy. Mr. Rutherford has been requested to judge fox terriers.

Last year's open-air show, although only a local show, was a great success, and this year, as the show will be under A. K. C. rules, the committee expects that every one interested in the improvement of the different breeds will co-operate with the N. E. K. C. in making this somewhat unique departure a fixture by filling the classes thoroughly.

There will be a special train from Boston to Braintree on the morning of the show, on which exhibitors will find full accommodations for themselves at usual fare. Their dogs will be transported on the same train free of charge. The train will remain on the club's siding adjacent to the grounds, and return in the afternoon in time for every one to get an evening train out of Boston. The committee is composed of Morton E. Clapp, Chairman; J. L. Little, Jr., Treasurer; Roy B. Baker, Secretary. All communications should be sent to Roy B. Baker, secretary of open-air bench show committee, New England Kennel Club, Braintree, Mass.

Metropolitan Kennel Club.

NEW YORK, April 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club held on April 27 it was decided that the club hold its third annual dog show during Thanksgiving week next, in Brooklyn.

National Beagle Club.

APRIL 27.—An executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at 171 Broadway on Tuesday, April 26. Messrs. Geo. B. Post, Jr., Jno. Bateman, Jas. W. Appleton and G. M. Wharton were present. The treasurer reported the finances of the club in a most satisfactory condition. A. Henry Higginson, of Boston, and J. T. Volkman, of Webster Grove, Mo., were elected to membership.

The chair appointed a committee for the revision of the by-laws, etc.

It was decided that the field trials for 1898 be held the week beginning Monday, Oct. 24.

G. MIFFLIN WHARTON, Sec'y.

American Dachshund Club.

CHICAGO, April 26.—The American Dachshund Club will hold its next annual meeting May 19 at 8 P. M., at 715 Farwell avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago, Ill., to transact its regular business and elect officers for the ensuing year.

Votes for officers and delegate to the A. K. C. should be sent to the secretary by mail by those who are not able to be present at the meeting.

Any suggestion any member or friend of the breed may make in the interest of the club and our breed will be thankfully received and considered at our next meeting.

ARTHUR FROEMBLING, Sec'y.

218 STATE STREET.

Yachting.

A MEETING of the Council of the Yacht Racing Union was held in New York on April 30, there being present Chairman Louis M. Clark, Sec'y F. B. Jones, Treas. N. D. Lawton, and Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, A. J. Prime and A. D. F. Bancroft. Mr. Jarvis was expected, also Mr. Duggan, but both were prevented by business. The question of a new rule of measurement to be recommended by the Council for adoption in the fall was discussed throughout a lengthy session, but no decision was reached.

FROM reports which are apparently reliable it appears that Spain is making a special effort to capture some of the large American steam yachts now about the Mediterranean. On April 27 the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer Destructor sailed from Cadiz, accompanied by the torpedo boats Barceola, Habana and Retamosa, heading east for the Straits of Gibraltar. Their special mission, as reported, is to look for American yachts. It is also stated that the fast British steam yacht Giralda, recently purchased by Spain, will be devoted to this object, her speed of 22 knots making her capable of overhauling any of the American yachts. On April 30 it was reported from Toulon, France, that the American steam yacht Namouna, James Gordon Bennett, while en route from Cannes to Marseilles, was chased by several Spanish torpedo boats and compelled to put into the little harbor of Saint Tropez, about thirty-seven miles from Toulon. Sultana, steam yacht, J. R. Drexel, has been laid up at Marseilles, Capt. J. R. Potter and First Officer A. I. Acorn returning to New York. Narada, steam yacht, Henry Walters, left Corfu on April 16 for Brindisi, when her owner and party were to leave her. On April 17 the British steam yacht Catania, under charter to Cornelius Vanderbilt, arrived at Nice from Genoa. On May 1 Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, arrived at Venice from Trieste, and will lay up. The Enterprise, May and Barracouta are still in the West Indies.

As noted last week, the Port of New York is now under control of the War Department, and stringent regulations have been issued to govern all vessels entering or leaving, including yachts. The original order forbidding the passage through the Narrows or past Sandy Hook of any vessel after 7 P. M. or before 5 A. M. has been modified, the limits being extended to 8 P. M. and 4 A. M. The following notice was sent out last week:

"Tompkinsville, N. Y., April 27.—Notice is given by the Lighthouse Board that the Narrows, or southern entrance to New York Harbor, is closed to navigation by submarine mines, except through a safe channel marked by nun and can buoys, counted from seaward, painted white, and placed on the following bearings: First nun buoy, Fort Tompkins lighthouse, N.W. by W. $\frac{3}{8}$ W.; Robbins Reef lighthouse, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.; northwest part of Hoffman Island, S.W. $\frac{3}{8}$ S. First can buoy, Fort Tompkins lighthouse, N.W. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W.; Robbins Reef lighthouse, N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; south part of Fort Lafayette, N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. Second nun buoy, Fort Tompkins lighthouse, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.; Robbins Reef lighthouse, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.; south part of Fort Lafayette, N.E. $\frac{5}{8}$ E. Second can buoy, Fort Tompkins lighthouse, W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.; Robbins Reef lighthouse, N. $\frac{5}{8}$ W.; south part of Fort Lafayette, N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. In using the safe channel caution must be exercised. The nun-buoys must be left on the starboard hand by vessels entering and the can buoys on the port hand. When clear of the buoys danger is past, and regular courses must be resumed. Vessels bound out must follow the directions already published for passing through the main channel, New York Lower Bay."

On April 27 the lights on all the electric buoys in New York Harbor were extinguished, and on the following night the big lights on the Navesink Highlands were not lighted.

Notice has been given that the following named lights in the Lower Bay, New York, have been extinguished by order of the Lighthouse Board until further notice: Fort Tompkins light; Norton's Point (Coney Island) light, Romer Shoal beacon, Old Orchard Shoal light, Princess Bay light, Elm Tree and New Dorp, range for Swash Channel; North Hook beacon, Sandy Hook; South Hook beacon, Sandy Hook; Conover and Chapel Hill beacons, range for Main Channel; Point Comfort and Waackaack, range for Main Channel; electric lights, Gedney Channel,

Notice is given by the Lighthouse Board that at any time after May 1, 1898, the following light vessels may be taken from their stations without further notice: Nantucket Shoals light vessel, No. 66; Fire Island light vessel, No. 68; Northeast End light vessel, No. 44; Five Fathom Bank light vessel, No. 40; Fenwick Island Shoal light vessel, No. 45; Winter Quarter Shoal light vessel, No. 45; Cape Charles light vessel, No. 49; Diamond Shoal light vessel, No. 71; Frying Pan Shoals light vessel, No. 1.

Boston Harbor has been mined, leaving only a narrow channel for vessels of over 3 ft. draft, so that it is practically closed to yachts. The Delaware River has also been mined, resulting in similar conditions.

THE Geographical Society of Philadelphia has undertaken to put into practice the scheme of drift casks proposed by Com. Melville, U. S. N., for the observation of the circumpolar currents. These casks will be strongly built of wood, in shape a parabolic spindle, and will be set adrift beyond Bering Strait, in different localities. It is expected that many of them will be found at distant points after a few years of drifting.

The Spanish Yacht Catcher, Giralda.

THE well-known British steam yacht Giralda, Capt. H. C. McCalmont, the fastest yacht of her type afloat, has just been purchased by the Spanish Government, and it is stated that she will be used for the express purpose of chasing American steam yachts. The Giralda is described as follows by "Engineering:"

The yacht is remarkable in several respects, combining the principal features of a pleasure craft and an armed cruiser. The main engines are of the high-speed type, and it is interesting to note that not only has Mr. Laing designed, and the Fairfield Company constructed, the fastest merchant steamer, but also the fastest pleasure craft, for the Giralda on trial on the Clyde made 20.9 knots, the power developed being 8,500 indicated horsepower, with the engines running at 220 revolutions.

The propelling machinery consists of two sets of triple expansion engines, each set having four cylinders working on four cranks. Each set has one high-pressure cylinder 25 in. in diameter, one intermediate-pressure cylinder 40 in. in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders 45 in. in diameter, all adapted for a stroke of 2 ft. 3 in. The high-pressure cylinders are each fitted with a piston valve, and the intermediate and low-pressure cylinders with a flat slide valve, all being worked by the ordinary double eccentric and link motion valve gear. The cylinder covers and pistons are of cast steel, made by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. The reversing gear is of the all-round type, with worm and wheel gear worked by a small steam engine.

The condensers are constructed of sheet brass, separate and distinct from the main engines, and placed in the wings of the ship. The condensing water is supplied by two large centrifugal engines with pumps of brass supplied by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Bedford. The main and auxiliary feed pumps are separate and distinct from the main engines, and were supplied by Messrs. G. & J. Weir. Two fire and bilge engines are also fitted in the engine room, made by Messrs. Mumford, Colchester. A large evaporator for feed water make-up is fitted, and was supplied by Messrs. Caird & Rayner, London. The shaft for each engine consists of two pieces, each with two double-throw cranks, and, together with the tunnel shafting, is hollow, and all forged by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co., Limited, of their fluid pressed steel. The propellers are fitted with blades of bronze. The crank and thrust shafts are 10.3-in. in diameter, and the propeller shaft 11 in., all with a 5 in. hole.

Steam is supplied by three double-ended and two single boilers made entirely of steel, having a total of sixteen ribbed furnaces, and constructed for a working pressure of 170 lbs. per square inch. They are 12 ft. 1 in. in diameter, the double-ended being 18 ft. 3 in. long and the single-ended 16 ft. They are adapted to work with moderate forced draft and closed stokeholds. The boilers are fitted in two separate boiler rooms, and arranged with one large funnel, air being supplied by ventilators for natural draft and fans for forced draft. The stokeholds are fitted with See's patent ejectors. The machinery and fittings are of light construction, steel and brass being largely used.

The dimensions of the Giralda are: Length on load waterline, 275 ft.; extreme width, 35 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; and depth, 19 ft.; and 1,508 tons. Deck erections consist of a topgallant forecastle, large midship house 160 ft. long, and a small wheelhouse aft. In the midship house are situated the public rooms—the drawing and dining rooms at the after and the smoking room at the fore end—all communicating with each other by an inclosed passage running along the starboard side of the casings. The deck in these apartments and the corridor is entirely covered with oak parquetry, and the rooms are framed and paneled in solid hard wood, satin wood, oak, etc., varied in each apartment with furniture and upholstery to harmonize. The sleeping accommodation is all arranged on the lower deck, the height between decks being 9 ft. 6 in. Forward of the boiler space are four large cabins entering from the vestibule abaft the smoking room on the main deck, and abaft of engine space are the owner's cabin and another large stateroom. All these cabins are substantially framed in mahogany, with light silk in the panels. The framing has been enameled white throughout, thus giving the occupants all the advantage of the light which is here admitted by large sidelights, with stained glass lanterns on the inside, and also from skylights on the deck. Neat fireplaces, with white metal grates, have been fitted up in all the public rooms and in the principal staterooms, the other apartments being comfortably heated by means of steam apparatus. Two upright grand pianos have been supplied, one being placed in the drawing room and the other in the owner's stateroom, on the cabin sole, each with case made to harmonize with the surrounding frame. All the apartments are furnished and upholstered in elegant style, with brass or hardwood bedsteads, wardrobes, chests of drawers, writing tables, chairs, couches, etc.; the

floors covered with Axminster or Turkey carpets and rugs, silk curtains to windows and beds, and in fact everything which can be expected to assure the perfect enjoyment of a cruise.

There is a complete system of water-tight compartments, cutting off the engines from the boilers and dividing one set of boilers from another. Only in some bulkheads have doors been provided, and these can be closed from the main deck. The coal bunkers completely surround the boiler rooms, and the side bunkers are carried inward over the top of the boilers to the height of the upper deck, and along the whole length of the engine space. The side plating is 13-20 in., and 14-20 in. thick, and the bottom plating is mostly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. The frames are formed of heavy channel bars, spaced 2 ft. apart, and the floors to every frame are $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick. The bulkheads forming the water-tight compartments and the coal bunkers are all 16-20 in. in thickness. The vessel is built of steel throughout. Two Gardner guns and four Hotchkiss guns, with two electric searchlights of Admiralty pattern, add to the resemblance to an armed cruiser; and her crew of sixty Naval Reserve men, procured from the Orient service, with Mr. McCalmont himself as commander, with a master's certificate, encourage the idea that, although a private yacht, the Giralda may be regarded as at any time available as an Admiralty dispatch boat. She has a coal carrying capacity enabling her to make a voyage of over 3,500 nautical miles at a speed of fifteen knots; or of nearly 6,000 nautical miles at a speed of twelve knots. She is lightly rigged, with three pole masts and fore-and-aft sails with one yard on the foremast.

Baltimore Y. C.

THE Baltimore Y. C. is preparing for a very active season, with five different series of races. The dates are:

April 30, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
May 7, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
May 14, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
May 21, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
May 28, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
June 4, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
June 11, Fort Carroll to lower channel buoy No. 1 and return to starting point, distance twenty-five miles, Vice-Commodore cup.
June 18, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
June 25, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
July 4, notice to be given, Commodore cup.
July 9, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
July 16, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
July 23, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
July 30, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
Aug. 6, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
Aug. 13, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
Aug. 20, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
Aug. 27, mouth of Magothly River to Thomas Point light, to Love Point, to starting point, a distance of thirty miles, Withers cup.
Sept. 3, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
Sept. 10, Curtis Bay course, McAllister cup.
Sept. 17, Curtis Bay course, Rear Commodore cup.
All the races start at 3:30 P. M. except that of June 11, at 11 A. M., and that of Aug. 20, at 10:30 A. M.
The club's tender, the steamer Highland, will leave South street Saturdays at 12:30, 3:30 and 4 o'clock; Sundays at 10:30, 3 and 5, and on other days at 2 and 4 o'clock, making three return trips.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The fifth annual volume of the Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers has been issued, under the editorship of the Secretary, Naval Constructor F. T. Bowles. It contains the papers read at the fifth annual meeting last November and noticed at the time. One of especial interest at present is on the subject of torpedo boat design, by Ass't Naval Constructor H. G. Gilmour. The volume, which is sent free to all members, is sold to subscribers at \$6, and to non-subscribers at \$10. The secretary has issued a small pamphlet containing a complete index to the five volumes thus far published, which will prove useful to those desiring to refer to the numerous valuable papers.

The Yachting Monthly Magazine for April, the third number, is quite up to the standard set by the preceding issues. The illustrations, both the special plates and the numerous small cuts, are very good indeed, and the reading matter is varied and interesting. The opening article, "The Story of My Life, by a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -Rater," written by Miss Barbara Hughes, is cleverly conceived and ably written. The technical articles include a very interesting account by Mr. Linton Hope of the construction of extremely light racing craft, such as his Lotus and Kismet; the writer tells very frankly those details of construction which are as a rule carefully concealed by designers. Mr. G. U. Laws contributes an article on the modern British canoe, which is very liberally illustrated. The quarterly designing competition instituted by The Yachtsman is producing excellent results, many very creditable designs being contributed. The winner of the last competition, for a fast cruiser of 48 ft. l.w.l., shows a handsome cutter of 67 ft. over all, 48 ft. l.w.l., 12 ft. 2 in. beam and 9 ft. draft, with 6 ft. 3 in. head room under the deck beams and a floor of 3 ft. 9 in. wide. The folding plates are a design for a sharpie 1-rater, by Capt. Marony, R. E.; the construction plan of Kismet, Mr. Linton Hope; prize design, fast cruiser, Mr. J. E. Odgers, and sharpie cruising canoe, Mr. G. U. Laws.

Nourmahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, has been approved by the Board of Auxiliary Cruisers, and Mr. Astor has notified the Government that he will sell her at such a price as may be deemed reasonable.

The trustees of the American Y. C. have tendered to the United States Government the use of their club grounds and house at Milton Point, on Long Island Sound, as a signal station. The annual fall regatta will be omitted this season.

The Chicago Y. C. will offer a cash prize of \$500 for a race to Mackinac on Aug. 6. The club will have its station at the Argo Club. The racing season will begin on June 9 with the first of three matches between Vanenna and Siren. The club will offer liberal prizes for the annual regatta. The following regatta committee has been appointed: J. O. Heyworth, A. C. Burton, C. E. Kremer, M. D. Wilber and S. N. Smith.

Zingara, sloop, formerly Gertrude, is at Poillon's yard, where a new and longer bow will be put on under the direction of Mr. A. Cary Smith.

Sagamore, steam yacht, has been chartered by Com. Morgan as the flagship of the New York Y. C. since the Corsair has been sold to the Government.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Eastern Division.

Edward B. Carney, Lowell, Mass.
S. Colburn Clement, M.D., Pemigewasset C. C., Haverhill, Mass.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.
PURSERS.
Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Canoeing Contests at the Sportsmen's Show.

THE recent show of the New England Sportsmen's Association, which all the authorities agree was the finest thing of its kind that has ever been given in this country, has been faithfully described in all the publications, and a good idea of the realistic effects produced has been given to all those unable to visit the show through the fine pictures that appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM and other publications.

The series of canoeing contests that took place during the first week of the show were unique; many of them never having been seen before in this locality, especially the tugs-of-war in war canoes.

The miniature lake on which these events were pulled off was 60ft. long and 40ft. wide, with a uniform depth of 7ft. In order to enable the crews to face the audience of from six to eight thousand people that nightly gathered to witness the sports, the canoes were placed side by side in the tank about 15ft. apart, and connected by a rope running back to the end of the tank, through a pulley, along the end of the tank to a second pulley, and from there to the other boat. Thus when the strongest crew got ahead it pulled the other crew back a corresponding distance. The canoes for the club fours were in their turn attached to the same rigging.

Entries for the war canoe tug-of-war were received from the Taunton Boat Club, the Lawrence Canoe Club, Wawbewawa Canoe Association, of Newton, and Puritan Canoe Club, of Boston. In drawing for the matches the clubs were paired in the order given. The Wawbewawas and Puritans came together the first night of the show, the Wawbewawas winning in two straight heats both the war canoe and club four events. The first heat in war canoes was a comparatively easy victory, but in the second heat Capt. Dodge got his team together, and they put up a most determined fight, and it was only at the very end of the round that Capt. Drake's team got a lead of 2 or 3ft.

In the club fours the Puritans were pulled in the first heat and lost the second by their boat's swamping.

The second evening the "Pirates" of the Taunton Boat Club, under the command of Capt. Edward L. Sargent, met the team that Capt. Fred A. Wallace brought down from the Lawrence Canoe Club. This was the first appearance of the Taunton men in this vicinity, and the outcome of the match was watched with great interest by the local canoe men. The Taunton men were clearly outclassed by the Lawrence team in weight and watermanship, and although they put up a very plucky fight they lost both the war canoe and club fours to Capt. Wallace's team. This brought together for the finals the Wawbewawas and the Lawrence Canoe Club. This event was pulled off toward the end of the first week. Although the Wawbewawas were a lighter crew they proved themselves superior in watermanship and staying qualities, and the struggle in each heat was terrific. In the first heat, in spite of all they could do, Capt. Drake's team was pulled over 15ft., and it looked to the Wawbewawas' friends as if their goose was cooked. In the second heat Capt. Drake read the riot act to his men, and till within five seconds of when the whistle blew both canoes were exactly even, the crews pulling stroke for stroke. During this last five seconds the Wawbewawas wrung from their opponents an advantage of a half foot, which they held till the whistle blew. The excitement was intense, and every one of the vast audience was on his feet, when the men got into their boats for the final and deciding heat. At the word the crews took the water at exactly the same instant, pulling stroke for stroke, and the way they made the water boil in the lake can be better imagined than described. For over fifty seconds no advantage whatever for either crew was apparent; then the Wawbewawas began to gain an inch at a time, till they had a lead of little over a foot, which they held on to like grim death till twenty seconds over time, as the house was in such an uproar that it was impossible to hear the time-keeper's whistle, and neither team dared to stop. Both crews were badly punished, and the men all agreed that this was the hardest work they have ever undertaken.

The special match in club fours between the Wawbewawas and the Innitout Canoe Club, of Woburn, was won by the latter, the Wawbewawas being pulled in the first heat and their boat swamping in the second.

The prizes offered for the canoe upset brought Mr. W. T. Lawless, from Ottawa, Ont., the winner of the A. C. A. upset race at Grindstone Island last year. He gave a very clever exhibition of the act, first rolling his canoe completely over without taking in any water whatever, and vaulting back into it. He then entirely submerged the boat, shook the water out of it, and got back into it again, in ten seconds. It was unfortunate that Mr. Lawless' short stay in Boston prevented his meeting in this event Mr. Vincent J. Pelletier, of Montreal, who on the last night of the show did the "upset" against time, turning his canoe without taking in any water, and getting into it again in three and four-fifths seconds. The canoe used was a regulation open Peterboro weighing about 50lbs. It is a question if the un-

initiated audience fully appreciated the difficulties of this feat.

Among the other canoeing events that took place during the first week, the blindfold hand paddling race, in which the contestants paddled two lengths of the tank, turning a stake, was won by George R. Heckle, of the Wawbewawas. Probably no canoeing event created more amusement than the hurry-scurry race, in which W. T. Lawless, of the Ottawa Athletic Club; E. R. Adams, of the Wawbewawas, and G. B. Williams, of the Boston Athletic Association, came together for the finals. In this event the contestants ran the length of Exhibition Hall, dove over the rail into the lake, and swam to the other end, where they scrambled into their canoes, which they paddled back with their hands. The race between Lawless and Williams was very close, the former winning by less than a foot.

The interest of all the canoe men centered on the international tug-of-war, which took place on the last night of the show between the Wawbewawas, winners of the American Tournament, and a crew from the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club, of Montreal.

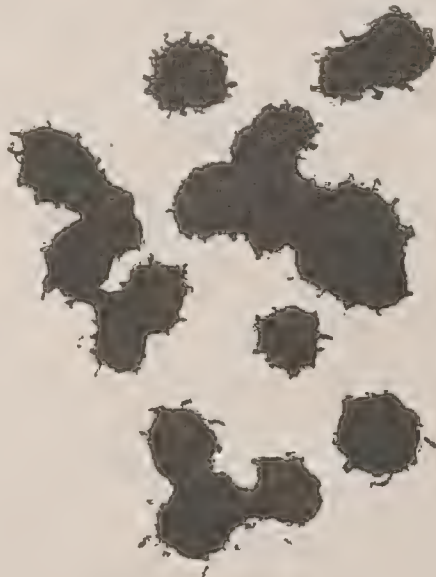
The Lachine crew, which consisted of Capt. J. Hunter, President W. H. C. Mussen, H. B. Mussen, F. A. C. Bickerdike, R. Bickerdike, Jr., C. Baby, H. Baby, R. Howard, C. C. Smith, was a trifle lighter than the Wawbewawas' team of Capt. L. S. Drake, Wellington Wells (stroke), Ashenden, R. D. Smith, Brown, Colon, Wallace, Bowie, G. B. Smith. At the word the rapidity with which the Lachine men got away was an eye-opener to the Americans. They instantly secured a lead of several feet, which with their quick stroke they were unable to hold against the long, steady pull of the Wawbewawa paddlers, and when the whistle blew they found themselves beaten by about 3ft. The second round was very much the same except that the Lachine men lengthened their stroke, pulling almost stroke for stroke with the Wawbewas. And again the advantage they secured in the first half of the heat was overcome by the greater endurance and better watermanship of the Wawbewawas. Both heats were most gamely contested, and the Canadians won the admiration of the house, both on account of the determined fight which they made, giving the Wawbewawas a very close call, and the very sportsmanlike manner in which they accepted their defeat.

The result of these tugs-of-war demonstrated the fact that a long, steady stroke, with an almost instantaneous recovery, is the most effective for such work, the best paddle being the Canadian pattern with long narrow blade.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rest Shooting at 200yds.

WE are informed that recent tests of King's semi-smokeless powder, made by prominent riflemen in different sections of the country, have been most satisfactory, and certainly must be gratifying to the makers of this new compound. At the Greenville, N. J., rifle range, Mr. Wm. Hayes, the noted rifeman of Newark, N. J.,



Group of 20 shots, 200yds.

fired 30 consecutive shots from a rest at 200yds., using the FG. and CG. grain. The 20-shot group, consisting of two 10-group targets, given herewith, was made with the FG. grain, and the target made was pronounced by riflemen, who witnessed the test, as one of the most remarkable they had ever seen.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—The shooting conditions at Shell Mound yesterday were good. The regular semi-monthly shoot of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club for all-comers' medals was held. Good scoring was done by F. O. Young with a Sharps military rifle. He made two scores of 49, Creedmoor, each. A. H. Pape made two of 48 each. Other scores were:

Siebe pistol medal, 50yds., Columbia target, 10-shot scores: F. O. Young, 55, 56, 63; J. P. Cosgrove, 67.
Colt's Bisley trophy, 10 shots: J. E. Gorman, 59, 43, 48, 49, 51, 51, 54, 53, 55, 58, 57, 59, 61; F. O. Young, 54, 58, 64, 70; A. H. Pape, 85.
22-rifle medal, 50yds., for ladies: F. E. Mason, 18, 21, 25, 25; Mrs. M. J. White, 42.

All-comers' rifle medal: D. W. McLaughlin, 51, 54.
The monthly medal shoot of the Red Men's Schuetzen company resulted as follows:

First class: M. Deckert 327. Second class: J. A. Mohr 265. Third Class: George Heuer 230. Fourth class: Capt. Grieb 263. First best shot: M. Dieckert, 20; last best shot, J. A. Mohr, 21. Championship class did not fill.

Many members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein participated in the monthly bullseye shoot. The winning scores, in their regular order, follow:

L. Bendel, 244, first; George A. Schultz, 355, second; L. Haake, 420; F. Koch, 476; A. Bertelsen, 489; F. P. Schuster, 560; William Ehrenpfort, 731; John Utschig, 759; C. F. Rust, 760; R. Stettin, 777; Fred Brandt, 834; A. Browning, 905; John Woebecke, 924; H. Heilberg, 949; D. B. Faktor, 1002; J. C. Waller, 1036; A. H. Pape, 1081; H. Huber, 1082; H. Stelling, 1088; D. Dunker, 1115; ROEEL.

Louisville Revolver Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 26.—The Louisville, Ky., Revolver Club held its last shoot at the Armory April 26. A good attendance was present to witness the contests, which only five of the members took part in. Visitors are always welcome to attend the shoots, and seem to enjoy them, as each meeting brings new faces with it. The local club will lose several crack shots when the First Regiment is called to the front next week, as Lieutenants W. J. James and Lon Ross, of Company A, are active members of the revolver

club, and will be missed in the coming match with the Brooklyn Club, as both of them are fine shots. Other members will go as privates. There is some talk of a possible postponement of the match, as the war will not leave a team sufficiently strong to win from the Eastern cracks. It may be that several new members can be trained enough to take the places of those of our best shots, who were among the very first to volunteer their services to our country.

At the regular meeting held on April 20, F. M. Taylor made a very remarkable score of 98 out of a possible 100 in the 15yd. distance, lowering the club record for that distance. A time limit of twenty seconds is allowed for 5 shots at a 4in. bullseye. Mr. Taylor made the 10 shots in thirty-one seconds, using a single-action S. & W. .38cal. 6in. barrel revolver, strictly open sights and U. M. C. cartridges.

Lieut. Shaw, of the Legion, left several weeks ago for the Klondyke. If he were now at home it would give him an opportunity of seeking honor instead of wealth.

We give the scores of last shoot in full:

Ten yards, 2in. bullseye counts 10:
H S Gilbert 9 10 10 10 10 10 8 10 10 10—97
E B Dye 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 8 9 8—94
F M Taylor 3 5 8 9 10 10 8 6 7 8—71
M Board 1 10 2 1 3 6 4 10 7 8—52

Fifteen yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10, twenty seconds for 5 shots:
Lieut W J James.....10 10 10 10 9 10 9 8 7 7—90
E B Dye 3 6 9 7 7 6 9 10 3 8—73
H S Gilbert 10 8 8 6 5 10 10 9 8 4—73
F M Taylor 9 9 7 7 6 9 8 8 7 2—72

Twenty yards, 2in. bullseye counts 10:
H S Gilbert 9 8 9 10 5 9 9 7 10 8—86
E B Dye 3 6 9 7 7 6 9 10 3 8—68
M Board 10 4 7 2 6 6 9 9 2 7—62
F M Talyor 5 4 3 5 3 1 8 4 8 9—50

Thirty yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10:
E B Dye 10 10 10 9 9 9 10 10 9 8 8—92
H S Gilbert 8 10 9 10 10 10 9 9 9 7—91
F M Taylor 2 2 6 10 7 7 7 6 4—58
E. B. Dye.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 4-5.—Brunswick, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Gun Club. J. H. Polhill, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

May 4-6.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.

May 7.—New Haven, Conn.—Intercollegiate Shooting Association's first shoot, on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club.

May 10-11.—St. Cloud, Minn.—St. Cloud Gun Club's amateur tournament. E. S. Hill, Sec'y.

May 10-13.—Des Moines, Ia.—Charley Budd's shoot. First three days, targets; \$350 added. Fourth day, live birds; 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17.—New Haven, Conn.—First tournament of Connecticut State League, on New Haven Gun Club grounds.

May 17-19.—Macon, Miss.—Tenth annual shooting tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club. C. M. Scales, Manager.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, on grounds of Butte Gun Club. Birds and targets; \$500 added money. C. M. Smith, Sec'y.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—Owego, N. Y.—Owego Gun Club's tournament. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Frank B. Tracy, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's holiday shoot.

May 31-June 2.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 1-3.—Springfield, O.—Open-to-all tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magatrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We would suggest to Parker Brothers that it would be better to send one of their popular representatives to the far North, away from the sniff of battle smoke. Good soldiers are fairly plentiful, but able and popular experts are not to be had for the asking. We do not care to mention any names in the matter. The following is a clipping from a New Orleans paper: "At the Cosmopolitan is Arthur du Bray, of New York, and the representative of a prominent gun factory. Mr. Du Bray is a globe trotter, and speaks several languages most fluently. Furthermore, he is an ex-United States regular, having served for fifteen years in the army. He was a member of Custer's command, and fortunately for him was stationed in Fort Suet when Custer left on his last fight. His reminiscences of his campaign were delightful. 'You know,' he said, 'it makes me feel so blue to see all these strapping fellows, with their blue shirts and campaign hats, walking around. I wish I was once more among them, one of them, and that I would go to Cuba to fight, not only for the Cubans, but also to avenge the dastardly destruction of the Maine. I don't think that Spain will fight, for she is going into the fight a whipped belligerent, and she knows that no European nation will aid her, for they have too much at home to look after.'"

The fame and usefulness of the Winchester repeating shotgun are increasing. The Winchester Company now announces that it has prepared and can furnish a "take down repeating shotgun of the model of 1897, which can be taken apart and put together as easily and quickly as a double shotgun, and so can be carried in an ordinary hand gun case, a trunk or rolled up in one's bed. When taken apart, the stock and action remain in one piece, barrel, magazine and forearm in another, so that there are no small pieces to be lost. This 'take down shotgun' can be fitted with interchangeable barrels of different lengths and styles of bore."

A feature of the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Saturday was several extra events at one-cent targets, a departure from the usual custom at shoots. The regular price was two cents. Any reduction in the expense of shooting adds correspondingly to its popularity. It is an easy matter to shoot at 200 targets in an afternoon. At two cents each, there is an expense of \$4. The necessary ammunition adds to this \$4 or \$5 more. Railroad fare adds still another item. We will have more to say on this subject in the near future.

The shoot of the Warwick Gun Club will not take place on May 11 and 12, as originally fixed, it having been postponed till some time in August.

A fortune awaits the man who can discover a remedy for "finching" or "fudging," as the sudden shrinking at the moment of firing is called, and which results in either a wild shot or a most ridiculous failure to shoot at all. A peculiar feature of the matter is that the victim does not know the cause of it. He cannot tell whether the failing is mental or physical, subjective or objective. At the moment of pulling the trigger there is a nervous flinching, although the shooter stands at the score with his usual confidence. The advice offered as cures for the evil, by men who are wise in the matter, is as follows: To lengthen the stock, to shorten the stock; to hold the gun harder against the shoulder, to hold the gun lightly against the shoulder; to use lighter loads of powder, and so on, ad infinitum. If there is any good Samaritan who knows how to cure the evil of flinching, he would confer a great boon on many shooters about New York and elsewhere if he would make his panacea known.

The first tournament of the Connecticut State League will be held on the New Haven Gun Club's grounds, near Schuetzen Park, May 17. Shooting commences at 9:30. All shooters are cordially invited. There are twelve events, of which eight are at 10 targets, unknown and reversed angles. Two of these are 50 cents entrance, the remainder at 75 cents. There are four 15-target events, two at \$1, two at \$1.25 entrance. Targets, 2 cents, included in all entries. All moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Electric cars from Cedar Hill Station and Union Depot to club grounds. Visitors welcome to shoot for targets only. A team race, composed of members representing clubs of the league, will begin at 2 o'clock.

On Thursday of this week the Catchpole Gun Club, Wolcott, N. Y., will give a bluerock tournament shoot, to begin at 10 o'clock A. M. The Jack Rabbit system will govern. Events 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 and 13 are at 10 targets, 50 cents, surplus money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Events 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 are at 15 targets, 75 cents, surplus divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets extra at 1½ cents. Uncle Ben Catchpole, president; E. A. Wadsworth, secretary.

The friends of Mr. George Work will rejoice to know of his rapid recovery from the effects of a surgical operation for appendicitis, performed on him about three weeks ago. While on a visit to Arizona an acute attack of the disease hastened his return to New York, where he was placed under the care of several skillful physicians and surgeons, with the happy result above mentioned.

The Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has arranged a novice class for its less skillful members. The latter can shoot from 1 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the expert traps. At 3 o'clock the regular programme begins at the Maga- trap. Members are classified in the trophy and medal events as seniors and juniors, according to their known records.

Four birds between the winners and the losers in the champion contests seems to be a standard number at present. Parmelee beat Brewer by a score of 94 to 90. Next Gilbert defeated Parmelee by a score of 86 to 82. And now comes forth Jim Elliott with a score of 90 to Gilbert's 86. The ancient odd number, 13, is likely to lose its job if this 4 holds its career a while longer.

The Lincoln Gun Club, of Alameda, Cal., introduced a novel event at its shoot on April 17. It was called "the coursing match." The names of the contestants were drawn from a hat in pairs. The pairs shot against each other, the winners going into the second round, and so on, round after round, till there was but one left, after the manner of a coursing match.

The race between Messrs. Paterson and Cunyngham, of Chicago, for the Chicago challenge trophy, April 29, resulted in a tie. The plunger of Cunyngham's gun broke. A consequent change of gun resulted in a loss of the remaining two birds, the 24th and 25th. Each scored 20. The match will be shot again on Friday of this week.

Mr. C. M. Hobart, secretary of the Hobart Gun Club, Hobart, Ind., writes us as follows: The Hobart Gun Club will hold an all-day amateur tournament on Tuesday, May, 24. Maga- trap and bluerocks will be used. Thirty to forty shooters are expected to be present. Programmes ready May 15.

This week, Wednesday, the gold watch handicap of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., takes place. Conditions, 50 targets, \$1 entrance. Next week, Wednesday, at the same place the E. C. cup handicap will take place, at 15 singles and 5 pairs, entrance 50 cents.

Next week, May 10 to 13, inclusive, Charley Budd's shoot will take place at Des Moines, Ia. First three days, targets, \$350 added; fourth day, live birds, 25 birds, \$25, handicap, \$50 added. May 10 and 11, the St. Cloud Gun Club, St. Cloud, Minn., holds its first amateur tournament.

The blithesome zephyrs of the past month blew some frazzles on many things, but none more than on the general averages of trap-shooters. From north and south, east and west, come reports of low scores caused by the March winds.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., announces the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, commencing in May, for the E. C. cup handicap, at 15 singles, 5 pairs; entrance price of targets.

The Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., will hold a cup shoot Saturday of this week, the event being at 25 targets, \$1 entrance. The cup is the property of the winner. Shooters are invited to participate.

Mr. Frank B. Tracy, secretary of the Owego Gun Club, Owego, N. Y., desires that we publish that professionals and experts are barred, but that the club expects to give each day a sweep for them.

As will be seen by referring to Mr. T. H. Keller's communication in this issue, there is a call for a meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association on June 2, at 2 o'clock P. M., at 377 Broadway, New York.

The Hempstead Rod and Gun Club held an opening of its new club house, April 30. It is situated north of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., on Great South Bay.

The Troisdorf cup event, in our report of the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last week, was mistakenly set up as the Troisdorf gun event.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 30.—The Highland Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held their monthly club shoot at their grounds, "Never-sink Flats" to-day, each man shooting at 25 targets in the medal shoot. Mr. Geo. W. Lindomuth officiated as referee. The score of the club shoot resulted: Bohn 17, Merkel 19, Grund 16, Knechel 15.

Pottstown, Pa., April 30.—The Shuler Shooting Association held a practice shoot to-day, in preparation for the first of the series of three shoots with the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, on May 7. A high wind interfered, which kept the scores low. Sweeps were shot in all events. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	25	7	7	7	7	7	10	*	*	*
Grubb	5	17	3	5	4	7	4	7	7	2	5
Saylor	5	14	5	4	5	3	7	7	0	1	
Miller	5	15	2	6	3	2					
Smith	5	14	2	4	7	5	5	2	6	0	2
Prego	5	13									
Shaner	5	17									
Rhodes	1	10			4	3		2			
Wickersham	19	6	4	4	5		7	7			
De Witt	15	4	5	4							
Williams	15	2	3								
S. E. Davis	15	3	3	4							
Lenhart	15	4	5	4	2	6	5				
Wien	15	4									
Winer	15	2	3	5	5	1	1				
Slonaker	15	2	5	4	5	1	2				
Cole	15	3	8	0	6						

* Miss-and-out.
Norristown, Pa., April 30.—The Penn Gun Club, of this place, defeated the Social Gun Club, also of this borough, in a bluerock target match to-day by the score of 141 to 134. There were teams of 10 men, and each man shooting at 25 targets.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 30.—The following scores are the scores for the Wayne Gun Club's handicap monthly shoot. Sweeps followed.

Dillon, 11	29	Call, 26	18
Loistman, 22	27	Morison, 5	17
Daly, 5	25	Engle, scratch	17
Morris, 16	23	Morgan, 5	16
McMichael, 1	18	Rockefeller, 16	15
McConnell, scratch	18	Forest, 1	15
Bender, 1	18	Van Nort, scratch	14
Riotte, 9	18	Dr Hancock, scratch	14

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

April 29.—The all-day invitation shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, was a pronounced success. John Wright, the manager, exerted himself to make the day a pleasant one for the club's guests. In the merchandise events, the poorer shooters received handicap allowances, which gave them a chance against the more expert shots, and the sweepstake events had three and four moneys, so that while none won anything more than would go on expense account, no one lost enough to be of any importance.

The day was cloudy and the light dull, though the absence of wind was favorable to the shooters. Manager Wright had arranged the maga- trap so it threw the targets higher, and full scores were by no means an easy matter to make.

There was a good attendance of amateur shooters, as the scores below will show.

Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 targets, 50 cents. Nos. 3 and 5 were at 15 targets, 75 cents. Nos. 6 and 9 were 15 targets, \$1.

After the ten regular events had been shot through, Manager Wright announced that the extra events would be shot at the pleasure of the shooters, the targets being thrown for one cent each. Five extra events were shot off. No. 15 was at 10 pairs. Banks and Jennings shooting against Money and Beveridge, the two latter winning by a score of 30 to 25.

Mr. John Regan, of Brooklyn, attended to the cashier's department in his usual masterly manner. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	10	25	15	25	25	25	*
Brewer	10	9	12	10	13	10	12	10	12	25	14	24	25	*	
Beveridge	8	8	12	15	8	15	8	12	8	22	14	22	24	17	
Jennings	5	7	11	12	8	11	25	8	11	10	16	16	20	11	
Martin	8	9	11	11	8	12	10	12	8	21	21	21	21	21	
Kitching	7	8	11	11	11	25	10	12	10	12	21	21	21	21	
Phister	9	6	12	10	4	7	25	6	11	9	10	10	10	10	
Sanders	11	14	7	11	25	6	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Packard	9	11	5	11	23	6	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Greiff	11	12	10	12	7	21	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
H. Knebel, Jr.	10	11	13	8	12	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Rensen	11	13	8	12	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Waters	11	15	8	13	23	7	11	9	21	10	10	10	10	10	
Jackson	13	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Capt Money	15	23	8	13	9	24	12	24	20	13	13	13	13	13	
Amend	4	21	5	8	10	16	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
J. B. Hopkins	19	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
W. Hopkins	25	10	13	10	13	10	13	24	20	13	13	13	13	13	
Bramwell	7	5	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Banks	8	13	10	22	15	24	21	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	
Dr Smith	7	11	7	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	

* Ten pairs.
No. 4 was a handicap event, 15 targets, \$1.25 entrance, handicap allowance of misses to count as breaks. Beveridge captured the first prize, a shell case, the second, a silk umbrella, going to Sanders, who had 14 alone. The scores:

Jennings, 4	011000110111100	8-4-12
Waters, 4	11101101011110	11-4-15
Kitching, 5	010001100001011	6-5-11
Sanders, 3	001101111111111	11-3-14
Greiff, 2	00111101101110	10-2-12
Packard, 5	00111101000001	6-5-11
Jackson, 5	101100100110011	8-5-13
Beveridge, 3	011111111111111	14-3-15
Rensen, 1	001111111101111	12-1-13

Shoot-off:
Waters, 4 11110110101101-11-4-15
Beveridge, 3 111111111111-15

No. 7, a merchandise event, 25 targets, \$1.50, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, had a silver mounted, cut-glass cigar case for first prize, which was won by Kitching, and 100 loaded E. C. shells for second, won by Packard. It was a very closely contested event. The score:

J. B. Hopkins, 6	011011011000000110011011-19
Phister, 6	111011010111101111101-25
Sanders, 7	1101111111111111011110-25
Money, 2	110111111111111101111-23
Amend, 7	0001011101101101101001-21
Greiff, 1	111000111111111101101001-21
Jennings, 6	11101101111110110101011-25
W. Hopkins, 6	1111111111110110110111-25
Kitching, 8	11101101001011011011011-25
Waters, 5	01111001100111111101011-23
Packard, 8	10111010010001110101011-23
Rensen, 3	1011111111111011010111-24
Rensen, 3	10111101111111110110111-25

Shoot-off:
Phister, 6 111111111010110111111-25
Sanders, 7 11011100001010101111010-21
Jennings, 6 10100010010100111110011-20
Hopkins, 6 11011111111101110101011-25
Kitching, 8 110111010110101101011-25
Rensen, 3 101111111111011010111-24

No. 10, a merchandise event, no handicap, 10 targets, 75 cents entrance:
Money 1111011111-9 Martin 1111001111-8
J. B. Hopkins 1101111110-8 Beveridge 1101111110-8
Waters 1101111111-9 Bramwell 0001101011-5
Banks 1111111111-10 Packard 1101011001-6
Phister 1111111110-9 Sanders 0011110010-5
Jennings 1111111110-10 Dr Smith 1111010110-7
Amend 1111010111-8

April 30.—Pleasant weather favored the weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Swan	18	8	5	7	10	7	6	10	10
Smith	19	5	6	8	7	7	7	10	10
Skidmore	16	6	7	5	10	8	6	5	10
Piercy	7	5	1	7	6	8	6	7	10
A. Van Sise	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lane	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Follett	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Wright	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Marshall	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Martin	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Wright	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

* Pairs.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, April 30.—The bi-monthly clay-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Woodlawn to-day. With one exception, that being the high wind, we could not ask for a more perfect day for target shooting. The club medal and the Troisdorf cup were very closely contested, P. E. George's shooting being of the gilt-edged order. He won both the club shoot and the powder cup. This makes his second win, and the way he is shooting now, it looks like a walkover for him. Live-bird shooting next week. Friends, come down and visit us!

The scores in the club shoot at 25 targets were as follows:
P. E. George 001101101101101110111111-23
T. B. Ryder 10111101100111110010111011-22
P. A. Hegeman 01001111011011011101101111-22
S. B. Topfitz 011101110011111100000111111-21
W. H. Thompson 11100110111111101010101011-20
D. C. Bennett 1100111101101111111100011-20
H. L. Hayden 100100100110110111111101011-18
F. A. Thompson 010100100110111011111101011-16
P. Adams 000101101001001010111110100-14
H. L. O'Brien 110000011010010100001100110101-13

The Troisdorf cup event, at 25 targets, had scores as follows:
P. E. George 1111111111001111111111-23
D. Deacon 10101111101001111101011-18
F. A. Thompson 11100111111111110110000-18
P. Adams 101110100111111000011111-17
P. A. Hegeman 10110100110101110101111-16
W. H. Thompson 01011110101110000101001-15
T. B. Ryder 1010001111000101010101-14
H. L. O'Brien 0011011011001010101010-14
H. L. Hayden 1101010000100001100111-13
C. C. Fleet 001000100001011111101010-12
S. B. Topfitz 00001010000100010111000010-9

The scores in the sweepstakes were as follows:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 10 10 10 15 *
Deacon 9 9 9 4 * Bennett 7 11 7
Adams 7 5 8 14 * W. Thompson 7 7 1
George 6 6 7 10 6 * Ryder 5 8 5 6
F. Thompson 5 8 4 9 5 8 Hegeman 5 5 5
Hayden 2 2 2 2 2 2 O'Brien 5 5 5
Topfitz 6 5 8 3 8 Fleet 7 7 7
* No. 5, 5 doubles. No. 6, 9 doubles. E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., April 27.—A stiff wind blew from the left quarter toward the shooters, or what riflemen would call a 9 o'clock wind. It gradually increased in strength, so that in the last three or four events it tossed the targets up and down, and in puzzling sidewise curves, which required great skill to negotiate. The targets were thrown very swiftly, making hard shooting, so that the best scores are exceptionally good under the circumstances.

In event No. 7, the traps were at the highest tension, throwing at sharp quartering angles, making the hardest kind of shooting.

Nos. 1 and 2 were expert rules. In No. 4 Morley won second in round 2, miss-and-out. In No. 6 Banks won first in round 11, miss-and-out. No. 8 was a match between Capt. Money and Morley. Nos. 9 and 10 were at 20yds., use of both barrels. The wind in the latter events was blowing hard. Left-quartering birds would rise high in the air, slow up, rest a moment or two in the air, then descend before the strong wind at lightning speed. In the last events Banks broke one far out and high up to the left with a second shot from his Winchester, about two-thirds of the target remaining whole. The wind brought it around in a curve and it started from its great height with quickly accelerated velocity, passing back of the three shooters, who did not see it, missing Banks' head by a few feet

WESTERN TRAPS.

BINGHAM-STANNARD.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—The match to-day between Eddie Bingham and W. D. Stannard for the E. C. cup, the Cook County League trophy, was a walk-over for Bingham, who beat his rival 16 birds. The wind made the targets erratic, and the conditions were not easy, as may be seen: 100 targets, 20 singles, known angles and traps, 25 expert rules, 25 reverse pull, 15 pairs. Score: Stannard11111011010110011111—15
11011010111100011001100—15
11001110011001110011011—16
0111110111110100101001111—21—67
Bingham110101101111111111—17
1111110111110001111111—21
1111101100110011101111—18
110110111011111111111111—27—83

ELLIOTT-GILBERT.

The race between J. A. R. Elliott and Fred Gilbert for the Star cup to-day was interesting and somewhat surprising. Gilbert, holder of the cup, was considered safe winner, especially since his remarkable race with Parmelee, one of the best scores he ever shot. To-day, under conditions at least 10 birds to the 100 easier, he only duplicated his score of 86, and showed some very ragged work indeed. His score of 16 birds out of 25 in the second quarter of the race is the lowest that Fred has shot for many a day, nor is he likely to go so low again very soon. He caught several very fast low birds which went off to the right at such a gait that he seemed not to find them at all. In the second half of the race he stiffened up and closed the gap, but could not overcome the remarkable lead of 7 birds which he had allowed his opponent to gain.

Elliott on the other hand shot in slashing style. Of course he missed his first bird, as he usually does, and he was one behind at the end of his first 25. He was grinning and happy on the 50 turn, and then began to be so confident that he was a little careless at times. He came back to Fred so rapidly that there were only two birds between them. However, he forged ahead a couple more before the end of the race. Elliott's high run was 33 birds, and Gilbert's high run 21 birds. Gilbert led up to the 28th bird, where Elliott said good-by to him. At the 36th bird Elliott was 4 ahead. At the 50th he was 7 birds ahead. At the 69th he was only 2 ahead, and was showing some work so careless that many thought Gilbert would yet win. The latter, however, was a beaten man and could not close the 2-bird gap. Elliott should have scored 3 more birds than he did, being too careless with his work, as when he allowed a flagged bird to jump up and come directly at him, but get away unhurt.

The weather was perfect for the Kansas City man, being bright, clear and warm. The wind was fresh and brisk, and it was a good shooting day. The wind came quartering from the score in the direction of a right quartering driver. There was some talk that Elliott was luckier in the birds. He may have been in his second 25, but the luck of the birds runs about even in the 100 on the Watson grounds. The referee was of course John Winchester. The park dogs did the retrieving. Elliott shot his Winchester repeater, 42gr. of Hazard powder and 14oz. of 7s in Leader shells. Gilbert used his L. C. Smith gun, 3½drs. of Du Pont powder and 14oz. of 7s in Leader shells.

Among the spectators at the race were Jimmie Whitfield, of the Kansas City Star; Dr. Whittier, of Kansas City; Bee, of Nebraska; Dick Merrill, Ed Silverman, E. E. Rogers and G. L. Deites, of Milwaukee; Elmer Neal, of Bloomington, Ind.; and J. J. Hallowell, Jr., of the U. M. C. Co. All these took interest in watching the latest race among the cracks. At the close of the race Elliott announced that he would give any one the chance for this cup between now and the Kansas City tournament. If the four men eligible to shoot in the final race for this trophy would put in \$100 apiece and shoot at 100 birds, they would have a sportier event than can be possible in a 25-bird race. Jimmie Whitfield, of the paper presenting this cup, tells me that he has had some fine large-sized photographs made of it, and will give one to each contestant for the cup.

In the order of the birds to each Gilbert killed straight to his 8th, which was not injured. His 20th halted at the trap, but then sprang high and got away. His 28th was low and fast and was unhurt. He shot to the left of his 29th with his second barrel. He overshot his 31st. His 32d was low and fast, and fell against the wire in its effort to get over. His 33d was high and fast, and got away. His 36th was similar, and was hit very light with the first barrel. His 41st was a fast bird, and was hit hard, but escaped. His 44th was low and swift, and was apparently not touched. His 45th wobbled over the wire. His 48th was missed clean. His 56th was killed at least 48yds. from the score, and his 57th was another lucky long kill. Good work with the dog stopped his 64th bird. His 65th was flagged. His 70th wobbled across the wire. His 84th was one of his low hoodoo birds, and he could not stop it. His 87th was a good kill on a fast one. His 89th he missed clean with his first barrel, but stopped it with his second at long range. Another long second on his 91st brought applause, and again on his 93d he used a good second. His 98th bird was apparently not touched.

Elliott's 1st bird was knocked down inside the wire, but the dog could not gather it. His 9th was high and fast, and twisted out of both loads, and the same should be said of his 11th. His 25th and 32d birds were starting long kills. He then settled down and did steady and clever work for his long run. He undershot his 51st bird, which was very high and fast, and he could not score his 55th, although it was jarred heavily. His 59th was a careless snap shot. His 65th struck the wire, but fell across and could not be scored. Luck, however, evened up, for his 68th bird wobbled up against the wire and fell dead inside. His 69th was a piece of careless work, but his 70th brought out applause, when he stopped a screecher with his second apparently at 50yds. His 68th bird hit the wire. His 76th was killed on top of No. 5 trap, but was so swift a flyer as to bring applause. On his 78th and 82d birds he did fine second barrel work, and on his 86th he caught one of Gilbert's hoodoos, a low and fast driver, which, however, he killed. He finished strong with 24 out of his last 25, and won very cleverly. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 1 5 5 3 5 8 4 5 3 3 2 3 5 1 3 2 1 4 1 1 1 1 5
1
Elliott.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—22

2 2 1 5 1 4 5 4 5 4 5 1 5 2 1 2 1 5 2 2 3 3 4 2 5
1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

5 5 5 5 3 5 3 5 2 5 1 2 4 3 2 3 1 3 1 4 1 3 3 2 5
1
0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—20

1 5 4 2 5 2 5 2 3 3 5 5 2 2 5 3 5 1 2 5 4 1 2 3
1
2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—24—90

3 3 1 5 5 5 1 5 1 3 2 1 5 3 2 4 2 4 2 3 3 2 2 3 4
1
2 2—23

5 4 1 5 4 4 1 4 1 3 5 4 9 4 4 3 5 5 5 1 5 1 8 1
1
2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—16

1 2 3 5 5 4 5 8 5 5 2 2 4 4 3 1 4 2 2 3 3 2 5 2 1
1
1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

4 4 5 4 5 4 3 1 3 4 4 1 1 2 2 1 8 1 1 3 5 5 2 1 2
1
2 2—24—86

HALLOWELL-DICKS.

After the Elliott-Gilbert race, "U. M. C." Hallowell cast his roving eye about for some easy money, and finally got on a race with B. Dicks, a Chicago heavy-weight. They only shot at 10 birds, as Mr. Dicks said he could not afford to pay for any more than that. Instead he did not have to pay for any. Score: J J Hallowell, Jr.....2100122212—8
B Dicks.....2222201222—9

PATERSON-CUNNYNGHAM FOR THE CHICAGO TROPHY.

April 29.—The trustees of the Chicago challenge trophy met earlier in the week to decide which one of the challenges for that trophy Mr. Paterson should accept. The decision was that Mr. V. L. Cunyngnam's challenge should hold. To avoid future complications the trustees decided to require that all future challenges for the trophy shall be made direct to the chairman of the Board of Trustees, W. P. Mussey, 106 Madison street, and shall be in writing, accompanied by the necessary forfeit money, which is only the cost of the birds. The first challenge received complying with the above conditions will be the one considered. Mr. Paterson and Mr. Cunyngnam shot their race at Wat-

son's at 2 o'clock to-day. Paterson was, under the handicap, placed at 20yds., and shot at 25 birds. Cunyngnam was placed at 29yds. and given 26 birds. The latter, however, forgot to avail himself of his advantage in distance for more than three or four birds in the race, shooting for the most part at 30yds.

This little race afforded a good deal of fun for the spectators. The weather was perfect, bright and clear, with a light wind. The birds turned out unexpectedly fast, and both men made some grand stand stops of a most sensational character.

Cunyngnam is about one-quarter as big as Patti, and is snappy and positive in action. He fell down on his 6th bird, which was not caught with the second. On his 8th bird he actually shot ahead of the bird, which started slow, whereas the others had been fast. His 11th was fast and high, and was not hit. His 13th was a screaming stop, and his 15th and 19th were also deep field kills on very fast birds. His 21st fell in bounds, but the dog could not gather it. His 22d was a sensational kill. On his 24th bird Cunyngnam had hard luck, which possibly lost him the race. His second barrel failed to explode the shell, and it was found that the plunger was broken. He borrowed Mr. Paterson's gun, which did not fit him, and missed the next bird with his one remaining barrel. He managed to kill his next two birds with Mr. Paterson's gun, and so tied the score.

Mr. Paterson shot behind his second bird with his first barrel, and could not stop it inside the wire. His 6th bird sprang very high and was undershot. His 8th was killed with as fine a shot as ever was seen on John Watson's grounds. His 9th was shot too far back and wobbled over, and his 10th repeated the same performance, though hit very hard with both barrels. On his 11th he was slow getting on, but he stopped the bird at extraordinary range. On his 14th he flinched about 4ft. away from the bird, but killed it with his 2d. On his 21st he got a lucky wing with his second. His 22d was hard hit, but got away, and his 23d, equally high and hard, was only stopped with a fine second barrel. His 25th was flagged and proved an easy kill. On counting up the stings it was found that the men were tied on 20 each. After some talk they decided to shoot off the tie one week from to-day. In the race to-day Mr. Cunyngnam shot a Westley Richards gun, 3½drs. of Schultze powder 1¼ oz. 7s in Smokeless cases. Mr. Paterson shot a Remington gun, 3½drs. of Du Pont powder, 1¼oz. 7s in Leader shells. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

4 1 3 2 1 1 5 2 5 4 1 1 5 5 4 2 5 2 5 5 3 5 2 3 5
2
V Cunyngnam.....2 2—20

2 1 3 2 3 1 4 2 4 5 3 2 1 1 4 1 4 1 5 4 1 3 2 1 2
2
A C Paterson... 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 3 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2—20

ELGIN GOLD DUST SHOOT.

Under date of April 23 Mr. C. E. Middleton, of the Elgin, Ill., Gun Club, writes:

"I inclose scores of the Gold Dust Smokeless Cup Shoot. The attendance was not so large as expected, considering the race is for a very nice silver cup, open to seven counties, but the weather was bad. It looked like rain in the morning. We anticipate a good attendance at our next shoot, May 28. Shooter is allowed to shoot up one back score. All seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the day. Following are the scores shot:

Gold Dust Cup Shoot, at 20 targets: E. E. Neal 18, Barto 16, L. H. Owen 19, J. Rubie 17, H. Dunnell 14, Boa 14, Graham 15, Nish 11, W. Hawthorn 11, Eby 12, McGough 12, Bennett 12, Pitson 16, Grunaw 12, Andrews 12, Middleton 14, Freeman 15, Adams 14, Sowers 9, R. Hawthorn 8, Weatherill 6, Cheeseman 16. L. H. Owen, of McHenry, Ill., won.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets: 10 15 20 15 10 15 15 15 15 10
E E Neal10 15 18 10 8 10 13 14 14 9
M Pitson8 10 8 10 11 9 ..
Eby5 8 14 11 7 10 12 11 7 7
Bennett7 13 16 10 7 .. 12 10 13 7
Barto8 9 11 8 13 ..
J Rubie8 14 19 13 8 .. 12 10 13 8
L H Owen10 15 13 13 9 11 14 14 13 9
R W Graham8 12 16 13 8 13 12 15 15 10
H Dunnell8 12 18 12 13 .. 12 10
D Nish8 5 .. 12 12 ..
Andrews 9 12 13 .. 9
S M Adams 11 8 12 .. 7
L Freeman4 6 9 .. 4
W Hawthorn 11 5
McGough 9 5
Grunaw 11 5
R Hawthorn 11 5
A Cheesman 11 7
J Boa8 11 7

CENTRAL OF DULUTH.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., had a good turnout at the club shoot last Saturday, Nelson carrying off most of the honors, winning the 25-bird event and scoring 85 out of 105. All the races were at 10 singles, except the last, at 5 pairs, and the next to the last, at 25 singles. Scores:

Hart8 8 7 10 9 8 8 8 .. 6
Bennett3 5 6 4 7 6 6 6 .. 6
Dixie6 8 7 7 8 5 6 6 .. 9
Hogan6 5 5 9 8 5 9 7 .. 9
Bowstring7 6 6 8 5 6 5 6 .. 6
Harold7 10 8 8 7 9 7 6 .. 6
Jones6 6 8 6 5 6 6 9 .. 6
Nelson9 8 8 6 8 7 10 8 21 ..
Field7 3 7 6 8 17 6
Noisy7 10 10 11 4
Glenwood2 3 4 7 11 3
Nervy2 3 5 15 4
Hugo10 6 8 15 6
Storey8 6 16 ..
Johnson8 6 4 12 4
Sandy7 8 10 4
Smoke3 5 10 4
Wood1 3 10 4
V Boa1 3 10 4

CENTRAL OF ST. LOUIS.

The opening shoot of the St. Louis Central Gun Club was held Sunday, May 1, at their grounds, foot of Meramec street, and thereafter the regular shoots will be held on the following dates: May 15 and 29; June 12 and 26; July 10 and 24; Aug. 7 and 21, and Sept. 4. All birds thrown from a magautrap.

K. C., OF K. C.

Kansas City Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., at the last monthly medal shoot found J. B. Porter to be their best man, he scoring 24 out of 25 live birds.

The team chosen to represent this club in the team championship race at the State shoot, May 16-21, will be J. B. Porter, R. Jarrett, J. M. Curtis and J. H. Hubbard.

PEORIA-PEKIN.

Twelve men from Pekin Gun Club, of Illinois, on April 24, met a similar number from Peoria, who came over to Pekin to engage in a little team race, 25 targets per man. The home talent won, the score being Pekin 223, Peoria 221. There will be a return match, as the Peoria men think that 2 birds does not mean a decisive difference of skill.

PERUVIAN BARK.

The Peru Gun Club, of Indiana, opened its second State amateur tournament April 27, with about sixty entries. J. A. Ruble of Chicago, made the best average of the day. E. Apperson, of Kokomo, was also among the high guns. Under Jack Parker's management, everything went very smoothly, and nearly 10,000 targets were thrown. The tournament closed April 28, and the high averages were as follows: F. D. Alkire, Woodyin, O.; F. N. Snow, Brooklyn, O.; John Ruble, Chicago; Ralph Valentine, Monroeville, O. Snow made a 25 straight run the last day. O. P. Garland made four straights, and a squad of five killed 74 out of 75. The State Trap-Shooters' League decided to hold the championship contest at Indianapolis June 8 and 9.

WATERLOO SHOOT.

The eighth annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club, of Iowa, began April 28, with unfavorable weather. Among the outsiders present were C. P. Cook, H. P. Densel, G. H. Gish, W. B. Kibbey, J. D. Kibbey, L. C. Abbott, Marshalltown; G. H. Remington, Montour; G. L. Taylor, Algona; Mortenson, Britt; Lynberger, Clarion; Hagerman, Durkee and Sherwood, Independence; Erbe, Dr. Glazier, Al Pettit, Osage; Dr. Duluth; R. E. Smith, Mason City; Bain, Glover, Brandon; Mealey, Oelwein.

The intercity shoot for the State trophy began in the afternoon with the following teams: Marshalltown—W. B. Kibbey, C. P. Cook, H. P. Densel, L. C. Abbott, G. L. Taylor.

Waterloo—Gus Place, Henry Steege, L. Van Vleck, Fred Ward, W. N. Birdsall, J. C. Hartman,

JUNCTION CITY SHOOT.

Jack Fanning had it pretty much his own way on the first day of the annual shoot at Junction City, Kans., easily going high gun.

WICHITA SHOOT.

The tournament of the Central Kansas Association at Wichita was a success, the entry going to thirty-nine in three of the events. Kansas seems to be taking great interest in trap this season.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Chicago, April 30.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, corner Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue. The day was one with an overcast sky, accompanied with continuous rain, which lasted until late in the afternoon. The attendance was small, but continued to shoot notwithstanding the elements. The wind blew strong in the face of the traps, which made the flight of the targets generally skyward.

Following are scores in practice events prior to the medal contest, which commenced at 3 o'clock P. M.:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5
Targets: 10 10 15 10 15 Targets: 10 10 15 10 15
Ed Steck7 8 12 7 9 Speyne8 7 10 8 8
Patterson6 8 10 8 .. Shaw6 11 6 8
Goodrich9 9 11 6 9 Hill5 7
W Stannard9 8 15 6 14

Following are detailed scores in the match contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.
Patterson0110111111111101100111011—19
Ed Steck01011111111101100111111—20
W Stannard1111111111111111111—25
Goodrich1010111111111111101011—19
*Dr Shaw11110111111011011101011—20

Class B.
Speyne111010001111110111011000—16
* Visitor.

A. C. PATERSON.

WATSON'S PARK.

Chicago, April 26.—Two sweeps were shot to-day as follows: No. 1, 7 birds, \$5; B. White took first money, Neal shot Bee out in the tie for second.

Neal2202212—6 S Palmer0220020—3
Goodwin0022222—5 Bee2101212—6
Merrill1022022—5 J R Graham2020100—3
H H F0201222—5 B White1221222—7

Shoot-off for second:
Neal1222 Bee2210
Miss-and-out, entrance \$1, birds extra:
Neal222220 B White1110
H H F122220 S Palmer0
Bee222220 T Graham2222220
J R Graham2222222 WATSON.

Centredale Gun Club.

CENTREDALE, R. I., May 1.—Inclosed find scores of the third shoot for the C. E. Pope Co. trophy, held on our grounds Saturday, April 30. The event brought out twenty entries, the largest of the season. The scores made were not very good, but when the wind, which was blowing a hurricane, is taken into consideration, they were exceptionally good. F. I. Hammond and C. M. Staniels tied for first with 41 each, thereby receiving 5 points, and C. C. Griffith and N. H. Sheldon, tied for second, receive 3 points each; Mr. Thoen, third, 1 point. The score now stands Griffith 13 points, Sheldon 9, Hammond 6, Staniels 5, Gavitt 3, Greene 1, Thoen 1. The fourth shoot will take place Thursday, May 12, on the grounds of the Providence Club. Other events were shot, and about 2,300 birds thrown from the magautrap, which worked like a charm.

On Thursday, May 12, the Pawtuxet and Centredale clubs will try conclusions with the Providence Club for the State pennant, five men on a team.

Trophy shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles, wind 25 miles an hour:

Griffith11010111111011111010111001110111110111101110—38
Root1101110011001110011111001111111101001011011101—35
Wilson110011101110110001100110101100011111101101111—32
Greene10101111010011101110101110101101101101101110—35
Sheldon11101111111111101111101111101110010010101—38
Hammond011110111111111111111010111010011111011101—41
Arnold0111100011001110111001111111111111110001111—37
Thoen1010011111110011101101111111111111110000111—37
Bain00111111010111010110111111110010011111101—36
Staniels0001011110111111111001111111111111111111011—41
Collins0100010101110110011110111111111111111110101—35
McCormick00010110100011001110110111100001001001001110—23
Reiner10110111100111001101100100001000011001000001—31
Naylor111100000110010111111111001100110110101010101—22
Whittaker10011110011011001110101111011001011111101101—34
Francotte110001011011011001100001111101111010011111100—31
Sherman00000100000101010110000010000100100000010000—13
Adams0110111011111110111111111111111111111111111—34
Remington111001101111101100110111111100001110011100100—33
Armstrong11111010000100110000010010011110011001001011—25

Come, Bobbie, brace up, you have been fooling us long enough. Look out for Billy next time—three seconds, you know! But don't lose sight of Grif. How the Doctor did smile yesterday, I was glad to see it, for he hadn't smiled in a long time. Good luck to the new Pascoag Club.

N. F. REIMER, Sec'y, C. G. C.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 30.—I am pleased to state that the Valley City Gun Club has taken on a new lease of life, and expects to have a vigorous campaign this season. Inclosed circular letter indicates the plans proposed, and prospects are that a lot of new blood will be infused into the club. Scores of last shoot here-with. In the trophy shoot Kelsey tied Beeson, who won it the week before on a score of 24, or 23 targets. In the shoot-off the next 25 single targets, or events 8 and 10, were to decide, and resulted Kelsey 22, Beeson 21. The Junior medal was a tie between Lisle and Rood on 16, and won by Rood in the shoot-off on 17.

The scores:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets: 10 10 15 15 10 25 10 15 * 10
Davidson7 8 4 22 9 6 7
Lyle5 7 9 6 16 6 8 4 7
Holcomb4 7 11 10 18 5 8 8 9
Coleman9 8 7 21 9 13 6 9
Widdicomb8 13 10 6 15 9 9 7 8
Bayne7 5 5 12 6 8 2 7
Beeson13 8 23 11 8 10
White10 7 16 ..
Greenway11 6 11 6 12 ..
Pierson13
Plant7 9 23 13 7 9
Kelsey 0 9 7 4
Skillman 13 4 6 ..
Rood 16 10 7
Filger 4 6 ..
Edie 4
Plant 4 3
* Five pairs.

Dansville Gun Club.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., April 29.—The Dansville Gun Club held its regular practice shoot to-day. Again the April shower was with us. It may make May flowers, but it also makes unpleasant shooting, and consequently only a small number of shooters joined in the sport. The club will soon have the shooters' score under cover, and then, with the magautrap to throw the targets, we can bid defiance to the elements, and the shooting will go merrily on. The following scores were made:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets: 10 15 15 10 10 15 10 15
Rail2 3 1 1 5 6 5 2 6
Fim5 11 7 3 8 10 7 ..
C Eschrich8 13 11 8 3 8 ..
Bailey6 10 9 7 4 3 8 ..
Tompkins8 10 9 8 7 9 7 9
Eschrich3 9 7 7
Willey9 13 8 9 7 9 7 9
Folts10 11 6 6 9
Redmond4
Penstermacher 12 8 10 7
Bryant 4 8
Foster 6 8 ..
La Boyteaux 12 9 ..
WILLEY, Sec'y.

"For Targets Only."

THE fences between the professional trap-shot and the manufacturers' agents, on the one hand, and the fat tournament pastures on the other, are constantly being built longer and tighter. The campaigner belonging to those classes may perhaps enter the pasture, but he must not graze. Managers of tournaments are fast adopting prohibitory legislation as against the professional and agent which threatens to bar the latter from all profitable participation in the tournaments. It in a way goes further, and makes the professionals a source of revenue. The latter class, in most instances where a bar is raised, are not permitted to compete for any of the purses, though they are permitted to join in the shooting for "targets only," and further are granted the cheap privilege of displaying their goods.

It is no privilege to shoot for the price of the targets. It is a purely commercial transaction. It is quite misleading to set such forth as being a privilege, or as being anything of a material favor to the shooters in question. Stated simply, the clubs have targets to sell, and it is no special favor to permit customers to buy. Many clubs are very glad to have shooters enter for the price of the targets only, if the shooters refuse to play otherwise. They pay for what they get, and it would under the circumstances be difficult to make the average shooter believe that he was the recipient of any favor. The whole matter is then a business proposition. If the club can throw targets costing less than 1 cent each for 2 or 3 cents each, the club thereby adds to its revenues at every shot. Whether the shooter be a professional or a novice, the result to the clubs' exchequers is the same. It is a profit in either instance.

But in respect to the professional, such is not a justifiable tax, for the reason that he confers much of material value to the tournaments in general and in particular. There is a certain equity in the matter as between the interests of tournaments and the interests of professionals which tournament managers seem to overlook or to ignore. Let us consider a few of the benefits which professionals confer. They are indisputably a drawing card at a tournament even if they do not participate in the sweepstakes or other events which have prizes. The people at large are interested in seeing men who are champions, men who have defeated the best in the land, men who have records of victory, men who have achieved great fame. They are interested, further, in seeing these experts perform, whether in exhibition events or in actual contests. All this is of material value to tournaments, but there are other benefits still more material. They do much to advertise and influence support for the tournaments while traveling from place to place pursuing their vocation. A favorite class to whom to look for advertising, and which is regularly solicited for it, is made up of the employers of these same professionals who are so taxed for the privileges of displaying their goods practically. Such advertisements form a material source of revenue to tournament managers, and revenue cheaply secured, for such advertisements are donations in every respect but the one in name. Local advertisers may secure some return from an advertisement in a club's programme, but the great manufacturers look upon it as of no material value when the cost of it is considered. The outlay is a certainty; the return is vague, intangible, meager. One page of advertising at \$10 or \$20 a page does not amount to a large sum, but 100 or more pages taken by a dozen or more firms during the season amounts to a sum by no means insignificant.

The agents represent these same firms, and for the favors that are given in the way of advertising and merchandise, for they are called on frequently to donate the latter, something more than an empty privilege should be accorded. The cost of shooting at 150 or 200 targets a day at 2 or 3 cents each is quite an important item to the professional. It is an expense which the latter will not long accept. It is an expense for which he, from his standpoint, receives no adequate return. The privilege of paying \$5 or \$6 a day for targets and \$3 or more hotel bill is one which is empty of all advantage. His employers, moreover, may begin to study the matter of reciprocity. They contribute funds under the name of advertising, they give valuable merchandise prizes, they foster an incalculable good will toward the sport, and what is conceded in return under the new order of things?

This is no plea to permit the professional shooters and manufacturers' agents to have a part in the competition. That part has unmistakably been rejected by the public. FOREST AND STREAM has been on record against it from the time the subject became a live question. But on the other hand the legislation against the professional class should not be carried to an unjust and an unnecessary length. The manufacturers' agents and the professional shooters should be treated with more consideration in the matter of privileges. They should be conceded something substantial in the way of concession; something which is a privilege in fact as well as in name. The cost of targets to clubs is very little as compared with the receipts. They could throw free targets for the agents and professional shooters, or if a club felt too poor or felt that there should be a return of some kind, it could throw the targets at cost. In the latter case the club would lose nothing, and the agents would be in part relieved from a very oppressive and unprofitable expense. As shown above, this could not possibly be considered a gratuitous privilege.

In the way of gathering revenue quickly for tournament purposes and club advancement, there is danger of a kind of professionalism in a way in club management, and it can be carried too far by the club as it can be by the individual. There is, furthermore, a certain equity in these matters which may be lost sight of in a hasty and more or less prejudiced view in the readjustment of the trap-shooting policy of the country. Professionals are entitled to some courteous return for the direct benefits which they confer. In writing of manufacturers' agents in this connection, we consider them in their professional capacity only as it relates to the trap-shooting interests of the country. Being able to shoot too well, there are certain very well grounded objections to their participation in the contests at tournaments. That is the only objection. As men, they are a superior class—companionable, able, expert in their profession, and hard workers. Managers of tournaments would do well to cultivate a policy which would influence the professionals to be present instead of one which is sure to drive them away sooner or later.

The Interstate Association.

THE letter of Mr. Edward Banks, Secretary of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., published in our issue of last week, defined the composition and purposes of the Association very frankly. While setting forth that it is a business venture, he, however, did not deign to dwell on the benefits conferred to the shooting public at large. It is but fair to touch on the advantages it confers.

The stimulation to shooting interests throughout the whole country before, during and after the Grand American Handicap is shot off, is a direct benefit to the shooting public in general, since it stimulates an interest and a practice in a wholesome recreation, with a corresponding benefit to shooters and dealers everywhere.

Nothing could be freer than the conditions which govern the Grand American Handicap. It is untrammelled by any trade restrictions. The contestants are free to use any makes of guns, or powders, or wads, or shells, or shot, etc., that they choose. It matters not what they use, they all stand on the same footing in the eyes of the Association; thus, while it is a business interest of the members of the Association, no trade interests govern the particulars of the Handicap. In the conduct of the Interstate tournament, no one who did not know the inside history of it would suspect that there were any trade interests involved in any way. They do not appear in it. It was not designed to promote trade interests directly. It was designed to be the biggest shoot in America, to have the approval of shooters, and thereby to have a general beneficent effect on shooting interests. Those who are not members of the Association are gainers by its efforts in the stimulation and impetus given by it to shooting.

The rapid growth of the fixture in value, in the number of its contestants, and in its prestige, is sufficient testimony to the wisdom of its builders.

In theory and in practice it is the one event which affords a chance to the greatest shooters of America to compete against each other on a scale broad enough to be considered international, where all meet on as equitable conditions as to handicaps as can be arranged by the best talent, where a purse of sufficient size and absolute guarantee is large enough in value to command the respect and effort of the contestants, and where a trophy of such additional value and such paramount significance commemorates the deeds and success of the victor. The names of the ten great manufacturers who compose the Association are a guarantee of the soundness, integrity and value of the great event. The latter furthermore, gains a prestige, both direct and reflected, under the Association's auspices, a difficult advantage for it to secure otherwise. Prestige and good will are a growth, even under the best conditions. Success and skill and fair dealing, through a longer or shorter period of time, always antedate prestige and good will.

AS TO A WESTERN HANDICAP.

There is no reason why the West cannot have a successful handicap event. Not necessarily a Western handicap event, but

a handicap held in the West. There is a distinction and a difference in the terms. There is no need of sectionalism, there is no legitimate reason for it, and there probably will be none cherished.

THE WESTERN PRESS.

The Western daily press, however, takes a very sectional and secessionist view of the matter. The Chicago Chronicle recently published this:

"Prominent local trap-shooters received a proposition yesterday from an organization interested in the sport that it carried out will revolutionize the game around Chicago, place it on a more substantial basis, and appreciably advance its prestige. It is proposed all the trap-shooting clubs in Cook county band themselves into one all-embracing organization, and this institution buy and equip grounds.

"If the projectors' extreme plans are adopted Chicago will have a pigeon shooting rendezvous that will surpass in its appointments anything of the sort ever before attempted. Elkwood Park, Long Branch, would be outdone.

"The plans of the promoters are the outgrowth of the dissatisfaction that prevails among many Westerners over the recent trip to Elkwood Park and the award of money in the Grand American Handicap. It is said this disgruntled feeling has reached such a height that Western men will never compete again in the East, therefore, and if possible to outstrip it in popularity are incentives that will probably result in a favorable consideration of the scheme.

"It has been often suggested to the Interstate Association to favor Chicago with the choice of location for the big handicap event. It is thought the tournament should take place occasionally in some other State than New Jersey. Easterners, it is argued, are convinced they have control of the event, and can run it pretty much as they want to."

The above is much in accord with the tone of the Western press publications on the subject since the handicap. It is more than likely that "the plans of the promoters are the outgrowth of the dissatisfaction," etc., are not the plans of the best representative shooters of the West. No enterprise, whose inspiring spirit is from spite, can succeed. There is room for a handicap in the West, but the shooters of the West should see that its origin is not in resentment.

AS TO SPLITS.

It has also been set forth that the movement toward a Western handicap is a split in the Interstate Association. Such is an error. There is no split whatever in the Association. If any shooter was dissatisfied or aggrieved, such was a personal matter strictly. If two or more were aggrieved, and pooled their grievances, there still was no split in the Association. The contestants entered as individuals, shot as individuals, and finished as individuals in the Grand American Handicap. When the handicap was ended, their official relations with the Association ceased. If a gentleman has a grievance, he is likely to overvalue it when he imagines it is splitting things.

However, the press reports undoubtedly exaggerate the discontent, if such there be, though it would seem to be the proper procedure for those who are misrepresented to repudiate the calumnious publications.

AS TO LOCATION.

The handicap being a private business venture, would as a sensible business policy be held in such place as would be most convenient for the majority of the competitors. A line extending from Elkwood Park, N. J., to Pittsburg, would be the radius of a circle which would take in about 75 per cent. of the contestants in the Grand American Handicap, which would dispose of that question when tested by business reasons.

The Interstate Association has no monopoly of handicaps. The more handicaps there are the better for its members. They are manufacturers first of all. If there were thousands of handicaps it would not excite their displeasure. The shooting interests then would be in such activity that no Grand American Handicap would be needed as a stimulant or an advertisement. The world, moreover, is large enough for all. There is plenty of room for more tournaments, more handicaps, more shoots, each a matter of business to itself alone.

THE SHOOTERS AND THE COMPASS.

The shooters who attend the Grand American Handicap are not as a rule shooting for their health. When they are shooting they do so without a compass. They do not care a hang where the north, south, east or west may be. Shooters who live in the East would gladly attend a shoot held in the West if they could see that it was worth their while. So with shooters who live in the West or the North or the South in respect to any other section. Men often hurrah for fun or for emotional reasons, but when they shoot for money, they consult some well-known business propositions, as is very proper they should when they are disbursing their own money.

A handicap or any other business venture can only succeed when it is arranged on sound and equitable business principles which are for giver and receiver alike.

It is to be hoped that the West will have a great handicap, that it will eclipse all records, that it will be conducted better than any which ever went before, and that it will continue the good work. From the shooters of the East it will receive praise and good will for such success if it can achieve it.

Pigeons at Memphis.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 28.—On Saturday, April 23, the Memphis Gun Club held an invitation shoot, at which Drs. Brigier and Miles, Burnside, La.; W. R. Elliston and Norton, Nashville, Tenn.; A. Harris, Louisville, Ky.; and H. L. Foote, Rolling Forks, Miss., were the guests of the occasion. The club members also turned out in force, so that all told twenty-three shooters participated in the different events.

The principal event of the day was a 15-bird race, \$15 entrance, for the Laffin & Rand Powder Co. trophy. Naturally the most interest centered in this contest, which was spirited from start to finish, or rather until it was too late to shoot longer, at which juncture there were still three interested in the trophy. This event had nineteen entries, of which seven tied on 14 out of 15, no one being able to kill straight. It was decided to shoot the tie off in the next event, a 5-bird race, but this brought matters no nearer a conclusion, as all those interested killed straight. The miss-and-out style was then resorted to. The first one to lose out was Dr. Miles, on the 3d bird. He was in turn followed by Allen and Duncan on their 7th birds, and they again in turn by Harris on the 8th. Edrington, Neely and Frank still remained in and these, owing to the lateness, agreed to shoot it out at some future date. All of them are members of the local club.

Of the visitors, Dr. Miles and Mr. Harris showed the best form, Harris coming nearest to killing straight in the main event, his 14th bird going dead out of bounds. Abe Frank, as has been the case lately, had his nerve with him, losing but one bird out of 38, and that was dead out of bounds. Abe attributes all his trouble of late to his new gun. Neely duplicated Frank's great shooting, scoring precisely the same total out of a like number of birds. All stood at 29yds.

Edrington came next with a total of 43 out of 45. Tom Devine shot at 37 and accounted for 33 of these with his little 16-gauge. Singularly enough all his misses came in a bunch, a change of shells causing all his trouble. Poston shot well, though as usually recently unlucky, his misses occurring just at the wrong time.

The weather conditions were not of the best, being dark and threatening, with a drizzling rain at intervals.

The scores:

F P Poston.....	212001121121112-13	Chisolm.....	1100*10020*200
A H Frank.....	22*222222222222-14	Norton.....	022222222220222-13
J C Neely.....	222211112201011-8	J Edrington.....	211222*22222222-14
W Thompson.....	10001121010101-8	T A Devine.....	00001222222222-11
I Bennett.....	00222212222*2-12	W Goodbar.....	11022202202011-11
N Harris.....	222222222222*2-14	W F Allen.....	21222*22222222-14
W R Elliston.....	222222202022222-13	J B Duncan.....	22222222222022-14
H L Foote.....	22220222*22220-12	S P Walker.....	022221112120222-13
Dr Brigier.....	202212012022112-12	R F Tate.....	201002121201112-11
Dr Miles.....	2122222222*2222-14		

The scores made in the sweeps are given in tabulated form, while those in the main event, No. 3, are published in full:

Sweeps:	1 2 4	Sweeps:	1 2 4
Birds:	7 10 5	Birds:	7 10 5
Harris.....	5 8 5	Elliston.....	6 10 5
Foote.....	6 9 5	Dr Brigier.....	6 9 5
Dr Miles.....	7 9 5	Chisolm.....	4 8 4
Norton.....	6 9 5	Reif.....	5.....
Bennett.....	5 9 4	White.....	5 8.....
Edrington.....	6 9 5	Devine.....	7 10 5
Goodbar.....	6 8 4	Allen..... 9 5
Neely..... 10 5	Frank..... 10 5
Poston..... 10 5	W D Thompson..... 8.....
J B Duncan..... 5	Walker..... 5
Tate..... 4	Austin..... 3
Taylor..... 5	W G Thompson..... 3

PAUL R. LITZKE

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., April 27.—Fourteen shooters found their way to Wellington to-day despite the lowering skies and a forcible wind that struck terror to the hearts of all the company, more particularly those who knew of an added yard or two handicap, the penalty of winning a first, second or third prize in the previous series.

The gale drove powder particles and card wadding directly back on the shooters, and with each one waiting with head averted for the storm to blow over, the shooting was somewhat slower than usual, though it is never particularly rapid. Regardless of all these drawbacks, some splendid shooting was put forth by three or four; two reaching even 90 per cent., which is clearly out of order on these grounds.

Sec'y G. F. Stevens and Capt. S. G. Miller, of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, were visitors, whom all present were glad to meet. A more extended programme would have raised their percentages, as the final events found them becoming accustomed to the grounds.

The ninth event was arranged by request as a two-man team match, 20 targets. The scores footed Gordon and Woodruff 28, Miller and Stevens 26, Miskay and Horace 26, Hollis and Spencer 25, Jack and Hooker 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	15	10	
Gordon, 17.....	9	7	7	4	9	10	9	8	15	7
Miskay, 19.....	6	2	9	2	4	9	7	5	14	..
Leroy, 21.....	9	6	8	4	..	9	8	6
Woodruff, 17.....	10	9	9	6	10	8	7	10	13	..
Hooker, 16.....	7	9	6	4	10	9	8	6	12	..
Hollis, 16.....	7	10	6	5	7	6	8	9	14	..
Miller, 16.....	5	6	5	2	6	9	9	7	13	..
Stevens, 16.....	6	7	7	2	5	6	8	8	13	10
Benton, 14.....	4	5	3	2	4	7
Horace, 18.....	9	9	10	10	10	9	12	..
Spencer, 18.....	6	6	2	10	9	6	8	11
Jack, 16.....	3	6	7	7	8	12	..
Poor, 14.....	1	2	3	2	1	4
Brown, 15.....	1	8	5	6	8	8

Events 1, 5, 6, 9 and 10, known angles; 2 and 7, unknown; 3 and 8, reverse; 4, pairs.

Prize match, 30 targets; 10 known, 10 unknown and 10 reverse; distance handicap:

Horace.....	111111111-10	111111111-10	110111111-9-29
Gordon.....	111111111-10	011111111-9	111001111-8-27
Woodruff.....	111101011-8	111010101-7	111111111-10-25
Miller.....	111111110-9	111111110-9	111010101-7-25
Leroy.....	110111111-9	010111111-8	101010101-6-23
Hooker.....	101111111-9	010111111-8	101010101-6-23
Hollis.....	001110110-6	111011011-8	011111111-9-23
Spencer.....	111011111-9	010011011-6	111011101-8-23
Stevens.....	010101101-6	111011110-8	011111011-8-22
Jack.....	001110111-7	001101111-7	011101111-8-22
Miskay.....	111110111-9	011011101-7	100101010-5-21
Brown.....	011010010-5	111010001-6	111101011-8-19
Benton.....	111101010-7	000111010-5	010000011-3-15
Poor.....	100100100-3	000100100-2	001000000-1-6

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., April 30.—The second shoot of our series was held to-day on the grounds of the Brockton Gun Club. Considerable shooting was done before and after the principal events, but I have only inclosed scores for the merchandise and watch charm events. Murdock, with a handicap of 4, and Barrett, with 3, were high with 24 each. In the watch charm event, Worthing was the winner, as Le Roy withdrew after breaking 25 straight again. The wind kept the boys guessing all the time. The next shoot will be May 14.

Merchandise event, 25 targets, entrance 25 cents:

Worthing.....	1111110011111110101011-20-3-23
W Murdock.....	11011111110111111011100-20-4-24
Barrett.....	111111111101110111011101-21-3-24
Stanley.....	110100110110111011000101-15-7-22
W Woodard.....	110001111101101110111011-17-5-22
Grant.....	11100100100110111011101-16-4-20
Scott.....	01101101110100001101101-15-3-18
Stork.....	0000111011011011011101-16-5-21
Allen.....	101011011001001110001001-13-4-17
Donahue.....	1010100010101001111101-15-7-22
Le Roy.....	1111010011110111111111-21

Watch charm, 25 targets, entrance free:

Worthing.....	111111010111110111011111-21-3-24
W Murdock.....	110111111101110110011000-17-5-22
Barrett.....	001011011011001100011010-14-3-17
Le Roy.....	1111111111111111111111-25
Scott.....	11100011011011001011011-16-3-19
Grant.....	1111111011000011110110-18-4-22
Leonard.....	1010100010001001001100-9-9-18
Allen.....	10100110110111100001101-15-4-19

Both events were shot under the Sergeant system. A. BARRITT, Sec'y.

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., April 30.—The Uxbridge Gun Club held its first practice shoot to-day. The following scores were made, which are "not so worse," considering that a gale was blowing across the field.

Doubles and unknown traps are included in the averages, and this was the first appearance of most of the shooters at the traps since fall:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Noyes.....	136	85	.625	Sweet.....	125	91	.730
Rawson.....	60	29	.483	Gibson.....	80	44	.560
Ford.....	129	104	.806	Day.....	75	56	.746
Coffin.....	149	99	.664	Mansfield.....	20	5	.250
Johnson.....	154	75	.580				

Club average...908 588 .647

The club grounds have been neatly and scientifically arranged for this season. A modification of the Sergeant system has been adopted, which permits both the old style of throwing and an imitation of the magautrap. Practice shoots will be held every Saturday at 2 P. M., at which members of other clubs are cordially invited to shoot.

The following officers have been chosen for this year; Waldo E. Rawson, President; E. A. Mansfield, Vice-President; Geo. F. Day, Treasurer; Walter S. Hobbs, Secretary, and E. A. Ford, General Manager.

It is probable that shoots for gold and silver medals will be held in the near future. WALTER S. HOBBS, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, April 30.—The Audubon Gun Club took advantage of the weather to-day. The monthly cup shoot was the chief event. Three men qualified by getting 24 of their birds. They were E. F. Hammond, H. D. Kirkover and Dr. E. S. Carrol. In the shoot-off Dr. Carrol won.

C. S. Burkhardt won Class A badge by making a clean score of 25 birds. J. J. O'Brien and Crooks tied for Class B badge, and O'Brien won by default. D. Kerew and U. E. Storey tied for Class C badge, the former winning on the shoot-off. Following are yesterday's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	..	20	20		Targets:	15	15	25	..	20	20	
E Burkhardt.....	14	10	19	19	7	14	17	Crooks	17	18	6	
McArthur.....	12	11	16	22	4	16	14	Norris	20	18	
J Reid.....	11	12	17	22	7	18	10	U Storey	19	19	7	13
E W Smith.....	13	13	22	21	Porter	15	23	17
E Hammond.....	13	11	17	24	6	17	17	Geisdorfier ..	11	..	13
C Burkhardt.....	9	13	25	23	7	19	1	Dr Sauer	16	20	12
Swiveller.....	13	9	22	19	3	17	10	Feigenspan.....	..	13	16	15	..	11	..
W R Eaton.....	..	10	20	22	I P	20
Dr E Carol.....	..	14	19	24	4	19	..	I Lodge	19	22	17
J Jacobs.....	16	18	D Kerew	20	21	18
H Kirkover.....	..	14	20	24	..	19	15	Johnson	11	19
S Talsma.....	9	11	20	21	O'Brien	20	14	15
R Hebard.....	15	16	4	13	13	G Zoeller	15
Event No. 4, cup shoot.								Event No. 5, 5 pairs.							

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 20.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

WAR AND YACHTING.

THE present situation is unprecedented in American yachting; and it is no wonder that, as shown by the very different action of various yacht clubs, a great divergence of opinion exists. Just at the opening of the yachting season, when under normal conditions a very large fleet of steam yachts and many sailing yachts would be nearly ready for commission in cruising service, and the racing division would be ready for the opening races, the country is involved in a foreign war of serious magnitude and unknown duration. Headed by the Larchmont Y. C. at the opening of actual hostilities, some clubs at once canceled all the events scheduled for the season, and practically abandoned all yachting for an indefinite time. The majority of clubs, however, have taken no action beyond the formal tendering of their stations for the use of the Government; and propose, for the present at least, to continue the usual work of the active season.

As the outlook is to-day, on the eve of what may be the decisive action of the war, the meeting of the two great fleets of the United States and Spain, we see no good reason why this is not the wise and proper course. Whether a man's position and duty demand that he shall stay at home or go to the front is a question which each individual must decide for himself; but after it is settled there must inevitably be a very large number of men left at home to follow the ordinary avocations of peace. There is no apparent reason why, with their usual labors, they should not enjoy their usual amusements; and whatever may be argued against certain amusements as frivolous and inappropriate, yachting cannot be included in this category.

While it is impossible to forecast in any way the final results of the war, it now seems impossible that Spain can long continue the struggle; and it is not unlikely that peace may come before the racing season is fairly under way. If this should prove to be the case, yachting will naturally resume its usual course; and in anticipation of such a happy termination, those who are in the position to do so are, we believe, justified in continuing the work of preparation. If, on the other hand, the emergency should at any time assume a more serious aspect for this country, it will no doubt be met by the prompt and willing abandonment of all forms of sport.

SNAP SHOTS.

This is the time of year when the fishing fever takes hold upon one. To some people the term "fever" is a figure of speech, an exaggeration; but the victim knows only too well that the malady is actual and serious. When springtime comes, to go fishing is, as William C. Prime says, "a necessity" with the angler; and the sensation is just as real and as urgent and pressing and disquieting as of hunger or thirst. Fortunate is he who, having the time and the means, possesses also the privilege of fishing some stream not yet fished out nor hedged about with warning posters. Lake fishing there is for all, and in abundant scope; and stream fishing, if one may go far from home; but it is one of the angling transitions of America to-day that year by year available brook and stream fishing for trout is becoming more and more restricted. The trespass sign is everywhere, even where there are no fish. The unaffiliated angler without club privileges finds it more difficult with each succeeding springtime to secure a chance for love or money to wet a line in nearby trout waters. These conditions have naturally developed the canny trait of wariness and a well-pronounced and controlling unwillingness to report one's luck in quarters which others might invade. The wise fisherman who has a good thing cultivates the art of keeping it to himself. Ask him where he got them, and the response is a shrug or a

wink; but not once in a dozen times will definite and explicit directions be given—unless the teller has a club share for sale. This art of keeping a secret is the modern manifestation of that trait referred to by Walton when he bespoke a blessing upon them who are "quiet and go a-angling."

Is a sportsman's gun furniture? The question has just come up in connection with the customs regulations. The tariff law admits free "usual and reasonable furniture," and under this provision Mr. Robert Quinn, who removed from Hamilton, Ont., to a residence in this country, sought to bring in his gun without paying duty on it. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury W. B. Howell has decided against this, however, holding that a sportsman's gun is not entitled to free entry as part of his household effects; and he intimates that if Mr. Quinn is not satisfied with the decision he may take the matter on appeal to the General Appraisers. An ingenious lawyer could doubtless make up a good case for the gun as furniture, citing the pertinent fact that in this country from earliest times it has had place as a customary article of household equipment. In the old days indeed the rifle was an essential and indispensable part of the settler's outfit; it held first importance in making and defending the home. And in these later days, in scores of instances, the sportsman's gun is actually less a field weapon than an article of home adornment or furnishing. In this connection it is interesting to note that our consuls in Belgium report in the gun centers there a rapidly growing trade in antique and obsolescent firearms for export to the United States, where they find a ready market for decorative purposes.

Some years ago, when it was suggested that dogs running deer contrary to the law should be killed, vigorous protest was made by writers who pointed out that the dogs were not at fault and that to punish them with the death penalty would be unjust and brutal. Since then, however, the practice of dog killing under warrant of law has been pursued. The statutes of New York and other States provide that dogs chasing deer may be killed by any person, and that no liability shall attach therefor. In the Adirondacks the regulation has just been made more stringent than ever before; there all dogs which are of deer-chasing proclivities, found in the country inhabited by deer, are condemned to death wherever apprehended, whether at the time actually chasing deer or not; and it is made the duty of the game protectors to kill them summarily. The new rule is manifestly founded upon common sense appreciation of the nature of dogs and of men. Law or no law, there will be deer hunting in a deer country so long as there shall be deer and hounds, and men to incite the hounds to run the deer. If deer hounding is prohibited deer hounds are rightly contraband. Nevertheless it would go hard with many a good man thus to part with his good dog; and time itself, which heals all wounds, would not soon alleviate the bitterness of soul caused by the heartless doing to death of a favorite hound.

An English author points out that the dry-fly writers who speculate about the origin of their art may go back to Izaak Walton, who wrote: "And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only, and be still moving your fly upon the water"—not "in," but upon the water. And it is further pointed out that Cotton instructs, in fly-making: "Leave the wings of an equal length; your fly will never else swim true."

French ingenuity has devised a gun of which the novelty is that the noise and flash of the discharge are in large measure eliminated. Colonel Humbert, the inventor, has experimented with a piece having a caliber of one and a half inches, on to the muzzle of which is screwed a block having a bore similar to that of the gun, and being in effect an extension of the barrel. In the bore of this block is fixed a shutter, which lies in a recess in the side of the bore, until on the discharge of the gun the ball has passed it, when the gases following the ball are forced under the shutter, lift it on its pivot, and thus closing the passage prevent the exit of the flame and gas. The gas thus checked finds gradual escape through a number of small apertures on the rear

end of the muzzle block. In small calibers a ball is substituted for the shutter. This is another way of achieving the result sought by the smokeless powders. If an actually noiseless gun were provided for use on game it would materially change the conditions and surroundings of shooting; and if the Frenchman gives us a gun which has no visible discharge we shall be obliged to modify our stories of the wary loon which dives at the flash.

Fishermen in St. Lawrence River waters this year will have a number of free camping grounds assured to them. Under the authority conferred upon them to secure lands in the region of the international park at the Thousand Islands, the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests have already secured six plots, and have several others under consideration. The lands acquired, with the prices paid for them, are as follows, the data being furnished to us by President Davis:

Mary Island, at foot of Wells Island, near Alexandria Bay, \$5,000.

Foot of Grindstone Island, seventy acres, containing camp grounds of the American Canoe Association, \$4,200.

One-half of Cedar Island, at mouth of Chippewa Bay, about fifteen acres, \$3,000.

Krings Point, at mouth of Goose Bay, below Alexandria Bay, thirty-two acres, \$2,300.

Dewolf's Point, in Lake of the Islands, ten acres, \$500.

Cement Point, at head of Grindstone Island, three acres, \$500.

The Spanish war is having an immediate and material effect upon the forestry interests of the Adirondacks. War news and war news fakes have so stimulated the manufacture of extras and so increased the regular daily issues of some of the New York newspapers that the demand for news paper has almost doubled. News paper is made of wood pulp, and wood pulp is made of Adirondack material. Thus it has come to pass that in reckoning up the effects of war consideration must be made of the wilderness forest supply.

The New York Police Department has very unwisely abandoned the system of revolver practice under which the force was gradually acquiring such skill in shooting that an officer's endeavor in the public streets to kill a "mad" dog did not necessarily involve the wounding or death of human beings on the other side of the street. The shooting as conducted was economical in the extreme. The city paid nothing for the armory in which practice was held; the loading was done by members of the force; 90 per cent. of the lead was used over again; and the direct expense was for paper targets, powder and primers; the discontinuance, then, was not due to any consideration of cost. It appears to have been prompted simply by a desire on the part of the Commissioners to please the men, who complained that they were required to learn to shoot when they would much prefer to be following their own inclinations in various other ways. Under present conditions, then, the force may be expected to revert to the former state under which the drawn revolver of a policeman menaced the lives of all within range.

A writer in the current Independent sums up this history-making epoch for Africa by remarking that we are now beholding the subjection of the entire continent to European domination, and now for the first time in the history of the world is the black race to work under the direction and control of the white. European ideas will prevail and European ways be enforced. This is true even with respect to the game situation. Henceforth the big game of the continent will be conserved by rigorous restrictions, such as already prevail in the British East African Protectorate and in German East Africa. Not only is elephant hunting controlled by a strict license system, but vast territories are set aside as sanctuaries for game, which ivory hunters and sportsmen are prohibited from entering. Thus one of the resources of the native wealth of the country, which in the absence of any effective control bade fare to meet early ruin, may under the wiser administration of Europeans constitute a source of revenue for decades to come.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Antoine on the Rail.

NEAR the close of a September day several of the frequenters of Uncle Lisha's shop were gathered there, not lounging in their usual ease, but stirred by an air of expectancy which was explained when Solon Briggs entered and demanded: "Wal, what be you all a-settin' here in solemn concave for?" and Uncle Lisha answered:

"Wal, ye see, Ann Twine's got hum from his hayin' tawer daown to the lake, and they say 't' th' critter act'ally rid on that 'ere railroad they been a-makin', leastways he says he did, an' we want to hear him tell on 't. He'll be up here to rights, full on't an' b'ilin' over. I don't see what's a-henderin' on him."

He arose and stooped to the low long window, and slowly searched the road through the least dusty and least wrinkled pane. "I can't see nothin' on him," he reported, sitting down on his bench and fumbling among his tools with a show of busying himself.

"A watched pot won't never b'ile," Sam Lovel said; "you don't want to be a-lookin' for him."

"I don't s'pose it r'aly makes much odds whether no we hear him tell on 't, or guess at it; he does tell such almighty yarns," said Uncle Lisha, "but most likely he's seen the consarn, an' we'll git some idee o' the looks on 't by his tellin'."

"It don't sca'cely seem 's 'ough I'd much livser resk myself on the pleggy thing 'n I would in a boat," said Joseph Hill, and added after some consideration, "but then if you fell off'm on 't you wouldn't draound, an' I don't s'pose the's no danger of'm sinkin', an' they don't hafter be oared. I wonder what does make 'em go, anyway."

"Why, you see, the b'ilin' water covaporates into steam," Solon explained, "which the steam causes the wheels to devolve, sim'lar tu a waggin, an' it nat'rally follers the hul thing hes got tu go. Watts invented it one time when he sot by the stove discomposin' of a hyme, an' the tea kittle b'iled over. The' was a piece cum in the paper about it."

"You see haow 't is, don't ye, Jozeff?" Sam asked. "Seems most as if you could go right tu work an' make one, don't it?"

"They du say 't you can see the steam on't from the top o' Tater Hill, a-skin' along ju' like the smoke of a chimby dragged ag'in' the wind by the small eend," said Pelatiah Gove, slowly ruminating his cud of spruce gum.

"Folks 'll be a-flyin' next," Tom Hamlin predicted.

"They hev done that already heretofore," said Solon, "them airy knots in the berloons."

"I tell ye, I b'lieve the world's a-comin' tu an eend 'fore long," said Timothy Lovel, his serious face almost expressing alarm. "You know it tells 'n the Bible the'll be much goin' tu an' fro on the airth for one sign."

"Sam Hill!" Joseph ejaculated with unusual earnestness, "if it's got tu this year it most seems 'ough I'd jes' 's lives hev it come afore 'tater diggin' as just arter. But I don't s'pose M'ri' 'd be satisfied if she didn't get all done haouse cleanin' fust. Hello! I b'lieve that 'ere's Antoine a-comin'," and presently the Canadian entered with modest consciousness of his importance as a distinguished adventurer, yet greeting his friends with accustomed "Hello, Onc' Lasha, an' all de boy, haow ye was, tout la companie?"

There was a cordial response, and after shaking hands with everyone he seated himself and made a comprehensive survey of the company, while he was the object of a close scrutiny.

"Wal, sah, boy, Ah'll a'n't see but you was all look matchel," he declared, when he had completed the inspection, and his eyes again dwelt on Uncle Lisha.

"Bah gosh, Onc' Lasha, you'll a'n't get more hol' you was w'en Ah'll go 'way!" which was indeed remarkable, since Antoine had been absent a whole month.

"Wal, I do know but what I've kep' up my row tol'-able well," the old man admitted. "An' you b'en pooty tough, hev ye, Ann Twine? An' fetched hum yer pock-ets all full o' money, I s'pose!"

"Wal, Ah'll a'n't goin' bought all of Danvit jes yet, only half of it, Ah guess, prob'ly," said Antoine, making conspicuous use of a brand new red and yellow cotton handkerchief.

"We heard 'at you'd be'n a-buyin' some o' that 'ere new railroad."

"Oh, dat a'n't so, Onc' Lasha," Antoine announced, "but Ah'll was see lot of it, an' seh, Ah'll r-r-ode on it, bah gosh! Yes, sah, Ah'll r-r-ode on it, me!"

At this there was a general pricking of ears, and each settled himself more comfortably to give undivided attention while Antoine deliberated how to begin the relation of his adventures; he filled and lighted his pipe.

"W'en fust Ah'll see dat rail roll goin', an' hear all hees nowse, Ah a'n't t'ink Ah'll rode on him, for hees mos' more worse he look, so hugly, an' he roar an' holler more hugly as he look. But bum bye Ah'll gat use of it, for see it ev'ry day where Ah'll work on de hayin', an' a'n't be so 'fraid."

"More as dat, Ah'll see Airishmans, more as forty, rode on de woggin behin' of it for to sow gravel on top de rail roll, an' he'll a'n't keel it, an' Ah'll t'ink 'f he a'n't keel dat Airishmans dat was better for be keel as mos' anybody. Ah guess, me, he a'n't prob'ly keel one Franchman dat was bes' for be save!"

"So w'en Ah'll gat hayin' all do', Ah'll mek off mah min' Ah'll goin' rode on dat rail roll, so Ah'll be able for tol' all 'bout it 'f Ah live."

"Wal, seh, Ah'll go on de deeple—dat de place w'ere rail roll stop for you git on—an' Ah'll bought tickle—jes' same for show—fifty cen' Ah'll pay—den Ah'll go on de warf an' walk raoun' jus' sem 'f Ah don' care no more for rail roll as 'f he was leetely weel-barrel."

"But Ah tol' you bam bye w'en Ah'll see him com-in' an' look jus' 'f he was goin' run raght top of me, an' holler 'whoop! whoop!' an' rung hees bell lak meetin'-haouse, an' smoke lak' coal pit an' bile 'f he was goin' bus' off hees cover, 'spe-e-e-e!' bah gosh; Ah'll willin' for sol' mah tickle for twenty-fav cen' an' Ah'll run in de deeple an' peek aout de door till dat rail roll stan'

still an' de capt'in come on de w'arf an' holler 'All board!'

"Den de deeple man push me an' tol' me 'jomp on!' an' Ah'll run fas' for clamb on de hwood pile behin' de injun, an' deeple man holler 'jomp on de cart, an' de capt'in mek notion wid hees han' an' Ah run, run w'ere he was, an' he push me up de stair on de canawl boat dey call cart, an' mos' 'fore Ah'll got hopen de door de rail roll begin for rung hees bell sem 'f meetin's all ready, an' he beegin cough 'ugh—ugh!' an' dat canawl boat jomp so Ah'll go in on mah all four, an' de folks laught so Ah'll pooty shem, Ah tol' you, Ah'll a'n't lef' mahself dar long 'fore Ah'll peek it up, an' set on fus' seat Ah can."

"It was all cushi'n harm chair for two folks; two row of it, wid road between of it, an' all jes' nice he can be, winder all 'long de side an' one on de en' mos' lak Onc' Lasha is, honly it gat but jus' one—ah—feel bad."

"One what?" Uncle Lisha asked.

"Why, w'at you call it one piece glass—ache?"

"Oh, good airth an' seas, pane!" Uncle Lisha shouted.

"Yas, dat jus' de sem, Ah'll said," Antoine said, with the utmost complacency, and improving the interruption of his story to light his pipe.

"Wal, sah! pooty soon dat rail roll stop for cough an' go more fas' an' fas', mos' lak litlin', an' Ah'll t'ink he said all de tam 'Ho, you a'n't know where you was go,' an' mah heart mek answer inside of me, 'Ah b'lieve dat so, Ah wish you go a lit' more slow.'"

"An' w'en Ah'll see all de tree run race an' de fence streak lak ribbin in de win', bah gosh, Ah'll was mos' scare an' wish Ah'll a'n't come, but Ah'll hang on de seat lak good feller, Ah tol' you. Den Ah'll look see if de odder folks was scare, but some of it was talkin'. Ah'll can heard it, honly see hees mout' go, an' some of it was read on de paper, an' one hol' hwomans was heat off hees baskit all de tam, an' Ah'll t'ink if dey a'n't scare Ah'll a'n't scare too."

"Den Ah'll look in dat leetly winder Ah'll tol' you baout, an' dar was lot more folkses in dar; some of it read on de paper, some of it talkin' an' 'nudder hol' hwomans heatin' off hees baskit all de tam, an' dar was one manis look like Frenchman, an' he was look so hard at me Ah'll mek bow at him, an' he mek bow at me. Den Ah'll grin at it kan o' pleasant an' he do jus' de sem. Den Ah'll blow mah nose of mah new hamper-cher, an' bah gosh he was pull one jus' lak it for blew his nose! Dat make me beegin for be mad, have mek fun at me, an' Ah'll look pooty hugly at dat feller Ah'll tol' you, an' he look jus' so hugly to me!"

"Ah'll shake mah fis' to him, an' he was shook hees fis' to me, and bah gosh Ah'll was be mad for leek it, Ah tol' you. Ah'll t'row mah hat, Ah'll jomp on it, Ah'll pull mah hairs, Ah'll holler grea' deal swore, an' dat feller do jus' sem lak me, an' bese of it faght so hard dat way lak hol' t'under more as fav minute; an', seh, dem folkses a'n't scare 't all, but dey was laught lak ev'ryting, an' den Ah'll stop for gat mah breeze, an' den, seh, w'at you t'ink Ah'll fan' aout. Wal, seh, dat winder a'n't not'ing but lookin' glass, an' Ah'll be'n was'e all dat faght on mahself, Ah'll a'n't tam for be shem 'fore de capt'in come in de sloop an' holler 'Vairgenn! Vairgenn!' and den de rail roll holler 'Yooloop! yoop!' an' beegin for go slow, an' w'en he mos' stop Ah'll scrabble for de door, an' den he stop quick 'r-r-roop!' An' Ah'll go on all mah four 'g'in, jus' sem Ah come in—so Ah'll go aout, an' mos' 'fore Ah'll gat on de w'arf de capt'in holler 'All board!' an' de rail roll ring hees bell an' beegin for cough, an' nex' Ah'll see Ah'll a'n't see it honly de smoke an' de nowse of it, sayin', 'Got your money! Half a dollar! Got your money! Half a dollar!' but Ah a'n't care 'f he was, Ah'll gat mah wort' of it."

"Wal, I don't b'lieve I want tu resk myself on the 'tarnal contraption," Uncle Lisha declared.

"It don't sca'cely seem 's 'ough I would, anyways, erless they'd 'gree to go slow, an' stop an' le' me git off when I wanted tu," said Joseph.

"Look a-here, Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha, rising and going to the door of the kitchen, "you go in an' tell the women folks 'bout it, if you'd jest as livs, for I know they're dyin' tu hear on 't."

Antoine was not loth to comply, and the old man closing the door for a moment behind him whispered gustily to the company, "I'll go 'long in an' see if he tells his story twicte alike."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Just About a Boy.—XI.

THE old black canoes had served their time and were not worth keeping over winter.

Their canvas sides had fallen into that "touchy" condition which ends the usefulness of canvas as a boat material, and the tough elm ribs had become water-soaked and lame from hard usage.

The boy and I drydoctored these two little cruisers, overhauled them from stem to stern, added a few touches of paint, a brace here and there, and then concluded they would last until the "glass" ice should form on the river.

"Say, I'll tell you what less do," said the youngster, "less git our outfit 'n float down the river far as we can 'fore it freezes; nen let the canoes go 'n come back on th' train, will yeh?"

I smoked over this idea a little while and thought about the ducks, snipe, squirrels and fish that lived along the little river.

Then there were the glorious mornings, the hazy days of Indian summer, when one wants to do nothing but float, float, float all day long—float until the painted sky blazes across the west and it is time for a blue wisp of smoke to twist upward through the red and yellow leaves.

A-a-a-nah! my tillicums, those are days of joy, and I saw many such days as I mentally reviewed the winding length of river that twisted among the hills to the southeast until it came to the yellow flood of the old Missouri, two hundred miles away.

"Yes, I will float on the river with you until the ice stops us or until there is no more river to float on," I answered.

It did not take more than a couple of days to prepare for the voyage, and it was with a satisfied feeling of enjoyment that we pushed out into the current that hurries away from the dam where the boy caught his "spick'el."

"We'd ought to make twenty er twenty-five mile 'fore sundown, hadn't we?" asked the boy.

"See here, son, you must want to cut this voyage short, or else go clear to the Gulf. Why not take it easy? We've only got a matter of two hundred miles to go to get to the Missouri, and that old river is good for nothing but sturgeon and shovel-nosed catfish, which we as sportsmen and voyagers on discovery bent want nothing to do with."

The boy smiled a queer little smile and said: "Huh! guess yer right."

We put a little bit of good, outdoor muscle on the paddles as we shot through the shallow riffles below the dam, and left a rippling wake through the "still hole" that ran past the big walnut trees and ended at the island where I first met the boy.

"That's where I snagged that ole Balaam first time I tried your rod. Gee! I had a picnic that day! Wonder I didn't bu'st yer tip, wasn't it?" the boy said, as we slid down the boiling riffle and passed the bridge pier in midstream.

We were still in town and had two more bridges to pass before we should run out of the settlements, and we were anxious to get into the wilds.

"Pisht! pisht!" said the double blades, as we glided on down the shadow-decked current, and the gurgle under the bow sang the travel song that is dear to every canoeist.

The bridges were a mile behind when we shot around a sharp curve at the foot of a riffle, and brought consternation to a troop of girls who, clad in old, discarded dresses, were splashing about in the shallow stream, trying to make themselves believe they were swimming.

Immediately there was a skurrying into the bushes, as these soaked mermaids went up the bank helter skelter, frightened out of a year's growth by the appearance of these two silent black shapes on the swift current.

We caught a fleeting glance of a bit of "local color" too, as one of the girls went into the bushes like a scared rabbit.

Her bathing costume was a suit of bright red underwear. No wonder she ran!

After the excitement died out, and the titters and little screams had lost themselves astern, the boy looked back over his shoulder and grinned as only a homely boy can.

"Funny, wasn't it, huh?" he asked.

As we turned the bend a mile below we noted that same scarlet note of color just at the river edge, and the boy grinned again.

Riffles and long reaches of still water slid under the keels as we journeyed on, until a bunch of cedar trees loomed blue through the other timber.

"Did I ever tell you how Deacon Lowe got scart out o' camp down here at the cedars?" asked the boy.

"No, I don't think so," I replied.

The boy laughed in his throaty, chuckling way, and began the yarn.

"I was campin' down here 'lone one summer, 'n Deacon he wanted to come 'long. I says 'All right,' 'n so Deacon come down with me one day when I went to town for supplies."

"We was here two er three days, 'n one night 'bout sundown Deacon heard a Bob White whistlin' up on the bluff above camp, where they's a grove o' little jack oaks."

"Go 'n git him, Deacon," I says, 'n Deacon took my ole Sary 'n went."

"Purty soon, 'boom!' she went, 'way off 'mong th' trees, 'n I figgered Deacon 'd sure got that quail."

"After awhile he comes into camp with th' quail, 'n lookin' kind o' funny an' pale."

"What's up, Deacon?" I says, 'n he says: 'They's a graveyard up there right above camp on the bluff, d'you know that?'"

"I laffed 'n says: 'Yes, what o' that?'"

"Deacon says: 'You goin' to stay here when yeh know that?'"

"Sure," I says; 'graveyards can't hurt yeh none, 'n 'sides that, ain't I been here for two er three weeks, 'n no ghost ain't come into camp yet?'"

"That kinder stuck Deacon, 'n he didn't say nothin' more 'bout it while we eat supper, but he kep' lookin' toowords that graveyard kind o' uneasy when it begin to git dark."

"Fin'ly he says: 'I'm sick.'"

"What's the matter?" I says, 'n he couldn't tell, only 'at he was sick."

"Well," I says, 'you stay in camp here 'n I'll go 'n 'tend to the boats, nen if you feel worse I'll git a horse 'n buggy 'n take you to town.'"

"So I went down to where the boats was tied, 'n by gee! there was about a dozen folks come down with a horse 'n wagon to fish all night."

"I told 'em I had a sick pardner, 'n one feller says: 'Where is he? I'm a doctor,' he says, 'n my medsun case is in th' wagon.'"

"So he got his medsun, nen we went up to camp, 'n gee! they wasn't no Deacon there!"

"I thought that was funny, 'n I commenced to git scart, cos I thought mebbey Deacon 'd got out o' his head 'n went a-trailin' off int' th' woods right at night."

"Nen I happened to think about that graveyard, 'n I says: 'Wait a minnit,' 'n I run up on t' th' railroad 'n looked toowords town, 'n there was Deacon hittin' th' trail like he was in a awful hurry."

"Nen I kind o' savied like 'n knowed th' Deacon was juss scart 'bout th' graveyard tull he thought he was sick, 'n so I told th' doctor 'bout th' graveyard, 'n he laffed 'n said: 'Prob'ly that was all 't ailded Deacon.'"

"N' sure 'nuff it was too, 'cause Deacon wouldn't come back to camp with me when I went to town next day. 'Huh, uh,' he says; 'no graveyard camp in mine,' he says; nen I told the ress o' the fellers 'n town 'bout it, 'n Deacon gits it 'bout bein' ghost sick yet sometimes."

"Say," with a squint at the low-hanging sun, "less camp there to-night; they's a good place, 'n lots o' fish, 'n th' bess spring in th' country 'bout a hunderd yards fr'm camp. What d'yeh say?"

"All right."

And strange to say, no ghosts molested us, though we could have tossed a stone into the burial ground with its old graves, long since fallen in and choked with dank weeds that hid the little weather-beaten crosses placed to mark a loved one's last camp, long ago.

There was a melancholy air over that little spot of sacred ground there on the slope of hillside where the jack oaks grew, and I wondered what scenes of sorrow had been ended there in days that were older than I, as I read the weather-worn chisel marks that told of youth and old age at rest under the few modest slabs of plain marble that gleamed white among the crosses.

"Putty place up here, ain't it?" said the boy, looking across the landscape, as we wound our way down the bluff and into camp, and left the cedars to sigh over the deserted, unnoticed graves.

EL COMANCIO.

Tenderfeet in the Adirondacks.

ONLY an old pair of wading boots on which I have been placing a patch or two, but they recall so vividly the occasion when I last wore them that I am encouraged to spin the yarn, in the hope that it may give to other brothers of the angle as much pleasure as I have received from similar tales appearing from time to time in the columns of our honored journal. The sympathetic veteran may recall, as he reads, like mishaps of his own in the hazy past; the tyro will certainly perceive how not to do it. The frequent occurrence of such incidents will vouch for me when I say that this one is true in every detail.

All who were out of doors at all last summer will recall without difficulty the amazing quantity of rain that fell in New England and New York at odd times, and the Adirondack region got its share of the general washing. I was stopping at Saranac Lake, and though not primarily bent on angling, took every opportunity for excursions to the various waters about that town. I will say, to begin with, that I am a tenderfoot of emerald hue, as far as Adirondack woods are concerned, though I have fished the streams of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont ever since that happy period when, as youngsters, we used to carry our worms in one pocket and our fish in the other. But 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and my experience of angling in a settled country only rendered me the more certain to make mistakes in a genuine wilderness.

Rumors of a fine stream seven or eight miles up Saranac River had reached our ears, and Joe (my friend) and I decided to try our luck there, availing ourselves of a convenient electric launch, which made two trips a day from the village to the old State Dam from the neighborhood of which a path led to Cold Brook, as our objective stream was called. On a fine, but deceptive, morning in August we started. The launch had not made half the distance when up came the usual clouds and a fine drizzle began. We did not mind getting wet, however, and the clouds did not look very heavy (when do they look heavy to an angler bent on a day's sport?), so we persisted in our determination to fish Cold Brook. After a tramp of three or four miles through the woods, where horse flies seemed thicker than the raindrops, we heard the rush of the brook and were soon on its banks joining our rods. It is a beautiful stream, of good size, clear and cold, and—best of all—with very little overhanging foliage to interfere with one's casting. We were soon busily at work fishing down the brook which we intended to leave by another path lower down, and so return to the landing on the river. Alas for our intentions! But for the present we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves in spite of the rain. There were good trout in the brook, and they were on the rise. I had not been fishing five minutes when I landed one of nearly a pound, and smaller ones were common. We lunched under the shelter of some thick hemlocks, which served to break the force of the rain. But who minds rain when the trout are rising? As the afternoon wore away and the time began to draw near when we should have to start for the landing, we kept looking anxiously for the entrance to the path, but either we had passed it or had not reached it; at any rate no sign of anything like a path appeared. And here is where our tenderfootedness began to show itself. Instead of facing about and retracing our steps to the landing, a round-about but uncertain route, it seemed an easy thing to follow the brook down to the river, which we thought could not be far away, and then follow the river down to the landing.

But we reckoned without taking due account of the length of Adirondack brooks in general and of Cold Brook in particular. It seemed as though we had gone two miles after deciding on this course, although it was probably less, and still no sign of the river. The brush along the banks became thicker and thicker, and all who have been in the woods know that nothing is so wet as brush in a rain. A shower bath is dry beside it. It was growing dark rapidly, and we could not have followed a path had we found one. The time for the launch to leave had gone long ago. Finally we came to a dead halt and held a council of war. It was evident that we were in for a night in the woods, and we accepted the situation philosophically. But where to spend it and how to keep warm? The first question was easily answered, for well up the brook we had seen a small lean-to built by some previous fisherman. As to the second, a thorough search revealed the appalling fact that we had but one match between us, and that was suspiciously damp. However, I tore some dry paper from the interior of an old letter and wrapped it carefully about the precious object.

Thus, all rain-soaked and weary, we slowly began our tramp back up the brook, which we had descended at breakneck speed. It was now entirely dark, a fact that caused us to make the brook our path wherever we could. Ever and anon I would stop to empty from my boots the water which collected there after percolating through my clothes. Joe was better off in this respect, for he wore shoes which allowed the water to escape.

After over an hour of alternate tumbling about in the bushes and splashing through the brook we reached the lean-to and were rejoiced to find that the roof shed water, although the moss and leaves forming the floor fairly oozed with moisture. We were oozing too, however, and we did not mind a trifle like that. Now for a

fire! Selecting a spruce board from a pile left by some one near at hand, I whittled away the damp exterior until I reached the dry wood within. As fast as the shavings were made Joe placed them under his felt hat, the interior of which was the only dry thing he had. Nearly all our letters were soaked by this time, but we still found a few dry sheets from which we hoped to kindle the wood. Very carefully I unswathed the precious match, and producing a small file from my fly-book, prepared to make the great attempt while Joe held his hat over my hands. I scratched. The match sizzled bravely and emitted a momentary flame. We uttered a shout of hope. But alas! the next moment it expired, before it had even scorched the paper. Ah! the tragedy of that moment! Gone was our last hope! We knelt there for a full minute, gazing at that burnt stump, as if somehow it might still burst into flame.

After several vain attempts to kindle a fire by means of my file and a variety of flintlike stones, we resigned ourselves to the happy prospect of spending our night in a "cold pack" of rain water, for we dripped like a pair of sponges. Fortunately it was a warm rain, and although smitten by occasional showers, now that the warming effects of our walk had worn away, we realized that things might be a great deal worse. We retired to our watery couch. Joe, who was much more warmly clad than I, removed his heavy coat, and creeping close together, we drew it over our shoulders. Wet as it was, we were decidedly more comfortable. Of course all the mosquitoes, in that particular valley swarmed into the lean-to and proceeded at once to the attack in battle array, music sounding. But (put this to our credit) we had known enough to bring a couple of bottles of ointment, by a liberal use of which we kept most of them at bay. Joe would hug my back awhile until he began to shiver, and then I would hug his. Thus we played flip-flop all night to the accompaniment of the rushing brook, the rain, and the hum of countless mosquitoes. And yet I am bound to say that we were not depressed. Sleep was of course impossible, so we 'swapped yarns' until a gradually increasing grayness warned us of approaching dawn. Then did we arise and stretch our legs, and as soon as we could see the path set out on our return to the landing by the way we had come.

Out of the wrecks of our previous day's lunch I had saved one boiled egg (Joe had mashed his in his pocket by falling over a log), and to this sumptuous repast we looked forward as soon as we should reach the river. The steady tramp soon set in motion our partly congealed blood, and this, together with the promise of sunshine (for the rain had ceased) made us comparatively comfortable. Four or five miles through the woods brought us to the river, where as a breakfast we dispatched our egg and proceeded to browse all the blueberries in sight. We had still four or five hours to wait before the arrival of the launch, and we improved our time by cleaning our fish and drying our clothes on the rocks in the river. But what a sigh of relief went up when that launch rounded the bend! The cap'n had brought along some provisions, together with a guide, who was to hunt us up, if necessary, and told us that he had waited long past his usual time on the preceding night—small comfort to us, who could not have reached the river on account of the darkness! We reached home still damp, but with one good, solid comfort—a handsome string of trout. Nor did either of us suffer the slightest ill effects from our night in the rain; in fact I have yet to learn of any one who ever did from a like experience.

The morals of this little tale (and there are many) are so obvious, and have been impressed so often, that I need not draw them. I knew them all as theory myself before I went on the trip, but experience teaches, and I am now a wiser man from having learned their truth practically.

PISCATOR.

Yukon Notes.—VI.

Personal Outfit.

OUTER clothing for the Yukon should be selected for its wearing qualities rather than warmth. This is my personal conviction given for what it is worth. The secret of being comfortable in extreme cold is to wear just the proper amount of clothing and no more. Perspiration is fatal to comfort, for it is sure to be followed by reaction and chill. The amount of clothing worn should be adapted to the varying conditions of temperature and the kind of exercise one is taking. If a man relies chiefly upon heavy outer clothing for warmth he cannot meet changing conditions satisfactorily. If on the other hand the basis of protection against the cold is heavy underwear, and additional protection is secured by adding one or more outer garments, he is in a position to guard against sudden drops in the temperature and also has provision for times when he is not exercising. If, for instance, he has on enough underwear of the right quality to enable him to work out of doors comfortably in his shirt sleeves when the thermometer is 25 below zero, and has in reserve for colder weather or moments of inaction his coat and sweater, to be worn singly or together, as circumstances dictate, he will find the combination adapted to all the changes of weather commonly met with.

For outer clothing, Mackinaw, moleskin, leather, hard-finish cloth and canvas are all good, provided the quality is the best. I should choose medium weight rather than the heaviest clothing, though a 40oz. Mackinaw coat would be useful for the coldest weather. This coat should be half a dozen sizes too large; if a 38in. coat gives you a snug fit it is well to order a 44. Loose clothing is the warmest, and the heavy underwear, sweaters, etc., worn in winter build a man up and increase his chest measure and girth a great deal more than he is apt to allow for. This general principle should be followed in selecting all clothing for winter use. Even the underwear and footgear should be a number of sizes larger than usually worn.

Mackinaw clothing is good for all conditions of weather until the nap is worn off. It sheds rain and snow fairly well, and is warm. There is at the present time a great deal of shoddy Mackinaw on the market, made to sell, but not to wear. It is cheapest in the end

to deal only with the most reliable firms and take only what they guarantee to be the best.

Moleskin clothing is held in high repute by many old miners. It is said to wear like iron, and this is the "ne plus ultra" in a country where only a limited outfit of clothing can be carried, and where the opportunities for replacing articles are few and far between.

The best corduroy has certain advantages in this respect, but its capacity for soaking up water in wet weather is a serious objection.

Leather is good for all but the coldest weather. Then it is the chilliest thing next to rubber that a man can wear. Cheap leather coats are often rotten, and tear easily on snags. Some leather coats are lined with corduroy, and are reversible. In all that I have seen the corduroy is poor quality, and soon tears out. I suppose that as a matter of fact four-fifths of the clothing made for the Klondike trade is sold under false pretenses. Some of our Western coast cities have gained an unenviable reputation in this respect, for much of the clothing sold fell to pieces on the slightest excuse.

Canvas clothing and overalls and jumpers form an important part of the outfit. Such clothing is frequently worn in winter over other clothing, and is useful for breaking the wind. Furs are not much in evidence in the interior. They are too stiff and too warm to work in, and when a man is outdoors in that country he is always exercising. During the very cold weather there is little wind, and in the dry, bracing atmosphere it is easy to keep up a good circulation. The difficulty is not to keep warm, but to keep from getting overheated.

The Canadian Mounted Police have winter clothing made from canvas and lined with a light-weight blanket material. The parkie worn by most of the men traveling out to the coast on the ice during the winter is made of a light, close-woven cotton material. In appearance it resembles the Chinaman's outer garment, except that it has a hood added, which is generally lined or edged with fur.

Knickerbockers make a good winter rig, and were by no means uncommon. The fact that they do not protect the lower leg is rather an advantage, as the limb between the knee and foot is not apt to be cold. Some kind of a padding or knit band for the knee is a good thing, and for the protection of the front part of the thigh down to the knee a piece of fur or skin is often sewed on, either inside or outside the trousers leg. In the interests of economy a leather seat or reinforced seat is desirable for the bifurcated garment.

Furs worn or used for robes should be of a kind that shed snow easily. Fox is said to be one of the best of furs for this purpose. Australian wombat coats and robes, on the other hand, are said to hold and collect the snow.

The rule seems to be to choose the furs of animals from snowy countries rather than those from warmer climates, on a parallel with the principle that dictates the use of the feathers of water birds in preference to land birds for fly-tying. This question of snow lodging on clothing is of more importance than would perhaps at first appear. Men who live outdoors know how to appreciate it, and the fringing on buckskin garments is said to be for the purpose of keeping them free from snow.

Sweaters are very useful. A medium weight for summer wear and the heaviest made for winter should be included. The latter should have a turtle neck, and either capote or large collar. The sweater with capote is good to sleep in. For shirts, the best quality miners' blue flannel shirts will be found satisfactory. It is difficult, however, to get them in fast color.

The best quality oilskin or slicker suits should be taken for wet weather. Cheap oilskins are sticky, or else they are not waterproof. Many prefer long rubber or oilskin coats to the jacket and trousers rig, but the latter has the advantage of keeping a man dry at times when he does not wear high boots. It has, however, a disadvantage in that the trousers in warm weather often make the garments beneath as wet from perspiration as they would have been from rain. All waterproof clothing sweats a man when exercising, and personally I would rather wear good cloth in anything but the heaviest downpours.

The keynote of comfort in the extreme winter cold of the Yukon is in the proper selection of underwear. Thickness does not count so much as quality. The smallest admixture of cotton is fatal. That I slept more comfortably than my partner when lying out nights on our trip up the river in January is due I think to the fact that my underwear, though lighter than his, was of better quality. His was manufactured especially for the Yukon trade and was very heavy, but probably not honest goods. Mine was the heaviest Jaeger I could purchase in New York, and the shirts were half a dozen sizes too large. Of course such shirts are big in every direction, and afford a wide margin of overlap where the garments meet; and moreover several of them may be worn at one time if desired. As a matter of fact I never required more than one undershirt to keep me warm, though I have frequently worn three pairs of heavy drawers at once.

Next in importance to pure woolen underwear is buckskin underwear, which is invaluable for breaking the wind and retaining the natural heat of the body. Buckskin underwear absorbs perspiration from the woolen underwear which is worn next to the skin, and becomes wet and soggy. It should not be worn except in the coldest weather. There is little stretch to it, and you want it plenty large.

Wristlets or pulse warmers are a good thing, and a money belt of some kind, leather or canvas, to be worn beneath the outer clothing, is a requisite.

For the feet, heavy socks are worn at all times. The progression of the seasons is marked by adding to or decreasing the number worn at one time. For the coldest weather our allowance was three pairs of ordinary heavy wool socks and one pair of German socks. If long trousers are worn the German socks are drawn up outside and tied below the knee. Arctic socks, which are a kind of felt slipper, are very useful. They keep out external dampness to a certain extent, and add protection against the cold just where it is most needed. A man's feet may be cold at a time when the bundled socks and drawers make the ankles uncomfortably hot. Two pairs of moccasins were worn outside this combination. When

entering a tent or shack the outer pair are removed, and the annoyance of melting snow thus avoided. Though light, this footgear makes a man's feet comically bulky. No. 10 moccasins are none too large for a man who at home wears a 7 shoe. The Indians have a standing joke among themselves about the white man's feet, similar to that so long in vogue about Chicago girls.

Lumbermen's rubber overshoes should never be taken into the Yukon. They have resulted in more frozen feet in that country than all other causes combined. They are all right for moderately cold weather, but when a drop below 40 occurs the wearer suffers, and not infrequently loses his feet. Two men coming down on the steamer *Rosalie* from Skagway who had had their feet frozen in Chilcoot Pass and expected to have them amputated had met their misfortune through this cause. At the time when number one had his feet frozen number two, who happened along, remarked that he thought a man should be able to tell when his feet were freezing and guard against it in time. A few hours later, when this man came to remove his footgear, he discovered that his own feet were badly frozen, and had been at the time he made the remark. They had pained him a good deal early in the day, but he thought he had succeeded in restoring the circulation, as they had become more comfortable. The cessation of pain apparently marked the time when they were frozen.

One can hardly err on the side of taking in too many socks or moccasins when traveling in winter, especially over the rough ice of the river. These things wear out very quickly, and despite the best of care they are frequently burned at the camp-fire. I used up five pairs of moccasins and nearly a dozen pairs of socks on our 450-mile tramp over the ice in January. The moccasins as a rule played out by being worn through on the soles, though in one or two cases the life was taken out of them by getting too much of the fire. Our footgear got wet every day despite the coldness of the weather, either from water coming up through cracks in the ice made by the river changing its level, or as a result of perspiration. Every night we had to sit up close to the camp-fire—"50 below zero in your back and 1,500 above in your face"—and dry out our footgear, when we would much rather have spent the time in sleeping. More than once I fell asleep while watching the long row of articles strung on a pole on the opposite side of the fire. Our moccasins were commonly frozen to our socks when we came to take them off for drying, and we had to thaw them out before they could be removed. The insides were full of frost, which collected chiefly at heel and toe. We tried the experiment of turning them inside out to dry the quicker. This worked all right with the Indian moccasins, which were sewed with sinew, but the moccasins procured in Victoria, which in other respects were much more durable, ripped as a result, and we had great difficulty in mending them, as the leather had become hard and required an awl to properly sew—something which we did not then happen to have. These Victoria moccasins were made of cowskin, I think. They were called moosehide, but differed very much from other moccasins I had, tanned and made by Jock Darling from the skin of the moose I killed on my first winter hunt with him.

The Indian moccasins sold along the river were very poor. With ordinary use they wore out in about two weeks, and rough walking would sometimes take the bottoms out in a day. They were made of caribou skin, hastily and carelessly tanned. They were said to be smoke tanned, but the Indians had gotten on to the white man's trick of making things to sell—not to wear—and considered it sufficient if they looked right. When making their own moccasins they were much more careful of the stock that went into them.

Their experience taught them that white men would buy anything and were used to being cheated. When there was a scarcity of skins they made the uppers of bed ticking, and such moccasins sold in Dawson for \$8 per pair.

To save their moccasins the more economical of the white men made for themselves canvas moccasins to be worn on the outside, and before the brash ice was covered with snow they manufactured insoles to protect their feet from the rough surface.

Moccasins manufactured by white men, whether in Maine or Victoria, as far as my experience goes, are much superior to the Indian article. Sometimes cowskin moccasins are made with the hair left on the inside. Oil-tanned moccasins are good for wet weather, but in dry cold weather they are slippery as glass, and a man who tries running in them after a dog team falls down a great many times during the day.

The common thing for wet weather in winter is a waterproof moccasin reaching nearly to the knee. Such moccasins are called muckluks, and the best are made by the coast Indians from sealskin with the fur left on outside.

For summer use, heavy, oil-tanned, hob-nailed shoes are good. The country is very rocky and very swampy, and the footgear should be waterproof and strong. Have the shoes good and large, and pay particular attention to the manner in which the reinforcing piece on the inside at the back is made.

The welt in heavy shoes is apt to chafe that part of the foot immediately above the heel, known as the tendon of Achilles. The heavy leather of the uppers, tendons, and ankles are also chafed. Rubber boots generally make blisters on the back of the heel or ankles. A good way to protect blistered feet is to cover the part with a strip of porous plaster. This sticks like grim death, and gives instant relief in many cases.

For wearing qualities the sea boots used by fishermen on the Atlantic coast cannot be beaten. These boots are oil-tanned, yellow or russet in color, and made of the very heaviest cowskin, with good leather soles an inch thick. They are waterproof and wear like iron, and would be invaluable for use in the work around a claim, but they are too heavy for traveling. E. A. Buck, of Bangor, Me., makes a first-class shoe for general use in the Yukon. His shoes should be ordered with extra heavy soles and hob-nails, and several boxes of hob-nails should be taken along for replacing those worn out or lost. Buck's shoes are the lightest weight shoes that I know of, that are both waterproof and durable.

I like a high shoe, but not the so-called sportsman's boot. Laced boots were worn to a considerable extent, but proved unsatisfactory in several respects, heating the leg where heat is not wanted and taking time to put on and keep in shape. Under some circumstances light canvas leggings are desirable, as, for instance, on a muddy trail, to keep the trousers clean.

Rubber hip boots with snag-proof bottoms are a necessary part of the outfit. A light pair of leather-soled, hob-nailed boots that I had gave excellent satisfaction. They fitted the leg tightly at the thigh and did not act as funnels for rain or receptacles for the slop of waves, which is a fault of ordinary hip boots. These boots were made for the sporting goods trade.

In the Yukon summer gloves are required as well as the winter article. The hands need a protection against mosquitoes and also for working in water. Rubber gloves are commonly taken, and other light gloves long enough to protect the wrists. For winter use, buckskin gauntlets, or badger, lynx, beaver, bear or other fur mitts were worn. These mitts are very large and sometimes reach half way up to the elbow. They are generally carried by a cord reaching around the neck and fastened to each mitten. They are lined with blanket material or fur. Rabbit skin is said to make the warmest lining, and is most prized by the Indians for this purpose. Not infrequently other gloves are worn inside. The big gauntlets are extremely awkward, and it is very difficult to chop with them on. I found that a heavy Arctic glove, of a quilted woolen material similar to that from which German socks are made, worn inside an unlined buckskin mitt, made a good, practical combination. For work requiring a firm grip I could slip off the buckskin gauntlets and wear only the gloves. There is a difference of opinion as to the proper way to make the fur mitts. Some say that the hair should lie toward the tips of the fingers to shed snow, and others that it should slant backward toward the arm, so that the wind will glance off. Of course in most gloves the latter plan is adopted.

At times when one is not living in a tent or cabin it is very difficult to dry out the big fur gauntlets, which are constantly getting wet from perspiration. The skins of animals scorch very easily, and after that the article is rotten and useless. There is just one zone of the proper temperature at a camp-fire where skin articles will dry out and not burn. A few inches inside this zone the heat is too intense, and an infinitesimal distance beyond they remain frozen. It requires a nice discrimination to select the proper distance and keep the things there under the changing conditions of the fire. Glowing embers fall over toward the roughly extemporized rack on which the articles are drying, and if they are not instantly removed they are likely to be ruined.

One of the mounted police told me that buckskin shirts "freeze dry," as he expressed it. All that was necessary, he said, was to hang them up outdoors in a current of air, and they would dry in the coldest weather. Nothing in my experience tended to corroborate this statement. The rule seemed to be that all articles accumulated frost from moisture with the utmost facility, and parted with it only under the compulsion of a considerable degree of heat continuously applied. However, I am still open to conviction on this point, for in a country where ice forms on the bottoms of rivers before the surface is closed and many other remarkable things happen, it is just as well not to be incredulous about anything.

For summer wear a felt Alpine hat is very satisfactory. Caps let the rain into your hair and down the back of your neck, and are a nuisance. A slicker hat, with ear tabs, is good for cold fall rains. The long, drooping back effectually protects the neck, and such hats are very warm and comfortable. In winter some kind of a fur cap is required with a flap reaching down to protect the neck, ears and sides of the face, and tying under the chin. It should reach low down on the forehead, and is all the better if it has a fur-lined vizor. Practically the only part of the face exposed is the mouth, nose and eyes. In temperate winter weather the flaps may be tied up on top of the cap, out of the way, and the vizor turned back. Some caps are fitted with face masks, but these as commonly made hinder the vision in a way that is annoying to the last degree. My face and nose were exposed in weather ranging from 50 to 60 degrees below zero, and were never touched by frost. This was at a time when there was no wind. In windy weather at even 25 below one's face becomes very numb and uncomfortable without protection, and for such times Mac and I wore nose protectors of our own design. These were simply strips of fur about an inch wide, reaching horizontally across the front of the cap, and covering the lower half of the bridge of the nose. They were permanently attached to one side of the cap, and arranged to button on the other side when in use. They came in opportunely when we crossed Chilcoot Pass in a gale of wind and with the thermometer at the lowest point it had reached up to February.

A fair supply of silk handkerchiefs should be taken along for winter use. They go a long way toward preserving one's peace of mind in cold weather. Also, in the interests of comfort, one should not neglect a liberal amount of toilet paper.

Be sure that your toilet soap is the kind that works in cold water; also that you have not forgotten towels. Towels are an important part of the outfit. If they outlive their usefulness for the purpose for which they were intended, they will come in handy for cleaning dishes.

A pocket comb and a little round pocket glass the size of a silver dollar will go a long way toward preserving a man's self-respect, and a razor should always be taken. Beards may be good to protect the throat and face in countries not quite so cold, but in the Yukon they are never allowed to grow any length, because they freeze and make it awkward for a man to talk or eat. Some men shave every week or two in cold weather, and others clip their mustaches and beard frequently.

They have a saying that in the Yukon a man only bathes in summer or when he breaks through the ice, and it is a fact that some men never take off their clothes. Mac and I, however, managed to wash from head to foot

quite regularly, despite the cold. We liked the water as hot as we could bear it, and cold baths in midwinter were not popular in our corner of the woods.

We had a wholesome fear of that horrible little animal which has a penchant for the unwashed class, and fortunately escaped without seeing one in the entire time we were in the Yukon. A precaution which we adopted, suggested by the police, was a cube of camphor, sewed in a bag, and suspended by a string about the neck. I also wore a tiny metal badge engraved with my name and address for purposes of identification. In the Yukon some indestructible form of identification is highly desirable.

For sewing outfit one should include scissors, large needles, and heavy linen thread or gill twine. A ball of yarn and darning needles are also required, and sail needles and twine come in handy. For heavy sewing a sailor's palm thimble is needed, and an awl for mending shoes and moccasins should not be forgotten. Take along wax for waxing thread, and some shoemakers' wax-ends as well. Also take a couple of yards of 8oz. duck for patching clothes, or making moccasins. Canvas will save the seat of a pair of pants when nothing else will.

Clothing and the small articles of personal outfit are carried in clothing sacks. The brown oiled canvas sacks are waterproof and satisfactory. A knapsack for small articles is also desirable. One or two pairs of stout pack straps should be provided. See that they are well put together, as they are apt to give out where riveted.

A good watch is of the utmost importance. Nothing but a full-jeweled movement will answer for a cold country, and even the best sometimes will not run in low temperature. Cheap watches depend on oil to lubricate the movements, and this oil freezes and stops the watches. In very cold weather a poor watch will not run, even if tucked down inside the clothing next a man's body. Nowhere in the world is a reliable watch more needed.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

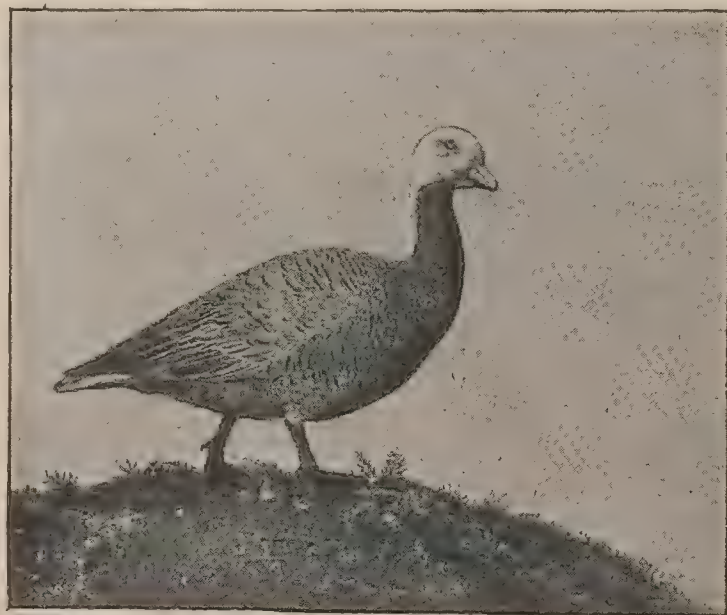
Natural History.

Notes on the Wildfowl and Game Animals of Alaska.

BY E. W. NELSON, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

[From the *National Geographic Magazine*.]

AMONG the many interesting features to be seen by visitors to Alaska, the animal life is noteworthy for several reasons. During the brief summer the otherwise desolate tundras are animated by swarms of water fowl, which arrive from the south in spring as soon as the bare ground begins to appear, and after a short delay set about their summer housekeeping. The water fowl on the rivers and lakes of the interior are the familiar species which winter among the ponds and marshes of the western United States. The Canada, Hutchin's, white-fronted and snowy geese are there with swans and fresh-water ducks of many species. Besides these, sand-hill cranes and numerous waders abound. One of the most strikingly colored species along the small tributaries of the Yukon is the harlequin duck. The most interesting part of the bird life of this region, however, is found along the coast of Bering Sea. Four species of eider ducks occur there, some of which are



EMPEROR GOOSE.

very handsome. Among these the king, Steller's, and spectacled eiders are shown in the accompanying illustrations.*

The emperor goose is another fine bird peculiar to this country; it has its home in the marshy region between the mouths of the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers. It is the most elegantly dressed of its kind in America. The top and sides of the head and neck are snowy white, the chin, throat and under side of the neck blackish, and the feathers of the back a soft, silky, gray color, bordered by a black crescent near the end and tipped with white. The under surface is similar, but duller, and the feet are vivid orange.

The black brant pass along the coast of Bering Sea in great numbers every spring, and afford royal sport to persons fortunate enough to choose good stands while the flight lasts.

During the four years the writer lived at St. Michael water fowl was a very important item in the bill of fare,

* I am indebted to Mr. F. W. True, Executive Curator, U. S. National Museum, for the photographs of bird and mammal groups in the Museum which illustrate this article.

and when the frosty autumn days approached he sallied out with his companions into the marshes to lay in a supply of ducks and geese for winter. The question of cold storage cut no figure, for the two or three hundred birds brought in were drawn and hung up in an old warehouse and the climate did the rest, enabling us to have roast duck or goose during the entire winter.

Among the numerous berries growing wild on the treeless hills of this coast, a kind of blueberry is very abundant in September, and the young ducks feed upon it



DALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

until they become excessively fat and so delicately flavored that they are delicious morsels. We became tired of hung duck, however, before the winter ended, and when the first solitary goose came flying over in spring, on a reconnoitering trip, there was general rejoicing. I still remember the hearty zest with which we put an extra edge on our knives and attacked the pioneer old gander that fell to our guns. He was lean and tough after his long flight, but was thoroughly enjoyed as an earnest of the coming season of plenty.

Two kinds of ptarmigan are common on the mainland, and will be considered dainty birds by many a hungry prospector, although to tell the truth they are about the poorest flavored of the American grouse. Their handsome summer plumage of mottled brown gives way in winter to one of snowy white. In winter, in the valley of the Kuskokwim, the ptarmigan called willow grouse gather in large flocks. During my sledge journeys I sometimes encountered flocks of hundreds among the patches of scrubby willows, and when flushed it seemed as if the snowy surface of the ground had suddenly burst up and taken wing.

When the first mossy knolls appear in spring the willow grouse begins to lose its snowy winter dress. At first a few brown feathers show above the base of the bill and gradually increase in number until the entire head becomes brown while the body is still white. This progressive change keeps pace with the melting snow, and with the disappearance of the last drifts the last white feather has been dropped and the bird is in full summer garb. The willow grouse begins its courtship in May, with the appearance of the first brown feathers, and it is vigorously carried on with loud challenging notes of defiance, accompanied by many fierce rough-and-tumble fights. When the ground is mostly bare, the snow remaining only in scattered drifts, the males

gives up the chase and fairly splits his throat with exultant notes. The Eskimos take advantage of this belligerency, and snare many ptarmigan by means of fine sinew nets placed on small stakes set on the snow around stuffed skins of male birds. The hunter conceals himself and imitates the challenge cries until a neighboring grouse dashes blindly at his supposed rival and becomes enmeshed in the net.

Aside from the birds which have a definite value as food are numerous smaller species, among which the "whisky jack" will become a familiar character to the miners. He is a kind of jay with a dull, smoky-brown coat and bright, inquisitive eyes, and is withal an intelligent and companionable little chap who has no hesitation in sharing your camp for the gratification of a frank curiosity and sound appetite. His impish ways were always highly entertaining to me, and, I do not doubt, will furnish amusement to many a gold hunter in his lonely camp.

Although I have dwelt upon the birds, because they are more numerous and more generally distributed than most other kinds of game, the man who loves the rifle will find his opportunity among the mountains and valleys of the interior. Formerly large mammals were much more numerous in Alaska than at present, and the decrease has come about almost entirely since our ownership of the country. The history of the fur seal is well known. The sea otter is another animal that is passing away. Its doom is even more certain than that of the fur seal, for it is a dangerous thing for an animal to wear a coat worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars. All that has kept the sea otter from extinction is its shyness and the fact that the stormy parts of the sea it frequents render its pursuit hazardous and uncertain. Upon the mainland are several fine mammals, among which native reindeer are the most generally distributed. There are two kinds of these deer—a large, dark-colored one, called the woodland caribou, which lives in the wooded district of the upper Yukon, and a smaller, paler kind, called the barren ground caribou, which lives in the open tundras or treeless country. Barren ground caribou were once exceedingly numerous, and the coast hills along the shores of Norton Sound are still scored with their trails, leading diagonally up to the cool summits, where the animals used to go in summer to avoid the mosquitoes that swarm on the tundras. But even so far back as 1877 the caribou was very rare along most of the coast of Bering Sea. When Alaska passed under American control it became possible for the natives to secure breech-loading rifles, especially where whalers and trading schooners called, and the result was a rapid slaughter of the large game.

Since the barren ground caribou usually live in the open tundras where there is no cover, it is extremely difficult for the hunter to approach unseen. Like the antelope of our Western plains, they are inquisitive animals, and before starting away often make a circuit about anything which excites their interest. Before they became sophisticated by the common use of guns the Eskimos had an ingenious method of stalking them in open ground, which the old hunters told me was very successful. The Eskimos hunted in pairs, and when they found a bunch of caribou on an open plain they would start directly for the animals, one hunter walking immediately behind the other, keeping step, with their bodies touching, so that from the front they appeared like one man. When they were still some distance away the caribou would throw up their heads and start off to circle around the intruders. The hunters kept on in their original course, apparently paying no attention to them, and when the men passed the first little bush, knoll

much of the interior, and during my residence in the country a single individual was killed in the Yukon delta close to the sea—a very rare occurrence. In summer they are rarely hunted by the Indians in the dense forests of the upper Yukon, but are killed every now and then on the banks of streams or while swimming across them. In winter they wander from place to place, browsing on the tender twigs of cottonwoods, white birches and willows, until the increasing depth of snow forces them to unite in "yards." When caught in deep snow or with a heavy crust they are easily killed by the Indians, who follow them on snowshoes.

On the upper Yukon the old method of moose hunting in early winter was for the Indians to go out on snowshoes after a heavy snowfall and search for fresh trails. When one was found the swiftest runner, stripped to a shirt and breeches, and carrying a light shotgun loaded with ball, started off after the moose, while the women and slower runners followed. Sometimes a moose would run eight or ten miles before being overtaken. At this season the cold is generally very intense, and the hunter would quickly freeze if he stopped while heated from his long run, and with so little clothing. For this reason, after killing the moose he returned to camp at a run, leaving the followers to cut up and drag the carcass home. When there was a light crust small dogs were used to bring the moose to bay and enable the hunter to kill it with less exertion. Before the snow fell in autumn the moose were stalked in the dense spruce thickets, but they were very wary animals, and usually became alarmed and started off at a swift trot, with a great clatter of hoofs, before the hunter caught sight of them. At such times the Indian, knowing the

HARLEQUIN DUCK.
KING EIDER.SPECTACLED EIDER.
STELLER'S EIDER.

country and the habits of the game, would run at his best speed to the opposite side of the small basin or valley and take a position where he could see for some distance on all sides, for when started in this manner the moose often made a wide circuit and returned within gunshot.

Two species of mountain sheep, quite different from one another and from the Rocky Mountain bighorn, are known in northwestern America. The first of these, a superb, snow-white animal, was described by the writer some years ago as *Ovis dalli*, in honor of Prof. Wm. H. Dall, the pioneer scientific explorer on the Yukon. The specimens upon which my description was based were obtained from the Fort Reliance country by Mr. L. N. McQuesten, now President of the Order of Yukon Pioneers. Dall's mountain sheep is found over a wide area, from the low hills beyond the tree limit near the Arctic coast south across the Yukon and Kuskokwim to the Alaskan range. Last year Dr. J. A. Allen described another species from the headwaters of the Stikine River and named it *Ovis stonei*. But little is known of this handsome animal, which has a dark, almost iron-gray, coat, very different from the white of Dall's sheep. The discovery of these two sheep in northwestern America indicates that we may expect other interesting, if less striking, new forms of animal life in the mountains of that region.

In the high mountains bordering the Pacific coast, north of Sitka, mountain goats occur, but we have little definite information concerning their range and abundance. Owing to the white color of Dall's sheep, it is quite probable that in many cases they may have been mistaken for goats.

Bears also are very numerous in some places, and several kinds are known to occur. The huge bear of Kadiak and the Alaskan peninsula is the largest species in the world, and the skull of an old male looks as if he belonged to the animal life of a former geologic age, when beasts of gigantic size roamed the earth. Black bears are generally distributed over the mainland, except on the barren tundras bordering the Arctic coast. About the last of October or first of November they find a sheltered cleft or cavern in the rocks, where they make a bed of leaves and grasses and hibernate until the warm days of April bring them out again. On the upper Yukon the Indians kill them with arrows, guns or spears. Some of the bravest and most powerful of the hunters will attack them armed only with a long-bladed knife. In such cases the hunter wraps a blanket about his left hand and arm, and with it thus protected thrusts it out for the bear to seize as it rises upon its haunches, giving him an opportunity to make a fatal thrust under the guard thus formed. Both Eskimos and Indians give these animals credit for supernatural knowledge and cunning. The Eskimo hunters are very careful not to speak in a disrespectful manner of bears, and are especially



BARREN GROUND CARIBOU.

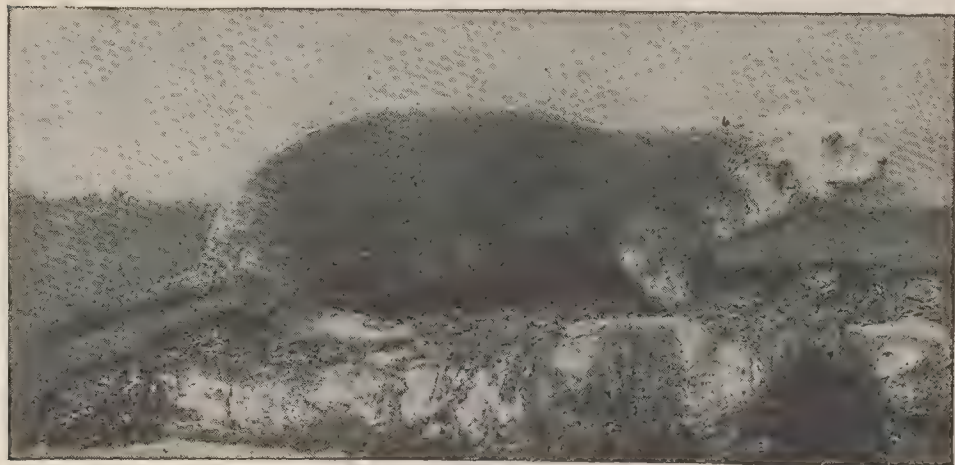
choose these white patches as the stage upon which to strut and ruffle for the admiration of their female friends. In the tundras they may be seen and heard on all sides as they fly up with stiffened wings a few yards above the snowbanks and then glide down, uttering loud, harsh notes. Every now and then the efforts of some gallant cock become too obnoxious for his neighbor, who starts full tilt for his detested rival. The latter likes nothing better, and meets the enemy in midair. They clinch and fall to the ground, apparently using beak, wings and claws in the encounter. During such times the moult of white feathers is profuse, and the combatants are the center of a perfect blur of whirling plumage. Directly one of the birds gets enough and starts off in hasty flight, pursued for 30 or 40 yds. by the victor, who then

or other cover the one in the rear sank down behind it while his companion kept on. The caribou continued to circle as the single hunter advanced, and were almost certain to pass close to the concealed man and thus afford a deadly shot at short range. The sudden appearance of the concealed hunter drew the attention of the game from the man who had gone on, enabling him to drop flat upon the ground without being noticed. The caribou, in starting off wildly from the new danger, often ran within shot of the man who had last concealed himself. Hunters told me that in this way they often got several shots before the animals finally gathered their wits and left the vicinity.

The large woodland caribou of the upper Yukon lives in the forest with the moose. The latter ranges over

guarded against letting any one know of their plan to go on a bear hunt. They believe firmly that if they should speak of such intention these animals would know it at once and lie in ambush to attack them. Bears figure largely in the folk-lore and ceremonial dances of the Eskimos on the lower Kuskokwim and Yukon rivers.

About the Arctic coast the polar bear is a regular winter visitor, and a half-grown individual was killed near St. Michael in August, 1880. They are common on the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean north of Bering Strait, and many were seen during the cruise of the Corwin in 1881. The accompanying illustration represents a female



SEA OTTER.

killed by the writer near Wrangel Island, while with the Corwin. In summer these animals are usually well fed and avoid encountering men whenever possible. In winter, when hunger presses, they become dangerous, and I have heard of several Eskimos who were killed, and have seen others who were badly scarred from encounters with them.

In the fall, as the pack ice comes south through Bering Strait, it brings great herds of walrus and many white bears. The latter sometimes reach the Fur Seal Islands, but only at rare intervals. Some years many of the bears fail to retreat beyond the strait early enough in spring, and are left stranded on St. Matthew and St. Lawrence islands. During the summer of 1874 Mr. Elliott and Lieut. Maynard found them on St. Matthew Island to the number of several hundred. When these gentlemen landed on the neighboring Hall Island the same season sixteen white bears were in sight as the boat approached the shore, ten of which were together on the beach. Quite a number were killed and none showed fight. They were fat and when asleep were easily approached. When aroused they stood up and sniffed at the party as if to learn whether they were friends or foes, and when the men were scented the bears ran back into the hills. At this time they were seen feeding on grass and roots, with motions like those of a grazing hog.

Aside from the whales the walrus is the largest Alaskan mammal. Formerly it was very numerous around the islands and along the American coast of Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean. During the cruise of the Corwin we saw thousands of them on the border of the pack ice. The Eskimos report the female walrus to be very dangerous in April and May, when they have young. At that time they say an old female will attack a man in a kayak on sight, and become as fierce and dangerous as an old bear. An Eskimo living at Cape Vancouver once told me of an encounter he had had with a walrus while seal hunting in the drift ice off the cape, in which he and a companion had a narrow escape. They met and killed a young walrus without having seen the female. A moment later she arose in the water, and catching sight of the hunters uttered a hoarse, bellowing cry, and dashed at them. The men paddled for their lives and reached a cake of ice just in time to escape. Several times, supposing she had gone, they launched their kayaks, but the moment they did so she appeared and drove them back on the ice. During our cruise in the Arctic we saw many females with young, and the watchfulness of the old ones was very noticeable. The young nearly always swam directly in front of its mother, and the latter in diving always carried the little one under with her by resting the points of her tusks on its shoulders and forcing it down.

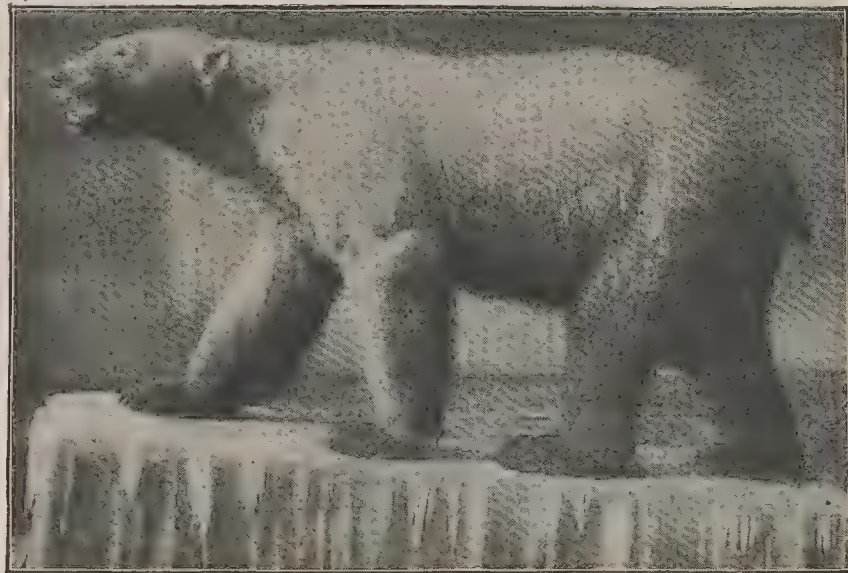
In the old days, when caribou were abundant, wolves were common and ran in large packs. With the growing scarcity of caribou the wolves decreased until, during my residence at St. Michael, they were uncommon along the coast of Bering Sea and the adjacent interior. The white and blue Arctic or stone foxes are common on the barrens, and red foxes are also common and much more widely distributed. The region about Dawson City was formerly noted for the number and quality of the black fox skins taken there every winter. Canada lynxes, wolverines, land otter, American sable and mink are among the fur-bearing animals which helped make up the main wealth of Alaska until recent developments.

Among the "rats and mice and such small deer" are many animals of more or less interest. The whistling marmots live in the mountains about the upper Yukon and Tanana rivers, and the bob-tailed little conies are also found in that region. The last-named animal makes its home in broken masses of rock, and has an amusing way of barking at strange visitors with a squeaking voice like that of a toy dog.

The great increase in the population of Alaska which is now taking place cannot but have a decided effect upon the large game. Most of the prospecting parties will be provided with rifles and will take every opportunity of securing an addition to their scanty camp fare. With this going on in thousands of localities in the hitherto unvisited areas, the effect will necessarily be disastrous to such animals as bears, mountain sheep, caribou and moose. Unfortunately not a museum in the world has even a passable representation from Alaska of any of these animals.

The threatened early extermination of such fine species

is to be greatly deplored, but cannot well be avoided, and it is altogether probable that within two or three years it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to secure specimens for scientific purposes. The U. S. National Museum in Washington is the proper repository for a full representation of the animals indigenous to our territory, for exhibition purposes as well as scientific study, and it will be a great loss to science if any of the large Alaskan mammals become extinct before a proper series of skins and skulls is in the possession of this institution. I wish to impress this upon settlers and others going to Alaska the present season, in the hope that,



POLAR BEAR.

having their attention called to the importance of saving specimens, they may take a patriotic interest in placing them in the National Capital.

Game Bag and Gun.

Jim and I.

Jim keeps the drug store, and I don't do much of anything. There are several good drug clerks in the town, so Jim can get away whenever he wants to. Jim likes to shoot; same here. Jim can shoot. Well, I can shoot some, but you see Jim's a corker; and he is the sort of fellow who likes to see his partner grass a quail better than to do it himself, and he always seems to be thinking more of his partner having a good time than of having it himself. Then, if you can't shoot quail in the brush, he is awful handy to have along with you, because the brush don't seem to bother him a bit. He kills them just the same. Jim has a wonderful eye for squirrels too, and it's a mighty small bit of gray, way up in a tree, if he don't see it. Jim is bound to be all right, for old Joe always liked him, and old Joe is mighty particular about things. If you knew Jim you would want to go shooting with him, and if you went once you would want to go again.

Last September there were lots of hickory nuts, and there were squirrels too; so one afternoon Jim and I drove out to the big woods, just to loaf round and see if the squirrels were dropping any chips out of the hickories. There were abundant signs under a dozen or more trees in various parts of the woods; there were hundreds of hickory trees there, all of them bending with their weight of nuts; but the squirrels confined themselves to a few particular trees, as they always do. I happened to get a glimpse of a squirrel's tail in the fork of a big ash, fully 80 ft. high. Nothing was visible except a couple of inches of gray tail. Jim went round to the other side, and after going back some 40 yds. from the tree, said he believed he "could see the white under the squirrel's jaws." "I'll shoot anyway, and perhaps you will then get a shot." (He had a .22 rifle, and I a shotgun.) When he fired the squirrel jumped 2 or 3 ft. high, turning round and spreading its limbs and tail, and went sailing toward the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees. Supposing it was not hurt, but frightened into making one of those phenomenal leaps they sometimes make, I fired at it while it was in midair, and saw it tumble over and over the rest of the way to the ground. We found that Jim's bullet had smashed its lower jaw, and its hide was riddled with shot, whereupon Jim and I shook hands.

We did not see any more for a couple of hours, but along about 5 o'clock they began to wake up, and we heard two or three barking, and it being a very still evening we heard from where we sat a faint pattering of chips in several directions; so we separated and began to look for meat in good earnest. A rifle is a very poor tool for this kind of work, for the squirrels were constantly in motion, except when eating a nut, and then they took care to keep hidden, and would drop the nut and run if they caught sight of a man; so Jim only got one, while four fell to the shotgun, making six for the afternoon.

Late in November, when the frosts and the rains had somewhat beat down the weeds, and the winds had swept the leaves from the trees, and heaped them in the hollows of the woods, or piled them in the corners of the fences, Jim and I went up the creek to look for quail. We went into a big tract of weed-grown stubble. Along the fences that surrounded it, and along the two brooks that ran through it, were plenty of sumach and thickets of briars and bushes. Old Joe sailed into the weeds in a style that said: "I'll get 'em for you;" but he didn't get 'em, for they were not there. It was a long tramp that yielded nothing but great expectations. Then we went to a big weed field over on the creek bottom, and saw old Joe way off yonder some eighty rods, stop galloping, come to a full stop, snuff the air a moment, trot a few steps, then walk a couple of rods, stop, and presently sink slowly out of sight into the weeds. The old fellow was too tired to remain standing and had "lain down on 'em." When we came to him he was crouched flat on the ground with forelegs extended and

his head resting on them. When we came even with him he raised his head, slowly and just a little, and remained in that position until the birds took wing two rods in front of him. Four loads of shot followed, but only one bird stopped. Away they went through the open woods, two dropping behind a big log and the rest, some fifteen or twenty of them, kept on to the dense willow thicket on the creek bank. We got one of the two that stopped in the woods, and went on into the thicket. Here quail got up one, two and three at a time, and flew for the four corners of creation. We shot and shot, and quail flew away and quail fell dead. We

didn't know how many times we shot, nor how many got away, nor how many we killed; but old Joe gathered seven and then caught a winged one, which he was carrying so tenderly that it flitted itself out of his mouth and started into a muskrat hole. We got it out of the hole, and it got into the thick brush of a fallen tree top, with Joe tumbling and plunging through the brush in a chase that ended in the capture of the quail.

Then we went across an old pasture field on the way to another likely place, and Joe found a little bunch of quail right out in the pasture, and we got just one. We followed them and got one more. We tried to find another covey, but failed, and went back to where we left the buggy, Jim shooting a rabbit on the way.

As Jim got out of the buggy at home he said he reckoned we would go again, and we did; but that is another story.

O. H. HAMPTON.

St. Louis Notes.

THE commission merchants and game dealers of this city are still at work on their organization to assist the preservation of game by the cold storage process. Although they announced that sportsmen's clubs were working with them we note that all the officers of the association are commission merchants and dealers in game. So far as game is concerned the main object of this association seems to be to provide a wide-open market for this city. They intend to ask the coming Legislature to amend the game laws so that game not killed in this State may nevertheless be sold the year around in the St. Louis market. This means, of course, that the killing of game in this State will be continued irrespective of any game law. There will always be a market for what the market hunters may shoot. Considering that New York has just abolished this feature of their game law, it would be a strange move for Missouri to make such a retrogression in her legislation. The commission game dealers have plenty of money back of them and also the indirect aid of the big hotels and restaurants, which would like to be able to serve game the year around. Unless the sportsmen of Missouri wake up and do something to prevent this change in legislation it may be secured by the game dealers. Another change, which the game dealers desire is the abolishment of game wardens. Although this State has no appropriation for the wardens, yet good work has been accomplished by volunteer service, and many illegal hunters and fishers have been arrested and heavily fined. The game dealers intend to make a strong effort to have this "nuisance" abolished, as they term it. As a sample of what they are doing to influence public opinion they intend to print and distribute 50,000 circulars throughout the State.

Mr. Horace Kephart, who is well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is interesting himself in the formation of a company of sharpshooters. At a recent meeting articles of agreement were drawn up, one of them being as follows:

"No one shall be accepted as a member of this company when it is mustered into the United States service unless he can hit the figure of an average-sized man ten times consecutively with the rifle at 200 yds., shooting offhand, not more than two re-entries being allowed."

There are plenty of marksmen in St. Louis who can meet this requirement, and there will be no difficulty in getting up such a company as Mr. Kephart desires.

A committee of the Castor River Fishing and Hunting Club recently went to southeast Missouri and picked a site for the club house, which is now in process of erection, and will be completed in about two weeks; the members are looking forward with pleasure to its opening. This club contains some of the best anglers in St. Louis, a number of them being readers of your journal.

So far this season there has been an excess of rainfall in this section of the country of nearly 8 in. This means that there has been continued high water since early spring, and it is yet too high for fishing except in a few inland lakes. This also means that the game fish will have time to spawn and take care of their young before they can be caught by the fishermen. If nature would provide for their protection every year as she has this year it would be a grand thing for fish propagation in this State. It will be a couple of weeks before the waters are low enough for fishing, and if the usual June rains come there will not be much angling before July.

If the game wardens of Illinois who are located near St. Louis will keep their eyes open on Sundays they may be able to bag a lot of netters who make a practice of going across the river on Sundays and seining the creeks, which are easily reached from this city. It is to be hoped that these parties will be caught and heavily fined.

ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, May 7.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Loss of a Landmark.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—The burning of Maksawba Club house in Indiana on last Sunday afternoon, as briefly wired to *FOREST AND STREAM*, is the second calamity of the kind to occur to sportsmen of this vicinity this spring. In the case of Poygan Club house, of Wisconsin, it is very likely that the fire was the work of incendiaries. The Maksawba fire was pure accident, and occurred in broad daylight, while a number of the members were in the building. The club keeper, Ira Pease, came into the gun room and hastily told the members there to grab their belongings, for the building was on fire and was sure to go. The fire started in the old structure back of the main building, and was never under control. About \$6,000 insurance is collectible, and out of this a new building will no doubt be put up. The old building was not an architectural wonder, but with it went the treasured associations of over twenty years, and in its loss the wide marshes of the Kankakee lost one of the landmarks long known of all the shooting craft of this region. There has never been a more popular or more comfortable shooting club among our shooters here, and perhaps no Chicago club has grounds offering even to-day so great a variety of sport. Ducks are not so abundant now as they once were, but snipe, rail, woodcock, quail, grouse, rabbits, some small fur, and any amount of fine pike and bass fishing, are still among the attractions fortunately not injured by the fire.

Mr. Kinney lost a shotgun, and Mr. Organ lost a light gun belonging to his wife. The keeper lost a valuable 10-gauge Scott gun given him years ago by Mr. Cox, one of the members. A number of members had their lockers full of clothing, boots, ammunition, etc., all of which was a total loss.

Among others present at the time of the fire were Mayor Carter H. Harrison and ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, Messrs. Graham H. Harris, Jack Wiggins, John Watson, W. H. Haskell and John C. Harkell. None of these was able to do much toward saving any property. John Watson declares that he was innocent, some members having suggested that, as he had that day fired his last shot for the season on snipe, he probably had thought it best for everybody else to end the season at the same time!

Plover.

The jack snipe had pretty much left this latitude by the first of this week, but the golden plover are just coming in. Italian Joe, the great plover sharp of this section, killed 114 golden plover last Saturday near his favorite hunting grounds at Summit. The Graham boys, who live at Long Lake, north of Chicago, on the Wisconsin Central road, say that yesterday there were hundreds of golden plover working on the fields in that neighborhood. Not a great many of our shooters hunt plover, but for those who do this week should offer sport.

Ended.

Last Sunday ended the legal duck season in Wisconsin, which seems to have been prolific both of ducks and duck shooters. Upon the subject of spring shooting the Milwaukee Sentinel thus voices a growing belief: "This spring the slaughter of ducks in Wisconsin has been mercilessly prosecuted, some Milwaukee hunters having brought home as many as 150 birds as the result of a week's shooting. On Lake Koshkonong thousands of canvasback ducks have been killed by market hunters, on Poggan, Winneconne and Puckaway lakes bluebills and redheads have been chased off their feeding and breeding grounds, and in Waukesha county the ducks have scarcely had an opportunity to breathe freely, so sharp has been the pursuit of the hunters.

"A law should be passed at the next session of the Legislature prohibiting spring shooting," said a Milwaukee sportsman yesterday, while discussing the effect of killing ducks during the breeding season. "Every fall the complaint is made that the duck shooting grows poorer and poorer with each succeeding year, but the hunters seem to fail to recognize the fact that they cannot eat their cake and have it too. If the birds are molested in the spring they are driven elsewhere if not killed, and that is why I argue against shooting in the early part of each year."

Death of Mr. Shorb.

In an Ohio paper I read this week of the death of E. H. Shorb, of Van Wert, O., a member of the Fish and Game Commission, and in charge of the State pheasantry, in which position his work has attracted much attention. Mr. Shorb was in feeble health when I last saw him in Chicago last February, but we had no hint that his ailment was so serious. His successor is A. J. Hazlett, of Crawford county.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Spring Bay Bird Shooting.

CHINCOTEAGUE, Va., May 2.—Bay birds are getting quite plenty at Chincoteague Island, with the best prospect of an abundance from May 10 to June 1—the indications are that we will have a good supply. T. G. E.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Yellowtail.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., April.—It may be rank heresy for an old New Yorker who has spent most of his fishing years on the St. Lawrence among the black bass, and many years in the haunts of the gray snapper and tuna in Florida, to set up a claim for far-away California as a paradise of the game fish hunter; but I confess, after ten seasons at Santa Catalina Island, I am tempted to do it.

Within the past ten years California has become famous as a tourist resort; and gradually those who come West are beginning to learn that California is not a winter resort alone, but that the summers along shore are more comfortable and delightful than those in almost any other section of the country. It is this feature which gives an especial charm to the ocean fishing at the islands off shore. There are seven or eight of these, some beautiful and abounding in picturesque features; some are low and broken; others, as Santa Cruz, rise like a huge mountain with lofty cliffs; while others again, as Santa Catalina, are a combination of all. The last is famous for its game fishes and their vast numbers, and is the only one having fine hotels, cottages, and a town connected with the mainland by a daily line of steamers.

Avalon is on the bay of that name on the southwestern coast, thirty miles from the mainland, and three hours and a half from Los Angeles. It is one of the picturesque spots in California, and has earned a remarkable reputation for the variety and number of its game fish and the sport that can be had from April to December. The bay of Avalon is about half a mile across, forming

Gardner, Arnold Hodson, Chris Ringsen, and others, any one of whom the stranger can trust implicitly to give him a day's or a week's sport. The boat stands and the boatmen are features of Avalon. The boat stands are strung along the beach, skirting the main driveway, which follows the sweep of the bay. These are places of interest, and each boatman has his especial champions, and at night it is the correct thing to stroll from stand to stand to compare the catches, the size of the rods, and other points of interest, while in the morning the stands are filled with anglers, who are never weary of comparing tackle and discussing the big fish they have caught.

We have made arrangements for a day's fishing, and at 4 o'clock are down on the beach. The Venetian fishermen or bait catchers are just hauling the seine, and have beached half a ton of sardines, out of which our boatman is making his selection. The bait boxes being filled, we shove off. The boat is rather heavy, but a good rower, broad of beam, and rigged for three; the oarsman, who baits and "gaffs"; then in front of him sits a fisherman in a comfortable armchair, facing his companion in the stern, or the two may face the stern and fish on opposite sides. The equipment is two rods, weighing about 18oz. The reels are big Vom Hofe rubber affairs, holding 600ft. of wet 18-strand cuttybunk line. The hook, a bronzed tarpon hook, is attached by a 6 or 8in. piano wire leader. The bait is a big sardine, 6 or 8in. long, tied upon the hook so that it will run naturally and not twist, as anything approaching a spoon or its motion is a dismal failure. The fish must run along in a natural manner or like a sardine in distress. Sometimes a pipe sinker is used, if fish are lying low, but usually the start is made on the surface. About 100ft. of line is unreel, and with finger on the brake we are ready. The brake is an important feature, and, curiously, all reels are made without one. Some fishermen use a



YELLOWTAILS OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

One day's catch by two men with rod and reel.

a perfect crescent, and guarded by rocky sentinels. The town skirts the shore, the houses climbing the hills and dotting the landscape here and there. The town is in the mouth of a deep cañon, which almost cuts the island in two here, and from the hills on its sides a scene of great beauty stretches away. One looks down on the blue ocean and hundreds of lateral cañons winding in every direction; 100 miles away the snow-capped peaks of San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and others; and in the immediate foreground the vineyards and orange groves of Los Angeles and other counties.

Santa Catalina is about twenty-two miles long and seven or eight miles wide at the widest point; a mountain range rising from the sea, cut and bored into strange shapes and breasting the sea with bold and lofty cliffs, which give it a grand and impressive appearance to the angler who rows along on the placid water beneath them. The shores of the California mainland are characterized by rough water, but here is a region of calms, where one drifts along the edge of the kelp a few feet from the rock, in water from 50 to 200ft. deep, reminding one, so far as the scenery is concerned, of some of the islands of the St. Lawrence, though the rocks here are vastly higher. A more peculiar fishing country one could hardly find. The season, roughly speaking, is from April to December, though fish of various kinds can be taken at all times; but this is the best time for yellowtail, sea bass, black sea bass, and tuna. During these months at Avalon one never sees a storm—that is, hardly ever—and from June until October or November the fisherman can positively count on clear, pleasant days without rain or squalls. In many seasons I have never seen an uncomfortably warm day here, the climatic conditions being fairly ideal; and when it is said that the roses bloom at Avalon in winter, and the island is covered with wild flowers after the first rain, some idea of this curious island climate may be had.

The game fish par excellence of Santa Catalina is the yellowtail (*Seriola dorsalis*), a gamy creature which runs up to 60 or 70lbs., and possibly larger; but 61 is the largest I have weighed; while our largest catch weighed 45lbs.; but the 27 and 30lb. fish are delight-givers of Santa Catalina. One of the first weight I took on my 8oz. split-bamboo, much to my astonishment and that of the rod. I worked an hour or more over the fish, which towed my boat a long distance before I brought it to gaff.

The fishing at Santa Catalina is in the hands of as fine a lot of boatmen as one will find anywhere. Among them are Billy Sarnow, Harry Elms, Mexican Joe, Jim

leather pad, and this with variations constitutes the brake.

The boatman turns to the south after we have passed out of the bay of Avalon and pulls leisurely along a pebbly beach, against which the waves roll musically. You are taking in the beauty of it all—the lofty mountains, the clear water, the garden beneath the sea—when suddenly an electric shock rushes up your arm and the reel utters a loud, sharp shriek, followed by the z-e-e-e! z-e-e-e-e! so delightful to the ear. Something has taken your bait on the run and walked away with it in a mad rush. If you are an old hand you know whether it is a sea bass, a yellowtail or a barracuda. Whatever it is, 50ft. of your line is away, despite your efforts, and your rod is bending in a way that is testing its every fiber. Lunge after lunge the fish makes, with such force that I have seen such a fish give a green hand so bad a case of "buck fever" that he almost dropped the rod. It is only after five or ten minutes, during which the boatman keeps you stern to the fish, that you gain a foot; then comes the fight, and for twenty or thirty minutes it is give and take; a series of rushes that soon wear a novice out. Finally you gain, and looking down you see a burst of silver in the deep blue water. In he comes, on the multiplier, fighting every turn, and a moment later is at the surface, swimming hard around the boat while your boatman feels the point of his gaff and waits with flushed cheek and sparkling eye for the word. It is a beautiful sight—a fish nearly 4ft. long, with a belly of molten silver, its back green and blue and iridescent, the median line tail and fins a dazzling golden yellow, shaped almost like a salmon, with twice its strength.

Such is the yellowtail that the gaffer now lifts with a struggle into the boat and holds up to your admiring eyes. "Thirty-eight pounds, sir!" comes a moment later, and all trembling and shaking with the hard work you drop back into the seat, satisfied and filled with delight. It is possible for a party to go out at Santa Catalina and take forty or fifty such fish by trolling with hand lines, but with the rod fishermen are satisfied with five or six a day, and when it is remembered that each fish usually requires half an hour for its capture it will be seen that this is an ample string. When I first visited this spot ten years ago there was not a rod on the island, and I was laughed at for presuming to catch a yellowtail with a rod. At that time these magnificent game fish were jerked into boats and upon the beach on hand lines which would have held a shark, and the slaughter was something terrible to contemplate; but to-day even the

boys look with contempt at the hand liner, and this noble fish is caught on the lightest rods and lines, and given every chance for its life.

In midsummer the water along the island fairly swarms with these fish. In July they spawn and are seen running in pairs. The devotion of a yellowtail to its mate is remarkable. I have hooked a fish which fouled the bottom, and when trying to clear it could see the mate standing by it, not roin. away, evidently trying to aid it.

The yellowtail is the bluefish of the Pacific, though not a bluefish, and much larger and far more powerful. In catching them several points are necessary. One is the holding of the rod, as the fish is so powerful that the novice is easily injured by pressing the butt against the body. The rod should rest over the left knee at an angle of about 45 degrees, the butt being just beneath the right knee. This gives the sitting angler complete control and a good leverage. A great question is whether to strike or let the fish hook itself. One of the best boatmen approves the latter, but I depend upon circumstances. In any event the yellowtail should not be struck too quickly, as playful fish often nose the bait and nip at it, while others take it wildly in a grand rush. I have spent many hours watching them from a high pile, and conclude that the angler must use his good judgment. I have fished for yellowtails with a number of old salmon fishermen, and almost all agreed that the yellowtail was far ahead of it as a game fish; and I commend the beautiful creature to those who appreciate a hard fighter with "never give up" qualities.

SEÑOR X.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Point of Rocks.

A DOCUMENT in the case:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Washington Junction, Md., June 2.

A. B. Washington, D. C.—Water clear all the way to the Monocacy. Twenty-three bass caught here yesterday; one 4½ lbs. Charges 55 cents. C. D.

That settles it, and the afternoon train carries a couple of hopeful anglers forty-four miles up the Potomac—a mile beyond Washington Junction—to Point of Rocks. The ride is a pleasant one; weather not too warm; and a party of fishermen in the smoker, bound for Woodmont, help in a discussion of favorite lures, haunts, and noted captures. The tournament seems but just begun when our station is called. We have hardly noticed the canal, which lies between the railroad and the river, for the latter part of the ride, and as the river is not navigable here, carries the only shipping in sight. We have only given a nod of recognition to Sugar Loaf Mountain, which has loomed up in the distance to the right, and catches the eye at every journey around the horizon.

The Catoctin Range crosses the Potomac here, and Point of Rocks is named from its sheer bluff, which comes so close to the river that it must be tunneled for the road. The highest peak in the range is close by, and is about 1,200 ft.

In the early days they were a little short on names, or some old native had but one reply to all questions. The mountain on the Virginia side is Catoctin; and on the Maryland side also Catoctin; a little above the Point a stream makes into the Potomac from the Virginia side—Catoctin Creek; a couple of miles above another stream comes in from the Maryland shore—Catoctin Creek; and about half a mile further up a small run on the same side is down on the Government maps as Little Catoctin; and no doubt there are others.

This is one of the most frequented resorts for anglers, and for the same reason that white sheep eat more than black, has furnished more sport than any other point on the river.

We have made no arrangement for the evening fishing, so content ourselves with a stroll over the canal, and out on the long bridge which spans the river here. The water is low, shallow, clear, and with the evening shadows coming, the reflection of the green hills close to its banks on either side lends it the color of the edge of the ocean. The bottom of the river shows plainly every stone and pebble, and we are amply repaid for our walk in the watching of the antics of a respectable bass in the cove of a shingle shoal above the bridge, where he is chasing minnows, and having apparently as good a time as we expect to-morrow. He does not seem to mind his audience in the gallery, but a pebble which the ubiquitous small boy was irresistibly impelled to shy at him sends him scuttling to the green-room, and the performance was over for the evening; he was insensible to encores, as was the small boy to our mild protests; he argued the bass belonged to him—at least as much as to us—and the court adjourned in some confusion for supper.

The boatman comes over to the hotel later to make arrangements for to-morrow; a stranger is also here, who is to use bait; but we are all to start together early—so early we retire. About 3 o'clock a groan from my friend interrupts as pretty a struggle with one of Dudley Warner's 10 lb. fish as you ever saw, and there sat my companion on the edge of his bed, unable to get breath enough to tell what's the matter. Finally he gasps it is his heart—but as he has a chest like a barrel, had never been affected so before, and the sharp pain came only with inhalation, it was diagnosed (at forty every man is a physician or a fool; sometimes earlier) as a pleuritic attack, or an inflammation of the intercostal muscles, and duly prescribed for by one who had had the experience of a dozen such attacks. Though somewhat relieved, his fun was spoiled with the pain and the fright, which did not leave so suddenly, and he decided to catch the daylight train for home. Of course he was not to go alone, and we began a weary trudge with our bundles to the Junction, nearly a mile away.

We had hardly gone a hundred yards in the bracing morning air till he set down his bundles, drew a long breath, and said: "It's gone." And we turned back once more, reaching the hotel as it began to stir, to the surprise of the management, who took us for fresh arrivals.

He fished all day, and never thought of the trouble again. It is a good remedy.

After breakfast we went down to the canal, into which three punts had been dragged from the river, and tied one behind the other. Each angler boarded a punt and his boatman took a paddle in the stern. A boy-bestridden horse was hitched with a long rope to the forward punt, and in a few minutes was trotting up the tow-path of the canal, and the punts were throwing a shower of spray from their square prows with as much noise and show of speed as a 30-knot torpedo boat. The novelty, the dewy spring morning, the foliage and blossoms of tree and bush, the merry-go-round semblance of rush, and above all the love of out-of-doors, all helped to make the ride as thrilling as a scow on the raging canal could possibly be. We went in this fashion nearly to Brunswick, formerly Bremen, five miles away, as the low water, rocks and rapids make it impossible to take such craft up the river; then the boats were dragged over the bank of the canal into the river, and we set out to drift down to the Monocacy, some distance below the Point.

We fish backward and forward across the river; in the riffles and dead pools; under the bushes and behind the stones; we change our flies; we drown them; but, do what we can, we have not caught a fish at noon. We stop at a good spring in a deep gulch a hundred yards away from the river bank to eat our lunch, rest, and hold a pow-wow over our disappointment and its probable causes. Clear water and low, no wind, and clear sky, tell part of the story, but our conclusion, approved by the guides, is, they are not on the feed; and there is considerable argument as to when the bass does his feeding. It is popularly supposed that early morning and late evening are the best fishing times, and that the earliest start gets the longest string. There is an old proverb in favor of the man "who sets his net betimes," but there are exceptions, and many good anglers have given up what they call before-breakfast fishing.

Bass Fishing by Night.

It is in fact so much a matter of locality, climate, and habits of the food itself, that there is no rule. There may be places where most fish feed and rise in the gray dawn, but the writer has never found them. The noon hours are as a rule not so good, but occasionally our best catches are made then, and sometimes the bass cannot be caught in daylight at all. The Knobel Fishing and Hunting Club, principally a St. Louis organization, but with members from three or four adjoining States, has a club house on Buffalo Island in the St. Francis River, a few miles out of Paragould, Ark. This is in the sunk lands, the whole country having been wrinkled by the New Madrid earthquake in 1811. The St. Francis spreads out through several channels here, with so little current as to permit the growth of river grass to such an extent as sometimes to be impassable for skiffs, even with water 5 or 6 ft. deep. There are many varieties of these aquatic grasses, and some of them are very beautiful. No matter how turbid a flood comes from the headwaters, when it strikes the sunk lands the checking of the current and the sifting of the weeds clears the water, and it is always crystal, and anywhere that the rank vegetation permits the bottom may be seen.

The summer sun is hot enough here to drive whites within doors, and there are no colored people living in the county. The bass have sense enough to keep in the shade then, and in fact through all the daylight. Sometimes a stranger not so wise comes and tries to coax them out. One is recalled, who went to try for the big fish, and for two days wore his heart out whipping eight or nine miles of the narrow channels of the river, and caught four ordinary bass. The second night, when despair had settled down and thoughts of home were much more comfortable than any probable prospects for the morrow, the superintendent of the club house, who had turned out to be an old neighbor, came in about 9 o'clock and asked if the stranger was too tired to catch a bass. It was a cloudy night and dark as black cats, but, determined to find out something of which he had heard and only half believed, the rod was rigged with a single large white miller, to lessen chances of catching in grass or trees, and we set out; a box chair cushioned with an old comfort, and with a padded back, made the most comfortable boat seat ever invented, and following instructions, no effort was made until we were a mile from the landing. We were in a narrow opening, and could just distinguish the heavy woods on each side; it was impossible to see each other or the tackle. Only line the length of the rod was let out, but not half a dozen casts were made when the grateful gulp of a good bass announced that the fun had commenced, and it was repeated often in the next half mile; we got back by 11 o'clock, and brought back fifteen nice bass. The other visitors were principally gunners, and the fish were a welcome addition to the larder, which had sustained a practical bass famine for a week.

The next day the stranger did not fish, but spent the heat of the day in a hammock with some old magazines, and that night the guide reported at nightfall, and again with a single white miller we worked two or three miles of water, and came in at nearly midnight with twenty-eight bass, and the fly is not badly hurt now.

One more evening, and the fly used then was a non-descript on a large hook; a gray palmer as large as a half-grown mouse, and of the color; it is an imitation of the bushwhacking bait of the South, called a buck-tail, save it had a single hook instead of a triangle. That evening the superintendent, who had never tried a fly, took another boat and guide to accompany us, and we returned with thirty-two for one boat and a score for the other.

It is not sport; it requires no skill except caring for the light tackle, and the tackle need not be light. The fish takes it at the top of the water; the line is so short he never gets a run, and comes splashing on the surface to the boat, and this noise of his struggles is the only excitement in it. It is not fly-fishing, for no cast above 20 ft. is made; longer is not safe in the dark. The lure is not a fly, for a salmon fly used in this fashion is little better than a troll. It is said that a spoon used in the same way does murderous work sometimes, but that evening two of the unemployed guides had gone out together on their own hook, and passed down the river just

ahead of us, and returned with us, and alternately used a spoon the whole way, but they had only three fish. In this case color and shape of the fly evidently had nothing to do with attracting the fish; the writer's theory was that as the fly was pulled toward the boat it made a wake, and that the fish rushed at the point of the ripple for the living object; one is probably fishing with a mouse and doesn't know it. But no one but a pot-hunter would find sport in it; it does get fish, but every other pleasure is thrown away. The afternoon in the woods was far pleasanter. To go out for a squirrel and bring home a fine wild turkey is one of the possibilities that leaves pleasant recollections of a locality that is otherwise principally swamp and mosquitoes.

But to return to the Potomac:

With our lunch we imbibe not only coffee, but renewed hope, and start out refreshed. We are not out of sight of the landing place when each has a fish, and our basket has nineteen when we reach the hotel; none are very large, but they are up to the average, and we are abundantly satisfied.

We did not take one in the riffles, but the early ones in the shadows of the tall rocks, and the later ones on the edges of the weed patches. We have never caught many bass in swift water; they may take the minnow then better than the fly; or maybe we have not tried hard enough or been careful enough or tried at the proper times. At any rate we have few to our credit from the bubbles, and are sure they are not so fond of the foam as are the trout.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. V.—Black Bass.

BY FRED MATHER.

(Concluded.)

BLACK bass fishing has not, so far, developed two distinct classes of anglers on the same line that trout fishing has, i. e., fly and bait fishers, but it has brought forth many methods of angling which are practiced by good anglers in many parts of our country, each one believing that he can either get more sport, or more fish, in his way than can be got in any other manner. This is always a very comfortable belief, not confined to anglers, for the lover of the gun often feels positive that the man who made his gun never made another quite equal to it, and as for dogs, why no man ever owned a dog like his, whether for grouse or snipe. I confess that I like to hear a man brag about these things, in moderation; it shows that he loves his dog and gun, which are his real companions in his trips, and knowing them more intimately than he knows other dogs and guns, he has learned to love them merely because he knows them.

The angler who loves angling for its own sake, and not as a means of "getting a mess of fish," is content to have a fair day's sport, and an outing, without a feeling of envy of another who has taken one more fish, or a larger one, than he. Angling is not a struggle, like the "pegging down" contests in England, which I do not fully understand, but think them to mean that the boat is "pegged" in one place and the catch is counted at night, much like those abominable, condemnable—here put in such language as you think I might use in conversation—"shooting matches" which were common in many places years ago, but are not now so frequent, where sides were chosen and several hundred men went forth to slay every living thing, putting a number on each kind, to see who should pay for a dinner.

The angler has, in a general way, too much of this spirit left. He is gradually learning that he may have many days, weeks, and even years, of pleasure without breaking any records for either size or numbers. If I had a boy, and that boy loved to fish, he would be taught that the best angler did not always catch the most fish, nor the largest ones; that these things were influenced by location at a certain time, in which the element of chance entered; and that if he contented himself with observing the general rules laid down by the masters of the angling craft, and adding to them his own experience, he would derive great sport in angling for itself, without thought of either pecuniary profit in getting a "mess"—how I hate that word as applied to fishing for a meal—or of beating any other angler. I would probably say: "My boy, your companion took a few more fish than you did, and they averaged larger; but did he enjoy the day, with its chances to enjoy life on the water and its glimpses of those little things which only those can see who look for them, any more than you did?"

If I have said this before, or something like it, let it be put down with Falstaff's "iteration," with which he was troubled; but it will bear repeating and "iterating" just as we keep hammering at spring shooting and the sale of game. The young angler needs to be started in the right way, and for him I write because the older one started in a wrong way, as I did, and thought that weight and numbers were the only things which supported his claim to be considered as a "brother of the angle." That was the old-time test, and few of the "old-timers" can break away from it; but the younger ones are gradually repudiating the "test," and are contenting themselves with fishing for the sake of fishing, and are fully aware that the fellow who hooked the biggest fish on their favorite lake simply happened to present an attractive lure at the moment when the big fish came along, and was in the mood to take that lure; if not, the fish might have gone on for weeks and have passed several lures which were more or less attractive, just as a man may decline a bit or a sup at a certain hour to-day and accept the same to-morrow.

In former articles in this series there has been something said about the fickleness of fish in taking lures; and at the risk of repetition I will say: Every bait, fly or other lure that the angler puts out is seen or nosed over by many fish which do not care for it; some are not hungry, and others are not in the humor for that particular food; hence we must try to learn their desire for that occasion.

Bait Fishing Below the Surface.

While all kinds of rods are used for black bass by anglers, the perfect one is a perfect trout rod, not too light nor too limber. If the natural cane is used, let it be as limber as possible and furnished with a reel, for although some men use stiff poles without reels, and claim to find sport in "snakin' 'em out," they have no idea of the sport of fighting a bass on a good rod, and they need a missionary to teach them that in "snakin' 'em" they may get a fish, if its jaw holds, but as for sport, they get none of it. The rush, the leap to the surface, the strategy needed to keep the bass from the brush or weeds, and above all the thrills which run through the line to the rod and into the angler's forearm, are akin to the ecstasy which the soldier feels in battle. It is a battle, but with an inferior being both mentally and physically, and therefore what O'Hara calls "the rapture of the fight" is only proportionate to that where the man meets his equal. Let the "snaker" learn to use proper tackle and give the bass a chance to fight for its life, and he will find that he never knew the real pleasure of "goin' a-fishin'" before.

For bait fishing below the surface, an ordinary trout reel and line is the best, say a click reel, for I do love "the song of the reel." Avoid all triple hooks and all "sure thing" devices; they are unworthy of a sportsman who proposes to pit his skill against that of his game. Just as the field sportsman despises the man who takes a pot shot at a bevy of quail on the ground, or the man who snares the ruffed grouse, so does the angler feel contempt for all hooks which look as if intended to jig a fish, or take one foully in the side or belly if it approaches his bait. Personally I prefer the Sproat hook for either trout or bass; it is springy and does not break readily nor straighten out. A hook that breaks is preferable to one that bends. The Sproat has no side twist, like the Kirby, and is a good "central draught" hook—that is, a pull on the line pulls in the direction of the point of the hook. I class the Edgar barbless hook with abominations because it has a snap to hold the fish on; of course a barb does the same thing, but not in the same manner. Use a leader 4 to 6 ft. long, and a float if you must, but it is of doubtful utility when a reel is on the rod.

In the last article of this series the food of the black bass is mentioned, and in bait fishing below the surface the dobson, or, as it is called, helgramite, is about the best; see cut on page 346. It is the larva of a great neuropterous insect which flies at night and is rarely seen. It lives under stones in running brooks and is caught by placing a net below and then lifting the stone. These things have jaws that can pinch one's finger hard enough to make the angler wish he had been careful. Take the critter by the thorax, the horny segment back of the head, and insert the hook under its hind end and bring it out next the head. Don't hook into the soft abdomen, and look out that your bait does not reach the bottom and shirk its duty by hiding under a stick or stone while you sit aloft wondering why the bass do not care for dobson, vide the old print of the angling philosopher who is reading a book while his bait, a frog, has climbed a stump and sits contentedly in the air.

Crawfish are excellent bait, especially when soft; this is the "crab" of fresh water, improperly (in English) so called. They should be hooked in the thorax and never be allowed to touch bottom, or they will desert your service, as has been explained. Somehow all these creatures seem possessed with a desire to fish for themselves rather than for man, and the angler must thwart that desire.

Angle worms may take an occasional bass, but are not worth bothering with. The minnow comes in a good third among the baits used in still-fishing. In England the name "minnow" is applied to a species of fish as distinct from all others as are trout and perch. In America the word is applied indiscriminately to most all small fishes, and in the rural districts is corrupted into "minny," and I've even heard of planting a brook with "trout minnies." Using the word in the American sense we find that our minnow net has brought in an assortment of small fishes. Handle them carefully and return what are not needed. Soft-finned baits are the best, and of these the suckers are the hardest; if there are plenty of these take no other. Perch and sunfish live well, but do not invite the bass as soft-finned baits do. The spawn-eater of the Hudson, *Notropis hudsonius*, which ranges from Lake Superior to New York, and in the coastwise streams to Georgia, is fairly hardy on the hook, and so is the horned dace or northern chub; but weakest of all is the shiner, *Notemigonus chryssoleucus*. I have tried to avoid all scientific names, but in this case there is no other way to indicate the fish meant. The last-named fish dies quickly, is very soft, and is only of value as living food for what we consider to be better fish. In a lake the edge of a bunch of weeds is a favorite feeding ground for bass.

In this style of fishing, hook the fish just under the dorsal fin, never through the lips, because you wish it to swim in a natural manner. Many good anglers put the hook in the fleshy part of the tail, but a fish so hooked does not swim in a natural manner; it bores down, stands on its head and does not conduct itself in a rational way; it is kept on an even keel when hooked under the dorsal fin. Be careful not to insert the hook so low as to injure the spine and thereby paralyze the bait. The bones of the fin-rays extend between those arising from the backbone; extend your fingers and place those of one hand between those of the other, and you will understand how the "intercostal" bones come in and how your hook will hold better if inserted just under the first few fin-rays and yet will not impair the vitality of the fish. I hope that this will be clear to those who have not studied anatomy, for clearness was intended, and not a dazzling array of scientific terms.

Before stopping the discourse on still-fishing it may be well to say: All talk about the fish biting at certain times of the moon, clear or cloudy days, east wind or other wind, or the signs of the zodiac, is sheer nonsense. Go for fish in season, and trust that the fish will take your baits or flies. The day may not prove to be as good as some other days, but none of the above old-woman's "signs" had anything to do with the result.

There is an element of chance in angling, which is one of its charms; the same is true of field sports, for if we could foresee that a day's work on stream or in field would yield a small creel or bag, we would decide not to go that day, and thereby be deprived of the pleasure of going, with its anticipations and its healthful change of occupation and its trip into the ozone factory of nature. Reduce the chase to a certainty, and its charm is gone.

Trolling.

Many troll from a boat with a hand line, but it does not afford the sport that trolling with rod and reel does. Whatever the lure may be, it should be far enough from the boat to allow the fish to have recovered from any disturbance caused by the oars or the boat, and the distance should not be less than 40 ft.; 60 ft. is better. The oarsman should row slowly and lightly, avoiding all splashing. The angler often does his own rowing, which he can readily do if his oars are so rigged that they can be dropped without losing them. He can lay the rod so that a striking fish may reel off some line easily while he is picking up his rod. There is no need of striking the fish, and the moving boat will hook the fish if it bites fairly well.

The long gang of hooks in triplets is killing, as it is intended to be, but I once said to a lad who occasionally fished with me: "Don't use that thing nor let anyone see it. When you get a chance burn it, for the fair angler despises such things; they are cruel and murderous things."

Boylke, he did not understand, and asked: "Why do people use them then?"

"Because they are afraid a fish will escape, and they don't propose to give a bass a chance for its life. They have little confidence in their own skill in taking a fish on a single hook, and so hope to fill its mouth with three hooks, set in different directions, that the fish which touches the bait is as good as landed. One of the charms of angling is its uncertainty, and if I was certain of landing every fish which touched my bait there would be no excitement in the contest, and no exultation over a victory."

The boy's reply indicated that it might be so, but that he went fishing to catch fish, and that is what the user of a minnow gang does; but the boy grew to be a man, and learned to angle fairly, and to appreciate the lesson. The best bass anglers also regard the trolling spoon, with its murderous triple hook, with disfavor, and if they troll it is usually with a minnow, alive or dead, hooked through both lips. In all trolling one or two swivels are necessary to prevent twisting of the line, and the best are made of brass; they come in different sizes; "box" swivels not larger than No. 3 nor smaller than No. 6 are about right. Put one or two just above the bait and attach the gut leader to the swivel. If two are used, put an inch of gut between them.

"When it comes to handling a fish with rod and reel, no matter how one is fishing or what the fish may be, do not indulge in "playing" for the sake of playing; give line when you must and reel in when you can, but beware of the rush of an apparently exhausted fish as you put the net under it. Often it seems played out, and has turned on its side as it nears the boat, but takes alarm at the net. Then keep it from getting under the boat, if possible, and let it have only such line as it fights for. A free line gives the fish rest. If near a bed of weeds, keep the fish from them and get the boat away from them and fight it out in open water, always keeping a strain on the rod.

Dropping the Tip of the Rod.

Thus far, in these two articles on the black bass, I have agreed with Dr. Henshall; but now we differ. He says: "If the bass breaks water, the best plan is to lower the tip so as to slacken the line, and immediately raise the rod and tighten the line when he strikes the water again; for if he falls on the tightened line he is most sure to escape; this is one of his most wily tricks." This is crediting the bass with a knowledge born of an experience which it has not had. The fish only knows that something is pulling on its jaw, but does not know that there is a line extending from that jaw to a rod which is out of sight. When the fish in despair shoots up into the air to escape it drags the end of the line up with it, leaving a bight in the water which the rod cannot make taut before the fish descends, because the resistance of the water to the line prevents it, and when the fish descends the line is slack. A leaping bass will not be in the air more than three seconds, and as it has dragged the line with it there must be some slack when it descends. Therefore, if the angler lowers his tip, the fish has still more slack. Several angling writers have followed the Doctor in this matter, but I cannot.

Some years ago the late Francis Endicott and I were fishing on Greenwood Lake, near New York city, and I was rowing. We always preferred to do without a boatman because of freer conversation, and we took turns rowing—that is, in theory—but he was not muscular nor a good oarsman; therefore at this particular time I was rowing. Frank sat in the stern trolling flies over the port side, nautically speaking, while I had the butt of my rod under my right knee and over the left one, trolling on the starboard side. A bass took my fly, and I dropped the oars, telling him to reel in, so that his flies might not foul the bottom nor my line, and then the struggle began. The fish leaped into the air and went its way. Then came a war of words about lowering the tip. We were old fishing chums, and in all matters relating to salt-water fishing I deferred to him, but fresh water was another thing.

"Do you know why you lost that big bass?" he asked, in a manner that indicated that he knew.

"Yes, the hook did not hold; it tore out somehow, but it did not strike a taut line when it leaped, and it did not 'shake the hook from its jaw like a bulldog' when in the air. I know what you think, but you believe a whole lot of things about black bass fishing that are not true. Think for a moment—"

"Reel in," said he; "I've got a strike." He had a gamy fish on; it made three leaps, and he finally landed it—a big-mouth of nearly 2 lbs. "There!" said he, tri-

umphantly, "that bass leaped from the water three times, and I lowered the tip each time, and there it is in the boat."

I had put the net under the fish and landed it. Picking it up, I showed Frank that it was so firmly hooked in the upper jaw that only the breaking of the hook could have divorced the fish from him. That afternoon he lost several fish by lowering his tip, and each time his attention was forcibly called to the fact. My own rule is never to give any slack line; if forced to yield line do so, but keep a strain on the fish and keep the fish busy all the time.

Grasshoppers, Crickets and Frogs.

Grasshoppers and crickets should be used on smaller hooks than most other baits, because a large hook tears them, and they should be kept alive and allowed to swim on the surface. If there is either current or wind to carry the insects away from the boat they are often very killing baits in the late summer and autumn months, when they are of good size.

If a frog is to be cast, it should be hooked through the lips, allowed to sink a little if it will, and then slowly brought to the boat by short jerks to imitate the swimming of the animal.

A better way to use a small, lively frog is to hook it well into the fleshy portion of one thigh near the backbone. They are often hooked in the middle of the back, but that may paralyze them, as any spinal injury is apt to do. Therefore it is better to put the hook in the thigh, hooking from the under side; the frog can then swim well, and is neither paralyzed nor drowned. It is then necessary to see that your bait does not reach the bottom and hide there.

Skittering.

In the North this mode of fishing is sometimes used for pickerel, but is practiced little, if any, by bass fishers. In Arkansas and in Louisiana I have watched native anglers taking bass in this manner. They used cane poles with strong lines tied to the tips, and the line brought down and tied again to the butt, in case the pole broke. They worked from the shore, or from a boat, skipping a spoon or a minnow over those parts of the water which were free from weeds. It is quite hard work, and involves much entanglement among the weeds, but is quite successful. There was no chance in those shallow, weedy waters to give a fish a fighting chance for its life, and so it was "yanked" in by main strength. It did not appeal to me as a mode that promised much sport, so I did not try it.

Bobbing.

Many years ago, while fishing on Bistineau Lake, in Louisiana, with that excellent colored fisherman, Augustus Caesar Trulo, who was embalmed in the amber of FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 12, '98, he asked: "Did yo' ever fish fo' trout wid a bob?" I had bobbed for eels with a bunch of worms, but bobbing for black bass, his "trout," was a new proposition, and I wanted to know all about it; but beyond the fact that "it is made ob a deer's tail, sah, an' is dragged behin' de boat" the information was not intelligible. He showed me one afterward, and it proved to be a great triple hook partly hidden by the hair of a deer's tail, and having several streamers of red flannel trailing behind—a home-made article which is said to be effective in the waters of that region. Dr. Henshall says it is common in Florida.

Casting the Minnow.

This is a mode of bass fishing which may be termed the highest form of bait fishing, because it requires skill which cannot be mastered in a day. It requires a shorter and stiffer rod than the fly-caster uses, and a master hand which cannot only make the cast, but can control the running of the line from the reel after the cast is made, and therefore it takes rank as one of the most expert forms of angling.

Here I want to digress to say that the average man who fishes is a trifle behind the average man who goes afield with a bird dog. He looks more to results than to means. The same man who would not take a pot shot at a woodcock or a bevy of quail on the ground will often take a fish in any way that he can get it, and will use gangs or other murderous implements in order to make a good showing. It is much better to leave these devices to the market fisher, who uses nets after dark, and who can sell you some fish to take home to show as your own catch, than it is to fish in ways which are as effective in the hands of any duffer as they are in those of an expert. The gunner glories in his skill in stopping the evanescent snipe while on the wing simply because it requires skill; therefore the angler who can properly cast the minnow from a free-running reel a distance of 40 yds., and land it where he chooses, has a right to be proud of his skill.

To cast the minnow there is no better rod than that known as the "Henshall black bass rod." It is made or kept in stock by all the large dealers, and is named after the inventor. It is 8 ft. 3 in. long and weighs 9 oz., more or less, according to material. Details of construction cannot be entered into here, but any dealer will supply the rod, or the amateur maker may find the formula in Henshall's book.

The reel must be a free-running multiplier, and be placed under the rod on a line with the guides and above the hand. The minnow is reeled up to the tip of the rod and the reel is turned up so that the thumb can regulate its speed and slightly check it if it runs faster than the line goes out, for if it does that the line will "back lash" and the flight of the minnow be stopped. In casting to the left the angler drops the point of the rod near the ground and smartly swings his hand to the left shoulder, giving the bait an upward throw into the distance. If the cast is to be made to the right he brings his right hand to his left elbow, with the rod pointing downward, and makes the cast by a sweep of the arm which ends with its extension, and the hand at a level with his eye. If the cast is to be straight in front he faces to the right or left and repeats one of the casts, but must not try to cast over his shoulder, as the fly-fisher does. In a general article like this only general

principles can be laid down; the novice must take them and by practice work out the details for himself.

It is essential that in casting the minnow the reel should be a free-running one; a click or drag is worse than useless; the only impediment that the reel should meet is the intelligent action of the thumb, which should be guided by the eye of the angler, which, after directing the flight of the minnow, should be concentrated on the action of the reel. If the reel is giving only as much line as the flight of the minnow demands it is well, but a well-oiled multiplier is apt to exceed its duty, and its zeal will overrun and take up line the other way, which we know as back lashing, and suddenly the cast is stopped. The point on which the angler must concentrate his attention is his thumb, until the minnow lands upon the water near the spot where it was aimed.

No amount of written or oral instruction will make a man expert at this, because it requires a nice personal judgment which nothing but experience can supply. To impress this upon the beginner in this kind of bait casting, or in fly-casting, let us glance at the various books which purport to teach the playing of musical instruments "without a master." They tell all that an expert can tell, but the pupil must work in order to profit by the rules and become expert. I do not mean that it is as difficult to learn to cast a bait or a fly from the rules as it is to become a musician from books, but use the comparison merely to show how difficult it is to put what one knows on paper, and how impossible it is for a novice to become an expert without practice.

The casting of the minnow is the main thing. By no other method than the one which has been described can a man cast a half ounce minnow roof, and experts consider that a short cast, and that is what makes this form of bait casting an art. After the minnow is cast it is worked toward the caster by the rod, to give it the semblance of a living fish, and the reel recovers the line.

Fly-Fishing.

Here we return to the trout rod and the click reel, and while we admire the deftness of the minnow caster and accord him a high place among angling experts, we old fly-fishers, who it may be figuratively said form the Old Guard around the tomb of Charles Cotton, think that the capture of one fish with the artificial fly is more of an event than several taken in any other way. Just as Cotton failed to convert Iz. Wa. from bait to fly, i. e., to thoroughly convert him, so some of the old fly-fishers of to-day look respectfully at the scientific bait casters, and, paraphrasing the comment on the charge of Cardigan's Light Brigade at Balaklava, which Tennyson has made immortal, say: "It is magnificent, but it is not [war] fly-fishing."

There is nothing to be said about casting the fly for black bass that has not been said in these articles about trout, except that the flies should be larger and more showy. The choice is large because anglers have success with a particular fly, or combination of flies, on certain waters, or at certain times. Most trout flies are good bass flies, but they should be allowed to sink and then be brought in by short jerks. Personally I like flies which have yellow in them, but every angler has his favorites, and as these have proved to be good killers in his experience he has a right to extol them. Mr. Orvis sent me a dozen bass flies a dozen years ago, which bore my name, and I kindly gave them to angling friends, but I have never heard that even one simple-minded bass was fooled into the belief that the drab-colored bit of feather was good to eat, and my friends have been kind in not mentioning the subject.

In a lake where both species exist, the big-mouth is the fish that the fly-fisher may expect to be a more frequent riser to the surface for an artificial lure. Whether his brother is more discriminating, or whether it generally seeks its food further below the surface, is a thing which we do not know. At times both species rise freely to the fly and at others they look at it with indifference. A good assortment of flies for the bass fisher is the coachman, golden dustman, oriole, Montreal, professor, red ibis, and white miller; while of the hackles he will find the brown, ginger and red to be useful.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, May 9.—The Rangeleys are well cleared of ice, and what seems like a good fishing season has begun. Rangeley Lake was the first to open, and Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, was one of the first sportsmen to arrive. With a friend, Mr. C. C. Williams, of Boston, he was in Farmington, in fact, when the news of the clearing of the lake came. They have been on a trip to Chain of Ponds, where they found excellent fishing. Wednesday they took eight trout, the four larger weighing 8½, 7¼, 6½ and 5lbs, respectively. The first trout for the season on the fly was taken at the head of Round Pond by Dr. Bishop. They found 2ft. of snow in many places near Seven Ponds. They will doubtless try the salmon at Rangeley Lake.

Fishing began in good earnest at the Upper Dam Thursday. Archie Poor and Cuvier Small, both of Andover, caught about 30lbs. of trout just above the open gate at the dam. From the apron below the dam they also took several trout. There were one or two trout of about 4lbs. in the lot. W. K. Moody took five trout above the dam and one below, the united weight of which was about 8lbs. Fishing the next day at Mill Brook, head of Richardson Lake, he took only one trout. That weighed 13¼lbs. The curious feature of this trout was the fact that in removing him from the hook he disgorged thirteen smelt, by actual count, that he had swallowed. Many of these little smelt are to be seen floating on the waters of the Rangeley lakes this spring, the same as last. Something has nearly or quite killed them, and the trout are simply gorging upon them. Supt. O. B. Brown, of the Berlin Mills Co., fished at the Upper Dam Thursday, though without great success.

At Bemis the fishing has started in good earnest. Saturday morning Capt. F. C. Barker saw the minnows and trout jumping in the bay in front of the camps for the first time since the departure of the ice. He called the attention of a couple of guides, and they soon had two fine trout. The sportsmen—there were already stopping

there W. L. Hinds, Walter Reese and George H. Gorton, of Portland; A. D. Barker, C. I. Barker, Ezra H. White, and George Drew, of Lewiston; and Charles E. Guild and D. E. Adams, of Boston—were notified, and part of them came out, though still at breakfast. Mr. Guild and Mr. Adams made a fine catch, their string weighing 13¾lbs., including one trout of 4½lbs. weight. The Lewiston party made a good catch, as well as some of the other guests there, including Frank G. Emery, of Portland, and E. R. Leonard and wife, of New Bedford; yet the honor of being high line for the day fell to a lady. Mrs. R. E. Taylor, wife of Station Agent Taylor, took a trout that turned the scales at 4¾lbs., "quick weight." Immediately she received the congratulations of the sportsmen, and later of the management of the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lake Railroad. She took the handsome fish entirely alone.

Fish Commissioner Wentworth writes R. O. Harding that there is "big fishing at Sunapee Lake," New Hampshire. A Mr. Breck, of Claremont, has taken a salmon weighing 14¾lbs. Eight salmon in one day were taken from the wharves at Blodgett's Landing, weighing from 8lbs. up to 14¾lbs. A great many trout were also taken.

Mr. J. A. Wade, of Cambridge, writes from Newfound Lake that Tuesday morning William Hyde, of Salem, took a salmon of 10lbs. and a trout of 5lbs. Tuesday evening Dr. Webber caught two salmon of 4 and 5lbs. Wednesday morning Mr. Wade himself caught a 7 and an 8¾lbs. salmon. These fish were all taken at the head of the lake, near Hebron. J. E. Devlin, with a friend, and E. H. Wakefield, Jr., left for Newfound Saturday. Hon. E. D. Hayden and wife left for Newfound Thursday. A. F. Gotthold went Friday.

Commissioner Stanley writes from Lake Auburn that he saw lots of fish, but they would not bite. The weather is very cold, with easterly winds, which accounts for poor fishing. Mr. Hazeltine and Mr. Rankins, of Belfast, have taken two trout from Swan Lake, of 3 and 5lbs. weight.

Good luck continues to be reported at Newfound Lake. Among the many catches may be noted those by the guests at Grove Hill Farm, East Hebron; W. H. Griffin, a 10½lb. trout; G. G. Fellows, a 4lb. salmon. Other guests at J. W. Sanborn's have caught more or less fish, including Varnum Waugh, Boston; P. C. Hancock, Franklin Falls, N. H.; J. L. Byrne, Melrose, Mass.; Frank E. Foss and Mrs. Foss, C. A. Blake and Mrs. Blake, Hill, N. H. Tuesday, Albert F. Cate caught a 15lb. trout; C. A. Gale, 15lb. trout; A. T. Chase and F. H. Daniels, trout of 10 and 12lbs.

From Bristol are reported a number of catches, including a trout of 16½lbs., on Monday, by C. E. Rounds. The fish is described as 33in. long and very symmetrical in form. Late last week the same fisherman took two salmon of 4 and 4½lbs. respectively. George E. Fowler and Henry Davis have taken trout weighing 10lbs. each. George H. Fowler has caught four trout weighing 10½, 11½, 4 and 10lbs. A day or two after he took a trout weighing 8lbs. John Marston has taken three trout of 4¼, 4½ and 10½lbs. weight. Henry O. Page has a record of two trout of 10½ and 11lbs. weight; George H. Hartwell, a salmon of 4lbs.; George H. Greeley, two salmon of 6lbs. and 8lbs.; Mr. Adams, two trout; C. H. Fox and wife, and Miss Lilla Sargent, three salmon of 3, 4 and 5lbs., and two trout of 9 and 10lbs. Hon. F. D. Currier and Hon. H. M. Cheney have taken two trout of 3½ and 13lbs., and two salmon of 4½ and 8½lbs. At East Hebron the fishermen have had good luck in many instances, including H. E. Mills, three salmon of 8, 8½ and 4½lbs.; Charles Mills, a salmon of 4lbs. and a trout of 7lbs.; H. W. Paye, Robert Leggett, S. Barton, H. K. Armstrong, C. W. Gosse and E. Messenger have all been fishing, with more or less success, from Amasa Highland's place. SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout Fishing.

A FRIEND who was fishing on Long Island on the first day of the open season made a cast over a pond, and before his flies struck the water two trout jumped at them, and both were hooked in the air and afterward netted. Curious things are continually happening to the fisherman, and oftentimes they illustrate that true fish stories are stranger than fish stories of fancy.

While a guest of the Camp-Fire Club in New York city at dinner one of the speakers told of his experience at a club in Canada, and without mentioning the club he described the place where he fished so clearly that I recognized the spot as the outlet of Wayagamack Lake on the preserve of the St. Maurice Club, and later when I questioned him about it he said that I had named the place. He was fishing in the outlet above the dam, and saw a big trout in the stream, but it would not rise to his flies, so he removed his stretch fly and put on a big hook and baited it with a minnow. Drawing this minnow-baited hook through the pool, the big trout seized it and directly after another trout took the fly above, and he had a pair of trout hooked in a space that was circumscribed. As the fish took refuge under a log and sulked he told his guide to walk out on the log and draw gently on the leader to stir the fish up, instead of which the guide took the leader in hand, and with a jerk parted it above the upper trout, and down stream the two fish went, yoked together with the remainder of the leader.

The next day another member of the club, fishing with flies in the same pool, hooked the big trout with the bait hook in his throat and a piece of the leader hanging from his mouth, and soon after hooked the other trout of the escaped pair with the fly and the rest of the broken leader in his mouth. The larger of the two trout weighed 6½lbs. The trout had parted the bit of leader which held them together after going below the dam, and had returned to the pool above, and the larger fish had taken a fly which he had previously spurned.

The opening of the brook trout season in New York has had no charms for me for a number of years past. There was a time when I fished on the opening day, in snow or hail or rain, and felt perfectly satisfied to return home at night wet and tired, with no fish, or with fish taken with bait, and that came out of the water like

so many suckers, and, in fact, that took the bait on the bottom exactly as though they were suckers. As a rule too the trout were poor, ill-conditioned, slimy things that gave no more pleasure in the eating than they did in the catching. Consequently I long ago gave up observing the opening day, and have been content to wait until the trout had had a run on the gravel and sand and cleaned themselves of slime, and had eaten of insect food and put on flesh, and were ready to take the artificial fly.

Opening Day in New Jersey.

This year I was fortunate enough to open the trout season in two States on the first day of the season in each State. I was invited by a friend to fish in New Jersey on April 1, and the invitation came to me in such a way that I would not have declined it if the snow had been 7ft. deep and the streams frozen over, for when a friend invites me to fish a preserved stream such as I did fish I mark the occasion as one to be treasured in memory even if fish are absent. There was snow and there was ice and rain too; but there was sunshine also, in great, solid chunks that warmed the fisherman so that the snow did not count when it came, particularly as we were under cover; and furthermore it is not all of fishing to catch and kill fish, as some wise man has remarked, and pleasant companionship is often more enjoyable than pulling fish out of the water against their will. Before the waters are warmed and insect food hatched out trout seem to come from the water under protest. Later, when food is on the surface, when fruit trees are in blossom, when the sky is blue and the air is soft and warm, trout rise with a dash as though they delighted in being taken from the water and placed on a bed of fresh green ferns in a trout creel.

For several days up to and including the last day of March the weather had been so warm there was promise of early fishing; but the 1st of April in New Jersey was cold, the 2d was colder, and the 3d was coldest. The superlative means that the ice would form on the line and make little balls at the guide rings, and the wind would blow through your outer and inner clothes and your flesh and chill your spinal column, and yet I never enjoyed fishing any more than I did on those days.

When one gets on a trout stream for the first time in the spring, if one is a real lover of fishing, the weather does not count for much, and the fish do not count for everything, for there is an indescribable pleasure in being out where the tender green is struggling to show itself and where the water murmurs things which only the fisherman understands, and at which his heart rejoices.

The first stream to be fished on the 1st was not large, and it was overgrown with alders in places, and my hook was baited with a lowly worm, and it soon produced a trout which furnished me with a better bait—its own belly fin. My friend and host is an artist in taking trout with the belly fin, and the way he will slide that fin down stream, under banks and overhanging trees and brush, using the Spey cast occasionally to throw the fin at almost right angles across the current into some nook that could not otherwise be explored, shows that it required years of practice to become expert in this particular mode of fishing. There are two flies made to represent the belly fin of a trout—the Parmachenee Belle and the fin fly designed by Mr. Orvis; and to use the belly fin well requires more skill than to cast a fly, if every portion of the stream is to be fished thoroughly without losing a score or so of hooks and leaders.

Once in a while a trout would come for the fin with a snap, but most of those taken on the first day were inclined to be slow until the stream widened and ran through meadows, and there they would doubtless have taken the fly in many instances, but two score of trout were all that could be disposed of, and they were creeled in time to return to the house while the sun was still high in the western sky.

Zebra Trout.

The next day I was to enjoy a new experience, for we fished a larger stream in which a cross-bred trout had been planted. In England these fish are called zebra trout, and are a cross between our common brook trout and the brown trout. They are mules, but in Europe they are crossed and planted annually in some waters simply for the fine fishing they afford. They rise to the fly earlier in the season than the native trout, and they make a better fight because when hooked, and in taking the hook, they come out of the water.

Perhaps it will be as well for me to explain that when I say that the cross between the brown trout and native brook trout is a mule, that it does not breed, I have reference to experiments made at the hatching stations of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York. Males have been found with milk, but no females with eggs.

In Europe the hybrid is called zebra and leopard trout, the latter being a cross between the Loch Leven and our native brook trout. What is called a struan hybrid, that is a cross between our trout (*fontinalis*) and the Scotch char (*S. struanensis*), will breed, both being chars; but the cross between trout (*Salmo*) and char (*Salvelinus*) will not, in such experiments as have been made in this State of which I have knowledge, although Day has, I think, recorded that a cross between American brook trout and Loch Leven trout has proven fertile; but as I recall the experiments at Howietown without looking them up, the hybrids were old, weakly, and many misshapen monstrosities among them, so that comparatively few of the fry survived.

The zebra trout that we caught in New Jersey were beautiful fish, and they came to the fly with a rush and dash that was satisfying to the angler. On the table some of them compared favorably with the native brook trout, but as a rule their flesh was light-colored, and some were soft and tasteless; but I hope to try them again with fly and on the table, the latter under more favorable conditions. Certainly one cannot ask for a more game trout than the zebra; they are longer and more slim than a brook trout, and if their fighting qualities improve with warmer water and greater amount of food I shall not wonder that the anglers of Great Britain cultivate them for fishing.

Opening Day in New York.

On April 16, which is the general opening day for trout in New York, I was at Lake Champlain, where the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission were planting a number of millions of smelt fry. There is in this lake one of the most delicious of food fishes, known locally as ice fish, as they are caught only through the ice. Complaints having been made that the fishing was not as good as formerly, owing perhaps to the increased numbers of fishermen to supply the demand caused by the fame of the fish having spread abroad, the New York Fish Commission made a plant of fry from eggs taken in Long Island waters. The smelt were planted in the morning, and a friend asked me to fish a trout lake up in the mountains in the afternoon. The ice had been out of the lake only since the Monday of that week, the 16th falling on Saturday. The day was all that could be desired for fishing, and the sun had warmed the air until an overcoat was unnecessary, and when we reached the little lake I could see an occasional break on the surface which indicated the rising of fish to feed. There was snow in patches in the woods on the south side of the lake, but the north side mountains were bare. The poplars were just beginning to show a greenish tinge from buds ready to burst, but the birches showed not the faintest touch of green. On the road to the lake one solitary shadbush had begun to blossom in a field under a hill, but at the lake the wild cherries, the earliest to blossom, gave no evidence that they were ready to burst into blossom.

We soaked a couple of casts of flies and went out in a boat as soon as possible after our arrival, but a little wind having sprung up, we could see no breaks at the surface. We had cast over a good stretch of the lake's shore without a rise, when suddenly a trout rose at a Marston's Fancy, on my cast, with a suddenness that startled me; but instinctively I struck and hooked the first fish. From that time until night the trout came to the flies as frequently as we could desire, for we decided that ten would be sufficient for our supper and breakfast, and all above that number were unhooked and returned uninjured to the water. As the sun went down the wind went with it, and then the trout could be seen breaking at the surface, not as they will later, but coming up and sucking a fly from the surface, except in the case of a caddis fly that had broken from its larval skin and was struggling to fly; then the trout would come with a rush, often miss, but in the end getting the fly. Caddis worms were everywhere at the outlet, and we had not expected a rise of the flies, but we saw a considerable number on the water. The fish that we killed were in prime condition without exception, and when they were opened their stomachs were stuffed with caddis worm cases, composed of decomposed wood. As trout that feed on caddis worms take the cases too (who has not heard of the boy who said that trout took gravel into their stomachs for ballast, so they could swim properly? He had opened trout that had been feeding on caddis worms that made their cases of sand and gravel, and could not account for the presence of the gravel except it was taken for ballast), it is said that their flesh tastes of the wood. That night at supper we could not detect any foreign taste to the flesh of our trout. Possibly if the trout had been dressed as quickly almost as they were caught the decaying wood and bark of which the cases were composed would have conveyed a flavor to the flesh of the fish. The trout were very slimy, as fish are in the spring before they have had a run on the gravel, but they were remarkably fat for April trout, admitting that the season was unusually early. Never in all my experience in the Adirondack waters have I known trout to rise so freely to the fly at such an early date. In spite of this I must adhere to what I have believed for years, that trout fishing should not open in northern New York before May 1. Make the season for brook and lake trout the same, and not open it before May 1 anywhere in the State except possibly on Long Island.

The lake that I fished on April 16 proves what food will do for trout. It has been planted with fresh-water shrimp; it contains the caddis worms in such quantities that they boil up through a hole cut in the ice, and the shores are covered with them. It also contains quantities of other flies, chief of which is the big green drake, and last year when I was there the trout were breaking from one end of the pond to the other, feeding on insect food. One trout that I caught was as red externally as any breeding male that I ever saw. Several were nearly as bright in color, but the one I refer to was so highly colored that it seemed as though the season must be October instead of April.

In New Jersey on the 1st I caught a trout with its belly distended with food of some sort, but I did not stop fishing to open it until I had returned to my friend's house several hours after the fish was placed in the creel dead. Its stomach was filled with a species of insect new to me, with a hard shell, and one of the bugs was alive when I opened the trout. I took it to my room, intending to bring it away with me and find out what it was, for I was informed that it was one of a number of insects sent to the stream by the late Prof. Baird as fish food, and that they had multiplied until the stream now abounds with them. At another time I will get some specimens and find what they are.

Landlocked Salmon.

The season for lake trout opens on May 1 in New York, and on that day the trout were at the surface in Lake George, and many were caught. Three landlocked salmon were also caught weighing 6, 5½ and 3lbs. respectively. That is, I have heard of three salmon being taken; perhaps others were taken or will be taken and reported later. The first plant of salmon was made in Lake George in October, 1894, and were fingerling fish hatched the spring of that year; consequently the oldest fish are no more than four years old this spring. It has been recorded in FOREST AND STREAM that the first salmon, a fish of 6½lbs., was caught in the lake last season. That three salmon should be taken on the first day this year is most encouraging, and promises well for future salmon fishing in the lake, if the fish are permitted to spawn unmolested when they run up the streams for that purpose.

A. N. CHENEY.

FOREST AND STREAM.

It Might Have Been.

OLD JOE, the guide, with steady stroke
Rows out beyond the fringe of reeds,
Across the channel green and deep,
Between the reef and pick'rel weeds.

The dimpled waters gleam and flash
With brightest gold and darkest green,
Catching the light of evening clouds
In tender rose and silver sheen.

The birds are singing in the pines.
Far off I hear the calling loon;
With easy hand the rod I hold,
And feel the throbbing of the spoon.

A sudden strike, a savage tug,
And out there leaps with mighty lunge,
All green and white, with fins of gold,
The king of fish—a muskallonge.

Then comes the test of rod and line,
And all the angler's craft and skill,
As back and forth, with sweep and swirl,
The desperate captive has his will.

Now rushing off with sudden speed,
He makes the good reel scream with glee,
Or fiercely shakes his mighty jaws
In vain to get the tackle free.

At last he wearies of the fight,
And slowly turns his flashing sides,
While, guided by the short'ning line,
Beside the boat he meekly glides.

The gaff is near his milk-white throat,
A moment more and he is ours;
When down he goes beneath the boat—
"The line has parted, by the powers!"

* * * * *
The sun has set, the sky is gray,
The evening wind blows sad and raw;
I only know that I have lost
The biggest fish I ever saw.

HENRY J. SAWE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Gone Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 3.—A number of anglers of Grand Rapids, Mich., are now absent from their accustomed places in town, having gone fishing with the first peep of day of the legal season. Dr. Hudson, Messrs. A. D. Porter, Harry Sherwood and F. S. Torrey went to the Pere Marquette River. Messrs. C. W. Duke, J. E. Pratt and F. M. Lee selected the Little Manistee. Others starting for different points are Messrs. J. H. Taylor, A. B. Richmond and Charles Merrifield.

The Season.

Eau Claire, Wis., May 5.—In spite of early indications the season is turning out backward and cold. No very good sport is yet reported. Messrs. Irvin Gray and A. W. Shelton, of Rhinelander, Wis., went to Deer Brook one day this week and took eighty-four nice trout, which is the best catch I have heard of so far.

Here at Eau Claire we have a number of trout streams, most of them pretty well fished, but still offering good sport to those who understand the game, of whom there are many in this lovely town. Elk Creek is one of the good streams here, and a drive of a dozen miles lands one in good trout fishing on that stream. We had trout for breakfast at the Galloway House this morning, and the landlord, Mr. Smith, tells me that he and some friends caught a few one day this week. He confesses that he is forced to buy most of his trout, however, and tells me that he sends to Pratt, Wis., for them. At that point there are several streams, the Marengo among others, where the trout are abundant enough to pay market fishermen. If I have time I am to inquire more closely into the trout resources of Eau Claire and neighborhood. The general belief is that it is still too cold. The season here is about a week or ten days behind what it is at Chicago.

In the Eau Claire River and in the Chippewa River, whose junction is within a short walk from the center of the city, bass and pike fishing has been good, and many anglers are out each day. At La Crosse, on the Mississippi River not far from here, the bass fishing has begun, and good sport has been had. At Wabasha, Minn., the anglers are expecting fine sport this year. The Father of Waters performed a unique feat this spring. Ordinarily high water lasts until midsummer, but this year the rise was in March and the fall in April, an unheard of thing.

Private Fishing Waters.

Attorney-General F. A. Maynard, of Michigan, has given the following opinion on the question of private fish ponds and the rights of the owners to sell fish from them. It is useful to note that he explodes the old and dangerous doctrine that a man owning a trout preserve could sell fish from it at any time he likes. The opinion in full follows, as addressed to Warden Chase S. Osborne:

"Dear Sir: In relation to the question mentioned in your letter of Feb. 8, regarding the fishing rights of the owner of a private lake or stream, as well as to what is meant by 'private lake,' or 'private pond,' or 'private waters,' the particular lake or pond in regard to which information is asked is not described, and therefore no opinion can be expressed as to the private lake or pond mentioned, but the general rule may be stated in reply to the questions asked.

"A private lake or pond, or waters, are those which are not navigable, and the soil under and on the borders of which is owned exclusively by the person or persons who claim the water as their private property; and having no connection with other streams or waters which are public, and through which fish may pass.

"Second question: What are the fishing rights of the owner of a private lake or stream? The owner of a private lake or pond is supposed to have so far reduced the fish therein to his possession that they have become his private property. He may take such fish for his own

use from such private waters at any time and in any manner. He may not sell or offer for sale during the closed season, when prohibited, because by doing so he interferes with the State in its protection of the fish belonging to the public. He may prevent any other persons from taking fish from his private waters, and may bring an action of trespass in taking his fish. He may make a criminal complaint against one who takes any of his fish, under Section 2197 K, Howell's Statutes, if he himself has first complied with that statute.

"I herewith inclose list of authorities upon which these answers are based, and which may be of value to you in the work of your department.

F. A. MAYNARD,
"Attorney-General,"

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The first of the season meets of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will be held at Garfield Park next Saturday afternoon, May 7. Other meets will be May 21, June 4, June 18, July 9, July 23, Aug. 6, Aug. 20. June 25 and Aug. 27 are re-entry days. There will be four events at each meet, long-distance fly, distance and accuracy fly, delicacy and accuracy fly, and the anomaly of bait casting also, not uninteresting, but under an odd name.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Angling in Canada.

THE fishing season has opened here with a rush. Probably not for half a century past has the ice gone off Canadian water so early in the season. By the commencement of the present week all the lakes in the Lake St. John district were perfectly clear. Ouananiche have already taken bait in the Grande Decharge, and a few more days will see them rising to the fly in Lake St. John, from which the ice went out at the end of last week. When the trout season opened here on the 1st inst. a perfect throng of local fishermen went out to Lakes St. Charles and Beauport, fully a fortnight earlier than usual. The result in the majority of cases was quite satisfactory. A number of good fish were taken, but the best of the lot fell to the catch of Gen. Henry, of Vermont, the present U. S. Consul here. This specimen weighed a short 3lbs., and the General is particularly proud of catching it upon the very day of the great victory of his old schoolboy friend, Commodore Dewey. Lake Edward has been clear of ice for over a week past, and several 4 and 5lb. fish were taken there yesterday. A large party of Burlington fishermen is expected here next week en route for Lake Edward. A number of Quebecers left for the lake yesterday. The Messrs. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Fla., left on Thursday for Lake Edward with a party of ladies and a large retinue of servants. Several parties of American anglers are booked for Lake St. John for the latter end of this month, and the opening of the Hotel Roberval is fixed for about the 20th inst. Gen. Henry and Mr. Laird, the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration here, and a number of friends leave to-day for his preserve on the St. Bernard Club preserve in the rear of Louisville, and will no doubt make a big catch, as the trout are reported rising freely to the fly. Mr. Charles Simpson, of New York, and the Hon. G. W. Stephens, of Montreal, left yesterday for the lakes in the same district. There are a number of members of the Triton Club booked for their preserve next week, most of them coming from Syracuse.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 7.

The Record Tarpon.

CAPTIVA PASS, Fla., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Edward Vom Hofe, of New York city, killed on Captiva Pass on April 30 the largest tarpon on record taken with rod and reel. The weight, two hours after the fish was taken, was 210lbs.; the girth 45in.; length 6ft. 11in. The fishing was by moonlight, and the fish carried Mr. Vom Hofe out into the breakers on the strong ebb tide running at the time and was gaffed from the boat by John Bain in a very rough sea. The following people were present and can testify as to the size and weight of the fish, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. M. Hunt, of Palmyra, N. Y.; Mr. Frank D. Livermore, Sir Peter Walker, Lord Elphenstone, J. T. Powers, and the writer, of Providence, R. I.

GEO. L. SHIPLEY.

[The record for a tarpon taken with rod and reel has up to this date been held by Mrs. George T. Stagg, of Kentucky, with a fish of 205lbs., taken in May, 1891.]

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first contest of the year was held to-day. Owing to the high wind the scores are low, and there were but few entries. These are the records:

	Long-distance Fly.	Bait-casting.
	Feet.	Per cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	95	96
B. W. Goodsell.....	93	94 1-5
E. D. Letterman.....	..	93 2-5
G. A. Murrell.....	..	94
F. H. Peak.....	104	93 1-5
J. E. Strong.....	..	88 4-5
J. M. Rogers, Sr.....	..	74
L. I. Blackman.....	..	86
H. G. Hascall.....	..	95 1-5
E. L. Caldwell.....	..	86 4-5

The holders of medals are: For long-distance fly, F. N. Peet; for bait-casting, I. H. Bellows.

Fishing Near New York.

WRECK LEAD, L. I., May 9.—Easterly winds and low temperature interfered seriously with the pleasure of the few fishermen who came down last week. A heavy sea has prevented the larger boats from getting out of the inlet even if fishermen had cared to go off to the banks. Fluke and flounders have been plenty in the bay. They may be caught in the channels in the bay near Nick's Beach or in Wreck Lead. A few sheephead have been caught, and it is hoped that they will be plentiful later in the season. They have been very scarce for several years.

The Name Dolmieu.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps few of your readers remember me as formerly a frequent contributor to your admirable paper, and possibly not one of them now recalls the fact that I was Charles Hallock's assistant editor of FOREST AND STREAM in the beginning—in the summer of 1873. This mutually agreeable arrangement was made with the best of intentions on the part of each of us, and duly announced; that it never went into full force was owing to circumstances neither of us controlled. From that day to this I have never ceased to feel a friendly interest in the paper, and I am proud of its long, honorable, and highly successful career—very slight though be my own contributions to this result. During these twenty-five years I have seldom failed to read FOREST AND STREAM, and always enjoyed the reading. I admire its tone, tenor, and spirit. I hardly see how it could be improved. May its prosperity and usefulness be perpetual!

I do not write this letter either to recall old personalities, howsoever pleasant these be, nor to make the editor blush at praise, however well deserved; but to say how much I am enjoying Mr. Mather's fish stories now running in your columns. A man who can tell fish stories with as much truth in them as Mr. Mather indulges is evidently no ordinary mortal; and the way he makes his points is a caution to callow penmen who yearn to write before they know how. I am moved to these reflections by No. IV. of Mr. Mather's series on the black bass, in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. This is a model—text and pictures alike—even to the polyonymous helgramite. I have nowhere, not even in the works of a Gill or a Jordan, a Goode or a Bean, seen the distinctions between the two species of bass so clearly, so intelligently set forth. Mr. Mather has the art of putting things, as when he says that "the size of the mouth is not determined by opening it," but by the size of a certain bone of the upper jaw—which a glance at the picture shows. There are three kinds of men I like—the man who knows what he knows; the man who knows how to tell what he knows, and the man who knows enough to say "I don't know" about things he doesn't know. Perhaps Mr. Mather is all these three kinds of a man. I should judge so by the way he writes. There is one point he might elucidate for readers of FOREST AND STREAM. This is that queer word *dolmieu*, the specific name of the small-mouthed black bass. I happen to know about it myself, but do not tell all I know in one letter, and do not wish to steal any of the good bait with which the veteran fisherman fishes for readers in the pearly and purling columns of FOREST AND STREAM—columns which I hope "will run on forever," like Tennyson's brook. ELLIOTT COVES.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Naturalist and the Bear.

I TOLD you once about Billy and the bald-face. Billy was scared and the bald-face was mad. But this is a different bear story.

In olden times, before the city of Vancouver was even dreamed of, New Westminster, on the Fraser's River, was the principal city of the mainland of British Columbia. The site of the modern Babylon, Vancouver, was at that time covered with a dense forest of mighty Douglas firs, mixed with hemlock and a ragged underbrush of devil's club, vine maple, salmon berry, and other stuff, while here and there and everywhere flourished the odoriferous skunk cabbage, the whole described as a "sure dandy spot for bear."

Away back in those times two men, on a nice spring morning, took a walk from Gostown toward New Westminster. One of these was Capt. Van Bramer, afterward of Cocos Island fame. The other was already famous as a coon hunter, bird stuffer, and all-round naturalist, not to mention prank player, and may still be found any day (except when he is wanted, which is not often) in the museum in Victoria, where he is continually going into abstruse calculations as to the number of pounds and cubic inches of tow and plaster it takes to fill some poor wretch of a coon's skin or mountain goat's pelt, in place of so many pounds of flesh, bone and sinew which have been skinned out.

After going a mile or so the naturalist, thinking he saw some rare mammal looking at him, stepped off the road a short distance among the logs and rampikes of a windfall through which the road ran. In wandering about among the logs it became necessary for him to climb over one which stood rather high up, it being that of a large tree. Just as he began to hitch himself up on the rugged bark he became aware of the fact that somebody was climbing up the other side of the tree; presumably it was Van Bramer. On the instant there rose above the log the head and shoulders of a two-year-old black bear, and looked at John with his little beady eye, his tongue lolling out with heat and exertion.

John drew himself up to his full height, and holding up an admonitory forefinger, said quietly, but firmly: "N-n-now g-g-go away—y-y—I-I d-don't want you!" This the bear immediately obeyed, with great speed and decisive action, while John at once withdrew to the road, where he found Van laughing insanely and making sundry stupid remarks about shooting, carrying a gun for fun, etc. It was useless for John to explain that the fur was no good at that time of year, and that it would only deprive some poor hunter of a chance of making a few dollars when winter came if he had shot him. But then some men cannot appreciate a great and good act. MAZAMA.

COMOX, B. C.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Dogs in the Arctic Regions.

SOME of my readers will remember that rather over twenty years ago there was a great scare throughout the country side between Winchester and Southampton Water. A wolf had made its appearance in a mysterious moment, and soon became the terror of the timid. And when it fell to worrying and killing the sheep, the farmers banded themselves together and sallied out, armed to the teeth, in search of the wild beast; so it was not long before they found and killed it, and restored peace and confidence to that beautiful part of England. Moreover, by showing the body of "the last wolf killed in England" at prices varying from 6d. to 1d. a head (according to discretion) they were able to repair to some slight extent the loss they had suffered.

Now this wolf was no wolf at all. It was simply an Arctic dog, which had escaped from Sir Allen Young's yacht, the Pandora, then lying in Southampton Water. The mistake made by the people in their ignorance would serve one well for a peg on which to hang a long and "instructive" article about the nature and breeds, the habits and diseases of the dogs that are native to the Polar regions.

There are practically three great breeds or races of Arctic dogs—the Eskimo or New World breed (Eskimo, *mikki*); the Samoyad or West Siberian breed (Samoyad, *voinaika*); and the Lena or East Siberian race. The last is the best, but at the same time the most difficult to obtain, and when obtained the least tractable to employ. The better of the remaining two kinds is the Samoyad dog, and it is this noble beast which our own countryman, Frederick George Jackson, is using in far-away Franz Josef Land in his attempt to reach the North Pole. The same dog too was taken by Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian, on his daring, though terribly rash, venture in the Fram. Peary, the intrepid explorer of Greenland, used Eskimo dogs, and used them with the most satisfactory results; yet, for pulling power and for comparative immunity from cold mania, the Samoyad dog is superior.

Mr. Jackson, in his entertaining book on "The Great Frozen Land" (Macmillan & Co.) describes the Samoyad dogs thus:

"The dogs (*voinaika*) of the Samoyads have a strong resemblance to the familiar Eskimo dog of Greenland, but in several points they are superior. The most striking characteristics which they have in common are the thick, woolly coats, which enable them to withstand such a rigorous climate, and the wild and savage temper they display toward each other. If you chained a number of these dogs together and left them to their own devices I am confident that they would speedily develop a feeling so grimly fraternal that one-half (the weaker half) would be absorbed with the least possible delay into the bosom of the other half of the family. When trained and educated, however, even by that unskillful pedagogue their master, they become exceedingly useful, and on the whole well-behaved, members of Samoyad society; and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so I may fortify this certificate of good character by the assertion that while you may buy a wild young puppy, and welcome, for a rouble and even less, you may have to give sixty, seventy, and sometimes a hundred roubles for a trained adult. But it is such hard work for the indolent Samoyad to bring his dog to the stage required for driving large herds of reindeer in the best manner, that I very much doubt your being able to persuade him to sell such a dog at all."

Roughly speaking, any Polar dog will pull a sledge with half a man's load, but he will take it twice as far in a day as a man can. A man's load may be reckoned as 200lbs. And though the Polar dog is accustomed to raw meat, and to carousers long and deep on newly killed game, he adapts himself to circumstances, and will do such work as I have stated on a ration of 1lb. of pemmican a day. What is pemmican? It is simply dried and pounded beef, enveloped in a greasy coat of fat and suet, and then slowly heated and poured in a molten condition into can or skin. For human temptation, currants, sugar and spices are added, which just place this dry and tasteless food above the insuperably unpalatable. It is the experience of Mr. Jackson that the Samoyad dogs take kindly to the biscuit. In addition to ordinary meat fibrous biscuits, he took out about six tons of Spratts cod liver oil biscuits, and these have proved a very successful diet with dogs that had never previously known what a biscuit was.

But the power of the Arctic dog varies, and the larger kinds are capable of doing really formidable work. Peary, for example, occasionally used only three dogs to drag a sledge load of 500lbs., and we have it on record that he traveled at considerable speed behind only two dogs with a similar load.

On the other hand, when sledging is to be prolonged, it is necessary to have full teams, for dogs, like reindeer, soon degenerate with regular work. Moreover, the mortality is very high. It will be remembered that Peary started on the first of his long journeys with twenty and returned with five dogs. That in a subsequent year no fewer than ninety dogs were taken, and only twenty survived.

As to the savage nature of these Arctic dogs, I attribute it almost entirely to their food. It is frequently stated by Eskimos, however, that in West Greenland the bitches are visited when on heat by prowling wolves, which might well tend to keep the temper of the offspring uncertain; but some suspicions have been cast on this statement, and in these brief notes I have no room for going into the question. On the other hand, the animal food on which they almost entirely subsist has much to do with it.

I remember a case in Norway, where cattle in a certain locality became most violent and wild. The cause was found in the fact that the owner had accustomed them to a fish diet—fish being more plentiful than grass in this particular part.

Now the dogs, having fed well for years on raw and blood-charged flesh, become extremely savage, and es-

pecially among themselves. Both Jackson and Peary have found that muzzles are necessary if they would preserve their packs from gradual extinction. For the Arctic dogs are demons at fighting, and although they recognize among themselves a leader and chief, that position has to be won by personal strife and retained by personal prowess.

The Samoyad dogs, in fact, had to be chained apart from each other, in what was, to all intents and purposes, "a hollow square." On one occasion, when several dogs were coming home from exercise, a quarrel broke out between a couple of the most refractory, and on one of them being pinned to the ground the rest immediately set upon him and tore him to pieces. This would have frequently happened had not precautions been regularly taken. We must not forget, however, that "hitting a fellow when he is down" is a trait not entirely unknown in the human animal.

Neither is this solely attributable to a heredity which has accumulated under severe climatic conditions, for a large retriever, which Mr. Jackson took with him to Franz Josef Land, has developed similar ferocity. Indeed, Mr. Jackson writes home of this beast: "Carlo, by the bye, has developed into a shocking blackguard, and is the sole representative of the criminal classes in Franz Josef Land. He now constantly wears a muzzle, which he usually has cocked over his left eye, giving him a very Bill Sykes-like appearance. He is the terror of the Windward people, and would kill every dog in the neighborhood if allowed to go about unrestrained." As a matter of fact Carlo killed two of the Siberian dogs before he was put under restraint.

It is quite certain that of all man's aids, apart from food and clothing, the Arctic dog has been the most valuable to the explorers of the Polar regions. By the help of this plucky little beast, with his single trace of raw reindeer hide (fastened to collar and saddle of similar strips), man has accomplished the greater part of those discoveries which now appear as lands and seas in our maps of the Polar area. Over 100 miles have been covered by these dogs in a single day, which is astonishingly good, seeing that snow is not continuously hard or smooth; that a full sledge load was carried; and that the additional weight of the explorers must be reckoned.

It happened, as most of my readers will remember, that the S. Y. Windward, instead of returning here in 1894, was delayed by the unusually early set in of the winter, and consequently spent nearly a year in the ice off the coast of Franz Josef Land. Now it chanced one day that the ship's carpenter was walking about a mile from the ship. He was taking a constitutional, and somewhat imprudently lost himself in thought—most probably he was thinking of home. Suddenly he looked up and saw a large white bear, also thinking, and evidently thinking of him. Discretion being the better part of valor, the carpenter looked anxiously round for a refuge, and found it in a neighboring ice hummock, about 6ft. high. To the top of this he very promptly climbed. But I may mention that this particular polar bear was a large one, and his skin, for I have seen it, is exactly 6ft. long. It is easy, then, to imagine how near his snout must have come to our friend "Chips" when he stood up on his hindlegs and made preparations for an affectionate embrace. The carpenter drew his revolver and fired, but, as is the way sometimes with revolvers, it missed fire, and then "Chips" was in a very awkward corner indeed.

Just at this moment, however—in the very nick of time—two plucky little Samoyad dogs (shown in the picture), who had scented Bruin when prowling near the ship, came up with their game and began to attack the bear after their manner, yapping and snapping at his heels and then retreating as the big beast turned round. Bruin, annoyed at the intrusion, turned savagely round upon the newcomers, while the carpenter availed himself of the opportunity to return to the ship! I do not guarantee it, but believe that it is an article of faith among his shipmates to this day that he covered that mile within record time.

All I can say is that here was a man's life saved by the timely intervention of two small dogs, who not merely helped him in his dilemma, but gallantly held the bear until my friend Frederick Jackson was able to come up with him, and convert him into the raw material of a handsome rug "with a reminiscence."—A. Montefiore in Kennel Gazette.

National Beagle Club.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held on Thursday, May 5, at 3:30 P. M., at 15 Broad street. Members present: Geo. B. Post, Jr., John Bateman, H. L. Kreuder, A. J. Purinton, Wm. G. Rockefeller, Jr., Jas. W. Appleton and G. M. Wharton. Treasurer's statement was accepted and ordered placed on file. The chair appointed Mr. H. F. Schellhass on the auditing committee in place of G. W. Rogers. Committee on standard reported progress, Resignation of Jacob Zalt, Jr., accepted. Mr. Appleton proposed Mr. H. P. Whitney's name, who was duly elected. It was decided not to offer a special prize at the show to be given by the New England Kennel Club at Braintree, Mass. After an informal discussion in regard to the coming field trials, the meeting was declared adjourned. G. MIFFLIN WHARTON, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Eastern Field Trials Club announces its stakes for its trials of this year, full particulars of which are given in our business columns. The prizes amount to \$1,700. The members' stake will be run on Nov. 12, open to all members. Entries close the night before the running. On Monday, Nov. 14, the Derby commences; \$300 to first, \$200 to second, \$100 to third; first forfeit \$10, second forfeit \$10, payable Sept. 1; \$10 to start. Entries close June 1. The all-age is open to all setters and pointers which have not won a first prize in an all-age stake in the United States or Continental clubs' trials. The prizes are the same as in the Derby; forfeit \$10; \$20 additional to fill. The last stake is the Eastern subscription stake. Simon C. Bradley, Secretary, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Yachting.

THE combined effects of war and weather have sadly delayed the usual spring work of yachtsmen, and though it is now the middle of May but little has been done toward fitting out. One steam yacht, the Calypso, is at anchor off Bay Ridge, and a trip along shore shows some small craft ready for the season. Those of the large steam yachts which have not been sold to the Government show no signs of fitting out, nor do the large sailing yachts. With a change of weather from the steady rain of the past month, work will begin on the yachts of medium size, and a number of these will be ready in time for the first races. The majority of the yacht clubs along the Sound and the Eastern coast have opened their club houses to the officers of the United States Navy. Some have also declared off all their fixtures, but most of them will race as usual unless affairs take a more serious turn than now seems probable.

The Royal Nova Scotia One-Design Class.

THE Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, of Halifax, N. S., has had for the past two seasons a one-design class of small keel yachts, which has given very great satisfaction. The Squadron, like many other clubs, has of late years suffered from a lack of interest in racing, and with a good club house, a fine sailing ground and large membership, has at the same time had a difficulty in keeping up its fleet. By way of remedy for this unsatisfactory condition of affairs, it has resorted to the one-design idea.

The class was established in the winter of 1895-6, a committee being selected to decide on the general character and the dimensions of the design; the Squadron appropriating \$50 for special prizes for the class, providing that not less than four boats were built and regularly raced. The design here shown was made by Mr. H. C. McLeod, an amateur and an old member of the Squadron, but then residing in Chicago and racing on Lake Minnetonka. The design speaks for itself, and it is not surprising to learn that it has proved successful.

The size and character of the boats were determined by the requirements of the club and the locality. They had in the first place to be cheap, consequently small and of plain construction. They had to be substantial to stand hard usage and to last, so that a fair price could be had at any time for one. They had to be fit for general all-round use, day sailing, fishing, picnicking, etc., as well as racing. The prevailing winds about Halifax are very strong and squally, with a good deal of rough water, consequently they had to be able little craft, uncapsizable at any rate, and with a handy sail plan. Finally, though they were to be raced chiefly against one another, it was desirable to have them as speedy, quick in stays, and in other ways as up to date as was consistent with the main requirements.

They would have been improved in looks by a long overhang aft, but it was clipped to save expense. Four boats were built in the winter of 1895-6, and as soon as afloat the class became popular. The only fault found with them was that the designer had underestimated the weight of wind they would have to meet, and the 1,000lb. iron keel was not a sufficient stiffener, necessitating some inside ballast. Next season, by common consent, lead keels were substituted for the iron ones, and all inside ballast dispensed with.

So popular did the class become that in the winter of '96-7 five new boats were added, making nine in all. They have all been raced regularly every Saturday afternoon from the beginning of June to the end of September, sometimes in class races, sometimes in the open races of the club. After the change in ballast they have proved to be exactly what was required. They are stiff as churches. Their sail plan is small for light airs, but as soon as it breezes up they are very fast, especially going to windward in a chop; at that mark, when reefs have to be tied down, they are more than a match for a good English 1-rater. They are very dry, quick in stays, and handy as a bicycle.

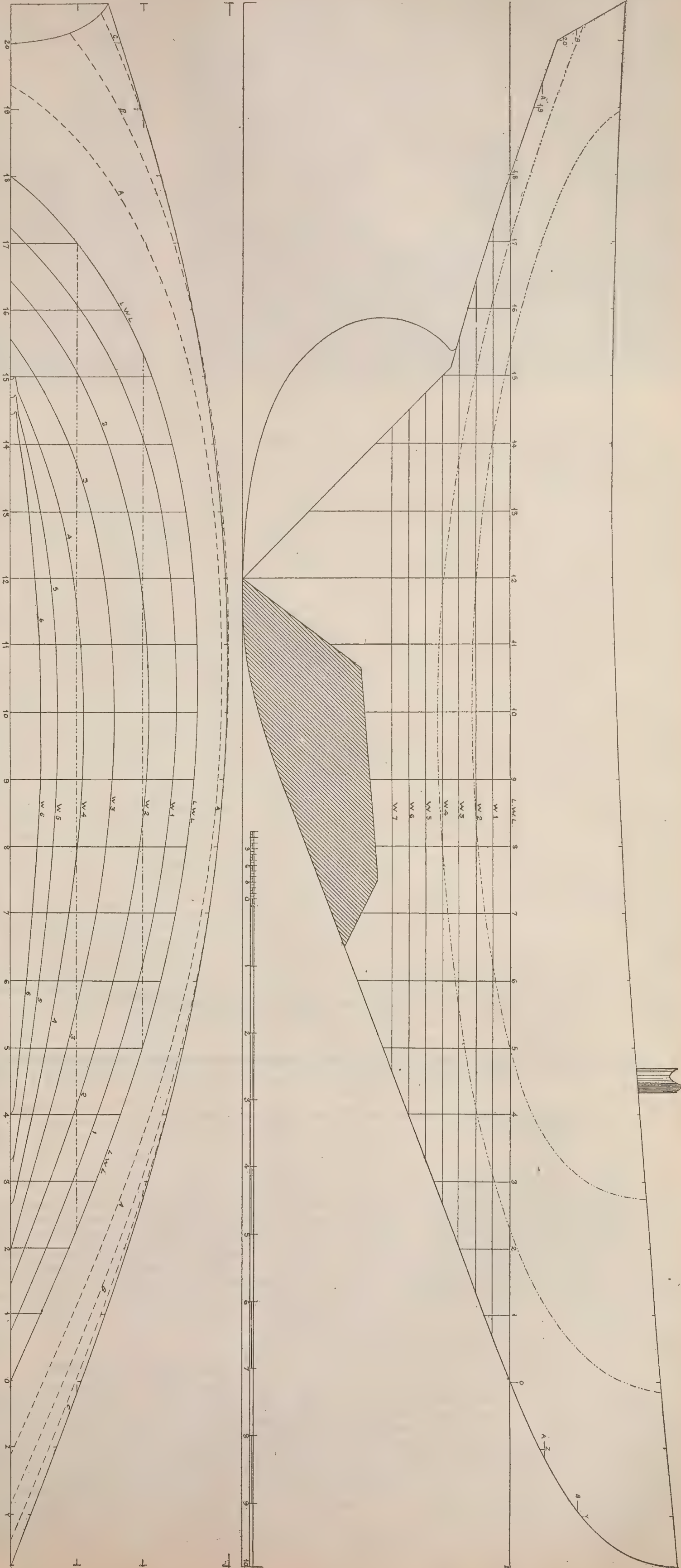
The four original boats had 9ft. cockpits, with 1ft. gin. side decks and 7in. coaming, and could accommodate quite a boat load. Some of the newer boats have smaller cockpits for racing purposes, but the advantage seems doubtful, as none have ever shipped any water, though tried as hard as they could be driven. They go out in all sorts of weather and have shown themselves in every way most capable little sea boats.

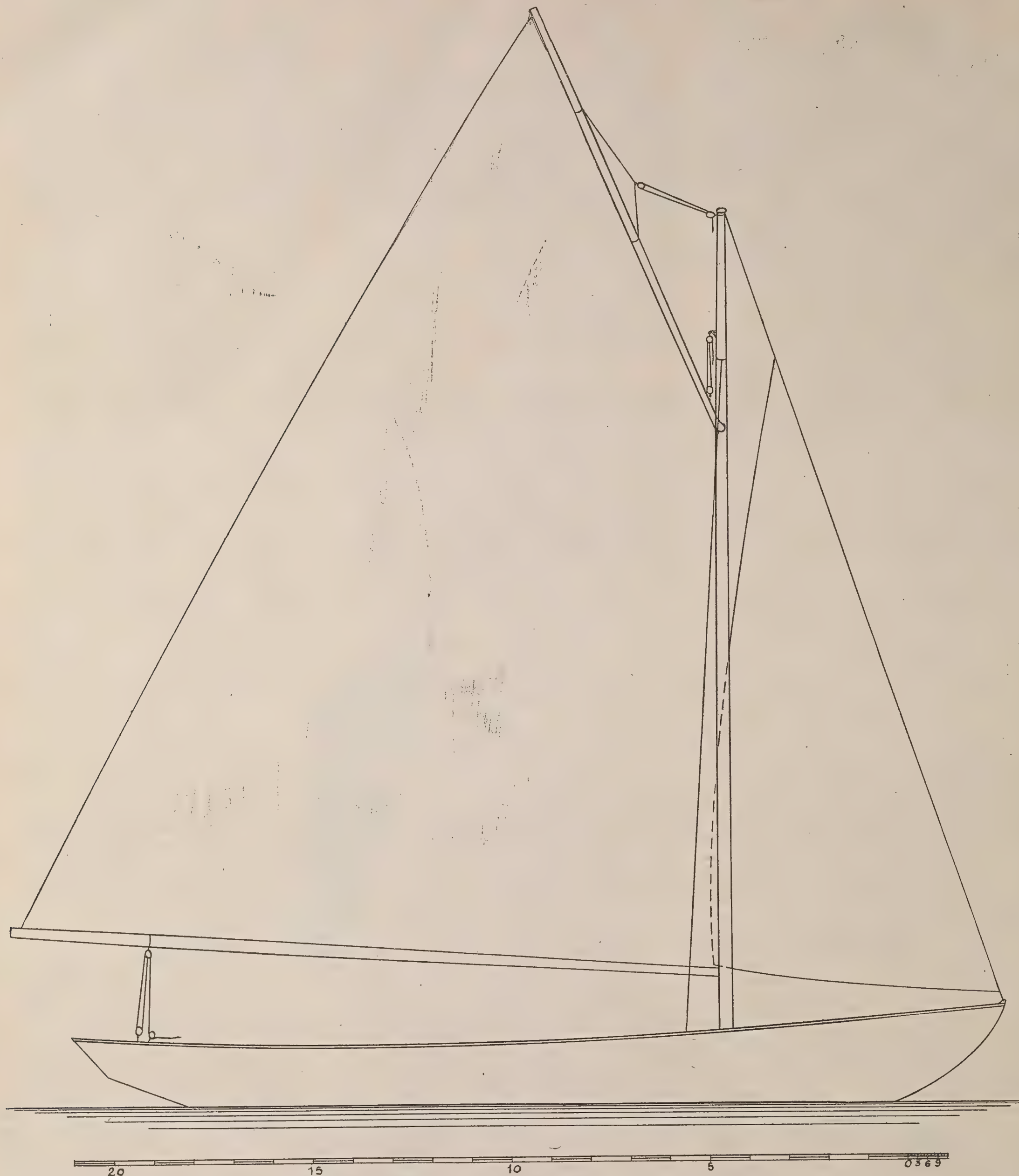
Though one man can handle them anywhere in any weather with perfect ease, they are generally raced with three, as the courses are laid out with as many zigzags as possible (one of them has nine turns in eleven miles), and smartness at the buoys is indispensable. Besides racing, the boats are in constant use for general purposes. The general dimensions are as follows:

Length, o. a.....	23ft. 4in.
Length, l.w.l.....	18ft.
Beam	6ft. 6in.
Displacement to original l.w.l.....	3,550lbs.
Draft	4ft.
Least freeboard	1ft. 6in.
Ballast, lead keel	1,500lbs.
Mast, from stem at l.w.l.....	4ft. 3in.
Mast, from stem to upper hounds	20ft. 6in.
Boom	18ft.
Gaff	11ft. 9in.
Mainsail area, sq. ft.....	241
Foresail	64
Total	305
C. B., from stem at l.w.l.....	305ft.
C. B., from stem at l.w.l.....	10.01ft.
C. E., from stem at l.w.l.....	9.52ft.

The construction is simple, but substantial. The boats were all built on the same set of models, around which ribbands were run, to which the frames, of oak, were steamed and bent. The keels are of yellow birch, sided 4½in. and moulded 6in. at center; stem birch, sided 3½in.; sternpost and deadwood (both birch), 3in. Frames of oak, 1½ by 1¼, steamed and bent, spaced 9in. Beams of spruce, sided 2in. by 2½in. center, and 2in.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON. 18FT. ONE-DESIGN CLASS. DESIGNED BY H. C. McLEOD, ESQ., 1896.





ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON—18FT. ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

at ends, Planking of Nova Scotia white pine, $\frac{7}{8}$ in. Decks of same, grooved and tongued. Planksheer of birch. Fastenings galvanized iron. Spars solid spruce. Canvas 8oz. yacht duck. Spinakers of cotton drill. Spinaker booms limited to distance from mast to stem head.

The lead keels have added about \$55 to the cost, a rather serious addition in so small and cheap a boat, but even with them a boat can be built for about \$300. The boats were all well and substantially built by Joshua Mader, of Dartmouth, on the side of Halifax Harbor opposite to the city.

The design is an excellent one for many localities where a draft of 4ft. is permissible; either for a one-design class or as a safe and handy little boat easily within the reach of a fairly skilled amateur builder.

Massachusetts Y. R. A. Percentages.

THE executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, after giving the matter extended consideration, has agreed upon a plan for computing Association championship percentages. It is believed that the new plan has advantages over the old one which will justify its adoption. As last year, a championship medal and pennant will be awarded the yacht in each class winning the highest percentage in that class. Percentages will be figured as follows:

One hundred per cent. for winning first place, 75 per cent. for winning second place, 50 per cent. for winning

third place, 25 per cent. for each other yacht completing the course within the time limit.

Only open races which have been duly scheduled and accepted by the executive committee in advance of the race, and which are sailed under the rules of the Association, shall be counted for percentage. The total amount of percentage will be divided by the number of starts. In figuring percentages it will be assumed that a yacht shall have started in at least half as many races as the yacht having the largest number of starts in her class.

The racing season will commence May 30 and end Sept. 10, 1898.

The Seawanhaka Knockabouts.

THE Seawanhaka knockabouts and their owners are as follows: Dipper, Arthur Iselin, New York; Annawan, F. G. Bourne, Oakdale, L. I.; Æolus, L. J. Busby, Glen Cove; Mistral, H. C. Rouse, Oyster Bay; Kewaydin, R. C. Wetmore, Oyster Bay; Midge, F. W. Boyer, New York; Golightly, E. H. Norton; Taifu, George Bullock, Oyster Bay; Punkah, George Trotter, New York; —, W. R. Garrison; Bedouin, Jr., J. M. Mitchell, New York; Stella, John S. Hoyt, Oyster Bay; Nakodo, J. T. Sherman, Oyster Bay; Sito, K. R. Otis; Idle, W. H. Russell; Senta, Daniel Bacon, New York; Tosto, John C. Scott, Oyster Bay; Wyntjie, F. S. Hastings; Imshi, E. C. Benedict, New York; Bee, Nelson B. Burr, New York; Lady Blanche, C. K. G. Billings, Lake Geneva, Wis.; Francis, George G. Milne; Dacot, G. R. Maxwell; Bauble, T. S. Young, Jr., Oyster Bay; Gloria, J. R. Maxwell, Jr., Brooklyn; —, Wm. Laimbeer; Perchance, E. C. Potter, Westchester; —, J. A. Harriman, Westchester; Ditto, H. S. Redmond, New York; —, A. de Navarro, New York;

—, J. G. Agar, New York; Mosquito, E. Randolph, New York; Kathama, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., New York; Lucille, Daniel Bacon, New York.

The cruise of the first fleet from Marblehead to New York is described by the Boston Globe as follows:

W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, has successfully delivered in New York seventeen of the "one design" knockabouts built by him during the winter for the Seawanhaka and other clubs. The boats were towed around the Cape by the tug Nathaniel P. Doane, and the towing was very neatly done. The boats were strung out in a line astern of the tug, on one long hawser, to which was made fast the mast of each boat near the deck. A bridle from the bow of each boat to the hawser kept them steady, so that they required no special attendance or the carrying of a man aboard. Mr. Stearns himself was on the tug.

The tow left Marblehead last Sunday afternoon, and reached Oyster Bay, the Seawanhaka's home port, at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning. The boats were then put in shape for sailing, and on Wednesday, the day being a holiday in New York, many of them were given trials by their owners. The knockabout Mongoose, recently sold to New York, was also taken along with the tow.

The remainder of the boats, about the same number, will be delivered in the same way in about ten days. The boats now delivered are all for the Seawanhaka members, and bear the following names: Dipper, Midge, Golightly, Punkah, Bedouin, Stella, Nakodo, Idle, Frances, Senta, Tosto, Bee, Lady Blanche, Dacot, and Gloria.

Mr. Stearn has the other work in his yard well along. The Cohasset raceboats are ready for delivery as soon as their owners want them. A boat of this design, for Mr. Whitman, of Plymouth, was delivered yesterday. Two knockabouts of similar design are nearly ready for delivery to New London and Brooklyn owners. The 21ft. knockabout for G. W. Roberts is completed. The Percival 25ft. knockabout is nearly planked.

The 18-footer for H. M. Crane, from his own designs, is well along. She is very lightly built, having $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cedar planking covered with canvas. She is designed for and will be sailed in the Y. R. A. class, but could be put into the Seawanhaka 20ft. class if required.



ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON—18FT. ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

Winthrop Y. C.

THE Winthrop Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for 1898:

May 28, Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock—Club race.
June 5, starting 10 o'clock, Sunday morning, destination announced at start—Squadron cruise.
June 16, Thursday evening, 7 o'clock—Water sports.
June 17, 18 and 19, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, starting from club house, Saturday morning at 10 o'clock—Cruise to Marblehead, Gloucester, etc.
June 25, Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock—Club race.
July 7, Thursday afternoon, 3 o'clock; July 8, Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock; July 9, Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock—Open races and water sports.
July 23, Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock—Club race.
Aug. 6 and 7, Saturday and Sunday, starting Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock—Squadron cruise to Marblehead.
Aug. 13, Saturday evening, 7 o'clock—Evening race.
Aug. 20, Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock—Club race.
Aug. 21, starting 10 o'clock Sunday morning, destination announced at start—Squadron cruise.
Sept. 10 and 11, Saturday and Sunday, starting Saturday afternoon, 4 o'clock—Squadron cruise and association rendezvous.
Additional races will be provided if a sufficient interest is taken. Special programmes will be arranged for evening races, water sports, etc., for which suitable prizes will be awarded. Particulars will be announced later.

W. Y. C. racing rules will govern all club races. Championship prizes will be awarded in each class. The regatta committee reserve the right to handicap any club race.

Only such classes as have two or more starters will be raced, and only bona fide starters will be recognized. Numbered flags will be displayed from the club house, designating the courses which are to be sailed. Odd numbers indicate course to Deer Island light first. Even numbers indicate course to Buoy No. 6 first. Starts will be made from the club house and will be finished off Point Shirley. Starts flying. Time taken from the starting signal. A preparatory gun will be fired five minutes before first class starts, which will be followed by guns at five-minute intervals for the classes to start in rotation according to size.

The regatta committee is as follows: A. T. Bliss, Chairman; Joseph L. Rankin, Secretary; Harry M. Frost, Edgar A. Cook, A. R. Sanderson.

Taunton Y. C.

THE Taunton Y. C. has announced the following fixtures for 1898:

May 16—Regular meeting. We propose at this meeting to have the janitor get us up one of his famous clam chowders. After the meeting there will be a smoke talk.
May 30—The club house will be opened to members, their families and guests. On this date there will be a cruise to Thurston's for a clam dinner.
June 11—Club race. Races to start at 1:30 P. M. There will be music furnished during the race.
June 20—Regular meeting. Clam chowder and smoke talk.
June 30—Ladies' day and moonlight sail.
July 9—Ladies' day. Cruise to the new summer resort at Mt. Hope.
July 18—Regular meeting.
July 30—Ladies' day and moonlight sail.
Aug. 3—Cruise to Newport.
Aug. 13—Club race. Races to start at 3 P. M.
Aug. 15—Regular meeting. Clam chowder and smoke talk.
Aug. 27—Open regatta and water sports. Races to start at 11:30 A. M.
Aug. 30—Ladies' day and moonlight sail.
Sept. 10—Club race. Races to start at 2 P. M.
Sept. 19—Regular meeting. Clam chowder and smoke talk.
Sept. 30—Ladies' day and moonlight sail.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new house of the Atlantic Y. C. is nearly completed at Sea Gate, and the station will be ready before Decoration Day. The old house at Bay Ridge has been moved to the new location, as no purchaser was found for it, and will still be used by the club. In moving it the piles had to be sawn off some distance below water by divers.

We have received the year book of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association of Lake Ontario, now in its sixth year. The Association was formed to encourage the building and racing of sailing skiffs and small yachts, and is open to any sailing skiff or yacht club on the Lakes having a membership of fifteen and a fleet of five skiffs of 14ft. l.w.l. and upward. The Seawanhaka rule is used. The officers for 1898 are: Pres., F. E. Walker, Victoria Y. C.; Vice-Pres., G. R. Judd, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., L. J. Levy, Royal Toronto S. S. C.; Executive Committee, G. F. Brierly, R. T. Cuff, T. A. Riley and W. A. Watts. The Association now includes the Royal Hamilton Y. C., Victoria Y. C., Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club, National Yacht and Skiff Club, of Toronto; and Parkdale Sailing Club. President Walker has donated a handsome challenge trophy for annual competition in all classes, to be sailed at the annual regatta each season.

The Arctic yacht Windward, presented to Lieut. Peary by Alfred Harnsworth, sailed from the Thames on March 19 for New York and has not yet been reported at sea. While she has very light auxiliary power and is a slow vessel, she should have made the passage before this.

Varuna, steam yacht, J. Montgomery Sears, has been sold to George F. Dominick, of New York. Capt. John Holly will have charge of her.

Wanda, steam yacht, H. S. Henry, has been sold to M. S. Tweedy, of New York.

Surprise, cutter, J. D. Baird, has been sold to De V. H. Warner, of Bridgeport.

The Huguenot Y. C. at a meeting on May 2 decided to hold no races during the continuance of the war, and has canceled all of its dates in the Sound Y. R. A. programme.

Miranda, schr., for the past three years laid up at Manning's Basin, has been purchased by C. N. Nelson, and is now fitting out under the charge of Capt. Urias Rhodes, formerly of Sea Fox and Lasca.

On May 3 the steam yacht Endion, designed and built by C. L. Seabury & Co. for Com. Jesse H. Metcalf, Rhode Island Y. C., was launched at the works, Morris Heights, New York. She is 103ft. over all, 85ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam, and 5ft. draft, with engines 7, 11 and 17½ by 10, and a Seabury boiler.

Daphne, cutter, Com. C. T. Wills, has been sold to George W. Copeland.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Æmilius Jarvice; Vice-Com., J. H. Plummer; Rear Com., G. H. Gooderham; Hon. Sec'y, F. J. Ricardo-Seaver; Executive Committee, C. E. Archbald, C. A. B. Brown, F. J. Campbell, F. O. Cayley, G. R. Hargraff, G. T. McMurrich, A. G. Peuchen, H. E. Ridley, James E. Robertson, Robert Watson. The club is in a prosperous financial condition, with a membership of 503.

Messrs. Reed Bros., of Fall River, have on the stocks a cruising yawl designed by H. J. Gielow for a New York owner, a similar boat to the well-known Fidelio and Pawnee. She is 46ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 9in. beam, and 5ft. draft, without board. Under the usual trunk cabin she will have a good cabin and stateroom, toilet room, etc.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. has now under construction at its shop in Ogdensburgh several racing 20-footers. Two of these are for the local class on the St. Lawrence River, one for Mr. Charles M. Englis, of New York, and one for Mr. Henry Wilbur, of South Bethlehem, Pa. Mr. Henry Lane Eno, of New York, has ordered a 20-footer for the Seawanhaka races, from a design by Mr. C. H. Crane. There are in the shops several launches for the Alco-Vapor motor, one for J. C. Scott, of Oyster Bay, a 30ft. boat, and one of 33ft., of the hunting launch type, for James L. Swan, of New York. The company has a new design for a racing catboat of 16ft. l.w.l., from which it is building for Messrs. Archibald Rogers, Anson Phelps Stokes and J. R. Roosevelt, the boats to be raced on Lake Regis.

The Quebec Y. C. elected the following officers on April 30: Com., H. H. Sharples; Vice-Com., George C. Scott; Capt., M. Raymond; Sec'y, F. O'Farrell; Treas., W. A. Home; Managing Committee, T. T. Hetherington, A. Drolet, J. A. Shehyn; Sailing Committee, J. Piddington, H. G. Legendre, O. B. C. Richardson, J. S. Thom, D. Arcand; Room Committee, John Shaw, A. E. Scott, James Gingras; Auditors, Joseph U. Laird, H. S. Morgan.

At the annual meeting of the Kingston Y. C. on May 2 the following officers were elected: Com., Harry W. Richardson; Vice-Com., D. Allan Black; Rear-Com., W. Bruce Carruthers; Sec'y, J. H. Macnee; Treas., W. C. Kent; Executive Committee, J. A. Minnes, Frank Strange, R. Easton Burns, G. H. Smythe and J. E. Cunningham. It was decided to invite the Lake Yacht Racing Association to hold a rendezvous regatta at Kingston this season instead of a circuit of races, and to offer the association \$400 toward the prize money necessary for such a regatta.

The Queen City Y. C. has announced the following fixtures: May 21, cruising race; June 4, 22ft. class, Dodd cup; June 11, 19ft. and 16ft. classes, World cup; June 18, 22ft. class; July 2, 27ft. class; July 9, 19ft. class; July 16, 16ft. class; July 30, 27ft. class; Aug. 6, 16ft. class; Aug. 13, 19ft. class; Aug. 27, 27ft. class; Sept. 17, 22ft. class.

Atlanta, schr., of Boston, has been sold to E. H. Dickinson, of New York, through Kiley's Agency. She is 65ft. 4in. over all, 53ft. 2in. l.w.l., 17ft. 3in. beam, and 7ft. 6in. draft.

The first of the 21ft. raceabouts is afloat and ready for business. She is the Jilt, built by the Herreshoffs for W. O. Gay, and she is now at her owner's moorings at Cohasset, having been sailed around the Cape by Mr. Gay, assisted by his man. The trip was not exactly a pleasure trip, and yet it was not devoid of pleasant features, and was made in very good time, considering the weather. The little yacht left the Herreshoff Works at Bristol at 5 o'clock a week ago Saturday afternoon, and reached Lawley's yard in this city at 2 o'clock the following Monday afternoon. Much of the time was spent in beating up the back of the Cape against a strong northerly wind, but this with its hard work was compensated for later by the fine run across the bay from Race Point. The run of Saturday afternoon and evening was a fine one, but midnight in Vineyard Sound brought a heavy squall, which necessitated three reefs, and made wet sailing at that. The sail over the shoals Sunday morning was a beautiful one, but the beat up the Cape later was a long, tedious and tiresome one. Monday morning at 5 o'clock the Jilt was off Race Point, and from there it was plain sailing. The wind was moderate to light, but allowed of sheets being eased, so that the yacht came along very fast, reaching Lawley's at 2 P. M. There she was cleaned and put in shape, and was then sailed to Cohasset. She will be in Marblehead waters to-day, weather permitting, looking for trouble. Jilt is quite a different boat from her owner's last year's Fly, from Herreshoff's hands, being about 30 instead of nearly 34ft. over all, and having 5 instead of 6ft. draft. With her 600ft. of sail, instead of the 500 allowed under last year's rule, she is, of course, not so stiff, but will undoubtedly be much faster in average racing weather. Speaking of his boat, Mr. Gay said: "Of her actual speed I cannot judge, since we have sailed against nothing of our size, but she is a vastly different boat from Fly. All I can say of her now is that she is splendidly balanced, easily handled, and apparently powerful enough for our racing weather in Massachusetts Bay. I am perfectly satisfied with her behavior thus far, and am anxious for some racing. The class ought to give some good sport this season."—*Boston Globe*.

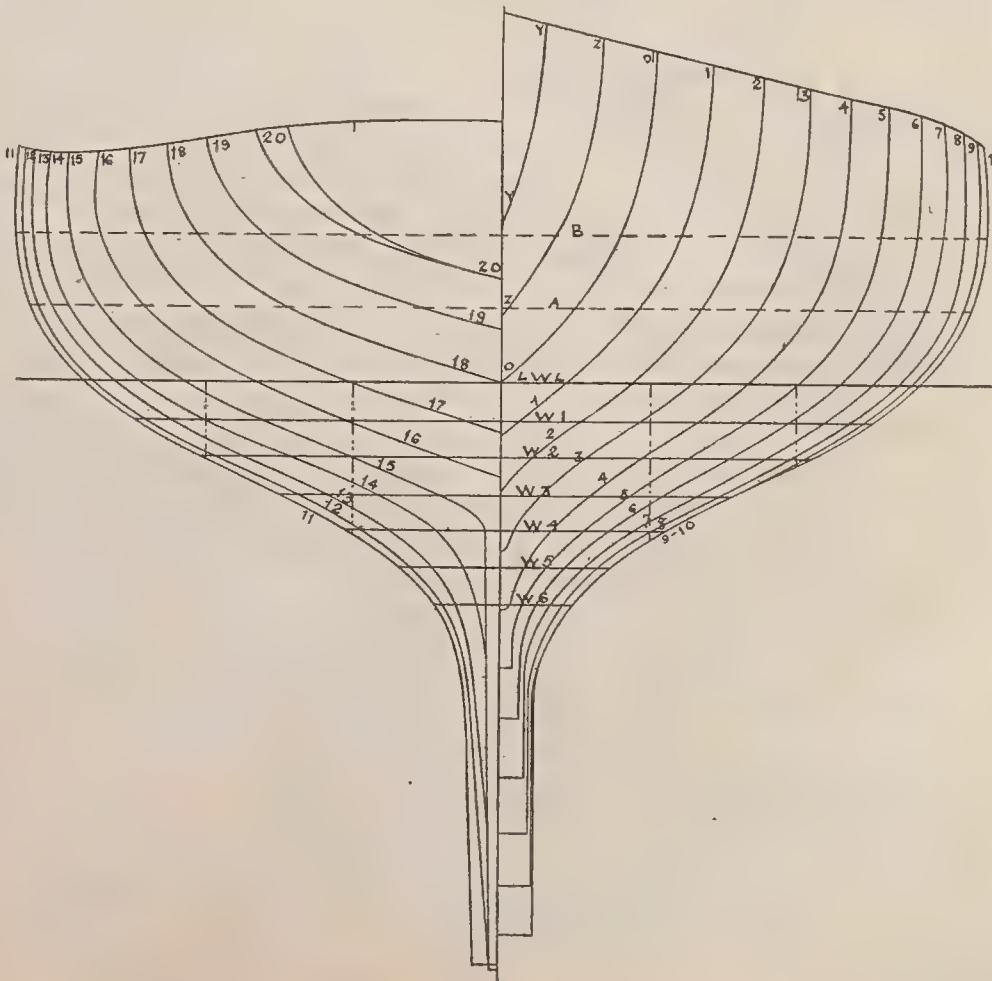
On May 3 the British steam yacht Lady Clemell, Mr. Wilkin, while lying in the harbor of Malaga, was attacked by a mob and forced to leave in a hurry, after her skylights were smashed by stones thrown from the dock. She put in to Gibraltar.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Yachting World of April 29 has an excellent portrait of Mr. Wm. Willard Howard, and a supplemental plate of his canoe Yankee.

The Brooklyn C. C. has arranged the following fixtures for 1898: May 12, June 11, June 25, July 16, July 30, Sept. 10, Sept. 24, club races, Bay Ridge; May 30, cruise on Delaware River.

The New York C. C. house, Harway avenue, Bath Beach, is now open for the season after being thoroughly refitted. The house offers every facility for members, rooms and meals being provided at a moderate charge. There is good bathing, the location on Gravesend Bay, with anchorage and boat houses, faces the best sailing waters about New York, and the Long Island roads are easily accessible for wheeling. The club's new one-design fleet promises some good racing and sailing this season. The opening regatta will take place on June 4 and the annual on Sept. 10.



Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 1.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association in their last regular match. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Nestler wins the Dietrich medal to-day. Trounstone wins the Uckotter trophy this shoot. Roberts was declared king to-day. A strong, gusty wind prevailed, making it difficult to make good scores:

King target:

Gindele	22	21	20	23	16	19	22	18	16	22	199
Payne	10	21	23	19	21	18	17	20	21	21	191
Uckotter	23	17	6	16	18	21	19	16	19	16	172
Drube	20	21	17	11	20	19	15	10	15	23	171
Roberts	15	18	24	24	25	19	18	20	22	22	207
Houck	20	8	12	16	20	12	16	19	16	21	160
Weinheimer	20	24	19	20	15	15	17	19	17	20	186
Strickmier	17	16	8	16	15	23	20	21	24	22	182
Hasenzahl	14	23	21	21	17	20	22	15	18	19	190
Trounstone	19	17	22	13	19	14	20	13	19	15	171
Topf	10	10	9	3	15	20	12	19	1	11	110
Wellinger	16	20	21	24	13	22	12	15	21	9	178
Nestler	20	14	25	18	21	23	20	20	20	17	198
Randall	22	19	22	24	9	15	16	20	21	23	191
See	16	21	21	19	22	22	22	16	20	200	

Honor target.

Gindele	20	24	24	68	224	220	211
Payne	20	18	22	60	217	210	207
Uckotter	10	22	14	46	182	180	174
Drube	19	16	19	51	194	175	163
Roberts	22	22	19	63	208	201	197
Houck	21	24	14	59	165	165	158
Weinheimer	16	21	16	53	192	187	187
Strickmier	23	25	13	61	194	190	181
Hasenzahl	19	18	10	47	211	210	209
Trounstone	24	18	19	61	205	195	189
Topf	20	24	21	65	166	156	155
Wellinger	24	21	17	62	211	211	199
Nestler	23	19	25	67	210	210	208
Randall	18	15	23	56	195	191	188
See	20	25	18	63	213	205	204

Louisville Revolver Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—On Tuesday evening, May 2, at the Armory, three members of the revolver club stood on the firing points and shot at the targets. The attendance was very large and the crowd enjoyed the contests. The contest was close between Messrs. Dye and Gilbert in the 10 and 15yds. distances. Another member of the club and an excellent shot, Capt. Fred De Funiac, of Battery A, 1st Regiment, will be missed when he leaves this week for the seat of war. At the next meeting a team of six men, which is to shoot against a similar team of the Brooklyn Club, for a challenge cup, offered by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, on the 24th of this month, will be selected from among the best shots left in the club, as the war has taken several of our crack local shots. Enough remain to give a good account of themselves against the crack club of the East in the coming match.

Below we give scores in full of the various events:

Event No. 1, 10yds., 2in. bullseye counts 10:

E B Dye	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	8	96
H S Gilbert	7	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
W C Magruder	5	8	9	7	3	4	7	4	9	66

Event No. 2, 15yds., 4in. bullseye counts 10, 20 seconds for 5 shots:

W C Magruder	5	10	8	10	7	10	10	8	7	6	81	Seconds.
E B Dye	8	8	8	6	6	10	9	8	6	4	73	31
H S Gilbert	10	9	7	6	1	10	10	9	8	1	71	31

Event No. 3, 20yds., 2in. bullseye counts 10:

H S Gilbert	6	10	10	9	6	7	7	9	7	10	81
E B Dye	9	8	6	5	6	7	7	10	10	10	78
W C Magruder	1	1	3	8	7	1	1	1	6	9	38

E. B. D.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May 25.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucky Shot-gun Club; three days; two at targets, one at pigeons.

May 16-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. G. M. Walden, Pres., Kansas City.

May 17.—New Haven, Conn.—First tournament of Connecticut State League, on New Haven Gun Club grounds.

May 17-19.—Macon, Miss.—Tenth annual shooting tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club. C. M. Scales, Manager.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, on grounds of Butte Gun Club. Birds and targets; \$500 added money. C. M. Smith, Sec'y.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—Owego, N. Y.—Owego Gun Club's tournament. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Frank B. Tracy, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's holiday shoot.

May 31-June 2.—Circleville, O.—Pickaway Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

June 1-2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 1-3.—Springfield, O.—Open-to-all tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluecock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 8-9.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluecocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 23.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 14-15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of May 6, Mr. Louis W. Schortemeier, of New York, writes us as follows: "On Decoration Day, Monday, May 30, a 20 or 25-live-bird handicap will be shot on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The Plank Road, Newark & New York Trolley Line stopping at Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, is the way to get there. The grounds are about half a dozen blocks from the Plank road. Entrance \$10, birds extra, four moneys, Rose system, 8, 5, 3 and 2 points, four misses out, with privilege of re-entering in case a chance can be had for the money. Handicaps to be made by the East Side Gun Club. Those who do not care for the Rose system of division will please stay away, as the club always shoots the Rose system in both live-bird and target events. The shoot begins at 10 A. M.; entries allowed in to the end of the second round. Birds 50 cents per pair. The last open live-bird contest, a 15-bird race, was held on March 2, this year, in which twenty-five men participated, all standing at 28yds. These men, if attending, will be handicapped as follows: W. F. Quimby and Dr. Hudson at 29yds. These two were winners of first money in the event on March 2. The winners of second money, Messrs. Geoffrey and Hassenger, will shoot at 28yds.; Sam Castle, Perry, Otten, Piercey, Schrafft, W. S. Canon, Sinnock, Lueddelke, Steffens, Baar, Astfalk, Harrison, Schortemeier, Henry K., Bender, Fischer and Leuthauser will shoot at 28yds. The latter six were shot out in the last contest. Feigen-span at 28yds.; Reibold, Hilfers, Perment, Weigert and Wagner at 27yds.; F. Van Dyke at 30yds., and Jack Brewer at 32yds.; A. Woodruff at 30yds."

The Worcester Gun Club, of Worcester, Mass., offers a most valuable list of prizes to its members to be competed for this season. The summer series will have four distinct events each week, handicaps, open to all members. The first is the Worcester county championship, the competition for which began last Saturday and ends Aug. 27. The prize is a handsome gold badge, made especially for the Worcester Gun Club, and will be the absolute property of the person winning it the most times. The targets will be five pairs, from the magautrap. There is no handicap and no entrance fee. There is a merchandise series, May 7 to July 11. There are two events of which guns are the prizes, one of which is a \$100 grade hammerless Parker, to be made to the order of the winner, to be competed for each week till Sept. 1. In this event each person shoots at the whole number of targets, and to the number which he breaks will be added such a percentage of the number shot at as will bring his rating up to 100 per cent. The 80 per cent. men will have 20 per cent. added to their scores, the 70 per cent. men 30 per cent., the 60 per cent. men 40 per cent., and so on. No ties will be shot off, but each high score will count a point toward winning at the end. The entrance fee each week is 25 cents. No handicap will be changed for any shooter after he has begun the series. Before he begins he may, if he is dissatisfied, protest and choose one member from the club, the officers will choose another, and these three shall choose a third, the three thus elected to determine his rating.

Messrs. W. F. Parker and J. R. Hull, representatives of the Parker Bros., gathered to themselves at Newburgh last week the two high general averages, the former breaking 274 out of 300 targets shot at, a .913 per cent. gait, the latter breaking 265 out of 300, .883 per cent. gait, both well up to the highest class of performance. Mr. Parker left on the evening of the second day. Mr. Hull remained over and participated in the live-bird shooting. Considering that it was his first effort at the traps, he made a most commendable competition, missing only three of the 25 birds he shot at, and losing 5 more dead out of bounds, thus scoring 17 out of his 25. He hit his birds very accurately, but allowed them several times to get well awing, thereby giving them a great advantage and making hard shooting for himself. However, a little practice will correct slowness, and no doubt he will be scoring up in the 90s on pigeons with the same certainty with which he now breaks targets.

Four clubs participated in the race of the Intercollegiate Shooting Association at New Haven, May 7, on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club. Harvard won by a score of 131 out of a possible 150. Paul, of Pennsylvania, broke 28 out of 30, thereby winning the cup offered for the best individual score. Cornell was not represented in the contest. The scores were as follows, each shooting at 30 targets: Harvard—Campbell 27, Bancroft 26, Wallingrodt 26, Blake 27, Dana 27; total 131. Yale—Loomis 25, Knowlton 24, Bennett 22, Van Name 20, Spears 17; total 108. Princeton—Young 23, Laughlin 23, James 20, Chidester 20, Findlay 12; total 98. Pennsylvania—Paul 28, Steel 20, Singer 20, Nielsen 18, Kistler 10; total 96.

Mr. John L. Chartrand, secretary H. R. G. C., writes us that on Thursday of this week a match between H. M. Hefflich and G. Asbach, of the North Hudson Gun Club, on the one side, and J. H. Outwater and Capt. Frank Jack, of the Hackensack River Gun Club, on the other, at 10 birds, 30yds. rise, will take place, and that the match is for \$50 a side. A. S. A. rules to govern. Mr. Hefflich, in his communication, under the head of North Hudson Rod and Gun Club, informs us that the match is for \$25 a side, so that it would appear to be the correct procedure to settle which is correct before the match is shot. Also, same conditions, L. F. Kiebler and H. W. Kramer shoot against John L. Chartrand and Wm. Hexamer.

In his correspondence this week Mr. Paul R. Litzke mentions some excellent shooting at Memphis for the club medal, Messrs. J. P. Edrington and S. P. Walker tying on 25 straight kills each, Edrington winning in the shoot-off, this being his second win. A. H. Frank also has two wins, and a third win makes the medal personal property. Edrington shot at 62 during the day and killed all, some at 35yds.

Mr. Charles Macalester, of Baltimore, has been adding to his great fame as an expert wing shot by his performance at the spring shoot of the Philadelphia Gun Club at Eddington, Pa., April 19 and 20. The deadliness of his single barrel kills was specially noticeable. In the 25-bird event of the first day, standing at 30yds., he killed straight, using one barrel eleven times. Shooting in the different events, he made a run of 55 kills on the first day. In the sweepstakes his general performance was 69 killed out of 71 shot at. On the second day he killed 68 out of 74. He used 52grs. of Schultze in trap shells.

Mr. Ed Taylor, inspector of Laffin & Rand Powder Co., is not a familiar figure at the traps since our earnest debate began with Spain. His company is starting all its works to their full capacity, and Mr. Taylor's time is fully occupied in consequence. At present the works at Newburgh are engaging his attention. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. C. B. Walker, whose specialty is the making of powders, and who is one of the company's experts. The intricate problems of pressures, velocities and powder compositions were as A, B, C to him, though so difficult to others.

On May 7 the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., and the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown, Pa., shot a team race at 25 targets, 12 men on a side. The Penn Club won by a score of 184 to 156. The men and scores were as follows: Penn Club—Yost 17, Cassel 15, Penn 19, Hagenbotham 20, Dotterer 12, Franklin 11, Gleason 17, Homan 12, Derr 12, Gross 12, Ritter 15, Smith 20. Shuler Club—Saylor 18, Davis 15, Wickersham 21, Slonaker 12, Seidel 13, Grubb 18, Dewitt 9, Williams 9, Showalter 13, Cole 10, Urner 11, Trego 5.

Mr. Gus Greiff, manager of the Troisdorf Powder Co., starts on a long Western trip this week in the interests of his company. He will take a swing through the Northwest, stopping short of the Pacific coast, thence returning through the Southwest and South. Mr. Greiff has been out of shooting form of late, something which is peculiar more or less to nearly all shooters, but it is only a matter of time till good form returns. When in good form he rates well up with the best.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, the well-known expert of the Remington Co., gives valuable advice on the cure of flinching. He says: "In answer to your note in FOREST AND STREAM on flinching, will say I have given the matter a great deal of study. Flinching has ruined many a good score when I pointed right. I find a long, soft drag pull of 1/4 in. is the best thing I have tried. I never flinch now, for the reason it warns me, and I can let my gun off to a fractional part of an inch when I want it."

Mr. T. S. Dando, of the Riverton Gun Club, captured the Philadelphia Gun Club's annual championship, the conditions being 50 live birds, \$50 entrance, 30yds. rise, the competition being open to members of the Carteret, Larchmont, Westminister, Tuxedo, Country Club of Westchester, Riverton and Philadelphia gun clubs. He won by the excellent score of 48 out of 50, using 48grs. of Schultze in trap and Leader shells. Dolan and Welch were second with 47 each, Macalester third with 46.

Mr. A. C. Paterson still retains possession of the Chicago challenge trophy, he defeating Cunyngham by a score of 21 to 12 at Watson's Park, Chicago, on May 6, in a contest for it. They had tied on a score of 20 to 20 on April 29. If Patti continues as he began, the challengers for this trophy have a long road ahead. Mr. Cunyngham fell far below his class capabilities. In a practice shoot on May 4 he killed 18 out of 25.

We regret that J. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., has been suffering from a severe attack of fever and chills, which set in before the Peru tournament. In Western Traps Mr. Paterson mentions that Mr. Hallowell has been laid up in Chicago for several days from the effects of the malarial trouble. It is hard to down a good man, however, and U. M. C. Hallowell will smash the chills in a long race as he smashes targets when in good form.

In the return match between the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, shot at Davis Island, Pittsburg, last Saturday, the Riverton Club won by 12 birds, four more than the number they won by in their match two weeks previous. The Pittsburg Club banqueted the victors.

An adjourned meeting of the newly formed San Joaquin Valley Gun Club Association will be held on May 15, to complete the matter of organization. A number of delegates met in Fresno, Cal., after the Fresno Gun Club's annual tournament, and Mr. A. T. Hyde, of Merced, was elected president, and E. Downing, of Visalia, was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces that the cup shoot of the club will take place Saturday of this week, with other events. After the regular events are finished there will be some sweepstakes in events at one-cent targets, or one can shoot for targets only, as he pleases.

The Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J., will hold a live-bird handicap on Tuesday, May 17, commencing at 1 o'clock. Entrance \$10, birds extra. Grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from New York by the Erie Railroad to Rutherford, N. J., or D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst.

The return match between the Bound Brook Gun Club and the Dunellen Gun Club will be shot at Dunellen, N. J., on May 21, at 2:30 P. M. In their match at Bound Brook last Saturday the latter club won by a score of 144 to 139.

The first annual tournament of the Overland Association, open to all, class shooting, will be held at Denver, Colo., on July 5, 6 and 7. There will be added money. John W. Kane, Manager, 1457 Arapahoe street, Denver, Colo.

Mr. W. T. Hambright, of Lancaster, Pa., writes us that the leading sportsmen of that city and its county contemplate a grand prize shoot to be held in the second week of May; that is, this week.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, the popular representative of the Hunter Arms Co., is smashing targets with his habitual ease between times on the Pacific coast.

M. R. Merrill, of Milwaukee, in a practice shoot at Watson's Park on May 4, killed 94 birds out of 100, a regular high-grade expert gait.

A very close match was that between Elliott and Heikes for the Star cup—Elliott 94, Heikes 93.

BERNARD WATERS.

Worcester Gun Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 7.—The scores made to-day by members of the Worcester Gun Club are as follows. No. 1 was for the Worcester county championship badge, 5 pairs. No. 2 was the Forehand Arms Co. gun race. No. 3 was the merchandise prize race. No. 5 was for the Parker \$100 hammerless. All the targets were thrown from the magautrap.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	20	30	15	Targets:	10	20	30	15
Forehand	9	18	23	13	Swan	5	19	6	
A W Walls	8	19	29	15	Goddell	3	27	6	
Bucklin	8	15	23	13	Snell	18	
Smith	6	15	21	6	Keyes	10	
Kinney	5	10	22	10	Russell	10	
Tougas	5	15	..	14	Dodge	20	13	..	

C. H. G.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Boston Gun Club.

FOURTEEN shooters successfully negotiated the second prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington Wednesday, May 4. The afternoon was leisurely occupied with about 100 shots apiece, fully dilated upon below, Williams, the slowest shooter on the grounds, but armed with a cannon to even up discrepancies, taking the first place in prize match with 28.

The regular afternoon programme was extended at 5 o'clock, owing to the appearance of some Harvard College shooters and their friends eager for practice in anticipation of the intercollegiate event Saturday, May 7, at New Haven, Conn. The traps consequently suffered no lack of patronage between the hours of 2 and 6. A team match for practice solely was improvised between Harvard and a picked team, composed partly of some ex-members of the Harvard Shooting Club. The erratic wind and dubious light interfered with particularly fine scoring on the part of either team, but the Harvards emerged with 20 to the good. Events as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	30	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17	9	5	6	2	8	6	7	6	12	9	26
Miskay, 19	7	7	7	2	10	9	7	8	14	9	26
Hollis, 17	7	7	7	3	7	10	8	7	12	9	26
Woodruff, 17	8	10	10	4	7	8	8	5	14	9	26
Cole, 17	9	6	9	9	6	8	9	9	9	9	26
Brown, 15	6	7	6	4	7	7	9	8	9	9	26
Benton, 14	7	5	7	5	7	3	4	9	9	9	26
Hooker, 16	7	8	6	3	9	7	7	7	11	9	26
Poor, 16	5	3	3	2	4	4	5	3	4	9	26
Williams, 15	8	8	7	7	10	9	9	9	11	9	26
Eastman, 18	10	9	7	3	8	9	8	6	14	9	26
Spencer, 18	7	7	3	9	8	5	8	10	9	9	26
Jack, 17	3	6	8	9	9	11	9	9	11	9	26
Milton, 16	7	7	5	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	26
Hardy, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Bartol, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Byrd, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Dana, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Harris, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Campbell, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Sanford, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Blake, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Bancroft, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Mallinckrodt, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26
Chickering, 16	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	26

Events 1, 5, 6 and 9, known angles; 2, 7, 10 and 11, unknown; 3 and 8, reverse; 4, pairs.

Second contest, prize series, 30 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown and 10 reverse; distance handicap:

Williams	1111111111	10	1011111111	9	1011111111	9	28
Jack	1111111111	8	1111111111	9	1011111111	9	26
Hollis	1111111111	10	0111111111	8	1011111111	7	25
Miskay	1101010111	9	1101010111	7	1101011111	8	24
Brown	1101010111	7	1011111111	9	1001111111	8	24
Eastman	1111111111	9	1011111111	8	0110101011	6	23
Woodruff	0111111101	8	1111111101	8	1001101011	5	21
Hooker	1111111101	7	0111111101	7	0110101111	7	21
Spencer	0111111101	8	0011111101	5	1111110110	8	21
Gordon	1001100111	6	0101111101	7	0011111101	6	19
Poor	1100100100	4	1110001100	5	0100100010	3	12

Practice team match, Harvard Shooting Association vs. picked team, 180 targets, 30 unknown angles each shooter:

Mallinckrodt	11111111001101111111111111111111	25
Sanford	10101101011011100000111111111111	16
Bancroft	11110001000111101110101111111111	20
Dana	11101011111111111111111111111111	21
Campbell	11111100111111111111111111111111	25
Blake	10101111111111111111111111111111	20

Shake	127
Picked Team.	
Hardy	011111001100111111111111111100-24
Bartol	01110100111100001110001101100-16
Chickering	00100101010000001110000001010-10
Harris	01111111111111111111111111110010-21
Hollis	11111111111111111111111111110001-23
Byrd	000101010010001011000010111110-13

107
BOSTON.

Hudson River 'Trap-Shooters' League.

The second shoot of the series, given under the auspices of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, was held on the grounds of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, May 4, 5 and 6, Newburgh, N. Y. There was a good attendance, and a gratifying success so far as financial results are concerned. Next season it is expected that in view of the benefits accruing from organized effort, many more of the clubs within the territory cultivated by the League will join the membership.

The events of the first day numbered ten, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, at a uniform entry of \$1, with price of targets added, which at 2 cents made \$3 for the 150 targets thrown, and \$10 entrance, a total of \$13 for the first and second days respectively, or \$26 all told. Those who preferred could shoot for targets only. To the shooters making the best averages in the regular events during the two days, \$50 was divided into six parts, \$11, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7 and \$5. Ten per cent. of the entrance was set apart for this money. Manufacturers' agents and non-members of the League were barred from the regular purses, but not from the general averages. The purses were divided according to the Rose system.

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY.

The weather was cloudy, with a murky atmosphere and a dull light, yet not unfavorable for good work with the gun. The sky background brought out the targets distinctly, and the general conditions were favorable for good scores. Twenty-eight shooters participated in the competition. Seven extra events, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, were also shot. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	10	20	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	*
Parker	8	14	18	15	9	20	15	10	18	9	14	9	7	9	7	8	8
Hull	9	14	17	13	18	14	14	8	16	9	12	10	9	8	8	8	8
Stansbrough	9	12	18	13	9	15	12	11	10	14	9	13	6	9	7	6	6
Lewis	6	9	8	9	7	5	8	7	5	13	6	10	11	7	7	7	7
Swiveller	8	12	18	12	6	17	14	9	14	6	12	14	6	4	4	4	4
Tallman	7	10	18	14	9	20	15	15	7	19	14	14	8	5	8	5	8
Cole	4	8	4	8	4	6	8	5	8	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
J Rhodes	13	17	11	10	18	12	9	8	17	9	7	8	7	8	4	8	4
Greiff	10	9	17	10	10	9	17	7	12	8	8	10	8	10	8	10	8
Wood	11	6	15	11	6	15	11	6	15	11	6	15	11	6	15	11	6
Carr	1	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	1
T Rhodes	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Higginson	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6
Fuller	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6
Frost	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6
E V Covert	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6	11	6

* Five pairs.

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY.

The weather was unfavorable. It thickened up till about noon, when a light rain set in, which about 3 o'clock increased to a steady fall, which continued till after the day's shooting was over. The team race did not fill up to expectations, no doubt the bad weather being the cause of the light entry. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	10	20	15
Parker	10	14	19	14	10	15	12	12	8	17
Hull	9	14	18	15	8	10	9	13	9	15
Greiff	8	12	18	14	8	18	14	14	8	16
Tallman	7	13	14	12	10	16	13	12	8	16
Lewis	5	7	8	5	7	14	13	11	6	13
Stansbrough	6	12	18	13	9	18	15	15	8	20
H C H	8	12	16	10	7	18	12	12	10	14
Swiveller	7	12	16	11	7	11	12	8	8	14
Dowd	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Ferguson	2	11	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
E V Covert	2	11	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
S J Miller	16	13	8	14	12	12	6	6	6	10
Mason	17	13	8	14	12	12	6	6	6	10
J Wood	13	7	3	12	8	11	7	7	7	10
Hill	12	12	7	7	13	13	7	7	7	10
Dickson	16	13	8	14	9	12	7	7	7	10
Halstead	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Cole	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Carr	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stewart	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
F Covert	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Wyatt	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16

T Rhodes	14	13	8	8
Fuller	13	9	9	9
J Rhodes	14	14	7	13
Southard	6	9	9	9
Dain	9	12	8	8
Brewster	4	4	4	4

Following are the scores in the team race for ice pitcher, presented by The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., to be shot for by five-men teams from each League club, each man to shoot at 25 targets, unknown angles, the team making the best average during the season to become the owner.

Marlborough Gun Club.	
Mills	11110111111111110111110111-22
J M Rhodes	111110110011011111111111-21
T M Rhodes	100111100111111011111111-20
F M Covert	1101111111011100110111-20
Wyatt	10011111110110111011010-18-101

Peekskill Gun Club.	
Halstead	11101110111111111111111111111111-22
Mason	11111010111011011111111111111111-21
Dain	01111110111101101111111111111111-21
Southard	10011111101101110011111111111111-19
Hill	11000000111111100001110001-12-95

Glenwood Gun Club.	
Mould	1111111110011111111011-22
Stansbrough	11110111111101111111101-22
Stewart	110111011011010011100101-16
Dickson	1101101110110101101001110-16
Lewis	1010001110111011100111001-15-91

AVERAGES.

The averages of the six who shot through the entire programme of the two days, and the order in which they won are given in the subjoined table:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Parker	300	274	.913	Tallman	300	255	.850
Hull	300	265	.883	Swiveller	300	238	.793
Stansbrough	300	257	.856	Lewis	300	173	.576

FRIDAY, THIRD DAY.

The third day was devoted to live-bird shooting. It opened with a practice event at 3 birds, in which five of the shooters took part. In it Mr. Hull made his first attempt at live-bird shooting, yet he graced his 3 prettily.

No. 2, the 21st event of the programme, was the first of the day's regular events. It was at 5 birds, \$5. No. 3 was at 7 birds, \$7.50. No. 4 was at 10 birds, \$10. This was a total of \$22.50 for the three events. However, several of the shooters shot

Peru Tournament.

PERU, Ind., May 1.—History sometimes repeats, and in the instance of the second annual amateur tournament of the Peru Gun Club she proved a pretty good "repeater." When we announced to the sportsmen of Indiana and surrounding States that we were going to repeat our first annual, given in April, 1897, we had that confidence born of success that we would not disappoint them when we promised a large attendance. We were not disappointed, except that some of the old reliable shooters of the State, who never miss a tournament and whom we had every reason to expect, did not put in an appearance. We know that it must have indeed been important business that kept them away. A glance at the names as shown below will demonstrate that they missed a good thing, and we assure them that we would have indeed been glad to have them participate. There were present Messrs. Thomas Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Mr. A. M. Barnhardt, of Hastings, Neb., both of whom had taken part in the St. Louis tournament the preceding week; Geo. Elliott, of Rochester, Ind.; Mr. Benson, of Kokomo, and Chas. E. Lacey, member of the executive committee Indiana Trap-Shooters' League; Max Stilwell, business partner of Ed Voris, now in Europe, both of Crawfordsville; Geo. Kolb, of Goshen; S. R. Valentine, Monroeville, O.; Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company; Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., the popular and able representative of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder companies; Messrs. Streeter, Sheperdson and Vedder, of La Grange, Ind.; Mr. J. W. Hulbert, of Shipshewana; Ralph Trimble, of Cincinnati; Dr. O. F. Britton, of Indianapolis; Messrs. Bruner, Cumberland, Elmer, Edgar Apperson and D. S. Wallace, of Kokomo; Messrs. Burnison, Lovill, Smith and Tarlton, of Huntington; Gillespie (Guess), of Findlay, O.; F. H. Snow, Brooklyn, O.; Frank D. Alkire, Woodlawn, O.; A. W. King, Will Thompson, Dan Morgan, O. M. Wright and Chas. Rose, of Wabash, Ind.; Redmon, of Marion; Chas. Lockwood, W. M. Gentle and A. Grube, of Southport, Ind.; Milt Forbes, E. C. and W. B. Cooley, and Harry Heiney, of Hartford City, Ind.; L. C. Griffith, E. H. Tripp, Geo. Beck (commonly called Pa by Indiana Trap-Shooters), and Thomas E. Parry, of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis; John A. Ruble, of Chicago; J. R. Graham, of Fox Lake, Ill.; E. E. Neal, of Bloomfield, Ind.; Perry Garland, Marshall, Ind.; Joe Blistain, Lafayette, Ind.; W. Zink, Monticello, Ind.; E. R. Keirstetter, of Elkhart, Ind.; and Dr. R. B. Short and C. H. Terry, of Union Mills, Ind. There were several other visiting sportsmen who came to see the crowd, but whose names were not obtained. The weather was ideal, the shooters abundant, and the first day's scores as follows:

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	Extras:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Birds:	10	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15
Burnison	8	6	8	13	16	10	20	13	17	14	13
Vail	9	8	10	13	20	10	22	13	17	14	17
Graham	7	9	10	12	20	13	24	14	18	10	17
Guess	9	8	8	12	16	10	23	15	18	14	17
Partington	9	8	8	14	18	13	22	11	17	13	18
Smith	5	6	8	13	16	10	23	15	19	13	19
Bernhardt	9	9	10	12	18	13	23	12	19	14	12
Snow	9	7	8	15	18	11	23	14	20	14	18
Cavanaugh	8	7	7	12	12	10	22	12	16	13	14
E Apperson	9	8	10	13	19	15	25	10	19	12	18
Elliott	7	7	8	12	17	13	18	12	16	13	11
Wall	7	7	9	11	16	12	23	13	13	11	11
Hulbert	9	9	8	11	14	14	16	10	17	12	18
Kolb	7	9	9	10	16	12	22	12	17	12	18
Stilwell	8	4	6	13	14	11	14	12	13	10	11
Redmon	7	13	12	8	12	17	9	6	10	6	6
Grube	9	14	19	14	22	12	18	12	19	12	12
Griffith	9	12	16	11	18	15	18	14	13	8	8
Beck	9	12	19	12	20	13	19	15	18	14	14
Parry	9	13	15	10	23	14	17	14	15	14	14
Alkire	10	14	19	11	21	15	18	14	19	15	15
Ruble	7	13	18	15	23	15	18	14	19	13	13
Garland	8	13	15	9	22	14	16	12	17	12	12
Tripp	9	14	16	12	23	14	18	12	17	15	15
Zink	6	9	13	13	18	13	15	12	15	12	12
Neal	10	13	16	14	24	14	17	11	15	10	10
J R Graham	8	12	16	13	23	13	20	13	18	15	15
Shepardson	5	9	8	13	11	11	14	17	11	13	13
Streeter	6	3	6	13	9	9	14	11	11	10	10
Bruner	9	9	9	15	17	9	17	11	11	11	11
Charles	5	5	5	14	11	14	13	10	15	11	11
Short Circuit	8	8	8	13	16	11	19	15	11	11	11
Ithaca	8	8	10	15	17	6	17	11	18	11	11
Forbis	8	8	9	11	13	11	17	12	15	11	11
Lockwood	10	14	17	13	23	12	15	11	11	11	11
Gentle	8	10	17	9	20	11	11	11	11	11	11
E C Cooley	5	5	8	16	9	12	9	11	11	11	11
Heiney	10	12	15	9	20	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dr R B Short	8	8	8	13	17	11	11	11	11	11	11
Lovill	4	2	5	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
King	8	8	8	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	11
Benson	6	8	5	6	13	11	11	11	11	11	11
Vedder	3	8	8	10	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Thompson	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Morgan	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Haimbaugh	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
O M Wright	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Slow	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
W B Cooley	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
C H Terry	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Mock	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Lamme	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Waggaman	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
North*	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Winchester	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Cantwell	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Tarlton	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Chas Rose	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Stutesman*	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY.

Thursday morning, April 23, was another beautiful morning, but a little dampness pervaded the air, foreboding rain. The crowd had, however, decreased quite a little, the less expert shooters feeling that one day against the best amateurs the Middle West can produce was enough. Manager Parker decided to keep the magautrap and the extra set of traps as well going in order to finish the programme as soon as possible. There were still something like thirty shooters on the ground, and as they were among the best, good scores were the order of the day, as will be shown by the following, there being one or two extras shot, but the scores were not preserved:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Birds:	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Bernhardt	8	12	17	14	23	14	15	16	14	21	11	11
Graham	9	14	16	14	21	15	16	14	18	13	23	9
Vail	8	12	18	13	24	14	17	15	19	15	23	9
E Apperson	10	15	17	15	22	12	18	13	18	12	20	8
Alkire	10	14	19	15	24	12	18	13	17	14	24	10
Neal	8	13	16	12	23	13	17	13	19	12	23	9
Burnison	7	14	16	13	22	13	16	11	18	12	19	7
Grube	10	15	17	14	23	13	18	12	17	14	22	10
Griffith	8	12	16	15	20	15	18	12	18	13	23	9
Parry	8	8	14	11	19	13	16	14	17	11	22	9
Tripp	10	14	20	13	22	14	16	14	18	14	21	9
Smith	5	12	15	13	18	13	17	10	17	13	18	7
Snow	8	12	17	15	24	15	17	15	18	14	25	9
Partington	7	13	16	14	21	14	17	11	18	13	22	8
Beck	10	14	19	12	20	13	15	11	17	14	20	8
Garland	9	14	18	15	23	15	19	15	17	13	20	10
Cavanaugh	8	12	18	12	20	9	16	12	14	11	21	7
Ruble	10	13	18	14	24	14	20	14	16	15	21	8
J R Graham	8	13	19	14	23	13	19	12	17	15	22	10
Guess	9	13	17	11	21	15	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wall	8	14	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Hallowell*	8	14	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Mock	5	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
North*	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Forbis*	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Short Circuit	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Ithaca	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Trask	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Parker*	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Trimble*	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Tarlton*	7	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Lovill	6	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Benson*	6	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Haimbaugh	6	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11
Huff*	6	11	11	11	21	16	15	18	12	11	21	11

* Shot for targets only.

NOTES.

The tournament was under the able management of Mr. John

Parker, the efficient representative of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder companies. Jack demonstrated more than ever that he stands without a peer as a tournament manager, and he put in some good work for his companies.

Peru Gun Club feels greatly under obligations to Mr. Paul North too for his valuable assistance, as when Paul found that two of the club's active members, upon whom they had most depended to help Mr. Parker, were compelled to be absent, he threw off his coat and gave evidence of what he will do at their big tournament in June. Paul was happy too; the magautrap simply captured the crowd by its splendid work.

The general averages were won: First, F. D. Alkire, .9306; Second, F. H. Snow, .9107; third, John A. Ruble, .9102, and fourth, S. R. Valentine (Vail), .8908. These were hard pressed by Messrs. T. J. Graham, .8907; Grube, .8906; Apperson, .8903; Tripp, .8903; Garland, .8609; Partington, .8601; Beck, .8508; Neal, .8508; and several others who were above the 85 per cent. mark.

The winning of first average by Frank Alkire was a popular win. Does anybody know of a nicer gentleman than he? quiet, gentlemanly, nothing to say, except a pleasant word for everyone, and when he is losing (as he did several times during last season) he was the same Frank Alkire, and shot right along. May he win many another.

Ohio was again well represented by such crack amateurs as Alkire, Snow, Valentine, and Gillespie (Guess), to say nothing of Messrs. Paul North and Ralph Trimble, right-hand man to R. S. Waddell, the general agent of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies at Cincinnati. Ralph did not even have his gun. He was barred from the events, but put in his time looking after his firm's interests.

Our club was unfortunate in one respect: Two of our shooters who were expected to shoot out the programme were called away on the evening before the beginning of the tournament upon business that could not be postponed. We have one member, however, that is certainly a hot number. Mr. John H. Cavanaugh again shot through the programme from start to finish, and had a lot of sport. He shot well too for a man who shoots at the traps about once a year, and that at the annual tournaments of his club. Cost him something? Certainly, a little; but, as Jack says: "Look at the fun." Mr. Cavanaugh is one of the Wabash Company's most efficient train dispatchers.

U. M. C., Jr., Hallowell slipped in to town afflicted with malaria. But as the old woman who lived in Michigan about 100yds. from the Indiana line said, "Look out for Indiana; them chills and fever is certainly awful, and I wouldn't live in that State for the world." Jack was better the second day, and was there to see U. M. C. shells carry off the two high averages. Guess he was satisfied.

T. J. Graham, of the Soo, was there or thereabouts when the average money was divided; .01 per cent. is a pretty close margin, but Tom was not shooting quite up to his gait. He is one of the best.

There is hardly a shooter in the country who has shown the wonderfully improved form of Elmer Apperson, of Kokomo, in the short space of twelve months. Elmer manufactures saw mills, horseless carriages and "straights," especially the latter. Note that 25 straight alone the first day. Paid something too—about \$22. He was a prominent candidate for first average at the close of the first day and up to the last three events the second. He did not finish in these three as he can and should.

Mr. A. M. Bernhardt, a very pleasant gentleman and clever shot, of Hastings, Neb., was a welcome visitor from a long distance. He is not one of the "old rounders," but was in search of health, pleasure and recreation. He struck the right place, and shows good judgment in his selection of a health-giving pastime.

Messrs. Burnison and Smith, of Huntington, are a couple of popular locomotive engineers upon the Erie. Mr. Burnison has been before the traps for years, and usually gives a good account of himself. Mr. Smith has only been shooting a short time, and this was perhaps the hottest crowd he has ever encountered. Mike showed his staying qualities by shooting in every event. He will show them all the way with a little more experience in such company. They were accompanied by Mr. Lovill, one of their conductors, who takes a great interest in the sport and usually shoots well on his home grounds, but business prevents the attending of many tournaments.

Messrs. Sheperdson, Streeter and Vedder, of La Grange, and Mr. Hulbert, of Shipshewana, are new shooters, but came down to mix up with the cracks. Hulbert and Sheperdson showed that they were "pretty warm" themselves. All of these gentlemen will be heard from in the future. Come again, gentlemen.

Messrs. Grube, Lockwood and Gentle, of the Southport Club, were in the thickest of the bombardment. Everyone was pleased to see Al Grube, the two-time State champion, again shooting in splendid form. Their club holds the next tournament sanctioned by the League. They deserve a splendid crowd on the 4th and 5th.

E. H. Tripp, of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, was as usual shooting in good form, but not quite up to his average. This gentleman comes pretty near being Indiana's representative sportsman—shoots for pleasure, and has a world of it. He is well fixed with the wherewithal and allows his friends, who are numbered by the shooters he meets, to help him enjoy it. He is a member of the firm of Tripp Brothers, of Indianapolis and North Vernon, and is among our most prominent business men. Indiana sportsmen are proud of him.

Pa Beck was the youngest man in the crown. Pa lined out a straight occasionally just to show how he took the Grand Hotel cup away from his brother Tripp, and then defended it against several other aspiring shooters. Pa was a crackerjack before some of the present shooters could shoot a fire cracker. May he continue to be for years.

Dr. Partington Britton was again with us. His easy, graceful and effective style was again noticeable.

Mr. Thomas F. Parry, another of the Limited Club's very best shots, was with us to a finish. Mr. Parry is one of the superior gentlemen of the sport, and is a credit to it.

Young L. C. Griffith, the baby of the Limited Club, took time from his always pressing business to come up and shoot the programme through, and right well at that. He was a member of the squad that broke them all but one. He also scored straight in the only live-bird event which was not down on the programme. A golden plover came along on his way to Jack Cavanaugh's private snipe grounds about 100yds. from the club house. Griff stopped him, and the referee call "Dead, one!"

And speaking of that "hot squad," Messrs. Apperson, Snow, Garland, Ruble and Griffith were pretty warm in the fourth event the second day, scoring 74 out of 75. Who missed the bird? No one but old reliable John Ruble. Guess he now knows how Charlie Young felt at Cincinnati '95, and how Fred Gilbert felt at Cleveland last summer. When, oh when, will some squad break straight.

Mr. Elmer E. Neal, a recent acquisition to the shooters of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, was a welcome visitor. He came from Chicago, and brought along Messrs. Ruble and J. R. Graham. Ruble has been around the Indiana circuit before, but this was Graham's first visit. He was pleased and promises to come again. The Kokomo gentlemen are near neighbors and welcome visitors. They have a splendid club, which was well represented by Messrs. Bruner, L. W. Cumberland, the efficient secretary of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana; D. S. Wallace, S. Benson and the Apperson brothers.

Perry Garland, of Marshall, another stayer, was with us through the programme. Perry is one of our best shots, as shown by his scores throughout the country, and the latch string is always out. Come again, Perry.

Mr. W. Zink, of Monticello, Ind., is another new shooter who was with us the first day. He is certainly a comer.</

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 21.
{ No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE DANGER TO FOREST RESERVES.

AN amendment to the Sundry Civil Service Bill passed in the Senate abolishes the thirteen forest reservations set aside by President Cleveland in February, 1897. With this amendment the House disagreed and it is now in conference committee.

The history of these reservations will be remembered by all readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. They were designated by the President on the recommendation of the Forest Commission nominated by the National Academy of Science at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, which commission was made up of the most competent and best qualified men in the country. After an extensive inquiry, which included a careful examination of a very large territory in the West, the Commission made its recommendations, which were followed out by the President in his proclamation. Although at first this proclamation greatly alarmed the public residing in the country adjacent to these reservations, the alarm ceased so soon as the recommendations of the Commission and the intentions of the Government were thoroughly understood, and the press of the entire country and a very large majority of the intelligent public are heartily in favor of the retention of these forests reserves, as originally established.

President Cleveland's action with regard to the forest reservations differed in no respect from that of Mr. Harrison. It was merely a continuing of the latter's policy and in each case the motive was the same—the good of the country at large. The setting aside of forest reservations by President Harrison at the suggestion of Secretary Noble was generally applauded, and a like satisfaction should have been felt that President Cleveland was a man broad enough to carry forward the policy of a political opponent.

The general opinion seems to be that the opposition to the reserves comes now chiefly from large corporations engaged in the lumber business, in mining and in railroad enterprises. These corporations are supposed to have influenced the Senate, and to be laboring with the members of the House to bring about the abolishment of the reservations. They are thought to believe that with the continuance of the reserves their supplies of free timber will be cut off, and they are therefore making the most of the original panic felt by the people in the West, a panic which has now entirely subsided.

We are not disposed to believe that this is the case. Large corporations are as a rule managed by intelligent, far-sighted men, who look beyond the immediate present. It is, of course, a very desirable thing to be able to secure free lumber, free timber for mines and free railroad ties, but the railroad men and the mine owners know that it is much more important to them than the price of timber or of ties that the water supply of the country should be kept up.

Persons in a position to express an intelligent opinion on the subject are inclined to believe that the cause for the abolition by the Senate of these forest reserves is purely political. The whole forest service is now in the hands of the General Land Office, and the Land Office is presided over by a politician, a man who is reputed honestly to believe that the United States will be better served by a Republican ignorant of everything connected with forestry than it could be by a Democrat who has been trained in that science. It is believed by many, therefore, that if the forestry service is established its force of employes will be made up entirely of Republican workers, and it will become a powerful Republican machine in the various States and Territories where it serves. Thus the Democrats, Populists and free silver men generally in the Senate object to the forestry service, and it is thought that this is the ground on which the Senate has ordered the repeal of President Cleveland's proclamation establishing the reserves. Whether

this explanation is or is not true, the fact remains that the continued existence of the reserves depends now on the temper of the House of Representatives, and especially on that of the three members of the Conference Committee. It is to be hoped that the members of the Conference Committee share the feeling of the House of Representatives, and that the public may depend on these members to have its rights protected.

Persons interested in the forest reserves cannot do better than to send to Washington for Mr. Gifford Pinchot's report on his examination of the reserves published in March last. It is the most complete paper that has been issued on the subject, taking up the reservations one by one, alphabetically, and describing them in detail as to the forests, the water, mining, agriculture, and the danger of fire on both slopes. In no way so well as by a study of this pamphlet can the value and the capabilities of these reserves be learned. This is but natural; when we recall the fact that Mr. Pinchot is easily the first among the few trained foresters in the United States, and by ability, enthusiasm and training is perhaps better fitted than any other in this country to report on this precise subject.

It must be remembered that these forest reservations are set aside not in order that the timber that they contain may not be cut, but in order that it may be cut and used, but cut wisely. For this is the foundation upon which modern forestry is based: that the forests are renewed and preserved by cutting them down. It will be an extraordinary thing if at the end of the century the United States, which claims to be the most advanced among nations, shall take a stand on questions of forestry similar to that held by France early in this century, or by Spain to-day.

SOME AUDUBONS AT AUCTION.

At an auction of household effects in this city last week several Audubon books were sold. The books were advertised as "The original and valuable edition of the Audubon Birds and Animals, with all the colored plates, comprising one large folio edition, two small folio editions, with eight volumes complete and full gilt." This description is of itself quite enough to stimulate the curiosity of any one familiar with the works of Audubon.

An inspection showed that the "one large folio edition" was the single elephant folio volume of the plates of birds, published by Roe Lockwood, New York, 1861, being the lithographic reproduction of the great work on copper, begun but never finished. This reproduction was set on foot here in America by Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse Audubon, sons of the naturalist. The lithographing work was done by Bien, of New York, and only one volume, containing about 140 plates, was ever issued. The text of the birds consisted of seven volumes, bound in six, published by Roe Lockwood, New York, 1861. In style and typography these resemble in a general way the ornithological biographies which go with the original work.

The Quadrupeds were represented by two large folio volumes of the plates, 1845, and by three large octavo volumes of the text, "published by J. J. Audubon," New York, 1856. The volumes were handsomely bound in old and somewhat worn leather, and full gilt. The title pages and one or two of the first plates of the folio volumes of the Quadrupeds have been injured by folding, and the binding of the elephant folio volume is in somewhat bad condition. The price paid for the lot was \$1,100, which was reached after sharp competition.

At least one of the New York papers—being under the impression that the works here advertised constituted an original edition of Audubon's "Birds of America"—speaks of these volumes as being extremely low-priced, and compared this sale with the last one, where \$3,800 was paid for a set. As a matter of fact, the price paid for that set was for a perfect copy of the original work, containing the four elephant folio volumes with 435 plates, and the five volumes of the text printed in Edinburgh, or possibly with the first volume printed in Philadelphia, as is the case in some sets. There is no comparison between the values of the books sold last week in New York and of a good copy of the original work, and while books so rare are of course worth whatever they will bring, book collectors will be of opinion that those just sold brought high prices rather than low.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club, under whose management the New York State shoot will be held in the latter part of June, sends us the draft of the new constitution, which will then be considered for adoption. As printed in our trap columns it proves to be substantially the old constitution of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, so far as that instrument had relation to trap-shooting; and the name of the Association is to be retained. This is quite legitimate. The game protective element of the Association in convention at Syracuse last December abandoned the former title and substituted for it the new one of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League. Those elements of membership in the Association which did not take part in the Syracuse convention are free to assume any title they select, either retaining the old or adopting a new one. They should be guided by a consideration of what may be for their interest and prosperity; and this in turn will depend upon what they propose to do in the future. If they are to labor chiefly for the protection of fish and game, the old title will correctly and intelligently define their organization and its purposes, and enlist for it the support of people concerned in such efforts. If, on the other hand, they are to be engaged exclusively or mainly in the promotion of trap-shooting tournaments, some other title, such for instance as New York Trap-Shooters' Association, whose signification would proclaim that purpose would be more appropriate and better fitted to popularize the sport and draw to it the support of the trap-shooters of the State. No mistaken sentiment should influence the choice. The adoption of a title should be governed wholly by a consideration of what will best advertise the character of the Association, will best make it known to trap-shooters, and most closely identify it with the sport. Whatever may have been the consideration which now nearly thirty years ago determined the title of a sportsmen's association, the time has long since passed by when we should choose any other than the most specific and clearly definitive titles for our various organizations. Trap-shooting holds such a place in the development of the shooting activities of the day that its importance and popularity amply sustain the dignity of an organization named and known as a trap-shooting association.

Mr. J. S. Van Cleef sends us an interesting note of the weights of trout in Catskill Mountain streams. Fishing those waters since the year 1859, he tells us, he has never taken with the fly a fish exceeding fifteen ounces, nor did his fellow anglers. When some one recently suggested to Mr. Van Cleef that for the sake of rounding out the story of a day's catch he ought to have stretched one of these fifteen-ounce trout to a pound fish, the retort was that "it is not in any way a matter of conscience, but simply of dignity, that a veteran angler is unwilling to tell an ounce lie in order to bring his catch up to a pound." In other words, a fisherman who has passed beyond the novice stage prefers always, as a matter of personal dignity, to tell and to have told him the simple truth. The thing that is, the actual performance, the truth, this has interest and value. The "fish story" so called is as purposeless, flat, stale and unprofitable as any other simple lie of exaggeration.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown; precarious is the perch upon the ladder's topmost round; what is fame but dew of the morning? the sun looks upon it and it is gone. There was a fisherman of Avalon who arose early and toiled late and persevered many days that he might make the record catch of yellowtails, achieve the distinction of being high hook, and hold a place of honor and of envy among all the mighty fishermen of Santa Catalina Island. How the enterprise was rewarded by the catch of such a string as no man had ever taken before and no man has taken since is told in our fishing columns to-day. There also is set forth the curious train of circumstances by which the hero of the yellowtail exploit has been done out of his high-hookedness, robbed of his credit, and shorn of his glory. Shorn only temporarily, let us hope, for to tell the story anew as it is here related is to put the credit where it belongs; nay, it is to give back to one single person the record of achievement which by the writer of last week was esteemed so prodigious that it was divided between two.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Ho! for the Wilderness of Maine.

WELCOME to the sunlight of Sept. 21. I put the finishing touches to my woods outfit and boarded the train. It soon carried me by the towns and forests, fields and lakes, until Bangor, Old Town, Brownville, had become things passed and "Norcross! Norcross!" was the brakeman's cry.

It was now twilight. Two friends had arrived by the morning train, and were probably well in on Debsconeg Carry, fourteen miles away, putting the finishing touches to a bed for four. My canoe mate had that blessed craft at the landing, and it only remained for me to tote the outfit over the thirty rods between the station and the cove.

As the shadows deepened we got afloat. The calm lake and bright moonlight made our work a pleasure. Out of the cove, through the crooked northwest passage, up North Twin, through the narrows, where a quick dip and strong pull are needed to stem the current, then through shadows and moonlight, past point and island, hearing the whir of a belated duck's wing, the distant loon call, the questions of an owl, and nothing else but the drip of the paddles. Off to the north Katahdin lifts her brow into the clear sky. A great star shone over her as though it were a light kindled upon her highest point.

Coats are off, and we are making good time, yet not so busy as to be unable to tell of the race down this same lake last fall before the northwest gale, when the only trouble was to keep out of the way of the combers.

"Just around that island B. C. and I camped on the sand beach three years ago."

"Did you ever hear of his improved camp bed?"

"This was the way of it. He was at the mattress factory in Portland and saw them putting together woven wire beds. The thought struck him that it would be fine to have such a bed in camp, so he bought 7 ft. of the wire. It rolled into small compass and was not inconvenient to carry. This is how we stretched it. We cut two spruce poles and put pins in each far enough apart to stretch the wire. Then we split two poles and nailed them back together again with the end edges of the wire between. Rigging a double purchase, we sprung these cross-end pieces over the pins and moved all into the tent.

"We ate a hearty supper and retired. A few extra blankets served as a mattress. B. C. was in ecstasies. I felt the pin giving near my shoulder. He slumbered before the catastrophe came, and did not awake till morning. Cramps and rheumatism twinged him into consciousness at last, but as that was a common experience of his he laid none of it to the bed.

"All the morning he bragged about his good idea, and it was only when we broke camp later in the day that he discovered that he had lain all night hard down upon the sand. We do not let him forget it. That wire went back into the woods beneath a log to await our return to civilization."

Nine miles of Pamedomcook, and we enter Nahmakanta stream, shoal, crooked and snaggy. Only a little way up the carry is found upon the right. Twenty rods at first, then a narrow stretch more of water to cross requiring the canoe, and we reach the main landing. The greater part of our outfit was placed beneath the overturned canoe, but we shouldered the bags containing the blankets and picked our way over the trail for half a mile to our friend's camp. On the corduroy portion of the trail the logs were covered with frost. It was quite a feat to keep our feet in crossing them.

A midnight vision. The rising wind swaying the tops of the tall trees, a full moon, shadows from the branches weaving ever changing patterns upon the carpet of tinted leaves, fallen and ever falling. A turn in the road adds a faint, wavering spiral of smoke, while in glimmer of moonlight and glow of fire the white tent stood offering shelter and rest.

Our coming awakened the sleepers, and the echoes. We were united again after months of separation.

What a wooing to slumber. Plenty of weariness, a fragrant bed, warmth at our feet and zephyrs of cool, sweet-scented, pure air about us, while the murmur of the forest was a perfect lullaby. Try it, ye insomnia-cursed mortals whose midnight weariness is caused by courting sleep.

The red squirrel is the usual morning awakener. Jolly, jollier, jolliest, sound that ever broke woods silence is the squirrel's laughing glee. He is so full of it that he swells and wriggles and hops with the utterance. Enlivened by his merriment it is so easy to bid drowsiness good-by and add the snap and crackle of blazing kindlings to the woodland melodies.

"Breakfast."

Coffee, toasted bread and some kind of broiled or cold meat, with all the little things that make up the larder of the experienced camper and an appetite that has already assumed a very domineering tone, putting the emphasis continually upon more, more; these constitute the meal.

And now for the hard work of the carry, always a terror. It finds each man green to burdens of the sort he must take, and unused to the roughness of the road. Problem: Shall we load light and tramp more, or tramp less with heavier loads? Nothing seems light after it has been carried a mile and a half. Everything possible is packed in bags for convenience. The canoe is heavy anyhow. To many it would seem the worst load, but it is not. There is a springiness about it that eases the shoulders wonderfully, while some bag that has in it the provisions will put misery into its worst form for him who lugs it.

This world is full of cost and compensation. A hard carry is made with the definite assurance that few will take it and that the chances of hunting in good territory are much greater, while the chances of being shot are reduced.

The first load is taken along until the shoulders rebel, then left by the wayside while we go back for another. The walk rests us, and the lighter load is taken far

enough by to give us a new start. Debsconeg never looked so handsome as when we laid the last burden on its shore.

The sky was cloudy, occasional rain drops fell, but the lake was calm and the four miles of paddling proved a delight. The spot chosen for camping was a new one, just above a boiling spring, ground high and dry, well sheltered and wood of the camp-fire quality abundant. We hastened to get up the tents before the ground got wet. This should always be the first thing done in making camp. Well sheltered, you are ready for anything. The tent is easily pitched. Down came the yellow birches with echoing crash. A pile of water from the spring, and soon the fire is merrily flashing beneath the black kettle. It was late when we sat down to dinner, and as we ate a good while, not much of the afternoon was left when we were done. One task remained; to a novice it would seem impossible, namely, to put down a dry brush bed when all the brush was wet. This was how we did it. After cutting the brush to proper size we took it piece by piece and passed it through the fire, drying it in a hurry.

In the gathering darkness our brisk fire and brightly burning lanterns made the tents as light as day. We ate again, of course planned for the morrow, enjoyed the sense of deliverance from all usual cares, talked till tired, mused till sleepy, then got out the needle and twine and sewed the blankets into bags, put the largest logs at hand upon the fire, slipped into the bags and our sleep was first quality, double extract, until broad daylight.

He who sleeps by an open fire, upon a fir bed, will always have an appetite for breakfast. If he has the extra pleasure of getting it ready himself, it will taste all the better. This morning we have before us the pleasant task of fitting up the camp for our three weeks' stay.

First of all, we put the spring in order. Noon found us with that job well done. An excavation deep into white sand, lined with split hemlock and roofed with split fir. The water came in so abundantly that a small stream flowed through the trench below. That water was distilled through the granite mountains above, and filtered through gravel for many hundred yards before it gushed to the surface so convenient to our camp.

An old box, which we found on the carry, furnished boards for our table top. Split fir, trued and smoothed with the axe, made a good shelf and rough table for the cook, while cedar splits were just fine for a cupboard. Comfortable folding chairs were made from small spruce poles and wire nails, with a bag for the seat. The top of the table was laid off into a board for checkers and chess, good amusement for a rainy day and long evenings.

Ah me! would I were there again! Our camp faced the south. A mountain and its ridges towered just back of us. The heavy forest completely sheltered us from any stormy wind. Before us stretched the beautiful lake, broken by many a point into coves and inlets. Hard and soft wood ridges hedge it in. Among these ridges gleam a score of large and small lakes abounding with trout. Moose, caribou and deer roam around their shores or tramp the ridges, while beneath the beaches the partridge scolds at every intruder. What days were in store for us!

"I go a-fishing." How gladly do we follow Peter's example. Beautiful Galilee could hardly be more beautiful than the little lake to which we went. We took the canoe to the outlet, carried over to Second Debs, and crossed this to near the mouth of a rushing brook that bounds over the rocks and glances through the low-hanging bushes of the hillside. Here we followed an old road and had a sharp climb for ten minutes, then turned to the left along a spotted line, keeping near the brook. We passed one lake and soon reached another, the Mecca which we sought, girt by hills upon the north and west, the grand old trees extending their arms over its waters, deep, cool and glorious as a mirror of the frost-painted foliage above. We were entranced, but the thought of trout within those waters soon awakened us to action.

On the north side a giant pine had fallen out into the lake, and was well staked into the mud by its many broken limbs. Stubs of other limbs offered convenient support to the angler. Here two of the boys tried the attractions of salt pork, squirrel meat and partridge's breast upon the trout, while two of us went to the other side and built a raft out of dry cedar. Six logs roft, long, with short cross pieces of fir notched and fastened to the logs by wooden wedges staked over the cross pieces. A rider was put across between the tops of the wedge stakes to prevent their loosening; side poles, used also for propulsion, were laid as rails, and the logs were floored over with cedar splits. All this came quickly together under the skillful hands at work, and we were afloat.

Trout flies were daintily taken, but a piece from the little fellows cut to the backbone from just front of the vent fin, then along the bone and out at the middle of the tail, proved very killing.

One of the boys started for the inlet, where he fished without success, then moved to a big rock, which he reached by wading. Here also he was unsuccessful, and started for the shore. I see him yet. Tall, slim, lean; his pants would easily roll away up. In one hand he held his shoes, in the other his rod. The water was as deep as he could conveniently wade. When in the deepest part he stepped his naked foot upon a sharp something. Like a flash he went down on all fours, and the water fairly flowed over his back. We heard the splash and looked in time to see a tall man, a slim man, a soaked man emerge from the water, and holding aloft two shoes in one hand and a fish rod in the other, drain himself. It was a ludicrous unfolding. Shouts and yells of laughter echoed over the lake. J. has not yet heard the last of wearing his shoes on his hands and wading on all fours.

Rain began to fall, and soon we were all as wet as J., but a good fire, the sizzling pork, frying trout and steaming coffee banished all discontent.

With a good string of fish we hurried back over the trail, crossed the lake, made the carry and were soon dry clad within the shelter of our tents.

"Tired?"

"Yes, rather."

"Hungry?"

"Most decidedly."

Abundance of wood was cut yesterday. We pile the back logs high and lay one, well packed in dirt, close against the bottom, inside. Two solid 8 in. and iron sticks support an abundant pile of large and small wood. Kindling wood is stuffed beneath and a match applied. Up into the darkness flashes the blaze, and the air is filled with the odors of birch and resins.

Oh! the comfort of a rainy night in camp! The tent is snug beneath its abundant spray cloth; the door flap is raised to turn aside all water from the entrance; a fire fierce enough to bid defiance to the downpour; a good trench forbidding the water to run under the tent; the rubber blankets and the woollens spread upon the springy, fragrant boughs; lantern light and firelight combining to cheer; abundant warmth, and added to all, the jolly companionship. Could heart desire more?

KTAADN.

Yukon Notes.—VII.

Tools.

Perhaps the most essential tools for use in the Yukon are axe, cross-cut saw, brace and bits from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., auger (1 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.), draw knife or spoke-shave, plane, hammer, chisel, and plyers, as well as a supply of copper or annealed iron wire, rivets, wire nails, including a few of the largest made; tacks, files (chiefly for use in sharpening axes and saws), whetstone and oilstone, etc. Extra helves for the axes should be taken, and if the party expects to build a boat, pitch, oakum, caulking iron, and whipsaw. A large ball of marlin twine will come in service for innumerable uses, and plenty of small rope should be included.

A great luxury up next the timber line in the passes where green wood and roots must be used for fuel is a small bellows. It is wonderful how quickly one can start a fire, with the worst possible material, with these bellows. Miners also put them to other no less important uses.

Candles come in very nicely for starting fires where the fuel is poor, or in winter when the hands become quickly numbed, and it is highly desirable to get the fire going from a single match. A roasted birch bark roll will do in place of a candle. The Yukon birch bark does not burn as freely as Eastern bark, for some reason, and is better if dried out in the oven of a stove.

One should have at least two waterproof match safes. In lieu of anything better a small bottle will answer, but two brass shotgun shells make the best safe. It is well to carry matches in two of your pockets, for it is very easy to lose one supply, and a man can't afford to be out of matches for a single moment.

For the same reason it is well to carry two compasses in different pockets, putting one where it can easily be consulted, and holding the other in reserve. When selecting a compass get one with the needle an inch and a half or two inches in length. The compass with needle that takes the longest time to settle after oscillating is best.

I would suggest taking at least a dozen best quality jack knives, each having a good, heavy blade, broad and with point not too sharp. Such knives can be put to good use even if you do not require them yourself, and are always valuable for trading. Adirondack guides have a single-bladed clasp knife with a fastening and ring at the butt that will stay by a man and prove very useful if fastened by a thong 18 in. in length to his belt and carried in his hip pocket. At times, with cold hands, it is very convenient to be able to let go your knife with the blade open, with the certainty that you can find it any moment when required.

Such a knife is handy for a vast range of uses, from cutting shavings to start the fire to slicing bacon or eating. For use at meal time, however, a combination knife, fork and spoon is the thing. Incidentally, the spoon will get the hardest usage.

Two or three traps for small animals may on occasion prove valuable, and likewise a half ounce of strychnine for wolves or foxes. A pair of field glasses, magnifying glass and camera may also be taken.

If you take a camera, select one having the very simplest spring shutter, with provision made for time exposures. Pneumatic shutters freeze at the slightest approach to cold weather and are useless. Film at times proves unreliable, but it is made to stand cold better now than a few years ago, and is not nearly so likely to strip though it is just as brittle and tears on the slightest provocation. For this reason, and also because such film keeps better, daylight rolls will be found much the most satisfactory. The paper backing of such film has a very beneficial effect in keeping out dampness and preventing the film from sticking in the roll.

Developing powders and fixing salts and a paper ruby candle lamp may be taken in if desired, and also velox printing paper. It is sometimes very satisfactory to be able to develop and print a few pictures on the spot where you happen to be.

A thermometer is very useful to indicate the difference between ordinary cold weather and exceptional cold. If a man relies solely upon his own sensations he is apt to make many mistakes. Ice forms on a man's beard in zero weather, and old-timers know it is 40 below or more when the camp-fire sends up columns of steam. Such indications, however, are altogether too general for practical uses, and a good spring thermometer is worth its weight in gold in the interior. Mercury freezes at a comparatively moderate temperature and is useless. Incidentally, kerosene freezes milk-white, and is mighty cold stuff to handle with bare fingers. We had an accurately adjusted spring thermometer, and took great satisfaction in it.

Firearms and Fishing Tackle.

If only one gun can be taken, the shotgun is likely to do most to earn its salt. A single-barrel gun with good, strong action, or a Winchester repeating shotgun, will answer very well. Take along ball cartridges adapted for the gun, but have the bulk of the ammunition suitable for ducks and partridges. The ball cartridge will do very nicely for a stray bear or moose.

If a rifle is taken, it should be a hard-shooting gun,

capable of accounting for big game, and if a black-powder gun is selected the owner should take along reloading tools—"machines," as the Indians call them. Powder and lead may be procured at any trading post, though it is just as well to realize that these are long distances apart. Have waterproof covers for the guns, and I would also suggest a sling for the rifle.

A pistol or revolver with 6in. barrel and good, strong sights is a very handy thing to have for picking up stray grouse.

Some weapon for self-protection is an absolute essential. Men as a rule are obliged to administer their own justice in that country.

On the approach of winter the mechanism of guns and revolvers should be taken apart and carefully wiped, so that no particle of oil remains. Otherwise the guns will clog or "freeze up" when cold weather comes. It is not advisable to use reloaded ammunition in nickel steel barrels, or to reload smokeless ammunition. The small caliber, smokeless powder guns with factory ammunition are perfectly satisfactory in the Yukon, despite reports to the contrary. I shot seven red squirrels one day with a .30-30 Winchester, at a time when the thermometer was 50 below zero. The gun worked perfectly and was accurate, and if there was any loss of velocity it was trifling and of no consequence.

For fishing tackle I would suggest a few trout flies, assorted hooks, large pickerel spoons, and suitable lines. A fish spear may also be included. A 40ft. net may be of great service if you happen to camp on a lake. Throughout the fall and winter quantities of whitefish may be taken in such nets.

Medicines and Miscellaneous.

The family physician should of course be consulted regarding the contents of the medicine chest. First of all, the supply should be adapted for your particular requirements. In nine cases out of ten the simplest remedies will be the only ones used. In the Yukon pain-killers heads the list. Salve, whisky, quinine, and surgical sticking plaster, are all old stand-bys.

Flexiderma, a preparation intended to take the place of sticking plaster, and somewhat resembling bicycle cement, is good for rough and ready doctoring, and so are porous plasters and salvacea. Chlorodyne, which is an English preparation compounded of morphine and chloroform, is wonderfully efficacious for diarrhoea—one of the commonest diseases of the trail. Laxatives are not required. A little citric acid for an occasional refreshing drink is good. Nessmuk's mosquito prescription—pine tar, castor oil and pennyroyal—is invaluable. Antiseptic solutions and cotton are good.

Note paper, Canadian and United States postage stamps, a diary and a dozen lead pencils will all be required at some time or other. Also, for use in a prospective cabin, it is well to take some window glass, or photographic film, which is lighter and answers the same purpose. A candle lantern with extra chimneys is very serviceable for camp use.

The maps published by the Geological Department of the Canadian Government at Ottawa, and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, are invaluable.

Dawson's map of the headwaters of the Yukon above the juncture of the Pelly and Lewis, which may be procured for a nominal price from the Canadian Government, is the best for practical use. Our Geological Survey has very recently published an interesting map based on the June, 1897, chart of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, showing the gold and coal fields of Alaska and the Yukon district, which is well worth having.

Finally, as a last hint, and perhaps the most important of all, learn how to cook. A few practical lessons from a skillful cook and a simple cook book taken along will go a long way toward lightening the hardships of a sojourn in the wilderness.

Even Job was afflicted with nothing worse than, some of the cooking seen in the Yukon last winter.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Just About a Boy.—XII.

THE second morning of our river trip found a lazy pair of voyagers, I am afraid, for the sun was up and sending long, level beams of light in among the restless maple leaves overhead before we opened our eyes and looked out of the tent.

A great maple had been bent down by the ice or snow when it was a sapling, and had grown into a great hump-backed tree that described half a circle in front of camp.

Two squirrels were playing on this freak of timber that bright morning, racing up and down, bounding from limb to limb, chasing each other round and round the trunk with a reckless disregard for the laws of gravitation and the safety of their own necks, such as squirrels only are capable of exhibiting.

I watched them with keen interest as they went through their antics, and I must say that I saw more of the animal instinct for fun that morning than I ever saw before.

"Hain't they cute little fellers?" whispered the boy, who had also been aroused by the clatter of the squirrels, and was peering over my shoulder.

"Seems like it's wicked to shoot such things, don't it?" he continued. "Gee! I thought that 'n' 'd sure fall that time! Funny how they c'n ketch onto a little twig 'ith one foot that way 'n' not fall clean down t' th' ground, ain't it?"

Something frightened our performers, and with a final skurry and wave of plumes they vanished into the upper limbs of a nearby cottonwood, and the woods resumed their wonted quiet, with only the bird voices to mingle with the rustling whisper of the leaves.

"Less git up an' git a hike on us," said the youthful savage by my side, as he kicked the blankets flying and came to his feet with a bound—the spontaneous elasticity of youth coupled with a perfect condition of mental and bodily health. You know, that is as much a part of a growing boy as his hands or his freckles.

"Why should one grow old?" I mused. "Why not always remain as healthy, happy, vigorous and youthful as that boy?" Yet I knew that the time would come when that supple frame, now so buoyant, would be stiff

and bent, and then this day that we were living would be only the ghost of a mind, something to dream about in the warm sun, and that the old man with the bent body and weak eyes would look back—look at himself as he appeared to me to-day—and perhaps sigh and wish the old days back again.

"Say, what's matter 'ith you 's mornin'? Gittin' lazy er homesick a'ready?" asked the boy, with a merry laugh, as he saw me still reclining on the blankets and looking intently into a spot of sunshine on the ground.

He was busy with a fish just out of the water, while I dressed and began packing the blankets out to a sunny place.

"Say, here, you watch this fish 'n' these taters, sost they don't burn. I'm a-goin' t' th' spring 'n' git some water fer coffee. Don't yeh burn that fish 'n' spoil it now, tinkerin' round a-lookin' 't squirrels 'n' things—won't git no breakfast if yeh do!" And away he went, swinging the black coffee pot and whistling merrily.

When he came back his face wore a look of seriousness and apprehension.

"Say! smell the grass smoke in th' air? I bleeve they's a big fire somer down th' river. Been purty dry, 'n' grass 's mostly dead now, sost it'd burn gickaloodin if it got started.

"Wind's 'n th' south, 'n' comin' up 'ith th' sun, 'n' I bet sompin 's a-burnin' down ahead of us."

"Well, what if it is? We are on the river, and the fire couldn't do us any harm even if there is one," I answered.

"Dunno 'bout that," he replied. "I seen fires round here 'at ud jump clean crost th' river.

"Give 'em a good haff a gale o' wind, 'n' th' river don't 'mount t' much towards stoppin' em.

"Nen it gits s' hot 'at yeh can't stay nowheres, 'n' smoke's s' thick yeh can't breathe hardly.

"I seen s' many o' these big fires 'at I don't like 'em, 'n' they allus make me nervous some."

"Oh, I guess we're all safe enough, even if a big one comes along," I answered.

"Well, now, I tell yeh," said the youngster, with a sniff in the air. "It's on'y 'bout three mile fr'm here t' Iron Mountain, 'n' that's a mighty good place to git away fr'm fire if one comes 'long. Less pack up 'n' go down there, nen climb up 'n' look round 'ith th' glass.

"If they's a fire 'ithin twenty er thirty mile o' here we c'n see it fr'm th' ole mountain all right.

"They's a lot of limestone gulches down there where little creeks comes tumblin' int' th' river, 'n' I reckon a feller c'd git away fr'm fire there if he could anywhere."

"Very well," I answered, "we can stop there as well as not, and see how things look, anyway."

"Less move, then, 'cause you nodiss this smoke's gittin' thicker every minit. I don't like it a heap, I tell you that."

The boy had lived in this country all his life, and I thought he might know more about prairie fires than I did, and besides the smoke was thickening rapidly, and the wind was rising, so that the whole situation did not look encouraging, to say the least.

We hurriedly stowed our camp outfit into the canoes, ate breakfast, and started down the river right toward the fire, and put our muscle on the paddles with such good effect that we were soon at the foot of the "mountain."

Here we ran ashore and climbed up the three or four hundred feet of nearly perpendicular bluff to the top.

We did not need the glass, for all too clearly we could see the red line of flame leaping high in the air to the south of us.

The smoke seemed to be going away above our heads, and what we had to contend with seemed more to be that drawn back toward the fire by the eddy in the wind current, which now had apparently changed and was blowing toward the fire.

Five minutes' watching convinced us that we had no time to lose in hunting shelter.

"Say, now, we'd better git to the gulches on th' north side o' th' mountain, 'cause th' fire won't burn haff as strong down th' hill as it will comin' up on th' south side, 'n' 'sides that, they won't be sech a strong wind to push it. I know a good place where we c'n pull th' canoes over a little bar 'n' git into a purty big, long stretch o' still water in a crick runnin' in fr'm th' west. They's a high bluff o' rock on the south side, 'n' th' fire c'n come right to th' top o' th' bluff 'n' not hurt us much. They's kind o' short grass 'long there too, 'n' some timber, so it won't burn so fast there anyhow. Liable to be a lot o' smoke though, 'n' we'll haff to look out fer that too. C'mon, less git a hustle on us."

Down the hill we went, helter skelter for the canoes, and jumping in, paddled swiftly to the creek the boy spoke of, about an eighth of a mile back up the river.

Landing, we quickly unloaded and carried the canoes over a riffle for about soyds., and launched them in the back water of the creek, where we reloaded them again, and then carefully picked a path through the shallow water until they were safe and snug under the high rock bluff that formed the south bank.

A safer place to escape could hardly be found in the country, and to the boy's quick judgment and intimate knowledge we owe our lives, probably, to-day.

"Say, I'm goin' to th' top o' th' bluff 'n' see how things is," said the boy when we had everything safely fixed, and up he went, climbing the straight sides of the bluff by clinging to the few bushes and points of rock that offered a foothold.

Reaching the top, he stood for a moment or two looking at the smoke cloud, and then, turning, shouted: "C'mon up, 'n' fetch th' rope 'n' some matches. It's only juss started down fr'm th' top o' th' mountain, 'n' we c'n backfire, if we hurry up, 'n' fool th' fire sure. Come a-runnin', cos we hain't got no time to swap jack knives."

I climbed up the bluff too, then, carrying the coil of half-inch rope—about 60ft. of it that we used in handling the canoes in rocky riffles sometimes.

The boy took the line and doubled it around a small jack oak that grew on the brink of the bluff, letting both ends hang down. "Now we got a quick way to git down if we haff to run," he said.

"C'mon, less start a backfire now," he continued, as

he gathered up a great bunch of dry grass and leaves, and twisted them into a torch shape.

"We got to hurry, she's a-comin'!" he said, as he ran toward the coming fire.

A hundred yards from the creek bank he stopped, lighted his torch and ran parallel with the creek, dragging the burning mass along the top of the grass.

Immediately tiny flames leapt up and began growing, spreading to the north and south.

When his torch was burned out the boy dropped the remains of it and came bounding down toward the creek like a scared rabbit.

"Slide down!" he shouted, and down I went.

A moment afterward he scrambled over the edge of the bluff and slid down the double rope too; then catching one end he pulled the line down and coiled it up.

"Guess it can't bother us now. Yeh see that fire 'at I set 'll burn up to the top of the bluff here 'fore th' big fire gits this far, nen it burns toowords the big fire too, 'n' when they meet they 'll both go out, 'n' there you are."

Even as he spoke little wisps of burning grass came tumbling down from above and we were kept busy watching the canoes and their contents.

In about ten minutes there was nothing but a blackened smoking stretch of country to the south and the big fire had swept by, "jumping" the creek and going on north like an express train.

We were safe, but pretty well choked with the pungent smoke and our eyes were red and swollen to a painful degree.

"It's all right now, let's git back to th' river 'n' g'won down," said the boy.

Soon we were afloat and hurrying down to the south with the current.

On both sides there was nothing but the black, smoking world; no life anywhere in sight. The river was more or less covered with charred embers of wood and the debris of the fire too.

On reaching the first little town down stream, we learned that the fire had followed the river for a number of miles, and so concluded to give up our voyage, as there would be no pleasure in floating so far through such a desolate country.

That evening we loaded the canoes in the baggage car and went back home on the train.

The fire had burned to the river south of town, and there a combination of river, fields and small creeks, coupled with a change of wind, had stopped its rush and it died a natural death.

EL COMANCHO.

Random Shots.

ONCE more summer is upon us and the chains that bind to business gall as at no other season of the year. It is yet a full month to the open season for trout, but my tackle is overhauled, the fly-book has been replenished, leaders tested, rods rewrapped and everything is in order for a month's campaign on Strawberry, the Duchesne and the Uinta Reservation—a long, long distance from civilization. It seems to me that under our present laws, enforced as they are, trout and bass are multiplying rapidly; deer and ducks hold their own, but grouse are decreasing very rapidly. This may be due to extreme cold, to the encroaching of ranches upon their breeding grounds or to the violation of law by herders.

The past year saw the organization of a Utah Fish and Game Association. It organized; that was all. Owing to the fact that it is controlled almost entirely by Salt Lake sportsmen the shooting and fishing fraternities of the "cow counties" in which most of the game is found are unwilling to affiliate. Just after the organization of the association one of its most prominent members was arrested and fined for the violation of the duck law. The close of the duck season on Feb. 1, instead of April 1, as heretofore, has resulted splendidly, and never have ducks been more plentiful than this spring. There have also been more geese than usual, with quite a large quota of jacksnipe. I have not heard of any arrests in Utah county for the violation of the duck law, but Commissioner Newell has had his hands full in protecting the trout. Last fall some power plant people built a dam in Provo Cañon across the river some eight miles above its mouth. They put in a fish ladder, but it was too small, and at too great an angle for the lake trout, as they were running up to spawn. As a result the pool below the dam has been full of beauties running from 1 to 8lbs. in weight. At every moment of the day they can be seen trying to scale the dam, but up to date they have been unsuccessful. Many have been caught with a spoon. One lad came to my house with a trout for sale some two weeks ago. I have since learned that he makes a business of illegally catching. The next Friday he was arrested and fined \$8. Not having the "stuff," he spent eight days in the county jail, from which he was discharged on Saturday afternoon of last week. The next morning (Sunday) he was at my house before breakfast with another trout for sale.

One of the most amusing arrests was that of a woman who was business in every sense of the word. She was allowed to go on her own recognizance. When she appeared for trial she demanded a jury of women, who promptly acquitted her on the ground that she had a perfect right to fish on her own property. Such was not the happy lot of a brace of American Fork poachers. Commissioner Newell from his lookout saw a couple of men put out from American Fork in a rowboat. After going about eight miles they anchored and from their actions Newell concluded that they were spearing something besides carp. When they started on the return trip he hitched up his cart and reached American Fork before them. He sauntered leisurely down to the lake, and when they arrived he was repairing an imaginary break in the telephone line. Naturally he walked back to town with them. When they were about to leave him he asked what was in the sack. They told him carp and suckers, whereupon he revealed his identity. Gross result: 36lbs. of black bass confiscated and sold, and \$40 cash turned into the treasury of Utah county.

Speaking of bass reminds me that our bass (the big-

mouth) are constantly deteriorating in quality and flavor. Can this come from their inshore habits, frequenting the sloughy shallow waters? Only occasionally does a bass have the right taste, and then it is caught in deep water or on the more rocky western shore of the lake. Catfish, planted in 1890 and 1892, are beginning to show up in the seines. I have heard of none caught with hook and line.

One afternoon about a month ago I took a walk along one of our streams and was arrested by a piteous squealing at my feet. Looking down I saw a little creature that I should have taken for a newly born kitten had it not been that the foundling was absolutely naked. As I stooped to handle it I heard a chattering and a female weasel came within 5 ft. of me, and stopping short, surveyed me with a most quizzical air. She was herself quite attractive from her unusually large size and the brilliant lemon color of throat and belly. I remained motionless, and she evinced no fear, for she came to my feet, picked up her infant in her teeth and departed without undue haste and in a dignified manner. An hour later a boy told me that there was a deer lying in an adjacent pasture. It was even so. A doe, shot through the head. She had probably been wounded some distance away and had run down into the settlement, where the hunter dared not claim her.

Cats can be trained to hunt. I have proved it. Last summer I was stopping in the cabin of a rancher named Bigelow in the top of the Wet Mountains of southeastern Colorado. Mr. B. had a cat that aroused my curiosity, for every time he would go after the cows or up on the mountain after his horses that cat would follow like a well-trained dog. As we sat at the supper table one Saturday night, a rifle in close proximity spoke two or three times. We rushed to the door in time to see a limping deer leave the oats and enter the timber. It took a little time to get on our boots and fix our shooting irons, and then we joined Mr. Bigelow's neighbor, who had done the shooting. The cat came along, as much interested as anybody. It was already after 8 o'clock and the woods were so dark that it was impossible to track. We beat about in vain for some time, when the cat ran ahead for a little ways, jumped on a quaking asp log and commenced to scratch. We followed and found a blood spot. Then the cat went on until she found another spot and again she scratched. So we followed her for half a mile, when it became impossible to see our hands before our faces, and we had to feel our way back. I realize that this yarn sounds very fishy, and I should not have believed it had I not been an eye witness; but what a cat that would be to breed a race of hunting felines from! SHOSHONE.

PROVO, Utah, May 10.

Natural History.

New Mammals.

THE extraordinary way in which new forms of mammalian life in America are being brought to light is well exemplified in the last issue of the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, dated April 30. Here in thirty-nine pages, many of which are partially blank, are described no less than forty-six species and subspecies of mammals. The actual issue includes pages 85 to 129, but of these six are devoted to a discussion of some points in the nomenclature of the bats by Dr. T. S. Palmer.

The first paper in the series consists of descriptions of eleven new species and subspecies of voles, or meadow mice, by Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey. The localities from which these different forms come are widely scattered, one being from the Great Gull Island, N. Y.; another from Labrador; others still from Mississippi, the Indian Territory, Utah, California, etc.

Under the name of *Procyon maynardi* Outram Bangs describes a new raccoon from Nassau Island in the Bahamas, the species being named after Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Newton, Mass. This small species is abundant upon Nassau Island, but little is known about it, and it is uncertain from what continental form it is derived. Mr. Maynard has, or had recently, two living specimens of this raccoon at his home, but the type is a young male collected in August, 1897, by Mr. H. L. Claridge, of Nassau.

Mr. Bangs also describes under the name of *Urocyon aquilus* a new fox from the Santa Marta Mountains in Colombia. It is a dark form, similar in general appearance to our Southern gray fox. Mr. Bangs also describes a small opossum from Margarita Island, Venezuela. Five specimens of this new form are collected by Lieut. Wirt Robinson, U. S. A., four of which went to the National Museum and one to Mr. Bangs. It is named *Marmosa robinsoni*, after its discoverer.

From the same island, and collected by the same officer, come three new rabbits closely allied to some of the mainland forms. One of these is now described by Gerritt S. Miller, Jr., under the name *L. margarita*. Except for its long ears and short, dark-colored tail it bears a superficial resemblance to one form of our common gray rabbit.

An interesting paper by Dr. C. Hart Merriam determines the earliest generic name for the North American deer and describes five new species and subspecies. The genus *Cariacus* was established by Lesson in 1842 to contain the Virginia deer and its allies, but in 1895 Mr. Oldfield Thomas reinstated the name of *Dorcelaphus* as having priority by one year. Dr. T. S. Palmer, however, has pointed out that two of Rafinesque's names were still earlier—*Panallodon*, in 1831, and *Odocoileus*, in 1832. The first of these Dr. Merriam rejects for abundant reasons, but the second was based on an upper premolar of a Virginia deer, found in a cave near Carlisle, Pa., and the tooth was described by Rafinesque in detail, and figures of both outer and inner faces were published of natural size. Thus identified, there can be no question as to its place, and our common whitetail deer, which at various times has been *Cervus*, *Cariacus*

and *Dorcelaphus virginianus*, now becomes *Odocoileus virginianus* (Bodd).

Of the five species and subspecies described by Dr. Merriam, one from Sitka, and one from California, are of the *O. columbianus* type; of the other three, one is of the mule deer type, the other two seem to be of the Virginia deer type.

From among a great mass of material brought back from Mexico by Mr. E. W. Nelson, Dr. Merriam describes three new species of mice of the genus *Microtus*, representing three subgenera, two of which are new.

The remaining papers of this issue are Random Notes on the Nomenclature of the *Chiroptera*, by Dr. T. S. Palmer; Descriptions of Twenty New Species and a New Subgenus of *Peromyscus* from Mexico and Guatemala, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam; and A New Genus (*Neotomodon*) and Three New Species of Murine Rodents from the Mountains of Southern Mexico, by Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

It is well known that during tertiary time the group of animals which contains the camels and the llamas was very greatly developed, and that in America there were many different forms of these animals, some large and some small, some quite similar to the representatives of the group found on earth to-day, and some very different from them.

The same thing may be said of the group which contains the horse and horselike animals, whose evolution, worked out many years ago by Marsh and Huxley, was regarded at the time as one of the strongest pieces of evidence confirmatory of the doctrine of evolution.

Dr. J. L. Wortman, of the American Museum of Natural History, has recently published in the tenth volume of the Museum's Bulletin an interesting paper treating of the extinct camels of North America and some associated forms. This paper consists of a review of the genera and species of the North American camel-like animals, with descriptions of additional material pertaining to types already known, as well as of some new forms; a consideration of the various steps in the development of the group; and a study of certain characteristics of the higher selenodont even-toed (so-called) animals in its bearing on the transmission of acquired character.

The camel-like animals constitute an aberrant group which branched off from the main stem of the artiodactyle stock very early in the tertiary; but it is not until later eocene times that animals were found with true camel-like characters. The earlier forms were small animals with short legs and separate radius and ulna and tibia and fibula, while according to Dr. Wortman the union of the metapodial bones and consequent formation of the cannonbone took place much later. Dr. Wortman traces the development of the present camels back through different forms to some of their early ancestors.

In the same volume of the Bulletin, Dr. J. A. Allen describes a number of new species of mammals from western Mexico and Lower California. The material on which he has drawn are a number of specimens received from Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum, and a collection from Mr. A. W. Anthony, who collected on the islands off the west coast of Lower California in 1897. The new species include an opossum, three forms of hare, several pocket gophers, several bushytail rats, and a number of mice. Included in the collection made by Mr. Anthony were two females of the desert mule deer and a specimen of the California sea lion.

Notes on Wisconsin Hawks and Owls

I.—OWLS.

THE order Raptores, containing hawks, owls and other birds of prey, is one of special interest to those who would study bird life from an economic as well as an ornithological standpoint.

It was the desire to learn more of the nesting habits of certain species of Raptores that led me to make special effort along this line during the season of 1896. The following notes are based on observations made during what time could be spared from business, and are not as complete as I would wish.

I remembered having seen a very large nest of some kind, late in the spring of 1892, on an island above the inlet of our lake, but close attention to business had prevented an earlier visit. On the afternoon of March 17, accompanied by the editor of our local paper, who went along to see an owl's nest, and incidentally to take a snap shot of same, I started out to see what could be found in the way of nests.

We drove across the lakes, up the winding inlet, and made a circuit around the marsh to reach the road which leads to the island. Hundreds of acres of marsh surround this island, which rises abruptly on all sides, and is about one-half mile long and nearly as wide. It is covered with heavy timber, with the exception of a few acres of cleared land in the center, thus making an ideal nesting site for hawks and owls.

Hitching the horse at the east end, we made our way along the south edge of the woods without locating any nests, and worked east again, coming nearer to the place where I had seen the nest in '92. Finally we caught a glimpse of a big bunch of articles high up in a large black oak. A moment later and the editor, who was in advance, shouted: "There's one! see his horns!"

Sure enough, there sat *Bubo virginianus*, with tufts erected, peering at us over the edge of the nest, still some few rods away.

I was at the foot of the oak in short order, and found it a comparatively easy one to climb. I was half way to the nest before it was vacated. The greatest trouble was in getting around and over the bulky affair, in order to see the contents. After much hard pulling and hanging on—for a stiff March wind was playing with the branches—I managed to get above the mass of sticks, and there on a bed of feathers, pulled from the breast of the bird, rested three white, globular eggs,

I picked one up immediately, but what was it that I heard? I turned the egg over, when I saw a hole and something move within, then another pip-pip, and then I realized that I was too late.

The mother owl's work of incubating was about over, for the other two eggs were both cracked, one slightly more than the other, which showed that incubation began when the first egg was deposited. We left the eggs to hatch, and shortly after we saw the old bird trying to escape from a flock of crows which had attacked her as soon as she left the nest.

I shall never forget how that nest looked as I peered over its edge, just two weeks later. There in the center was a mass of down. It took but a touch, and the mass of down became three separate bodies, each covered with grayish white down all over. The eyes were dark hazel gray, not the bright yellow iris of the adults. Bills were black, while the ear tufts were just beginning to appear in the way of elongated pin feathers on the largest of the three. There was considerable difference in size, which indicated the order in which they were hatched. They had evidently been well fed, to judge by the size they had attained, and no wonder. Arranged around the nest were the hind quarters of a rabbit, a very large rat with the head off, and the back half of a bluebill duck. Variety enough to suit all tastes had been procured by the provident parent. In this instance the heads and foreparts seem to have been eaten first.

The nest was 70 ft. from the ground and nearly 3 ft. across, and had evidently been added to year after year till it was 1½ ft. thick at center. It was very shallow, being hollowed just enough to keep eggs from rolling to the edge.

I found another nest of great horned owl on March 23 in a tall black ash tree, 60 ft. up. The bird was sitting on a branch near the nest, but flew away at our approach. A climb to the nest revealed one egg. The nest was lined with the tawny feathers of the breast, while the body of the nest was made of sticks and twigs, not making as large a nest as the former. On blowing the egg I found that incubation had begun, but the embryo had died, and the egg became addled. This probably accounts for the disconsolate manner of the bird sitting on the limb. The female may have been shot after laying the first egg, and the male was thus mourning her loss; but this is merely a conjecture, as close search failed to reveal any signs of other eggs being broken in or below the nest.

A nest of the American long-eared owl was found April 19 with one egg, which was taken. Another visit was made to the nest on the 26th, when three more fresh eggs were found. The nest was placed 25 ft. up in a well-formed fork of a small black cherry tree, in a dense thicket of second growth, along an immense marsh. It was compactly built of sticks and twigs, was 7 in. across inside, and 5 in. deep, lined with bark from posts and a few feathers.

The female stuck to the nest while the tree was shaken a number of times. She then flew away, but soon returned with the male, and then what a snapping of bills and scolding ensued. First one would fall to the ground, sprawl its wings, drag its legs, and flutter in terrible agony, only to have the same thing repeated by the mate, while the other would then fly back and forth, passing close to the nest, from tree to tree. This was repeated time after time during our entire stay in the vicinity. The female would sometimes perch herself on a nearby tree top and utter a guttural wo-wo-wo-wo. The attempts at deception on the ground, in feigning disability, fairly rivaled those of the killdeer when it has young.

These birds are quite common here, but on account of their habit of keeping concealed in dense second growth are rarely met with outside.

Another species that is common here at times is the short-eared owl, but I have not found it breeding. During the winter of '92 about twenty-five of these birds made their roosting place in a long row of spruce trees on the south side of town, and continued to hang around there even after several of them had been shot.

The barred owl is our most common species, many of them being shot wantonly by hunters going through the woods. I did not find it breeding last year, but hope to learn something of its nesting habits the coming season.

A number of snowy owls have been shot here during the past few winters, as they came down from the north, but being very wary are hard to approach, especially when you have a gun.

GEO. A. MORRISON.

FOX LAKE, WIS.

The Wild Pigeon in Mexico.

MACOMB, Ill., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After writing to almost all points of the United States and Central America, making inquiry for the American wild pigeon, I have found them at last in Mexico. It is true they are not there in such flocks as they were in the United States some forty or fifty years ago, when they would break the limbs off of the trees when they were nesting. I received a letter from the Hon. A. M. Beaupré, Consul General at Guatemala, Central America, a short time ago requesting me to write to the Hon. Samuel E. Magill, Consulate General at Tampico, Mexico, as he had been informed that the American pigeon was in that section of the country. I addressed him a letter and I now inclose his reply:

W. O. BLAISDELL.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Tampico, April 27.—Hon. W. O. Blaisdell: My dear sir—Yours of 17th inst. received. The wild pigeon of the United States is not thoroughly domiciled here, and does not occupy the position in the fauna of this country that he did in ours when seen at his best. Used to living on nuts of small size like our beech nuts, he does not find here the food he craves, hence does not reproduce as numerously as he would under certain conditions and is not seen in large flocks here.

Another pigeon very similar to ours does better here and is more numerous, but it is not the wild pigeon of the United States, Yours truly,

SAMUEL E. MAGILL, Consul.

The Hosts of the Birds.

NEW JERSEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having considerable leisure time at this season of the year, I put in the greater part of it in strolling around through the woods and fields and along the streams, or else paddling or floating in my canoe upon the mill ponds in this vicinity. My wife often says that I was cut out more for a good-for-nothing wood loafer or a savage than for a civilized being; and often I think so myself.

While off in my canoe on Saturday three weeks ago—a very pleasant day it happened to be—I shot a very large hawk, measuring nearly 5 ft. from tip to tip of its wings—the largest bird of that species ever shot in this section of the State, so several of the local gunners who saw it said.

But I write this to let you know of the great abundance of bird life here this spring. I do not recollect that I ever saw in any other time and place so many of the perchers as during the last few weeks—robins, bluebirds, larks, purple grackles, red-wing blackbirds, catbirds, thrushes, chewinks, little ground and bush birds, and others, in great numbers.

Let one go around through the fields and he will hear and see them in all directions; the same in the woods. While I am paddling or floating along by the shores of the ponds around here the birds swarm among the bushes along the shores in myriads, warbling and nest building.

Around the house are quite a number of very large and tall white pine trees, and I should judge that not less than fifty and perhaps a hundred purple grackles (crow blackbirds) are nesting among the branches. Just at the peep of day I can hear their matin warblings or gabblings, making a regular pandemonium of bird notes, from the tree tops, and while they are flying from and to their nests. Many robins also are nesting among the other trees and the buildings.

After thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that the present abundance of bird life is owing to the strict laws enacted in many of our States protecting the perchers, and I find that in different parts of the State where I have been the laws relating to the smaller birds are almost wholly respected; for I have not known this spring of any one, either man or boy, killing or maiming even one bird of the protected species, or disturbing their nests in any known way.

I think the people, both old and young, are learning more and more each year about the benefits arising from the greater abundance of bird life, and are one and all taking a much greater interest than formerly in the protection of our little feathered friends.

A. L. L.

Florida Drought and Alligators.

MR. E. J. WATSON, who came up in the schooner *Veatless* from Chatham Bend last Saturday, says the unprecedented drought still continues. The Big Cypress, on which water most always stands, has gone dry. The gator hunters are the only ones who appear to profit by the drought, as they are enabled to slaughter thousands of gators in the Big Cypress. G. W. Storter, who keeps a store near Chuckaluskee, has shipped 5,000 gator hides since Feb. 1 last. —*Fort Myers Press*, May 5.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Roostin'" Turkeys on Alligator Gully.

AFTER Prince was unharnessed and given his fodder—a bundle of cornstalks—I proposed that we make camp, but Skinner said "no, if we was goin' ter roost them tukkies 'twas time to be on the move." We had outspanned on the banks of Alligator Gully; just before it entered Cypress Swamp, about seven miles from Skinner's place in the flatwoods of South Florida, and about that distance from any house. Time, an hour before sunset. We had come out to "roost" turkeys and "run" deer. The first named is the favorite method of the native hunters for taking this noble fowl, and is founded on a careful study of its habits. The birds feed by day in the uplands and prairies, on pine mast, acorns and the like, and toward sunset repair to their roost, generally a thicket in some almost inaccessible swamp, which they have occupied for generations. The particular roost we were to watch was an island of thick pines in Cypress Swamp, a jungle of giant cypress, small bay and live oak, palmetto, vines and plants, and covered with water and mud about mid leg deep.

We took our fowling pieces, one barrel loaded with nine buckshot, the other with smaller turkey shot, crossed the Gully, and followed a trail made by wild cattle and deer along the edge of the swamp. Presently my guide halted. "We're about opposite the roost," he said. "You sit here and I'll go farther up. When the tukkies cross this open space a-gittin' to their roost is the time to take 'em." This "open space" lay between the swamp and the palmetto scrub of the upland, and was about two rods wide. I took my seat on a cypress boll and waited. The red sun sank in the smoky October haze of a southern winter. Crows flew cawing about, and one settled in a pine just over me; a kingfisher lit upon a dead tree over a stagnant pool on my right and uttered his sharp, peculiar cry. I waited and watched. By and by in the twilight I heard a great pother among the crows on the bank of the Gully below me; there seemed to be something there which they decidedly objected to, and they darted and circled about, filling the air with their discordant cawings. The next moment a gaunt gray body came loping up the trail toward me as lightly as a feather; it stood as high as a dog, and there was a purring, expectant expression on its countenance, as if it were saying to itself, "Now very soon I will have a good fat rabbit or turkey for my supper." When about 30 ft. away it scented me, stopped, crouched and looked me directly in the eye as I stood with gun

leveled at it. There was an inquiring expression on the brute's face, as if asking, "What sort of creature is this, and is it good to eat, I wonder?" However, it did not have long to speculate, for the next instant two buckshot were in its brain, and two more in its spinal column, and it sank down and died without a struggle; in fact, it died so quietly that I suspected it was crouching to spring on me, as I approached, and slipped another cartridge in my gun before doing so. About this time Skinner, who had heard the gun, came up, and together we approached the quarry, which proved to be a full grown wildcat, one of the largest, Skinner said, he had ever seen. These creatures are common in Florida, but are rarely seen, as they hunt by night, and lie in their dens by day; sometimes, however, the hunter's dog routs them out; if the latter is alone the cat will fight and whip him, but if his master is near it will usually take to the nearest tree, where he shoots it at his leisure. As to whether the cat will attack a man or not, there is a difference of opinion among the native hunters, some saying that he will not; others that he will when rendered desperate by hunger, especially if the man is carrying meat.

I said to Skinner that I should always regard the crow as a friend hereafter, for having warned me of the approach of the cat.

"I've often heard 'em make that row over a snake," said he. "Three of the largest diaman' backs (rattlesnakes) I ever killed the crows helped me too in that way, an' I've known 'em git a coon in a tree an' torment him most to death that way. It's pure mischief on their part, I reckon, for the cat never troubles 'em."

We went back to camp carrying the cat between us, and after supper skinned it by the light of the camp-fire.

Skinner was a veteran hunter and cowboy, and I was curious to learn from him their method of making camp. First he built a fire of "fat wood" (pitch pine), so abundant in the flatwoods, using a fallen tree for a back log. Then from the wagon produced a side of bacon, a bag of sweet potatoes, coffee, bread, sugar, spoons, knives and forks, tin cups, a frying pan, and a small tin pail to serve as coffee pot. Water from the Gully was put in the pail and it was set on the coals to boil, the sweet potatoes were ranged around the edge of the fire to roast, and slices of bacon cut and put into the pan to fry; when the water boiled coffee was put into it; the potatoes, turned at the right moment, baked quicker than one would have thought possible, and in a very short time an appetizing, if rude, meal was placed before us on newspapers spread on the ground. When we had eaten and the debris cleared away, we heaped up a plentiful supply of firewood and pine knots, skinned the cat, lighted our pipes and sat with our feet to the fire, while Skinner told hunting stories, and I listened.

"Are there really any deer and turkeys in these woods?" I asked.

"Plenty of 'em," he replied. "There's just as good tukky signs in that swamp as I want, but they're hunted so much they're mighty shy; I reckon that danged wagon scart 'em, an' your gun finished the job. I allow they'll roost to-night at the no'th end o' Cypress, an' we'll have a chance at 'em in the mornin'." I calculate to get a deer afore noon too, because Riley Jacobs is comin' out in the mornin', an' his Ring is jest the best dog for deer in the flatwoods; a slow trailer, don't git too far ahead, so when he jumps the deer you're there to shoot."

"How many deer did you ever shoot at one time?" I asked, to keep the conversation moving, for Skinner was a dreamy sort of man, and inclined to lapse into reverie unless jogged a little.

"How many deer?" he replied. "Three"—after thinking a while. "You see, at certain times o' the year the deer separate, the bucks bunching together and the does keepin' to themselves. One day I saw through the palmetto three bucks lying down with their heads toward me and fired and killed the three at one shot. I killed one onct without seein' him; it happened this a way: I was goin' through the scrub an' saw one git up to change sides, an' then lie down again. I fired at him an' he lay still; I mistrusted there was another, an' walked up with the other barrel ready, but he didn't jump, an' pretty quick I cum on him dead too. My shot had killed him and his mate both."

It was past 9 and bedtime in the woods. We had gathered pine boughs for bedding before the daylight faded; over these Skinner spread the canvas cloth used as a cover for his wagon, with the sheep skin and sacking that formed the wagon cushion, and a quilt, and our bed was ready; then wrapping our blankets about us we laid down to rest. How black the forest was outside of the circle cast by our fire, and save the occasional hoot of an owl, and a deep booming sound that Skinner said was made by the sandhill crane, a profound silence reigned. My companion dropped off to sleep quickly, and his sonorous snores shook the forest. I lay and dozed awhile, trying to fit the projecting portions of my anatomy into the yielding pine boughs, and then I too slept. About 1 we both awoke from the extreme cold; the fire had died down, and a stratum of cold air seemed to have settled on the earth, as is often the case in Florida. We rose, and with the axe chopped down dead spines of pines laden with turpentine, piled them upon the fire, and in a few moments had a sheet of flame soaring almost to the tree tops, then lay down and slept again. I was next awakened by Skinner's moving about. The first faint rays of light were breaking in the east.

"I'm goin' after tukkies," said he. "Will ye go?"

As it included a mile tramp through mud and water up to one's knees over tussocks frequented by the treacherous moccasin, I said I would stay at home and mind the camp. A little after sunrise, a cheery voice said "Good morning," and looking up there stood Riley Jacobs, the most renowned hunter in the flatwoods, with his dog Ring at his heels. He had got up at 4 and walked in through the darkness from his place, five miles distant, following his own trail through the forest; how he did it I can't imagine; it must be a seventh sense.

"I should 'a' been heah afore," he said apologetically, "but that ther' Ring, he jumped a coon in Blue Heron Swamp; he couldn't muckle him, an' he wouldn't leave him, so I had to wade out an' shoot the critter to git the dog. The varmint looked as if he'd like to get away mighty well when he see me comin', but 'twa'n't no use," and he sat down and lifted up his heels to get the water

out of his shoes. As he is a type of his class, allow me to sketch Riley Jacobs. He is short, thin and wiry, with tanned and sawy face, and wears an old, black, slouch wool hat, a woollen shirt, pants of strong woollen cloth held up by a leather belt in which are pockets for twenty-six cartridges, and stout plantation brogans. His face is unshaven, and he talks with the slow drawl peculiar to the Florida-backwoodsman. Jacobs is a Soft-Shell Baptist, and has an excellent reputation among his fellows. His dog Ring is also worthy of being limned; a thin, bony, long-legged, bob-tailed mongrel, with such an alert, intelligent, friendly expression in his keen gray eyes that one's heart unconsciously warms to him; he is the best deer and bear dog in the country, as his master is the best hunter.

Skinner comes in presently, with a fine fat gobbler on his shoulder, and finds a good fire and the water boiling for coffee.

"Ain't been to breakfast, hev ye, Riley?" he asks.

"No, I ain't," was the reply. "Got up at quarter ov four an' lit out. Was plowin' in co'n all day yesterday, an' cum night was plum' tired. Thort I'd rather sleep ter hum an' cum out in ther mornin'."

Breakfast dispatched, we set out after deer—Skinner, Jacobs, Ring and myself. The Florida hunter has several ways of taking the pretty creatures, as still-hunting, fire-hunting, etc., but the one chiefly depended on is to jump them with dogs. The deer feeds by night, and at daylight seeks some thick hamak or bay head, and lies there concealed all day. The hunter puts his dog on the track of the deer, which follows it to its lair, starts it up, and the hunter shoots it as it jumps or rushes forth. This is the whole art and mystery of jumping deer as practiced in Florida.

We crossed some pine barrens and came upon one of the prettiest landscapes I had seen in the South—a wide prairie filled with bayheads or islands, here of bay or gum with green, glossy, shining leaves; there of cypress, which, shedding its leaves in autumn, stood up gaunt and bare, except for its covering of fleecy white moss. How large the prairie was I know not, but the islands extended rank beyond rank into "the rich heart of the West." Skirting this prairie we advanced about a mile; then Jacobs halted, and pointing to a spot of green in the piney woods to the south, said, "You see the bay head yonder? I'm a-going' to put Ring in here at Blue Hills Swamp. If he jumps a deer an' I don't drop him he'll be sure to run across that neck, one side or other, of that bay head, an' one of ye wants to sit on one side an' one on t'other, an' take him as he jumps."

"All right," said Skinner.

To reach our posts we had to cross a piece of marsh covered with long grass, and here we flushed snipe after snipe, which got up in most tempting proximity, but we were loaded for deer, and manfully withstood the temptation to fire. Concealing ourselves behind trees we waited and watched a half hour or so, but no welcome bark of Ring announced that he had started a deer, and presently hunter and dog appeared bedraggled from the swamp; they had seen nothing.

"We'll try Alligator Gully," said Jacobs. This was the stream our camp was on, but we were now above, toward its source. Its banks were a perfect jungle of saw palmetto, bay, huckleberry and blackberry bushes and gum, and wet and marshy.

"Just the place for moccasins," said I.

"Yes," replied Skinner. In point of fact I had looked for rattlesnake or moccasin before putting my foot down all the morning, but the men strode along with their eyes on the dog, seemingly careless of consequences. I too looked at the dog; he seemed to have struck a fresh trail, for his stump of a tail wagged vigorously, and he snuffed eagerly as he ran through the thicket, doubling and twisting on his track; at length he leaped into the air once, twice, as if to get his bearings, and then darted into the thicker portion of the jungle on the banks of the Gully. The next moment we heard a whistle from Skinner, who had taken the opposite side, and saw two fine deer skipping over the barrens light as air, their antlers up and their white tails curled over their backs; the wind had blown from us to them and they had winded us before we were near enough for the dog to jump them. After that we beat Alligator Gully back to camp, but saw no more deer. As we approached a flock of buzzards got up and flew heavily away. They had cleaned every vestige of flesh from the carcass of the wildcat that had been thrown on one side after skinning the night before. Not a sign of one had been visible when we left camp. How they discover so quickly the presence of dead meat, whether by sight or smell, was a question neither Skinner nor Jacobs could answer. "But they git ther' powerful quick," added the latter. "Ther' was a man out on Peace River last summer got thunder struck, an' before anybody could 'git ter him the buzzards had picked his eyes out."

CHAS. BURR TODD.

Currituck Sound.

CURRITUCK SOUND, May 10.—Judge Robert C. Cornell and Mr. John White spent a part of last week at the Currituck Sound Shooting Club. The migratory flight of yellowlegs and curlew was large, and the bags made were good ones. Wednesday they killed 170, mostly large yellowlegs, with a sprinkling of curlew and dowitchers; Thursday 72, and Friday 121 of the same kind. It was a beautiful lot of birds, and afforded keen sport. But when the judge found that the hen birds were full of eggs, he decided to give up spring shooting, which does seem wicked, when one considers how many more this 363 snipe would have brought back with them in the fall.

I am glad to see you have a law in New York which prevents the sale of game in New York after the first of May. This will save many thousands of birds here, as the nearby markets, Norfolk and other Southern cities, are too small to use many of them, consequently the gunners cannot dispose of them.

The flight of Eskimo curlew still continues, and has been larger than I ever knew before; redbreast plover (robin snipe) are just beginning to come, and like gray backs (dowitchers) will be abundant until about June 15.

CURRITUCK.

Some Adirondack Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask me for a short history of the game preserves in this section of the Adirondacks, and facts about the game and fish preserve of the Racquette Club in particular, of which you make the mistake of addressing me as president. In order to correct this error I will state here that the club once known as the Racquette Club has been changed to the Massawepie Club, and W. J. Arkell, of New York city, is the president. The writer of this article has the honor to be a member, but would not like to drag off the honor of being its president without consent of its members.

In giving a history of the different game and fish preserves in this section of the Adirondacks, I will first say it would be much less trouble to give a history of the wild lands that are not game preserves. Fifteen years ago there was hardly a game preserve in this section, while at this time there is hardly a piece of wild land of any account that is not under preserve, except what State land there is, and that is so much scattered and so badly adapted to hunting and fishing that it affords but very little amusement for those who are not interested in game preserves. This seems a little severe on those who are not able to take advantage of the situation, but at the same time it has had the effect of saving our game and fish, whereas if the same old indiscriminate hunting and fishing had been allowed for the past fifteen years that prevailed up to that time, instead of to-day having more game and fish than we had fifteen years ago, our forests and streams would have been entirely cleaned out. Taking this view of it, while we admit it seems at first a little hard on the old hunters who had always roamed at will over other people's land, we are convinced that the end fully justifies the means; and we believe the old hunters have as a rule accepted this view of it, for we hardly know of an instance where they have not submitted to the law without a murmur.

In taking up the different game preserves in this immediate section, I will not name them in the order of their value as game preserves, nor in the order of their desirability or availability. It is not my purpose to advertise. I have no game preserve for sale, and am in no way interested in the sale or disposal of wild lands.

The Vanderbilt Preserve.

The first game preserve that I shall mention, however, is perhaps the best known preserve, and I think no one who is familiar with the locality will find fault with me if I say it is the best game preserve for its size in the Adirondack Mountains. It is what has been known as the Vanderbilt Preserve, situated in the township of Kildare, and takes in Jordan Pond, Amber Lake, and quite a section of the Jordan River, with several other small ponds and streams. This preserve was one of the first to be established in this part of the Adirondacks. It was put under strict preserve, I think, about fifteen years ago. It contains in all about 8,000 acres, has had the best of care by the Vanderbilts for the past fifteen years, and has not been hunted nearly up to its capacity. The woods are literally full of deer, and the ponds and streams are well stocked with trout. We understand that as many as sixty deer have been seen on Amber Lake in one day. The preserve changed hands last season, and is now owned by a New York city party not known to the writer.

The Vilas Preserve.

The preserve known as the Vilas Preserve is situated in Township 16, in Franklin county, and I think it contains about 12,000 acres. It joins the Vanderbilt Preserve on the east, and its proximity to the Vanderbilt, with the fine trout streams and beautiful deer ponds it contains, makes it a very desirable preserve. The waters on this preserve are McDonald Pond, Potter Pond, Elbow Pond, Wolf Pond, Long Pond, and a long stretch of both the west branch and the middle branch of the St. Regis River. This preserve is not owned by a club. It is the property of the Vilas estate, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., and has been preserved and kept up and well cared for by Dr. E. A. Carpenter, of Cambridge, Mass., for the past ten years. The timber has never been cut on this tract, and while it would make a very desirable club property, the fact that the timber still remains on the property makes the value of it very high for a game park.

The Cutting Tract.

The next preserve in line is known as the Cutting Tract, of 7,000 acres, which joins the Vilas Preserve on the northeast, and is also in Franklin county. This is owned by Frank A. Cutting, of Boston, Mass. It has never been controlled by a club, but has been under preserve by Mr. Cutting for about five years. It contains the waters known as Train Pond, Weller Pond, and a long stretch of Stony Brook and Balsam Brook, both good trout streams. The timber has recently been sold on this tract, and we understand Mr. Cutting is anxious to form a club to control the game preserve.

The next preserve on the north of the Cutting Tract is a small preserve owned by Mr. Frederick M. Heath, of Potsdam, N. Y., and takes in the famous Ozonia Lake, on which is located the summer hotel known as Fernwood Hall, owned and managed by Mr. Heath. This is a beautiful lake and an ideal spot in the mountains, but the game preserve connected with it is small, only taking in a few hundred acres, making the sporting facilities somewhat limited.

The next preserve in order is an 8,000-acre tract situated on the west branch of the St. Regis River, in the township of Riverdale, joining the Vilas Tract on the north and the Cutting on the west. The waters on this tract are Mud Lake, a long stretch of Stony Brook and Balsam Brook, and about five miles of the west branch of the St. Regis River, of which three miles are still water for boating, and two miles a succession of rapids and falls, which make the best of trout fishing at certain seasons of the year. This preserve is owned by the National Bank of Potsdam, which is now

in the hands of a receiver. The lumber has been cut on this tract, and the game preserve is quite a desirable one. It has been controlled for the past four or five years by the hotel known as the Sylvan Falls Hotel, located at the foot of the three miles of still water in the west branch of the St. Regis River, near the west line of the preserve. The National Bank of Potsdam, N. Y., was a large owner of Adirondack lands, and still has in the hands of the receiver several other very desirable hunting and fishing tracts, some of which come within the scope of this article.

Another very desirable preserve, also owned by this bank, is a 7,000-acre tract in the township of Kildare, and joining the famous Vanderbilt Preserve on the north. The proximity of this tract to the Vanderbilt Preserve, being all in one unbroken forest, in connection with the fact that it is an excellent feeding ground for deer, makes it, perhaps I may say, one of the best deer parks for its size in the Adirondacks outside of the Vanderbilt Preserve. The waters on this preserve are Whitney Pond, Thirty-five Pond, and quite a long stretch of the inlet of Jo Indian Pond, which is a stream not large enough for navigation with small boats, except in places where dams have been constructed for the purpose of floating logs. This stream furnishes good trout fishing, and good hunting where the ponds occur; also some of the best still-hunting in the woods. The famous Jo Indian Pond, also located in the township of Kildare, joins this preserve on the north. This tract contains 1,700 acres, and is also owned by the National Bank of Potsdam. Jo Indian Pond is one of the largest of the so-called ponds in the Adirondacks, and ranges in size with Lake Ozonia and Bay Pond in Franklin county. It is a natural trout pond, and has never been ruined by the introduction of other fish. This 1,700-acre tract has been controlled and under lease for the past four or five years by a club, the name of which is not familiar to me. The 7,000-acre tract mentioned above has been under lease for the past ten years to a club known as the Inlet Club, who have constructed a temporary club house on the property. Taking these two tracts together would make a very desirable game preserve. This land has all been lumbered, and we understand the receiver has only a limited time in which to dispose of this property.

This practically describes the game preserves on the east side of the Racket River. On the west side we have only three well-organized preserves in this immediate vicinity, viz., the Granshue, the Hollywood, and the Massawepie.

The Granshue Preserve.

The Granshue Preserve is owned by the Granshue Club, is located in the township of Granshue, and contains about 6,000 acres. It has the waters known as the Ormsbee Pond, Long Pond, and quite a long stretch of the east branch of Grass River. It is in the heart of the wilderness, and although a hard place to get to it is a famous hunting ground.

The Hollywood Preserve.

The Hollywood Preserve is located in the township of Hollywood, and is owned by the Hollywood Club. This club is, we think, the oldest game preserve club in this section, and perhaps in the entire Adirondacks. It was organized by Dr. French, a reverend gentleman who resides somewhere in the vicinity of New York city, about twenty years ago. They have a membership of twenty gentlemen, and are remarkable as a club for their religious proclivities. They have a fine club house, and their buildings are all very complete and convenient. The number of acres in their club property is not known to the writer. The tract they occupy joins the Granshue Club property on the south, and they must control in all about 6,000 acres. The waters on this preserve are Clear Pond and Lake Pleasant, also a long stretch of Dead Creek, which is good trout fishing. They also have Little Blue Pond and a portion of the branches of Grass River, known as Trout Brook. It is an ideal game preserve, and was a favorite place for old hunters for years before game preserves were known.

The Massawepie Club.

Last, but not entirely least, I will mention the Massawepie Club, of which I have the honor to be a member. This club controls about 2,200 acres of as good hunting grounds as can be found on this side of the woods. Although comparatively small in acres, it is large in resources. There are five small lakes or ponds situated on this 2,200 acres, and every one of them is considered a "star" pond for hunting. Only one of the ponds, however, is considered good for trout, and our trout fishing is somewhat limited. It has been under preserve for the past twelve years, and has never been hunted up to its capacity. Deer are very plenty here. Partridges are also quite plenty in season, and occasionally a black bear has been found on this preserve.

Speaking of Bears.

Speaking of bears brings to mind a little bear hunt that took place on these grounds several years ago. The story has never been published, and perhaps would make a good ending for this article, which must of necessity be somewhat uninteresting to those who are not seeking for information on the subject of game preserves. In the fall of 1891, in company with my brother and two other hunters, I went to our camp the last days of October, for a week of still-hunting for deer. We had been in camp for three days, and as the weather had been dry and what the hunters call "noisy," we had not succeeded in securing any meat for camp. On the fourth morning in camp my brother took down the old double-barrel shotgun after breakfast, and said he was not going to hunt for deer that day, but would go out and get some partridges for a potpie. As he was filling his cartridge belt with cartridges loaded with fine shot I suggested to him to take a few buckshot cartridges to use in case he did run on to a deer, and agreeably to my suggestion he did put four buckshot cartridges in his hunting coat pocket. He started out, and after he had been gone about thirty minutes I took down my .45-90 Winchester and started off in another direction from the one taken by my brother. I had not gone more than 100 rods from camp before I heard my

brother shoot over in the woods about a mile and a half away, and I remarked at once that he had fired one of the buckshot cartridges. I could tell the difference at once from the fact that the buck cartridges were loaded with 5½ drs. of powder and 12 buckshot, while the fine shot cartridges had only 3½ drs. of powder; the gun was a 10-bore. I halted for a moment to see if he shot again, as we always consider two shots in succession a good indication for meat, and sure enough, I very soon heard the second shot. This was also a buckshot cartridge, and soon after that I heard the third and the fourth shots roar out from the old gun. I said to myself: "Mat must be in trouble;" and I immediately changed my course, and took a lumber road that would lead in the direction of where I heard the shooting. I knew he had only four buckshot cartridges, and as I had heard him fire all of them I was sure it must mean something.

I had not gone more than half or three-fourths of a mile before I heard something coming toward me, tearing through the woods, making as much noise as an elephant, and I soon saw Mat coming up over a little hill on a dead run, dragging his old shotgun behind him by the muzzle. He looked somewhat tattered and torn and blown when I met him, but I could see by the snap of his eye that he was still in the ring and would come to time all right with a little encouragement. I asked: "Mat, what's the matter?" "I have shot a bear." "Is that so? Where is he?" He told me the bear was back in the woods, and after he had given him four shots, all the buckshot cartridges he had with him, and had succeeded in knocking him out of a tree, the bear set up such a terrible scream that he thought he must have gotten into a bear's den, and all the other bears in that country round about would be down on him, and as he had nothing but fine shot cartridges with which to fight them he had concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and had taken to his heels, leaving the bear lying on his back, still screaming for help.

I told him my .45-90 was full of cartridges, and that seemed to inflate him with renewed courage, and we started back to the scene of the bear massacre, full of grit, and at the same time feeling our way carefully. When we reached the point in the woods where the bear was first sighted Mat said: "I started the bear here, and he ran up that little hill toward that great hemlock tree, and climbed the tree." We went up to the tree, and sure enough, there lay the bear flat on his back, as the old hunters say, "dead as a colt." Mat said he had run the bear up this tree, and as he had neared the top above a fork in the tree, which was hidden somewhat from the point where we then stood by foliage, he fired his first shot and the bear fell back into the fork. I looked up at the point indicated, and said: "What is that in the fork of the tree now?" "There is a bear up there yet!" he exclaimed, and this proved upon further investigation to be another dead bear. The facts were, when he shot the first bear the bear fell back into the fork of the tree and lodged there dead, and when he stepped around the tree to get a better shot, as he supposed, at the same bear, he saw bear No. 2 still further up the tree, and from where he stood he could not see the bear that had lodged in the fork, and supposed of course it was the same bear, which had dislodged itself and was again climbing up the tree, and without waiting to investigate the bear in the fork of the tree he fired the second shot, and bear No. 2 came to the ground. He then fired two more shots at him, which no doubt in his excitement were not very effectual; and as the bear on the ground kept up a terrible screaming he decided to leave that vicinity.

We were obliged to return to camp to get an axe, as the tree had to be chopped down to secure the bear in the fork, and we also took a horse back with us and hauled our game to camp, which proved to be two very fine black bears of the same age, and evidently of the same family. Their fur was quite prime, and my brother still has them as evidence of the truth of this story, which on the face of it may seem a little fishy; but it is nevertheless true, and my brother, whom I call Mat, is Mr. M. V. B. Ives, member of Assembly from the second district of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., and the man who introduced the present no-hounding law into our State Legislature.

H. L. IVES.

POTSDAM, New York, May, 1898.

In the Garden of Eden.

BASSORAH is situated on the Shat-el-Arab River, sixty miles from its mouth, whence it runs into the head of the Persian Gulf, and is one of the hottest places in the world in summer. The heat begins to slacken off after September has passed, and the climate from October to April is delightful. We had been stationed at Bassorah all the summer, and were looking forward to the time when the snipe and duck began to make their appearance, which they usually do toward the end of October.

On Oct. 15 two of my shipmates, A. and B., and myself hired three belems. A belem is a canoe-shaped boat, with a very flat flooring, averaging 25 ft. long and 4 ft. beam, and can stow fifteen or twenty at a pinch. We took a crew of two Arabs for each belem, and my steward to superintend the cooking and commissariat. Our intentions were to go up the river as far as Journah, forty miles above Bassorah, at the point where the Euphrates, Tigris and Shat-el-Arab meet, and the generally accepted site of the "Garden of Eden." The Garden is now a mass of date trees and paddy fields.

Having arrived at our destination about 11 P. M., we passed the night in comparative peace only, owing to the swarms of mosquitoes and sand flies, and in close proximity to the celebrated Tree. We "showed a leg" before the sun's upper limb was clear of the horizon, and by the time we were into our shooting kit the steward had a fire alight on shore and a pot of cocoa under way. The mornings and evenings are most delightful at this time of the year, but by 10 o'clock it begins to get a trifle warm for wading on the mud flats. Having packed some leaves from the Tree to send to our friends, we crossed over to the north bank and formed line on the tash—the tash being the foreshore, which at low water affords fine feeding ground for snipe

and ducks, with just sufficient cover of weed to let one get within shot. Later on in the year the birds are all in the paddy fields; but so early in the season as when we were out the fields are as hard as bricks, and it takes a deal of rain to make them soft enough to enable the snipe to get their bills to work.

"No birds," I said, after half an hour's trudge. But I was a bit premature, for up got a snipe in front of A., our doctor, and was dropped gracefully. Another and another got up, one coming my way, but having one leg up and the other down deep I missed clean; B. grassed the third nicely. By 10 o'clock we thought we had had enough for the time, it being very hot, so we returned to the belems, and having satisfied the inner man we resumed operations. The birds were fairly plentiful, but wild, and at sunset, when we ceased shooting, we had bagged sixty-seven and a half couple of snipe and four mallards. We camped for the night on the river bank, were nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes and sand flies, and were up betimes in the morning. We did not try the snipe again, but went into some dry reeds where we thought we might find partridges. We were lucky enough to get thirteen, and at mid-day started on our homeward journey, arriving on board by dinner time.

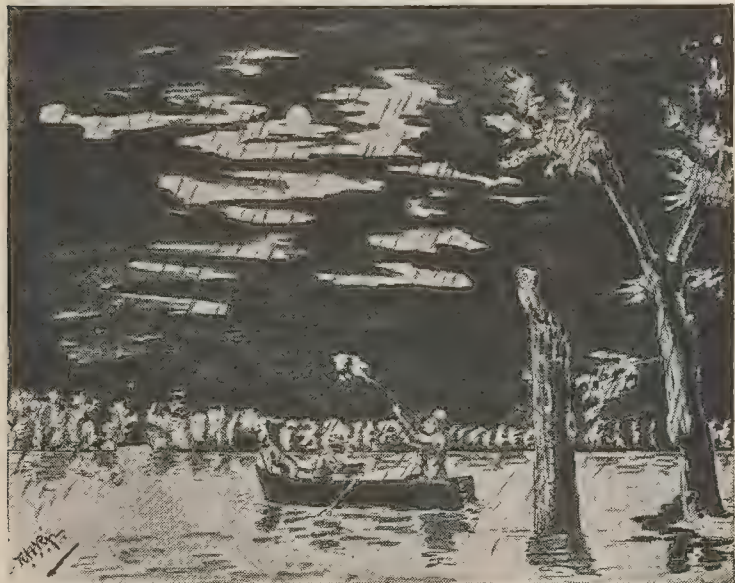
Circumstances necessitated our leaving the river from that time until the end of November, and on the 25th of that month the same three guns, with another, proceeded up the same ground in a steam launch, lent us by one of our numerous friends on shore.

We found a good many more birds than on our previous trip, but they were wild, owing to a strong breeze blowing and it being rather a raw day. However, we returned the same evening to Bassorah with 108 couple of snipe, eleven ducks, and a wild goose. This part of the country is particularly suitable as regards climate for consumptive patients; it is also a grand field for a naturalist or geologist. The ship which winters in the gulf is always looked upon with envy by the rest of the squadron.

A curious incident happened during our first trip. A snipe and a partridge were flushed close to the river; the doctor killed right and left, the partridge happening to fall into the water. A hawk swooped down and was off with the snipe before we could wink, and a large fish at the same moment took the partridge, and we never had either. This is not a fish story.—*Correspondence London Field.*

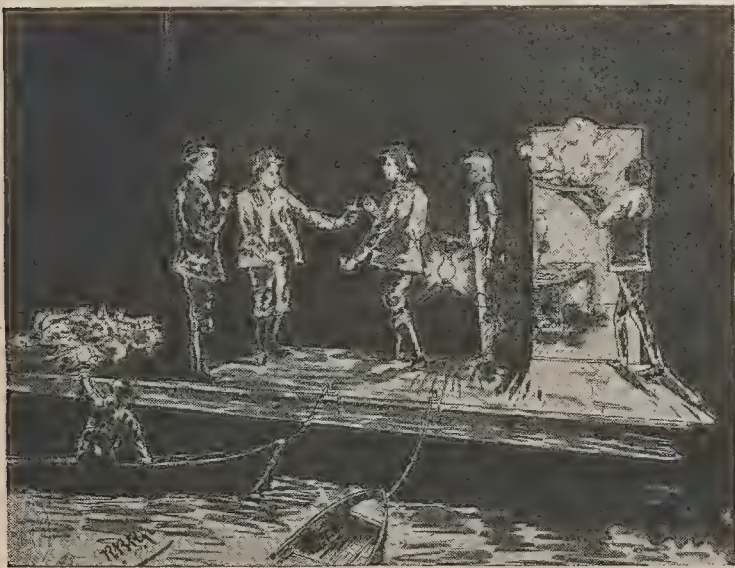
Out of the Usual.

To show how extremely hurtful it is to fire guns after sundown where ducks come in to roost, let me relate an incident: Late in November last the wildfowl shooting at Wapanocka Lake, Ark., was superb, and the limit of fifty game ducks was easily and often reached. About the best and most abundant shooting, both on ducks and geese, was around Thanksgiving Day; and a bank cashier, who could but seldom leave his duties, heartily enjoyed the success of his outing until nearly dark, when he and his new paddler, Quay Douglass,



Our Lost Hunter.

missed the mouth of Little Lake, and were missed by his companions at supper in the club house, when toasts and scores were discussed. The searchlight party seeking him fired volleys on the lake, and at 10 o'clock clinked glasses in the club house to the safety and success of the lately lost brother; but the salvos on the



The Safe Return.

lake startled the wildfowl, and the next day was a blank; indeed, shooting was ruined until new flights of wildfowl arrived.

On rowing homeward, or clubward, about dusk in December last I was tempted beyond resistance by the clanging honks and swishing wings of a flock of Canadas, and crashed into them with Du Pont and chilled 5s at short range, but this deadly double was fatal to the

next morning's shoot, since it routed thousands of roosting ducks from this Arkansas lake, and they quacked their adieux.

Myriads of English sparrows some months since roosted in magnolias overhanging a white stone front pavement (and their litter, or guano, was grief to maid and mistress), which evil cats and air rifles failed to remedy; and poisoned seeds and dough we could not use because of poultry. I remembered how grievously we had routed the wildfowl, to our sorrow, so tied bunches of fire-crackers in these trees and at night exploded this mine under the sleeping horde of pests, and not one has ever returned.

But, returning to web-footed game and their oddities, I was in a duck blind last fall, and had routed out an enormous number of greedy mallards, teal and sprigs, and was gloating over their certain and early return.



The Turkeys are Flushed.

Just behind me, in the woods, a flock of turkeys flushed from the noise of dragging out of sight our boat; and the paddler, Greer, who is insanely fond of hunting and outwitting turkeys, pleaded eagerly for the gun to kill a gobbler before the ducks began decoying back. The morass was so waxy and full of bog holes I let him pursue the turkeys for a specified fifteen minutes or less, and with only the two cartridges in my gun. Just as my grand flight of ducks came pouring in and circling low, alighting all around me, and rushing storms of green-wing teal fanned my face by the thousands, I heard those turkeys flush again. My paddler's hunting blood was up, and he must have a turkey, or at least a shot, so he followed them out of hearing of my whistles, calls, prayers, and imprecations, while I was literally besieged and bombarded by the grandest flight of hungry and reckless ducks I ever saw, until 10 o'clock, when, full and sociable, they all settled in the middle of the lake, nooning; and the warm south wind drifted them in an enormous body within 20yds. of me in the blind, without a gun. Precisely a similar drift of snoozing, nooning ducks bore down on my friend, Jim Neely, in this same charmed spot once last season, and he shot nineteen of them from Trexler's corner; but my absent man was a mile away, "calling" through a turkey's wing bone, and I was almost sweating blood, and had it in my eyes; when, after an eternity, he came sloshing through the mud, up rose at my feet thousands of ducks, to come no more till the evening flight. Yet the only



"Hunting without a Gun."

difference was that I killed my limit in the afternoon instead of morning—fifty ducks.

In this same dead angle for wildfowl I once found seventeen dead and frozen ducks, blown across the lake from a party shooting opposite, the previous day, in a gale that had made boat retrieving extremely dangerous in the whitecaps.

As I now toast the FOREST AND STREAM in a midnight nightcap, I see an historic legend, graven on my silver set of eight beautiful pieces, saying: "Presented by FOREST AND STREAM at Memphis Field Trials, 1875. Won by Tom (setter) for George W. Campbell and W. A. Wheatley."

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

W. A. WHEATLEY.

The Yukon River Illustrated.

THE Alaska Miner, printed at Juneau, is publishing a very interesting sketch of a journey from Juneau over the passes and down the chain of lakes and the Yukon River to Fort Michael, from notes and photographs by its editor, Mr. W. A. Beddoe, which are none the less interesting to the reader at the present time because they are strictly true, which cannot be said of much of what is written. Could Lieut. Schwatka have possessed himself of this journal when he made his tour of exploration in 1883, it would have been of essential service to him.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Indians and Eggs.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 14.—At last I can give an authentic instance of an Indian robbing a duck's nest, and it isn't in Alaska either. Dispatches of St. Paul journals have the following:

"Chamberlain, S. D., Special, May 7.—On complaint of local sportsmen, the Board of County Commissioners has passed a resolution requesting the United States Indian agents at Crow Creek and Lower Brule agencies to prohibit the Indians on their reservations from destroying ducks and duck eggs in or near any and all lakes and artesian well ditches in Brule county. The lakes and watercourses of the county are becoming famous as the rendezvous of numberless ducks and other wildfowl, and it had become the practice of Indians from the adjacent reservations to slaughter the ducks when very young and carry away the eggs."

I am unable to state whether the above egg depredations have been committed by the Indians because of the Alaska duck egg stories, which have been given great circulation, or whether the Alaska stories originally began because the Indians in Dakota took some eggs.

St. Louis Game Dealers' Association.

I have earlier mentioned the formation of an organization of the game dealers of St. Louis, a body somewhat similar to the recently defunct Produce Exchange of Chicago. The purposes of these two bodies were identical, and both are deceptive and specious. Both were careless of the protection of game and both sought to tinker with the game laws for purely commercial reasons, while asking the support of sportsmen for "better game laws." The only sort of "better game laws" which the St. Louis dealers want is the sort which will allow them to sell game more openly and more easily. The milk in the cocoanut is obvious in view of recent utterances of some of the interested parties. Mr. P. H. Kiely, a dealer of that city, says:

"St. Louis is the greatest city in the country for game, but the law prohibiting the sale of game after the lawful season for killing the same has expired is proving injurious, as it prevents this city from handling game from States where the law has not been violated in killing the same. The season for killing game in Missouri is shorter than in any other State."

"In Chicago the dealers are allowed sixty days after the expiration of the game law of that State to handle game from other States, and here we must cease selling just as soon as the Missouri law expires, no matter if the game we have on hand was killed in some State where there is no game law. It is our intention to ask the Legislature to amend the present law in the respect I have named."

"So far as punishing men for the unlawful destruction of game and fish is concerned, the commission men are heartily in favor of the same. The principal local game handled here is quail. One firm here disposed of \$20,000 worth last November and December, and a large per cent. of these birds were killed outside of this State. The Missouri law prohibits the shipment of quail and prairie chickens from one county to another, and as such game can only be lawfully killed and exposed for sale two months in the year, while in every other State a longer time is allowed, it will be observed that the St. Louis commission men are laboring under a discrimination in comparison with those living outside of the State and engaged in the same line of business."

What the St. Louis dealers want is to be placed on an equality with Chicago, and what Chicago wants is to be placed on an equality with New York and Boston, and what New York and Boston wants is the last living game bird left in the West. Meantime the Supreme Court of Missouri has gone on record with no uncertain sound against the whole cold storage proposition, giving the sportsmen of the country one of the best decisions ever placed in their magazines of offense. From all this I infer that in Missouri as well as Chicago the press of popular sentiment is beginning to become too strong for the dealers. They can no longer run things in the old high-handed manner. The cause of protection is making rapid and actual progress these days, and in no way faster than on the point of selling game, a product which never ought to be sold at all in this country.

Illinois Jacksnipe's Nest.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of the Illinois Audubon Society, writes me in regard to the mention in FOREST AND STREAM of the finding of a nest of the jacksnipe on Maksawba Club grounds in Indiana:

"I read with interest your note on the finding of the nest and eggs of the jacksnipe in Indiana. Could you give me the name of the finder, so I could get the exact date of his discovery? Geo. Morcom, formerly member of the Maksawba Club, now of Los Angeles, Cal., has a nest and eggs of this snipe taken on the club marshes a number of years ago."

The name of the discoverer of this nest is John Watson, of Grand Crossing, Ill., a gentleman very well known among Chicago shooters. Mr. Watson will no doubt tell Mr. Deane the exact date of the discovery, which was late in April. Mr. W. C. Haskell, of this city, is also, I believe, credited with finding a jacksnipe's nest, but this occurred a while ago, as I understand it. No doubt Mr. Haskell would be glad to give Mr. Deane any information possible.

Maksawba Club.

Members of Maksawba Club held a meeting last week and completed plans for rebuilding the Maksawba Club house, lately destroyed by fire. The new building will have a larger assembly room than the old one, with ample sleeping accommodations and everything to make life easy. The club even shows a marked disposition toward luxury, in that it will light the new domicile with gas, instead of the big lamps which in the past have shone over so many fair women and brave men.

Spring Shooting Over.

—So far as I know, most of the spring shooters have now put up their guns, as the law is up all over the West,

even in Illinois. Yet, although it has been illegal for some thirty days to shoot in the spring, I suggest now that the ducks are sitting on their nests and are much attached to their duties and not so wary, it would be much easier to shoot them than it was a few weeks ago. And then, think of the eggs you can get with the nest, too.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Wary Old Grouse.

YEARS ago, near my old home in Michigan, grouse were plentiful in thickets and wood patches, and as a boy I frequently took up arms against them, with varying success.

A favorite haunt for them was an alder thicket that lined the banks of Ashry Creek, a small stream that wound through pastures, fields and woods till lost in the more pretentious waters of Belle River.

Although not a crack shot in those days, I managed to collect toll from that alder thicket until, near the close of the season, but a single partridge out of an original dozen or so remained within its limits.

This old fellow—I say old because his wisdom indicated age—had managed to elude me time and again by lying close until I was nearly through the patch, and then bursting from cover away in the rear, he would wing himself to the safer seclusion of the thick woods that lined the lower reaches of the creek, his flight hastened by a parting salute from the old muzzleloader, given to show, at least, a proper resentment to his success in outwitting me.

Failure only stimulated in me a stronger determination to bag the old fellow. I was not then the possessor of a bird dog; but familiar with the haunts of the game, I worked the cover carefully with eyes and ears alert, trusting to my quickness in covering the birds, rise when they might, within the range of my old gun. The experience of repeated failures had taught me that if I secured that bird he must be flushed in front of me, and not behind; so I decided to work the cover very carefully, quartering the ground with but little distance between the laps, thus being brought close to every spot that would afford the bird a possible hiding place.

One bright day in late winter found me at the scene of former vanquishments and defeat, putting in operation the strategic plan of attack that promised much of victory.

Stooping down below the branches of the alders, so that only the trunks of them obscured my vision, I began a slow and careful hunt. Almost on my knees I crawled, peering here and there, my heart thumping with suppressed excitement, and all my senses keyed to highest pitch, expecting every instant to see rising before me the form of that much coveted bird. Half the cover was worked, and still there was unbroken silence. Could some one have robbed me of my prize, or had he divined my purpose and sought some safer spot?

I was drawing near the further edge of the patch, when with a roar of wings that sent the blood tingling and surging through my veins the bird broke cover to my right and started with lightning speed for the woods across the creek. A hurried swing, a glance along the barrels, both discharged in quick succession, a closely following thump upon the dry leaves beneath a beechen tree, and he was mine.

Not the successes of later years, nor hammerless guns and bigger bags killed over well-trained dogs, ever gave a tithe of the pleasure that the lying low of that old grouse brought to my youthful heart. B. W. SPERRY.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Men of Yesterday.

WEST VIRGINIA.—I was much impressed by the item "To-day and Yesterday" in a recent FOREST AND STREAM, by John C. Briggs, of Iowa.

Fifteen years ago, when I was a boy, I had among my acquaintances several old men, famous hunters in their day, when deer, bears and wild turkeys were numerous where now the much talked of red squirrel holds full sway. Recently I visited my old home in Pennsylvania, and not until it was suggested did it occur to me that but one of the old-time hunters that I knew is now living, and he is past fourscore years. I had the pleasure of hearing him recount some of his very interesting hunting experiences, as I have many times in the past, but this time I listened to him while sitting at his bedside, and very probably for the last time.

I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of the old pioneers, who built their cabins in our country when it was a wilderness, and killed their meat with the old flintlock rifle, and whose pleasure it is in their declining years to relate incidents of "early days." Very soon we shall have these facts pertaining to the situation of the country and abundance of game in the early only as second-hand stories.

Do we appreciate these lingering pioneers, and their interesting but truthful stories of the old times, as we should? I would be glad indeed to have more effort made to record actual occurrences as related by them, during the very short time we have a few lingering with us.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Each his Own Pew.

MILTON, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue a good deal was said regarding the extermination of our birds and animals, and of the investigations of Mr. Hornaday. Sportsmen have not awakened to the situation. They read in the papers of the decimation of the game, and then many start for a hunting trip on which moderation is not exercised; the desire to slay becomes the controlling passion, and the work of extermination moves one jot nearer to its closer drawing end. The remedy for this lies with the individual sportsman himself; and with each man working for the cause of moderation in the field, the tide, I am confident, will turn and the balance will not be so uneven.

Some years ago it was my good fortune to know a Vermont preacher who was called to a charge in a coun-

try town where the church had been for some time unused. The congregation were discussing plans for the cleaning of the edifice, which had become rather untidy during its disuse; little was done, however, and one day a committee called upon the dominie to consult him in regard to the matter. He promptly advised them to try the plan of each cleaning his own pew. The advice was good; we might profit by it; and instead of howling for better legislation and more game protection, knuckle down to the work of cleaning up "each his own pew."

Of course moderation in shooting is practiced by many, but with others the only ambition seems to be to kill. This is done thoughtlessly, perhaps, but it figures up tremendously in the end. Though I do not wish to pose as a saint, I may say that I have reconciled myself to thinking that one grouse in the pocket of my shooting coat does just as well as if I had a dozen. Market shooting and the sale of game are of course recognized as great evils, and should be stopped. But killing for numbers is the greater evil, and until each sportsman does his part all legislation and its enforcement will be in a great measure in vain. Now clean up your pew.

KENEWAH.

Small Bores and Big Game.

CINCINNATI, O., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an extract from an exceedingly interesting volume, "The Fall of the Congo Arabs," by Capt. S. L. Hinde, who saw nearly three years' steady fighting in the service of the Congo Free State. Hinde was an ardent sportsman as well as a soldier, and scattered all through the book are items of interest to lovers of rifle and gun. The Mannlicher rifle's bore is not given. As used by the European nations it varies from .256 to .315; the Belgian army Mauser is .301, the Lee-Metford .303. I presume the metal-jacketed hard bullet was used. I believe the soft-nosed bullet that "mushrooms" easily is not available for the big, thick-skinned animals of Africa.

G. W. D.

"It is unwise to approach big game, especially in a circumscribed space, with a small-bore rifle such as the Mannlicher, since, however great its accuracy and penetration may be, its stopping power is practically nil. In this particular case my shoulder-shot at the first hippo passed through both shoulder blades and a rib, in each case leaving only a small hole, through which it would have been difficult to force an ordinary cedar pencil. My second bullet had entered just above the right eye and had penetrated the brain. It is fairly safe, as I afterward often found, to fire at the head of big game with the new small-bore rifles, for though it is improbable that the game will be bagged, except by accident, the animal is too stunned to know what he is doing, and his mad charges are without method. The use of a small-bore rifle for big game seems, however, hardly sportsmanlike, since the number of animals wounded in this way compared with those killed outright must always be enormous. Some two years after this I had nine close, careful shots with a Mauser rifle at a big bull elephant, the bullet used being within half a grain of the same weight as the Lee-Metford rifle; yet I did not succeed in bagging him, and eventually he made off at a pace which defied pursuit. The poor beast probably died in the depths of the jungle before many hours were over."

Sea and River Fishing.

The Salmon Fisher.

A Song of Nova Scotia.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Angled in the Tusket River,
In the streams of Nova Scotia;
Angled for the lordly salmon,
Silver-sided, mighty swimmer,
Salmo salar, leaping salmon.

All his flies are in his fly-book,
Silver-doctor, Durham-ranger,
Jockie-Scot and Montreal;
Flies for bright and sunny weather,
Flies for dull and cloudy weather,
Flies of any sorts and fashions,
Many flies of many colors,
To entice the wary salmon
In the gleaming Tusket River,
In the streams of Nova Scotia.

Strong and supple is his fly-rod,
Double-handed, mighty fly-rod,
Strongly made, the best of Gotham;
Proper rod for skillful angler,
Angling in the Tusket River,
In the streams of Nova Scotia,
Angling for the lordly salmon,
Salmo salar, leaping salmon.

And his guide is Abraam Toney,
Indian guide and crafty hunter,
Hunter of the moose and wild deer,
Trapper of the bear and wildcat,
Catcher of the trout and salmon;
Skilled in hunting and in fishing,
In the ways of stream and forest,
Skilled in all the arts of woodcraft.

He will guide him to the river,
To the rushing, roaring river,
To the flashing, foaming river,
To the gleaming Tusket River,
To the streams of Nova Scotia.

He will choose the place for camping,
Cut the poles and stretch the canvas,
Lay the beds of fragrant hemlock,
Build the fire and cook the supper,
Skin the trout and fry the bacon,
Brew the tea and make the coffee,
Boil the maize, the antimony,*

While the silly gulls at nightfall,
Flying homeward from the ocean,
Flying homeward o'er the marshes,
In the silence of the forest,
In the stillness of the evening,
Laugh and scoff and jeer above them.

In his tent lies Hiawatha,
Wrapped in bison-robe and blanket,
Rubber sheets are spread beneath him,
Closed the tent-door, safely fastened,
Shutting out the chilling north wind,
Shutting out the fog and sea air,
Lest a cold should fall upon him,
Lest the rheumatiz should seize him,
Seize him on the Tusket River,
On the streams of Nova Scotia,
Angling for the lordly salmon,
Salmo salar, leaping salmon.

Now he feels the air grow warmer,
Feels the fire burn hot and hotter;
Like an oven seems the wigwam,
Like the rocks and sand at noontide,
When the midday sun is blazing
In the sultry summer weather.

Hotter grows my Hiawatha,
Bison-robe he lays from off him,
Now one blanket, then another,
One by one till all are off him,
As you peel a fragrant onion,
Till the tears come to your eyelids,
Till your eyes are red with weeping.
From his tent comes Hiawatha,
Forth into the moonlight striding,
All his clothes from off him throwing,
Walking in the quiet moonlight,
Heedless of the gulls, who mock him,
In the silence of the forest,
In the stillness of the evening;
Till the breeze has cooled his forehead,
And to slumber he returneth.

Early rose my Hiawatha
From his bed of fragrant hemlock,
From his bison-robe and blankets,
While the dew was on the grasses,
And the early bird was seeking
For the worm among the rushes,
And the porcupine was sleeping
In his den upon the hillside.
Rose and wandered to the river,
To the flashing, sparkling river,
Dancing in the early sunlight;
Plunged him in the shining water,
Bathed him in the cooling river,
Lost his sponge, a fresh and new one,
Lost it in the foaming river,
Lost it in the Tusket River,
In the streams of Nova Scotia,
Where the lordly salmon lieth,
Salmo salar, leaping salmon.

In the camp beneath the birch trees,
In the camp beside the river,
Toney cooks a fragrant breakfast,
Fries the trout and fries the bacon,
Makes a Johnnycake of cornmeal,
Of the golden maize he makes it,
Maize that comes from old Virginia,
From the sunny land of flowers,
From the Shenandoah Valley,
From the fair and balmy southland.

Then they step into the birch bark,
Lightly step into the birch bark,
Swiftly gliding down the river
To the pool where lies the salmon,
Lies the mighty silver salmon,
Salmo salar, leaping salmon.

Slowly rises Hiawatha,
In his hand the rod he poises,
Casts the fly upon the water,
Gently casts it in the water,
Deftly casts it on the water,
Casts it on the foaming river,
In the pool where lies the salmon.

Sees the fly the lordly salmon,
Gazing upward through the water,
Sees it sparkling in the sunlight,
Sees it swimming in the river;
Rising upward, quickly takes it,
Takes the fly of Hiawatha.

Strikes him now, my Hiawatha,
Strikes him till the hook has pierced him,
Strikes him till the fly has stung him.

Then in anger rose the salmon,
Shook his head in wrath and fury,
Rushing through the water madly;
As the birch bark shoots the rapids,
As the wild horse on the prairie,
As the iron engine rushes
On the railway of the white man,
In the country of the paleface,
In the land of Massachusetts.

Bendeth like a bow the fly-rod,
Screams the reel as if in terror,
And the stream is full of splashing,
And the birch bark rocks and trembles,
As the salmon strives for freedom,
Strives to break the line or leader,
Struggles from the hook to free him,
And to loose the fly that stings him,
Leaps from out the foaming water,
Leaps into the sparkling sunshine,
All his silver side revealing,
All his shining length revealing.

But my Hiawatha, standing
Calmly in the rocking birch bark,
Firmly holds the bending fly-rod,

* So our guide called hominy, on a notable fishing trip in Nova Scotia.

Gives no slack unto the salmon,
Laughs to see him madly rushing,
Laughs to see him leaping upward,
Till the lonely crane, the heron,
Pausing in his flight to watch them,
Lights upon a shining sandbar,
Standing on one leg to watch them.

Long and bravely fought the salmon,
Till he weary grew and fainting,
Till his strength began to fail him,
And he knew that he was losing,
That the line was slowly drawing,
Drawing slowly through the water,
Drawing to the fatal birch bark,
To the landing net of Toney.

Then he thought him of the camp-fire,
Of the frying-pan he thought him,
And he made a rush for freedom,
Made a mighty leap for freedom;
Almost in the birch bark leaping,
Splashed the water in the faces
Of the angler and the Indian,
Snapped the rod and broke the leader,
Broke the rod of Hiawatha.

"He is off," said Hiawatha,
"He is gone, a twenty-pounder!"
And his heart was cold within him,
Like a lump of ice his heart was.

Then returned my Hiawatha
To his home in peaceful Salem,
To the City of the Witches,
To his home in Massachusetts.

There he told the wond'ring people
Of his camp beside the river,
Of his tent beneath the birch trees,
Of his talks with Abraam Toney
By the camp-fire in the evening,
Of the porcupine and heron,
Of the laughing gulls that mocked them
In the silence of the forest,
In the stillness of the evening.

Not a word he said of angling,
Not a word of lordly salmon.

B.

The Avalon Yellowtail Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a close and constant reader of the ably edited angling department in that best of angling papers, FOREST AND STREAM, I was more than ordinarily interested recently when I read the well written article of Señor X., published in your issue of May 14, wherein is described a spot which is truly one "of blessed memory." I refer to that fisherman's paradise, Santa Catalina Island, Cal. Señor X.'s description of the game qualities of the yellowtail gave me much pleasure; for in this gentleman I readily recognized a worthy brother of the rod and reel, who, like myself, can recall many a battle royal in the past with this truly splendid athlete of the sea. Moreover, when I looked at the photograph reproduced on page 387 I felt a peculiar thrill of satisfaction—as when one meets a friend whom he loves and whom he has not seen for long—for the fish pictured there are old friends of mine, and for the very best of reasons: I caught them all myself. However, as this conflicts with the description printed beneath the photograph, "One day's catch by two men with rod and reel," I wish to beg a little of your space as follows, so that I can substantiate my claim as above to this, the Catalina rod and reel record for yellowtail.

I spent the entire summer of 1895 at Avalon, Catalina. I went there for the fishing, and more especially to kill with rod and reel that tremendously powerful and game creature, *Stereolipis gigas*, commonly called jewfish. I made a careful study of the game fish of that locality, and during all my stay I had as a tutor the ablest guide I have ever seen. He is mentioned by Señor X. I refer to Harry Elms. To Harry, who was simply tireless in my service, I owe almost all the success that fell to my rod. Avalon is a most wonderful spot for fishing, but it is like any other place that I ever saw. To make the largest catches one must do the hardest work. Consequently, as we were both ambitious for the distinction most coveted of man and guide at Catalina, namely, of being "high hook," Harry and I did work faithfully. We were always on the way to the fishing grounds before dawn, nor did we return usually until after dark. Often we covered twenty odd miles in a day, pulling double, of course, coming home, but it was well worth it; for what Eastern angler, man of brooks and lakes, ever so much as dreamed of fishing like that which fell to my lot day after day? With the exception of the lordly tuna, easily the grandest game fish in the world, and which posed as a sort of mystery at Catalina in 1895, I took with rod and reel every species of fish enumerated by Señor X. and many more besides. Nor were they wasted—an all too common practice at Avalon, I am sorry to say—for everything went to the professional fisherman, who gladly exchanged an ample supply of bait for my daily catch. Harry was very anxious to have me break the Island rod and reel record for yellowtail. As the summer drew toward a close the fishing grew better and better, but try as we would, it seemed beyond me. Mr. James Neale Plumb, of New York, the best salt-water angler I have ever met, had established the record that same season, and had set all Avalon to talking thereby. On one occasion, using two trolling rods and having the services of two boatmen, this gentleman had actually killed in one day no less than sixteen yellowtail. I feel safe in saying that although this means little or nothing to the novice, the man experienced in the splendid game qualities of *Seriola dorsalis* will appreciate this angling feat at its true value. I know that I did, for I almost despaired of duplicating it. Nevertheless we kept on trying hard, working like beavers, the record problem always before us. Twice I was almost within sight of it, with catches of fifteen fine fish, which aggregated respectively 252 and 282lbs. This was good, but not quite what we wanted. Early in September our turn came.

The yellowtail were biting well about fourteen miles from Avalon, too long a row, however, for the early

morning fishing. We got at the beauties nevertheless by going up the night before, well provided with bait, and camping, rolled in our blankets, on the pebbly beach. We were out by starlight, and just as the dawn was flushing in the east, and when it was still too dark readily to locate the always dangerous kelp stems, I struck my first fish, a 20-pounder. Thereupon followed some really wonderful fishing. The limits of this article prohibit a detailed description of that red letter day; but suffice it that fish after fish took my silver smelt eagerly and greedily, tried my tackle to the utmost, and finally yielded to Harry's unerring gaff. Many we lost in the kelp as a matter of course—always the case in yellowtail fishing—but when I finally laid aside the rod from very weary fingers and took up instead an oar for the long row home, Harry, as happy as a boy, and with the scales in his hands, turned to me and said: "Mr. Beard, you've got the record—twenty fish, 368lbs!" Now I come to the photograph mix-up, the which has caused me to write this article.

On the following morning, early—for we had not reached Avalon until after dark—I had the photographer snap a picture of Harry and myself and the fish. This done, I was on the point of turning the catch over to Vincente, the fisherman, so that he could send them to Los Angeles by steamer, as was his custom, when one of the onlookers said to me: "Do you mind, Mr. Beard, if I have my picture taken with those fish?" I never could see any fun in being photographed with another man's catch, as some of the visitors at Avalon seem so fond of doing, but that's no affair of mine, and on the spur of the moment I said: "Go ahead." It never occurred to me that this fellow would ever be standing in my shoes and claiming what I had worked so hard to earn. Whereupon, together with his friend, they took our places, and in an instant the thing was done.

As far as I know, that is still the one-man, one-rod, one-day record on yellowtail at Avalon. Consequently, when I look at this picture of the man on the right and remember that he was the then bartender of the Hotel Metropole, and probably never caught a fish on a rod in his life, it gives me a queer sensation, to say the least, seeing him as I do quietly posing there and claiming my fish and my record. I took four jewfish, 624lbs., and 131 yellowtail, 2,332lbs.—largest fish 43lbs.—making in all a total for my summer at Catalina of 5,412lbs. of game fish.

STUART-MENTETH BEARD.

NEW YORK CITY, May 14.

Williams River Suckers.

THERE is a fish, purely North American, found between Canada and Florida, which must be familiar to nearly every fisherman, but which has never been written about to amount to anything, and the books of reference which are at hand ignore it altogether. The humble, but useful, sucker is referred to. He is unfortunate in name, and though he is related to the Cyprinida family, keeps the even tenor of his way and leaves it to others to establish his claims to that apparently aristocratic name. The sucker is a sluggish fish, but very good to eat. It seems of even less intelligence than other fish, and the canard of one being taught to drink whisky from a nursing bottle was suggested, no doubt, by the fancied resemblance, to the suckers, of the lips of those who are continually thinking upon alcoholic joys.

Our gang takes an annual fish for suckers in Williams River, and this is written hoping that it will be of interest to the sportsman to hear of the recent camping trip for that purpose. The stream in which they are found is one of the clearest, coldest trout streams in the West Virginia mountains. The day is past when a large catch can be made, but it is still possible to catch a couple of dozen very fine trout in a half day's fishing. The sucker is only found in one part of the river. The stream at the Meadows is perhaps 30ft. broad. At the head of the "improvement" the river dashes down a rough fall of 30 or 40ft. For a mile or so it has a great fall. The rapids are interspersed with trout pools until the Deadwater is reached. There for nearly two miles the stream is apparently without a current, and the water is deep and wide. This is the home of the sucker, and the safe retreat for the trout in low water and the winter, and it has kept them from being wholly exterminated. It may be added that such a sluggish stretch of water is very unusual in a mountain stream, as they generally slip away with a uniform fall. In this Deadwater it is very common to see drift floating up stream when the wind is drawing that way. It is the place where the deer used to run when chased by dogs, and untold numbers have been killed there, swimming in the water. We have not chased deer here for eight years, and the last Legislature made a close season of five years for killing deer.

The suckers live in this deep water the whole year round with the exception of two weeks about the first of May, when they come up on the riffles to spawn. When they first make their appearance they can be caught. They must either be taken at the spawning season or not at all, and as it is just as destructive to take a fish in January that will spawn in May as to take that same fish in May, I cannot see but that we have a moral right to a certain number of fish every year from the countless numbers in Williams River. In early spring this fish can be caught at the rate of about one an hour, in the style of Rip Van Winkle, who "would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day," and I have taken them that way.

The suckers raised in this cold mountain stream, just before spawning, are good to eat. They rival the mountain trout—and there are many who maintain that they surpass trout as an edible fish.

On the last occasion our gang camped underneath some beech trees on the edge of the river, where there was a great rack heap handy for a big camp-fire. By the way, a big fire at your feet is the secret of being comfortable at night in camp. In a short time a mountaineer came by and told us that under that rack heap lived the biggest trout in those parts; and thereby hangs a tale.

We were equipped for trout fishing, and this same man

told us that the suckers had not come up. A few hours' fish netted thirty-one trout from 9 to 11in. in length. A few suckers had been seen, but only one caught. We were afraid we were too early. We had a very comfortable night and a pleasant awakening, for this is the home of the birds. To say that their noise was deafening would be to exaggerate; but the sounds were truly wonderful.

After breakfast we took our rods and started down stream for trout. The writer had caught eight, all large, and was not caring whether the suckers had come up or not, when on a shallow riffle he discovered the advance guard. The bottom of the stream was literally paved with them. There must have been a thousand in sight. Down the stream for deeper water they went, exposing themselves and making a show that would have moved the blood of a dead fisherman. All hands and the cook got below them and drove them up stream like a flock of sheep to an eddy about 2ft. deep in a bend, where lay two submerged logs. The implements were a dull, a set of hooks to drag into their mouths, and a steel gig. The gig proved the most effective, and would have been most terribly destructive had not one prong after another broken against the bottom, until only the middle prong remained. Then it was a sportsman's gig. It took a very expert man to kill a fish with it. It amounted only to a spike pole. It was at this stage in the game that a most destructive method was introduced, and it was all owing to an article recently read concerning taking trout in Scottish streams by stroking them. The fish would make the water very muddy, and only one or two could be taken at a time.

Then it was that I won a point. Openly derided by my companions as the worst kind of a fool, I lay at full length on the sunken log, getting wet all over, and reached out in the pool as far as I could. I felt fish lying several layers deep, and it gave me an indescribable sensation to find that my hand did not disturb them. I was actually able to pick out a big fish for my experiment, and I commenced at its tail and passed my hand gently along its body to its head, when I grasped it and threw it to the bank. This was repeated until I had thrown out twenty-three, when we decided we would have to stop if we wished to fish the next morning. When the fish were strung and counted we found that we had eighty-two. They were from 12 to 19in. long, and had an average weight of about 1½lbs.

The next morning the fishing was repeated, and the hand method was the only plan pursued. We took sixty-three, making the catch 145, which would weigh at least 200lbs. We had friends to use this supply of fish, and it is no exaggeration to say that we could have tripled the catch easily, so I think we were moderate; and while it was a good deal like a general slaughter, the fish seemed to be appreciated by the friends at home.

When we got back to camp we found we had a visitor. A Southern colonel, in whose demesne we were camped, had called to take dinner with us. It should be stated that we had been fishing for trout in odd times, and had caught some large ones; but do what we would we could not get the big one under the rack heap by the camp to bite. We had tried all hours, and all kinds of bait and flies. But just before dinner the Colonel, who had probably not caught a fish since he was a boy, picked up a rod, and putting on a corpulent worm, stepped heavily out to the shingle beside the pool and made a cast. The bait had hardly touched the water when there was a splash, and the Colonel had him. He was fishing with a light and valuable fly rod, but he jerked the fish out before he could turn, happily without breaking the rod. It was a 13in. trout, of heavy build. There was a muttered swearword or two from the man who had fished the most persistently for that identical fish, but the Colonel was so well pleased that we could not quarrel with him for his good luck.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Fish-Eating Birds.

WHEN young Von Steinwehr, of Cincinnati, shot the loon on Geneva Lake, in Minnesota, last summer, nearly all the guests at the beach condoned the act, because, they said, it was a most excellent shot, right in the eye, from a moving boat, at a distance of 100yds., with a Winchester rifle. The big bird was not mutilated at all for a specimen, and it was accordingly stuffed forthwith by taxidermist Lindquist and mounted as a trophy at the Geneva Beach Hotel. It stood on the glass cigar case in the office, where its long indicative bill pointing constantly toward the open "tickler" on the disk, served as a perpetual reminder of unpaid dues for boat hire, cigars, fish bait, frogs and ginger ale.

Old man Updegraff, however, declared that it was a shame to kill the loons. There were only a few of them left, and he loved to see them flying from lake to lake, and to listen to their weird call just before a rain. "For," he said, "it is a fact that rain is sure to follow the cry of a loon within twenty-four hours after."

This statement was disputed on its face by Prof. Vandemore, who declared that he was at the beach one whole summer when it did not rain at all, and the loons hollered every night all the same.

"Oh, that was an off year," Mr. Snedcor rejoined. "They just hollered out of spite, because it didn't rain!"

All hands were examining the specimen just after it had been brought in, and presently one happened to notice the tail of a four-ounce perch sticking out of its gullet, which the bird seemed to have been in the act of swallowing when it met its fate. This circumstance was thumbs down for Mr. Loon, for it at once directed prejudice against him as a fish destroyer, and anglers are jealous of their prerogatives, especially when they fish for count, as most of them seemed to do at Geneva Beach. Any feathered pirate (kingfisher, loon, gull, crow, or fish hawk, land bird or water fowl) which would detract one iota from the chances of an angling competition would come under the ban and be destroyed at once if reached.

This disturbing factor naturally raised the question as to the actual damage done to sport and the economic fisheries by fish-eating birds, as well as to their number and variety; and I was accordingly induced to investigate from data opportunely at hand whereby I was

enabled to reach results which I am certain will surprise your readers as much as they did me. The facts I gather were first submitted by Robert Ridgeway, Curator of the Ornithological Department of the National Museum at Washington, to the International Fisheries Congress, held in London in 1885; and as the summary is my own, compiled from the Ridgeway list, I doubt if the like has ever been published before. From the prefatory note in the catalogue it would seem that there are no less than a grand total of 277 aquatic species, in addition to the fish-eating land birds, like the kingfisher, osprey, osel, etc., which live largely upon fish. Indeed all water birds may be assumed to be piscivorous. Grouped in their orders, they would appear as follows:

Catalogue of Aquatic Fish-Eating Birds.			
Order of Herodiones or Herons.			
Herons, varieties.....	14	Ibises	4
Storks	2	Spoon-bill ibis.....	1
Total, 21.			
Order of Limicoles or Shore Birds—Eat Eggs or Spawn.			
Oyster catchers	3	Curlews	5
Turnstones	3	Yellowlegs	2
Plovers	15	Greenshanks	1
Snipes	5	Willetts	1
Sandpipers	22	Tattlers	2
Woodcock	2	Phalaropes	3
Godwits	4	Avocets	2
Total, 70.			
Order of Paludicoles or Marsh Birds			
Rails	10	Coots	2
Gallinules	2	Limpkin	1
Crakes	2	Cranes	3
Jacana	1	Flamingo	1
Total, 22.			
Order Anseres.			
Swans	4	Brant	2
Geese	12	Ducks	40
Total, 58.			
Order Steganopodes or Totipalmate Swimmers.			
Pelicans	3	Gaunets	4
Cormorants	12	Tropic birds	2
Total, 21.			
Order Gaviæ or Gull-like Swimmers.			
Skimmer	1	Terns	17
Kittiwakes	2	Skua gulls or jaegers ..	4
Gulls	22		
Total, 46.			
Order Tubinaes.			
Albatrosses	5	Shearwaters	11
Petrels or fulmars.....	15		
Total, 31.			
Order Pygopodes or Divers.			
Grebes	8	Puffins	5
Loons	5	Doyekie	1
Auks	7	Guillemots	14
Total, 40.			
Grand total, 277.			

We discover, however, that reprisal is the prime order of nature, and that the water birds do not have it all their own way; for the pikes, muscalonge, and gars feed largely on shore birds, tilts or sandpipers especially; while many a loon, teal or dipper becomes a prey to the larger fishes, who incontinently turn the tables upon them and swallow them whole. Swallows, when flitting upon the calm surface of lakes in summer, are often caught on the wing, and small land birds sitting on branches which overhang the shore are often picked off by ravenous pike, which leap 2ft. upward to seize them. And sometimes a mother goose with her family of goslings will be sitting unsuspectingly on the water when one of the brood suddenly flutters and disappears, and presently another follows, and then another, until at last the old lady, who is unable to count, finds herself wholly bereft and childless, despoiled by a voracious pike. In the ocean too the angler or goosefish with gaping mouth, the shark, the barracouda and the cod all live on sea birds; and in Newfoundland the fishermen use the petrels, shearwaters and hagden for bait in catching codfish; and on the seal islands in the Pacific the fish known as killer will hang around the rocks and snatch the seals off as they clamber up the kelp-covered slopes.

Thus goes on the struggle for existence. It is not only "dog eat dog," according to the adages, and "fleas which have other fleas to bite 'em, and so go on ad infinitum," but in all the animal kingdom we find the law of reprisal in constant operation. Man's sympathies go with those which affect his own subsistence least. If edible ducks were the customary victims of the pike, it might become a question with the sportsman as to which he would incline, depending mainly upon his proclivities as angler or hunter. As for the loons, gulls, grebes, hawks and kingfishers, which enliven our lakes and give them charm, I would spare them all and grant the few fish they catch; for a wilderness without animal life is as desolate as a hearth without a fire. Tenantless, it is almost as a body without a soul.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Spring Fishing at Charleston Lake.

CHARLESTON, Ont., May 12.—Spring salmon fishing is at its best here now. Col. Van Cleef, Comptroller Hancock, Judge Woodruff, Messrs. Gummere, Montgomery, and Capt. R. Reading, of Trenton, N. J., made their annual visit last week, and catches averaged from twelve to eighteen fish to a boat. Messrs. Iffland, Wisner and Waldman, of Newark, N. J., are here, and having phenomenal success. Largest fish caught this season, 18lbs., 13¾, and 12¼.

The fishing for small-mouth black bass opens June 15, and the guides say that it promises to be an extra good season, as the bass are very large, and the water is at the proper height. W. H. LEAVITT.

BOWMAN'S BLUFF, N. C.—Inclosed is check for one year's subscription to my favorite periodical. Go on saving your Plank. Game law's a dead letter here, and every poacher does as he likes, unless you can catch him.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. VI.—Pickerel, Pike and Mascalonge.

BY FRED MATHER.

HERE are three good American game fishes which somehow seem to be mixed up in the minds of anglers who fish, but do not read. They know the three names, and in a vague way attach them to the fish found in their local waters. To readers of FOREST AND STREAM the differences have been pointed out in print and in picture many times, but these things require to be hammered at and reiterated year after year before a few anglers in separate localities are well enough informed to begin the education of their neighbors. There is no good reason for confounding the three species, for they are not only distinct in points of structure, but their colors differ so greatly that there should be no confusion, and color is more regarded by the angler than by the ichthyologist. A man should not only know how to catch fish, but also how to name them correctly. With others I have labored at the herculean task of correcting our mixed and often absurd nomenclature of American fishes, and thirty years ago I hoped to accomplish it. To-day I am content to help with the good work, which may be completed a century hence.

Pike is an old English word applied to the only member of this family and genus which inhabits Europe. The Germans know it as "hecht" and the French as "brochat." This is the *Esox lucius* of the books. The English have three names for the fish, to denote different sizes, just as they have a dozen or more names for a salmon, to express its age or condition; when small it is called a "pickerel," just as a cock under a year old is called a "cockerel," the termination being a diminutive. Therefore "pickerel" is a name denoting a small pike, and scholarly anglers of America so accept the name and apply it to one of our five species of this family, for we have that number, while Europe has only one. In England when the fish has grown to 4lbs., more or less—I am not certain about the limit—it becomes a "jack," and is so known until it can pull the scales down to 10lbs., when it receives its third degree and is entitled to be known as a pike. These three names were imported into America by our ancestors and applied indiscriminately to three species, and we have never been able to correct the error in the popular mind.

Added to this, they found a giant member of the family with the Indian name which has been perverted into mascalonge, and this added to the confusion. In this attempt to straighten out the kinks of nomenclature I am following the best authorities, and make no claim for original work in this line. If the angler will consider the fact that of all the species of fresh and salt-water fish which inhabit or frequent the North American Continent there are only three which bear the same name from Maine to Florida, he will get a fair idea of the abominably mixed state of the names of our fishes among anglers. They are all straight among the fish sharps, who use Latin names that are recognized by scientists of all countries; but the busy man, who has no time nor taste for such investigation, wants a plain, single-jointed name for his fish, and the three fishes which have a common name all over our coasts, rivers, and the Great Lakes, are the shad, eel and sturgeon. These are all English names of English fishes, and could not be misapplied because there was no chance to mix them, as in the case of the pike family. Outside of these three fishes there is no other American fish which has not from six to thirty names in different localities—I was about to say sections, but in our now united country such divisions no longer exist. With this as a preamble, necessary to a fair understanding of the pike family, we will take a look at each of the three prominent members of it, and then "go for 'em" with hook and line, with that good old Latin war cry inscribed on our corks: *Soc et tu em*.

The Species.

It has been here recorded that America has five species of this family, and as the family has but one genus, *Esox*, that is all there is of it. Two of these species are small, rarely exceeding 10in. in length, and therefore may be dropped as far as the angler is concerned, although for the table these small species are the only ones that I value enough ever to buy in market. They infest cold trout brooks, and should be eaten to get them out of the way. One of them inhabits the coast-wise streams east of the Alleghanies, and the other the Mississippi Basin; and as they are as voracious as their larger relatives they are great pests in trout streams and ponds. Long Island brooks are infested with them, and they devour trout fry in great numbers, as well as the young of other fishes.

Pickerel.

In portions of Canada this name is applied to a hard-finned member of the perch tribe, and in parts of the United States it is used properly, and also improperly, for the great pike. The pickerel, *E. reticulatus*, gets its specific name from the Latin *reticula*, a net, on account of a more or less distinct black network on its yellowish or greenish sides. This should be a sufficient guide to the angler, but in some waters where this and the next species exist there are anglers and fishermen who do not separate them, or if they do they call the larger species mascalonge when they are simply pike.

In the three species of which this paper will treat the shape and position of the fins is the same. Except in large specimens there is no aldermanic abdomen, the lines of the back and belly being nearly parallel, with the soft dorsal fin set far back, near the tail, and but slightly in advance of the anal fin, which, with its fewer rays, comes out about even behind.

Structural differences, which are the most important points in determining species, have been illustrated recently in FOREST AND STREAM, and we will skip them, for the angler considers color to be the main thing, which in this family is sufficiently constant and varied in the species for our purpose.

The pickerel is called "jack" in Virginia and Southern waters, and as they have no other species there we can

get on understandingly. It is found in the clear, grassy streams and ponds of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Alabama, but not west of the Alleghanies, nor in the Great Lake region. It was introduced into the Adirondacks from Fulton county, N. Y., in 1842,* and they have spread from the "south woods" north to Meacham Lake, ruining many good trout lakes and streams, for worms, insects and their larvæ do not enter into the diet of this family to any noticeable extent; they live on fish and are the sharks of fresh water. The pickerel seldom exceeds 6lbs. in weight, and 8lbs. is believed to be the limit of its size.

Pike.

In early American angling literature Frank Forrester called this fish "the great northern pickerel," Genio C. Scott, 1875, did not know it, but he wrote of it all the same. He was a salt-water angler only, and padded out his work by borrowing from previous writers, without credit in most instances. Norris follows Forrester in his nomenclature, but figures a pike, and not a pickerel, as the "Great Lake pickerel," and he also figures the mascalonge correctly, and under the head of "the pond pike, or common pike," he gives an indication of the network on the sides of the pickerel. This is in his edition of 1865, and the tangle was being slowly worked out for anglers. Of course the scientists had it all clear, but they are so learned (and only condescend to write for those who are as learned as themselves) that they talk over the head of the ordinary angler, who, by the way, does not see their dust-covered tomes, and would not understand them if he did.

The pike grows to a weight of 40lbs. and over, and this fact makes some fishermen confound it with its big brother, the mascalonge. Its color is a bluish gray, with oval white spots about the size of a white bean. As the mascalonge is black spotted, plain or slightly barred, the confusion in names can only exist among those who have not seen both species. The fact that it has no scales on its cheek and none on the lower half of its gill cover would not be noticed by the average angler.

Range of the Pike.

The pike, *Esox lucius*, has probably the greatest range of any fresh-water fish. It is found throughout northern Europe and as far south as Italy. It occurs in Asia, and we would not be surprised to find it scooping in the smaller fishes in some of the lakes and streams of Africa, when the British angler explores that continent in search of new fields and fishes. Ah me! if I were only twenty now, with the spirit of adventure that once raged, and the geographical knowledge and possibilities of travel of to-day, the streams of Siberia, South Africa and India would be a mine of fishy wealth to explore.

In America the range of this fish was originally from Lake Champlain to northern Indiana and the northwest to Alaska, according to Jordan. It has been extended to the Adirondacks of New York by vandals who placed it in the trout lakes there for reasons best known to themselves; let us hope that it was in ignorance of the destructiveness of the fish. In places where the pike occurs it is commonly mistaken for the mascalonge because it is larger than the pickerel, the exceptions being where both of the larger species are found. How any man who has once seen these two great pikes can confound them is a great puzzle. I quote the following from my "Adirondack Survey Notes" to FOREST AND STREAM in 1882, when I was the ichthyologist of the survey, under Supt. Verplanck Colvin, and had the noted guide Jack Sheppard detailed to serve me:

"There is a fish in Long Lake which some call a mascalonge and others a pickerel," said the guide, "and no one seems to know exactly what it is, or if they do, the others who differ from them don't accept their decision. You should go there and see the fish and settle it."

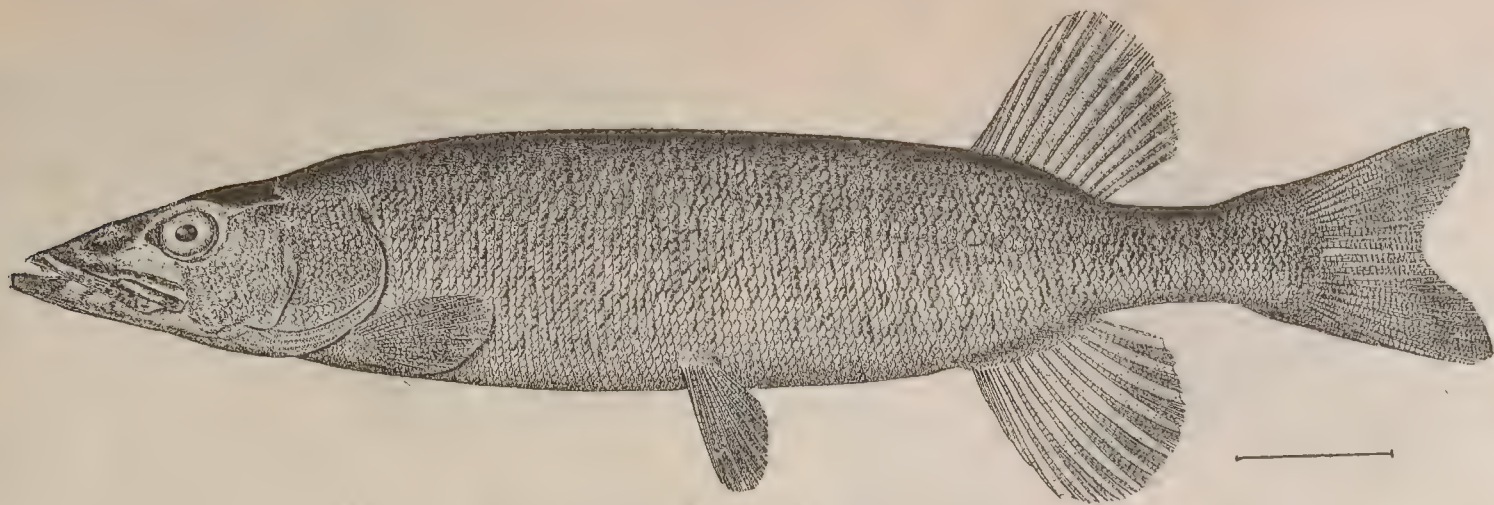
"On arriving at Kellogg's on Long Lake we found the question of maskinonje versus pickerel being argued in the hotel office. One man said that he had been all through New York markets and had asked the differences between the fish, and the market men had always shown him fish like those in the lake for maskinonje, or mascalonge, as it is here called. Fortunately the landlord had one in the kitchen, and Sheppard suggested that it be shown to me. There was no difficulty in determining it to be the great lake pike, *Esox lucius*. It is singular how much mixed the mass of anglers are about this family of fishes. The colors alone are sufficient, generally, to identify them without going into the structural differences, as scales on cheek, etc., yet many who can distinguish the two named do not distinguish the great pike from the smaller pickerel, *E. reticulatus*, the one which only grows to 5 or 6lbs. and has black network on its sides, but call them both 'pickerel.' We only stopped next day long enough to take four specimens, two of which were too large for the alcohol tank, and therefore had to be given away. The smaller ones, about 2lbs. each, were preserved."

An angler is not half an angler unless he knows his fish. To catch a fish, or to shoot a bird, and be unable to identify it, proclaims one to be a duffer unless the specimen happens to be a stranger in the country where it is killed, and is therefore a legitimate subject for speculation and for appeal to higher authority. There is no good reason why any intelligent angler should, in this late day, mistake or confound any members of the pike family, because the colors alone will furnish a key to them, even if he has no knowledge of their structure, on which scientists base the difference.

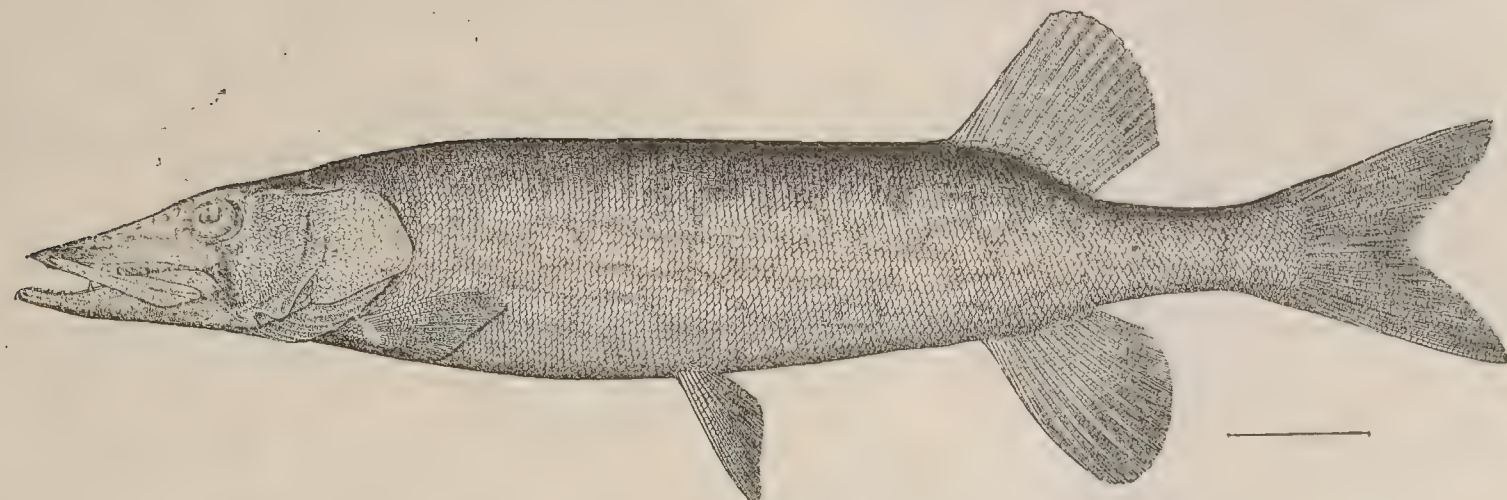
The Mascalonge.

The name of the giant American pike is variously spelled; the above is a popular way, and is nearer to the original than "muscalunge," which is a further corruption. Our older angling writers, Scott, Roosevelt, et al., failed to grasp the fact that the Canadian French took the name of the fish from the Ojibwas, and twisted it so that it would appear to be derived from the French *masque-allonge*, or long face. Forty years ago I knew some Ojibwa, enough to interpret in a small way for a Government survey, and in FOREST AND STREAM in the

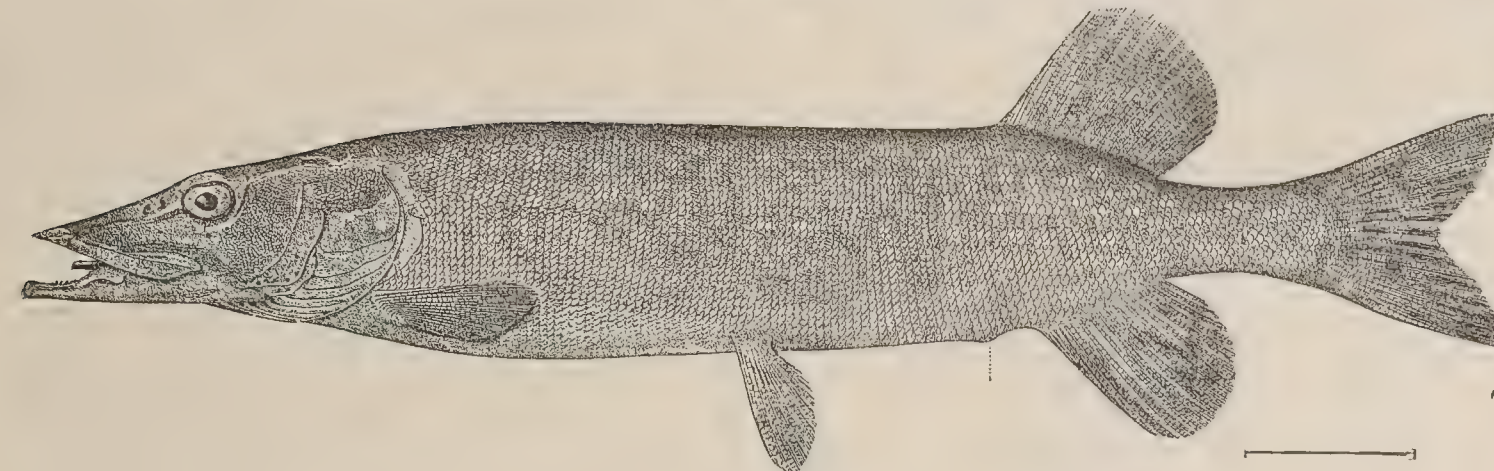
* Twelfth Report of the Survey of the Adirondack Region, 1882.



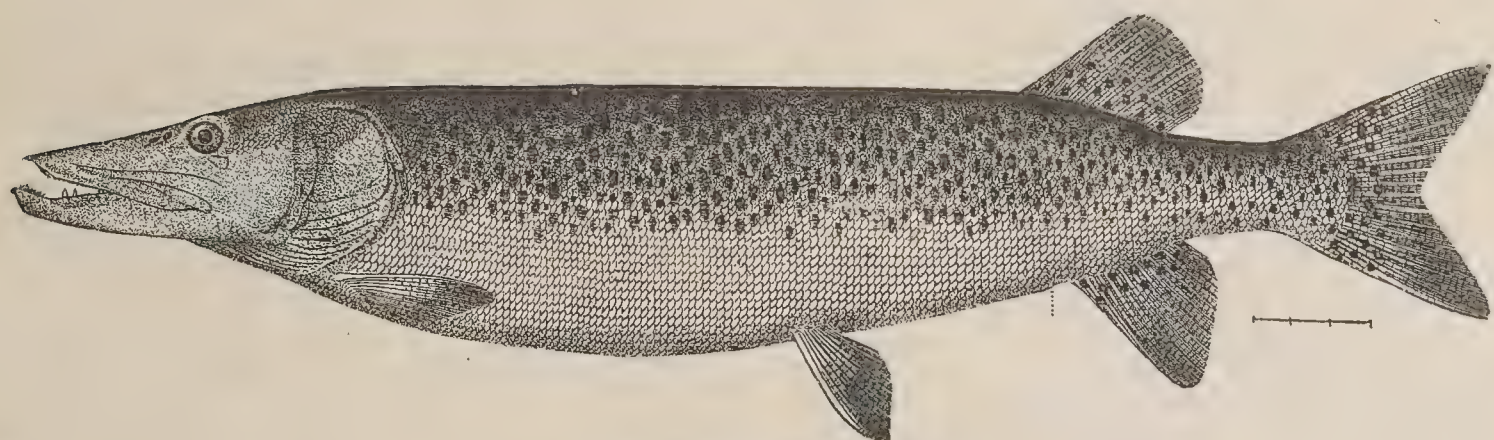
WESTERN BROOK PICKEREL (*Esox umbrinosus*).



PICKEREL (*Esox reticulatus*).



PIKE (*Esox lucius*).



MUSCALONGE (*Esox nobilior*).

80s I fully explained, to my own satisfaction, that the original Ojibwa name of mas-kinoje had been corrupted into its many modern forms just as their tribal name has been perverted into "Chippeway." In their tongue "kinoje" means a pike, and "mas" is their term for spotted.

In those days I had paid little attention to the different fishes beyond the species which I had seen in the Hudson and Mississippi rivers, but I clearly remember seeing what I then called "pickerel" drying by hundreds on the frames built by the Indians for preserving food for winter, a strange form which was black spotted, and which the Indians called "mas-kinoje," a name easily twisted into maskinonge, etc. The book spelling has been followed, but the name of the pike, as I remember it from the spoken Ojibwa, was more like "kinozhee," but it is hard to put an unwritten language in type. Scott says: "The Ojibwa name of this fish is 'maskanonja,' meaning 'long snout.'" When we take this all in it is funny, because Scott took his translations at second hand. Norris, that American Walton, wisely skips all reference to nomenclature, and only tells what he knows, and therein discounts all the writers who came after, with their accumulated knowledge of strange fishes which were not accessible in the days when they wrote.

The range of the muscalonge is quite limited. It does not exist in the Adirondacks, although the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario are its home. It is found in the Great Lakes and in Chautauqua Lake, in the southwest corner of New York, which, although near Lake Erie, drains its waters into the Alleghany River through Conewango Creek, and thus the fish gets into the Ohio Valley. Curiously, this isolated branch of the species is not spotted, nor does it grow as large as in the Great Lakes, where there are legends of its having obtained a weight of 100lbs. I have seen this fish among the Indians about Crow Wing and Mille Lacs, Minn., in the 50s, but never saw one that would weigh over 10lbs. with them. These were black spotted, and as these waters flow into the Mississippi River, the only reason that they differ from their brothers of the upper Ohio Valley seems to be that there must be impassable water in the rivers before they join.

Differences in Habit.

The pike will go on mud flats in spring freshets, and in

hot weather is found in shallow, warm water among the weeds, while a muscalonge loves deep, cool lakes or swift, clear waters. Floods do not tempt him to roam over lands that are temporarily flooded, and with this knowledge we may find a key to the problem of distribution and of the isolation of some members which by interbreeding have lost the spots. The Wisconsin fish are spotted.

Pickerel Fishing.

The angler for pickerel may take his fish in many ways, and with as little consideration for his game as the pickerel has for a toothsome trout. The fish is the worst kind of a cannibal, and one that weighs twice as much as another thinks of his smaller relative merely as something to decorate his interior. This is the best trait in the character of this whole family—they destroy each other—and as a fishculturist I wish they would emulate the famed Kilkenny cats. The world would be better without them. Therefore any kind of a mouthful of steel is pardonable to use on the brutes. I took one of about 4lbs. weight which had three small trout in its pouch, and which wanted my chub to add to its collection. Three trout to feed a durned pickerel! It brought to mind the portents which foreshadowed the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, as related by the Old Man, who said:

"On Tuesday last
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

From my point of view those three trout were sadly misplaced in the economy of nature; for they should have met a better fate; they were "lads of high degree," and they went to sustain a fish which Adirondack guides call a "snake-eater."

In trolling for pickerel, if you use a spoon, and it is as good to troll with as a minnow gang, and less trouble, let it be suited to the size of the fish which you may reasonably expect to strike. A pickerel has an eye for fish which will fill his bill, and seldom makes the mistake of tackling a fish which is too big, although in the South Kensington Museum, London, I saw a plaster cast of a 20lb. pike which had choked to death in trying to swallow one too near its size, and had been captured and set up as a horrid example of greediness. Therefore let your spoon or minnow be in proportion to the

game which you expect to get. This is something which the beginner must learn, and perhaps there is no better way than to consult a first-class tackle dealer, but it is better to err on the side of smallness, whether of spoon or minnow.

Trolling the Spoon.

In trolling from a boat, use an ordinary trout or bass bait rod—a fly rod is hardly the thing if the fish are large. Row slowly, with just enough motion to spin the spoon well, and you can judge of this by putting it over the side and watching it. The slower the better, if the spoon spins and glitters well.

These remarks apply to all of this family, and therefore there is no need of repeating them for the pike and muscalonge. Having fed all these fishes in the confinement of aquaria, and watched them take live minnows, I may be pardoned if I say just how all the pike family approach and take their prey. When they are very hungry they will make a sudden rush from below and seize the living minnow and then retire with it to consider the next move. Then, if it has been taken cross-wise, or tail first, it is ejected and turned so as to be taken head first, when the fins and scales lie in the proper manner to slip down easily.

If, however, the pike or pickerel is not hungry, but would take a little something if it looked tempting, the tactics are different. There is no sudden rush; the game is pointed as a setter points a woodcock. There is no motion of the body, nor of that propeller which we call a caudal fin, but a wary motion of the dorsal and anal fins sends the fish slowly ahead, while its eye glitters with suppressed excitement. The distance is gauged, there is a rush, a flash, and the minnow or spoon is engulfed.

If using a spoon the angler knows whether his game is hooked or not, and that the fish cannot eject the bait if it would; and then, after a short struggle, the fish yields. In describing how a pickerel, which is not hungry, approaches a fish, the only object is to warn the angler not to row too fast and thereby pass too quickly from the field in which a pickerel or other member of the family wishes to approach its prey.

The Minnow Gang.

There is a gang on gut or gimp, consisting of a lip hook for the minnow and a hook to be carried over its back and inserted under the dorsal fin, and then one of a triplet is hooked into the tail in a way to bend the minnow and thereby give it a semi-rotary motion. It is a most murderous combination, but none too severe for this cannibalistic family.

Skittering.

A stiff cane is used for this work, and should be from 18 to 20ft. long in order to cast 30ft., and then "skitter" a minnow on the surface of the water. I have used a ringed Limerick hook, size 4-0, but do not know why this has been preferred further than that it was the first hook I used for the work, and so to use it has become a habit. To-day, if a change was made, it would be for the more modern turn-down eye Pennell hook of that size, or of a size larger. A foot of gimp or of piano wire should connect the hook with the line. The minnow or frog should be hooked through both lips, and it is merciful to pierce the brain with a knife, because the bait is as good dead as alive, and it is cruel to kill it by such rough usage as skittering.

From the shore the bait should be cast into open places among the weeds, but from a boat the angler should stand in the bow and cast ahead into unbroken water.

Still-Fishing.

A good bait rod and reel are the proper tools, and a live minnow hooked just under the dorsal fin, or a frog hooked firmly in the muscle of a hindleg, near the backbone, is the best of baits. If a float is used it should allow the bait only 3ft. to go down, unless the water is over 10ft. deep, because all of this tribe seek prey that is above them, as is denoted by their lower jaw being longest. A float is a nuisance when a reel is used, but is one of those evils which we sometimes term "necessary."

Keep Cool!

When a pickerel seizes a spoon hook it is either well hooked or lost at the moment of contact, as the fish knows at once that it has made a mistake, and will get rid of the combination of steel and other ingredients if possible. With a minnow or frog it is different. The pickerel may take it crosswise in its mouth and run to cover with it. Let him run and have time to gloat over his prize, eject it, and take it head on and pouch it. This may consume some minutes, during which there is no sign of life at the far end of the line. Wait. After the bait is fairly down the pickerel moves and finds itself fast, and then the angler may begin the fight with no danger of drawing the bait away and alarming his game by a premature movement.

Pike Fishing.

The same methods are used for pike as for pickerel. Their habits are much the same, and they are found in similar waters. For the larger fish we must use larger hooks and baits. Where pike of 10lbs. may be looked for, a 7-0 hook or larger is the right size, and the minnow should be 5 to 6in. long, frogs in proportion. Spoons are made in so many shapes (and the makers have a scale of sizes of their own) that the angler must work out this problem of size.

There are spoon baits in great variety, and all of them will catch weeds, some more than others, and the angler must reel up occasionally to look for weeds, since a bit of green weed on spoon or minnow tells your game that it is an undesirable morsel, for the fish knows that no living minnow or frog drags weeds with it.

Both pike and pickerel are taken through the ice with live baits, and this is the only winter sport of the fresh-water angler. Many holes are cut and the lines are attached to "tip-ups," which signal the fact that a fish is hooked.

Muscalonge.

It is in the Great Lakes where this king of the pike

family grows to its greatest size, but with an increased population they do not live long enough to attain their maximum weight. The clear waters of the Thousand Islands, at the head of the St. Lawrence River, is a famous place for them, but their numbers have greatly decreased in late years. It is a gamier fighter than its relative, the pike, and coming from clearer waters it is a better table fish.

It is mainly caught by trolling the minnow or the spoon, with an 8ft. bait rod, a multiplying reel, and rooyds. of good cuttybunk bass line. The best seasons for mascalonge are in June and again in September and October. All fish weighing over 10lbs. should be gaffed; the landing net is too light for them.

The Maine Season.

Boston, May 13.—Fishing at the Rangeleys is not yet up to expectations. The woods are still full of snow, and snow water is not considered conducive to good fishing. Camp Prospect, Richardson Lake, is open. Mr. Cristie, of Portland, and Messrs. F. O. Walker and W. M. Small are there. A lady of the party is reported to have landed a trout of 4½lbs. the other day. At the Upper Dam fishing has continued rather slow, but will be improved by warmer weather. The fishermen rather expect to be disturbed by the sluicing of the logs through the dam, which will soon begin. The Berlin Mills Co. has 14,000,000ft. to go through the lakes and the Upper and Middle dams this spring. It is suggested that the log sluicing and towing will "stir up the trout." The Tuttle party, including Messrs. R. A. Tuttle, C. A. Hutchins and E. H. Sampson, will be on their regular spring fishing trip at Lake Point Cottage, Rangeley Lake, for the next three or four weeks. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Porter go to their cottage at the Rangeleys tomorrow. Mr. C. W. Barney, of Lynn, is about ready to go to his cottage at the Rangeley Lakes. Mr. J. A. E. Hall will go to Allerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, this spring with the Haskell party. Hon. A. P. Williams, of California, has gone to his summer home at Fairfield, Me. Soon he will make his annual fishing trip to Indian Pond, in the Moosehead region, where he has been for so many years.

The Megantic Club houses and camps are open to members and friends. The boats, wharves and buildings have been put in good repair, and some of the people are already there, though snow is still to be found in abundance in the woods, and it will require warm weather to make the best of fishing. The buckboard road from Eustis to the club's preserve, begun last year, will be pushed to an early completion, so that members and guests desiring the novel ride through the forests will have the opportunity. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the club, will start Sunday evening for the club preserve with a party of members and friends.

Mr. E. H. Wakefield, Jr., and R. O. Harding fished Chamberlain Brook, and the Cape, the other day, with fair success. Later Mr. Wakefield is a happy man; made so by the capture of a trout of 9½lbs. and one of 4½lbs., at Sunapee Lake, on Tuesday. Late reports from Newfoundland Lake mention a cold and blustering week. Mr. Levi Woodbury has just returned from that lake with two trout of 11 and 9lbs. respectively. He heard of a trout taken there weighing 20lbs., and of two salmon weighing 10½ and 8lbs. Mr. G. W. Tenney has returned from the same lake with two salmon and several trout.

Boston, May 16.—The reports of catches of trout and salmon begin to come, since the warmer weather. At Lake Webb, Weld, Me., the fishing is reported good. Fish Commissioner L. T. Carleton was high line there up to last Tuesday with a trout of 7lbs. He has also taken a salmon of 5lbs., and two smaller trout of 2lbs. and 3lbs. Farmington reports say that fishing is good at Varnum's Pond. H. C. Russell has caught two lakere; C. H. Mahoney, one lakere; Sheriff Blake, two salmon; Dr. Hitchcock, one salmon; Dr. Hardy, one salmon; Mrs. Ellen Smith, one salmon; Mrs. C. E. Lincoln, one salmon. At Clearwater Pond the catches have been good. Mr. Francis Hernwood, of New York, has caught one lakere of 4½lbs.; Mr. Ben. Woodcock, one salmon of 3½lbs. On another day Messrs. Pierce and Hernwood took three salmon of 5, 4 and 3lbs. respectively.

The latest reports from the Rangeleys mention a 10lb. salmon taken by Rev. W. H. Ramsay, of Farmington. Mr. N. F. Prentice, of Worcester, has made the champion catch of the season thus far, in the vicinity of the Mountain View House. He took twenty-nine trout of the united weight of 65½lbs., among the number were trout of 5½, 5¼, 4, 3½, and 2½lbs. At the Mooselucmaguntic House, on the lake of the same name, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Heywood, of Gardiner; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lewis, of New Bedford; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hinds, and Mr. Walter Hinds, of Portland, have been having great luck. Mr. Heywood's best day was nineteen fish, weighing 56lbs., including one salmon of 7lbs. and a trout of the same weight. Mr. Walter Hinds took a salmon of 7½lbs., and eight other fish weighing 32lbs. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis took twenty fish in one day, the string weighing 61½lbs., the largest a salmon of 6½lbs. Mr. A. S. Hinds also made a big score the same day, including a 6lb. salmon, and fifteen trout and salmon weighing from 2 to 4½lbs.

From the Upper Dam come reports of good catches. W. D. Nelson has taken six trout weighing from 1 to 2½lbs. May 9 he caught six trout, of from 1 to 3lbs. May 10 W. D. Brackett, of Boston, who, with his fishing partner, Mr. Clark, of Peabody, Mass., has fished those waters so many years, took a trout of 6lbs. weight. This fish was taken at the South Arm. May 11, R. H. Brown caught six trout weighing from 1½ to 2lbs. The same day the F. O. Walker party, of Camp Prospect, from Runford Falls, took 70lbs. of trout, and Thursday they caught forty-five trout averaging 1lb. May 12 Messrs. Clark and Brackett caught twenty-nine trout of about 1lb. average. May 12, W. D. Nelson also took a trout weighing 6lbs.

From the Middle Dam and the Narrows come reports of good fishing.

Fishermen are also moving toward other points as well as the Rangeleys. A number of parties are off for

Moosehead, and others will go later. The lovers of fly fishing, many of them, prefer to visit Moosehead later, rather than the Rangeleys early, for trouting and bait fishing. Mr. Walter L. Hill, to whom so much of the success of the Sportsmen's Show was due, will go to Moosehead the first of June.

Mr. J. W. Farley is about to go to the Adirondacks for a short trip. D. H. Blanchard and his long-time fishing friend, V. P. Keeler, will soon start for Maine; the location not yet fully decided upon. F. A. Turner was to start for the Rangeleys Saturday. He goes to the home of the Oquossoc Angling Association. Dr. F. E. Greene is about going to his beautiful private camps at Winnepesaukee. From Weirs, on that lake, comes a report of twenty-four trout caught in one day, not two miles from the station. The Hon. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis, is about to go to Mountain Lodge, Herkimer County, N. Y. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout Boom in the Southern Peninsula.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 14.—There seems to be a veritable trout boom in the Michigan south peninsula this spring. Never before have more anglers gone out, and rarely since the old original days of plenty before the day of replenishment have so many trout been taken. For part of my advices I am indebted to that extremely well-posted sportsman, Mr. W. B. Merston, of Saginaw, and I shall ask liberty to use the news of letters he has sent me. Speaking of the opening of the season at the club house on Kinne Creek, Mr. Merston says that he was up soon after opening day, fishing for one day only. He got twenty-two trout, nine very little ones.

"There were eighteen club members there opening day," he says, "all of them satisfied with their catches. There were no old lunkers taken, though there were six or seven that by actual weight were as good as a pound. George Morley claimed to have seen a trout in shallow water, well down stream, that he was certain would give five pounds. Whether he has got this mixed with the jack pot of the night before, or is telling the truth, you will have to guess. We think the new club house and surroundings are immense, but leave that for you to pass judgment on later."

On May 9 Mr. Merston writes again regarding the sport at the club stream:

"There were ten of us there and we took 264 trout. Not a bad average. A slate colored fly, Wickham's fancy, on a No. 8 or No. 10 hook, is what you want, with a few small professors and any dark fly you can get to imitate that caddis fly they were jumping at so when you were there. The stream is literally alive with fish, and they were doing the same jumping act last night."

It is a wonderful stream that the members of the Flint and Pere Marquette Club have, this Kinne Creek, and they are much to be congratulated upon it. Yet the open streams of this grand angling region of the south peninsula also offer fine sport. Mr. Merston writes me again, under date of May 13, a very interesting letter:

"I have just had word from a friend of mine, Dr. Richardson, of Mt. Pleasant, telling of an eight days' fishing trip on the Au Sable, which is something remarkable. They (two of them) took over 1,600 trout; they fixed their limit at 7in. and above; he said that about sixty of them were from 12 to 14in. long, and about 30 per cent. of their catch were rainbow trout; that they got a few, I think about half a dozen, grayling. They kept them all alive in crates until they wanted to come home, and then turned loose back into the river about 800 fish, and gave away about 400 to less fortunate fishermen. I like to get sportsmanlike letters of this kind, but they are too rare. The majority of those that fish Michigan streams gobble everything in sight from the length of your finger up, and even if they cannot get the fish out of the woods without spoiling, they never think of throwing one back. Michigan streams have been filled with anglers this year, who uniformly report good catches, but it is going to take heavy stocking and rigid protection to prevent the depletion of many of our trout streams. I hope to get away for my salmon fishing the last of this month, but cannot count on it for certain. If I am home in June, let's you and I run the Au Sable from Grayling to its mouth, taking about a week to do it."

I have always wanted to see the Au Sable, if only as a part in my sporting education. To see it in such good company would be an additional and exceptional pleasure. It is really too bad that I have to work any at all, I could have so much fun if I didn't have to work. It is pleasant to hear about the grayling. I can give Mr. Merston a tip on a stream which I believe will be still better for grayling than the once inimitable Au Sable; but very likely he knows of the same stream and is keeping it up his sleeve. It is pretty tough when you have to go around with a grayling river up your sleeve, for fear somebody will get into or onto it and reduce it to permanent Au Sableism.

The town of Baldwin, Michigan, is about as troutful a point as one can head for, albeit, not so good as it was in the palmiest days of the Little Manistee, the Pine, the Pere Marquette, and any one of a half dozen lesser adjacent streams. Baldwin has been well patronized this spring by the angling craft, each party heading out from that center to the special stream on which they have had the strongest tips. It is a singular thing, this divergence of tips on trout. One man tells you to go to a certain point. Another, who has been there on a day when the mysterious trout was off his feed, gives you equally urgent advice to go anywhere else on earth except to the place which the first man recommends. And so forth. I expect I have wandered more than four thousand miles over upper Wisconsin and Michigan, following tips on trout, most of which proved too good to be true. It was only last week—but that is so long a story that I shall have to postpone it till another day.

Among other parties who have tried the lovely Pine River, in the south peninsula, are J. H. Clement, J. W. Gilkey, A. L. Reese, E. J. Aderson, J. J. Howe, and R. L. Soule, all of Plainwell, Mich. These gentlemen were out last week on the Pine and got between 400 and 500 nice trout.

A great number of Grand Rapids anglers celebrated

opening day along the streams of the vicinity, many of them starting out long before daybreak, in carriages, on bicycles, in chaises, and on foot. Mr. W. Melville caught fifty-five trout. Mr. A. B. Richmond and party brought home 128 trout. These men report that the streams were lined from one end to the other with eager anglers. Mr. Jack Gibson, of Bennett, is reported to have taken 108 trout in one day, and that day was Sunday last.

The local newspaper at Baldwin, Mich., says that seven anglers got off the train at Greenwood Club house Saturday evening, eleven more left at Nirvana, a few stopped at Baldwin, and over twenty went to the Little Manistee. The same paper goes on to say:

"We have read with much interest many times from many writers that the several trout streams about Baldwin were on the wane and not many fish to try for, and we give a few names and catches made on the opening of the season, and think it is fair, considering the day, as it was unsettled weather and rather unfavorable. But here is how the boys turned out the trout and all got a mess: Maurice Veber 96, David Colton 29, Andrew Bradford 28, John Slocum 16, David Moore 16, E. H. Pace 15, Art Carr 11, James Carpenter 18, Billy Wayman 17, Will Smith 29, Al Allen 29, John Bradford 30, Jay Delong 16, William Duffing 14, Walt. Hooper 6, John Updegaaff 16, Luther Griffin 16, Jess Lucas 3, Artie Drilling 4.

"And there were others, many of them, who made good catches, but who failed to report. There are trout, lots of them, left in Baldwin streams, and in interviews we have held with strangers from the south part of the State who are here fishing they report excellent sport and good catches."

All in all, we must conclude that there are trout left in Michigan yet—plenty of trout for all who are satisfied with a good day's sport and who do not want to catch them all right away.

Trout in Wisconsin.

Mr. Graham H. Harris and his friend, Mr. Hilliard, returned Thursday morning from a three days' trip to the Prairie River of Wisconsin, they leaving the road at Merrill and going to Dudley's place. They brought back over 200 trout with them, some very nice ones. They think the best of the season has not yet begun, though the sport was good enough for them.

The Menominee Brule is reported to be good again this spring, and I know of several parties who are speaking of trying it. There are still trout in this stream and many of them, but it is one of the most uncertain waters ever fished, and if the angler does not happen to strike it right he will go away vowing that there never was a trout taken from it. If he does strike it right, he will be persuaded that never a better water lay out of doors. The fish there are exceptionally large when they begin to transact business on a working basis. Stager, Mich., on the Chicago & Northwestern road, is the point most kept in mind by the knowing one for this stream. From Armstrong to Stager is about as good water as one will find on the river.

The Fence River, reached by the same road at Floodwood and other points adjoining, is this season spoken of very highly by those who have been in there. This is a pleasant fishing stream and has trout good enough for anybody. I have fished it and know this to be true, though, of course, this stream is like all others, subject to revision without notice. It all depends on how the trout are working. If one gets two days out of the week on a trout stream when the fish are really rising well, he has no reason to complain.

Pratt, Wis., is another point which I must mention again as a good one to be kept in mind. The Marengo, or "Marong" as it is, sometimes called, after the way of the old voyagers who first struck it, was once a remarkable trout river, and it is still as good, relatively, as many other of the once noble famous streams, such as the Upper Brule, the Fence, the Pike, etc., all of which are still fine streams, but which have naturally been fished very steadily because of their excellence. I shall next week take up the question of yet other Wisconsin streams, which will this season offer good sport to the lovers of the most lovable of all sports, trout fishing with the fly.

Minnesota Fish.

Reports from Minnesota indicate a rather cold and backward angling season for trout thus far, and I do not hear of many heavy catches. The legal bass season begins in Minnesota to-morrow, May 15, on Sunday. It is legal to catch pike, pickerel, whitefish, and sturgeon after May 1, and as local papers report that a number of parties have been out, "casting all day steadily," during the past week, I am led to suppose they were casting for sturgeon or whitefish, both of which are known to take the frog with exceeding avidity. The bass season in the lower part of the State of Minnesota will be early enough to offer sport from the first legal day, especially in the shallower and warmer lakes, where the bass have already begun spawning.

A weird story comes down from Minneapolis telling of three muscullunge caught this month at Buffalo, Minn., the smallest of which weighed 44lbs., and the largest 61lbs. Of course, these weights may be correct; but as a 44lb. 'lunge is something few men have ever seen of late years, and as 61lbs. is heavier than any weight I ever heard ascribed to any 'lunge taken west of the St. Lawrence, I think we have license in asking verification of these weights. Messrs. Henry Weigand and George Taylor, of Minneapolis, are the lucky anglers to whom this rare good fortune is attributed.

The northwest corner of Wisconsin offers a favorite trout fishing country to many Minnesota anglers. Last week Mr. Thomas Kenyon, of Minneapolis, with Dr. P. de Mille, Sam Holmes, and John Wolford, of Baldwin, Wis., fished the Bolan Creek for two days, using worm bait. They took 575 trout between them.

A friend last week told me that the finest trout stream he had ever fished was the Kinnikinnick Creek, of Wisconsin. This stream has been stocked repeatedly and carries many mammoth rainbow trout as well as the brook trout. Many fish of more than 4lbs. have been taken in it, and the average size is said to run very large. The beauty of the stream is its accessibility and

its perfection as a fly-fishing water. Many streams of Wisconsin and Minnesota have plenty of trout in them, but can not be fished with the fly. The best place to strike the Kinnikinnick is at Little Falls, Wis., on the Chicago & Northwestern road, thence driving up about eight or ten miles. Anyone having leisure for a trout trip this spring will do very well to keep this stream in mind. It is a water much affected by anglers. I have heard of it a great many times, but have never personally tried it. I offer it as one of the best tips for the season.

Wisconsin Bass.

Bass and pickerel began biting last week all along Lake Winnebago and adjacent waters, according to an Oshkosh newspaper, some very fine strings of bass being taken up the Fox River by still-fishing. In Lake Winnebago the bass are taking the spoon and the catch averages very good in size. It appears that the anglers are reaping the benefits of the hot fight waged against the netters by the wardens under Capt. Johnson, details of which have many times been printed in these columns. I should be still happier to print this news about the bass fishing if it were not for the fact that the bass season does not open in Wisconsin until May 25. Can it be possible that the wardens need also to look after the wielders of the rod as well as the netters? Or does the rod fisherman believe that he can do no wrong?

Illinois Bass.

We have no bass law in Illinois so far as hook and line fishing is concerned, except the law forbidding ice fishing. Already some good catches of bass have been made in the lakes along our upper tier of counties, in Fox, Grass and Marie lakes, all waters very familiar to Chicago anglers. The latter will not be pleased to learn that spearing of bass has for two weeks been going on openly in all the above mentioned lakes. A little later the thrifty country farmer will have open his "summer resort" and will be bidding for the dollars of the city man, whom he has robbed in advance and wants to rob some more. My advice is to leave such a country alone and go on to some place where it is known the residents insist on the enforcement of the laws. That is the way to treat a certain class of summer resort places. This week I was on the Prairie River in Wisconsin, and while there made the usual inquiry as to the prevalence of market fishing. I was pleased to learn that the farmers have a club, and look strictly after the enforcement of the fish laws, allowing no illegal fishing. I asked if anybody was in there fishing for the market. "I should say not!" was the indignant answer. That is the sort of place to go to with your custom and your money. Let the former market fishermen keep their lakes, or wake up and see that they are protected.

Poaching.

Two market fishermen, Peter Hughes and John Weimer, working for the large firm of Bartson & Hurley of Peoria, have been arrested for setting nets on the territory of the Duck Island Club, whose preserves run along the Illinois River. They were using trap nets, and the market fishing firm above named holds that such nets are not forbidden by law. Of course they are not! Everything ought to go with this concern. It is repaying very well the courtesy shown it by the Illinois State Fish Commission. Give them the whole river, and perhaps they would be satisfied, until they saw a part of the rest of the earth and wanted it included in the "concessions."

Ohio Bass.

The bass have begun to run the Pelee Islands in Lake Erie, and several members of the Pelee Island Club have gone over for a try at the sport. The Quinnebog Club, on Old Hen Island, sent a party of eight anglers last week and they expect to meet good sport.

The record bass for Ohio, and very likely for the entire West, has been taken very early in the season this year. It was a small-mouth, weighing 7¾ lbs., and was taken two miles east of Westerville, O., by Charles Alexander. It is said that this fish has been known for several years, having its home in a deep pool below Boehm's bridge on Walnut Creek. The old fellow was too shrewd to be taken for a long time, but at last fell a victim. Probably he was so old that he had grown tired of living where he was and wanted to see more of the world.

Fly Casting Records.

When Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, is not feeling very well he goes out and breaks a few records before breakfast. Two weeks ago he broke all his own breaks by casting 125 ft. 6 in., but last week he gave other people hope by falling back to 116 ft. He beat out all competitors with this cast, though hard crowded by W. E. Bacheller, 115 ft., and Dr. Lowry, 114 ft. It surely would seem that the glorious climate of California holds some quality very nourishing to the wrist and forearm.

California Yellowtails.

They catch yellowtails by the cord along the lower coast of California these days. A rope, a wagon and a plaster for a tired back are portions of the equipment.

Washington Salmon.

The salmon are still taking the spoon in the harbor of Tacoma, according to late reports. A catch of half a dozen to a dozen daily has not been unusual. The Pacific salmon has not yet reached that stage of its unrollment when it takes the artificial fly in company with its Eastern brother, but it is a very delightful fish even in its present lower plane of life, where it prefers tin to feathers.

Uneasy.

The war troubles have naturally caused a certain suspension of interest in sport this spring, but now that the issue bids fair not to join immediately many men who find themselves coming out of a Chicago winter wearied and pulled down are beginning to get uneasy, and some of them are snatching time from the bulletin boards and are stealing away for a day or so outside of town. The season in upper Wisconsin continues rather slow, being

about ten days or more behind the season here, but around Chicago everything is now fresh and green, and if we had peace we should have fishing. It is not ignoble to go fishing, even though we are at war with another nation, and it need not be asked whether or not the sportsmen of the country will go to the front when the time comes. They will go then. Meantime, with the superb American calm, they will go fishing. One of the elevator boys of the building in which the FOREST AND STREAM office is located has gone with the militia to Springfield, and writes back gleefully that he has passed the examination and been mustered into the United States Army. He used often to talk to me about going fishing some day, when his two weeks of vacation should come. I hope he will have the vacation safe and sound.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Home Notes from Maine.

CORNISH, Me., May 9.—Cold weather and high water have given way to more favorable angling conditions at last. Although plenty of fishing had been done up to within a few days no good catches were made. Now we have reports of many strings of from twenty-five to one hundred, and one, at the head in point of numbers at least, of nearly 300 good trout, taken by a party of two in one day's fishing. There have also been a good sprinkling of catches small in number, but including beauties of from half a pound to over a pound. My brother and I had the good luck to secure forty-four fine trout yesterday afternoon in the rain. Wet skins went with them, but we were satisfied.

Most of the big trout here come from Little River, a stream rising among the hills to the southward, and uniting with the Ossipee near the village. Early in the season a young man who had occasion frequently to cross a bridge on this stream often saw a big trout lying in the shadow of the bridge. Day after day he tried to catch the fellow, but without success, until at last he bethought him to tie his line to the bridge and leave it. Upon returning he found the fish safely hooked—a beauty, weighing nearly a pound.

Then a village lad took a 12 in. trout from this same stream. He insisted that he had got hold of a larger one at the time, and verified his claim by returning to the spot and landing a trout 2 in. longer than the first.

But perhaps the best luck on this brook was that of a young man who visited it for a short fish after supper and took three trout from a single pool, two of which measured 11¾ in. each, and the other over 14 in. No faking about any of these either. In the last-named case the lucky fellow called at my house with his prize to show for themselves.

At Kezar Falls, four miles further up the Ossipee, a boy of eleven took a 12 in. trout, and another was caught of 18 in. Yet strange to say, a trout is never taken from the Ossipee at this point.

Game hereabouts is believed to have wintered well, though a few partridges are reported as having been caught by foxes. I myself in sundry rambles on the crust have found the remains of several of reynard's feasts.

Deer are getting surprisingly plentiful, owing largely no doubt to the special protection they have enjoyed in this and a few adjoining counties for several years, and which expires, I believe, in '99.

Last fall a man living almost in the shadow of the high school building heard a loud cackling among his fowls just back of the house, and on going to the spot found that a fine doe was the cause of the clamor. A short time ago two boys, May flowering, saw a deer in a swamp just across the river, while yet another man came upon two quietly feeding by the road. They showed no alarm at his approach, and as he passed by he saw a third in the bushes.

W. E. Blake, one of the best known hunters in this section, who has hitherto been forced to go to the wilder portions of this State and New Hampshire for his deer hunting, thinks he may soon be able to get a few saddles nearer home. Blake visited the country about the West Machias last fall, returning with a good stock of pelts and small game, besides his quota of deer. He reported the woods there as being full of hunters. TEMPLAR.

Pennsylvania Trout.

CANADENSIS, up in Monroe county, Pa., has had its share of rain during April, and the famous trout streams about the Spruce Cabin have been little more than touched. The sun for the past week, however, has once more gilded each ripple on the streams, and the trout are jumping to catch their share of its radiance, and as a business end of it, the long sap bug and the gray-winged May fly. Catches on old Brodhead, Stony Run and Spruce Cabin Run have been numerous and heavy during the past few days. A trip to Stony Run by two newspaper men on Saturday resulted disastrously for twenty-eight beauties averaging 10 in. in length. The largest of the catch was 13 in. and the smallest 9½ in. in length. The actual fishing time on the stream was one and a half hours. This paradise for the trout fisherman was reached in a half hour's drive by buckboard from Spruce Cabin Run. The wood road was rough, but almost unscathed by the woodsman's axe and lovely beyond description.

The streams at Canadensis have been practically unfished this year, and a rise in every riffle rewards the fly-caster who doesn't mind a bit of walking to reach the haunts of the trout.

W. H. Parsons, Jr., and E. B. Holden and their wives, all of New York, are at the Spruce Cabin Inn, and both gentlemen have made successful catches.

Preston Parton, of Scranton, went home with an "even basket" on Saturday night, and H. A. Widdifield, Arthur Moore and John E. Hanifen, of Philadelphia, have brought in to the pan a steady supply of fish. Never before have the fish in these streams more liberally rewarded the man who knows how to catch trout, and the fish seem to run heavier than has been known for many years. This is probably due to the mild winter and early spring, which have been all in favor of the trout.

As usual the fish which have been lost this spring have been the biggest, but many of those actually landed have run over 12 in., and a pound fish is an every day

trophy. The weather is at last settled fair, and early fishermen are reveling in the loveliness of the woods and the prolific yields of the streams. B.

Trout Waters and Trout Weights.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—The streams in this county are largely meadow streams, few containing swift water, as compared with mountain streams, and as the result the trout in this county have been known to grow to a weight of 4 lbs. or a little over. In the ponds in the Catskills they commonly grow to a size of from 2 to 3 lbs., and one was taken by James Murdock in the fifties out of a lake near his place for P. T. Barnum which weighed 5 lbs. 2 oz.

In the swift mountain streams, however, trout of 1 lb. and upward are not very often taken with a fly. There are large trout in these streams, but they generally have their haunts in some deep pool or under a mill dam, and they are very seldom taken except with bait.

As I have already told you, I took in one year, about 1859, three trout, two of which weighed 1 lb. each, and one 1 lb. 5 oz.

About that time I commenced fishing with a fly exclusively, and have taken quite a large number of trout weighing 15 oz., but none tipped the scales at 1 lb.

Judge Fitch, after fishing the Beaverkill with a fly for about forty years, told me that he had never taken a trout in that stream with a fly that would tip the scales at 1 lb., and I know that he never took one of that size in the Rondout with the fly, for I was with him on every trip. He also gave me the same report as to his two companions, Messrs. Adams and Smedburgh, and they also told me the same thing.

What Judge Fitch did in the Neversink I do not know, as he never told me, but I do know that in a noted pool in the East Branch of the Delaware a mile or two above Margaretville, and which contained many very large trout, he took quite a number with the fly, the largest, according to his statement, not exceeding 2 lbs.

The trout in this pool were long since destroyed by the black bass in the river.

If there is any point to this story, it is simply this: That trout are not apt to attain the same size and weight in rapid mountain streams that they do in more sluggish waters; and also that nature is wise in the distribution of her favors, for it is really more sport to handle a 15 oz. trout in the rapid waters of a mountain stream than one of twice or three times its size in a lake or pond.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 14.—From a source which I regard as entirely reliable I am informed that the blue-fish have put in an appearance off Barnegat. While this is not earlier than they have been known to appear in the years gone by, still it is much earlier than has been their custom of late. If warm weather prevails we should have them with us in the very near future. The sea is fairly swarming with menhaden, and that fact no doubt accounts for the presence of the blues. No bass as yet has been taken along the beach, although some earnest endeavors have been made. The calico crab is now abundant in the surf, and that is usually a sign that the striped fellows will soon be along. They will receive a royal welcome at sight.

Enormous numbers of ling are taken every day now from our piers, so great are the catches that it becomes difficult at times to dispose of them. In a short time last night I took twenty-one very large ones. While they are in no sense a game fish, still to the ardent it means something, and breaks the monotony of the long wait to which we are accustomed. Plaice are being taken in the pound nets in fairly good numbers, and will soon be in the inlets of our streams, and they are always looked to as the beginning of our summer fishing. Sluggish though they are, still when taken on light tackle from a boat and in a strong tide-way they are not to be despised; a man can easily be in worse company. We will be relieved this season from many of the pound nets, as the serious reverses of last year have worked a cure that no other logic might. LEONARD HULL.

Fishing Near New York.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., May 16.—Weakfish appeared in the bay on Thursday last for the first time this season. The net fishermen from Atlantic Dock brought in several hundred pounds, and hook and line fishermen at once started for Broad Channel and Wreck Lead. The cold stormy weather and heavy sea made the fishermen who came down on Sunday uncomfortable, but they filled their baskets with fish, mostly flounders and fluke, and returned to the city as happy as possible. A macadam road will soon be completed to Long Beach, when fishermen can go directly to Wreck Lead on a wheel. From Wreck Lead they can go to the Fishing Banks in yachts, or to the fishing holes in the bay in small boats, or fish from the railroad or boulevard bridges. G.

Acres of Dead Sea Catfish.

A LETTER from Swansboro, N. C., dated May 2, says that tens of thousands of dead salt-water catfish have been found floating in White Oak River and Bogue Sound during the past few days, and farmers are utilizing them to manure their land. Mr. G. E. Watson gathered 2,000 in half a day, all of them catfish. The cause of the mortality is not known. C. H.

St. Louis as a Fishing Center.

ST. LOUIS, April 26.—Missouri has not had any great reputation as an angling region hitherto, but a booklet just issued, entitled "Outing with Rod and Reel," shows that nearly every railroad running into St. Louis has good fishing along its line within an hour or two of the city limits. JAMES H. HARRIS.

New Hampshire Fish and Weather.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 10.—It has been very raw and cold here since May 1, but is warming up this afternoon, and I hope to have a try for a few trout in a day or two. There were some few good ones caught Sunday, May 1, but I do not hear of any since. VON W.

The Kennel.

Some Dog Law.

THE importance of the case recently determined in this State, denying the authority of societies to destroy unlicensed dogs summarily, is such that we have procured the full text of the decision, which runs as follows:

APPELLATE DIVISION, THIRD DEPARTMENT.

Frederick Fox and M. L. Evans, Appellants, vs. The Mohawk and Hudson River Humane Society, Respondent.

Appeal from a judgment in favor of the defendant, entered in Albany county upon the decision of the court made upon the trial without a jury.

The plaintiff, the owner of four valuable dogs within the corporate limits of the city of Albany, refused to take or pay the defendant for a license for his dogs, and brought this action to restrain the defendant from seizing, killing or disposing of them, which the defendant, because of plaintiff's refusal, was about to do.

The defendant is a corporation created by and under Chapter 292, Laws of 1894, having its principal place of business in the city of Albany, and having the powers given generally to societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Chapter 448, Laws of 1896, purports to confer upon the defendant the powers which it threatens to exercise in respect of plaintiff's dogs. The plaintiff challenges the constitutionality of the act. The act is as follows:

Section 1. Every person who owns or harbors one or more dogs within the corporate limits of any city having a population of more than twenty thousand and less than eight hundred thousand, where a duly incorporated society exists, or may hereafter exist, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, except in the City of Buffalo, shall procure the yearly license for each animal, paying the sum of one dollar for each one, as hereinafter provided; in applying for such license the owner shall state in writing the name, sex, breed, age, color and markings of the dog for which a license is to be procured.

Sec. 4. Every dog so licensed shall, at all times, have a collar about his neck, with a metal tag attached thereto, bearing the number of the license stamped thereon. Such tag shall be supplied to the owner with the certificate of license and shall be of such form and design as the society empowered to carry out the provisions of this act shall designate; duplicate tags may be issued only on proof of loss of the original, and the payment of the sum of one dollar therefor.

Sec. 5. Dogs not licensed pursuant to the provisions of this act shall be seized, and if not redeemed within forty-eight hours, may be destroyed or otherwise disposed of at the discretion of the society empowered and authorized to carry out the provisions of this act.

Sec. 6. Any person claiming any dog, seized under the provisions of this act, and proving ownership thereof, shall be entitled to resume possession of the animal on the payment of the sum of two dollars; provided, however, that such claim shall be made before the expiration of the forty-eight hours provided in section 5.

Sec. 7. The incorporated society, organized for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and having jurisdiction in either of such cities, is hereby empowered and authorized to carry out the provisions of this act; and such society is further authorized to issue licenses and renewals, and to collect the fees for such, as is herein prescribed, which fees are to be used by such society toward defraying the cost of carrying out the provisions of this act and maintaining a shelter for lost, strayed or homeless animals, and for its own purposes.

LONDON, J.

This case differs from *People v. Gillespie*, herewith decided. There the question was whether the owner of a dog upon which he had paid the tax was deprived of due process of law, in respect of the penalty declared by Section 125 of the county law, upon his refusal to obey the order of a justice of the peace directing him to kill his dog immediately. We held that he was not, because upon being sued for the penalty, he would have his day in court upon all the material facts.

Here the plaintiff's dogs are not alleged to be dangerous; he refuses to buy a license for them from the defendant, and the defendant, because of his refusal, threatens to kill the dogs, or confiscate them.

The field of the defendant's jurisdiction is the city of Albany. The county law which provides for the taxation of dogs, by section 111 exempts the city of Albany from its provisions. Chapter 448, Laws of 1896, requires the owner of every dog within the city to procure a yearly license for it and pay the defendant \$1 therefor, under penalty, upon refusal, of death to the dog, or its confiscation, and vests the execution of the law and the proceeds of the license or sale of the dog in the defendant.

No doubt the Legislature may enact that no one shall keep a dog unless licensed to do so, in like manner as it may enact that no one shall sell liquor unless licensed to do so. That this is a proper exercise of the police power is well settled. But the important question here is: Suppose he refuses to take out a license for his dog, can the dog be summarily killed or confiscated without any process of law whatever? When the law of the State was that dogs were not prima facie property, but must be proved to be valuable before they could be treated as such, it followed that the killing or confiscation of a dog, prima facie, affected no property right, and was no legal grievance. (*Sentell v. N. O. & C. R. R. Co.*, 166 U. S., 698.) But now dogs in this State are property (*Mullaly v. People*, 86 N. Y., 365), and of course within the laws for the protection of property. If one sells liquor without a license, the liquor, in the absence of a law enacted before it was procured declaring it to be a nuisance per se, cannot be confiscated in this State without due process of law. (*Wynehamer v. People*, 13 N. Y., 378.)

It is true that certain instruments and appliances found in use in violation of law, as fishing nets in prohibited waters, i. e., in flagrante delicto, may be destroyed as nuisances by the proper officer (not by any corporation), provided they are of small value (*Lawton v. Steele*, 119 N. Y., 226; s. c., 152 U. S., 133), but if of considerable value, as a bawdy house or a smuggling vessel, cannot be destroyed without due process of law—ib., a distinction which may be right, however much we may doubt that the right differs with difference in values.

Now it is plain that whether a dog is licensed or not does not affect its character. A good dog is none the less so, though it wear no collar. The statute of 1896 does not declare the keeping of an unlicensed dog a misdemeanor, nor does it declare that the dog that wears no collar is presumptively a nuisance. The plaintiff does not put his dogs to an improper use. They are

neither vicious nor dangerous. There is, therefore, no ground upon which we can assume that the plaintiff's dogs are a nuisance, and hence the defendant's right to kill them must rest upon some other basis, or be denied altogether.

Unlike the county law, the act of 1896 prescribed no money penalty for plaintiff's refusal to take out a license for his dogs. If we assume that the killing or confiscation of the plaintiff's dogs is the penalty prescribed for his disobedience of the statute, then the same reasons which entitle him to his day in court before a penalty in money can be exacted apply, before the penalty in dogs can be exacted. In neither case can he be deprived of his property without due process of law. The currency in which the penalty is exacted cannot affect the principle.

But there is another ground upon which we think the plaintiff can rest his action. The act of 1896 assumes to vest in the defendant, a private corporation, the execution of certain police powers of the State, and thus in effect to make the defendant a public officer.

The constitution of the State provides for the election and appointment of certain officers, and vests the Legislature with power to provide for the election or appointment of the rest. "All city, town or village officers whose election or appointment is not provided for by this constitution, shall be elected by the electors of such cities, towns and villages, or of some division thereof, or appointed by such authorities thereof, as the Legislature shall designate for that purpose." (Art. 10, Sec. 2.) If a corporation was eligible to a city office, the Legislature could not appoint it.

But a corporation is not eligible to any public office, for the reason, if there were no others, that it cannot take the oath of office, that it is not a human, but a legal being; it has legal attributes only, and the law cannot attribute to it moral qualities, although it may try to secure some respect for them under penalties which touch its pocket or franchise. It is obvious that the execution of police regulations, which affect the life, liberty, property, health and happiness of human beings, should be vested in human beings, and not in such legal entities as cannot be endowed with moral qualities, and cannot be adequately punished for official misconduct.

It is true, as the defendant contends, that the Penal Code, Sec. 668, provides: "The officers and agents of all duly incorporated societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are hereby declared to be peace officers within the provision of Section 154 of the Code of Criminal Procedure." Section 154 provides that "A peace officer is a sheriff of a county, or his under sheriff, or deputy, or a constable, marshal, police constable or policeman of a city, town or village." Whether the officers or agents of the defendant within the terms of the constitution above cited can thus be appointed peace officers, we need not inquire, since none of them is a party to this action, and the defendant does not justify under any of them.

The defendant contends, however, that Chapter 448, Laws 1896, under which it claims the powers here called in question, creates it a "subordinate governmental agency." If by that assumed designation it is meant that without being a police or peace officer, it can nevertheless execute the police powers conferred by the act, than it is incumbent upon us to discover whether such powers are official powers, or the mere incident of them, such as the officer or department charged with the execution of the main power may delegate to a non-official subordinate, servant or helper.

There is no doubt that public officers can in many cases employ corporations to do work for the Government. Thus banks or trusts companies can be made fiscal agents for the custody of public or trust moneys to be disbursed upon proper official vouchers. Mails and Government property may be transported by railroad companies. Corporations may become contractors for public works. Water, gas, and electric companies can supply the Government with their products or services. Such matters are regulated by contract, or by statutes or statutory regulations having the force of a contract. The Government in the discharge of its duties must be the employer of various kinds of service or labor, from that of the common laborer to that of the expert in art and science; but the employment of such persons is, with possibly rare exceptions, committed by law to some officer or department. Within the restrictions imposed by the constitution the State may dispense charity through the medium of the private charitable corporations selected by it.

Such corporations or persons thus employed may, perhaps without impropriety, be designated as "subordinate governmental agencies."

In the police department, if it is necessary to kill dogs, perhaps the proper officer can employ some one for the purpose, and thus we would have another instance of "subordinate governmental agency," differing in dignity and degree from those first mentioned, but not in principle.

In *Trustees of Exempt Firemen's Fund v. Roome*, 93 N. Y., 313, a case much relied upon by the defendant, the phrase "subordinate governmental agency" was applied to the plaintiff as justifying its right to receive a license fee or tax which the State had imposed upon certain foreign insurance companies doing business in the city of New York, as the price of admitting them to the privilege of doing business within this State. The right of the State to impose the tax or license fee for its own purposes was held to be clear. The right of the plaintiff to receive and use it for its own corporate purposes was challenged, among other reasons, because it was a gift of public money to a corporation, and thus forbidden by the constitution. (Art. 8, Sec. 9.) The court held that it was not a gift, but a payment by the State to the exempt firemen, members of the plaintiff corporation, of the money the State morally owed them for their past services, and thus an appropriation to the public use, and that in giving the money to the corporation the State selected it as "a subordinate governmental agency, employed by the State to fulfill its obligations due to the exempt firemen for the service they had rendered at the request and by the procurement of the State."

It is obvious that the corporation plaintiff in that case had simply the function of collecting certain moneys appropriated to it, and applying them to the uses of the exempt firemen, members of the corporation. In

this sense, the term "subordinate governmental agency" has a meaning much too narrow to cover the functions which the act of 1896 seeks to confer upon the defendant.

The defendant by its answer alleges "That the defendant has, and has exercised, and at the time of the commencement of this action was, and now is exercising certain police powers conferred upon it by the statutes of the State of New York and more particularly by Article 5 of Chapter 559 of the Laws of the State of New York of 1895, and by Section 668 of the Penal Code of the State of New York;" "that this society has entered upon the execution of the duties prescribed by Chapter 448 of the Laws of 1896, providing for the licensing of dogs."

The defendant admitted upon the trial "That defendant, unless restrained by order of the court, will seize and destroy or otherwise dispose of the property of the plaintiff."

Under the act of 1896, no dog in the city of Albany has a prima facie right to live unless it wears the collar of the defendant. No person has a right to own or harbor a dog except licensed by defendant. By paying the defendant \$1, a person can get a license for his dog, however mad, vicious or diseased it may be. If he does not choose to pay, the defendant can confiscate the dog, unless redeemed within forty-eight hours by paying \$2. The defendant need not kill the dogs it confiscates, but may sell them, and the defendant can manage its business upon a basis the most thrifty for itself, thus placing the public service at the mercy of corporate interests.

It is thus seen that the powers assumed to be vested in the defendant are not merely to render services incidental to the execution of the powers of some other official department, such as the receipt of a tax which the defendant ought to pay, but they embrace the execution of all the powers which the State has suspended over the plaintiff's rights and liberties in respect of his keeping this kind of property, including those of a discretionary kind authorizing its destruction or sale; in short, police powers. The grant of a license is the exercise of sovereign power. To require the individual to pay a private corporation for a sovereign favor seems to be contrary to the fundamental principles of popular government.

No attempt was made in the case cited to seize or confiscate the defendant's property without giving him his day in court. The phrase "subordinate governmental agency" which was there used with great hesitation and caution would be misapplied and abused if perverted into a justification of the corporate invasion of the people's right to be governed by officers chosen from among themselves, and from the like invasion of their right to be secure from deprivation of their property without due process of law.

We have no doubt the defendant is a most worthy institution, but however great its merits, they cannot obscure the vice of such legislation.

For these reasons, without passing upon others urged by the plaintiff, we think the judgment should be reversed, and judgment directed for the plaintiff. If, however, the defendant request a new trial, in place of the direction for judgment, the order may be so entered, costs to abide the event.

Yachting.

COM. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, of the New York Y. C., whose steam yacht *Corsair II*, has just been sold to the Government, has already taken steps to provide himself with another ship. The new boat will naturally be designed by J. Beavor Webb, who designed the second *Corsair*. The dimensions reported are 252ft. l.w.l., 33ft. 6in. beam, 14ft. draft, and about 1,400 tons measurement.

IN consequence of the reports of Spanish war vessels off the coast in the vicinity of Nantucket, the channels of New York Harbor are now protected by extra contact mines set directly in the channels at night and removed each morning. Every mine has half a dozen primers on the top, requiring but a 7lb. blow to explode the mine.

WINDWARD, the missing Arctic yacht, arrived safely at New York on May 11 after a voyage of fifty-two days from London. She is a sturdy-looking craft, specially built for Arctic work, and one of the strongest vessels afloat. Her length is 118ft., beam 28ft., and draft 16ft. She is now off Tompkinsville, S. I., but will go to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to refit, sailing in July.

A NUMBER of yachts have recently been added to the first lot purchased by the Government, including the new *Felicia*, *Comanche*, *Dorothea*, *Illawarra*, *Atlanta*, *Aileen*, and *Enquirer*. The latter yacht hails from Buffalo, and had to come to New York by way of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. Free Lance, steam yacht, presented to the Government by F. Augustus Schermerhorn, is now in use by Admiral Erben, in charge of the patrol fleet of New York harbor.

The Quincy Challenge Cup.

THE defender of the Quincy Y. C. challenge cup, designed by J. R. Purdon, is now well under way at Lawley's yard, South Boston. She is a modern skimming dish of the Glencairn type, of very light construction. The following dimensions are given for her, and also the Mower boat, the challenger, and the Crane boat, which may also race for the cup:

Designer.	Over all.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draft.	Total S.A.	Mainsail.
Purdon....	86ft.	21ft.	10ft.	7in.	850sq. ft.	600sq. ft.
Mower....	29ft. 6in.	18ft.	5ft.	6in.	700sq. ft.	550sq. ft.
Crane....	33ft.	18ft.	8ft. 6in.	6½in.	620sq. ft.	500sq. ft.

It appears that the challenger is smaller by 3ft. than the defender. Though no mention of time allowance is made in the declaration of trust, the challenger will apparently receive time from the defender. The fact that the competitors will be of different classes, and that the result will depend on time allowance, will do much to lessen the interest in the races.

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE following fixtures are announced by Secretary Bliss for the Massachusetts Y. R. A.:

May 30 (Decoration Day)—South Boston Y. C., off Marine Park.

June 17—Massachusetts Y. C., off Nahant.

June 25—Dorchester Y. C., Dorchester Bay.

June 28—Mosquito Fleet, off City Point.

July 2—Jeffries Y. C., off Jeffries Point, East Boston.

July 4—City of Boston sailing regatta, off Marine Park.

July 7, 8 and 9—Winthrop Y. C. series, off Winthrop.

July 23—Quincy Y. C., Hull Bay.

July 27, 28 and 29—Manchester Y. C. series, off Manchester.

July 30—Burgess Y. C., off Marblehead.

Aug. 1—Manchester Y. C., off Manchester.

Aug. 3, 4 and 5—*Corinthian Y. C., invitation races, off Marblehead.

Aug. 6—*Corinthian Y. C., off Marblehead.

Aug. 6—Wollasset Y. C., Quincy Bay.

Aug. 8—American Y. C., off Newburyport.

Aug. 9—Squam Y. C., off Annisquam.

Aug. 10—East Gloucester Y. C., off Gloucester.

Aug. 13—Cohasset Y. C., off Cohasset.

Aug. 18—Plymouth Y. C., off Plymouth.

Aug. 19—Kingston Y. C., Kingston Bay.

Aug. 20—Duxbury Y. C., Duxbury Bay.

Aug. 22, and each day following until finished, series of challenge cup races for 21-footers—Quincy Y. C., Hull Bay.

Aug. 22—Cape Cod Y. C., off Provincetown.

Aug. 23—Wellfleet Y. C., Wellfleet Harbor.

Sept. 3—Savin Hill Y. C., Dorchester Bay.

Sept. 5—Lynn Y. C., off Nahant.

Sept. 10—Hull Y. C., Hull Bay.

Sept. 10 and 11—Association rendezvous at Hull; Association parade, leaving Hull Sunday at 3 P. M.

* Not members of Y. R. A. of M.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. opened its season on May 14 with a race for the cup class, and will follow it up by numerous other races until the fleet is in the best racing form. The fixtures for the season are as follows:

May 14 and 21—20ft. class for club prizes.

May 24 and 28—20 and 18ft. classes—First Ross series.

June 4—"A" and 30, 25, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes—First Ross series.

June 11—20, 18 and 15ft. classes—First Ross series.

June 18, 25—20, 18 and 15ft. classes—Second Ross series.

July 1—"A" and 30, 25 and 20ft. classes—Club prizes. Morning races.

July 1—20, 18 and 15ft. classes for club prizes. Afternoon.

July 2—20 and 18ft. classes—Second Ross series.

July 9—20, 18 and 15ft. classes—Second Ross series.

July 16—20, 18 and 15ft. classes—Club prizes.

July 23—"A," 30, 25 and 18ft. classes—Club prizes.

July 30—25, 18 and 15ft. classes—Club prizes.

The Sir Donald A. Smith cup is open to the "A," 30 and 25ft. classes.

The Hamilton trophy is open to the 20, 18 and 15ft. classes.

Club prizes will be given for all races in addition to any cups or trophies with the exception of the Ross series of races for the 20-footers. The Sir D. A. Smith cup will be sailed for on the morning of July 1. The Hamilton trophy on July 16.

On May 24 the 20-footers will sail (if possible) two races in the first Ross series.

On July 1 the 20-footers will sail two races in the morning and three in the afternoon. Each race only once around the course.

Beverly Y. C. Fixtures.

THE Beverly Y. C. announces the following fixtures for 1898:

June 18, Saturday—First Corinthian.

June 25, Saturday—Second Corinthian.

July 2, Saturday—Third Corinthian.

July 4, Monday—Open.

July 16, Saturday—Fourth Corinthian.

July 23, Saturday—Fifth Corinthian.

Aug. 6, Saturday—At Marion, forenoon, Van Rensselaer cup; afternoon, open.

Aug. 13, Saturday—Sixth Corinthian.

Aug. 20, Saturday—Seventh Corinthian.

Aug. 27, Saturday—Club meeting with informal racing.

Sept. 3, Saturday—Eighth Corinthian.

Sept. 5, Monday—Open.

Sept. 10, Saturday—Ninth Corinthian.

Unless otherwise specified, the races will start off Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay. The Corinthian races will count in the championship record of percentages, special prizes being also offered in each race for the winners.

The Y. R. A. Rule.

THE Yachting World of April 29 describes the two new Fife cutters Senta and Viera, as of the fin-keel type, though built under rules in which girth is a factor. The Glasgow correspondent of the Boston Globe verifies this information as follows:

The new 65ft. cutter designed and built by Mr. William Fife, Jr., at Fairlie, for Mr. Busing, of Hamburg, has been launched, and besides being a handsome yacht, has the unmistakable sweet look of Fife's yachts. Designed for the Baltic girth rule the cutter, contrary to expectation, has quite as much draft as our 40-ton cutters, built sleeping place in the cockpit, there would still have been the deeper body promoted by the new rule of the Yacht Racing Association, the new cutter has a pronounced hollow bottom, which runs into her fin, which is deepest just aft the mast and becomes shallower towards the sternpost.

When Watson designed his first five-tonner, the yacht was laughed at because her keel resembled a cart wheel, a form which Fife in his latest design seems ap-

proaching, at least as far as the after end of the keel is concerned. The new cutter, in spite of the Yacht Racing Association's interference, is a nearer approach to the racing machine than any 40-tonner yet built in the Clyde. She will be an easier driven cutter than Fife's famous Isolde, and in consequence will have lighter spars and some less canvas. Until the cutter is officially measured her exact dimensions will not be known. This cutter is named Senta, and it is hoped she will not leave for the Baltic before her speed has been compared with Isolde's.

The 52ft. or 20-ton cutter building by Fife for Messrs. Connell, of Glasgow, is about ready for launching, and has been named Viera. The cutter seems to be simply a replica of the new 65ft. cutter with a trifle more depth of hull. This new cutter will be somewhat of a contrast to the new 52ft. cutter designed by A. E. Payne, of Southampton, and building by his firm, Summers & Payne. The cutter Penitent, built by the firm, was a large-bodied yacht and got pretty generally beaten by Fife's Saint. The winner of the coupe de France, the Gloria, designed by Payne, was too good for the French defender of the cup, L'Esterel, unless in light winds. Fife's new cutter will be a light weather 20, and Gloria will probably be too much for her in a breeze.

Yacht Building at Tottenville.

BESIDES their regular commercial work, which includes steamers, tugs and other vessels, Messrs. A. C. Brown & Sons, at Tottenville, S. I., are busy with three of the new one-design schooners designed by Messrs. Cary Smith and Barbey. The design and specifications for these boats were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 8, 1898. The first one ordered, for Mr. A. N. Chandler, of Philadelphia, is just ready for launching, the outboard joiner work being completed with the exception of the bulwarks and rail, and the interior being finished. Next to her in the building shed is Mr. P. T. Dodge's boat, with planking nearly completed, deck laid and cabin trunk nearly finished. The third boat, for C. P. Buchanan, is not yet in frame, and the keel is not cast, but her keel, which is already worked to shape, shows the class of work which is being done on these boats. It is a fine stick of Staten Island white oak, in a single length, and almost wide enough to work the full width, the fore end having a natural crook that works to the sweep of the keel line. Nine tons of lead are carried beneath this keel, fastened by twenty-five Tobin bronze bolts. The midship frames of this boat will be cut in a natural sweep from one big oak root. The frames throughout the three boats are of oak and hackmatack, two steamed timbers between each set of double timbers. The planking is of clear yellow pine. The general work carried on in the yard calls for a large stock of timber, and the best of this is picked for the yacht work.

The three boats, as the plans previously published show, are of modern type, with long, graceful ends, but in no way extreme, the draft being but 6ft. 6in. They are of a thoroughly wholesome type, built to last for years, and with excellent accommodation, well adapted for all-round yachting and cruising. There is a large cockpit aft, the companion, on the starboard side of the centerline, leading to a roomy and well-lighted saloon with 6ft. 3in. headroom, and making up two berths in the wings on each side. The centerboard trunk is partly beneath the floor, the remaining portion forming part of the middle bulkhead. In the Chandler boat the toilet room is under the fore end of the house, on starboard side, the owner's cabin being abaft of it. In the Dodge boat this arrangement is reversed, the owner's room being forward and the toilet room opening on a short passage connecting it with the main saloon. On the port side in each boat is a passage, with small stateroom next to the saloon and a pantry forward. The forecabin has three or four hammock cots. The interiors are finished inexpensively, but very neatly, in white pine paneling, enameled. The work throughout, in hull and cabins, is of the best, and these boats are as well worth their cost as any yachts recently built about New York. The spars are all ready, as well as the iron work, made at the yard by Robert Brown, the yachtsmith, formerly of New York.

Under the shed with the larger boats is a centerboard sloop of 21ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam, and 4ft. draft, designed by T. E. Ferris for Sands Bros., of New York. She is a shipshape little craft, with good overhangs; the centerboard trunk comes up in the middle of the cabin, forming a table, and there is 5ft. gin. headroom. She has an iron keel, through which the board works. Like the others, the workmanship shows a good finish throughout. The steam yacht Carrie, I. J. Merritt, is still on the ways, where she has been lengthened 10ft. during the winter. The cutter Kathleen is laid up ashore, and the sloops Eclipse and Bonita, with several other yachts, are in the basin. On Wednesday of last week a large wooden freight and passenger steamer, the Ocrakoke, built by Messrs. Brown & Sons for the Old Dominion Steamship Co., was successfully launched.

Continuous Records.

THE plan of giving prizes for continuous performances through the entire season is each year becoming more popular, and various systems have been proposed for calculating the average performance of each yacht from her position in each race, with regard to the number of starters, etc. The Beverly Y. C. has this year adopted a new system, shown in the following table:

NUMBER OF BOATS SAILING IN RACE.										
Place.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1....	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000	1.000
2....		.500	.677	.750	.800	.833	.857	.875	.889	.900
3....			.333	.500	.600	.677	.714	.750	.778	.800
4....				.250	.400	.500	.571	.625	.667	.700
5....					.200	.333	.429	.500	.556	.600
6....						.167	.286	.375	.444	.500
7....							.143	.250	.333	.400
8....								.125	.222	.300
9....									.111	.200
10....										.100

Every yacht completing the course receives a figure to her credit, as compared with others not starting or withdrawing; thus offering an inducement to start as frequently as possible.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., May 7.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held their monthly regatta on Saturday, April 30. There was a very light easterly wind. In the first class there were four entries; in the second only one. Times of races as follows:

	First Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Albatross	Did not finish.		
Britannia	1 29 51		1 28 31
Joker	1 20 48		1 19 41
Omega	1 20 32		1 20 32

Winner, Joker.

	Second Class.	Actual.	Corrected.
Swallow	1 16 15		

H. E. Sewall, commodore, Sewall's Point, Fla.; Paul M. Aston, secretary, Waveland, Fla.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The regular May meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., on Tuesday of last week was not held, there being present one less than the required quorum; it will be held on May 28, at Oyster Bay, the formal opening of the season. Com. Rouse, who after a severe illness last fall spent the winter abroad, was present on the 6th, but no formal business was transacted. It was announced that the trustees had offered the use of the Oyster Bay Station to the U. S. Government, which offer had been courteously accepted by Secretary Long. Races will be held on May 28 at Oyster Bay, the new knockabout fleet being all ready. The golf links will also be in condition.

The Riverton (N. J.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., William R. Ellison; Vice-Com., Charles M. Biddle; Treas., James S. Coale; Sec'y, Somerville Solomon; Meas., H. McIlvaine Biddle; Finance and Elective Committee: J. C. S. Davis, chairman, E. R. Showell, C. C. Rianhard, C. W. Davis, J. Hayes Carstairs; Regatta Committee: James S. Coale, chairman, H. J. Mitchell, Blair Ferguson.

Owing to the amount of work in hand, Hanley has been compelled to decline the order for a 51-footer of J. W. Hanan, and the yacht will not be built.

Enterprise, steam yacht, A. J. Cassatt, arrived at Philadelphia on May 8 after a winter cruise in the West Indies.

Com. Morgan has reappointed J. Beavor Webb as fleet captain of the New York Y. C.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia formally opened its station at Essington, Delaware River, on May 7. The new fleet of seven knockabouts was at anchor, having arrived the evening previous from Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, but a heavy N.W. wind was blowing, so the proposed race was postponed, as it would have necessitated reefing the new sails. A large number of members and guests were present.

The Gravesend Bay Y. C., of Bath Beach, will build a new club house at the foot of Bay Thirty-first street, Bensonhurst, the house being on the end of a long pier. A landing stage will be retained at the old site, Ulmer Park.

The Y. R. A. blue book for 1898 has been issued by Messrs. Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's Lane, London, the price being two shillings and sixpence. The book contains the usual rules, allowance tables, list of members, proceedings of the Association and Council, instructions for measuring, etc. The rules are practically unchanged from last year, as then published in the FOREST AND STREAM. The official list of recognized British clubs numbers eighty-five. The new secretary of the Y. R. A. is B. Heckstall-Smith, Esq., 2 Haarlem Mansions, West Kensington, W. London.

The New York Y. C. will hold no annual regatta this year, not so much on account of the war as from the fact that there are now no large yachts in the racing. The annual cruise will probably take place as usual.

Barracouta, steam yacht, D. P. Reighard, before reported disabled at Nassau, N. P., is still at that port awaiting a new shaft.

The Annisquam, 15-footer, building at Eccles' Nahant shop for H. H. Wiggan, of Somerville, from designs by Parker H. Kemble, was unfortunately destroyed by fire last week, but will be replaced as soon as possible. The boat was to be double-planked, with a thickness of linen between the planking. The linen was to be laid in pitch, and as it was thus being laid the pitch took fire from the melting pot and the boat was consumed. A chest in which were the original designs for the boat was badly charred, but fortunately the drawings were not injured, so rebuilding will be an easy matter. It has been begun and will be pushed.—*Boston Globe*.

The East Gloucester Y. C. has arranged its fixtures as follows: Commencing June 7, and every Tuesday evening until Sept. 1, a pennant race will be sailed from off the club house to Ten Pound Island Buoy, leaving it on port, around buoy off the Hawthorne Inn, leaving it on starboard, around buoy off Stage Fort, on the starboard, returning to the finish. The starting gun will be fired after 6 P. M. The course is a triangle, the upper section of which just skirts the outer bay, and is plainly visible from the shore. July 4—Club races, rules and regulations to be determined later. Aug. 10—Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, open race. Cruises.—June 11 and 12, July 9 and 10, Aug. 13 and 14, to Marblehead and Salem Willows; July 31 and Aug. 1, ladies' moonlight sail; July 17, 18 and 19, cruise to Nahant, joining the Winthrop, Jeffries and Quincy clubs to the cruise to Marblehead, Salem Willows and Gloucester. The classes will be as follows: First class, 21 to 26ft.; second class, 17 to 21ft.; third class, 17ft. and under. Regulations—Any boat not having a competitor in her class shall be allowed to sail over the course and claim percentage. All boats to sail without time allowance. No restrictions in regard to jib and mainsail. Time limit, two hours. Boats finishing first, second, third and fourth in each race will have a percentage of 100, 75, 50 and 25. Boats making the largest total percentage at the end of the series will be presented with a silk pennant. Boats making the second best percentage will be presented with a bunting pennant.

The twin screw steam yacht Atmah for Baron Edmond de Rothschild, of Paris, built to the design of Mr. G. L. Watson, was launched on May 7 by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Glasgow. Dimensions: length, 235ft.; breadth moulded, 34ft.; depth moulded, 21ft. 3in.; and 1,550 tons y. m. Atmah has been built under special survey, and will class 100 Al at Lloyd's, and 13-311 Bureau Veritas in the yacht register of both societies. The hull is of steel, with side bar and bilge keels, clipper stem and elliptical stern, topgallant forecabin, and raised quarter deck. The bottom of the vessel is of the semi-longitudinal character of construction, with an inner bottom fitted under the main coal bunkers, forming water ballast tanks for a length of about 50ft. There are seven water-tight bulkheads throughout the ship. On the shade deck provision is made for carrying several quick-firing guns. A system of hot-water heating is carried throughout the ship, and a hot-water supply provided to all owner's and guests' rooms and lavatories, etc. A complete installation of electric light, including a powerful searchlight, is also provided. The machinery consists of two sets of triple-expansion engines, each set having four cranks and four cylinders, there being one high-pressure, one medium-pressure, and two low-pressure cylinders. The yacht, which will be rigged as a two-masted schooner, with a squaresail on the foremast, is to be fitted out in an elaborate manner with all the most recent improvements. The ceremony of naming the yacht was, in the absence of Baroness Rothschild, performed by Mrs. Edmund Sharer, and among the company present were Sir Wm. G. Pearce, Bart.; Dr. and Mrs. Elgar; M. Paul Reuf, Paris, Baron Rothschild's representative; M. and Mme. Cordemay, M. Rien, Mr. G. L. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Jacks, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgewood, Mr. Sharer, Commander Marshall, R.N.R., Mr. Joseph Beardmore, etc. Sir Wm. G. Pearce proposed "Success to the new Yacht and Health of Baron Rothschild," to which M. Reuf replied, and also proposed "The Builders" and "Mrs. Sharer."—*The Field*.

The rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, revised to date, have been published in pamphlet form by Thompson & Co., 55 Dey street, New York. The price is 10 cents per copy.

Ailsa, cutter, now owned by F. B. Jameson, is now at Fay's yard, where she is being converted to the yawl rig. Satanita has had her mast removed and reduced in size, though it is not stated whether her rig will also be changed.

Britannia, cutter, is laid up and on the sale list, after a rather unfortunate experience with two owners, who were not yachtsmen.

Capt. John Carter, who has been seriously ill during the winter, has not yet recovered his usual health. He will command the new Watson schooner Rainbow.

The Yachtsman of May 5 contains a complete tabulated record of the late Mediterranean races, giving the position of each yacht in each race.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.
PURSERS.
Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Evasion of Rules.

THE Field comments as follows on some proposed open flagrant violations of the rules of the R. C. C. cruising class, intended to bar the racing machine and to turn canoeing into new channels of prosperity; an end which it now promises to achieve. The condition of canoeing in England this season is in marked contrast to this country, there a veritable revival of racing is under way, weekly races having been held on the Thames for the past six weeks, with good entries. Mr. Linton Hope has returned to canoe racing, sailing his own canoes, and this alone is likely to add much to the interest in the sport. The evasions mentioned in the Field would, if permitted, at once wipe out the rule. We have always been of the opinion that if American canoeists had acted with ordinary foresight and good judgment over a dozen years ago in at once prohibiting all canoes without sleeping space in the cockpit, there would still have been canoes and canoe racing in this country to-day.

There never was a rating rule made which could not in some way be evaded in the spirit and intention, while the letter of the rule was obeyed; that is to say, that where every possible evasion is to be guarded against in anticipation, the rule must necessarily occupy pages of the club book of rules, and certainly would be a most difficult thing to pass through a general meeting, where amendments may be sprung upon almost every sentence. The simple and effective plan adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of the council giving instructions to the measures as to the carrying out of the rule, or reporting evasions for its decision, has nipped in the bud many a letter-perfect breach of the spirit of the rule.

The Royal Canoe Club has followed the Y. R. A. in this connection, and on the arising of certain questionable modes of reading the Classification Rules, has answered the intending builder's arguments, and has instructed the official measurers how to act in the matter within the fair reading of the rule. A new canoe is about to be built for the challenge cup races, and her designer very fairly admitted that racing was his intention, and that he preferred to build, for racing, a canoe of the "cruising class," probably because of the extra six inches of beam allowed in that class, and also that the class permits an underbody rudder.

But he wanted to go one further in the racing machine direction, while yet claiming to be a "cruiser," in that he wanted to have a long dagger center-plate, the case for which would extend from end to end of the required "sleeping compartment," and would thus cut such compartment completely in two. The rule requires that in a cruising canoe there shall be a sleeping compartment of not less than 3ft. 6in. in length, with hatchway thereto of not less than 18in. in width for a distance or length of 3ft. The committee decided and instructed that if it was the intention of the owner that the sleeping space is to be on one side only of the C. B. case, then the opening or access thereto must be not less than 18in. by 3ft. Therefore the coaming of the hatchway would come out inconveniently near to the side of the canoe, unless the C. B. case was kept inconveniently low in its height above waterline.

The other point, relating to the same canoe, was the length of mast. A very short waterline was to be given to the canoe in order to get a large sail area, under the rating of L. W. L. X sail area; but the rule, in order to discourage extremes, or machines, limits the length of any spar to be not longer than the L. W. L. of the canoe's rating, consequently where a very short waterline is attempted it is found to give inconveniently short spars on which to set the large sail area obtained. To override this, the designer desired to measure his mast *qua* spar only, and then to stick that 12ft. spar into a metal tube standing high above the deck, so as in effect to get a mast hoist of, say, 14ft. from deck to truck.

Clearly this was an evasion of the spirit and intention of the rule; had the mast been stepped, as in nearly all canoes and boats, fairly down through the deck to the keelson, and then had it been fitted with a ferrule at 12ft. from heel, and a mast headpiece shipped into the ferrule, so as to lengthen the workable hoist to 14ft. above deck, it would, without question, be a breach of the rule. Then if this same jointed mast were turned bottom up and the mast headpiece stepped into the deck, the nature of that jointed spar would not be changed, and the evasion would remain unaltered. So, in fact, the committee unanimously found, and ordered that in the case of a mast, the length will be taken from the head of the mast to the bottom of the heel support or step.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Louisville Revolver Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 12.—The members of the Louisville Revolver Club met at the Armory Tuesday evening, May 10. The attendance was good. Seven members shot in the three events, which were witnessed by the large crowd present.

Friday noon the 1st Regiment leaves for Lexington, Ky., for mobilization, and the local club will practice in earnest for the coming match with the Brooklyn Club, which will come off on May 24. There have been such large crowds at the Armory lately that very little practicing among club members has taken place.

Mr. Lou Scott, an old sportsman, and representing the Burrell-Walker Clay Mfg. Co., of this city, was present and gave out samples of King's Smokeless and Semi-smokeless powders. Lou has many friends in the club and they had him to act as scorer during the evening.

Mr. R. S. Witherspoon, of the firm of Witherspoon Bros. & Co., a new member, made a very good score with a .38, 3 1/4 in. barrel S. & W. hammerless, for his first target shooting, and it is predicted he will soon be near the top as a marksman.

It is an acknowledged fact that one of the best shots of the club made the poorest score at the beginning of any member that has joined the club. We are especially anxious for more of our business and professional men to join to learn how to shoot. It is quite an art to be a good marksman in revolver shooting.

The club will meet on Tuesday evening of each week during the month for practice. Mr. H. S. Gilbert expects to leave in two weeks for Tatum Springs for the summer months. Messrs. Witherspoon, Miller, Gilbert, Taylor, Board, Burnett and Dye have formed a Smith and Wesson Pistol Club, using .22cal. S. & W. 10in. barrel pistols exclusively, and as soon as the range is completed on the Kentucky Shotgun Club's grounds they will be pleased to hear from clubs, especially Stevens clubs, using the above caliber pistols, to arrange for a match to come off in June. Below are the scores of the last shoot in full:

Event No. 1, 10yds., 2in. bullseye counts 10:												
H S Gilbert	10	8	7	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	93
E B Dye	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	7	1	86		
S Watkins	6	8	9	9	10	9	10	10	8	6	85	
M Board	10	7	7	5	9	7	9	9	9	8	81	
R S Witherspoon	5	10	9	8	9	8	7	10	3	10	79	
F M Taylor	5	6	9	1	6	8	8	5	3	10	61	

Event No. 2, 15yds., 4in. bullseye counts 10, 20 seconds for each 5 shots:												
S Watkins	9	9	8	8	5	10	10	10	9	6	84	
H S Gilbert	10	8	8	8	5	10	10	8	8	83		
F M Taylor	9	8	8	7	8	8	8	7	5	75		
E B Dye	9	9	7	4	3	10	9	8	7	62		
R S Witherspoon	5	1	0	0	10	10	9	9	7	51		
Geo Kneblekamp	10	10	8	7	1	9	9	6	6	62		

Event No. 3, 20yds., standard American target:												
H S Gilbert	8	9	9	7	7	6	6	7	7	8	67	
E B Dye	4	8	6	9	1	4	5	8	7	7	59	
M Board	9	8	1	7	4	1	1	6	10	6	53	
S Watkins	3	1	4	1	4	8	7	1	3	8	40	
F M Taylor	4	2	7	1	4	1	4	7	3	3	36	
Geo Kneblekamp	1	4	10	3	4	1	1	10	1	6	41	
R S Witherspoon	1	3	1	3	4	1	7	1	1	23		

E. B. Dye.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9.—Yesterday was club medal day for several clubs who shoot at Shell Mound range. Two of Germania Club's marksmen distinguished themselves. F. P. Schuster broke the club record. Only one entry of twenty shots is allowed per month. Schuster made 454 rings, thus beating Dr. Rodgers' record, which was 445. In the 3-shot re-entry match Aug. Jungblut made 75 rings, the possible.

In the Schuetzen Verein shoot A. H. Pape made the fine score of 444 yesterday—only one entry allowed.

Scores of the Columbia Club: Columbia target, rifle, 200yds., champion class (only one entry)—D. W. McLaughlin 47, F. E. Mason 61, Dr. Rodgers 69, F. O. Young 75. First class—A. B. Dorrell 71, Gorman 75, Bremer 92. Second class—Barley 82, M. J. White, 104.

Rifle, re-entry—Dr. Rodgers 45, Pape 58, McLaughlin 66.

Rifle, re-entry for lower classes—Dorrell 57 and 64, Gorman 63. Pistol, Columbia target, 50yds., champion class (only one entry)—Dr. Rodgers 50, Daiss 53, White 55, Gorman 57, Dorrell 62, Young 64, Pape 68. First class—McLaughlin 63, Mason 65, Barley 72.

Revolver—Young made 44 in 10 shots—a fine score. Militia practice was almost nil, as most of the boys are now United States volunteers and are expecting to go immediately to Manila.

ROEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May —.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucky Shotgun Club; three days; two to targets, one at pigeons.
May 17-19.—Macon, Miss.—Tenth annual shooting tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club. C. M. Scales, Manager.

May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.

May 20-22.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, on grounds of Butte Gun Club. Birds and targets; \$500 added money. C. M. Smith, Sec'y.

May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

May 25-26.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magatrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—Owego, N. Y.—Owego Gun Club's tournament. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Frank B. Tracy, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's holiday shoot.

May 30.—Woodlawn.—All-day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

May 30.—Plainfield, N. J.—All-day shoot of Independent Gun Club.

May 30.—Newark, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of East Side Gun Club; live birds; open to all.

May 30.—Oil City, Pa.—Decoration Day tournament of the Oil City Gun Club. H. C. Reeser, Sec'y.

June 2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 1-3.—Springfield, O.—Open-to-all tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Richl, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Willmar, Minn.—Willmar Gun Club's third annual amateur tournament.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.

June 14-16.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

June 15-16.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. W. F. Duncan, Treas.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday afterward.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. I. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburg, Ind.—Greensburg Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Owego Gun Club's tournament, Owego, N. Y., May 25 to 27, can now be obtained of the secretary, Frank B. Tracy. The first and second days will be devoted to bluerocks; the third to live birds. The target events number twelve for each day, six at 10 targets, six at 15; \$1 and \$1.50 entrance respectively. There are four live-bird events on the last day, as follows: 5 birds, \$5, three moneys; 7 birds, \$7, the moneys in both these events being divided 50, 30 and 20, birds deducted. No. 3 is at 10 birds, \$10, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., birds deducted. No. 4 is a miss-and-out, \$2. The programme contains the following information for the club's patrons: "The grounds of the Owego Gun Club are within five minutes' walk of D. L. & W. station, and one mile from Erie and Lehigh Valley stations. Carriages will meet each incoming train. Lunch served on the grounds. Arrangements have been made to have ammunition for sale. The shooter's platform is under cover, with comfortable house attached. Rain will not interfere with shooting. Targets are thrown toward the northeast, and nearly all angles give sky birds. It is strictly an amateur shoot and all professionals and experts are barred from competing, though they will be permitted to shoot in the events by paying for the targets. All amateurs are cordially invited. Ship ammunition care of Ahwaga House."

The programme of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-second annual tournament, May 24 to 27, open to all, can be obtained of the managers, Messrs. G. W. Loomis, F. S. Parmelee, or J. C. Read, Omaha, Neb. Each of the first three days will have ten events; the fourth day eight events, 20 targets each, \$2.50 entrance, \$25 added; in all thirty-eight events, with a total of \$950 added. In addition there will be cash prizes of \$10 for each of the five best general averages. Five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. On the fourth day, besides the eight events, there will be two events open only to Nebraska shooters, namely, first, the gold medal event, 25 targets, the trophy being emblematic of the championship at targets, entrance \$3, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Second, at 15 live birds, 30yds. rise, for diamond badge, emblematic of the live-bird championship, \$15 entrance, four moneys. Shooting commences at 8:30. Grounds will be open for practice on May 23.

The tribe has issued a document which cedes a tournament to the palefaced of the world. It is signed by the renowned Chiefs Bald Eagle, Wipe Stick, Moonface, Heap Talk, Buffalo Hump, High Kick, Long Talk, Dago, High Ball and No Talk, known more commonly as the Indian squad. They set forth that in the third week of August, on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club, they will hold their second tournament, to consist of four days of target shooting, ten events each, \$2.50 entrance, \$20 added, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., and \$100 for the ten best general averages, as follows: \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$8, \$6, \$6, \$6. Aug. 27, the last day, there will be a live-bird handicap, 26 to 32yds., \$25 entrance, birds extra, \$100 in cash added, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Professionals and experts will pay 50 cents extra in each of the target events, the purse thereby provided to be divided among the amateurs who shoot through the programme.

J. S. Remsen, the president of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, and also a member of the Carteret Club, has unlimited facilities for target practice at his home, Flatbush, L. I. In fact he has a little club all to himself and his invited guests. With great ingenuity he has laid out grounds in a field near his home, and has put in a set of traps, Sergeant system, and has made a wire pull that cannot be baten for effectiveness. He inaugurated his new pull, etc., on Tuesday of last week, May 10, inviting Capt. A. W. Money, Edward Banks and a novice to try their hands at bluerocks from his traps. There was a strong wind blowing right in the faces of the shooters, making the shooting very difficult, but as goose eggs were distributed rather generously all around, no complaints were heard. To make things interesting, a series of team races were shot during the afternoon, Capt. Money and his partner, Mr. Remsen, getting "did up" by Mr. Banks and his side partner —, who shall be nameless for this once.

Mr. John B. Rogers, secretary and manager of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the board of directors of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, held at the U. S. Hotel, Newburgh, N. Y., May 11, it was decided to hold only one-day shoots in the future, and the following dates were fixed: June 2, Peekskill Gun Club grounds, trophy shoot. July 15, Poughkeepsie Gun Club grounds, trophy shoot. Aug. 11, Marlborough Gun Club grounds, trophy shoot. Aug. 24, Warwick Gun Club grounds, special shoot. Sept. 9, place undecided, trophy shoot. It was also decided to offer \$25 average money, to be divided as follows: \$6, \$5, \$4.50, \$3.50, \$3, \$2, \$1, among amateurs only. Targets will be thrown free to all manufacturers' agents. Programmes for the Peekskill shoot will be mailed the first of the week."

Mr. O. B. Marvin, secretary of the M. G. C., Findlay, O., writes us that on account of the tournaments given at Indianapolis, Ind., and Parkersburg, W. Va., on June 7-9, the Magatrap Gun Club, of Findlay, have changed their dates to May 25-26. All those wishing programmes will receive the same by addressing Mr. Marvin.

On May 11 the West Chester Gun Club defeated the Florists Gun Club in a team shoot, twelve men on a side on the club's grounds at Wissinoming, Pa. The conditions were 25 targets, known traps and angles. A high wind made difficult shooting. Will K. Park made the highest individual score, 22 out of 25. Following are the scores: West Chester—Harman 19, Davids 21, Hoar 18, C. Brinton 21, P. Brinton 16, Sellers 19, Ferguson 16, Jackson 18, Twaddell 14, Alexander 15, Earhus 21, Place 20, total 218. Florists—G. O. Bell 16, W. K. Park 22, C. D. Ball 14, J. C. McKarhar 14, J. J. Stuer 15, J. W. Colflesh 21, J. Burton 21, Jones 13, Cartledge 21, Craig 10, L. Ball 12, Anderson 20, total 199.

The Handicapping Committee of the New York German Gun Club fixed the following handicaps for the season of 1898, all members shooting from the 28yd. mark: Dr. George V. Hudson is the scratch man, and is handicapped at 7 points; John Schlicht and John Wellbrock are handicapped at 6½ points; John P. Dannefeler, Fred Sauter, Henry Nobel, and Henry Leopold, 6 points; Robert Debacher, Fred Kronsberg, Adolph Lucas, Edward Rodie and Bernard Koenig, 5½ points; Henry Meyer, Philip Moersch, M. J. Bouton, August Schmitt and W. S. Meisenholder, 5 points; A. Le Mout, Henry Oehl, Charles Voehringer, Charles W. Horney and John Boesenecker, 4½ points, and Jacob Bissinger and Ed Hotz, 4 point.

At the annual meeting of the Saginaw Gun Club, Saginaw, Mich., a list of officers was elected as follows: John B. Baum, President; Jacob Henny, Vice-President; John M. Messner, Secretary; John Popp, Treasurer; Ed Carpenter, E. L. De Lange, H. G. Krogmann, John Brechtelsbauer, Henry Henny are captains. The auditing committee is Chas. Schmidt, Henry Henny, Charles E. Lown. A trophy in the shape of a gold medal has been presented to the club by Mautner & Krause, to be shot for by members, three successive victories entitling the winner to its permanent possession.

The opening shoot of the Border Gun Club League will be held on Greenville grounds, May 19. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. There are fifteen target events on the programme, 10, 15 and 20 targets respectively, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The League race, the feature of the tournament, will take place between 3 and 4 o'clock, between five-men teams from each of the following cities: Greenville, Junction Park (Rochester, Pa.), Warren, O., and Newcastle, Pa. J. M. Reed, Sec'y.

Charlie Budd is not much of a diagnostician in the matter of his own shooting abilities, for after shooting at Reading and Baltimore he was almost convinced that he had lost the art of shooting targets in expert form. Thereupon he goes home, turns to and makes a score of 96 out of 100, winning the Schmelzer trophy thereby, and defeating all the high-class artists.

Capt. A. W. Money, president of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., leaves on Thursday of this week for a visit to England. We wish him a pleasant and safe voyage. Until his return, there will be one shooter less who shoots through the programme and through the extra events, and stops only when night comes.

The annual shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club, Canajoharie, N. Y., will be held on May 30. There will be fifteen events, 15 bluerocks, entrance \$1.30, targets included. Ten dollars will be added for best average in events 5 to 14 inclusive. Moneys and averages divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Paid men barred from purse, but allowed to shoot for targets. Charles Weeks, secretary.

Messrs. H. P. Collins and Elmer E. Shaner dropped into this city last week on their way home from the Brunswick, Ga., shoot. Mr. Collins, who represents the Du Pont Powder Company in Baltimore and the South, reported nothing doing, while Elmer Shaner said that big game shooting, such as Spaniards, etc., was attracting more attention in the South than target shooting.

The Oil City Gun Club, Oil City, Pa., will hold a shoot on Decoration Day, May 30. Money divided according to the Rose system. There are eleven events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, three, four and five moneys respectively. Targets deducted, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. H. C. Reeser, secretary.

Under date of May 13, a correspondent writes us that Charlie Budd's shoot was a great success in every way—weather fine and the birds a good lot. The boys all go from Des Moines to the Missouri State shoot. Charlie Budd will give a shoot next year and add \$1,000.

In Charlie Budd's shoot, Fred Gilbert, the Wizard of the West, was first general average with 93½ per cent, a great showing in a total of 600 targets. In our special dispatch from Kansas City, Mr. Paul Litzke mentions that Gilbert broke 125 straight. He will at the present rate be in truth the man who never misses.

Barney Worthen, the well-known expert, of Charleston, S. C., won high average on both days at the Interstate tournament, held May 4-5, at Brunswick, Ga., using a Parker gun and E. C. powder. He represented The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company at that tournament.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will have live-bird shooting on Saturday of this week, at Woodlawn. Also, that club will hold an all-day live-bird shoot on May 30, same place. Full particulars will be given at a later date.

The Bath Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on June 2, the programme of which will be issued later. George E. Thompson, Sec'y.

The third annual amateur tournament of the Willmar Gun Club, Willmar, Minn., will be held on June 7 and 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 14.—A big attendance manifested the competitive earnestness of the Audubon Gun Club's shoot, held to-day. The interest centered in the Du Pont Handicap, shooting at 10 live birds per man, for an elegant silver trophy, donated by the Du Pont Powder Co. through their Buffalo agent, Mr. Clinton Bidwell. Kirkover, Krotz, Zoeller, Warren, Lodge and Dutton tied on the first string of birds. Kirkover won in shooting off the tie and received the trophy.

In the club badge shoot F. D. Kelsey won a Class A badge, Gus Krotz won Class B, and U. E. Story won Class C. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	15	5p	15	10	Targets:	25	15	15	5p	15	10
C Burkhardt....	23	15	15	12	10	10	J E Lodge	15	11	13	10	10	10
Kirkover	23	13	13	14	10	10	Chabot	11	7	10	10	10	10
A Kelsey	23	13	13	12	10	10	G Stauber	13	7	10	10	10	10
Swiveller	17	13	12	14	12	7	G Krotz, B.	19	7	10	10	10	10
Talsma	20	13	13	13	10	10	Dr Woodbury....	7	10	10	10	10	10
A C H	21	13	13	14	13	9	E Reinecke	10	10	11	9	10	10
E Burkhardt....	16	10	12	13	8	9	Green	12	10	10	9	7	10
Warren	21	13	13	17	11	10	Wheeler	12	10	10	10	10	10
McArthur	14	9	13	13	9	9	E Bauman	12	10	10	10	10	10
McCarney	18	11	10	10	7	9	Gardner	7	10	10	10	10	10
R H Hebard	17	11	10	10	6	9	Foxie	9	10	8	8	10	10
U E Storey, C.	16	12	10	10	10	10	Ditton	11	10	10	10	10	10
P Stover	13	7	10	10	7	7	C E Hebard	9	10	10	10	10	10
G Zoeller	19	14	10	10	10	10	Floss	10	10	10	10	10	10
W R Eaton	15	9	10	10	10	10	Oehmig	10	10	10	10	10	10
Crooks	13	9	10	10	10	10	Anderson	10	10	10	10	10	10
J J O'Brien.....	21	9	10	10	10	10	Franklin	10	10	10	10	10	10
Jacobs	21	9	10	10	10	10	Fish	10	10	10	10	10	10

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., May 8.—The Auburn Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot to-day; a fine day for the sport, and the boys all enjoyed themselves. The new pulls and traps worked to perfection. In the 25-bird event for the gold badge Fletcher and Barker tied on 21. Barker won on the shoot-off, and wears the badge for the next week. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	25	10	15	10	10	10	5	5
Cushman	18	7	10	8	9	6	10	10
Ashley	15	9	10	10	6	10	10	10
Connors	19	10	8	10	10	10	10	10
Fletcher	21	10	4	10	9	2	10	10
Wood	13	10	4	10	7	1	5	10
White	16	8	10	7	2	10	10	10
Barker	21	10	4	10	10	10	10	10
Francis	10	5	10	10	4	4	10	10
Bickford	12	5	10	10	3	3	10	10
Jordan	5	10	3	10	3	3	10	10
Cranshaw	8	10	10	4	10	10	10	10
Wills	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Scribner	19	10	10	8	8	3	10	10
Norton	6	8	10	5	6	4	10	10
Collins	5	8	10	10	10	10	10	10

L. A. BARKER, Sec'y.

Kansas City Shoot.

[Special to FOREST AND STREAM.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 16.—The prospects for the success of the tournament are most flattering indeed. There are a host of shooters present, including all the cracks of the country, the East being strongly represented. The events on the programme were the State team championship, and the individual State and interstate championships. The team race had ten entries, and the honors went to the St. Louis team, whose total was 58 out of 60; both lost birds were dead out of bonds.

Score: St. Louis—Kling 15, Pendergast 15, Starkloff 14, J. W. Smith 14. Total 58.

Washington Park: Wright 15, Beach 11, Jarrett 12, D. Elliott 15. Total 53.

Pastime: Hallowell 14, Lee Horton 13, Whittier 13, Thomas 13. Total 53.

Kansas City: Durkee 14, Curtice 14, J. Porter 13, R. Jarrett 12. Total 53.

Stock Yards: Barse 14, Walden 13, Campbell 13, Steele 12. Total 52.

Veterans: Maegley 13, Stockwell 13, Norton 13, Riley 13. Total 52.

O K C.: Herman 14, Hickman 13, K. W. Herman 12, Gottlieb 12. Total 51.

Belt Line: Guinotte 14, Glasner 13, F. Smith 11, Von Quist 8. Total 46.

Foresters: Abemothy 12, Russell 12, Tyree 11, Jackson 10. Total 45.

Joplin withdrew.

The individual race closed with thirty-eight entries; of these only twenty-five have finished. Jim Porter and Gilbert are the only ones who killed twenty-five straight.

In the target sweeps Gilbert was easily first, as he broke all targets he shot at, 125 straight.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The conditions of the State Association team medal shoot are: Open to only one team of four, belonging to any club resident of the State of Missouri, fifteen birds to each man, making sixty birds to the team; entrance \$20 each team; birds extra; \$100 to club holding last medal, and \$100 additional guaranteed, that is to be divided among the second, third, fourth and fifth teams in the race, in sums equal to 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Missouri State individual championship, limited to Missouri State Association members, was at twenty-five birds, entrance \$12.50, including birds; \$50 in cash added. The Association offers in this event a \$25 gold medal emblematic of the State championship at live birds, moneys divided 40, 30 and 20 per cent. First money goes with the medal, but the trophy must be shot out in case of ties.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 14.—The Haverhill Gun Club held its regular weekly practice shoot this afternoon, the fourth since the season opened. Mr. J. R. Hull, representative of Parker Bros., had sent us word that he would be with us, and bring Mr. T. H. Keller, the popular agent of the Peters Cartridge Co. and King's Powder Co., with him. Accompanying them when they arrived was Mr. Hooker, a member of the Lynn, Mass., Fish and Game Protective Association. As a result, the members turned out in good force to welcome them, and a lively and enjoyable afternoon's shoot was had, notwithstanding the frequent showers, which, however, had no appreciable effect in dampening the ardor of the shooters.

Mr. Hull had along a couple of Parker guns, and Mr. Keller had Peters loads "to burn," and they were burned all right too; there was no other way to dispose of them.

Mr. Hull had sent along a case of loads, but they failed to materialize, and he was obliged to shoot a lighter load than he is accustomed to use, but it didn't seem to affect his shooting very much, as he landed first for general average with 88 per cent., and during the afternoon broke 30 straight, 15 at reversed pull and 15 at unknown angles and traps, walk-around system, in succession.

The gentlemen made many friends during their visit, and many and sincere were the wishes for a speedy renewal of their acquaintance when the time came to bid them good-bye.

Below you will find events and scores in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot		
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	15	15	10	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Hooker	8	8	10	10	8	7	12	10	10	10	10	85	63	.741
Hull	9	7	14	10	6	13	15	15	12	10	10	115	101	.878
Osborne	5	6	8	7	6	9	10	10	10	10	10	70	41	.585
Merritt	8	6	11	8	7	12	11	10	10	10	10	85	63	.741
Brown	7	6	10	5	4	9	10	10	10	10	10	70	41	.585
Orne	4	3	8	6	6	8	8	10	10	10	10	85	43	.505
D S Short	6	8	12	7	6	8	11	6	11	7	4	135	86	.637
Keller	7	7	10	7	9	14	9	10	10	10	10	85	63	.741
Miller	10	10	12	9	8	9	12	10	14	7	10	125	101	.808
Putnam	3	5	4	1	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	60	21	.350
Pray	5	13	4	8	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	60	42	.700
Lambert	9	11	9	10	11	9	11	14	8	7	10	125	99	.792
George	11	3	8	12	15	11	13	9	4	10	10	115	86	.747
Webster	11	10	8	11	12	10	10	6	4	10	10	105	72	.685
Bradford	6	5	12	11	9	10	6	4	10	10	10	100	63	.630
Leighton	3	7	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	28	.560
Bickel	5	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	35	21	.600
Ingham	8	9	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	60	45	.750

Events 5, 9, and 10 were known angles; 1, 2, 3 and 6 at unknown angles; 4 and 7, known angles, reversed pull; 8, unknown angles and traps, walk-around, and 11 was at 5 pairs.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Centredale Gun Club.

CENTREDALE, R. I., May 16.—We had another beautiful day for our practice shoot Saturday, and some of the best scores of the season were made. If some of our boys could only shoot as well when shooting for prizes and pennants as they do when practicing we would probably have a chance to win some of the trophies which are being shot for bi-weekly, but then the season has but just begun, and who can tell what we will do. As I predicted in these columns two weeks ago, my friend Billy Sheldon won the C. F. Pope Co. trophy last Thursday, and I guess everybody was pleased that he did. His club, the Pawtuxet, also lowered the colors of the Providence Club, by winning the pennant from them, which they have so gallantly defended these last two years.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Birds:	25	10	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	15
J B Collins	20	9	15	21	20	13	19	23	10	13	13
Reiner	22	10	22	23	20	12	10	10	10	12	12
Root	9	17	14	20	22	22	22	23	10	10	10
Sowden	21	21	17	20	14	10	10	10	10	10	10
Remington	15	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Smith	12	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sweet	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Voelker	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Thrift	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Andrews	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
King	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

No. 2 was 5 doubles. Root did some fine shooting the last five strings. Collins is fast getting into form. Sowden, who has been absent from the traps for ten years, is getting his eye on to the birds in good style, and ought to make them all hustle pretty soon.

N. F. REINER, Sec'y.

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., May 14.—Nos. 2, 6 and 8 were at unknown angles; Nos. 1, 5 and 7 were regular; No. 3 was reverse; No. 4 was Sergeant system; Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 were the medal shoot, 50 targets in all:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	at	Broke.	Av.
Day	10	7	10	8	14	9	8	5	100	71	.710
Burbank	11	8	11	6	12	12	5	10	100	71	.710
Rawson	8	8	11	6	14	10	12	7	100	76	.760
Ford	11	7	9	7	12	3	11	6	100	66	.660
Johnson	7	7	8	6	10	3	5	2	100	48	.480
Fred	7	7	8	6	10	5	9	6	60	37	.620
Noyes	7	7	11	10	14	6	6	6	60	48	.800
Club average									820	417	.674

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 14.—The rules finally adopted for the government of the Chicago challenge trophy have under test proved themselves to be singularly deficient. For instance, they say nothing about the procedure in case of a tie, as was the situation in the Paterson-Cunningham race. The decision of the question in that case was left to the referee, the trustees not passing on the matter. Mr. Watson, referee, decided that Mr. Cunningham would have to pay for the birds in both races, which was probably correct enough in view of the blankness of the rules on that head.

Yet another and more serious fault in the rules came to light in the question of priority of challenges for this trophy. One challenger feels himself aggrieved because his verbal challenge, unaccompanied with money, did not receive precedence. Others, who under the rules filed their challenges and forfeits with a local paper designated under the rules as the proper repository, claimed precedence each for himself. The rules do not state that the regular challenge first filed shall be accepted. Having in view possible entanglements under this clause of the rule, the trustees held a meeting and agreed to practically nullify that clause by demanding that henceforth all challenges must be sent in to the trustees. All the trustees agreed that this would be advisable, but soon after the agreement one of the trustees, Mr. T. P. Hicks, is stated to have gone to the office of the aforementioned newspaper and left there his challenge for the trophy. This action was regular under the rules as adopted, but contrary to the agreement of the governing body of trustees. In view of this fact, and of the other difficulties and deficiencies above mentioned, the trustees have sent out a notice for a meeting of the original contributors to the trophy, at the office of E. S. Rice, on Monday of this week, to consider suggestions that will be presented for their consideration.

It is highly desirable that such meeting be held, and that the powers of the trustees be properly extended and specified. Of course, the real difficulty lies in the narrow and mistaken policy—itsself a most absurd proposition from a sporting standpoint—of constituting a newspaper concern as the governing board of a trophy to which very many have contributed, and in which the general public is asked to take an interest. This same narrow and selfish action has in the past killed several sportsmen's bodies and sportsmen's movements, and the lesson of history would seem to be so plain as not to admit of the mistake finding repetition. At first sight it may seem a bit large and glorious for a newspaper to be designated as the holder of \$10 worth of stake money, but really the ambition for such position is selfish and not broad. If a trophy is to be made a popular one, it should have strings taken off from it. As it has not been offered by any one concern, it should not be kept in the kitchen of any one concern. Such a restriction kills all the value of a competition. The only natural and common sense thing to do with these rules, if the trophy is to be a public and not a private matter, is to amend the rules so that the givers of the trophy may see it governed by the officers elected by themselves. This I say not from any standpoint of professional jealousy. It is simply a question of sportsmanlike attitude. Sporting newspapers are very often designated to hold challenge money, and this is proper enough, as it is in the line of their business. But any public trophy should ask the courtesy not of a narrow section of the press, but of all the sporting press. Otherwise it demeans and debases itself to just the extent to which it has allowed itself to be the dupe of narrow and selfish interests, and it lays itself open to the charge of being subject to the manipulation of a clique or ring. We have already too many cliques and rings in Chicago, and do not need any more. If the Chicago challenge trophy is really to belong to Chicago, let us take all the strings off from it and give it to Chicago, with a sportsmanlike set of rules to govern it, and a body of trustees who shall be indeed trustees of the honor and integrity of the competition in which our shooters are asked to enter. This, I am sure, is the more sportsmanlike and least selfish view of the situation, and I hope to see sufficient interest has been taken in the meeting of Monday to bring about its due accomplishment. This trophy is now old enough to stand on its own feet.

CHICAGO, May 16.—There was a stormy meeting to-day over the Chicago challenge trophy rules. Fourteen men were present. The rules were changed as follows:

Rule 2 now reads:

"All contests shall be at twenty-five birds per man, and handicap birds as fixed by trustees, whether at first general or subsequent individual contests, and shot under rules known as the American Shooting Association rules, except wherein the following rules may differ:

"In event of contest resulting in a tie, it shall be declared no contest and shall again be shot off under the conditions governing the previous contest, and the challenger shall post bird money as in previous event. In event of the challenger's failure to shoot off the tie on the day specified, not later than ten days from the date of such tie race, he shall forfeit the amount posted to the holder, unless some good and sufficient reason shall be given, which shall be decided by said trustees."

Rule 3 is unchanged.

Rule 4 is unchanged up to word "affixed," after which add "giving written notice of such handicap to parties in interest not less than three days prior to contest."

Rule 5 is unchanged, except add "and to pass upon all questions arising under these rules."

Rule 6, insert "resident" before word "shooter."

Rule 7 reads: "All matches shall be at twenty-five live birds and handicap bird when allowed by trustees, the challenger posting a sum of money requisite to cost of fifty birds and no more. The challenger shall in all cases pay for all birds used in the contest. The holder shall name time, giving challenger not less than ten days' written notice, and shall, while our respected fellow sportsman, John Watson, continues to manage a shooting park, name such park as the place for the contest."

In Rule 8, insert after the word "Chicago," "and a copy of same forwarded by challenger simultaneously to the chairman of committee."

Rule 9 now reads: "The trophy shall be delivered to the trustees on the day of each and every match and by them delivered to the winner upon his executing a satisfactory bond."

Add to Rule 10, "all challenges for the trophy shall be in writing and shall pass through the mails."

Rule 11 unchanged.

Rule 12 cut out entirely.

Balance unchanged.

BELLE MEADE SHOOTING PARK.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, writes me a personal letter which I am sure he will allow me to use on account of the news it contains regarding one of the most remarkable private shooting grounds of the country, the park established by Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Nashville, Tenn., for his own personal pleasure. Mr. Bennett goes on to say:

"On an invitation of Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Belle Meade Stock Farm, Nashville, Tenn., eight or ten members of the Memphis Gun Club left here on Friday night last to spend a day at Belle Meade, and take part in an invitation shoot, which Gen. Jackson tendered our club. We arrived at Belle Meade at 6:30 on Saturday the 7th, and were met at Belle Meade Station by Gen. Jackson, W. H. Jackson, Jr., and Mr. Will Elliston, son-in-law of the General. Belle Meade Station is only about three hundred yards from the splendid old residence, and after a brisk walk to the house we were driven over the magnificent grounds, and then invited to a most delightful breakfast. Gen. Jackson is famous as an entertainer and host, and assisted by his son and son-in-law gave us a most enjoyable time.

"I want to write you about the grounds and appointments of the Belle Meade shooting box: Gen. Jackson has always been a lover of the gun and dogs, and finding game growing scarcer every day, has taken to trap shooting, of course, not altogether. Both W. H. Jackson, Jr., and Will Elliston are very enthusiastic sportsmen, and seconded the General in his efforts to establish at Belle Meade a shooting box equal to any. A beautiful piece of ground was selected near the center of the six thousand acres composing Belle Meade farm, and the Cincinnati building at the late Nashville Exposition was purchased and moved to Belle Meade, where it was erected, and a more complete building could hardly have been designed for the purpose. It has a broad veranda extending entirely around the house. The entrance leads up a broad flight of steps into a spacious hallway, appropriately furnished and handsomely decorated. On either side of the hall are large rooms set apart for the shooters, and there is a ladies' parlor, which is handsomely furnished in antique furniture, most of which has been in possession of Gen. Jackson's family for a century.

"At the north end of the building is a set of live bird traps. On the east is a maugtrap, and on the south another set of live bird traps. All so arranged and constructed that the trapping can be done very rapidly, and with the exception of Elkwood Park I do not know of a place in the United States as well appointed and equipped for trap shooting. Broad plank walks lead from one set

of traps to the other, and in bad weather the shooter does not have to expose himself to the elements. All onlookers can remain in the building and have an unobstructed view of the shooters and every bird trap.

"About half a mile from the club house there have been constructed large and commodious pigeon coops. A building 50x35ft. and two stories high. Running around one side of the building there is a wire net work, forming what might be termed an excellent "training ground" for the birds. At one end of the building there is another cage made of wire netting, the same length and width of the building. Birds can go at will from the building into these separate compartments. It seems to me the arrangements for keeping the birds are equally as good as the arrangement for shooting, and the General at all times keeps on hand from two to three thousand birds. I am sure there are no private grounds in this or any other country to compare with these. Understand, the General does not expect to hold tournaments, or make anything out of these grounds. They were constructed simply for the pleasure of himself, family and friends. They are private grounds for the use of a private gentleman and his invited guests."

Mr. W. R. Elliston is good enough to supplement Mr. Bennett's letter with scores and comment on the shoot above referred to. It would seem that there was a large attendance of spectators as well as shooters. The honors of the day were carried off by Mr. James Neely of Memphis, who killed twenty-five birds straight, winning a handsome silver cup. Messrs. Fite and Elliston tied for second with twenty-one each. In the 10-bird handicap, Messrs. W. H. Jackson, Jr., and Dudley Weaver tied on nine birds, and in the 25-bird handicap Messrs. Bennett and Elliston tied with twenty birds each. In a miss-and-out a hot competition ended in a victory for Mr. Elliston, who scored ten straight. Mr. Neely made one run of twenty-four straight live birds. Mr. Abe Frank, of Memphis, also came in for deserved applause, as did Mr. Edrington. The oldest shooters present stated that they had never seen the birds any better or harder to stop, a stiff north wind carrying many dead out of bonds. Mr. Elliston sends also a fine photograph of this magnificent private lodge, fit capital building, one of the most princely sporting grounds of the South. Following are the scores:

May 7, event No. 1, 7 live birds, sweep; all stood at 30yds.:	
Frank	2220222-6
Bennett	2022222-6
Norton	2222202-4
Walker	222221*-6
Edrington	2222222-7
Neely	22222*-6
Weaver	111*212-6

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, sweep; handicap:	
Frank, 30.....	2220222*212-8
Bennett, 30.....	2022222*212-8
Norton, 30.....	22222*2012-7
Walker, 30.....	*1201*212-7
Edrington, 30.....	*1202222*-6
Neely, 30.....	22202*2122-8
Weaver, 30.....	2220222222-9

Event No. 3, 25 live birds, sweep; for trophy, a silver traveling case, given by Nashville shooters; all at 30yds.:	
Frank	*22222220222222222220222-21
Bennett	*222222222220*222222222222-20
Norton	102*2222202*22202222222*22-18
Walker	2220222*2222121*1101*1101-17
Edrington	222*1212202*10*22*1222*212-18
Neely	122122*1210212221*22222*-21
Weaver	210*2212211221222*1*2201*-19
Gerst	110211*220213*120222*221*-18
Legler	1*2111221220*101*21112210-19
Marks	21*21111*2221*10121*222-17
Connor	*22*0110220221021*2122*211-17
Elliston	22222222222*22*22*2022*222-20
Gen. W. H. Jackson.....	21*112*11*2102220*1021*21-17
W. H. Jackson, Jr.....	222021*12221*10221220122*-19
Moore	11021*1*1221*1*20222*21012*-16
Cullom	0*01212122222222*11001*-18
Robertson	2221102120220*1122*11*22-18

Shoot off for prize:	
Frank *, Neely 2.	
Event No. 4, 25 live birds, sweep; trophy silver cup offered by the B. H. Stief Jewelry Company:	
Frank	1212120*1012121*022222202-19
Bennett	2220221222122222*2022*022-20
Fite	2022*1222122*2222221*2221-21
Walker	*22022222*22*02022*2202222-17
Edrington	2222*22122222*022222*202-20
Neely	222222221212222222222222-25
Marks	221*222221***121022*222*-18
Norton	*2222222222222222*22222202*-20
Connor	21*212*22011*22022101122*-17
Gerst	21*2120*2120*202222*2222*-17
Weaver	2*02222*222222*1*22*222221-19
Elliston	*222222222222222022222222*-21
Meaders	*22*220212120*2222*22*202-17
Martin	2222222112002211*20121022-17
Cullom	22222*2221112*020210*2222-18
Robinson	2202*21120*222021*2220020-16

Event No. 5, miss-and-out:	
Frank	1220
Fite	10
Walker	10
Edrington	10
Gen. Jackson.....	221122122*
Neely	2222221220

PIASA SHOOT.	
That bland, amiable, urbane and innocent gentleman from Alton, Mr. H. R. Willis, dropped into the FOREST AND STREAM office this week with a strong tip on the coming tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, which will be held June 2, 3, and 4, thus immediately preceding the big Illinois State shoot at Peoria. The club adds \$150, and will give \$50 to the man who is lucky enough to be high gun among such men as Gilbert, Grimm, Budd, Sargent, Crosby, McMurchy, Thompson, Parker, Herschey, and Tucker, all of whom have promised to be present.	

OHIO LEAGUE.	
The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League will meet at Springfield, June 1, 2, 3. Two days will be given to targets, and a third to a live-bird handicap, 25 birds, five moneys.	

MONTANA STATE ANNUAL.	
The fifth annual meet of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Butte, May 20, 21, 22, open to all except in the State events. A good attendance is expected from Montana towns, and also from Utah and Idaho. Among the latter events is the live bird championship, represented by a handsome medal. Full target and live bird programme is offered, with good cash prizes for averages.	

STOCK YARDS OF KANSAS CITY.	
At its regular monthly medal shoot this week, the Stock Yards Gun Club, of Kansas City, made the following scores at live birds: C. P. Baldwin 12, J. A. Isaacson 14, G. M. Hendley 12, J. W. Olander 9, R. P. Barse 14, M. Steele 11, R. G. Warden 12, Ed Fletcher 15, R. Kelly 15, Jake Fry 10, C. J. Mustion 12, L. O. Nutter 12.	

YOUR UNCLE TOM.	
Mr. T. B. Laffin, who will be remembered as one of the close ones in the Grand American handicap, this week had a little live target shoot at Rock Island, Ill. Mr. Laffin and J. J. Paddock tied against A. D. Sperry and Mr. J. Bush, of Wilwaukee, at twenty live birds. Messrs. Laffin and Paddock scored 18 to their opponents' 16.	

THE PROFESSIONAL IN SPORT.	
The San Francisco Report in a recent issue had the following opinions to express in regard to the professional in sport:	
"Sportsmen call attention to the fact that the day of the trade shooter is on the wane. There was a time when the professional trigger-puller was very useful to his firm. He educated the novices. Now that the public is extremely well tutored and the teacher is no longer needed, special powders, makes of guns, and shells will still need introducing to the shooters, but the great 'booming period' has gone forever. Much good has been done by the temporary introduction of the professional class. The remarkable work done by the paid men caused many to take an interest in and to become finally infatuated with the sport who would otherwise have never heard of 'clay pigeons.' The prominence also given to the sport has had its effects in clearing the shooting world of many abuses. Years ago a man who shot at the traps was not altogether respected by his neighbors; now it's the reverse, and trap-shooting has become the sport of the business man in his hours of recreation. The drawing of a strict line between professionals and amateurs is a long stride in the right direction."	

WHY IT IS SO.

The scene shifts next week to Kansas City, where there will be seen one of the most remarkable instances of the development of the modern trap shooting. There will be other large tournaments given during this season, but perhaps none larger or more perfect than that at Kansas City. The reason for the success of all the shooting enterprises of Kansas City is easily to be discerned, and is covered tersely by the comment of a New York daily:

"Kansas City is full of gun clubs and each club is a strong one. There seems to be no rivalry among them, at least nothing; but friendly rivalry. They pull well together and are a grand example of the truth of the proverb that in union lies strength. A local daily, the Kansas City Star, does a great deal to help sport in Kansas City."

E. HUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 14.—The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, whose club house was recently burned, has again located its building within 200yds. of the place where they were formerly located and the club house is now under process of construction. The building is somewhat larger and more modern than the building which was burned.

This being the opening shoot of the season quite a few shooters were in attendance. The sky was overcast the entire morning, with a cool wind from the northeast, which continued until the early part of the afternoon, when it commenced to rain, and continued throughout the afternoon until dark, when the shooting ceased. Notwithstanding the elements, the enthusiasm of the participants continued, and most of the boys shot throughout the afternoon in the rain.

The following are scores made in practice and sweep events during the afternoon, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles:	
Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	15 15 15
Dr Shaw	9 .. 13
C P Richards.....	8 8 ..
C Stickle	9 8 ..
E E Neal	12 11 13
W A Jones	7 10 5
J H Amberg	8 11 ..
H E Wiley 13 ..
Dr Meek 10 ..
J Workman 7 ..
F Baird 5 ..
Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	15 15 15
S Palmer 13 6 8
Dr Meek 9 4 ..
T P Hicks 9 8 ..
A Smith 12 ..
M J Eich 13 11 11
Patti 11 ..
Fehrman 13 ..
Dr Shaw 11 ..
Bortree 6 ..
F S Graham 11 10

After the practice and sweepstake shooting followed the medal contest, which is at 25 single targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified; the result was as follows:	
Dr Shaw	1011111111110111111011011-21
C P Richards.....	11111001100111111010101-18
De Maris	11010011001011011010110-15
C Stiger	00110111100100110110101-16
H Wiley	10111111111110110110101-20
E E Neal	1110101111011010011111-19
S Palmer	1101100010101000111110-15
T P Hicks	0111001011011011000011-16
W A Jones	0001111001011011011010-15
M J Eich	11010001010111111001101-16
J H Amberg	1101111010111111111111-22
A C Paterson.....	1101111100 011111110101-19
J Fehrman	100110101010001000000-10
Dr Meek	1101111011111110110111-20
J Workman	00010110001001010111011-13
F Baird	10111100010010111100001-14
E S Graham	1011011011111010011101-17
Bortree	0110010010100110110100-12
R Kuss	0111111111001011001010-17
Eaton	11111011111001000101101-17

Dr. Shaw won in Class A, J. H. Amberg in Class B, Mr. Eaton in Class C.

The club grounds will continue to be open for the summer season from this time on, and from all appearances the club seems assured of a good and prosperous year. The shoots will be held on each Saturday until the end of the season.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly contest on the club grounds. It was fairly well attended considering the weather, the wind blew quite hard from the left quarter with an overcast sky and hard falling rain, which continued throughout the afternoon.	
Following are the results in practice events and sweeps. Event No. 1, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 2, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles:	
Events:	1 2
R B Carson.....	10 9
H B Morgan.....	11 11
Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	20 15 15 10
H B Morgan.....	11 11 6 8 7
J S Houston.....	14 13 8 12 6
Ed Steck.....	.. 13 14 6
A W Adams.....	.. 6
R B Carson.....	10 9 5 8 4
Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	20 15 15 10
Prickett 4
Doc 12 14 6
Smith 11 8 3
De Wolf 6
Boroff 6

Following are detailed scores in trophy contest, 25 single targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified, A. W. Adams winning Class A, C. W. Carson winning Class B, C. Boroff winning Class C:	
Class A.	111111110100111110111111-21
Adams	1101111111111011111111-23
Houston	11101001011100001011110-15
Class B.	111111110111101101101101-20
Dr. Carson.....	0100010010011110101010-12
R B Carson.....	11111101010110010100010-16
Prickett	11110100101110000011111-15
De Wolf	11110100101110000011111-15
Class C.	001110101011111101011111-19
Boroff	111010110110000110011010-14
C S Smith.....	110101010011111000100111-15

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

The Calumet Heights Club, of Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., will open its season on Decoration Day, May 30. The shooting committee has decided to secure some very handsome prizes in the way of medals, in each class for target shooting, and a gold watch for first prize in the season's live-bird events, together with other prizes. The committee has laid out an elaborate programme for the year's work, and no energy will be spared to make the year one of success and pleasure.

FROM OUT OF TOWN.

Mr. E. E. Neal, an out-of-town member of the Garfield Gun Club, spent the day with the club. He went to Lafayette, Ind., to shoot a race with Mr. Erb.

A. C. PATERSON.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 9.—In spite of the high water, the regular weekly shoot took place at the club grounds on Saturday evening.	
Messrs. Chas. Boyd and Scott Robertson made their first appearance of the season and did excellent work considering the lack of practice.	
An incident occurred that has rarely been seen at the traps before. Two birds, accidentally discharged from traps Nos. 1 and 2, met in the air at a distance of 25ft. from the screen and were smashed to atoms before the shooter could train his gun on them. It would be interesting to know if the same thing has ever occurred on any other grounds.	
Matthews was off, losing 6 birds out of his second 15. Echols is coming to the front again, and is striking his old gait. Walter Boyd says it is all in the gun. He broke 14 out of 15 with somebody's else gun, and about 9 out of 15 with his own. Charlie Boyd says that he can break them all if he wants to, but doesn't want to make the old-timers feel bad. Matthews bet Robertson that he would break 18 out of the last 20 targets. A pretty nervy bet, but Matthews won the shells on 19.	
Following is the score:	
Shot	Shot
at. Broke. Av.	at. Broke. Av.
Leach	50 45 .90
Echols	50 42 .84
Matthews	66 55 .83
A W Boyd.....	50 38 .76
Payne	50 37 .74
Edlin	50 35 .70
Robertson	50 34 .68
Torreyson	50 28 .56
C H Boyd	40 22 .55

The Dansville Gun Club, Dansville, N. Y., will hold an all-day shoot on May 30. The secretary writes us that the members expect forty or fifty shooters from neighboring towns to attend.

New York State Shoot.

THE Rochester Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., under whose auspices the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game holds its convention and tournament June 20 to 24, is pushing matters as fast as possible to completion. The withdrawal of that part of the Association that held its convention during the winter has necessitated the revision of the constitution and by-laws of the Association. This has been done, and herewith please find copy of same.

It is not changed materially, but is applicable to the conditions that now exist, and it is to be brought before the convention at its next meeting for approval, and amendments or changes desired by the Association can be made at that meeting.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club has been to a great deal of expense to get up this entertainment, and has every hope that its efforts will meet the approval of those who attend the tournament. The club will add nearly a thousand dollars to the different purses, thereby making the sweepstakes especially attractive. No handicap will be enforced in the sweeps. There will be three magautraps used; one for State events, one for experts and one for amateurs. Experts will not be allowed to contest with amateurs. An amateur can, if he so elects, contest with experts and amateurs also. An amateur who wishes to shoot for birds alone can enter in the usual way in an amateur event and shoot for the birds. An amateur making a record of 85 per cent. or better must become an expert until his score as such entitles him to return to the amateur traps again. Known experts will be classified the first day. After that they classify themselves by their record.

These are a few of the conditions known. State experts in State events will probably be restricted to first and second moneys.

T. R. GRIFFIN, Secy.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

Section 1. The name of this Association shall be the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

Section 1. The objects of this Association shall be: To procure the enactment of suitable laws for the protection and preservation of birds, quadrupeds and fishes; to promote the observance of such laws; to conserve and foster the game and fish supply; to preserve the forests and to encourage a high standard of field sportsmanship.

Section 2. The further objects of this Association shall be the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen by competition in trap-shooting and other sports.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. This Association shall be composed of clubs and individuals. The term "club" when used in this constitution shall be construed to mean also "society," "league" or "association."

Section 2. Any club duly organized for the purpose named in Article II, shall be eligible to membership in this Association. Any individual more than eighteen years of age, a resident of the State of New York, shall be eligible to associate membership.

Section 3. A club or individual seeking membership shall make application to the secretary of the Association, upon a form furnished by this Association, together with the dues of the current fiscal year. Such application shall be acted upon by the committee on credentials. It shall require the affirmative vote of two-thirds the members present to elect.

Section 4. Associate members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Association, but no associate member shall be entitled to vote unless he is a delegate. The president of the Association shall appoint as a delegate one associate member to every twenty-five associate members or a major part thereof.

Section 5. Membership in the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game shall carry with it an obligation on the part of the clubs and individuals to obey the letter and spirit of all game and fish laws, and to encourage, by personal conduct and influence, a public regard for game and fish protection. All members, whether clubs or individuals, shall be pledged to a hearty support of any legislation regarding fish and game approved at an annual convention.

Section 6. Honorary members may be elected at any meeting by unanimous ballot. They shall be exempt from the payment of dues and shall have no vote.

ARTICLE IV.—MEETINGS.

Section 1. Convention.—There shall be an annual convention of the Association for the objects named in Sec. 2 of Article II. The place and time of meeting shall be determined at the preceding convention. A special meeting for the same objects may be called by the president and shall be called by him on the written request of five members, and due notice of such meeting shall be mailed to the president of each club at least fifteen days before the date fixed for it.

The management of the convention shall be intrusted to one of the constituent clubs chosen by ballot from year to year in the preceding convention. Such club shall conduct the meeting under the rules and regulations hereto annexed. The financial control, expenses, liabilities, profits or losses of the meeting shall be vested in such club. No funds of the Association shall be expended or liability created for a meeting.

Section 2. Special Meetings.—At a special meeting no business shall be transacted other than that specified in the call.

Section 3. Representation in Convention.—In any meeting named in Sec. 2 of this Article, each club shall be entitled to representation by five delegates.

Section 4. No club whose dues are unpaid shall be entitled to representation in any meeting. No delegate shall represent more than one club.

Section 5. No delegate from any club shall participate in any meeting until he shall have filed with the secretary his credentials signed by the president or secretary of such club.

Section 6. Quorum.—Delegates representing ten clubs present at any regular or special meeting of the Association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. A smaller number present at any regular or special meeting of the Association may adjourn to a specified day.

Section 7. Any meeting on motion may adjourn from time to time.

ARTICLE V.—OFFICERS.

The president, the vice-president, the recording secretary, the corresponding secretary and the treasurer of the club, under whose management a meeting shall be held, shall be the officers respectively for the current year.

ARTICLE VI.—RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Section 1. The rules and regulations hereunto annexed shall govern all contests in the convention of this Association.

Section 2. Immediately after the election of officers in the convention, the president shall appoint a committee of five delegates who shall constitute a standing committee on rules and regulations relating to the convention. The committee shall hold office for one year or until their successors shall have been appointed.

Section 3. All proposed amendments to the rules and regulations shall be submitted in writing to the standing committee on rules at least one month before the date of the annual convention and shall be acted on in such convention.

ARTICLE VII.—ORDER AND DEBATE.

"Cushing's Manual" shall be the authority for order and debate.

BY-LAWS.

Section 1. The order of business at all regular meetings shall be as follows:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading of minutes of previous meeting.
3. Reports of the committee on credentials.
4. Nomination and election of new clubs.
5. Unfinished business.
6. New business.
7. Selection of place for next convention.
8. Good of the Association.

Section 2. No person shall be allowed to discuss any question under debate without rising and addressing the chair.

Section 3. No member shall speak more than twice on any one question, nor more than five minutes at any one time, unless by unanimous consent.

Section 4. Every person present shall be required to vote on all questions unless he is directly or personally interested or excused by a vote of a majority of the members present.

Section 5. Any gentleman belonging to this Association behaving in an ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike manner may, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, be expelled.

Section 6. All charges against any member or club must be submitted in writing, and notice of such charges furnished such members or club so charged, who shall be entitled to submit a written defense.

Section 7. No outside shooting whatever shall be permitted within the inclosure where the trap-shooting takes place. Nor shall there be any contest for money on the grounds of the

Association during the days advertised for annual contests until the termination of the tournament, other than such as has been advertised to take place on such days in the usual announcement of prizes.

Section 8. Special rules may be made by the club having the management of the tournament that in their judgment may be for the best interests of the Association.

Section 9. No person shall be permitted to contest for prizes in the State events who is not a citizen of the State of New York and has not been a member of one of the several clubs belonging to the Association for a period of not less than one month immediately prior to the date of contest.

Section 10. No person who is not a member of a club duly organized, or whose fees are not paid to the State Association, shall be allowed to contend for the prizes offered at the convention of the State Association.

Section 11. No betting of money, either on individual skill or on the result of matches, will be allowed on the grounds of the Association.

Charlie Budd's Shoot.

CHARLIE BUDD opened the tri-city circuit at Des Moines, Ia., on May 10, 11, 12 and 13, to good business. The crackerjacks were out in force. The shoot was one of the best ever given in the State, and the scores went high up into the realms of recordom. The shooting was from known traps, unknown angles, and the boys early caught the curves. Runs of 40 to 65 targets came along, and the working of the big target grinding machine proceeded without any friction. Fred Gilbert set aside all questions of his temporary loss of form by going to the front on the first day, breaking 188 out of a possible 200 in the ten events of 20 targets each. Le Roy was second with 187 and Fulford kept up his hot gait with 185. Tom Marshall and Charlie Grimm were trotting hard also, and tied with 181 each. Elliott was fifth with 180. It is not often that one sees more good ones more closely bunched. The weather was windy and not altogether suitable to good shooting, but a very enjoyable day was passed none the less. The city of Des Moines handled the visitors admirably, and it goes without saying that a shoot conducted by the Dago Chief is one run according to the most strictest Hoyle. Following are the scores of the first day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T'l.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	T'l.
Hallowell	16	16	16	16	16	12	11	17	16	16	151
Hood	17	16	15	18	19	14	17	18	14	18	166
Kibbey	16	16	16	15	13	14	15	17	13	15	150
Fanning	19	19	15	19	18	18	17	17	17	15	174
Powers	18	19	15	16	19	18	17	17	17	17	173
Merrill	14	16	19	18	15	20	19	20	16	19	176
Marshall	17	20	17	19	19	18	18	17	17	18	181
Gilbert	18	17	19	19	20	18	18	20	18	19	188
Fulford	18	19	20	17	19	17	20	15	20	18	185
Parmelee	17	18	17	18	18	16	18	19	18	15	174
Le Roy	19	20	19	18	19	19	17	19	18	18	187
Courtney	16	18	17	12	16	16	15	16	16	18	160
Edwards	17	19	13	17	18	19	18	18	15	29	174
Grimm	18	18	19	19	20	18	20	19	16	20	181
Heikes	19	18	15	19	16	17	19	18	19	19	179
Glover	18	16	18	19	14	18	15	18	17	17	171
Dauthett	16	16	11	15	16	16	15	15	17	15	153
Graham	15	13	16	18	15	16	14	14	17	18	156
Cottrell	16	17	30	20	14	19	16	18	17	17	165
Smith	14	17	13	11	16	13	13	15	14	14	140
Hazard	16	16	17	15	17	18	19	16	13	18	165
Milner	17	15	18	19	14	16	17	18	16	16	164
Mortenson	14	17	20	18	19	17	15	16	17	17	173
Harkins	17	16	8	13	6	17	12	17	9	15	130
Dickey	16	17	19	19	16	18	17	16	17	18	173
Budd	17	16	15	16	18	20	14	17	14	12	159
Patte	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	150
Ruble	16	17	17	17	17	20	15	18	18	20	175
Kline	15	16	16	15	16	15	16	18	15	15	158
Elliott	19	18	17	19	19	15	19	17	18	18	180
Burris	10	16	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	130
Murphy	13	13	16	14	16	14	14	16	14	18	148
Mitchell	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	150

SECOND DAY.

Gilbert still kept in front, tying his record of the day before, 188. Jack Fanning pushed up into second place, 184, and Powers held third average alone with 183, Le Roy dropped back to 181 and Grimm and Heikes tied on 180. Following are scores of the second day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T'l.
Targets:	19	17	17	17	12	19	18	15	17	17	168
Hood	15	16	17	14	13	18	18	17	12	15	155
Kibbey	14	19	16	18	12	15	16	18	14	17	159
Fanning	18	18	18	19	19	18	17	19	19	19	184
Powers	20	19	18	18	16	20	17	16	19	18	183
Merrill	16	18	17	19	17	19	15	16	18	16	171
Marshall	19	18	17	18	18	17	17	20	18	15	177
Gilbert	19	18	19	20	19	18	18	20	18	19	188
Fulford	18	17	19	16	18	13	15	19	17	17	171
Parmelee	19	17	16	15	17	18	19	17	15	17	170
Le Roy	19	19	17	16	18	19	18	17	18	20	181
Courtney	17	16	15	18	14	17	12	17	18	18	162
Glover	17	18	19	16	17	19	14	17	16	19	172
Grimm	20	18	17	16	19	17	18	18	19	18	180
Heikes	19	15	19	18	18	18	18	17	20	18	180
Edward	16	19	17	15	19	20	16	19	18	17	175
Harrison	13	15	15	12	14	13	15	15	16	14	140
Elliott	19	15	16	18	18	13	17	17	19	19	176
Dauthett	14	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	130
Dickey	15	19	20	16	17	15	15	18	17	16	158
Kline	17	13	17	15	17	17	16	17	15	18	162
Mitchell	17	16	16	17	18	16	15	16	13	15	154
Budd	15	17	16	16	15	19	17	18	18	19	170
Crissman	16	14	17	14	14	16	18	17	17	16	161
Hazard	13	19	18	18	16	16	16	20	17	16	169
Milner	14	18	11	14	16	19	13	15	13	15	148
Mortenson	16	17	18	19	18	17	16	17	16	17	172
Graham	16	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	171
Ruble	18	18	19	18	19	19	19	15	17	18	181
Cottrell	15	17	15	17	17	18	15	17	17	15	165
Harkins	13	16	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	130
Patti	17	13	16	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	150
Kirster	16	15	15	16	18	16	16	16	14	12	129
Smith	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	150

THIRD DAY.

The regular programme of ten 20-target events was followed, and a special added in the shoot for the Schmelzer trophy, at 100 targets, reversed pulls. This trophy was won by Charlie Budd himself, with the wonderful score of 96 out of the 100 targets. He broke 25 in the first string, got 24 out of his next 25, 23 out of his third string of 25, and 24 out of his last string. This breaks into fragments the record on reverse pulls, 90 out of 100, made by Sexton at Leavenworth. Mr. Budd scored his victory over the cracks of the country, there being twenty-six entries in all, and among these Fulford, Gilbert, Marshall, Dickey, Elliott, Heikes, Powers, Fanning, Grimm, Hallowell, Parmelee, Le Roy, Courtney, Merrill and others. At the end of the first 50 targets only three men were left in the running, Budd, Fulford and Dickey. In the last 50 Budd drew away and won decisively. Those who have been of the belief that Charlie Budd was anywhere back of the first notch will now perhaps modify their belief, and the sturdy shooter of Des Moines will be gazed on with respect by any one contemplating going to that city in search of Italian scalps.

Mr. Budd used a Parker gun, Hazard powder and U. M. C. shells.

In the race for the trophy Fulford followed Budd close with 93, and Dickey was close with 92.

In the target programme for the third day, Fulford was high gun with 190 out of 200. Powers was second, 188, and Heikes third, 187. Following are the scores of the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T'l.
Targets:	17	15	15	14	11	17	19	17	19	16	163
Hood	17	13	16	17	16	20	18	18	18	16	169
Kibby	14	15	16	18	17	17	15	19	16	16	163
Fanning	18	19	18	19	18	18	18	20	16	18	182
Powers	19	18	17	19	20	18	20	18	20	19	188
Merrill	17	17	20	18	15	19	20	18	19	18	183
Marshall	17	14	16	18	17	19	18	19	18	17	176
Gilbert	18	20	16	19	18	16	18	20	20	18	185
Fulford	18	19	18	19	20	18	20	18	20	19	190
Parmelee	18	19	17	19	19	18	17	19	18	18	183
Le Roy	20	19	17	20	18	20	19	18	18	18	186
Courtney	18	18	18	15	15	16	17	16	18	15	165
Glover	17	18	19	19	18	14	18	17	17	20	177
Grimm	18	19	19	20	20	16	19	17	18	18	183
Heikes	17	19	17	18	17	20	20	19	18	18	187
Edwards	18	17	14	18	18	18	16	17	18	15	169
Harrison	17	16	15	17	13	15	18	17	16	16	160

Elliott	18	18	16	17	19	20	16	20	17	20	181
Ruble	15	20	17	17	16	18	19	18	18	17	175
Dickey	18	19	17	18	19	19	19	20	19	17	185
Kline	17	16	17	15	14	15	12	13	15	20	154
Graham	14	17	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	161
Budd	17	17	16	19	17	18	16	20	19	19	178
Crissman	16	20	17	14	18	20	18	20	17	18	178
Worthington	19	20	16	20	19	19	15	18	18	19	183
Hoffman	17	16	13	18	-	14	20	15	-	-	163
Mortensen	17	14	16	18	15	17	18	19	17	18	183
Densel	12	18	15	10	18	15	14	16	15	16	149
Kirsher	-	-	-	15	18	18	20	17	18	16	149

New York, N.Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY, {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

{ VOL. L.—No. 22.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

BOUNTIES FOR NETS.

NEW YORK has just entered upon a system of paying bounties for the destruction of illegal nets, which gives promise of accomplishing more to abate the nuisance of this form of piracy than any expedient hitherto adopted. Nets unlawfully used have long been declared public nuisances, and as such have been subject to destruction by officers of the law. The constitutionality of the statute which authorizes a game protector to destroy such nets summarily has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The new statute is the result of agitation by the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse. It declares that fish nets of every kind (except minnow nets and such as may be licensed by the Fish Commissioners) are public nuisances, and may be removed by any person and taken before a justice of the peace, town clerk, or town or ward supervisor, who, upon the affidavits of two persons that the net or nets are illegal or not licensed as provided for by law, and that they were taken from water inhabited by fish, or from ice over such water, shall order the net destroyed by the person seizing it, in his presence. "Upon payment to him of a fee of fifty cents for each net ordered destroyed, said justice of the peace, town clerk or supervisor shall deliver to the person seizing and destroying a net or nets as herein provided, a certificate to the county treasurer that the person named therein has seized and destroyed according to law a net or nets, as the fact may be, and that he is entitled to a bounty on the same as follows: For each scap net, drop net, dip net, minnow net, gill net and seine net under one hundred feet in length, \$3; for each fyke net with hoops less than four feet in diameter and for each seine net and gill net over a hundred and under two hundred feet in length, \$5; for each five-foot trap net, for each fyke net with hoops over four feet in diameter, for each seine net and gill net over two hundred feet and under three hundred feet in length, \$7.50; for each trap net over five feet and for each seine and gill net over three hundred feet in length, \$10, and for each pound net, \$15. Before granting a certificate for bounty as herein specified, an examination of the net or nets shall be made by the justice of the peace, town clerk or supervisor from whom a certificate is requested, and in case it is found that they are rotten or worthless for fishing purposes no certificate shall be granted, and his decision as to the facts of such matter shall be final." The bounty is paid by the county treasurer, who in turn collects it from the State.

The promoters of this system anticipate that the rewards offered will be sufficient to encourage fishermen who are not netters, and the people who live near the net infested waters, to take the law into their own hands. Such a general authorization of the private citizen to deal personally with an illegal contrivance wherever he encounters it should stiffen the backbones of the long suffering anglers of Central New York, who have for years endured the plague of fish piracy. The new law makes every man his own fish protector. The working of the system will be watched with wide interest, for if it shall aid to solve the problem of net abolition in New York, it would be as efficient in other States, and we may look for its general adoption.

The Monday following the date of this issue will be celebrated in many States as Decoration Day; and it will be in large measure an occasion of pleasure outings and sports. Some of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, noting with growing impatience and regret this conversion of the memorial occasion into a holiday given up so largely to pastime and merry-making, are discussing a plan of so changing the fixture of the anniversary that it shall always fall on a Sunday. This might indeed restore to the day something of its

lost solemnity and the seriousness of its observances. But to attempt to stay the growing holiday character of the day, so long as it shall be other than a Sunday, is a hopeless resistance to that tendency of human nature which has always and everywhere eventually converted such holy days into holidays.

THE BOARD BILL GUIDE.

THE guide who works out his board bill is a distinct species. You encounter him in Maine, in the Adirondacks, in every district much frequented by sportsmen, and where guiding is an industry. He is usually a spurious, no-account woodsman, not for a moment to be classed with the competent, efficient, woods-wise men whose services and companionship on the trail and in the camp contribute so largely to the satisfaction and success of an outing. The board bill guide's only excuse for guiding is that he is in debt to the landlord of the hotel where the tenderfoot happens to land on his way to the wilderness. When the newcomer asks the landlord for a guide, the landlord, having in mind the fact of the incompetent man's indebtedness, recommends him and gets him a job for the sake of securing payment of the back board bill. In this way numerous sportsmen are every year imposed upon and their outings spoiled by this unconscionable fraud. The injury extends not only to the employer, but to other guides, competent men, who are thus deprived of employment. There is only one remedy for the imposition, and that is to hold a hotel-keeper to strict accountability for the character of the guides he recommends. Every visitor to Maine who has an incompetent board bill guide saddled upon him by a hotel-keeper should make such a vigorous protest, private and public, that the abuse may be thoroughly exposed. Exposure means correction.

A BIT OF LOGIC.

THERE is now before Congress a measure designed to secure protection for the black bass and other game fish of the Potomac within the confines of the District of Columbia. The bill, which was introduced by Senator Proctor, has passed the Senate and gone to the House. Its terms forbid net fishing, restrict fishing to angling, set the minimum length at nine inches, and make a close season from April 15 to June 1. Going further than this, the bill makes it unlawful to have fish in possession or to expose them for sale during the close season for fishing. In support of this clause the report of the Committee on the District of Columbia says:

"Washington City constitutes the natural and largest market for these fish, so that if taking the fish alone out of season from the waters of the District was prohibited the fishermen would merely drop their boats below the District line, a short distance from the city, and could supply the local demand from there. This would be practically at the expense of fish on their way from or to the waters of the District. Hence it was thought necessary to incorporate a clause forbidding exposing for sale or having in possession the enumerated species during close seasons."

This is incontrovertible logic.

The only way under heaven to make a close season effective is to stop the sale of fish in that season. With this anti-sale clause in operation the purpose of the Potomac bill may be attained; without such a prohibition the law will be just so much rubbish.

By the abolition of netting and by an adequate restriction of the drain upon the supply of black bass, it is the intention of Congress to provide in the Potomac within the District limits a permanent spawning ground, where the species "will have immunity from the many pot-hunters and fishermen who are regardless of their preservation."

If the waters within the District are to afford spawning grounds, the fish must be given an opportunity to reach those grounds; if they are to reach the grounds, they must be immune from netters outside of the limits, and one way to insure immunity is to take from the netters any opportunity to market their catch. With Washington City markets wide open the fish will not escape; with closed markets the problem will be comparatively simple: We trust that the House may concur in the action of the Senate, and that the bill may become a law,

Since the foregoing paragraphs were put in type Congress has passed the bill; it became a law last week, and the first conviction for violation of the provision against netting has already been had.

SNAP SHOTS.

Our Utah contributor Shoshone notes that the black bass, which in that State is an introduced species, is gradually deteriorating in flavor. The phenomenon is not unusual. All fishes are susceptible to the influence of their surroundings in that respect. An instance is recalled of two adjacent bass waters in Wisconsin, one a natural lake fed by springs of abundant flow; the other formed by a dam and fed from the first lake. In one the fish were bright, clear and well flavored, in the other dull and tasting of the mud in such degree as sometimes to be inedible.

By courtesy of Mr. Hammond Van Vechten we are permitted to print in our angling columns to-day a chapter from an unpublished manuscript by S. H. Hammond, author of "Wild Northern Scenes" and other well-known books on woods life. This spirited sketch of fishing on the St. Lawrence, and the other chapters which are to follow it, will be read with all the more interest because they come from the pen of one who in his day did so much to establish the dignity of forest and stream recreations, and to popularize them with the men of his generation. Hammond was a contemporary of Joel P. Headley, whose "Adirondack, or Life in the Woods" appeared in 1849. "Hills, Lakes and Forest Streams," by Hammond, was published in 1854, and described adventures in the Chateaugay woods. "Wild Northern Scenes" followed in 1859. It was the fruit of ten years of annual excursions into the wilderness, and had a wide influence in directing attention to the attractions and health-restoring and strength-giving influences of the region. The Adirondacks in 1859 were virgin wilderness in truth; Hammond makes record of having been within shot of twenty deer in an afternoon, and of having seen forty within view at the same time feeding on the margin of one of the beautiful lakes hid away in the forest. "Here," he writes, "I heard the howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther and the hoarse bellow of the moose."

Statistics are going the rounds to illustrate the dangers of shooting as practiced in Austria. It is alleged that in the year 1896 "Bohemian sportsmen shot and killed about fifty men and women and wounded 2,014 persons. They also killed over 15,000 dogs, 2 horses, 15 cows, 132 calves, 276 goats, and 129 sheep." Considering what store of comfort some of the writers of field sports find in these figures, and with what unction they recite them, it would be cruel to question the accuracy of the census and to show it to be fanciful. But they have no bearing on the actual conditions of field shooting in this country, for we do these things better over here. Americans know how to put projectiles where they should be landed, whether moose hunting in Maine or sinking warships in Manila Bay. What a fine tribute to American skill that was the other day, when after the superb gunnery of the Olympia, the Boston and the Baltimore had destroyed the Reina Maria Cristina and the Isla de Cuba, Admiral Montejó sent word by the British Consul to Admiral Dewey that he wished to compliment the Americans upon their marksmanship. To which amenity the American returned in kind, congratulating the Spaniard for "the gallant manner in which you fought."

When a person is heard to say that the more he sees of men the more he likes dogs, if it be a young person who says this we may safely put it down as parrot talk which does not mean anything; if an older person, the probabilities are ten to one that his digestion is disordered, or that he has been cooped up too long and should take a day off to go fishing.

It is rarely that we have the privilege of presenting a paper of such historical interest as that contributed to the present number by the writer who prefers to be known by the pen-name of Jack Hildigo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Humble Grave.

A Story of Decoration Day.

As the band struck up the livelier strain of an old war song, and began to march from the graveyard, with the scattered procession straggling into line behind it, I, as a stranger in the little town, stood apart, curiously looking on at the procession and its spectators.

There were the band, very much absorbed in itself and its own performance; the fussy little marshal, who evidently considered himself a more important figure than the oldest grizzled and scarred veteran of the little company that marched behind the band with the unforgotten swinging step which had borne the flag that still flaunted so proudly above them, to its final victory in the old historic days. There were the larger company of the Sons of Veterans, whose faces shone with the pride of the reflected glory of their fathers' achievements. After them came the town authorities, selectmen, and justices, preserving with difficulty at the same time their dignity and their step. Then came an order and a society whose numbers helped to lengthen the procession to which some of the unclassified crowd attached themselves, while others held aloof, mere lookers on, like myself.

Of these were some who, if they had not been actors in the great drama which the day commemorated, must have beheld something of it, but there were more: so young that it must have seemed to them an almost mythical tradition. Its heartaches, its heartbreaks, its prayers, its tears, its thanksgivings, its offerings and sacrifices, its weary waitings, and its triumphs and all its thronging emotions, they could scarcely imagine.

My attention was drawn to an old soldier who had fallen out of the ranks of the veterans and who now joined a woman of about his own age and evidently his wife, for he addressed her as "mother," after a common custom of New England husbands. She still carried a small wreath of apple blossoms and a bouquet of wild violets and moose flowers whose bloom the backward season had deferred till now, as if nature had withheld them for this commemoration.

I wondered why the flowers had not been laid on some grave, and watched the couple with a good deal of curiosity as they went slowly down the road, he leaning on her, and going with such a halting gait that I thought him quite excusable from marching further with his comrades.

When the two were left behind by the rear of the procession, they quitted the highway and held across the fields, as it chanced in the direction of my temporary lodgings, whither I took my way after wandering awhile in the old graveyard, deserted now by all but myself and its steadfast tenants, among whom were representatives of three wars, for it was an old burial place and some soldiers of the Revolution were laid there, their sunken graves as profusely garlanded as those of the fresher mounds of later patriots.

The fields were pleasant with the fresh greenness of spring, the joyous song of lark, bobolink and sparrow, alight in the grass or on wing above it, of orioles flashing through the new-leaved elms, like shuttles of flame thrown athwart warps of tender green, with kine and sheep grazing too eagerly to heed a loitering stranger or the frolicking lambs, so that I strolled along in leisurely enjoyment of the peaceful scene and its sweet natural sounds, with which the dull throb of the drum and the mellowed blare of the brazen horns were not inharmoniously mingled.

As I came to an old orchard on the hillside behind an old farmhouse, whose sides were as gray as the gnarled tree trunks, and the roof almost as green with moss as their tops with opening leaves, there I found my old soldier and his wife sitting on the grass in the dappled shade of apple leaves and blossoms beside a small grave.

The wreath was hung on the low headstone, which was a short slab of rough slate, and the bouquet was laid on the mound, from which the woman was carefully plucking some intruding thistles.

I did not wish to disturb their privacy and would have withdrawn, but had forced my way through a cordon of wild raspberry briars to the orchard wall before I observed them only a few yards before me, and the noise of my passage having made them aware of me, it seemed the better way to keep on. I said as much by way of apology and was about to pass on when the man explained, smiling pleasantly:

"We was just a-puttin' some posies on Jack's grave. We always do just the same as on t' others."

"He must have been a pretty small soldier," I said, "a drummer boy, perhaps?"

"O no, he wa'n't even that, he wa'n't only a dog. Just Jack, see?" He pointed to the headstone, to which I drew near and read the roughly cut inscription:

"Jack, A Faithful Friend. Died Aug. 3, 1870, Aged 12 years."

"Yes, that's what he was, and I ought to say so, for he saved my life."

"No more'n I ought to, father," said his wife, looking on him tenderly, and though she had at first seemed rather annoyed by my presence, she gave me a kinder glance when I said:

"Nq wonder you are both so fond of him. How was it, if you don't mind telling me?"

"Sartinly, if you care about hearing it. Set right down here," motioning to a place beside him, and presently he began the story:

"Mother and me hadn't been married more'n three months when the war broke out, an' I kinder hung off about enlistin' for quite a spell, but afore the summer was gone I did, for most all my mates had gone to the war, an' I was ashamed not to. It was hard for mother an' me to part, as you may know, an' so it was for me an' Jack. He was goin' on three year old and had been with me every day since he was a puppy. He wa'n't no particular breed, just dog, I guess, if he wa'n't part human, for you can't make us believe he hadn't got a soul. You could see it in his eyes as plain as ever you

did in anybody's. An' he was harn'some too, if he was—but mother never would allow that he was yaller," and he gave me a quizzical glance.

"Indeed he was not yaller," his wife broke in, with spirit. She plucked a spear of last year's faded grass, and holding it out to me said, "There, sir, he was the color of that an' I'll leave it to you if that's yaller."

"No, I should say tawny, the color of a lion, you know," I said, whereupon she nodded triumphantly at her husband.

"Well, they say a good horse can't be a bad color, and I s'pose it's the same with a good dog. But as I was a-sayin', Jack took on terribly at partin', an' they said that he'd go to the depot every evenin' to meet the train from the South an' watch for me to get off of it an' then go home an' mump around till the same time next day."

"Yes," said the wife in confirmation, "he'd mope round all day till he heard the train whistle for the crossin', an' then he was off, lickity-split, for our station, an' then after a while would come back as woebegone as ever. I do b'lieve he was more down-hearted than I was, though the Lord knows mine was heavy enough every day of all these years, but I had plenty to do in doors an' out, with the house an' farm to tend to. We was livin' here then."

"So I went to the war," the veteran resumed, "an' took my shar' on't one way an' another; got wounded an' was in a hospital a spell, then went back to my regiment an' was took a prisoner, but they thought I was killed an' sent that word home. A good many times I thought I might better have been, but after a spell there was four of us got away, an' me an' one other feller got into our lines just alive enough to say so. It's quite a story how we done it, but Jack don't come in there, an' it was him I started to tell about. They give me a furlough, an' I come home an' got here afore a letter did I wrote. It was dark when we got to our depot, an' I didn't want nobody to hinder me a-talkin' from gittin' to mother, so I got off from the car on t'other side from the depot an' scooted across lots the highest way. There was a thunderstorm comin' up an' it was black as a wolf's mouth only when it lightened, but I knew every step o' the way an' could see the light of our house to steer by."

"There's a pretty steep holler that I had to cross, with a little brook runnin' through it, but I knew to a rod how far it was from the corner of Adams' meader to where a cattle path run down an' up t'other side, so I mogged along the spryest I could, weak as I was. Then I heard something comin' full tilt behind me, an' next I knowed it piled on to me like a thousand o' brick, an' it was Jack. He'd found my track to the depot an' overhauled me. He was crazy glad an' I pretty nigh as tickled as he was, but afore long we steadied down an' visited along as we traveled, an' I began to think Adams' meader had growed mighty wide, an' so it had, for he'd took in a lot o' pastur' and moved the fence since I see it."

"But by and by I come to it an' over it an' doubled my jumps, for the further I went, the bigger my hurry an' the slower I seemed to go. An' then the next thing I knowed I stepped off into nothin' an' lit all in a heap in the bottom of the gully, and then I didn't know nothin' till I found myself to home layin' in bed with a bandaged head an' a broken arm an' a sprained ankle." He paused and his wife took up the story.

"Yes, sir, I was a-sittin' in the kitchen with my brother, me a-sewin' an' him a-readin', when all of a sudden Jack come tearin' in just as different as could be from the way he generally come home, an' he barked an' run out an' then in again an' barked an' pulled at my dress, an' in a minute it come over me that father had come back, for I never had give up that he was dead for all everybody said so."

"My heart stook stock still a-waitin' for him to come in, but he didn't, an' says I to my brother, 'John has come back, but I'm afraid something has happened to him; light the lantern an' we'll foller Jack.'"

"An' so we did, that dog runnin' back an' to, an' whinin' an' barkin' till he fetched us to the holler, an' there father lay as still as if he was dead, which I thought he was, an' almost died to have it so, an' him so nigh come back to me."

"But we see signs o' life, an' Jim an' me we lugged him up the path this side. Jim wa'n't but sixteen, but was stout as a moose, an' we got him up some way, he wa'n't much more'n skin an' bone, an' you never see any human bein' tickleder 'n what Jack was."

"Well, we hadn't more'n got to the top when there come a roar louder'n the thunderstorm that was a-comin' up, an' a-growin' louder an' louder, an' then afore we had time to guess what it was that gully was full of a rushin', ragin' flood, with timbers an' logs an' stones tearin' an' tumblin' along with it. The reservoir dam had broke away, an' I liked to have fainted thinkin' what would have become of father if we'd been five minutes later, but we'd got to git him home, so there wa'n't no time for such nonsense."

"It was pourin' long afore we got him under shelter an' we was all soaked, but it didn't seem to hurt father—the water didn't. He was bad enough off, but he begun to pick up right away an' mended so fast that I was 'most afraid he'd have to go back again."

"But afore he got able to, though he wa'n't never again, really—the war was over an' wa'n't I thank! An' you'd ought to see Jack hang around him just as anxious an' as thankful as a person. My! More'n most!"

"While he lived there wa'n't nothin' too good for him, an' ever since he died we've put flowers on his grave. I s'pose some thinks it's foolish, but we wouldn't miss of it for anything."

"We sold the farm ten year ago an' went to live down to the village. We keep a little store an' the post office, father he's postmaster. Maybe you'd have occasion to stop in and see us. Well, I guess we've pretty nigh tired you out, an' anyway we must be goin', father."

"Children? Yes, one boy. You might ha' seen him 'mongst the sons, one o' the tallest, nigh the head of the company. Good bye."

With that they went their way and I mine, thinking there might be graves less worthy of decoration than that of this faithful and loving dog.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont.

The Appomattox Apple Tree.

THERE are doubtless many readers of Mr. Fred Mather's delightful recollections in *FOREST AND STREAM* who have become participants with him in an interest in the history of the three Sweeny brothers, one of whom, Joe, he calls practically the "inventor of the banjo." I can contribute very little to their general family history; but there is one incident connected with them which I have never seen stated in print, and which, to those who knew of them, will doubtless have some interest. One of that family probably planted the celebrated Appomattox apple tree, under which, it used to be said, Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant. One of the brothers was in the Confederate army, and was detailed as a courier for Gen. Jeb Stuart. I have had him pointed out to me riding after Stuart along the lines, and heard often of the banjo serenades Gen. Stuart would give the ladies of his acquaintance whenever his camp was near them. I do not know what became of him after Stuart was killed in May, 1864.

But about the apple tree I happen to know a great deal. On the morning of April 9, 1865, the Confederate army, "one of whom I was which," found itself pursued by one superior Federal force and headed off by another. Under these circumstances Gen. Lee rode back, about 7 A. M., to meet the force in his rear, with whom Gen. Grant was supposed to be, in order to make the surrender. Meanwhile the last line of battle ever formed by his army was thrown across his front within about a mile of Appomattox Court House, where Sheridan was driving back the Confederate advance guard under Gen. Gordon. After some sharp fighting Gordon sent a flag of truce to Sheridan, suggesting that they stop killing each other until the result of Lee's meeting with Grant was known, to which Sheridan agreed.

After a time Gen. Lee returned from the rear, having learned that Gen. Grant had left the troops in the rear and was passing around his flank, and would after awhile communicate with him from the front. Just in front of his line of battle and on the right of the road to Appomattox Court House was a small apple orchard, with a house at the edge furthest from the road, say 40yds. My recollection of this house is that it was about 18 by 36ft., two stories high, without porches or any prominent outhouse, or any shade trees except the apple trees in front. The house seemed inhabited, and yet I can recall seeing no one during the two or three days I remained in the vicinity. Probably, as generally happened, the occupants ran off when the fighting began in the vicinity. This was the house of the Sweeny family. It was probably about 10 A. M. when Gen. Lee rode into this orchard and dismounted, and for some little time was occupied in receiving and sending messages. Finally he was left entirely alone, and turning around said: "I would like to sit down. Is there a place I can sit?" I happened to be, I think, the only person near enough to hear him. Only one of the apple trees was in enough leaf to give any shade. It was perhaps 50ft. from the road near the middle of the orchard, and some couriers were squatted under it, holding their horses. I asked them to remove the horses and to bring a dozen or so rails from the fence, and we made a nice seat under it, which the General took and thanked us. Some of his staff, who had all been sent off on errands, soon returned and joined him, and later Gen. Longstreet. Other prominent generals also came and went from time to time. The line of battle, infantry and artillery, about 100yds. in rear, and stretching right and left for some distance, was still maintained, the men at rest and the officers generally in front. Gen. Lee remained here, I think, for about three hours. About 1 o'clock Col. Babcock, of Gen. Grant's staff, riding a fine bay, which looked exceedingly fat by comparison with our horses, came riding from the front, and was conducted to Gen. Lee at the apple tree. He came to say that Gen. Grant would soon reach the little village of Appomattox Court House, and to invite Gen. Lee to ride there and await him. So Gen. Lee mounted, and accompanied by Col. Marshall, of his staff, and a courier, and Col. Babcock and his courier, he rode away. He stopped to water his white horse, Traveler, in the little creek some 200yds. in front, and made the whole group wait until Traveler had his fill. Everything remained as it was until he came back, about 5 o'clock, and then we knew that the war was over.

I made my bivouac in the apple orchard close by the Sweeny house for two or three days, while paroling of the men and turning over arms and artillery was going on. On the evening of the next day, coming in from an all-day absence, I found the whole apple tree gone, and on the second evening there was only a big hole where its remotest roots had been dug up. I never thought of securing a memento for myself until it was too late. I could not find a splinter, and never since have I been able to find any one with a piece of it, or to hear of but one single piece. A sister, refugeeing through South Carolina, first heard of the surrender from a private in a Texas regiment, footing it home. He told her about Gen. Lee's having sat under the tree, and showed her a piece of it. Doubtless the old soldiers in that last line of battle, who watched Gen. Lee under the tree for three hours, waiting for the end, were the ones to carry it off and scatter it from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

JACK HILDIGO.

Reminiscence.

"WHICH, them boats thar, you mean? Them's dug-outs. That long, crooked un wuz chopped aout'n a cypress log sorter in a hurry when the water wuz a-risin' an' it ain't got much shape, but that smooth lookin' cottonwood one agin it is all right fur trappin' an' raftin', an' the like. Hit's stiddier'n it looks. But that little'n thar is the dandy! Pap made that'n aouter sassafrax 'n' th' aint many folks 'at kin set in it. Hit fools Pap onct 'n' a while. I see him onct—hit wuz a-rainin' drizzly like 'n' cold—he wuz gittin' in from baitin' his traps up to Cooterfoot, 'n' had killed a passel uv ducks, 'n' he wuz comin' daown the bayou jest a sailin'. That sassafrax dugaout kin scoot, too! 'N' Pap wuz a-tryin' hit an' sorter showin' off to Uncle Laz'rus an' me on the bank, 'n' you see the slopin' bank jest above you thar? Pap gits

right opposite to that 'n' then gives his paddle a side rake 'n' whirls araoun' to come straight fur that slopin' place in the bank. Pap sot to the paddle like he wuz tryin' to shoot the sassifrax clean aout on the bank, 'n' when it hit, the baouw run way up yonder, 'n' that made the stern le'daown; 'n' if Uncle Laz'rus 'n' me didn't laugh when we see the tail end o' the dugaout sunk under 'n' Pap settin' in the water up to his arms, a-feelin' araound fur his new Winchester 'n' a-cussin'!

"You riccerlict that ole long muzzle loader you seen up to the haouse? Hit kicks, 'n' when Pap shoots sideways aout'n the sassifrax, he kinder leans for'ard jes' 's he jecks the trigger to kinder ketch the kick 'n' keep the boat settin' straight. One day las' December Pap wuz up to Little Cooterfoot 'n' he run acrast a big drove o' ducks, 'n' Pap got hisself fixed up to shoot both loads at onct. Pap never had did it before in the sassifrax, but he had it figgered aout that he'd hev to lean for'ard twict as hard fur both kicks comin' at onct, 'n' when he leant an' jecked both triggers the tubes must 'a' been wet 'n' both caps snapped. Pap took Cooterfoot head fust, 'n' that's some o' that same rust on the old muzzleloader yit."

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

Natural History.

"Birds of Village and Field." *

AMONG the many popular bird books which have appeared within the last few years, Miss Florence A. Merriam's last deserves, and will take, a high place. It is certainly one of the most useful of these books, because, as its title tells us, it is a "bird book for beginners," and it thus appeals to the widest possible class. It takes nothing for granted. It begins at the beginning. Notwithstanding the flood of popular bird literature that has recently appeared, instruction is still greatly needed by many people who are out of doors enough and sufficiently observing to note that there are birds, and to admire them and their ways, but who know about them little more than the popular names of the most common species. To instruct such individuals, to make them interested in bird life, is not only to perform a great service for those receiving the instruction—to widen the range of their interests, to stimulate their powers of observation, and to sharpen their intelligence—but is to perform a real service to the country at large by adding to the general interest in bird life, and so increasing the little army of bird protectors. Each bird protector is an assistant to the agriculturist, and so adds something to the production and to the wealth of the country.

There are birds enough all around us, and Miss Merriam gives interesting examples; of a lady in Chicago, who in a shrubby back yard near one of the main thoroughfares saw fifty-seven species in a year; of an orchard in Brattleboro, Vt., where an observer noted seventy-nine species in a year; and of Mr. Sage's observations within the limits of Portland, Conn., where ninety-six species have been known to nest.

It is not then a question of finding birds, but of recognizing them when they are found, of knowing them by name. Miss Merriam has had a wide experience with field classes of beginners, of those who are absolutely

size, color, markings, shape, appearance, movements, and flight, being subdivided in a way so suggestive as to teach the careful reader just what he should look for.

The book's introduction is simple and unaffected, yet as direct as possible. It ends with an ample illustrated field color key, based on the markings of different birds which are easily to be seen in the field, and this when followed down will lead by page references to the descriptions and figures of the bird in the body of the book. On the other hand, if the student knows the family to which his bird belongs, he can turn to that family in the index, which will give him a reference directing him more quickly to the name of the bird. In this same introduction we are taught where to find the birds, how to watch them, and how the birds affect the village trees, gardens and farms. To this last important matter



LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN.

From Florence A. Merriam's "Birds of Village and Field."

considerable space is given, and a plain story—illustrated by examples—is furnished of the unconscious services which birds perform for man. Some space is given too to suggestions as to how to keep birds about the house.

With the field color key already referred to, the introduction ends and we come to the body of the book. Here no attempt is made to follow any scientific classification. The birds which are most familiar are those which come first; those less known, later. Thus in five pages the charming story of the hummingbird is told, then that of the catbird, then of the crow, robin, wood thrush, chimney swift, and so on. These life histories, very brief though they often are, are full of feeling, and Miss Merriam has selected with rare good judgment those points concerning each species which are most pertinent to its story, and most likely to be interesting to the reader. In connection with the account of the ruffed grouse, for example, she mentions Mr. Thayer's law of protective coloration, published some little time ago in *The Auk*, in which he has shown that "animals are painted by nature darkest on those parts which tend to be most lighted by the sky's light, and vice versa." The sub-keys to the families are often remarkably simple and plain, and will be very useful to the reader who has made sufficient progress in bird study to know even in the most general way what some of the characteristics of the chief bird groups are.

Miss Merriam's book is very fully illustrated by drawings by Ernest Seton Thompson, Louis Agassiz Fuertes and John L. Ridgway. Many species are figured in the charming groups for which Mr. Thompson is so well known, but much more important than these are the numerous illustrations of heads, bills, wings and feet, there being 220 figures in the text, besides twenty-eight plates. Most of these illustrations merit very high praise. Especially charming are the plates of the chimney swift, of the hermit thrush, and of the Canada jay. Among the illustrations are many of birds and of noxious insects which come from the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

Miss Merriam's various books on birds are all interesting and valuable, but we are inclined to assign the first place for usefulness to "Birds of Village and Field," and we hope for it a very large circulation.

The printing and binding are quite what might be expected from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to whose kindness we owe the accompanying illustrations.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

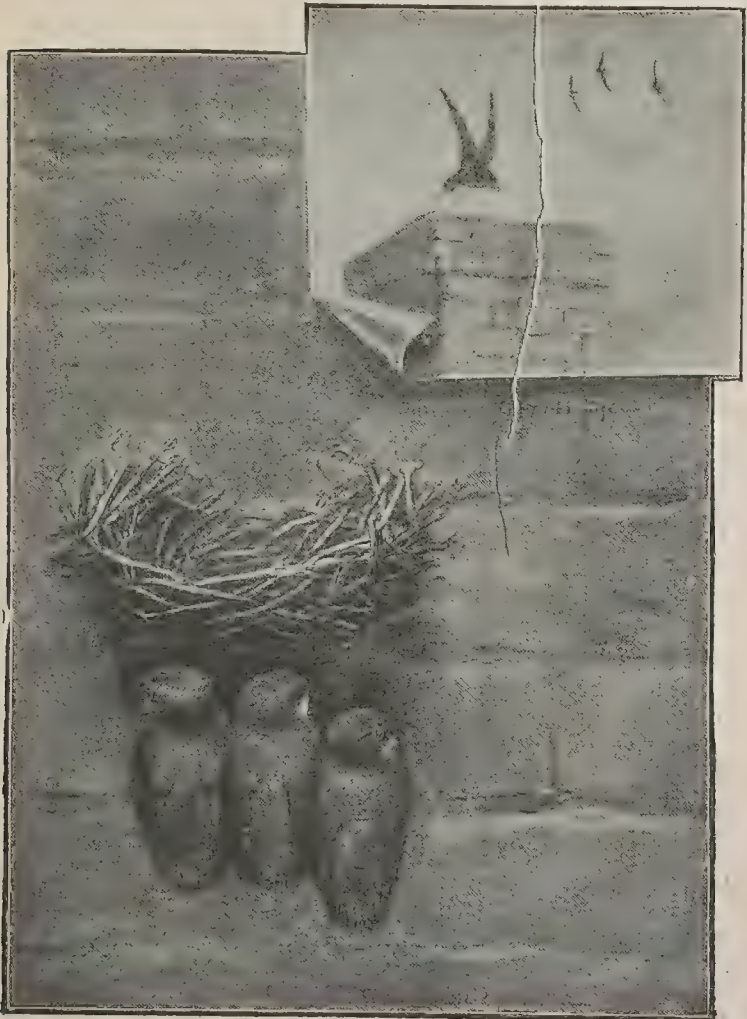
(Continued from page 304.)

BAIRA ANTELOPE (*Dorcotragus megalotis*, Menges). NATIVE NAME, *Baira*.

This beautiful and very rare antelope was only met with at one place by any member of my party. On three successive days Mr. Akeley saw a small band on one of the peaks known as Nasr Hablod, or the Virgin's Breast, about half way between our camp at Hullier and Hargeisa. It would seem to be strictly a mountain species, at home on the rocky cliffs and deep defiles of high peaks, running at full speed over the precipitous places with a sureness of foot and certainty of step that would seem wonderful for an animal to possess, if you did not know the peculiar shape of the hoof, and how admirably it is adapted for clinging to steep inclines as well as for guarding against shocks to the body when making long leaps downwards. The hoof is of an entirely different shape from that of the klipspringer, alikud of the somalis (*Oreotragus sylvator*), in which genus the describer of this species placed it, but it is equally well padded, although in a different way, nor does it rest upon the ground in a like manner. The klipspringer stands entirely upon its toes, so to speak, that is on the tips of the hoofs, these being vertical with the ends only touching the ground. The hoof of the baira has a wide spread, and the two halves are narrow in front and pointed, forming a perfect cushion on which the animal walks and runs, keeping the hoof, unless at its extreme point, free of the ground. At my request Mr. Akeley has given me the following account of the capture of the specimens brought back by us:

"I had killed an oryx, and sent my gun bearer to camp for a camel to transport the carcass back, and leaving my shikari to watch the animal, took a stroll about the jungle. The peaks of Nasr Hablod, or Virgin's Breast, were only a few hundred yards in front of me, and I was irresistibly drawn toward them, influenced probably by the memory of the big bull koodoo I had killed at their base the day before. I moved cautiously toward them, hiding myself as much as possible in the gullies and ravines, until I had drawn very near the base of the small peak, and stepped behind some huge rocks. Further I could not go without exposing myself to any animal in front of my position. From my post I took a careful look over the ground, and saw a band of antelope running up the sides of the peak. They stopped in the shade of a spreading thorn tree and gazed in my direction. From their manner of moving and their great size and peculiar slope of their ears, they seemed to be koodoo cows and calves. To my right was a great mass of rocks, which if I could reach I would be within two hundred yards of the animals, as the distance seemed to me at the time. I crawled on all fours behind the rocks and then made a wide detour, keeping in the gullies, and finally gained the desired place. Peering cautiously over the rocks I saw them still standing in the shade of the tree. I fired two or three times, my bullets all going high, and then I began to realize that instead of shooting at koodoo two hundred yards or more away, I was firing at a much smaller antelope only about seventy-five yards from me. The steep mountain side strewn with small stones, together with the koodoo-like movements of the animals and their large ears, had completely deceived me. They were now thoroughly alarmed, but as they could not tell where the shots came from on account of the echoes they merely ran about in a confused way. I took careful aim and knocked one over, but he immediately rose and crawled under a bush. At the next shot I killed one in his tracks, and the remaining ones made a dash to escape, running past me at about forty yards. I succeeded in stopping one for a moment, but it rose to its feet and fell again two or three times, and at last stopped as I supposed for good. I then tried to take possession of my game and got within ten feet of the one I had first wounded and stood looking at it, surprised to find it was such a little fellow. It was a hard thing to come down from the idea of a big koodoo, one of the grandest of African antelope, to a little thing not over twenty inches high at the shoulder. I noticed that it had straight, sharp horns about four or five inches long, and just then it came to the conclusion it was time to disappear, and it did. I have never seen any animal move so quickly as did that one. I had a fleeting glimpse of him a few moments later going up the side of the opposite peak on three legs, and from the way he traveled I think he could have got on fairly well with only one. I returned to the one that was really dead and found it to be an adult female. Then I went to look for the young one I had seen kicking the gravel, but found only a few drops of blood. Nearly roasted by the mid-day sun, we took the one little antelope and went back to the oryx to find that a horde of vultures had eaten the carcass; my shikari, hearing so many shots, being unable to remain behind, had disobeyed his orders and left the animal to come and see what I was shooting at. The camel arriving, we returned to camp with such booty as was left.

"The next morning I returned again to the same place, and had hardly reached the base of the peak when the young baira jumped from almost under our feet and ran swiftly, but only for a short distance, as it was very weak. We soon captured it, and after hunting the mountains thoroughly without finding a trace of the others, returned to camp. I went back to this place nearly every day for a week in hopes of getting an old male. Once I saw a bunch of four. After hunting everywhere with my shikari, and seeing nothing, we sat down on a large rock, when he suddenly made an exclamation, and looking in the direction he pointed, I saw the baira moving swiftly up the side of the peak, stopping occasionally to look back. So perfectly were they protected by their color that when they stopped they became nearly invisible, and if I took my eyes away from them it was almost impossible to find them again until they moved. We watched them until they disappeared over the top of the cone, and then climbed as fast as we could up the sides of the peak, hoping to head them off, but on looking carefully over the top we saw the nimble creatures just leaving the base to go onto the plain. I took a few rapid shots at them, but only made



CHIMNEY SWIFT.

innocent of bird knowledge, and understands thoroughly the peculiar disadvantages under which they labor. It is for such persons that this book has been written, so that they may know the birds they see without shooting them. Miss Merriam says she has "written for those who do not know a crow or a robin, as well as for boys who would get a start in bird work, and teachers who would prepare themselves for this increasingly popular branch of nature study." She has written well for both these classes.

It is with this in mind that Miss Merriam in one of the appendices of the book has given a list of points to note as an aid to identification; the seven points of

* *Birds of Village and Field, a Bird Book for Beginners.* By Florence A. Merriam. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the stones fly. They went out onto the plain and stopped under a bush. We followed them unsuccessfully for an hour or more. The third time, thoroughly tired with a long stalk, and nearly dead with the heat, I was looking for my boys to return to camp when, turning to take a last look at the sides of the peak, I saw at the top, clearly defined against the sky, three pairs of great ears in a row perfectly motionless. I imagined the animals had seen me before that morning and had become reckless when they supposed they were taking a farewell look at me. I started to stalk them when they wheeled and disappeared. With my remaining strength I climbed to the top of the peak, where I had a commanding view on all sides, but I never saw them again.

Of all the antelope we hunted this species is the most difficult to capture. Their color assimilates so completely with the stony ground they frequent that at a hundred yards, unless the animals are moving or stand on the sky line, it is almost impossible to see them, even though you know almost exactly where they are. This practical impossibility of observing them, together with their wonderful speed, accounts for the few that are killed and the rarity of the species in museums.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE twenty-sixth annual report of the Board of Directors of the Zoological Society, of Philadelphia, has just been received. It shows the operations of the Society for the year ending Feb. 28, 1898. The total membership, exclusive of loan holders, in 1898. The admissions during the year were 173,999, of which almost 113,000 were adults paying at the gate, and more than 40,000 children paying at the gate. The largest attendance during any month was 26,711 in August, and the smallest 5,147 in December. The greatest number of visitors on any one day was 4,373, on Saturday, May 29; the total receipts from admissions for the year was \$23,908.76, an increase over last year of \$128.54. The receipts during the year on Sundays amount to \$9,393.77; on Saturdays to \$6,382.40, while the days of the smallest attendance were Tuesdays, which footed up only to \$1,370.92. During the year 725 specimens were added to the collection, of which 191 were mammals, 134 birds, and 410 reptiles and batrachians.

Among the specimens of special interest received were three young West Indian seals (*Monachus tropicalis*), a little known species which has only recently been seen alive in this country. Unfortunately those received at Philadelphia did not live long. Two pairs of South African ostriches were purchased by the garden within the year—bred in Southern California. Three beautiful specimens of the Carolina parakeet were received during the year, a fourth one still living in the garden, having been there since 1884, having been presented by Mr. Robert Ridgway, of the U. S. National.

Among the animals born in the garden were three prairie wolves, five elk, two buffalo calves, one red deer, two Indian antelope. The garden lost in November, 1897, a splendid male orang, a most unfortunate mischance. The superintendent notes that, "while it has more than once been pronounced by high authority anatomically impossible for an orang to maintain any attitude without touching some means of support, this animal was repeatedly observed walking about his cage in an absolutely erect position without having his hands in contact with any fixed object."

An Indian elephant and a fine male Rocky Mountain sheep were also lost during the year. Some changes have been made in the locations of different animals in the garden, and several new and modern cages for mammals and birds have been erected. The buffalo herd in the garden, perhaps the finest in the country, is in excellent condition.

A Colorado Audubon Society.

At a recent meeting of the Denver Woman's Club, an earnest plea was made to preserve the little songsters from the ravages of a market which supplies their feathers for hats and other trimmings. So great was the interest aroused that an Audubon society was formed. A petition also was introduced and signed, to be forwarded to the Colorado State Senators and Representatives at Washington, urging that they help Senator Hoar in his efforts to pass the bill against importing birds and feathers from Europe for millinery purposes. In order to more effectually spread the idea against bird destruction a committee was appointed to wait on the school boards of the city and secure their interest and co-operation to introduce Bird Day in the public schools, which might be observed the same day as Arbor Day. The vast audience present promised by pledge and unwritten assent to not wear feathers any more in their hats. Next autumn they will absolutely refuse to buy a hat trimmed with birds. The business men will find little demand for feathered trimmings from the 3,000 or more women constituting the club membership, which body in its influence may be counted upon to mean three times that number.

Wild Pigeons in Illinois.

MACOMB, Ill., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing to you last week, a gentleman saw two flocks of wild pigeons about three miles from this city. The first flock was flying, and there were not less than 300 in it. The next, of about seventy-five, soon followed, but it was very near the ground and some of them flew into some trees and remained for a short time and then followed the others. W. O. BLAISDELL.

The Muse Afield.

MR. OTTO STECHHAM, of Indianapolis, publishes a little book of verse inspired by field sports and outdoor life. The title is "Rudder, Rod and Gun: Poems of Nature." My Dog and I, Fly-Fishing, Hunting the Pheasant, In the Marsh, The Deer Hunt, Hunting the Snipe—these are some of the titles.

Game Bag and Gun.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XII.

(Continued from page 265.)

I SHALL never forget how one of my favorite covers came to me. It was in the sweet springtime, when the modest cowslip was at its best, and trout were in their prime, and I was in a state of mind to enjoy to the full the beauties of the one and the gamy qualities of the other. I had followed the well-known woodland path to the headwaters of a favorite trout stream and had fished down to the old mill, where I usually found a few good-fish in a pool a short distance below the dam. There was a foot-bridge across the stream just over the dam, and at one end of the dam there was a chute for waste water about 3ft. in width, made of planks that extended down to the water below at an angle of about forty-five degrees. At the end of the chute there was a broad pool 2 or 3ft. in depth, which extended about 15ft. to a ledge below, where the water poured over the rocks in a narrow channel into one of the most trouty looking pools that I have ever seen. Standing back from the ledge, where the water was about a foot in depth, I was just ready to make a cast when I heard a light footstep on the bridge behind me, and turning I saw a girl of some fifteen or sixteen summers crossing it. I have ever been an admirer of the beautiful, and as she was very pretty, I of course admired her as she gracefully tripped along. When she was just over the chute there was a sudden crash of breaking boards, a half stifled scream and she disappeared from view, but only for an instant, for I at once caught sight of her coming my way down the chute at a rate of speed that was not at all calculated to display the easy grace that I had been admiring. Although the mouth of the chute was not more than 10ft. from me, she got there before I was more than half way, although I rushed through the water at my very best rate of speed. When she reached the end of the chute her feet struck the bottom of the pool, she straightened up, leaned toward me, and with all the force engendered by the momentum of her rapid descent, that natty spring hat struck me just below the belt, and in less than the tenth part of a second I was standing on my head in 3ft. of water. I was young and active in those days, and gained my feet in time to assist her to rise. She was game and tried to turn the affair into a joke, but her laugh was a trifle forced and ended in a moan of pain, when she informed me that her ankle was so badly sprained that she could not bear her weight upon it. There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances, and of course I volunteered to do it, and placing her arms around my neck I clasped my arms around her, and with many misgivings as to my ability to get safely over the slippery stones I finally succeeded in carrying her to the bank without a single misstep, and seated her on a stone; then, at her request, I went to the house, which was only a few rods distant, and informed her parents of the accident, and we were soon by her side, when her father and I, clasping hands, seated her upon the chair thus formed and carried her to the house. Her parents were very grateful and could not do enough for me, and I was at once rigged out in the miller's best suit and my clothes were put to dry by the kitchen fire.

At noon the brother of my water nymph came home, and as he thought the world of her he was even more effusive in thanks than her parents had been. While at dinner the young fellow expressed sorrow that he was not a fisherman in order that he might be of some service to me in showing me the best places, adding that if I were only a hunter he could show me the best place for woodcock in the whole region. Now I had explored all the visible covers in this section in search of a woodcock cover that I had heard of as something wonderful, but had been unable to find anything that approached the description, and had given up the search, thinking that the wonderful cover was either a myth or that some one had perhaps struck it rich during flight time, and in this way laid the foundation for the tale, so when he spoke of a good place for birds this tale came into my mind, and as I found upon questioning him that I had never seen the place he described, I proposed that we should visit the spot at once, to which he readily agreed, and as it was only about two miles from the house, we were soon on the ground. The cover was situated upon a gentle slope and contained about one hundred and fifty acres of springy land covered with a scattered growth of alders and birches, and was indeed an ideal place for woodcock. I had not found it when exploring in the vicinity, for it was impossible to see it from any point until one was actually in the cover, as it was surrounded upon three sides with a heavy growth of timber, while a ridge of high land upon the upper side completely hid it from view. I was well pleased with the appearance of the cover, and made my companion happy by promising to visit it with him as soon as the season opened.

When the first of September came I made an early start, and as the place was only about ten miles distant I was soon at the miller's house, where I received a most cordial greeting from the whole family. Taking my young friend in the wagon, we drove to the cover and were soon among the birds. When we returned to the house in the middle of the afternoon we counted out twenty-two woodcock and nine grouse, a very good showing for a half day. After this I was a frequent visitor to this cover, and found it to be one of the surest places for both woodcock and grouse that I knew, and many famous bags have I made here, especially in flight time, when the score upon several occasions has exceeded forty birds.

There were birds in those days, and as pleasant memories of the good old times bring back to me no nigardly portion of the joys of these glorious days of successful sports, there are few of them that outrank some of those that came to me in this one of my favorite covers.

I was once exploring a very good looking range of

covers in the town of Thompson, Conn., and had beaten out all the best looking places upon one side, and was about to turn back and work the other edge, when I was startled by a full chorus of feminine screams and shrieks that came from the edge of the thicket a few rods beyond. Now in cases of this nature both youthful training and natural impulse prompted but one course, and before the first scream was half accomplished I was tearing through the brush in the direction of the sound at the best speed I could make, fully determined to rescue the score or more of distressed damsels from the deadly peril that I had no doubt threatened them. When I arrived at the edge of the thicket and glanced at the very exciting panorama that was in process of demonstration I blessed my lucky stars that had guided my footsteps in this direction. In the fence corner some 20ft. to my left were three girls; one little sprite of ten summers was balancing herself on the top rail of the fence, while the two others of fifteen or sixteen years were hugging each other and winding themselves together in the most bewildering manner, in the corner of the fence, and all with wide open mouths were screaming louder and oftener, and in a more heart-rending manner than I would have believed possible had I not been there to hear. The little darling on the fence completely won my heart by the very artistic and sylphlike manner in which she performed her role, and I have often wondered how it was possible for even a skilled ropedancer to go through such evolutions upon so shaky a support with never a miss or falter in tone or quality of the highest notes. The two in the fence corner were also well up in their parts, and taken all together the performance was decidedly the most interesting that I had ever witnessed. The star performer, however, was a big red bull that was three or four rods away in the open lot also performing his part with a gusto and abandon that never come to second-raters. Just in front of him was, as I afterward learned, the twisted remains of what had once been a parasol, and as I came upon the scene he had lowered his head and with a most portentous half growl, half bellow, he viciously charged upon it, and catching it on his horns threw it some 10ft. to one side, and as it struck the ground he prepared for another charge, but he never got there. He was headed from me, and as he again started for the mutilated remains my gun somehow came to my shoulder, and just as he lowered his head and uttered the first note of that growling bellow somehow the gun went off, and that portentous growl ended in one of the most surprised howls that I ever heard, that head came into the air and how those legs did take him away from there straight to the opposite fence, through which he went with a crash, and the last we saw of him that tail was still gyrating in big and little circles as though trying to put on more steam.

Beauty in distress brings out the finer feelings of our nature, is always interesting and all that, but considered merely as beauty the distressed damsel can never hope to compete with her own bright eyes and mantling cheeks that sparkle and flame as she gazes upon the valiant knight who, with couched lance, has met and overcome the dragon in her path, especially when that dragon takes the shape of a dreadful loud-roaring bull. It was with thoughts something like these that I approached the trio of maidens in the fence corner, and with my very best bow gave them good afternoon and tried to look and appear as unconcerned as though I were only an ordinary mortal instead of a full-fledged hero, but it was of no use, they would not have it.

My innate modesty of course could only blame that incomprehensible mystery called mysteria for the treatment I received, and I never for a moment thought the girls were to blame in the least. The little elf on the fence set the pace, as with a flying leap she came to the ground, and approaching me with words of praise and thanks, threw her arms around me, and in less than a second I was the center of one of the most interesting groups that I ever encountered. After matters had become straightened out a little they began all together, as fast as they could talk, to give me a synopsis of the eventful occurrence, from which I learned that this was a blackberry party, as indeed I had known from the first by the tin pails that were scattered around promiscuously like, to say nothing about the tell-tale marks on their cherry lips and rosy fingers. I also learned that they were having just a lovely time until the aforesaid dragon, with hideous roarings, had charged upon them, and that just before he had caught and killed them all the parasol was inadvertently dropped, which the monster at once tackled, thus giving them a short respite, when I so fortunately came to the rescue, and by my well-directed shot saved them from their expected doom. When they reached the climax, hysteria again seized them, and once more the bewildering evolutions that had so confused me were repeated, but the little sprite broke up the performance with a shriek of laughter, in which we all heartily joined, when she called attention to the numerous blackberry stains that somehow had become quite a prominent fixture upon my countenance, thus turning to a jest one of the most solemn and interesting episodes that had ever come to me.

With one accord they insisted that I should accompany them to the home of the little one, near by, where the other two were visiting, in order that they might present to their friends the preserver of their lives. So we started for the house, where we soon arrived, and I was presented to the parents of the little one in due form, and received their hearty thanks with becoming modesty. Her father was profuse in praise of the part I had taken in the affair, adding that he had always thought that hunters were a worthless lot, and he had never allowed them on his grounds, but now that he had found one who was the right sort he just wanted me to take my dog and gun and go with him, and he would show me partridges and woodcock enough to make up, as he put it, for the time I had lost on account of the girls. This suited me, and we were soon walking up the green slope behind the house. When we arrived at the top of the rise, some quarter of a mile away, and I gazed upon the extensive and inviting looking cover in the valley below, I began to think that my new-found friend must be correct in his estimate of the number of birds to be found here, for sweeter spot to look at I

had seldom seen, but when we had taken a hurried beat through a portion of the cover, as it was getting late and we had not much time for exploring it thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that he had greatly underestimated the wonderful resources of this ideal cover, especially in the matter of grouse, for I had never in so short a time found so many. The woodcock, he informed me, were to be found in abundance upon the gentle slope beyond, among the birches and pines.

It is needless to say that I accepted the pressing invitation extended to me by every one of my new friends to pay them an early visit, and three days later I took an early start, arriving at the house in time to join the family at breakfast, receiving a very cordial greeting from all and an embrace from the little sprite that so strongly reminded me of the performance in the fence corner that I felt the cold chills creeping along my spine, but as I saw no signs of hysteria in the older girls I was soon in my normal condition. After breakfast, accompanied by my host, I went to explore more thoroughly the El Dorado that had so unexpectedly come to me. Walking down to the lower end of the cover in the valley, we beat out the whole of it to the grove of tall pines at the upper end, finding more grouse than I had ever seen in a cover of this size; but their education, reason or instinct, call it what you will, was fully equal to that of their more persecuted brethren in covers that were frequented by shooters, although I could not account for it, as my companion informed me that not a gun had been fired anywhere in this vicinity for several years, but they nearly all appeared to be well posted, for they flushed wild and made straight for the tops of the pines that I have mentioned, and in consequence I obtained only a few shots when compared to the number of birds found, but I was well satisfied with the result, for when we arrived at the upper end and sat down beside a spring for lunch and smoothed out their plumage we laid them side by side on the green grass

several years I kept all knowledge of this resort from the public, only taking a few choice spirits to enjoy with me its pleasures, and many glorious days did we have here, but as time went on, adding numberless attractions to the graceful form of the aforesaid little sprite, another shooter fell a victim to her artless wiles, and worse than this, somehow, she took a liking to him and gave him a pointer on my El Dorado, and thus I lost possession of one of the best of my favorite covers, for the fact that I no longer had an exclusive right to it spoiled my pleasure, and I turned to other scenes.

Why she should take a liking to this fellow I never could understand. He was fairly good looking, but I could give him cards and spades on this score, and beat him dead easy, and as for shooting, I could double discount him and still have plenty of birds to spare, and it is my candid opinion that when it came to shooting a bull he would not have been in it for a little while. Well! well! this was long, long ago, and time has somewhat smoothed over the matter, but there is still deep down in my heart a sincere feeling of regret for the loss of that beautiful "favorite cover."

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Hippo Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Probably most of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* have not had a shot at the hippo in his home and an account of one would be of interest to them. "Hippo" is the usual shortening of hippopotamus:

Like the majority of people in this part of the country, with hippo only three or four days from our doors, I had never shot one, even though I had hunted, traded and traveled in Manissa for the past six years.

I was on a hunting trip in the valley of the Myamkara River, and my headquarters were at a Kaffir kraal

ornamented calabash. About his loins was still another bark cord serving to hold up a leather apron in front and a leather breech piece; on his ankles were twisted wire anklets, about twenty on each. He had a Martini-Henry rifle and one cartridge. The pickanny had his solitary blanket. He was thus ready for a day's or a month's trip as far as everything but food was concerned.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived, and so I ordered my boy Villum to get my things together, and to tell a couple more boys to be ready to start early next morning. I laid aside to be packed my tent, a light 8x8x7 A shape, some flour, salt, sugar, tea, rice and dried meat for grub, my waterproof double canvas-lined rubber sheet and a blanket, a change of clothes and a suit of pajamas, a tea kettle, a gridiron, a frying pan and a three-decked dinner carrier and some extra cartridges, also quinine and fruit salts. We five bearers and myself, got away at daylight next morning and tramped about twelve miles to a kraal at the junction of the Honde and Myamkarara, where I had for my usual 11 o'clock breakfast of tea (three cups), bread, rice and dried meat stew, native pumpkins and honey. This over, and a good smoke, we made a tramp of about fifteen miles to an old hunting camp of the natives, which was on a hill near the Pungwe (above the junction).

Next morning early my guide went to a kraal near by (ten miles about) to get a man who knew the river and the location of the pools where hippo were likely to be found.

In the meantime I amused myself poking about, and was lucky enough to drop a reit buck (a long-legged, slender antelope, found in the long grasses near water and weighing from 80 to 150lbs.). We later moved camp to nearer the river. About 2 P. M. my guide returned with two men from the kraal and reported another following down the river to try to find a pool with hippo in. I therefore ordered camp to be struck, and had it not quite packed when the other turned up and gave me the pleasant news that he had found four hippo in a pool about four miles off.

When we got near the spot (we went directly for it, as the wind was in our faces), I had all my boys, excepting my guide and the locator of the hippo, remain and we three went on carefully. I found great quantities of fresh hippo spoor (marks); there is no mistaking a hippo track if once seen, for it is a double path very broad and knocking down small bushes and grass quite flat.

We could hear the river, and soon caught sight of the silver glint of the water through the trees and long grass; the locator and myself then went ahead.

I'll never forget the first glimpse I had of the hippo undisturbed. As we pushed our way quietly through the dense growth on the bank, there just below me stretched a large sheet of smooth water, about half a mile long by 300yds. wide, and in it were some black objects that looked like stumps; these were moving slowly and I soon knew they were heads of hippo, for one suddenly sank with considerable noise of rushing air, and another bobbed up where none had been before. The heads looked about 4ft. long and a foot and a half wide, and had six distinct points on, two sharp little ones just past the middle, two larger rounder ones in the middle and two high and largest at the front. These were the ears, the eye sockets and not the nose holes, as I at first thought, but the upper-lips stretched over the huge tusks on each side.

The hippo, not having been alarmed, were swimming high and the heads were half out of water and a large part of their huge backs were showing too. I watched them for some little time, for the double purpose of getting cooled down and to study how they behaved. Then I sat down and took a long and careful aim just between the eyes of the one nearest me, and let drive. A bang—a little splash a few inches in front of the head—a loud snort—a big splash, and a sudden disappearance of all the heads. I had underestimated the distance and taken it for 100yds., whereas it was about 150yds. I felt awfully crestfallen, for I was under the impression that a miss meant that all the hippo would go into the long reeds near the banks, and that they would only put enough of their noses above water to breathe, and that I would not get another shot.

My man knew better, and he touched me on the arm, motioning me to go back into the dense reeds and further down the pool. We did so and I followed an old hippo spoor to a good cover behind some large boulders near the rapids, where the pool ended. Here I waited, it seemed an hour or so, but as my man seemed satisfied I concluded that the game had not finished. A black object appeared, there was a loud snort and the object was gone again. This happened again and again at intervals I should judge of really about four minutes. However, I saw that the object, which I recognized as part of a hippo's head, always appeared in the same place and each time remained longer on the face of the water.

Further up the pool I saw the other three heads bobbing up for a time as the nearest was doing. After a while one hippo put his head high up and had a good look round for the cause of the disturbance, and seeing nothing disappeared, and must have been swimming under water, for he got much nearer. The one near me was now making quite long stays above water and showing much more of the head, so I sighted on it, but it had a very aggravating way of going down just as I felt quite sure of my aim and was about to pull the trigger. However, it came up once too often and stayed a little too long, and aiming at the ear I pressed the trigger. This time it was quite different. After the loud bang was heard the thud of the bullet, and the brute threw its head back convulsively and sank with a big splash, and then bubbles of air breaking on the surface told the plain story of the breath escaping from the lungs, and I knew I had killed one hippo.

Then the fever of killing got hold of me, and I finished two more, I regret to say. Hippo, if killed, sink at once, and when the gases from the stomach generate sufficiently to give buoyancy it comes to the surface, a matter of from four to twelve hours, according to the heat of the water and quantity of food in the stomach.

The next morning my head boy woke me early to tell me there was a hippo stranded at the foot of the pool.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

From Brehm's Animal Life.

and counted fourteen of the beauties. After lunch we tied them together, and hanging them over a limb started for the woodcock grounds, a short distance away.

This was an ideal woodcock cover; the ground sloped gently to the south, and was covered for the most part with a fairly open growth of birches, while every few yards there was a depression through which trickled a minute stream that came from springs on the slope above, while tall-growing ferns marked its course to the valley below. From about the center of the cover to the upper edge there was an occasional bushy pine from 6 to 10ft. high, adding beauty to the scene as well as making capital hiding places for grouse, where they were nearly always sure to lie well. This cover contained more than a hundred acres and nearly every foot of it was capital ground for both woodcock and grouse, and as we beat out each nook and corner, finding birds in abundance, I blessed that big red bull for putting me in the way of adding to my list of favorite covers so delightful a spot as this, and I mentally resolved that redoubled speed should quicken my footsteps when next I heard the cry of distress, and that the next dragon I encountered should receive the contents of both barrels. When we returned to the spring where we had left our grouse we added two more to the string and then counted out nineteen plump October woodcock; a pretty good day's work for a boy, indeed this beat my previous record by seven birds and I of course was correspondingly happy. This was one of the few of my many favorite covers that came to me by accident, and it could not have been otherwise, for I should never have found it, as it was completely hidden from view from any road, nor was there any other cover that overlooked it. For

(village) only a few miles above its junction with the Honde, whence they flowed a few miles further and then emptied into the noble Pungwe. I had returned to headquarters for a fresh supply of provisions and to have a couple of days' rest and dry clothes, and was lying reading on my folding stretcher (cot) when my head boy (all male natives from sixteen to eighty years are termed "boys"; younger fry are known as pickaninnies) came to my door and told me a man wished to speak to me. I said he might come to me. I recognized him as the "boy" who had promised a few days before to return next day and guide me to where a hippo pool was, and who had not turned up. A native's promise to come on the morrow may be stretched to a week or so of morrows, for they are not slaves to exact time, nor even to truth in abstract. However, here he was, very dirty, and as he soon informed me, fearfully hungry (dying of hunger, he delicately put it). He had a pickaninny with him likewise dirty and hungry. He told me his mission and I ordered skoff (food) to be given him. He was a typical native, about thirty-five years old, with short curly hair all over his head, a slight straggly beard, a few hairs on his chops and a miserable mustache. His skin was a light bronze color. He was of medium height, thin but wiry, and with muscles well defined, and bones very slender compared to those of a white man. The Mashona is a Kaffir and should not be confounded with the negroes, who are quite different race and are confined to the west coasts and center of Africa. The dress of my visitor was quite in fashion for a "raw boy" (one not having had to do with white invaders), dirty, simple and lasting—a bark string around his neck carried a charm; another bark string over his left shoulder had suspended from it his snuff box, in this case a small

Naturally I was in a great hurry to see dead my first hippo, but I feigned indifference and called for my tea and biscuits, and then as leisurely as I could dressed and went down to see the brute. It was rather funny to see how elaborately attentive my boys were (a lively sense of meat to come); the path was cleared of everything likely to hinder me, branches were held till I passed, and my rifle was taken out of my hand. The hippo presented a very odd sight. He was stranded on the shallows and half on his back, his little stumpy legs sticking up in the air, at one end his enormous head and neck, and at the other his ridiculously small tail. The upper part of the body was a dark gray to almost black, and the belly and unexposed parts a light red to almost white. There were a few coarse, black hairs on the back (perhaps four to the square foot) and a dozen or so on his tail. The tail has no bone proper, but a little gristle in place of it; it is about 12 in. long and 4 in. thick at the base.

The natives refused to touch the brute till I went out to it, a rather difficult matter, as the river ran breast-high at the sides and over smooth, slippery rock. Taking off my boots and trousers, and keeping on my socks (a sure preventative against slipping on wet rocks) I waded in. There was a channel fully 6 ft. deep and 3 ft. wide, and I was helped over this, for I had no desire to be carried down to the pools below and make acquaintance with the crocodiles, with which the deep parts of the river swarm.

Before my natives would start skinning the animal or even touch him I had to cut off his tail, and they were fearful that I might not throw it away. The reason, they said, was that otherwise they would have fearful stomachaches on eating the meats—a superstition I have not yet been able to get at the bottom of. Having cut off the tail and thrown it away, and leaving directions to cut two strips of 4 in. broad from the top of the neck to the root of the tail, I left them to skin and cut up the beast to drag ashore. My boys made long ropes of bark, and fastening one end round a tree on shore and the other round a part of the beast, they would sever this and pull it on land. It took several hours to get it all (and they wasted nothing excepting the tail) high and dry. I tried a bit of kidney (a quarter of one), which filled my plate, for breakfast, but it was rather rank. The tongue was excellent, and the under-cut good too; the feet I have since learned are very fine (a good-sized "trotter").

After breakfast I went down to see to the cutting up and making strips for belting. I reserved for my own use and trading a hindquarter, the fat (a bucketful when boiled down), the tongue, lips and undercuts, and let the boys fight for the remainder, and fight and squabble they did all day. All night and next day the meat was smoked over green wood fires.

The great size of the body and extreme shortness of the legs are surprising. The leg bones are little longer than those of a man, but are tremendously thick and solid. The head and neck are very massive. The animal, I should judge, weighed from four to five tons. The one at the Zoo in London weighed, I am told, six tons odd. The large tusks of mine were 2 ft. 9 in. round the curve.

The bullet had entered the head just above the ear, had split the back of the skull its complete length and gone out, carrying away the other ear. My rifle is a Martini-Henry action and boring (.45 cal., 85 grs. powder and 500 grs. lead), and fitted with a Lyman hunting rear sight and a sporting bead fore sight, and is a very handy, strong weapon, and hits hard enough to kill anything alive; the great trouble is that the trajectory is not as flat as one would wish and therefore distances must be judged correctly if hits are to be made.

My boys, knowing that the one hippo that was stranded at the bottom of the pool was more than they could carry, would not look properly for the other two, so doubtless these only went to feed fishes and crocodiles. I have always regretted being carried away with excitement and killing three hippos where one sufficed, and I hope I'll keep my head next hunt.

With boys that happened to drop in I had twelve carriers to go back to the kraal with. I made them take equal portions for themselves and for me, and so had lots of meat to trade for vegetables, etc., and to eat for a couple of months.

The fat lasted me nearly a year; it is much more delicate in flavor than pork fat and has not the same bilious tendencies that lard has. Long boiling made it as solid as beef tallow.

My boys all made themselves ill by overeating, so the much-feared "bellyaches" troubled them notwithstanding my having thrown the tail away. A couple of doses each of salts in warm water and then a little quinine fixed them up for the march back.

The junction of the Pungwe and the Honde rivers (some few miles E. S. E. of where I hunted) lies about 18 degrees south and 33 degrees east of Greenwich.

When I got back to headquarters there were great dances and songs of rejoicing on the strength of gifts of meat expected all around. It is my intention to go back to the Pungwe and kill another hippo soon.

SHOKULILA A. GWANZA.

RHODESIA, South Africa, February, 1898.

The Asian Birds in Illinois.

MACOMB, Ill., May 15.—We have not heard anything of the imported chuckor partridges for over one year. I cannot help thinking they are still alive somewhere, but may have emigrated to another part of the State. They will live in any climate. When the mercury dropped to 28 degrees below zero they would fly on top of the barn and seem to enjoy it. These birds can be bought in Karichi, India, for \$1 per pair. Mr. H. W. Loveday, our State game warden, will recommend to the Governor to establish a game preserve in this State. Should this be done, I think we will have some foreign birds imported. India is full of beautiful game, and any of them will do well in this country. W. O. BLAISDELL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Changes in Iowa Fauna and Flora.

CIVILIZATION, so called, is not always "progressive"; but is in ways often destructive. No class of persons recognize the truth of this statement more forcibly than does the naturalist; and to a lesser extent, the socialist.

For nearly forty years the writer has been a resident of northern Iowa, and being by profession a naturalist has witnessed with sadness the havoc wrought upon our native fauna and flora by the hand of our boasted civilization.

We are not one of those who look upon the past as containing all that is good and desirable, but we look with deep regret upon the passing of those good and desirable things which can never more be recalled. Only those who take an abiding interest in the fauna and flora of a region, and who have been intimately acquainted with it in any given region of the West for the past one-half or even one-quarter of a century, can form any adequate idea of the immensity of the change—and often consequent ill effect and great loss to mankind—which has taken place within this period.

Along in the early fifties, when the northern central portion of Iowa was first settled by the white, the native fauna was exceedingly rich and varied. Elk and deer occurred in droves, and were seen almost everywhere; and even as late as 1885 their "shed" horns were occasionally met with. During the deep crusted snows of the exceedingly severe winter of 1856-7, however, most of these noble animals were exterminated by "hide hunters."

Subsequent to this date comparatively few of these animals roamed this region, and to-day, as well as for many years past, not a single specimen of this species roams at large anywhere within the borders of this region.

The last buffalo of this region was killed in the early fifties, although prior to this time they roamed in great numbers over the rolling prairies. Gray and prairie wolves occurred in numbers then, and occasionally timber wolves were seen. Now only the prairie wolf is left, and he few in numbers. The gray and red fox were quite common then, but now only at long intervals is a specimen of the former seen, while the latter has disappeared.

Black bears and wildcats were quite commonly met with in the timber along the streams when the country was first settled, but only an occasional specimen of the latter is seen in these present days, while not a specimen of the former has been known for at least twenty-five years.

Other large animals were sometimes met with in this region, but they all disappeared many years ago.

This was the trapper's paradise then; and otter, beaver, mink, muskrat and coons were very numerous. Crossing the smaller streams at intervals were seen numerous beaver dams; mink were met with along all the streams, ponds and sloughs in the region. To-day, in this their former home, an otter or beaver would be looked upon as a greater curiosity than a ferocious wild animal from some foreign land.

Mink and muskrat are still with us to a limited extent, and so is the coon, although in greatly diminished numbers.

The skunk is with us, and has grown from occasional to many. The badger, which once was more or less common on our uplands, has now become almost extinct, while the common gray rabbit has increased vastly in numbers since the early days, although occurring in abundance then. Up to within about three years, the jack rabbit didn't occur here, but is now found in considerable numbers over most of northern Iowa. They are leaving the sparsely settled western prairies and making their homes in the fields of the well settled portions of our State.

The weasel was once abundant, but is not often seen at the present time. The gray and striped gophers were once so numerous as to be considered a pest, and the former is still plentiful in some localities, while the latter is becoming rare. The pocket gopher once occurred here in large numbers, and still is quite common, although in some respects their habits have changed greatly since the early days. Chipmunks, gray and red squirrels still abide with us, and have changed their habits but little or none at all. Woodchucks were unknown in early times, but are common now.

Greater or lesser changes have been observed among all other fur-bearing species of the region—some have become extinct, while others have increased in numbers, and still others have changed their habits to a more or less marked degree.

The reptilian and piscine faunas have also undergone equally as great a transformation as the others. The rattlesnake was once the dread of the early settlers, but is rarely ever seen now. The blacksnake or blueracer was once frequently seen, but went the way of the world long ago. The various species of snakes have very greatly diminished in individual numbers, and other changes are noted among them.

Fish of many kinds once swarmed in our waters, some of which have entirely disappeared, while others have taken their place—been introduced by man. Other changes also are observed in this great class of life with us.

In the insect world also other and vastly important changes have taken place, and this mainly through the agency of man. Often through blind ignorance of inevitable consequences, civilization has disturbed nature's equilibrium, and consequently has suffered vastly for it, and still but few have learned the lesson their folly has wrought.

Among the bird forms, the changes have been none the less startling. When the settlers first entered this region, the prairie chicken occurred in millions, and flocks containing thousands of these noble birds were seen in the winter. Our civilization has now so nearly destroyed them that it is difficult for the sportsman, equipped with the best of guns and trained dogs, to bring to bag more than from one to seven of these birds in a day afield. This bird with us has materially changed its habits since the early days.

Quail, like the prairie chickens, have about "given up the battle," and are rapidly succumbing to their inevitable fate. Wild ducks, geese, brant, white and sandhill cranes once were wont to stop with us in vast numbers on their

annual migrations, but now they not only seldom ever stop, but have to a very great extent even changed their migratory course and avoid mainly this portion of the State. The once common and beautiful pelicans and swans are now rarely ever observed.

The wild pigeon, which once was with us—stopping mainly in its migratory flight—in vast numbers, is not now observed; in fact for very many years I don't know of a single individual of this species having been seen here. There have also been other and great changes in the bird life of this region since the country was first settled. I well recall the immense flocks of blackbirds which were with us in the fall, and how these flocks in their flight would reach unbroken for miles and miles, and what indescribable melody they would make as they settled down in some grove to sing. These scenes and events are among the sweet recollections of the past, and of a time forever gone. Perhaps the saddest change has been the utter passing away of a race—or races—of men from this region which for untold centuries had been their home. We here refer to the Indian and the mound builders. Only a lingering, fast-fading memory—their silent tombs and almost vanished trails—remains.

The flora of this region has to the ordinary observer undergone perhaps a more noticeable change than has the fauna. When this portion of Iowa was first settled the vast prairies were covered with a wonderful growth of rank native grasses 4 to 5 ft. in height, and the myriads of bright wild flowers made it a paradise of beauty and presented a scene which, when once viewed, could never be forgotten.

Timber skirted the streams in belts of varying widths, and sometimes occurred as isolated groves on the prairies. The beauty and luxuriance of this flora it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of to any one who has not seen it in its own wild glory. All this is changed now. The beautiful prairies have been broken up; their floral loveliness destroyed, and in their place is seen the stubble and the cornfields. The limited areas of timber have been recklessly reduced to aid in the accumulation of the almighty dollar. The result of this pitiless and almost criminal destruction of our timber lands is already being felt, and shows itself in the increasing aridity of our once moist climate, the shrinking and drying up of our water sources—springs, lakes and streams.

Of such vital importance to the welfare of our people and nation has this question of forest preservation become that the general government has begun in earnest to take steps to insure it.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa.

In the Jungle.

ONE of the neatest and prettiest stalks that has ever come under my notice was made by a friend (H.) some years ago when living on the Malabar Coast. He was a well-known shikari, and had killed possibly more big game of all sorts than fall to the lot of most hard-worked Government servants.

H. was out one morning after spotted deer, and had only his favorite little small-bore rifle, which he invariably carried himself, being no believer in the usually inevitable gun carrier coolie or shikari, and much preferred being alone when out for a shoot.

Having had no luck, he was on the point of returning to camp, as it was getting unpleasantly hot, when he heard voices in the distance, evidently coming in his direction, so sat himself down to await the arrival of his unexpected visitors.

The party were evidently in a considerable state of excitement by the row they kicked up, and on reaching my friend began to unfold their tale of woe.

They were timber contractors, they said, and had lost one of their tame elephants, a female, that had been enticed away by a tusker; they had followed the pair some distance into the jungle, but the tusker had made for them, and was very vicious, they said, and what were they to do, and would the Sahib help them, and so on *ad lib.*

Having satisfied himself that the story was apparently true, H. informed his visitors that if they would go and bring their elephants' mahout, he would see what he could do for them.

This they promised to do, but said it would take an hour or so before they could return, as the mahout was in another camp some two or three miles away.

On my friends agreeing to wait for a couple of hours, the timber contractors made "plenty salaams," and started off to bring their "anakaran," as the mahout is called in the language of the Malabar Coast.

Before very long the party returned, bringing the missing mahout, who, after a long talk with H., assured him that he would faithfully carry out the instructions received as to the *modus operandi*, should they come up with the elephants.

Taking one of the timber contractors as a guide, H. lost no time in starting for the scene of the abduction, and after a few miles' trudge they came upon the guilty pair, apparently dosing under a big cotton tree.

And now commenced the stalk. The mahout had assured H. that, barring accidents, he felt sure he would be able to walk up to his female and hold her by the ear, as is their custom; and as by a bit of luck the tusker happened to be on the far side, matters were simplified considerably, so with a few extra words of advice and caution my friend and the mahout started off, leaving the timber merchant behind.

Cautiously approaching the female, who showed no signs of alarm, evidently recognizing her keeper at once, the mahout, as directed, got up alongside of her, and catching hold of her ear induced her to stand perfectly still, and under her cover H. gayly marched up and found himself within about 10 yds. of the tusker, who was so far in happy ignorance of the approach of danger.

The female, at first, seemed rather to object to a stranger coming up alongside, and began to fidget about and otherwise show her disapprobation at being made a "stalking horse" of. So fearing a catastrophe, H. moved off a few paces, while the mahout, by whispering soft nothings into the lady's ear, succeeded in pacifying her.

The tusker, whose head had been partially hidden by

some projecting branches, now moved into the open and gave H. a lovely shot, which he immediately availed himself of, and putting one of his little bullets nicely into the tusker's ear, dropped him dead as the proverbial door-nail.

The female, however, was intensely alarmed at the shot, and broke away from the mahout, nearly capsizing my friend as she rushed off. She was, however, shortly captured, and the party returned in great glee at the doubly successful termination of the stalk. H. was simply overwhelmed with thanks by the delighted contractors, who were naturally highly pleased at the recovery of the erring lady, and my friend returned to camp, considerably pleased, and not a little amused at the success of his dodge for stalking the amorous old tusker.—*The Asian.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Cowboys in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 21.—The Dakota Regiment of Cowboys, Col. Grigsby commanding, arrived in Chicago to-day en route for the front. They are a very workmanlike lot, and if they have half a chance will come nearer to running down and roping the Spanish fleet than anybody has for the last thirty days. Better troops than these and their fellows, now in camp under Cols. Wood and Roosevelt at San Antonio, never threw a leg over a saddle. There is going to be news, and not just rumors, if these folks get into Cuba.

Naturalized Quail.

The Rod and Gun Club of Spokane, Wash., last year imported a lot of Bob White quail from Kansas, and turned them down among ranches near that city. The very encouraging report comes that the birds have wintered finely, and have been breeding this spring, so that many broods of young quail have been seen in different parts of the country. The sportsmen are congratulating themselves on their success.

Confiscation.

State Warden Loveday told me this week that he had himself, personally, and in the city of Chicago alone, confiscated just 18,972 head of illegal game during his first year, which has just ended. This is good work. And it shows where the game goes.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Played Out Game Country.

TEN SLEEP, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No one who saw this section of country a few years ago could credit the rapidity with which the game has been cleaned out. Where within a decade there were thousands of elk roaming over the Big Horn Mountains, now there are not 100 (about one to every ten square miles), and for every elk there are about two to three rifles, which are going from January to December.

The immense flocks of sheep that are herded the whole length of the mountains of course have aided in the destruction of game. Between 300,000 and 400,000 are roaming every summer from one end of the range to the other. This drives the game to the foothills, and as soon as a deer or an elk shows up it is killed. One man here who acts as a guide makes a boast of having caught a band of elk in some deep snow and shot seventeen as they passed him. It is hard to say how many he wounded. A band of seventeen now would be a rare sight. It is not tourists, although they get the blame, who slaughter; it is would-be hunters, who shoot at a band as long as they are in sight and come home and tell of the blood they found and all they wounded and probably do not get one.

Not only is the game played out, but a saw mill on Ten Sleep Creek, once the finest trout stream in the country, will very soon wind up the fishing. As usual I have had numbers of letters from old friends, whom I have guided, and have written all of them that their vacation will be wasted if they come in here.

Had this game had the protection that Maine provides it would have been a source of wealth for years to come, and unless something is done, and done quickly, it will be simply a second edition of the buffalo.

About 200 miles west from here and south of the Park there are plenty of elk, but of course no one will outfit here for that country, as it takes all the time going and coming through a gumbo desert, with nothing of interest to see.

A GUIDE.

Eagle and Deer.

THE illustration of the eagle and deer, which has an interesting resemblance to the Audubon painting, of which an engraving was given in the issue of May 7, is from Mr. Harting's recent work on Falconry. The berkute or bearcoote, the golden eagle, is trained and used by the natives of Tartary and the Kirghis Steppes for hunting foxes, wolves, boars and deer. Mr. Harting quotes this description from Atkinson: "We had not gone far, when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds and bounded over the plain about 300yds. from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings and swooped off in a straight line toward his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. I gave my horse his head and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front and I was riding neck and neck with one of the keepers. When we were about 200yds. off the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing into the animal's liver."

Sea and River Fishing.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. VII.—Some Odds and Ends.

BY FRED MATHER.

THESE articles have brought quite a number of letters on angling, several of them asking for details which had not been entered into because there was no intention to write an exhaustive treatise on fresh-water angling. That is the province of a book, while these little sketches were merely intended to touch on the main points of distinguishing our more common fishes and then to indicate the tackle, baits, etc., used in taking them. As in some cases several anglers have asked the same question it is easier to reply through *FOREST AND STREAM*, and picking up these odds and ends there is also a chance to reply to some things that have appeared in these pages.

The Name Dolomieu.

In the issue of May 14 Dr. Elliott Coues hints that this name, the specific one of the small-mouth black bass, has some mystery attached to it which he has solved and may tell.

I know of the name only what I have read in the "Book of the Black Bass," p. 86, as follows: "Etymology: Dolomieu, proper name (in honor of M. Dolomieu)," and that it was given to the fish by Lacépède in 1802. Only this and nothing more. Who the gentleman was that is thus rendered famous is unknown to me. Did he catch a bass and present it to the learned man who gave the name to it? Or did he show him how to cook one? I never gave the subject thought before, but now there is curiosity to know who the man was whose name will go thundering down the centuries by being attached to a grand American fish. Will Dr. Coues or Dr. Henshall tell us about him?

Fishing for Gars.

And now comes an angler from Michigan who wants to know the best bait for gars, and says: "They are sometimes called gar-pike, and on one of our lakes I saw about fifty of them in shallow water, playing around, but they disappeared into deep water when my boat approached. I tried to get them to bite at a shiner, but did not succeed, and am desirous of giving them a trial with hook and line."

Success to you. Catch, and be sure to kill, every one of these beasts that you can. They belong to a past age, and if they had perished when most of the other ganoids did there would be more fish. They eat nothing, but fish and are not fit to eat. Before man appeared and used his destructive methods, this fish had a mission to keep down other species. Man attends to that now, most thoroughly, and the mission of the gar is ended.

I took a large one on a spoon in Pamunky River, Va., some years ago, but the long, slim nose of the gar is not made for spoon victuals for it takes its prey sideways and may thus bite the spoon and avoid the hook. The gar moves slowly to its prey and alongside it, with its nose beyond the unsuspecting minnow, until right for a smart side snap which takes the minnow crosswise in its bill and then awaits a chance to eject and turn it in shape to swallow, and all this time you must wait.

Use a narrow hook, i. e. with short distance between point and shank, for the beast's throat is small. A 2-0 Carlisle, or the same sized Pennell with turned-down eye, is about right, and fasten it to your line with a foot or more of steel wire out of respect to those saw-like teeth. Hook your minnow through the lips if you cast or troll it, and just under the dorsal fin if still-fishing. Use any kind of tackle at hand, but be sure to let the gar swallow the bait and begin to fight before you do a thing after it strikes. The hook does not penetrate the jaw well, but once into the interior of the gar he is yours and you can learn something of its anatomy while dissecting the fish to recover the hook, but beware of a side blow from its jaw on your hand. When you kill a few tell us all about it. You may catch on to some new wrinkle. I never fished for them, but they have favored me with attention while looking for better fish.

Gaffing.

Two anglers wish to know about gaffing a large fish, as one says: "A great pike or lake trout." Any blacksmith can make a gaff, but not one in a thousand can give the proper kink to the point which makes it draw into the flesh and make sure of the fish which you have fought to a standstill. This thing has been thought out with as much care as the form of a fish-hook, and the men who make for the trade make the best. Don't think of making your own gaff unless you understand the lines of draught, or are too poor to buy one.

For boat fishing a 3ft. gaff is long enough, but for fishing from steep banks or from rocks it should be longer. If kept at the club, or near the fishing ground, it is better to be in one piece, and in this case the well-sharpened point should always be protected by a cork. There is a compact gaff made which has a telescopic handle with a steel protector for the point, and this is the best form for traveling with. Beside the risk of dulling the point there is danger from having such an implement lying around loose and lacerating anglers instead of fish.

Suppose that you have a grand fish exhausted and lying on its side and your boatman makes a jab at it in an awkward way, just enough to alarm it, and with an energy begotten of fear it makes a supreme effort and breaks away. Words which you did not realize were in your vocabulary suddenly assert themselves and there is a sudden lowering of the temperature between yourself and the boatman, and no matter what he may do with other fish you can neither forgive nor forget. A blunder at this time is worse than a crime. A man who handles a gaff has no right to be ignorant of its proper use, unless he is also the angler; then there are no remarks to be made, unless to blame the dealer for such a weak line, or leader. The dealer, not being present, can be laid out in great shape and so some satisfaction for one's own blunders may be attained.

I once had a boatman who knew all about gaffing a fish and I had fought a great pike to the side of the boat when my man raised the gaff in air and struck at the fish. The pike was only sparring for wind, tired, "somewhat disfigured, but still in the ring," and when it saw the gleam of that gaff descending it rallied its reserve force and was no longer one of my angling assets. With my heart pumping thousands of gallons per minute, and my bulging eyes gazing on the biggest pike that ever swam, I sat down. Like the old fellow with the load of apples who found that the boys had lifted the tail board of his wagon as he went up hill, "language could not do justice to the subject."

A model gaffer for pike or lake trout was Jack Sheppard, formerly an Adirondack guide. Before the fish was alongside the boat the gaff was in the water, and when the fish was near enough the gaff was slowly slipped under it and with a quick, upward motion the fish was impaled either in the belly or in the gills. Sheppard never lost a fish which I had brought alongside the boat. And this point should be remembered: the tired fish is still vigilant, its eye sees as well as ever and it is alert and observant of a condition of things which never happened to it before. Because it turns on its side is no proof that its vitality is exhausted; it is merely resting tired muscles, but its brain is active. With this in mind no thinking man would treat an exhausted fish as if it was a saw-log.

A gaff mark in the belly of a handsome fish has a cruel look, and if it can be avoided it is well to do it, for the angler has a pride in the appearance of his game. Years ago Jack Sheppard told me that he preferred to put the gaff in the gills instead of the belly, and last summer I received a 25lb. salmon, caught by Col. Charles H. Raymond on the Restigouche, but there was no mark of gaff. The jaw showed where the fly had been, but the fish was too big for capture in a landing net. A closer inspection showed that the Indian guide had slipped the gaff from below under the gill cover and had retrieved the fish without marring it.

This tells the story of gaffing. It is a delicate bit of work that requires tact, for it is actually the coup de grace to a fish which the angler has brought to a condition of weariness where it can be delivered.

The Relation of Rods and Lines.

This is a question that has not been treated by any angling writer that I have read, and it is an important one. A wrong combination of the best rod and one of the best lines may result in disappointment to the beginner in fly-casting. Tackle dealers advertise all kinds of rods and all kinds of lines, and will give you advice on the subject to the best of their ability, if you ask, but in their brief catalogues there is no hint of the proper equipment of line and rod. The absence of this from books is more remarkable, as almost every subject in connection with angling has been treated of in the numerous angling works.

It is doubtful if the subject would have occurred to me to write about, but for such intelligent readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* as write from Newark, N. Y.; Newark, N. J.; West Pownal, Vt.; Dubuque, Ia.; Denver, Colo., and Bay City, Mich. I feel indebted to these gentlemen for opening a question which has been neglected, and which is vitally important to the fly-caster who has no time nor means to experiment in this line. As an angler pure and simple, a knowledge of the correct weight of line for a certain weight of rod might not have been obtained in years of ordinary fishing. What I know of it has been obtained as manager, referee, or judge, in the contests of experts in the best fly-casting contests ever held, and in training amateurs for those contests, all of which has been recorded in these pages for many years. The lines used by experts, with tricks of splicing to give weight in the middle in order to get out a long line, are familiar to me, but that is not angling, and, while there is no claim to infallibility, or in other words to make a hard and fast rule that the angler should use a certain weight of line for a certain weight rod, there is a limit of which he should be the judge, basing it not on absolute weight, but upon "backbone," or stiffness. For this no exact formula can be laid down.

S. D. C. wants to know the proper line for a 5oz., 9ft. trout rod—also best length of leader, reel and maker of flies, "the very best regardless of expense." To him I would say: For trout fishing get braided waterproof silk line, size G, 30yds.; a 9ft. A leader, and flies of "A" quality. In these articles I will not advertise any make of rod, reel, lines nor tackle. For dealers in these things see advertisers in *FOREST AND STREAM*, they are all reliable men.

J. E. A. asks: "What weight of line should I use on an 10½oz., 10½ft. bass rod, which has a stiff backbone?" He needs an E line, if not as heavy a line as D. I use a line of the latter size on a trout rod about the size and weight of his bass rod. B is the heavy waterproof silk line, and then they grade smaller to H. For the lightest trout rod I would use a G, but others prefer a lighter one, for every man has his notion.

The worst combination is a light line on a stiff rod, better have the line a trifle heavy than a bit too light. Some tournament casters have weighted their lines with white or red lead, beginning about 30ft. from the end. This is the principle: There is a certain weight of stone that your arm will cast furthest, if lighter or heavier it will fall short. You can throw a silver dollar further than you can a quarter, and so it is with a rod, it must have something of weight to cast, and as a rule the lines are too light for easy work with the rod.

Once I was trouting with a friend and we each had 8oz. rods of about the same action, and I could easily reach a rising trout at 60ft. while he used much effort to get there, but failed. We exchanged rods and the case was reversed. "Your rod has a finer action, and casts easily," he said.

"The chances are that your line is too light," I replied. He had a G, and I an F line. He had the popular notion that a line must be of the lightest, and we argued the case while fishing. After getting into camp I proposed to change lines, and to his surprise he found the "finer action" had changed from my rod to his, and the result was that he bought a heavier line.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down that a rod of a certain weight requires a line of a given size. It

depends upon the "action" of the rod, and by this is meant its "backbone," or stiffness. Weight in a rod means little. Balance, in connection with weight, means more; and this leads to another subject.

Balance of Rods.

Suppose an 8oz. rod, without reel, has most of its weight in the butt and balances on the finger a short distance from the reel-plate; and another rod of the same actual weight, on the scales, is top heavy and its center of gravity is nearer the middle. The action of the two will differ greatly, and if the rods are put together, "limbered," and placed in your hands you will say that the top-heavy rod will weigh several ounces more than the other, yet the scales will show your error. That is what the late William Mitchell, the most famous of makers of wooden rods in America, called "the leverage of a rod." I do not remember to have seen this written up, but my memory has a blue mould over it, yet I well remember hearing Mr. Mitchell say to me: "The weight of a rod tells nothing about it but its avoirdupois; it's the overhang, the leverage, that tells on the arm."

Anxious to hear the veteran rod-maker talk, he must have been about eighty then, when we were holding tournaments in Central Park, in the 80s, I said, as secretary of the National Rod and Reel Association: "Mr. Mitchell, we must make our rules for entries in the different classes according to the weight of rods, as shown by the scales, there seems to be no other way of classifying rods."

The great rod-maker took a 6oz. rod and laid it on the scales. Said he: "I can take an ounce out of that butt and the rod will not be well balanced, but with an extra ounce in the reel it will come right again. Some of these so-called light rods are not lighter than others except in the butt, and the balance is restored by a heavy reel."

As men do not agree on any one subject, and it is well that they do not, I cannot indorse all that the master rod-maker said. The very light rod of to-day has a butt piece which is distinct from the old-fashioned first joint, so far as there is no taper to meet the "grip" of the rod. The modern light rod has a spring, under heavy strain, down almost to the hand. There was little spring in the rod of twenty years ago, until the second joint was reached.

If there is a trout rod which will bend so that its tip beats "triple bob majors" on the angler's knuckles as he presents the butt to the fish, I don't know it. Pictures have been made of such a limber-go-shifless kind of a rod, and stories have been told of the quivering tip tapping the knuckles, but if there is such a rod it will not cast a fly to any decent angling distance, say 40ft., and if a rod will not do that I would prefer a hand line and sinker, in boyhood style. Light tackle and delicate tackle is desirable, but there is a limit to its usefulness, too much must not be sacrificed to these qualities. The excessively limber rod is slow to strike, and the trout may have discovered the fraud of steel and feather and ejected it, if possible, before the limber "double-action" rod can strike.

A Double-Action Rod.

In a bundle of old letters marked "rods" there is one which asks "What is meant by a double-action rod?" As this angler did not know the meaning of the term it is fair to presume that there are others. We will consider the question. The original alder or cane pole had a quality of stiffness which responded to the wishes of the angler. When he gave it a jerk over his shoulder the whole outfit followed the impulse and the fish knew that it had received a call. Some genius evolved the thin "ever limber" rod, which is so weak in the second joint that when the angler strikes with a double-action rod the middle obeys his hand, but the tip dips down and actually gives line. Some men get used to having a rod do the contrary thing, but I have no desire to get into that way. Such rods are made and used, but why they are used is a question. Old Nessmuk described one as having "a kick in the middle," and that's about right. Such a rod is useless to me, and it seems that to use it successfully one should give the thing a jerk forward if he wishes to strike. When a cast is made with one of these invertebrate rods the tip wobbles round and round in the circumambient air like a bob-tailed pussy cat after the space where the tail was. From these remarks it might be inferred that my taste has not been educated to the point of enjoying a double-action rod. But if a lover of that slimy rod will show its superiority he may find a convert, but he will work hard if he gets him.

More about Hooks.

As this article is a sort of "Answers to Correspondents" screed, I will say to the man from Clyde, N. Y.: Go to any good tackle dealer and ask to see the turned-down eye Pennell hook. The name should tell its character without asking to have it figured. It is different with A Young Duffer, as he calls himself, who asks why I prefer sproat hooks. This is a short question that would require a very long answer if all details were gone into, but in a short article we must boil down.

The sproat is a flat hook, i. e., has no side bend. Space forbids entering into this question, but I do not care for the side bend of the sneck and other hooks. To me this seems a useless point of weakness, which might twist the hook to the breaking point without any corresponding advantage.

Again, the sproat has such a bend that when placed point down on a piece of soft wood the point will draw in deeply; this is central draft. Consider this: If all men agreed on all things this world would be a horrible place. Thousands of good anglers, many better than the writer, prefer other hooks—or the other hooks would not be made. This was well expressed by an old Ojibwa, who said: "Glad all men not eyes alike, for den dey all want my squaw."

I like the round bend of the Aberdeen Carlisle, but not the same hook when given a side bend and called Carlisle Kirby. For salt-water fishing for blackfish and sea bass the Hemming and Virginia hooks, with their heavy wire and side bend, will answer every purpose, but with a light wire I have yet to learn the use of a side bend, and until I do learn its utility I will continue to use a flat hook for all fresh-water fishing.

The "spring steel Pennell Limerick" with the turn-down eye is a candidate for favor, and those which I have used have given satisfaction, and this season I have ordered more. This turning down of the eye is an excellent feature, whether for gut or gimp; it shifts the draft and makes the hook draw in. This cannot be explained here, but the angler can easily test it for himself by taking an old style Limerick hook and a turn-down eye Limerick, and by attaching lines to them can see how they draw into a board, table-cloth or other material, when he pulls the hook, back up, toward him. That is the test of the correct bend of a hook and the angle at which its point is set. Some angler may know why the points of some hooks are twisted sideways, but I do not. Therefore I prefer a flat sproat hook.

About Creels.

Johnny Gardner, who says he is twelve years old and lives on the Rappahannock River, Va., says, among other things: "Pap bought me a new fish pole and a lot of other things for fishing for our chub, or black bass, as you call them. Among the rest was a basket to put fish in, an' it had straps on it to go over the shoulder, an' I don't know how to work it. The thing looks all right, an' Pap says it is the proper thing to bring fish in. He takes FOREST AND STREAM, but he skims it over for the shooting, while I read it all. Say, how is this thing slung?"

Johnny, I don't know how it is to be slung, because there are different methods of slinging creels, and what you call a "basket" is a creel. There is only one place for a creel, and that is on the left hip of the angler. He reels in his fish, takes it in his left hand and removes the hook with his right, and then drops the fish into the hole of the creel.

This is after he has changed the landing net from his left to his right hand and laid the rod aside.

A wicker creel is neat when it is bought. Fish slime is not neat and is hard to remove. Therefore dry your fish with plant leaves and line your creel with grass or leaves, which will not only keep the fish moist and fresh, but will protect your creel. The best form of sling is a web to go over the left shoulder, while a strap from the back passes under the right arm and crosses the breast to snap into a ring. This throws the whole weight on the left shoulder and leaves the right arm free.

Rubber Baits.

There are a lot of rubber frogs, crickets, dobsons and perhaps other things. I see them in the tackle shops, and that is as far as I care to know them. The shops have many useless things to sell to those who wish to buy them. To G. A. I will say let these things alone. If you want to use frogs and crickets for bait get the real thing. The moment a fish gets one of these things in its mouth it knows whether it is real or a fraud, and if a fraud will eject it if possible. Under no circumstances would a fish ever swallow a rubber bait. A rubber bait is a double fraud—one on the fish and one on the angler. Naturally a fish may be occasionally taken with a rubber bait, but they are things which the angler can afford to leave in the shops.

Disgorgers.

In bait-fishing for pike and other fishes, which are liable to be hooked down in the stomach, a disgorging is a handy thing to have around. It saves disfiguring a fish by cutting into its abdomen to release a hook, and most anglers like to show their catch in good shape. The disgorging slides along the line and hook, and engaging the latter in its curve brings a direct pressure on the point of the hook and afterward protects the point from entering the fish as the hook comes up through the throat and mouth. Bait-fishers will find a disgorging to be a useful tool.

There is another useful tool which goes with me in my fly-book, which is not on the market. It is a small 3in. ivory "marlinspike," as a sailor would call it, and it was made and given to me by the late Ira Wood. I had picked at knots in lines and in leaders with the sharp point of a penknife, to the detriment of lines and leaders, when Ira gave me this delicate, round-pointed bit of ivory, and I never fish without it. It will work into a knot without hurting the most delicate gut, and every time I use it the memory of Ira Wood comes up, and I can hear him say: "Stop picking your leader into rags and use this. There! now the knot is untangled and your leader is as good as ever. No; keep it as a remembrance."

This is the way it has been remembered, and among the useful things which an angler, whether a fly or bait-fisher, may add to his kit is one of Ira Wood's marlinspikes, if some dealer will put them on the market.

American Fisheries Society.

THE twenty-seventh annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held at Omaha, Neb., July 20-22. This meeting will be the first held by the Society beyond Chicago, and it is expected there will be a large attendance, from the further West, of those who have heretofore been unable to attend on account of the remoteness of the place of meeting.

By that time the Trans-Mississippi Exposition will be fully opened and at its best, and its attractions will give an added interest to the meeting of the Society. The exhibits relating to fish, the fisheries and fishculture promise to be full and complete in all details, affording object lessons for study, as to history, methods and progress in all branches.

At the last meeting it was decided to prepare and issue to members and others interested in the objects of the Society an advance programme of the papers to be read at the coming meeting, and it is hoped this programme will be issued not later than the middle of June.

In the last few years a deep and growing interest has been manifested in the value of scientific investigation and study of the manifold questions relating to the fisheries and fishculture, and much valuable knowledge has been gained through such inquiry. Investigators and students have been carrying on this work independent of State or Governmental aid. Several States have es-

tablished field stations and laboratories for systematic investigation of the fresh and salt-water fauna, flora, etc., in charge of skilled and competent men.

It is expected that many of the persons engaged in this work will be in attendance at the meeting, and will read papers relating to the work in which they have been engaged, thus contributing to the interest of the sessions by their presence and participation in the debates on the questions presented.

HERSCHEL WHITAKER, Sec'y.

72 MOFFAT BUILDING, Detroit, Mich.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

High Island.

ABOUT five miles above the Aqueduct Bridge in old Georgetown the Feeder Dam across the Potomac, on the site of what was once part of the Little Falls, sweeps in a graceful curve through a broad valley, and the waters tumble over the heavy rip-rap for its entire length. The bubbles sweep down and die in a broad pool below, which is interspersed with many little islands and weed patches, or grass puds, as they are called in the tide water country. A mile and a half below, the wide pool suddenly narrows to a gorge, and the Little Falls proper drops its waters down to meet the tide with a rush. They have reached the channel of the Lower Potomac, the head of navigation, the end of the spawning run for the anadromous fishes. Here these are sometimes netted, sometimes snagged, and fished for every season with hook and line by those who enjoy catching the spring run.

This last month has probably furnished tons of white perch, taken with hand lines from this point to Georgetown. Some remarkable catches have been made both in number and weight. Fortunately under such conditions these fish do not take the fly, and we are spared a temptation which has seduced better men. They are usually caught in from 10 to 30ft. of water and best with small minnows.

Tide water fish are supposed to need no protection from anglers, since they are wanderers, and would be lost in any event, but a spawning fish is not fair game.

The Feeder or branch, which runs from the river into the canal, is not necessary now, as it was in the days when the canal crossed the Potomac over the Aqueduct Bridge and run to Alexandria, with its locks, its high bridge across Four-Mile Run, with two banks to maintain through a soft country, and its consequent numerous leaks and wastes. Now with only a single level to the terminus at Georgetown, the Feeder is hardly required, but still remains.

Where it leaves the river for the canal it cuts off an island, whose only elevation is at this point, and gives it the name. The place is easily reached by electric car and has visitors every day of the long summer. The Feeder itself furnishes many bass to minnows, and most days of the season has a float or two somewhere on its short course. The Feeder stop lock, intended only to regulate the flow of water, is a gate within a couple of hundred yards of its junction with the canal, and is a favorite spot with some; it is shady and quiet, and less liable to interruption by wandering picnickers than the head of the Feeder, and a good many good fish are picked up here with bait. We have done little in the Feeder with the fly. When the river is muddy so is the Feeder, and when the latter is clear it is a deep, narrow channel, with overhanging trees for most of its length, and there are so many better places in the river that we have wasted few hours with it. There is a swampy, shallow spot at one point in its length nearly midway, where we have raised a few bass, but mostly we do not count it as part of our private preserve.

The long, inclined face of the dam is a first rate place for fly-casting, either into the turbulent water below or the quiet pool above, but it is somewhat too exposed for deadly havoc, and the fish caught here with the fly cost many an hour's casting per pound.

There are many cozy nooks about High Island, and that in midstream crossed by the dam, where a float fisher may have a pleasant afternoon and usually catch some bass when the water is not too muddy. The very best fishing, however, to be found in this neighborhood is about the narrow channels and numerous green puds of the lower pool. These can be reached only by the enthusiastic wader, as no boat is kept here. The difficulty of fishing the water protects the fish, and by far the best baskets here have been secured by those energetic enough to wade far and strong, and fortunate enough to find the water right.

For the wader in northern waters warmer clothing may be necessary than here, though anywhere nothing is safe but wool, and our outfit would probably be open to criticism and perhaps uncomfortable in some localities, but for this place we find the most convenient togs to be a combination suit. Bicycle trousers and golf hose; lawn tennis shoes (the fifty-cent cloth top sort, with corrugated rubber sole, called sneaks); a short, thin canvas shooting coat, all pockets; an outing shirt, and a light canvas yachting cap. That's borrowing from everybody, but each item has its advantages, and all it lacks of being the angler's distinctive costume is that it isn't generally worn.

The shoes are light, hold no water, dry quickly, stick to the rocks till they wear slick, are inexpensive, comfortable and nothing like so noisy on the rocks, where the bass hide, as the hob-nailed shoes usually worn, to say nothing of the weight of the latter in warm weather, or the discomfort of leather drying on the feet. The knee breeches and hose are infinitely more comfortable than long trousers, and get through the water easier, especially if one gets clean overboard, as sometimes happens, even to the careful. The pocket-coat, like good wine, "needs no bush." The cap is light, ventilated, of just the shape to hold random casts, with visor enough for the eyes, and best of all beats anything but a golf cap in the bushes, where a straw or felt hat is a constant source of vexation and delay. A broad brim in the underbrush along the bank of a Southern stream, and some pools must be gone round, is a menace to that contented spirit every fisher is supposed to cultivate, and

an incentive to the use of language popularly credited with a certain result of ruining the chances of a catch. We formerly had our caps made with a narrow band of thin cord about the rim to hold the flies, but found the arrangement bungling and useless; the loop of the leader passed over one of the buttons on the side and the point of the hook set in the flexible rim holds plenty, and a half dozen extra rigged batteries may be easily carried, if there were need for so many.

The stones of the Potomac here are generally a lonesome lot. Mostly gneiss, it is like wandering through a burnt forest. There are no signs of life in these cinders of a primeval furnace. One gets the beauty of mass and form, of rugged contour and moss-grown face, but save the sparkle of mica sand or coarse attempts at crystallization of quartz or feldspar it is one grand monotone.

It is all particularly disappointing to one accustomed to the paleontological treasures of the sedimentary deposits in the central Mississippi Valley, where an hour's walk along the bed of a little run may be equivalent to an excursion a thousand feet deep into the bowels of the earth; where every stone is a tomb, on every pebble is an epitaph; where innumerable fossils show in every shelf of rock; where crinoids are so plenty any careful seeker may discover some beautiful lily of an undescribed species, and the boys play taw with dainty penitencies; where there are hills of solid coral, on whose summits are the tombs of forgotten races. He who seeks sermons in stones finds they speak a various language, but it is richer in the heart of the continent.

The mountains of the East are so old. Born of the fire, they bore no life to the surface, and the remains of that which lived upon their surface after has been swept for a million years to the bottom of the sea. Out of the sands from the summits of the Alleghanies and the Rockies, carried down by the Ohio and Missouri, the coral insects of the great inland Gulf of the Mississippi built the foundation for the pivot on which the center of our population now rests. The geological beauties of these Potomac hills lie in their arrangement of mass. In the less rugged middle West it is the detail which charms.

Over the dam, in spring freshets, there rushes a splendid body of water, and canoes have been literally shot over this by reckless boatmen; it is a foolhardy risk, and the last Maid of the Mist of which there is any record was long ago, and came to grief. Members of the Washington C. C. sometimes make pleasant excursions up here, coming up the river from their club house to Ead's mill, then a portage into the canal and through the Feeder into the level above the dam, where they have big water for their voyages of discovery.

Who uses bait here, as in nearly all parts of the Potomac, must carry it with him. Time was when a dip net would secure all the bait one needed anywhere along the shore, but the once or twice overcrowding of bass seems to have completely swept the river of minnows, and a school of any size now above tide water is far more of a curiosity than a good bass.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Days on the St. Lawrence.*—I.

BY S. H. HAMMOND.

WE are here, my boatman and I, upon the majestic St. Lawrence, opposite the pleasant little town of Cape Vincent. The cool breeze, as it comes whispering through the woodlands that skirt the shore, and sweeping lazily over the river, is balmy with the odors and genial with the freshness of forest and field. The stars have just vanished away into the depths of the sky. In the east fleecy clouds, lighted up by the early sunbeams into a blaze of glory, are drifting across the heavens, while in the west the grayness of the morning twilight still lingers. The birds are filling the air with the melody of their early songs. The swallow, fresh from its night perch, with unwearied wing, glances, in its arrowy flight, along the surface of the river, dipping its pinions in the quiet waters as it flies. Above us, high in the heavens, almost a speck in the azure depths, soars an eagle, "towering in his pride of peace," while away beneath him hovers an osprey, turning his keen eye downward, watching for his finny prey. The sea gull in his ceaseless flight circles around us, scanning with curious gaze our little craft. In the bay, at the upper end of the island over against us, is a brood of young ducks, sporting with unfledged wings in playful gyrations around the staid and anxious mother. Away out in mid-channel floats a loon, lifting up its clarion voice, ringing, clear, metallic, like a bugle echoing over the waters, and rebounding from the rocky islands. The morning is perfect in freshness and beauty; brightness and glory are all around us. Away behind us, moving slowly through the water, is a minnow pendant from my silken line, the rod is in my hand, and if bass, or pickerel, or muscalunge—Hurrah! He has seized the bait! The hook is in his jaw, and away he plunges skiving madly through the waters in his frantic efforts to escape! Steady now! Press the reel gently! Steady now! Steady! Give him head! Let him run! See how he makes the line hiss again, bending the elastic rod like a reed. Steady! His efforts are relaxing! Reel him in! Give him no rest! Gently now! But reel him in! Faster! Faster still! See! a new fury has seized him! He leaps clear from the water, shaking his head fiercely to throw the hook loose from his jaw, and away he skives again! Now toward the middle of the river; now straight toward the bottom; now like an arrow down the stream, now again across, this way and that, up, down, every way. Steady again! Press the reel gently! See! He has exhausted his energies, and rises to the surface, gasping with distended jaws, and ceasing almost to struggle! Reel him in! Faster! Faster still! There! He sees us, and with renewed fright he plunges away! Let him run! It is his last struggle, his last battle for life! Press the reel gently! Harder now! He has ceased his flight! Reel him in again! Steady! Reach forth the landing net! It is under him now! Raise it quickly! There! Hurrah! Landed safely! Hurrah! A 5lb. bass! And the gamest fish that swims! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The sun is rising in the east, a stream of light blazes

through the branches of the island trees, and flashes in a long line of brightness across the water, as if a great conflagration were raging in the low forests beyond. And see how majestically the great orb sweeps in glory up over the tree tops, marching with imperial tread into the heavens, red and fiery as he glows through the mist and smoke and haze that hang, in the early morning, like a shadowy veil above the river. A splendid sight, a beautiful phenomenon is the sunrise. Have you ever witnessed it? Does your memory call up from the dimness of vanished years, from the depths of the long, long past, how in the early morning, when summer was in its prime, when the air was full of freshness, and balmy with cooling dews of the night, when gems were sparkling on the grass, and the leaves on the trees rustled and shook themselves with glee as the soft breeze stirred among them, when—Hurrah! Again hurrah! Hurrah! The hook is in his jaw, and away he plunges for the broad, deep water; a hundred, two hundred feet. Give him play, but press the reel always. There must be no slack, or he is gone; keep the line taut always, feeling him always; restrain him in his flight; reel him in if he pauses; give him no rest. There he goes again for the bottom. Let him dive, but keep your thumb on the reel, and your rod bent. See, he ceases to struggle, holding back, like an obstinate mule. Reel him in! See, he comes to the surface. Reel him in! Faster! Faster still! Handle the landing net. But no! One more struggle for life, and away he plunges again! But no matter! He is ours. Let him run, but press the reel. Harder now! See, he has surrendered. He floats on the surface, rolls over and over, as you reel him in. There! Lift away! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! A 10lb. pickerel! Hurrah! Put on another minnow and row along.

I was saying something about the glories of the early morning, the splendor of a summer sunrise. I think I was asking you if you remembered having seen the stars stealing away into the vaults above, withdrawing their watch from the sky, or noted the lighting up of the east, when the sun rose from his bed of darkness, flashing his brightness across the heavens, gilding with glory the mountain peaks, and chasing the bright shadows down their rugged sides, and bounding like a courser above the hills, started on his career across the sky. If you have not noted how full of joy and gladness every living thing seemed to be, and how a shout of rejoicing, a hallelujah, an anthem of praise, a loud shout of—Hurrah! No! he's gone! No, again. He's there! Hurrah! Reel him in! But how is this? No resistance! No struggle! A surrendering without an effort? No battle for life? Well, reel him in! Pshaw! A plebeian perch! Top him overboard. Who courted his acquaintance? Or what right had he to thrust himself into the company of his betters? Top him overboard. Send him back to his vulgar associates with the practical admonition he has received, and a message of warning. His insignificance is his protection. Let him be cautious, however, for the future. There be those to whom everything is fish that comes to their net, and once in their hands there would be an end of his career in the bright waters of the St. Lawrence. Top him overboard.

I was speaking of the sunrise. I was endeavoring to persuade you to search among the caverns of your memory, to call up from the twilight of vanished years recollections of the change, from the dark silent inanity of night to the recuperated vitality the brightness and glory of the morning, where nature, starting from her slumbers, donned her robes of beauty and—What is that? Has the hook struck the bottom? Are we fast to a rock, or a sunken log, or a root? Back, boatman! Back, or my line will be parted. But see! Hurrah! I am fast to no rock, no sunken log, no root, no dead thing! Per Jupiter! there is life, activity, strength at the other end of my line! Hurrah! Hurrah! There must be skill, coolness, science in this contest! Press the reel! Harder! Harder still! Measure his strength, but remember that the line by which you hold him is frail. He must not be permitted to exhaust it. An instant of dead pull and he is gone, and an instant of slack and he may throw the hook loose from his jaw. Feel him always, but play the elasticity of the rod against his strength, or he will snap the line like a pack thread. Press the reel harder, but let it whirl. See! there is scarce half a dozen fathoms of line left! Check him in his flight! Let him bend the elastic rod into a semicircle, but let the reel turn! Pull, boatman, pull in the direction of the flying fish, follow swiftly in his wake! Slowly now! There! He has paused in his career. Reel him in! See! He darts now directly toward you! Reel him in! Faster! Faster yet! Here he stops again! Gently now! But reel him in! Keep him busy—give him no time to consider—no time to calculate the means of escape. There he goes again! Let him run, but press the reel. Keep the rod bent, feeling him always. He is becoming exhausted now! His strength is failing, reel him in again! See! He rises to the surface, gasping with distended jaws for breath! Jupiter Tonans! what a fish. Boatman, handle the landing net, be ready to lift him in. But steady! Not yet! Make no motion; the battle is not over. One more struggle and we have him! There, he sees us, and away he plunges! Steady now! Give him a 100, 200ft. of line, but press the reel always. Harder! Harder now! There—his flight is over. He has surrendered to his destiny. Reel him in. Now boatman, the net. Steady! It is under him! Hoist away! Seize him by the gills! Safely landed! Hurrah! A 30lb. muscalunge! Hurrah! Hurrah!

I despair, my friend, of the sunrise. Permit me, however, to say in the earnestness of perfect sincerity, that the sun still rises in the morning as gloriously as it did long ago, when you and I were young; when life with us was in its morning; when our steps as our hearts were light, before time had laid his hand upon our heads, sprinkling them with the frosts of age, or his "effacing finger" had swept our unfurrowed faces. I speak of the fact on no doubtful authority. My senses are my witnesses. I have seen the stars vanish away, and the sun rise in his glory—home now, boatman, to breakfast.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Sort of Fly-Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 19.—I have had occasion to mention a number of times this season the lovely little stream known as the Prairie River of Wisconsin, and shall take this opportunity to speak of it from a personal acquaintance. It may perhaps be remembered by some of those who make enquiry at this office for good trout fishing in the pine region north of Chicago, that I have many times said I had never found a stream in all Wisconsin where a man could wade comfortably, could cast the fly comfortably and could really catch a good number of trout. I have fished perhaps fifty streams in that State, but have found that I arrived too late to get good fishing on any of the streams which offered practical fly-fishing. I have found many good streams where one could take plenty of trout by bait fishing, or by fly-fishing a part of the time, as the brush and windfalls permitted. I have tried the great Brule River, once a magnificent stream, and still good at times, but that is a boating river and is nowadays notoriously capricious as to trout. Never, until this past week, have I found the stream which may be called absolutely ideal for the lover of that most fascinating sport, wading and casting for trout with the fly—and catching them! I give my word that the Prairie River is all of that, this season, and I hope it will long remain so. As I have earlier stated, the stream is reached via Merrill, Wis., on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, thence by wagon some sixteen miles to points near Dudley post-office, at which point there are good accommodations.

I personally stopped at Delos Cone's farm house, a couple of miles lower down the stream, where we found the chances for large trout better. Here the stream runs within a stone's throw of the house, and the place is all right for a fisherman. We usually took the water a mile or so below Cone's, and fished down so that we had about three miles or so to walk at evening. Mr. Cone always comes out with a rig in the evening when not busy, so that the trip home is not so long. At the time of my fishing there the water was low, a threatened log drive being provisionally postponed on that account. I found the stream perhaps 50 to 100ft. wide, with no tangle of forest to prevent perfect casting. The bottom is not sandy like that of many of the Michigan south peninsula streams, and a nicer water to wade a man never stuck his foot into. The bottom is rock and pebble, and nowhere did we find the water too deep to fish in hip boots. I did not once put on waders, and yet we crossed the river as we liked and only took to the woods at one bend, where we could not quite get through without going over our boots. I submit that all these conditions show a stream simply ideal. When I add that catches of over fifty trout to the rod, all on the fly, were many times made at Dudley's place above us by anglers fishing there, that my companion had taken much more than that in his fishing on several days, that we took ourselves each day something like 20lbs. of trout whose average was over a ½lb., that we had several up to a pound in weight and very many ¾lb., I shall have said all that any trout fisher who knows Wisconsin cares to hear. Such fishing is not much to speak of from the standpoint of Canada, New Brunswick, or Maine, but it is a great deal to say for any trout fishing accessible from Chicago so easily as this. I do not hesitate to say that the basket of trout I brought back with me was the finest I have ever seen come into this city from north of here. Lest I be accused of boasting, I hasten to say that I did not catch all of them, nor half of them, though they were all taken fairly on the fly. On the train with me were Messrs. Harris and Hilliard, whose take I mentioned last week. They freely admitted that they had seen no such trout at the place where they were fishing. All parties who know that river and its habits also admit that no one who fishes there ever takes such trout as we had. Let all this be noted, and presently there shall appear the reason for my heading to this story, wherein I claim to have discovered a new style of fishing with the fly, or rather to have discovered the man who discovered it, which is the same thing so far as FOREST AND STREAM is concerned.

How the Tip Came.

I stated a while ago that a Mr. Edward Taylor had several times come into this office to speak of this Prairie River and to ask me to come up there with him. He always said that he had heard I liked to cast fly for trout, and that he was very fond of that sport himself. He also said that he never cared to fish for little trout, but worked after the big ones, and he told me something of his method of getting them, which I presumed must be something similar to dry fly-fishing. After a time I learned that Mr. Taylor was up on the Prairie, and as I happened to be in Northern Wisconsin, I made a long trip across country, partly to gratify my natural love for a day on a trout stream, and partly to see if there was anything to the news of a new thing which I had gotten track of. The result of the trip was a great satisfaction both in a personal and a newspaper sense. I think Mr. Taylor has invented a sort of fly-fishing which certainly is not wet fly-fishing, certainly is not dry fly-fishing, certainly is not fishing such as I have ever heard of before, and which just as certainly is the most killing way of taking large trout I ever saw or heard of. So confident am I of this that I would very cheerfully back him against any angler, I do not care how skillful he may be in other styles, but who has not mastered this way of fishing for trout with the fly. I have never seen it described in any sporting paper. It has nothing to do with long distance casting with the fly. Mr. Taylor has had a lot of the cracks at that sort of thing with him on the Prairie River, and has beaten them until they were ashamed of themselves. It is not a question of "accuracy and delicacy," which I am now ready to classify as among the popular but exploded fallacies which have long decorated the literature of the fly. It isn't any sort of trick—no baited fly or that sort of thing. I will say that we waded right down on to our big trout, caught them with a line not much longer than the rod, caught them on the lightest sort of trout rods (40z. rods), caught them on a single fly or at most two flies tied for the cast, and so far from trying to do that

* See editorial note.

old-time "thistle-down" act with the fly, deliberately did the opposite. We made all the splash with the fly that we could. We defied every known rule of trout fishing, and we caught the biggest trout taken on that stream! We can do it again. We can beat any man catching big trout who sticks to the old-time, conventional, and I shall add strictly erroneous, though strictly orthodox, way of trout fishing with the fly. Look through all your literature, and read every authority of the experts or the would-be experts, and see if you can find anything about this sort of fly-fishing. If so, it will be news to me.

The Part of Genius.

It is the part of genius to set aside the old ways and to strike out new lines of thought. I don't claim any of this genius, mind. I only say that I fished with the man who had it. Maybe he doesn't know anything but trout fishing—I didn't have time to ask him—but he surely knows that. He has done his own thinking for himself, and not followed in the tracks of others, and I confess a certain admiration for any fellow who is built that way.

I didn't think any man could take me out for two or three days and make me completely abjure all my old religion about fly-fishing for trout, but this man did. I didn't think anyone could prove in fifteen minutes that all the old doctrines are dead wrong, but this man did. Moreover, I had a sneaking suspicion that there wasn't anybody who could take me out on a trout stream and give me cards, spades, trumps, big and little casino, both bowers and the whole deck and skin me easy to a finish catching trout; but he did, and he can do it again. He can do it to any of you, unless you come to his theories, which aren't theories at all, but practical and proved methods. He will take you on the same stream, and let you fish ahead of him, and he will come right along behind you, and at night you may have a few big trout, but he will have a whole lot of big ones. You may have a basket of trout, but he will have two baskets. You may have half a basket, but his basket will be full, and full of big ones. Inasmuch as Mr. Taylor was a stranger to me until I thus met him on the trout stream, I may be discharged of any plea of bias. This is just news, and about the oddest news I ever ran across. To think of abandoning the long-line and light-fly theory of trout fishing. What heresy! But if this be heresy, I am willing to be excommunicated, for never shall there fade from my sight the spectacle of fine fat trout, over a foot long, which we daily laid upon the bank to admire—not the wrinkled, skinny, shriveled little 6 and 8 in. trout which ordinarily fall to the angler of our mid-West streams, but great, shiny, fat, thick-shouldered fellows, that jarred the arm to the shoulder when they hit the fly.

The Heresy Propounded.

But I must tell more explicitly about this, pausing in the mere exultation of it, though I am half minded to leave it all unexplained, as a mystery never to be made known, even to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, until after my death, when sealed packets should give it to the public as a priceless secret. "How to Catch Big Trout"—would not that be a legacy for a poor newspaper man to leave behind him? But as it will very likely be a long time before I get to the legacy stage, I think I will just give this thing away now.

Mr. Taylor and I waded into the river together. "Go on ahead," he said, giving me the place of honor on the stream, with which many days of angling had made him perfectly familiar. I stepped on out, feeling with pleasure the gurgle and wash of the cool water for the first time this season, and I was very happy. I had tried a cow-dung and a coachman, according to suggestion, and I began to lay out a goodish line to the many promising corners I found, along logs and roots, and under banks, and across such rapids and riffles. I passed on down the river around the bend, and it did not take long to make me believe that it was yet too early for much success. I had a few strikes, not very savage, and mostly while the fly was submerged. I took four trout which I kept, and as many that I threw away. Then I got lonesome and waded back up stream to see how things were doing there. I met Mr. Taylor coming down. He had three trout, all good ones. He said he had lost his leader on a big one at the rapid just above. Now I had fished that same place myself carefully, and only taken one small trout there, so I did not relish hearing about a big one I had passed over without raising. As we talked, Mr. Taylor came on around the bend, and I noticed that he had apparently gone stark, staring mad, though I was too polite to say so. He had shortened his line until it was only about 10 ft. long. He had on a leader not over 5 ft. long. He was wading, it was true, with ghostlike care, not making any ripples on the surface and not grating any stones together on the bottom. But what folly, this thing he was doing! Instead of casting with lightness and delicacy, he was slashing away as hard as he could, cutting up the surface of the water into long ridges, the whole leader and part of the line landing on the water and creating the greatest confusion. I saw that he was bold and confident, and that he tapped the whole length of a half sunken log with careless ease, his fly going up to the limit of an inch or so and never with any entanglement. Evidently he could cast a bit; but if so, why take leave of his sane mind and proper senses in this absurd fashion? It was only my great native courtesy which prevented me from telling him he was a pink-edged idiot.

"Come in along that cut bank over there," said I to him as he got into the bend where I was sitting watching him. "You'll get a strike in there. Let your fly sink a little, they aren't coming up yet." This I said in the kindness of my heart, because I felt bad about him.

The object of my advice stepped out in midstream and tapped at the edge of the whole bank, with his short line, his stealthy step, and his absurd slashing, noisy, disturbing casting of the fly. He did not wait for the fly to sink. As though cutting with a whip, he would slap the fly straight down upon the water, instantly removing it. Once, twice, sometimes three times, he would cut the water just at the spot he wanted to reach, then at the next cast he would let the fly remain. Partially dried, it would not sink so quickly as a wet fly, but would stay on the surface a moment, then gradually sink and

drop out and down with the current. Never a bit of line showed below the fly, the angle of the cast being such that the fly, when it straightened out, would have all the line above it and no bight sagging below, as is usually the custom in across-stream casting, where the fly is allowed to float down and across with the current, perhaps gently lifted with the conventionally jiggling touch of the fly-fisher, which latter usually ends by finishing the cast with the fly drawn up against the current until the line is ready for the recovery and the back cast.

A Big One.

Mr. Taylor came on down along the bank to a fringe of alders where I had fished carefully as I knew how. He sidled off across at a little angle, and instead of tapping at the other edge of the alders, he began to go right in among them with the fly, casting boldly into every little 6 in. opening, until his fly landed right up against the roots and holes under the bank. Here, of course, the virtue of the short line was apparent, but I could not approve of the absurd and noisy way in which the fly was slapped down on the water, exactly the opposite of the theory of the dry fly. I was thinking of this when I heard a short exclamation from my companion. "One in there," he said. A second after I saw a flash, and at once the rod went up into a bow as a heavy trout made his first rush after being hooked. Then we both broke into very joyful cries, and both enjoyed the fight, which resulted in the capture of a trout which weighed well on to a pound. I was amazed at the success of this sort of craziness, but thought it might be a fluke, and so resolved to keep quiet a while longer.

We went on down around the next few bends, side by side, I with what I thought was a very pretty style, and he with his same short, chopping, slashing casts along the hiding places. It grew late and warmer and the fish began to feed, and presently I began to realize that I was only one who also fished. From under logs where only a few inches of water ran, along banks where the water was flat and shallow, in open riffles and at the edge of still water—in short, from every sort of place except the sort where one would expect it possible for a trout to lie in hiding, my companion kept on picking out trout, not little trout, but big trout. He did not cast across stream and let his fly swim down at all. He never lifted the tip of the rod and twiddled the fly on the surface or under the water. He kept to the edge for the most part, and even if he fished a sharp riffle always tapped along its far edge as though to knock at the door of the trout and ask him to note his arrival. "Here I am!" was the obvious challenge. "Here I ain't!" is the conventional attitude.

At last I quit fishing again and went up to watch him. He was coming down a narrow, deep rapid which I had fished as well as I knew, and where I had taken two or three trout. He stopped at a long log lying in shallow water just above this spot, and uttered an exclamation, saying that a very heavy trout had come out from under the log. This nettled me, for I could get no response there at all. As he came into the narrow space in the stream, he tapped along the end of a log which ran into it, and hooked a trout. Then there was another big splash, and he had on a grand double right where I had been fishing with only small trout for response! We landed these fish and then sat down for lunch. After a while he explained it all to me.

How it is Done.

"You have on too long a leader," said he. "You shouldn't use over 6 ft. at the outside. One fly will do, or two if you like. I am using No. 8 hook. You should not use a long line, because it can not be handled so closely and accurately. A difference of 2 or 3 in. from just the right place may make the difference between a fish and no fish. Don't try to cast easy. Make all the splash you can. Wake up your trout. That is what I do. I wake them up! I tantalize an old big trout till he can't stand it any longer, and has to run out and grab that fly! You may laugh, but that is just what is the truth.

"Now, you may fool a little, young trout into believing that a fly, any sort of drowning insect, will float down across a stream, and then begin to float up stream; but you can't fool any old, big trout into believing any such thing. He knows better and he won't tackle anything of that sort. A long line scares more fish than it catches, because it bellies down stream right across the water you want to fish.

"An old trout will lie in under a bank or a log as far as he can get. He can't always see you when you wade along, if you go carefully and don't put him on by making ripples in the water or making a noise on the bottom. If you are careful, you can wade up within 10 ft. of the biggest trout on this stream, if you take advantage of the cover. He will be back out of sight under something, not roving around all over the stream, like a little trout.

"Suppose you are a big trout, old and very shrewd. You lie under the bank, where no one would think you had water enough to cover you up. You can't see what is going on out in the water, and you don't want to see it. You are not curious, because you are too old and shy to stick your nose out. You wouldn't swim far for any bug that ever buzzed.

"But though you are an old trout, you must live, and moreover you are a bit irritable and cranky after all. While you are lying there snoozing, you hear a spattering on the water, where some dragon fly, in dipping his tail in the water, trying to get up out of the water, or just cooling his feet for the fun of it—you know how you will always see a trout rise at a dragon fly if one crosses a pool, and how it will always be a large fish that will rise. A bass will jump at a dragon fly. But fish like big feed. Well, you are a big trout, and you see ripples spreading into your house under the log, and you poke out your nose an inch to see what in the world it is all about. If it were a tiny, delicate fly that had fallen and was swimming by, you wouldn't know anything about it, and wouldn't care anyhow. You don't care much for little dead flies. But a big fly, and an impudent, annoying fly—that is different. The first time that big fly strikes the water your nose is out in sight, just far enough so that you can see and not be seen. The second time it alights, buzzing with its tail on the water, you get ready for it. Again it dips into the water, it falls

and begins to drown, floating away with the current. You rush out and grab it at once. And there you are!"

Results.

This then is the theory of this sort of fishing. It is, as are all successful theories, founded upon pure reason. The reason of its success is that all big trout like big feed; all big trout are half caution and half pugnacity, and all big trout like live food rather than dead, like any other animal of prey. Moreover, all big trout know that dead flies do not swim up stream, or have a long string ahead of them.

Now, natural as this theory seems when you come to look at it, it is a narrow explanation for results such as those which I saw it show—saw not once or twice, but continuously. Mr. Taylor came along behind me, and sometimes we fished side by side for quite a way. He would cast over spots where I had cast, and pick up fine big trout right where I had failed to get a sign. If I had not seen him do this I might have suspected some trick about it, but it was bona fide fly work. He was not afraid to go within an inch or so of a bush, or a log, or a cut bank. Sometimes he would pause for quite a while and work away at the same spot, fishing very slowly and carefully over and over again at some nook on which he had set his heart. Always the result would be the same. After a time there would be a rush, a flash, a scream of the reel, and the bent back of the rod.

We came into a nice bend, where the deep water ran about the middle of the channel. A big oak tree stood at the bank, but there was no hole under the roots, and the bank did not look like a good place to fish. We came down into the pool side and side, and each took a fish out of the deep water. Then I edged to the right and Mr. Taylor was inside, nearest the bank, where the water was bright, open and shallow.

"Did you fish that bank?" he asked, and I told him I had and that there was nothing there. He cast in two or three times, and from where I stood I could see his fly plainly tapping along the shallow bank about opposite to me. Then there came a flash, and a big trout appeared from somewhere, I could never tell where. My companion laughed at me as he landed the fish. Then he cast back in and did the same thing over again! This second trout, which weighed over 3½ lb., took the fly not 10 ft. from my legs as I stood in the water. Now if I were altogether a tenderfoot on a trout stream, this sort of thing might seem different, but I had fished trout enough to know something about it; that is to say, something about it according to the old principles.

We went on down around another bend, a bank with deep water alongside, offering a likely looking country. Here I got a fish, but only one. Following along just behind me, Mr. Taylor took four from the same bank, and asked me if I really thought I had fished that bank.

I had now seen enough to satisfy me. I capitulated, and went in to learn what I saw to be the best way of fishing for big trout. Under careful instruction I began to get the hang of it, and caught a share of the fish after that, the size of my take steadily increasing. We took in two very nice baskets of trout that evening, and with my fish I included a few very badly shattered theories and doctrines about trout fishing. I was deeply contented when we laid out our catch. I do not recollect just the number, about three or four dozen, I should say, but they were of very large average, the largest I had ever seen taken on a Wisconsin stream. They were all the speckled brook trout, and we had no rainbows. Mr. Taylor tells me he has taken 2 and even 3 lbs. weight in this stream. We had nothing that day over a pound, but I should say none of our fish, barring one or two that I saved early in the day, would go less than 8½ in.—I mean that length by the foot rule and not by guess. I should think the average length would have been over 9 in. by the rule, and we had some over 11 in. and still larger. Now if the reader will take a second look along the same foot rule, and will cast his eye back to the 6 in. mark, he will get about the average length of the Wisconsin brook trout (6 in. is the legal limit, but many are kept which do not measure that). A simple sum of subtraction, effected by a look along the rule up to the 9, 10 and 12 in. mark, will show him just the difference between the old way of fly-fishing and this new way, between the past and the present, between orthodox and heresy, between dogma and progress, between conventionality and genius.

Mr. Taylor modestly says that he never goes out with any one who can take so many trout as himself—this not in a boast, but as matter of fact. He adds to his system a very keen eye, a light foot in the stream and a thorough knowledge of the habits of his game.

We tried the same reach of the river a second time on the day following, but the weather came off cold and blustery, and we had not so good luck. Mr. Taylor again was high hook of the two, taking a couple of dozen of very nice ones, one very large one. Again on the following morning we went out—for as the trains are only one a day each way, and the stage goes only three times a week, one may fish till noon and yet get out in time—and fished for an hour or so in the forenoon. Again I saw my companion wade right up alongside of log piles and deep bank holes and lead out big trout which one would never suspect could be taken so boldly. He got two that morning that ran to the pound notch, and I was lucky enough with my last fish to break our record in size, taking a very handsome trout which gave me a lively fight and made a fine addition to our take. Mr. Taylor helped me pack up a nice lot of our best trout to bring home with me, and, thanks to his contributions, I had what I have above stated, the best average of trout I have ever personally seen come from Wisconsin into this city with an angler who used the fly.

Details.

Mr. Taylor tells me that very often he casts a dozen or twenty times over the same spot before he can get his fish to come out. He says it "teases" a fish into striking. It is contrary to his belief that a fish will be frightened and not strike if it sees a fly and does not at once take it. He says he has very often waded down on to a big trout in open bright water, whipping the surface into a band of ripples so that the fish could not see him. He has had a fish strike so short and sharp while he was thus whipping as to nearly break his rod. Personally I

know we caught a great many of the biggest trout on line not over 8 or 10 ft. from the tip of the rod. We both used short leaders. Mr. Taylor explained that while the leader is whipped rapidly in the air and not allowed to lie on the water, the trout can not see it, and indeed can not see anything except the confused break where the fly splashes on the water. The last cast is made so that the fly will handle lightly and float away into the current without showing the line or leader. The first splashing wakes up or "teases" the trout, which sees the annoying insect at length drawing away from it after alighting upon the water near at hand. The lightning-like rush of the trout completes the drama. This drama I saw enacted a hundred times, always with interest. So we came to cover our stream carefully, slowly, inch by inch, not hurriedly and with prospective eye. We came to see that the trout do not always lie in the "likely holes." When we found a place where we thought there was a trout covered up, we stayed there until repeated knocking brought him angrily forth. Naturally we lost a number of fine fish. I lost in one bit of deep water a fish which I had played for several minutes and which was so heavy I could not get him up so I could see him. Finally he made a rush and broke away the entire leader. Yet again, in a heavy piece of water, I struck a fish very hard and tried to lift him. He made one surge and broke clear—perhaps the heaviest fish we struck at all. I think either of those fish might have gone 1½ or 2 lbs., judging from the way the other trout fought, but perhaps they would not have seemed so big if we had seen them. Mr. Taylor says that the weather is still too cold for the big ones, that is to say the very big ones. June will be a grand time for that stream, and any warm day from now on, provided one does not hit a log drive, will surely afford as pretty sport as any one could ask.

I offer my story of this new way of fishing with the fly for what it may be worth to the readers of the anglers' paper. I am not sure that the printed description will enable an angler to adopt the style effectively, but it may give a suggestion for later working out, at the pleasure of the fisher who loves the fly. I do not know any better name for this than to call it fishing with the "fluttering fly," or perhaps "live fly-fishing." It may be seen to be neither wet nor dry fly-fishing. In practice it is much more difficult than either of the above, as the wrist is in continual motion all day long, whipping the fly up and down. It is a style naturally adopted, I should think, to hard-bottomed and rapid streams. Perhaps it would not work so well on highly educated trout in bright, shallow streams. All I can say is that on the Prairie River it was a success, and the trout did not run away from it. It is an absurd and crazy way to fish, but it gets the fish, albeit contrary to the common law of angling, cherished these many generations as the immutable rule of correct fishing with the fly.

The Grayling not all Gone.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 21.—It seems that the grayling has not entirely disappeared from the Michigan streams, even in the lower part of the State. The Big Pine River has been known to hold a few of these fish, and this week Deputy Warden C. E. Brewster, of Grand Rapids, and his friend, Deputy Henry, were so lucky as to catch several fine grayling in that stream. Nowadays if one gets a grayling it is pretty certain to be a large one, the theory being that the trout eat the small ones. One of the grayling taken by these gentlemen weighed 2 lbs., and they will have it carefully mounted by a taxidermist.

A Big Rainbow.

Mr. A. C. Merryman, of Marinette, Wis., last week captured a 5 lb. rainbow trout in the Iron River, Michigan Upper Peninsula. I have heard of large rainbow trout in different parts of that region, but this, I believe, is the heaviest I have ever seen mentioned. Mr. Merryman is an enthusiastic trout fisherman, and his lumbering business has taken him into some of the best of the wild streams of the upper pine country. He says he had never seen so large a trout as this.

Herring Biting.

In the early days of Chicago one could catch all the perch and herring he cared for at any of the piers along the lake front. Lately the catch has fallen off, so that a few small perch are about the only reward. This week, for some reason or other, a heavy run of lake herring came in, and along the Sixty-eighth street pier they have been biting fast and furiously, and offering great fun to the favored few who have learned of the fact.

Muscallonge are Rising.

Mr. W. S. Sparrow, of Chicago, is just back from a long fishing trip in Minnesota and Wisconsin. He tried first for trout in Minnesota, but found it too early, the trout not taking the fly on the surface. He fished with indifferent luck on the famous Willow Creek preserve, not far from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Thence he went to the muscallonge country of Wisconsin and put in a number of days on the Manitowish Chain, east of Mercer, on the Chicago & Northwestern road. He fished for the most part in Spider Lake, and he tells me that for the last few days the muscallonge were rising beautifully. He caught a fine lot of them, though none of very great size. He says the next two weeks will be just right for 'lunge fishing in the waters of the Manitowish and Turtle chains.

Minnesota Season.

The Minnesota bass season has opened very well, and good catches are being made in all the bass lakes around the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. I learn of some good catches of bass and pike in the lakes near Ortonville, Minn. Messrs. H. C. Jewett and J. H. Jackson, of Aberdeen, S. D., with some other gentlemen of Aberdeen, had splendid fishing there last week. It is stated that they took 257 croppies in a little while one afternoon, besides numbers of bass.

Illinois Bass.

It may be stated with assurance that big-mouth bass fishing will be good in all the Fox Lake chain of Upper Illinois from now on until hot weather. At Long Lake, Fourth Lake, Grass Lake and other waters of that

vicinity, very fine catches of big-mouth bass have been made on spoon and frog within the past two weeks. Early this week Messrs. C. L. Hills and R. E. Miller caught twenty-four bass one day in Fox Lake. It is likely that the fishing will be better now than it will be a few weeks later, after the bass have returned to the deep water. They are now working in the shallow water and the spawning season is as yet not well under way. The spring has been very backward.

Energetic Stocking Work.

Mr. John Hunter, Jr., of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., writes to convey pleasant news of success in the enterprise of stocking the Oswego River. He says:

"Through the strenuous efforts of the Hunter Gun Club, of Fulton, N. Y., the Oswego River has been stocked with 1,000,000 pike fry. It required a good deal of influence and energy to make this a decided success, as the season for sending fry out by New York State had already passed, but the boys in the club knew which string to pull, and it was decidedly successful. Senator Stranahan was the winning influence in the case."

The Oswego River offers good bass fishing even in these days, and with its pike supply, so much augmented, should certainly soon prove a delectable angling water.

Angling Club Organizing.

I am in receipt of the prospectus of the So-sa-wa-gaming Club, which is just going in at the mouth of the Yellow Dog River, Lake Superior, Mich. The officers of this club, Messrs. J. M. Longyear, President; Gad Smith, Vice-President; E. H. Towar, Treasurer; M. E. Asire, Secretary, will be glad to communicate with any one contemplating membership in a good angling club, and they invite any one who would like to look at the country to come up and make a visit as a guest of the club. The Yellow Dog River flows into Lake Superior twenty-five miles from Marquette, Mich. This is only fifteen miles from the Huron Mountain Club, one of the most successful sporting organizations of the upper peninsula. The new angling club above mentioned has its buildings already erected, and accommodations are ample for all who may come. There is fishing for bass, pike and trout, both in streams and lakes, and there may also at proper season be found a chance at the grand sport of rock angling for large brook trout in Lake Superior. Brook trout up to 5 lbs. have been taken there in the lake. There are many trout streams easily accessible. It is stated that there is not intended to be any profit to any one in running this club, the sale of shares to go to the running of the club. Any of the above officers, addressed at Marquette, Mich., will no doubt be glad to give particulars.

Illinois Fish Matters.

That breezy and hustling individual, Mr. Nat H. Cohen, of the Illinois Fish Commission, called at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week. Mr. Cohen says that from now on all illegal nets along the Illinois River, regardless of ownership, alibis or first offences, will be seized. He thinks that the large fish dealers have not in all cases respected or appreciated the courtesy shown them by the commission, which has sought to live up to the law and yet not injure the commercial industry of taking food fishes. Mr. Cohen also says that henceforth the commission will instruct all market fishermen in purchasing nets to buy them of 2¼ in. mesh, so that when tared they will not shrink to less than the legal limit of 2 in. mesh. At present the great majority of nets on the Illinois River are probably less than 2 in. mesh, and of course under the law would be illegal, as it makes no difference what size the mesh may have been at an earlier stage in its history. The policy of the commission has been not to destroy these nets, on the ground that it would be an injury to the poorer fishermen.

Mr. Cohen says that the Fish Commission last week sent nearly 1,000 lbs. of confiscated fish to the volunteer troops now in camp at Springfield. The question of what to do with confiscated fish and game often causes complications, the latter in some cases of amusing nature. Thus this week a local fish warden was at the commission house of George Randall on South Water street. Mr. Randall had just received a barrel of fish, and he poured these out on the floor in the presence of the deputy warden, whose name is Goetter. Mr. Randall sorted out a number of short fish and told the deputy to take them home with him, as he was not going to offer them for sale. Mr. Goetter took the fish, but soon returned with a warrant and arrested Mr. Randall for handling fish against the law. This seems pretty tough on the dealer, and Mr. Cohen says he wishes to look into the matter a bit. This is really a case of hardship, but what are you going to do about such things under the law? I am sure that if Mr. Randall is fined he will be apt to write a warm letter to the man who sent him these short fish. At the same time one cannot approve of such detective work as the above.

The White Bass.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner, fish and game protector, of Paterson, New Jersey, writes me as below, asking for information about the white bass of our Western waters:

"I take the liberty of suggesting to you to tell us something about the white bass of the great lakes. Although information of this nature would be appreciated by a great many here, my request is partly selfish. I have tried to learn something about the spawning habits of this fish, and although I applied to Dr. Bean, A. N. Cheney, the commissioner at Washington, and a great many other people, I am still in the dark, and do not know whether in spawning the fish takes after the black bass or its salt-water congener, the striped bass. I have brought a great many of these fish from Lake Erie to our Jersey waters in the past year, and am naturally anxious to know somewhat of their habits."

I must plead an equal ignorance in regard to this fish. It is one of which we hear something occasionally here, but it does not cut much figure as a sportsmen's fish in this region. Yet sometimes it offers great sport, as in the heavy schooling runs at Lake Geneva, Wis., or in the wonderfully fast fishing it gives at the mouths of some of the short rivers, which run into Lake Michigan

on the west coast of the south peninsula. When the run of white bass is on in the spring at one of these points, the piers are lined by anglers of all sorts. The fish will bite a bit of rag as readily as anything else, and the catches are sometimes remarkably heavy. Then the run subsides and the fish is hardly heard of again until next year. I cannot say much about its spawning habits, because I have never personally tangled up very much with it in angling matters, but I should think it a spring spawner. It seems to school or band up more than the black bass. It takes minnow and fights well. The white bass is not found in any of our more common angling waters around Chicago. We do not take it in the Indiana lakes or rivers, nor in the lakes of the Fox Lake chain near Chicago; but it is abundant in the Illinois River and often gives good sport to the rod. It runs to 2 lbs. at times, I am told.

If Mr. Shriner will write to Dr. S. R. Bartlett, of the Illinois State Fish Commission and of the U. S. Fish Commission, addressing him at Quincy, Ill., he will get a full description of this fish, so far as the lower waters of this State are concerned, and no doubt Dr. Bartlett can also tell about the habits of the fish in the great lakes. Another gentleman who could, no doubt, give detailed information would be Warden C. E. Brewster, of Grand Rapids, Mich. (I understand that State Warden Osborne is now not at home.) Of all the anglers who go out from Chicago, I think I have never heard any one mention having taken any of these white bass, except that now and then one has told me of fishing at some such point as Grand Haven, Mich., when the fish were moving from the deep water of the lake to the mouths of the rivers.

Confiscation.

At Prairie du Chien, Wis., on May 16, deputies Miller and Wing burned 3,000 ft. of nets and three fishing boats, just to show there was no coldness.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Quebec Waters.

LAKE EDWARD, P. Q., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ice left Lake Edward on the 2d inst., and at this time most of the larger lakes of the Triton and Tourilli clubs are clear. I have been spending a few days on some waters recently leased by Robert Rowley, of the Laurentides Hotel, of this place; and even as early as the 6th inst. I had excellent sport. These waters consist of the Vermillion River and the lakes tributary to it, some thirty in number. I visited five and fished only two of them, taking some twenty trout, averaging 2 lbs., including a double of 2½ and 3¼ lbs. respectively. This is virgin water; not a fly had ever been cast on it before I did so.

I used scarlet-ibis, brown hackle and Montreal, the ibis proving the most killing.

The morning of the 8th I fished the Vermillion River and took many quarter and half-pounders, all of which I returned to the waters uninjured. This is undoubtedly the best territory for fly-fishing in the vicinity of Lake Edward and it is very easy of access.

Leaving the hotel early in the morning, a small steam launch lands the angler at the half-mile portage leading to Lac Boquet in an hour's time. This lake furnishes excellent bait-fishing, but has never been thoroughly tested with the fly. From the foot of the lake a half mile portage leads to Lac Eugene, a beautiful sheet of water, which has never been fished. From Lac Eugene an hour's paddle on the outlet carries one to Lac Algonquin, which is four miles long and said to contain very large trout.

The portage from Lac Algonquin to Lac St. Stanislas is not over 200 yds. long. In the outlet of this lake I did most of my fishing. This outlet is short and rapid, containing two excellent pools, the lower one being at the head of Lac Ecarte, where a substantial log camp has been built for the accommodation of sportsmen. From the camp trails are being opened to all parts of the tract, and most excellent sport is to be had by the angler who is fortunate enough to visit it.

In the fall and winter the shores of these lakes are much frequented by caribou.

I intend visiting some of our Triton Club lakes next week and hope to be as successful as my father was last September. He killed a 7¾ lb. trout with a 4¾ oz. rod on a bucktail fly after an hour's work. The angler visiting this country in the spring should equip himself with large gaudy flies, those on No. 4 hooks with reinforced snells being the best. His outfit should also include a few bass flies on No. 1-10 hooks to short treble-twisted loops. Parmachenee-Belle, ibis, brown and black hackles, professors, yellow-drake, and Montreal are the most killing in the order named.

I have designed two flies that are more successful than the standard patterns, and described as follows for the benefit of your readers:

Lake Batiscau.—Wings, equal parts scarlet and white; legs, black; hackle, wound entire length of body. Body, black mohair; tail, yellow.

Moise.—Wings, equal parts of scarlet and yellow; legs, brown hackle; body, silver tinsel; tail, scarlet.

I will report my luck when I return from the Triton waters.

W. F. J. McCORMICK.

Fishing Near New York.

LONG BEACH, L. I., May 23.—The fishing season at Inner Beach and Wreck Lead is now fairly open, and parties who have gone off to the fishing banks have had fine sport. One party who went to the spot known as the wreck of the Iberia, in front of Long Beach, caught over half a barrel of blackfish (tautog) and ling. They also caught the first sea bass of the season taken with hook and line. Weakfish are plentiful in the bay, and the net fishermen have made a good week's work. No large catches of weakfish by hook and line have been reported. Crabs are quite plentiful, but they will be more plentiful and in better condition later in the season. There are plenty of fluke and flounders in the creeks and channels of the bay.

G.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, May 23.—Trout and landlocked salmon fishing in Maine is good. Reports mention greater catches, in several directions, than have ever been known. This is especially true of the Rangeley lakes, though the fishing has scarcely begun in Rangeley Lake itself, and Upper Richardson Lake is yet behind. Both these lakes are expected to improve, however. Messrs. Brackett and Clark have had great sport at Mill Brook, Richardson Lake. The only trouble seems to be that the brook is being fished altogether too hard, and more than any waters in the world can stand. There is a strong feeling manifested among the guides to close the brook by means of a petition to the commissioners. One of the Brackett and Clark party is reported to have taken thirty trout on a fly there in one day, early as it was. It seems that the trout began to rise as soon as the smelts were done running. As soon as the party arrived at Mill Brook they raised the Stars and Stripes, and dedicated the spot as Camp Dewey. There they took their lunch each day, making their tea or coffee, and "frizzling their bacon," in true outdoor style. In the party were A. D. Brackett, W. P. Clark and S. N. Brown, all prominent business men, who have visited the same spot many years in succession. Mr. Nelson, of Lynn, has continued to make some good catches at the Upper Dam. At Bemis the fishing has been excellent. At the Birches great fishing is mentioned. In four days' time guests at the Mooselucmaguntic House have taken about 400lbs. of trout and salmon. Mr. A. Lincoln, of Boston, took in one day thirty-six fish weighing 99lbs., the greatest single catch reported so far. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Henwood, of New York, stopping at the Rangeley Lake House, have caught two salmon, one of 9¼lbs. and one of 10lbs. They have also taken several trout of 4lbs. weight. Mr. Henwood is building a cottage on the southerly shore of Rangeley Lake. The Sturtevant party, of Springfield, Mass., is stopping at Whorff's new camps, Haine's Landing. In the party are Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sturtevant, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bemis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, Mrs. A. Benton, Miss Masales, Mrs. M. Smith and Mr. Leonard Brown. They are all catching fish. Mr. Sturtevant has taken trout of 5 and 3½lbs., and Mr. Brown a 5lb. salmon. Mr. S. has fished the Rangeleys many years in succession. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dutton, of Boston, are at their camp at Pleasant Island, with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Russell, of Cambridge, as guests. They will visit Mr. Dutton's camps at Richardson Pond. Mr. Train, of the Tuttle party, at Lake Point Cottage, has taken a salmon of 8¼lbs., and Mr. Hutchins, of the same party, has caught one of 7 and one of 4lbs.

Later: At the Upper Dam more good fishing is reported. Mr. W. D. Nelson, of Lynn, took five trout on Saturday, the largest weighing 3½lbs. There were two in the string of about the same weight. Mrs. Lester Poor, of Andover, took six trout in three and a hours, on the 15th inst., the lot weighing 19lbs. The largest weighed 7lbs. On Monday Mr. Charles Thompson caught eight trout, of the united weight of 15lbs. A few days before the same gentleman made a record of four trout, the largest weighing 6lbs. The same day Mr. G. E. Doyle caught a trout of 4½lbs. On Tuesday Mr. Freeland How, who has fished at the Upper Dam every season for many years, caught seven trout of a total weight of 17½lbs., the largest 3½lbs. In the pool below the Dam a number of salmon have been taken. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that only a few have ever been taken there before, or at least since the Rangeleys have been stocked with landlocked salmon, though a good many have been taken in the lakes above, especially in Rangeley Lake. The first were taken on Monday by Mr. G. E. Doyle. He caught three weighing 4¾, 4½ and 3½lbs. respectively. The same day he made a catch of fifteen trout, weighing in all 17½lbs. On Wednesday W. P. Clark caught a salmon of 5lbs., and another of 2½lbs. The theory is that the salmon are working down the lakes.

At the Middle Dam fishing is reported to be the best ever known. The same is reported from Lower Richardson Lake, the Narrows and B. Pond. Some of the catches from Lower Richardson, the past week, are as follows: F. C. Hinds, of Boston, May 13, eight trout, the largest 6, 3 and 2½lbs.; May 14, five trout, total weight 15½lbs.; May 16, a 5lb. trout and several smaller ones; May 17, twelve trout on the fly, averaging about 1lb. weight. May 14 Mr. T. J. McDonald and Dr. Bates, of Lowell, caught twenty-two trout, the largest weighing 6½lbs. and the smallest 2lbs. May 15 they took eight trout, the largest 5lbs. May 16 Mr. C. P. Stevens caught in the Narrows a trout weighing 10lbs., and nine that weighed in all 36lbs. Certainly Mr. Stevens is high line at the Rangeleys thus far. At B. Pond, Harry Dutton and wife, and Harry Russell and wife, took on the fly, May 17, ten trout, the number weighing 20lbs. in all. The same day they took sixteen trout of about 1lb. average weight. The next day they caught twenty trout of 1½lbs. average weight. Fly-fishing seems to have begun unusually early.

The latest reports from Kineo, Moosehead Lake, mention better fishing. One of the best catches so far is that of Mr. G. L. Burnside, of New York, who alone has landed fifty-seven trout of an aggregate weight of 97lbs. Mr. Robert McLaughlin, of Bangor, is also very successful, having averaged about twelve trout a day, the most of them on the fly. On Wednesday Mr. A. F. C. Hill, of Boston, brought in a fine string of lakere. Sunday was the best day of the season for the fishermen, over 80lbs. of trout having been taken by the guests of the Kineo House. Mr. Clement Moore, of New York, made the best catch of the day, his score being fourteen trout, the string weighing 31½lbs.; all in a few hours' fishing. This is Mr. Moore's fifteenth season at Kineo. C. M. Harriman, of Boston, is at Moosehead for his seventeenth season, and is keeping up his record of good catches. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Mead, of Everett, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Priest, of Magnolia, Mass., have just returned from their camp at Williams Stream, a part of the Moosehead waters. They have been in camp ten days and in that time have landed over 200lbs. of trout. Mr. J. H. Willett, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chester, of Boston, and Mr. M. A. Pingree, of Haver-

hill, have been making good catches at Moosehead the past week. There have been brought to Kineo during the week over 300lbs. of trout, most of which have been taken with the fly.

Newfound Lake, N. H., continues to turn out some excellent fishing reports. The largest fish so far reported has been a lake trout of 16lbs., caught by E. W. Morse, of Brookline, Mass. Mr. F. W. Calley, of Bristol, N. H., is well up to Mr. Morse with a lake trout of 12lbs. and a salmon of 3½lbs. Dr. Q. A. Ballou, of Bristol, has caught two trout of 6 and 9lbs. respectively. A. F. Cate, of Bristol, has landed three trout weighing 11¾, 10¾ and 5¼lbs. John and Freeman Berry, of the same place, report a total catch of 21lbs. Other Bristol people who have been successful during the week have been C. W. Tukey, with a 4lb. salmon; A. H. Wellington, a 5lb. trout; George E. Fowler, a 2½lb. salmon; Charles E. Rounds, a 6½lb. salmon; Capt. Saunders, a 6¾lb. trout. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Philbrick, Mrs. Mary L. Swallow and Mrs. W. L. Davis, of Dorchester, Mass., have returned from a successful fishing trip to Newfound Lake. Mrs. Swallow took a salmon of 11lbs. weight, which it took thirty-five minutes to land. Mrs. Davis caught a 12lb. trout and Mr. Philbrick a 9lb. salmon. From Grove Hill come excellent reports of catches. Dr. A. R. Brown, of Boston, has brought home a 5lb. trout, and C. C. Jones, of Concord, a 7lb. trout.

Great success is being reported from Camp Diamond, Diamond Pond, N. H. Among the successful fishermen for the past week may be noted State Fish Commissioners Shurtleff, Hughes and Wentworth. Another party has included C. C. Hatch, Henry C. Hatch, Dr. M. F. Young and J. M. Cooper; all having had good success. Another fishing company has included M. R. Buxton, C. A. Roby, F. O. Ray, E. B. Milliken and F. W. Maynard, of Nashua, and F. Chase, of Hudson. W. P. Buckley and Merrill Shurtleff, of Lancaster, have had most excellent success with the trout.

Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, one of Boston's most successful anglers, has again returned with a beautiful catch of landlocked salmon. He showed in his window, No. 153 Federal street, the other day, six handsome salmon weighing from 2½ to 4lbs. The string came from Sebec Lake, in Maine. Reports say that the fishing there has been better than ever before, and that the catches cannot be beaten in any other waters. On Tuesday Eugene Parsons took twelve salmon, weighing 27lbs., and five trout of about 1lb. each. The same day H. L. Getchel caught six trout of about 8lbs., and two salmon of 5lbs. weight. Edward Runkee was also successful, taking three good salmon and two trout.

Great fishing is reported at Naticus Lake, Me., with a number of Bangor parties enjoying it. The lake is easily reached in half a day from Bangor. A party of New York anglers are reported to be looking the location over with a view to building a club house there, so greatly pleased are they with the fishing. Lake George, Showhegan, Me., is becoming noted as a fishing resort. Though stocked but recently, a Mr. Brown has succeeded in taking this spring a landlocked salmon there of 6½lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Crane, of Boston, are at Round Mountain Lake, Me. They are having fair success, though it is still early for fly-fishing. At each outing they have taken trout: the first nineteen, second twelve, third six, fourth fourteen, fifth six. All these fish were taken with the fly, as they fish in that manner only.

Visitors to the Boston sportsmen's show will remember the many courtesies of S. J. Byrne. With his friend, Mr. S. S. Hibbard, he has been making successful catches of brook trout in the Moosehead region. Their total catch has amounted to 75lbs., and they have shown a very handsome string in the window of the John P. Lovell Arms Co. The range was from 1 to 3lbs. each. The trout were all caught at the Northeast Carry, within five minutes' paddling of the Winnegarnock House.

Mr. George H. Heywood, of Gardner, Mass., died very suddenly Tuesday night at the Mooselucmaguntic House. With Mrs. Heywood he was enjoying his annual spring fishing, they having visited that resort for a number of years. He had fished all day, with good success; had eaten heartily and retired, apparently as well as usual. Two physicians were at his bedside as soon as alarmed by Mrs. Heywood, but life was nearly extinct. He had for a long time known that heart trouble was liable to carry him away at any moment. He was but thirty-eight years of age; a devoted angler, whom it was a pleasure to meet.

SPECIAL.

Trouting in the Empire State.

ALL central New York is now radiant in the glow of apple blossoms, a sight always enchanting to the fly-fisherman, for then trout are at their best, and on the alert for any fresh-born bug or fly which may be so unfortunate as to drop or alight near the shades where they are hiding. A lad at the head of one of our fly-dressing departments, a veritable "Fishing Jimmy," and a sleek one with a fly rod, is just in front the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains with a bonny lot of trout. None so very large, but all above 6in. in length. A few in the lot would scale 8 to 12oz. each—a fine and royal catch.

As I was dreaming very early this morning of old-time sports, the rhyme turned to

THE COON AND THE FROG.

Out on a log in a dark lagoon
Sat a cute little bit of a ring-tailed coon.
A green little frog came swimming along,
Charmed by the notes of the coon's sweet song.
When out on the log the frog took a halt,
The coon took him in without pepper or salt.
"Then what for do you kick?" said the coon to the frog,
"When so kindly I took you in from the log?
Had you lived till the day when your saddles were prime,
Some nabob would have feasted on you and fine wine.
It is better, dear froggie, you quietly rest
With me and those birdies up there in their nest.
For soon they'll be planting your graveyard around
With flowers as fine as e'er sprung from the ground."

JOHN BRAINERD MAC HARG, SR.

ROME, N. Y.

American Anglers in Canada.

QUEBEC, May 21.—The recent long spell of cold May weather, that seemed as if it properly belonged to the early days of April, has given way to a warm spring-like spell that has brought out of their winter cases and other hibernating places the first insect life of the season upon the surface of our inland waters. The result is that trout are rising freely in all parts of the country; Americans are flocking into Canada, and the recently opened buds of the birch and maple are rapidly spreading into full leaf. Less than a fortnight ago Gen. Henry and party visited their club lakes at St. Bernard, and though fish were plentiful and took bait readily, scarcely any of them rose to the fly. This week all this has been changed. Mr. Porter, son of Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, Conn., has spent the last ten days on the waters of the newly organized Bostonnais Fish and Game Club, situated between Kiskisink, Lake Edward and the St. Maurice, where he has enjoyed splendid sport, the fish all the time rising very freely. The lakes of this club are drained into Rat River, a feeder of Lake Edward, and may be reached either from the latter place or from Kiskisink. Already Messrs. C. G. Gregory, T. D. Wilken, A. T. Brown and L. C. Smith, of Syracuse, have left for the Triton tract, where they will be followed to-day by Messrs. A. N. Cheney, State Fishcultivist, of New York, and a party of friends, including Mr. Goddard, Mr. Walter Witherbee and Mr. Hewitt. Messrs. N. Benham, Burns, J. P. Warner, C. P. Bradley, Wm. D. Bishop, Samuel Dodd, John W. Coe, W. B. Hale, A. Chamberlin, Geo. A. Fay and Frank S. Fay have left for the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, and to-night Dr. Geo. L. Porter, W. E. Lincoln and Edward S. Hotchkiss, of Bridgeport, Conn., leave for Kiskisink.

Lake Edward continues to yield the large fontinalis for which it is so noted, and a bait fisherman returned to town from fishing there last Monday, having as part of his catch a 5-pounder and a 3-pounder landed at the same time. Fly-fishing is good on Mr. Rowley's preserve on the Vermillion River, west of Lake Edward. From Mr. John B. MacHarg, Jr., of Rome, N. Y., the dealer in flies and tackle, I have received two specimens of new flies at the instance of their designer, Mr. W. F. J. McCormick, of Miami, Florida. One of these is called the "Moise," the other the "Lake Batisca," and both promise to be killers. The localities whose names they bear are noted for the large trout that they produce. The "Moise" has a silver body, a brown hackle, red tail and yellow and red wings. The "Lake Batisca" has black palmer hackle and body, yellow tail and wings of red and white, sometimes like those of the Parmachenee Belle. Mr. McCormick is now fishing on the Triton tract and his father, Mr. R. R. McCormick, vice-president of the Bank of Bay Biscayne, Florida, is for the present at the Laurentides House, Lake Edward, which he will make his headquarters until the 1st of November next, making, in the meantime, various excursions after the finny tribes to Lake St. John and the far north as well as to the Triton and other club limits.

As an instance of the immense resources for anglers of the Lake St. John country, it is interesting to note that some sixteen to twenty new lakes have recently been discovered on the Laurentides Club's limits.

Ouaniche are rising very freely to the fly in large patterns just now, but not in the Discharge. I look for the fishing there to open about the 8th of June this year, which is about a week earlier than usual. The mouths of the Ouitchouan and Metabetchouan rivers have given good yields. An angler from Chicoutimi last week took forty-five at one catch. A specimen weighing 8lbs. and measuring 30in. in length was shown at Chambord the other day.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Scores and Records.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hopelessness that comes to the would-be record hoister is pitiful in the extreme, when a new score is made by some fortunate individual. Yet there is something sublime in the way the horde girds up each his loins and strikes away at the numerical and pound-weight top-notches in the endeavor to make little his own puny stature beside the vast heaps of flesh taken from land and sea.

These photographs of men with records—what spectacles! It shows such a curious state of mind. The man photographed, the captor of the fish, stands there with a beautiful desire of self abasement. "See!" he says, "these fish, more cubic inches than I, more pounds weight, more brains than I, fighters from way back, more radiant, more beautiful than I—yet I, who am so small beside them, so apparently insignificant—behold, I say, what a man am I!"

Sometimes certain strictures are laid on men who kill game, or fish, beyond limits hitherto observed. But why is this? If people wish to make themselves mere irritating bacilli in a background of feathers, fur or fish scales, let them do so. Their reward shall be great in proportion to their deeds.

Let no man fail to put an exclamation point after fish or game records! It is a duty owed to mankind. I remember that a man killed eleven cow elk one day. He told about it in this paper. He had such an exclamation point put after his record as he and many others will never forget.

On a time I too have striven for a record, have tried to see if I could seem small beside my game. My best impression of this event is that on a Christmas, when I was still in knickerbockers, the "boys" at Northwood had a "shoot," and everybody wanted to get game in unlimited quantities. I was after unlimited game, too.

I tramped all day. It was deep snow time, and rabbits, partridges and red squirrels were plentiful. At nearly noon I saw a red squirrel away up in a spruce tree. I shot with my .32cal. rim-fire rifle, and the squirrel came down, shot through the hips. I ran to pick the cripple up, but it ran too, ran two rods and climbed 3ft. up a birch tree into a hole and out of my reach. It was the only thing I saw that day to shoot at. But I have a record. It was written on the snow that day, and in the tree is the parchment with an official record of the



CINCINNATUS PRIDE.
Copyright, 1898, by Edward A. Burdett.

fact that I made it, written on it and properly attested to. I had the record at the count up that night, too, and got a properly stamped leather medal. I am rather proud of it now—only I think of that other record, and it isn't so pleasing then. So ended my try for counts. I have killed game since, and had killed game previous to that record hunt. But I hope that in sports I got something besides a mere pound or so of flesh; I mean to say that I hope I made a record on every trip I ever went on to, either stream or wood patch; that some feature of nature, hitherto unobserved, was seen and remembered. Every boy should have a gun and every man a pair of eyes.

It isn't so much that a record maker really wants to kill the victims as that he wants to be seen to have killed them. He wants to stand in the arena with sleeves rolled up, with a dripping sword in his hands, showing his wiry and exceedingly tough figure while Nero applauds. He cannot see that there may be a delicate, finely grained kind of record, which is far higher in every sense save coarseness, and far more valuable. They have not been properly educated. But they are learning or dying out.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Hawking for Salmon.

A LEGAL STUDENT writes me anent my notes upon the wholesale slaughter and sale of undersized fish, which is steadily destroying the fisheries around our coast. Says the student, we have in such matters something to learn from Queen Anne; she regulated the length of every fish—from eye to tail—allowed to be landed on our shores and exposed for sale, and the penalty for infringing this law was thus set forth: "The offender to be sent to the House of Correction, and there to be kept at hard labor and be severely whipped for six days, or not longer than fourteen days." Those were the "good old times," and it appears that we shall have to resort to similar drastic methods if the English harvest of the sea is to be saved from extinction. By the way, this same old statute of Queen Anne's made the close time for salmon from Aug. 1 to Nov. 12; and there is a special reference therein to the use of hawks for the taking of salmon being also prohibited during the close time. In the course of my reading I have never come across any reference to this method of catching salmon or trout with hawks; but it is fair to assume that Queen Anne would not have prohibited a practice which did not prevail.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second contest of our club was held to-day, with results appended. On account of high wind only the bait contest could be cast. The scores were:

I. H. Bellows	96 3-5	J. E. Strong	86 2-5
B. W. Goodsell	92 3-5	J. W. Rogers, Sr.	84 2-5
E. D. Letterman	87 1-5	G. W. Salter	72 3-5
C. A. Lippincott	92 4-5	E. H. Strong	95 2-5
C. G. Ludlow	83 2-5	C. F. Brown	84
R. B. Miller	95 4-5	M. C. Heston	81 3-5
G. A. Murrell	81	A. C. Smith	92
H. A. Newkirk	96 4-5	H. G. Hoxall	95 1-5
F. N. Peet	94		

Holder of medal for bait-casting, H. A. Newkirk.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 8.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Cincinnatus Pride.

THIS week we publish a portrait of the famous black, white and tan English setter Cincinnatus Pride, the greatest combined bench show and field trial winner in America. His bench show winnings make a long list, made in the best of competition. In practical work he is a most finished performer, whether he is competing against dogs specially fitted for field trial work or whether he is affording sport afield by working to the gun. He is a living illustration of the fact that the best field trial dog is the best field dog. He shows a thorough understanding of all the details of field work,

and a masterly execution both in seeking for game and pointing it after it is found. He won first in the all-age stake of United States Field Trials Club's fall trials, at Newton, N. C., in 1897, defeating many famous dogs in that competition, and in the same club's winter trials at West Point, Miss., in February, 1898, he repeated his victory. In the Continental Field Trial Club's trials, at the same place the following week, he again won first in the all-age stake.

His A. K. C. S. B. number is 34,364. He was whelped Aug. 25, 1893, so that he is still in the prime of dog life. His sire and dam were famous bench show winners, the former being Cincinnatus (12,214, Vol. VI.), the latter Albert's Nellie (No. 26,237). The portrait will be recognized at a glance as coming from the hand of the eminent artist, Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus.

A Discriminating Dog.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—Mr. Martin Simmons, of Huntington, W. Va., was the owner of a black and tan dog, of the bench-legged type, whose peculiarity was even more marked than is that of my dog Billy, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. As I said, my dog takes no notice of musical sounds, except that of the violin, which seems to distress him. Mr. Simmons' dog was indifferent to all musical sounds, except when the tune to which "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is usually sung was played on the organ. If any other piece of music was being played and there was a sudden shift to this particular tune he would go to his mistress, leap upon her lap or upon a chair near her and join the singing as best a dog can. His voice would rise and fall in correspondence with the tones of the instrument.

N. D. ELTING.

Manitoba Field Trials.

MR. WILLIAM C. LEE, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, reports a promising outlook for the trials, which will be held in September, beginning on the 8th. It was thought that the new game law might interfere with the projected event, but the apprehension was groundless. The club has been successful in making suitable arrangements with the customs authorities for the entry into Canada of competing dogs.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Bamboo Spars.

BAMBOO for spars has never been obtainable in this country. At one time, nearly twenty years ago, we searched New York over without success in the effort to obtain bamboo of the size and quality suitable for canoe masts. Very little larger than the common fishing pole was to be had, and that of most inferior quality. One result of this has been that the art of making hollow spars has reached a high state of perfection in America, and we doubt whether bamboo can compete in weight and strength with the Butler spiral veneer or Young's hollow spars. It is still used in England, however; the Field discussing it as follows:

The use of bamboo, both for mast and spars, is now so general that it is rather unusual to see wooden spars, but whether such universal use of bamboo is wise or even

necessary for lightness is a question of much interest and can be best answered during the next few weeks by the experiences of the racing on Hendon Lake. Such racing, however, will scarcely be a full test, because it is in jumping across head seas in a good weight of wind that the severe strains are put on the mast, and this cannot be obtained at Hendon. We have lately seen Bubble and Dragon on the placid waters of Teddington Reach with their bamboo masts buckling to very near the margin of breaking, and a few jumps, such as can be got and must be sailed through on the Solent, would probably have done the trick. The absence of shrouds or backstays and stay on the Bubble has, at the utmost, saved but 1/2 lb. of rigging, and therefore is absurd; but on the whole rig there may be a considerable saving of weight in the using of bamboo instead of solid spruce. None the less, the exact amount is as yet not ascertained, but we intend to get the figures for comparison. Especially can this be done in the cruising class, as the rigs of Bubble and Vanessa and Nautilus are, within an inch or two, all round of same size in length and nearly same in substance, the two former being all of bamboo and Nautilus all of spruce, and the weight of a pair of backstays and stay can be added to Bubble's total.

At Burnham last year there were frequent breakages of gear reported, and canoes were thrown out of the race for the time. Such things ought not to be, and, instead of receiving commiseration, the owners should be slated for careless fitting; indeed, in some cases it is not a result of wear and tear, or of unseen flaws in metal work or spars, but of original defect and faulty fitting. The new cruising canoe Vanessa, while saving weight in bamboo spars, is fitted with wire rope of such size that if she used one stand out of each of her present shrouds as shrouds, it would be enough, and the remainder might be presented as shrouds to Bubble for a blowy day. The question of rigging is always an interesting one for the canoe man who intends to do much cruising, especially the material of which his spars should be made. The acme of lightness of rig is quite as essential for the convenience of the man who travels in his canoe as it is necessary to the success of the racing man; but the margin of probable immunity from breakage must be sooner drawn for cruising work than for racing, in that the cruising man's accident to spars will on a voyage probably come in much more difficult and dangerous places than the accidents in racing, and will most likely happen when he is alone with no aid near. For instance, in coast or large lake cruising, the canoe man may easily find himself embayed on a rocky lee shore in a nasty sea and strong wind. It is too late then, on seeing the bamboo mast cracking open, to vow that it would have been better to have carried the extra pound or so of a reliable spruce mast, for in this case, if the mast goes by the board, the paddle will probably be found useless, and the rocks will settle the carcass of the canoe, if no more.

The bulk of bamboo spars, compared to spruce, is also a question which, considering its windage, must detract somewhat from the gain in weight; and then also, be it remembered, each end of the bamboo mast must be suitably plugged with a solid wooden head and heel piece, to which rigging can be affixed, and to take the stepping and pinch of the deck. One further point is that, unless the weight advantage is very great, the unsightly, un-yachtlike look of bamboo spars is antagonistic to all sailorlike pride of ship. If prizes were given in the clubs for the best rigging and fitting, and for the neatest and most useful novelties of the season, canoeing would be better served than by giving of pots for mere racing.

Toronto C. C.

THE Toronto C. C. has of late years awakened to its old-time activity, and this year it is preparing for a very lively season. The war canoe racing, which was introduced in 1889 by the T. C. C. in the famous old Unk-ta-hee, will be a prominent feature. The club has arranged the following fixtures:

June 4—1, T. C. C. tandem relay race; 2, fours (scratch race); 3, launching of war canoe and war canoe race.

June 18—1, novice single-blade; 2, T. C. C. relay fours race; 3, tilting tournament.

June 25—Cruise to Humber.

July 2—Club cruise.

July 9—Annual regatta—1, single-blade junior; 2, single-blade (open); 3, handicap tandem; 4, fours (open); 5, tandem, lady and gentlemen; 6, single-blade senior; 7, handicap fours; 8, tandem (open); 9, lady passenger race; 10, war canoe race; 11, water polo match; 12, tilting tournament.

July 23—1, double-blade junior; 2, handicap sailing and other events to be arranged later.

Sept. 3—Club championship races—1, double-blade race for international trophy and gold medal; 2, single-blade; 3, tandem; 4, fours. For all these events gold medals will be presented.

New York C. C.

THE spring regatta of the New York C. C. will be held on June 4, off the club house, Bensonhurst, starting at 2:30 P. M. The programme includes a sailing race, single and tandem paddling, upset, club four, open combined, tournament and hurry-scurry race. The Regatta Committee includes Messrs. Barron Fredericks, F. G. Palmer and J. C. Mowbray.

Yachting.

Miramichi Y. C.

THE twelfth annual meeting of the Miramichi Y. C. was held at Newcastle, N. B., May 14. The following officers were chosen: Com., J. C. Miller; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart; Rear-Com., F. L. Pedolin, M.D.; Secy-Treas., E. Lee Street; Meas., Geo. Watt; Trustees: Hon. L. J. Tweedie, R. H. Gremley, P. B. Wheeler.

The following fixtures were agreed upon:

Tuesday, May 24, club cruise. Thursday, June 16, Newcastle, Gov. Fraser cup. Friday, July 1, club cruise. Thursday, July 14, Chatham, Thos. D. Adams cup. Thursday, Aug. 18, Oak Point, Steward pennant. Thursday, Sept. 29, Newcastle, Gould cup. Thursday, Oct. 13, Chatham, Watt cup.

Geneth.

WITHIN the past year or so we have published a number of designs of small cutters, more or less of the knockabout type, and of about 21ft. l.w.l. The design here given is of English origin, but is sufficiently near to the American craft to afford an interesting comparison. Geneth, as she is named, was designed by an amateur, Charles Livingston, Esq., of Liverpool, for Russell Allen, Esq., of Birkenhead, and built at the latter place by Samuel Bond, the well-known builder of small yachts and canoe yawls. She was designed solely as a cruising boat and for rough waters, the Mersey and the Irish Sea, these conditions calling for a greater sacrifice of speed to other qualities than is demanded in the American knockabouts. The lines require no comment, as they show a very fair and well moulded form, with a notable absence of freak features. The yacht has proved very successful, showing good speed and excellent qualities as a sea-boat. The small diagram shows her section compared with that of the Stearns 21-footer Verona, and Spray, lately illustrated in our columns. Her dimensions are:

Length, over all.....	30ft.
Length, L.W.L.....	21ft. 9½in.
Overhang, bow.....	3ft. 1½in.
Overhang, stern.....	6ft. 1 in.
Beam, extreme.....	7ft. 4 in.
Beam, L.W.L.....	6ft. 10½in.
Draft.....	4ft. 3 in.
Freeboard, least.....	1ft. 9½in.
Sheer, bow.....	1ft. 8 in.
Sheer, stern.....	5½in.
Displacement, salt water.....	3.73 long tons.
Displacement, per inch immersion.....	52lbs.
Coefficient of displacement.....	0.52
Lead keel, calculated weight.....	1.87 long tons.

Midship section, area.....	11.20sq.ft.
Midship section, coefficient.....	0.42
L.W.L. plane, area.....	99.12sq.ft.
L.W.L. plane, coefficient.....	0.67
Lateral plane, hull, area.....	61.65sq.ft.
Lateral plane, rudder, area.....	8.75sq.ft.
Lateral plane, total.....	70.40sq.ft.
Lateral plane, coefficient.....	0.67

Station O to center of L.W.L.....	10.89ft.
Station O to midship section.....	11.62ft.
coefficient.....	0.53
Station O to C. B.....	11.43
coefficient.....	0.52
Station O to C. L. R., with rudder.....	12.18ft.
Station O to C. L. R., without rudder.....	11.98ft.
coefficient.....	0.56

Mast, from Station O.....	6ft. 2½in.
Mast, diameter in partners.....	4¾in.

Geneth is sloop rigged, pole mast with single jib. During the past winter Mr. Livingston has had built for himself at Bond's yard a cruising cutter of 33ft. l.w.l., of similar design to Geneth.

The Quincy Y. C. Defender.

IN the small boat shop at Lawley's the Quincy cup defender Splasher is to be seen. Splasher is an odd craft, and is bound to make a sensation. She is what most people call a "freak." She is now planked up, and the peculiar lines of her hull are to be seen to advantage. With a length over all of 38ft., and a width of 10ft. 8in., Splasher is to have a draft of but 8in. That tells the story of her shape. She is the absolute pumpkinseed in her lines. Nothing flatter could be built and still have space between deck and floor. Her bow is so flat that the overhang looks as if it were to be about 2in. free most of the way to the stem. She has a square stern at the end of a broad taper.

The materials from which Splasher is constructed have been selected with a view of giving extreme lightness combined with all possible strength. Her planking is double, but of extreme thinness. One layer is 3-16in. thick, the other 5-16ths. The two layers are fastened together with brass screws, and the timber fastenings are also of brass. The timbers are of white oak, and about ½in. thick.

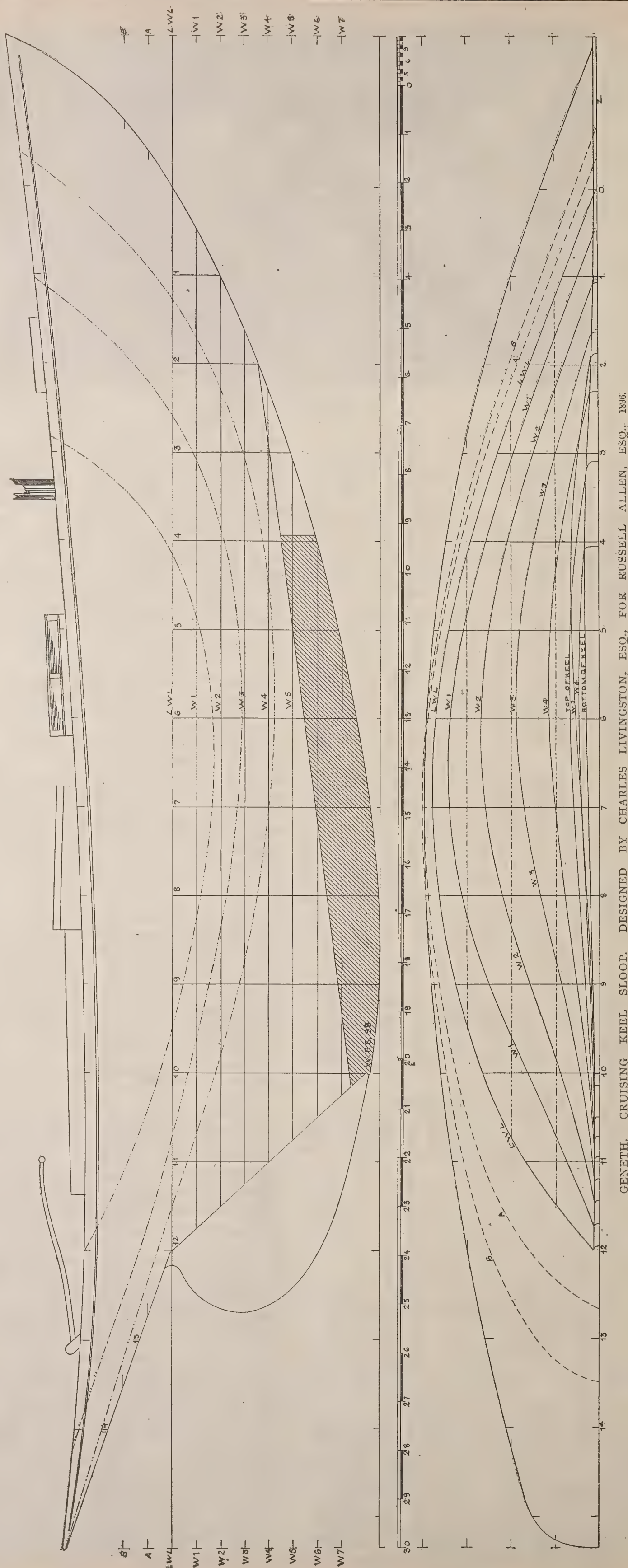
The boat is expected to be ready for the water June 10. She is built after plans by John R. Purdon. The original design was for C. H. Adams 2d, and was drawn according to Mr. Adams' ideas of what a racing machine should be.

The syndicate for which this boat is being built is headed by Com. F. B. Rice, of the Club. It is understood that he will sail her himself with the best racing crew the club can furnish him.—*Boston Globe*.

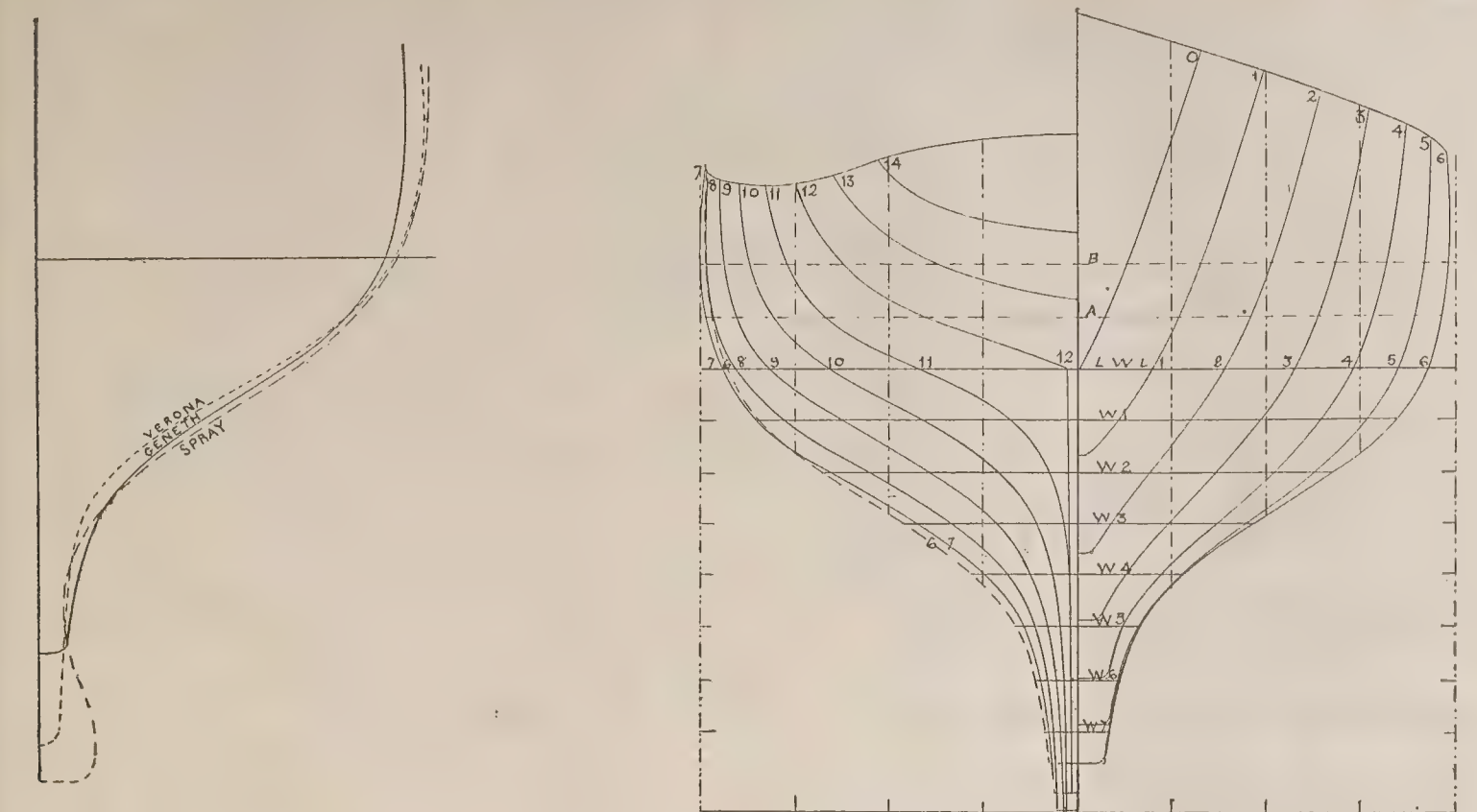
The Launch of the Rainbow.

Messrs. D. and W. Henderson & Co. launched on May 7 from their shipbuilding yard at Partick the schooner yacht of about 300 tons, Thames measurement, which they have built for Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M. P., from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson. This vessel is considerably larger than any of the sailing yachts which Mr. Watson has undertaken recently, and, though she has been designed and fitted out as a comfortable cruiser, she will enter for the principal cruising races, and the large masts of Oregon pine which are to be fitted indicate that she will have a good spread of canvas. Capt. John Carter has been appointed captain of the new vessel, and, though owing to his ill-health the yacht will be in charge of Jay for a month or so, it is hoped that Carter will be well enough to take charge of her before long. The schooner yacht is a vessel which of late years has not been much seen in the principal races, but the advent of this new vessel will perhaps bring the schooners back to the position they held before the steam yacht ousted them as cruising vessels. On entering the water the vessel was named the Rainbow by Miss Orr-Ewing, daughter of the owner.—*The Field*.

Corsair, steam yacht, recently the flagship of the New York Y. C., is now the Gloucester, U. S. N., under command of Lieut. Richard Wainwright.



GENETH. CRUISING KEEL SLOOP. DESIGNED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON, ESQ., FOR RUSSELL ALLEN, ESQ., 1896.



YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The May meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 19, with Com. Morgan in the chair. It was decided to abandon the annual regatta set for next month, on account of the mines in New York Bay and the stringent harbor regulations. No action was taken concerning the August cruise, and it will be determined later whether it will be abandoned. The following members were elected: Edward K. Jones, Rafael R. Govin, Allen Wallace, Julius Fleischmann, William Jackson Littell, United States Navy; Austin M. Greer; William H. Alderdice, United States Navy; Reginald R. Belknap, United States Navy; John V. Chase, United States Navy; E. Rollins Morse, Frederick A. Haight, J. Thomas Tompkins, United States Navy; Robert L. Russell, United States Navy; Charles W. Mayer, Robert W. Hawkesworth, Louis L. Driggs, Frank B. Griswold, Richard P. Hart, Edward McVickar, George F. Dominick, Arnold Wood, and Rear-Admiral G. Dewey, United States Navy.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has arranged the following programme of races for the coming season: Saturday, May 28, Seawanhaka knockabout class race for club prizes; Monday, May 30, Seawanhaka knockabout class race for Robert Center memorial prizes; Wednesdays and Saturdays, Seawanhaka knockabout class series races as per schedule given below; Monday, June 20, to Monday, June 27, Seawanhaka knockabout class racing cruise to New London to attend Yale-Harvard-Cornell boat races; Wednesday, June 29, annual race; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 11, 12 and 13, Seawanhaka international challenge cup trial races; Saturday, July 16, Roosevelt memorial cup race; Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13, 15, 16, 17 and 18, Seawanhaka international challenge cup match at Montreal, Canada; Monday, Aug. 22 to Aug. 26, knockabout class match with Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay; Saturdays, May 28 to Oct. 1, club catboat races. The dates set for the knockabout racing cruise and interclub matches are subject to change. Any series race falling on the date of an interclub match will be postponed to the next convenient day. The club house at Oyster Bay will be opened informally and the ferry service established on Friday afternoon, May 27. On Saturday, May 28, at 12 o'clock noon, colors will be hoisted and saluted, and the club house placed in commission for the season. The clay-pigeon shooting grounds will be ready for use, and guns may be hired and ammunition purchased at the club house. Unfavorable weather has delayed the completion of the golf course, and announcement will be made when it is ready for use. Herbert L. Satterlee has been appointed fleet captain, and W. G. Ushoeffler has been appointed signal officer for the current year.

After a conference with the Engineers' Department of the Army, the Atlantic Y. C. has been compelled to abandon its extensive racing programme for the season, as the mining of the Narrows and Lower Bay, and the incidental restrictions on all craft using the waters, make it impossible to race. Some races may be held for the smaller boats through the season. On May 21 a number of members visited the new club station at Sea Gate, the house being completed, and enjoyed an informal opening, dinner being served in the evening. John R. Parkhurst has been appointed superintendent and Emile Dugas steward. The steam-boat Defender has been chartered for the season, and will make four trips daily between Liberty Island pier, at the battery, and the club dock. Pass books will be furnished upon application to the superintendent. Members not having them will hand their cards to the captain.

The Harlem Y. C. will hold its annual regatta, the first of the Sound Y.R.A. races, on Decoration Day, as originally scheduled. The club has issued the following notice: "In answer to numerous inquiries the regatta committee herewith submits to the members and friends of the club the abstract of a letter received from the War Department in answer to an inquiry regarding the safety of the steamer and yachts from danger of any kind during the coming regatta, viz.: 'United States Engineer's Office, Willets Point, Queens County, N. Y., May 12, 1898.—Mr. A. G. Wigand, Secretary Regatta Committee Harlem Y. C., No. 519 East 121st Street, New York City: Dear Sir—There will be no danger from submarine mines, to lives or boats, while the latter are following the regatta course shown on the chart accompanying your note of May 11, 1898. Very respectfully, John G. D. Knight, Major Corps of Engineers Commanding.' As all questions relative to any danger whatever are thus set aside, the committee herewith gives notice that the regatta will be held without fail, and trusts that the members and their friends will favor us with a large attendance."

A meeting of the trustees of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held on May 19, and it was decided to postpone the annual regatta of the club until a later date, owing to the obstructions placed in the Sound by the United States Government. It was reported that in the vicinity of Throgg's Neck there was a channel only 500ft. wide that was clear of submarine mines, which was considered inadequate for maneuvering the yachts in a race.

The opening race of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be held on Saturday, May 28, starting at 2 o'clock. Entries close with the secretary of the regatta committee, Box 735, New Rochelle, N. Y., on Thursday, May 26. Races have been arranged for the 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin cats, and the 25 and 20ft. classes of open cats. In addition there will be a special race for the open class of 21ft. knockabouts. Silver prizes will be awarded in each class.

Aileen, steam yacht, is in use about New York Harbor as a patrol boat.

The U. S. Government has recently ordered of the Daimler Motor Co. six launches for use as patrol boats.

The early publication is announced by Horace Cox of an entirely new book, by Mr. Dixon Kemp, entitled "An Exposition of Racing Rules, Customs and Practices Observed in Match Sailing, including Decisions on Particular Cases of Protest."

Queen Mab, cutter, N. L. Francis, has been sold to J. S. Fay, Jr., of Boston.

The new knockabout Indianola, designed by Mr. Crowninshield for Mr. Alburger, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., has been completed by Eccles, of Nahant, and has sailed for New York. Eccles has started a Mongoose II. for A. D. Irving, Jr., to replace Mongoose I., the new boat being also designed by Crowninshield.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 15.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association in regular competition to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Trounstone wins the Uckotter trophy with a score of 210. Payne was high on the honor target; he also was declared king to-day with a score of 218. Weather clear and warm, with some wind. Payne fired fifty shots to count in a match with Frank Heim; results will be forwarded when Mr. Heim is heard from:

	Honor target.	Special scores.
Gindele	17 20 20 24 20 18 23 19 23 19—203	215 217 219
Payne	22 20 22 20 24 19 24 24 21 22—218	226 219 208
Uckotter	16 17 20 24 21 14 21 13 24 21—191	191 191 185
Drube	20 13 22 23 16 4 15 19 22 16—170	197 194 186
Roberts	5 22 22 19 19 24 24 16 21—196	192 192 192
Weinheimer	24 15 13 25 17 22 20 17 17 25—195	204 198 190
Nestler	16 21 25 19 13 24 24 23 23 21—209	207 203 197
Houck	13 14 23 14 20 11 19 16 20 18—168	180 177 169
Hasenzahl	18 18 22 24 24 19 20 19 24 20—208	214 207 198
See	14 16 20 19 24 22 16 24 20 17—191	218 213 210
Randall	23 20 23 18 18 22 18 9 21—195	215 210 202
Topf	1 20 1 16 18 1 16 14 12 21—120	181 175 174
Trounstone	21 16 20 21 20 21 23 22 24 22—210	190 187 166

Rifle at Walnut Hill.

THE regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range on May 14. The match between the M. R. A. team and the Harvard Pistol and Revolver Club's team was won by the former. Messrs. Carlton and Hutchinson were winners of medals. The weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores.

Pistol team match:

	M. R. A. Team.
W F Spencer	9 10 10 9 10 9 7 8 10 8—90
J T Humphrey	9 7 7 10 10 10 9 10 7 10—89
E E Partridge	10 10 9 10 9 7 10 10 10 9—94—273
	9 7 10 9 9 8 9 10 9 10—90
	10 10 8 7 9 9 8 9 10 10—90
	8 10 10 10 9 10 8 8 7 9—89—260
	10 10 9 9 9 6 9 7 9 9—87
	9 9 10 8 9 6 10 9 8 8—86
	10 9 9 9 7 10 10 9 9 7—89—262
	804

H. P. R. C. Team.

E L Pruyn	8 10 8 7 8 9 9 9 9 9—86
H Morgan	9 9 10 10 7 8 7 8 8 10—86
	9 8 9 9 8 9 7 8 10 9—86—258
	6 9 10 9 8 9 6 10 8 7—82
	9 10 10 9 8 8 10 10 7 7—88
	10 9 10 8 8 7 9 9 9 9—88—258
	10 6 6 6 7 7 10 9 8 5—74
	10 8 8 5 7 9 10 8 8 9—82
	9 8 7 6 10 7 6 10 7 7—77—233
	749

Silver military medal—Won on ten scores of 42 or better by W F Carlton 46 44 44 43 43 43 42 43 42

Bronze pistol medal—Won on ten scores of 75 or better by H Hutchinson 81 82 78 85 87 77 82 76 84 79

Members' rest match:

*F Daniels	12 10 11 12 12 12 11 11 11 9—111
	12 11 12 11 9 11 12 10 11 12—111
	12 11 9 12 12 12 11 12 11—111
*M T Day	11 12 11 10 11 12 9 10 12 11—109
*T E Russell	12 12 9 12 12 9 9 12 9 11—107
A W Hill	102

Medal off-hand match:

S Gleason	6 7 10 10 5 7 8 10 9 10—82
	8 9 10 7 9 5 9 10 5 8—80
H C Eaton	6 8 9 6 10 7 8 9 8 7—78

Members' practice match:

C E Pratt	10 8 9 7 10 7 8 8 10 10—87
S Franklin	9 9 8 10 10 8 5 9 9 6—83
N Reed	81

German ring target:

R L Dale	23 23 15 23 20 22 25 24 20 24—219
	23 24 22 18 20 22 20 21 22—215
S C Sampson	22 24 21 17 21 22 22 18 24 23—214
A W Chester	19 25 24 17 24 23 23 14 21 22—213
A W Hill	208
H Wills	193

Military medal match:

E E Partridge	5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—44
W Carlton	5 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 3—43
M T Day	42

All comers' pistol match, 50yds.:

C H Taylor	8 9 9 10 9 9 10 10 8 9—91
	10 8 8 10 9 9 10 8 9 10—91
J T Humphrey	8 10 9 9 8 9 9 8 10 10—89
	8 10 10 8 9 8 8 10 8 10—89
E L Pruyn	8 8 8 9 9 9 10 10 9 8—88
R L Dale	9 9 10 10 7 9 9 8 10 7—88
S D Martin	9 9 10 7 7 9 9 9 10—88
A W Hill	9 9 8 8 9 10 9 10 8 7—87
W Newton	10 9 10 8 9 6 10 10 8 7—87
F Williams	9 10 8 9 8 6 7 9 10 10—86
E Mallinckrodt	8 9 9 10 8 10 6 10 7 10—86
M T Day	84
J B Hobbs	83

Pistol medal match:

H Hutchinson	10 7 9 7 9 9 6 9 8 8—82
	10 7 6 9 9 6 9 6 9 9—80
M T Day	79
A W Hill	79

Any revolver match, 6 shots in 1 minute:

C E Johnson	10 9 8 7 8 10—52
	6 8 7 10 10 8—46

* Telescope sight.

Rifle at Milwaukee.

THE Milwaukee Sharpshooters' Society defeated the Wausau team in a match shoot May 8. The teams consisted of eight

UNIVERSAL GALLERY TARGET

25 YARDS

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

XII XI X I

3 IV 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

III II I

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

picked men, and was shot on the respective club grounds. The total score is: Wausau 1,576; Milwaukee Sharpshooters 1,607. The regular practice shoot of the Milwaukee Sharpshooters' Society was held yesterday and the following scores were made:

King Union			King Union		
target. target.			target. target.		
E F Richter	207	62	R Kunz	187	62
Dr Hadley	195	55	C H Richter	60	
A Just	212	66	A Engel	207	56
H A Sifton	55		D Mueller	183	55
H Wesle	219	60	S Meunier	212	61
W Staehle	193	55	A Heiden	190	66
Man target:					
A Just	91		H Wesle	70	
W Staehle	91		H Wesle	89	
H Wesle	91		Dr Mueller	82	
Dr Hadley	90		H Wesle	81	
W Staehle	87		H Wesle	81	
C H Richter	83		H Wesle	73	
Dr Hadley	86		D Mueller	79	
R Kunz	82		A Engel	90	
Special scores; king target:					
A Engel	221		J Ruppel	215	
A Just	218		C H Richter	208	
A Herden	218		Dr Sifton	205	
A Engel	215		D Mueller	202	
A Herden	210		W Staehle	214	
May 7:					
King Union			King Union		
target. target.			target. target.		
W Finger	199	62	C P Cary	181	55
Dr Rogers	197	61	W E Story	215	57
J Meunier	196	55	C A Torney	197	51
Special scores:					
W Finger	210		Dr Rogêrs	218	
Dr Rogers	212		Dr Rogers	214	
C A Torney	180				

Rifle Note.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., May 13.—The University of California and the University of Illinois held their annual contest, each being represented by ten-men teams. The University of California was again victorious. The competition prescribes ten shots each by the ten members of the team at a distance of 200yds., the best possible score being 500 points. The California team has had the advantage of winter practice, while the local marksmen have had but three good days, and are much encouraged by the close rub they gave the Western students. California's score this year was 416 to Illinois' 400, both scores being exceptionally good for amateurs.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

May —.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucky Shotgun Club; three days; two at targets, one at pigeons.
May 17-19.—Macon, Miss.—Tenth annual shooting tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club. C. M. Scales, Manager.
May 18-19.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. C. E. Lacy, Sec'y.
May 20-22.—Butte, Mont.—Montana State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, on grounds of Butte Gun Club. Birds and targets; \$500 added money. C. M. Smith, Sec'y.
May 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.
May 25-26.—Findlay, O.—Annual tournament of the Magastrap Gun Club. O. B. Marvin, Sec'y.
May 25-27.—Owego, N. Y.—Owego Gun Club's tournament. Two days at targets, third day at live birds. Frank B. Tracy, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Targets. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's holiday shoot.
May 30.—Woodlawn.—All-day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. E. G. Frost, Sec'y.
May 30.—Plainfield, N. J.—All-day shoot of Independent Gun Club.
May 30.—Newark, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of East Side Gun Club; live birds; open to all.
May 30.—Oil City, Pa.—Decoration Day tournament of the Oil City Gun Club. H. C. Reeser, Sec'y.
June 2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.
June 1-3.—Springfield, O.—Open-to-all tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.
June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piassa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Green Bay, Wis.—Green Bay Gun Club's second annual tournament.
June 6-7.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's tournament. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.
June 7-8.—Willmar, Minn.—Willmar Gun Club's third annual amateur tournament. Lewis Johnson, Sec'y.
June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.
June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.
June 8.—Butler, Pa.—Butler Gun Club's tournament. E. E. Gumpfer, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.
June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.
June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.
June 14-16.—Le Mars, Ia.—Le Mars Sportsmen and Shooting Association's tournament. E. Miller, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.
June —.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.
June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.
June 16-17.—Dayton, O.—Dayton Gun Club's amateur tournament.
June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.
June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday afterward.
June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.
June 30.—Auburn, Me.—First annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.
June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.
July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.
July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.
July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.
July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.
Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.
Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.
Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.
Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.
Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.
Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.
Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.
Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. provides eight events for each of the three days, June 15, 16 and 17. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are at 15 bluerocks, the other four are at 20. A uniform entrance of \$2 is charged in each event. Event No. 6 on each day will be merchandise events. In event No. 8 all money will be divided and ties for merchandise will be shot off. Professionals and paid experts will shoot the same programme as the amateurs, and all amateurs who desire to do so can compete with them by paying extra or double entry fee and have one score count on both books. All purses will be divided into five moneys, class shooting. The competition will commence at 8:30 A. M. Take Woodland or Broadway cars, transfer at Wilson and get off at Kershaw street. No dropping for place will be allowed. Manufacturers' experts and professionals barred from all amateur events, merchandise and average prizes, excepting the special prize for best average in their class. Manufacturers' agents, under the classification used, are those who receive any compensation of any kind from any manufacturer or his agents for services rendered in introducing his goods. All stand at 16yds. Magastrap rules will govern. All cartridges shipped in care of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. will be delivered on the grounds. All cash, extra entry fees and merchandise received in exchange for advertisements will be given in average or merchandise prizes. In the regular events all amateurs who break 90 per cent. or over the first day, and all who break between 85 and 90 per cent. will pay \$4 and \$2 respectively for competing in the next day's programme. The second day's averages will govern their entry fee for the third day. These extra fees will be set aside and be divided as average prizes among the amateurs who shoot the programme through. Those who desire may shoot for targets only, for which a charge of 25 cents each event will be made, this money to be added to the average prizes. From each of the programme events \$2 will be deducted, the total sum thus obtained to be applied to the purchase of two diamond watch charms, to be given respectively to the ones making the highest averages in the two classes. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, which will be open on June 13 and 14 for those who desire to practice.

The Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League has issued the programme for its third tournament on the grounds of the Peekskill Gun Club, Peekskill, N. Y., on June 2. This the patrons will note is a one-day tournament, therefore they will need to be all on hand promptly. There are ten events in the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance respectively \$1.20, \$1.30 and \$1.40. The average money, \$25, is divided into seven moneys, open only to amateurs. It is divided as follows: \$6, \$5, \$4.50, \$3.50, \$3, \$2 and \$1. Targets will be furnished free to all manufacturers' agents. Purses are divided by the Rose system. Targets, two cents each, so that the entrance is one dollar with price of targets added. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock sharp. The team race will be called at 1 o'clock. It will compete for the American E. C. and Schultze Powder trophy, five men to a team. Each man shoots at twenty-five targets, unknown angles, the team making the best average for the season to become the owner. Teams must belong to league clubs. Mr. T. H. Keller, of the King's Smokeless Powder Co., has offered a prize to be awarded to the league shooter making the highest score for all programme events each month. J. F. Hull, of Parker Bros., has donated a cup to be awarded the member making the highest average in programme events in trophy shoots. The United States Powder Co. presents thirty-five 1lb. cans of Gold Dust Powder, eight cans to be given to the eight high guns in the last programme events.

Keep in mind that on May 30, Decoration Day, there will be shoots given by Canajoharie, N. Y., Gun Club; by the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, Newburgh, N. Y.; by the New Utrecht Gun Club, Woodlawn, Brooklyn; by the Independent Gun Club, Plainfield, N. J.; by the East Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J.; by the Oil City, Pa., Gun Club; by the Dansville, N. Y., Gun Club; by the Highland Gun Club, Moline, Ill., and by others who presumably desire that their shoots be kept a secret from the public, since they do not manifest the energy necessary to send in a notice of their shoots for publication.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke mentions in the report of the Kansas City shoot that the Indian squad broke 99, 98, 97, 96 and 95 out of 100 targets shot at, in different events. If this state of affairs continues, it will be but a short time before they break them all. On Thursday Powers, Budd and Heikes had an average of .977. Leroy, Parmelee, Merrill and McMurchy had each a fraction over .96 per cent. for the day's shooting. Gilbert was close up with .956. Of the sixty shooters on Thursday, twenty-one shot better than 90 per cent.

The Scranton Gun Club, Scranton, Pa., will hold a Decoration Day tournament at Spencer Range, May 30. There will be ten events, of which Nos. 3 and 7 are at 10 and 15 live birds, entrance \$2.50 and \$3.75 respectively. No. 1 is at 10 targets, 30 cents; Nos. 2, 5, 8 and 9 are at 15 targets, 45 cents; Nos. 4 and 6 are at 20 targets, 65 cents; No. 10 is at 25 targets, 60 cents. Shooting begins at 8:30, rain or shine. Plenty of shelter for all. The grounds are reached by Drinker street car or Throop car. W. A. Wiedebusch, manager.

The Capital City Gun Club held its opening shoot on its new grounds last Saturday. The grounds are situated on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., near Hyattsville. They are described as being the finest in the country, the score being shaded by a grove of immense oaks, and the sky for a clear background. The club will hold an all-day tournament at Highlands Saturday, May 28, and many of the best shots in Washington, Baltimore and Virginia have signified their intention of participating.

This week the Owego Gun Club holds its three days' tournament, commencing Wednesday. The Hobart Gun Club, Hobart, Ind., holds its one-day tournament on Tuesday. On the four days beginning with Tuesday, the twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association takes place. The Magastrap Gun Club, Findlay, O., holds its tournament on Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday the Mechanicsburg Gun Club, Mechanicsburg, O., holds its one-day tournament.

Owing to the debate between the United States and Spain the Portsmouth Gun Club's tournament, fixed for June 15 and 16, is postponed till a later date, as announced in these columns this week by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager Interstate Association.

Mr. A. C. Paterson, the present holder of the Chicago challenge trophy, has accepted Mr. J. H. Amberg's challenge to shoot for said trophy. The event is scheduled to take place at Watson's Park on Friday of this week.

The concluding struggle for the Star cup between Elliott, Riley, Gilbert, Budd and Glover was up to the standard of the best competition, and worthy of the abilities of the expert men who contested for it in the final. The score of one 25 straight, made by Elliott; three 24s, made by Riley, Gilbert and Budd, and 23, made by Glover, indicate an exceedingly close race. J. A. R. Elliott used Blue Ribbon and Leader shells; C. W. Budd used Blue Ribbon and Trap shells, the same load he used in the capture of the Schmelzer trophy on May 12; Fred Gilbert used Du Pont and Leader shells; Sim Glover used Schultze and Trap shells. We have no information concerning J. E. Riley's load.

The Baltimore Shooting Association has begun its summer target season. The targets are thrown so as to make a great variety of flights, both incomers and outgoers, thus giving the shooters a most comprehensive training in shooting at all angles. Six traps are used, three of which are in the field 60yds. from the score, throwing incomers, and three at the 16yd. distance, throwing outgoers.

The matter of treating manufacturers' agents with more consideration in the conditions applied to them at tournaments is receiving some attention, in line with FOREST AND STREAM's editorial on the subject in the issue of May 7. The Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League will throw targets free for manufacturers' agents, and the Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Canada, will throw them at half price for the same gentlemen.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will hold on Saturday, May 28, one of its usual cup shoots, this trophy to be an especially fine one. The cup event will take place at 2 o'clock sharp. All shooters are invited to be present, and the club will guarantee a good time. Sweepstake and novelty events before and after. Trains leave foot of Cortlandt street 12 M., 1:10, 2:20, 3:30 P. M. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

The programme of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, to be held on Aug. 3 and 4, has ten target events each day, 10, 15 and 20 targets, regular, unknown and reversed angles, entrance 70 cents, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$2.30 and \$2.40. There is added money and merchandise prizes to the six high guns shooting through the programme. It is open to all. The purses are divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Mr. J. R. Hull, who represents Parker Brothers, is crowding close to the top notchers in his averages. At Haverhill, Mass., recently he broke 101 out of 115 targets, an 88 per cent. gain.

There will be a live-bird shoot at Dupont Park, St. Louis, this week, 50 pigeons, \$50 entrance. Messrs. Kling, Prendergast, Selger and others will compete.

The next regular shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club will be held at Marion, Jersey City, on May 30. Shooting commences at 8 o'clock A. M.

On June 4, beginning at 2 o'clock, the Dunellen Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club will shot a ten-men race at Dunellen, N. J.

On Decoration Day, May 30, the New Utrecht Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at live birds, at the club's grounds at Woodlawn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Chicago Athletic Association, one of Chicago's finest organizations, has added trap shooting to its list of wholesome and manly sports.

The programme for the Illinois State shoot will soon be ready for distribution.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Sixth Day of the Kansas City Shoot.

After five days of shooting it is not to be expected that the entries would run very high, as after so much shooting everybody is tired and willing to quit. This seemed to be the case to-day, for while not many participated, the shooting did not progress as fast as usual. Only thirty-eight took part, and of this number but nineteen shot the entire eight events. Heikes did some excellent shooting to-day, which not only landed him on top for the day, but also enabled him to beat all the others out for general average. Then he also had a good piece of luck, as one of his straights netted him first alone. Gilbert is second, Parmelee third, Powers fourth and Hallowell fifth. This was the best so far as the weather was concerned, but there was no sunshine, while in the early part of the day there was considerable wind that made trouble for the target shooters. The entire eight events were disposed of by about 3 o'clock. Each event was at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$20 added to each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	19	18	19	20	20	18	19	20	160	154	.962	
Gilbert	18	19	18	16	19	20	19	20	160	149	.931	
Parmelee	19	19	19	17	18	19	18	18	160	148	.925	
Powers	19	20	17	14	20	20	18	19	160	147	.918	
Hallowell	17	20	16	18	17	19	19	19	160	145	.906	
Budd	18	17	18	15	19	20	18	19	160	144	.900	
Hickman	19	19	16	17	18	17	18	19	160	143	.893	
McMurchy	18	16	18	18	19	20	18	16	160	143	.893	
Glover	17	20	18	17	16	18	16	19	160	141	.881	
Linderman	18	17	15	17	18	19	18	19	160	141	.881	
Fulford	15	20	17	14	17	18	18	18	160	138	.862	
Fanning	18	14	18	16	16	18	18	19	160	137	.856	
Funk	16	19	17	19	13	14	15	20	160	135	.843	
Reust	17	18	14	16	20	18	17	15	160	135	.843	
Grimm	15	15	17	17	18	18	15	20	160	135	.843	
Dickey	14	14	15	17	18	19	17	18	160	134	.837	
Gottlieb	15	15	16	17	13	17	18	16	160	133	.831	
Cornett	14	16	17	19	19	17	15	14	160	133	.831	
Kling	16	16	16	16	18	18	18	18	60	52	.866	
Graham	17	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	60	51	.850	
Ruble	18	18	16	16	16	16	16	16	60	50	.826	
D Elliott	17	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	40	32	.800	
Matthews	17	16	16	17	14	16	15	15	140	111	.783	
Snow	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	80	63	.787	
Beohner	15	15	18	18	18	18	18	18	80	63	.787	
Bigelow	15	14	14	16	18	17	17	17	120	94	.783	
Sweet	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	40	30	.750	
Guinotte	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	40	30	.750	
W S Allen	12	16	19	11	11	11	11	11	80	58	.725	
Pendergast	15	15	13	13	13	13	13	13	80	58	.725	
Wilnot	16	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	60	43	.716	
Taylor	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	40	32	.800	
Bryant	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	40	28	.700	
Brown	5	9	17	17	17	17	13	13	140	95	.678	
Fairman	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	40	27	.675	

Riley and Rike shot only in one event.

GENERAL AVERAGE.

There is no average money to strive for, though it is nevertheless of interest to know how those who shot all the way through finished; so for this reason the appended table has been compiled. Heikes carried off the honors. Powers was second, Gilbert was third, Parmelee fourth, Fulford fifth, and McMurchy sixth. It will be seen that only fifteen shot through, but it is a difficult matter to induce shooters to stay for six days of shooting, and that too without average money:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Heikes	.748	.935	Glover	.722	.902
Powers	.744	.930	Linderman	.721	.901
Gilbert	.740	.925	Grimm	.718	.897
Parmelee	.734	.917	Hickman	.717	.896
Fulford	.732	.915	Fanning	.713	.891
McMurchy	.731	.913	Dickey	.701	.876
Leroy	.730	.912	Funk	.687	.858
Budd	.725	.905			

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., May 21.—Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 were the medal shoot; 5 and 7, regular; 6 and 8, unknown angles. No. 1 was regular; Nos. 2 and 4, unknown; No. 3, reversed angles:

Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Shot			
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	at.	Broke.	Av.
Rawson	11	4	6	7	10	5	10	7	100	60	.600
Noyes	15	6	10	6	14	8	15	6	100	80	.800
Johnson	13	6	7	5	10	5	11	6	100	63	.630
Day	9	7	14	8	14	7	11	7	100	77	.770
Ford	10	10	..	9	16	10	14	4	85	72	.847
*Mansfield	4	13	6	9	9	60	41	.683
*Seagraves	10	1	7	7	7	50	32	.840
*Mills	7	6	4	5	6	2	12	5	100	47	.470
*Banfield	10	5	5	7	11	9	9	5	100	61	.610
*Barber	9	7	25	15	.600
*Cambell	3	15	3	.200

Leominster Gun Club.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., May 21.—The Leominster Gun Club to-day held an all-day tournament on the grounds at Leominster Park. Programme of fifteen events, 200 targets. J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros., with the famous Parker gun, and Hooker, acting as representative for Tom Keller, of the King's Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co., were the only ones to shoot the entire programme, and secured fair averages, Hull .825, Hooker .795. Many friends were made for the Parker gun, and Peters Victor shells loaded with King's Smokeless, "the quickest on earth." Other visitors were Hollis and the "Hingham handicapper" from Boston. Rule and Burton, Lowell, Mass.; Snell and Nick, Worcester, Mass.; Bowen and Greener, Marlboro', Mass. Robt. Smith was on hand. All regretted that Tom Keller was unable to be present, as he had intended to be, and would have been had it not been for a telegram calling the "hustler" to New York. The conditions were not good for high scores, as the wind was strong and a bright sun shone. Below are the scores in detail:

Nos. 1, 7, 13, 14 and 15 were regular. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 12 were unknown angles. No. 6 was five pairs. Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 11 were reverse angles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hull	8	8	7	13	8	7	10	18	20	12	9	16	10	9	7
Hooker	6	9	8	14	9	8	9	18	19	13	9	13	9	8	7
Hollis	9	8	5	12	7	7	8	12	12	11	8	13
Rule	9	8	5	12	7	7	8	12	12	11	8	12
Robt Smith	6	8	7	11	8	6	8	14	12	13	9	15	8	8	...
Stickney	7	7	7	9	7	4	7	15	9	6	6	5
Snell	8	10	10	11	9	8	9	20	13	13	7	16	7
Nick	4	3	2
Rice	7	9	12	7	13	8
Burbank	7	8	6	13	11	6	13	6	8
Andrews	7	6	5	8	4	12
Burton	6	7	6	9	6	7	12	9	5	14
Bowen	13	7	5	14	8	7
Greiner	12	8	6	10	6
Whitney	5
Spring	11	3	13	5
B F Smith	7	3	15	8	10
Sampson	7	6	11	7
Harris	6
G Sampson	7	8

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Hull	200	165	.825	Andrews	85	50	.570
Hooker	200	159	.795	Burton	135	81	.600
Hollis	170	112	.653	Bowen	90	54	.600
Rule	145	120	.827	Greiner	90	48	.530
R Smith	190	133	.700	Whitney	75	32	.420
Stickney	165	105	.650	Spring	65	37	.560
Snell	180	147	.811	B F Smith	75	50	.600
Nick	30	9	.300	Sampson	55	38	.560
Rice	10	Harris	20	6	.300
Burbank	120	78	.650	G Sampson	20	15	.750

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 14.—The South End Gun Club, at its last meeting, decided to hold its next shoot on Decoration Day. At this tournament the second contest will be held for the club medals at 25 birds. A committee was appointed to make arrangements. The medals are now held by John Shaaber and Capt. Wm. Essick.

Boyetown, Pa., May 10.—At the monthly shoot held by the Boyetown Rod and Gun Club to-day Mr. Wm. D. Shealer won the gold medal in the club shoot at 25 targets. Mr. N. D. Benner had won it at the shoot before, in April.

Pottstown, Pa., May 11.—An interesting target tournament was held here to-day under the auspices of the Shuler Shooting Association. A team shoot between two teams, captained by Capt. Wickersham and Lieut. Saylor, was the principal feature. Summary:

First event, teams of five men each, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Lieut. Saylor's Team.	Capt. Wickersham's Team.
Saylor	Wickersham
L H Davis	Grubb
Yerger	Eagle
Stone	Cole
S E Davis	Guest

Sweeps followed at targets; summary:	
Events:	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	5 5 5 7 10 10 10 10
Yerger	4 2 4 4 8 7
Wickersham	4 5 3 4 9 8 7 8
Grubb	4 5 5 7 6 9 9 5
S E Davis	3 1 3 3 7 3
Guest	3 3 2 6 4
Saylor	2 5 3 4 8 7 6 9
Cole	...
L H Davis	...
Slonaker	...
Guilden	...

West Chester, Pa., May 14.—The second monthly shoot of the West Chester Gun Club was held to-day on their grounds near town. The club shoot for May was won by Ferguson, who hit 23 out of 25 targets. A number of the men shot up their scores for April. Sweeps followed at targets; summary:

Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
Davis	22	16	P Brinton	...	21
Gill	19	18	Green	...	3
Allen	4	10	Jones	...	6
Garrett	15	17	C Brinton	...	18
Ferguson	...	23	Atkins	...	6
Ford	...	21			

ARTHUR A. FINK.

Trap at Worcester.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 21.—Trap-shooting is taking in our town. We had a goodly number at our regular club shoot Tuesday, and also at the gun club shoot to-day.

We are looking forward to a return to the good old days when the crowd of shooters was so great at a Worcester Club shoot that many of them went home complaining that they did not get enough shooting.

Following are the scores made at the two clubs this week: Merchandise race, 30 targets, magautrap: Walls 28, Lange 27, Bucklin 25, Fuller 25, Buck 25, Goodell 24, Randall 24, Elmer 24, Tougas 23, Swan 21, Dodge 21, Emory 19.

Parker gun trophy, handicap event, 15 targets from magautrap, with extra allowance of birds added to the scores of some of the shooters: Randall 18, Tougas 15, Bucklin 15, Dodge 15, Walls 14, Fuller 14, Goodell 12, Swan 10.

Worcester Gun Club scores.—Worcester county championship, 5 pairs, magautrap: Walls 9, Bucklin 7, Fuller 7, Goodell 5, Swan 5.

Forehand trophy, 20 targets, magautrap: Bucklin 19, Walls 17, Fuller 16, Swan 10, Dodge 8, Lange 7.

The scores of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at its shoot, May 17, are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	30	Targets:	10	10	10	10	30
Forehand	9	9	10	9	25	Walls	9	10	9	6	25
Snell	7	8	7	8	17	Emory
Rice	6	3	8	5	13	Harris
Buck	8	8	Russell
Hanson	8	4	6	8	23	Bucklin

Nos. 1 and 3 were regular; Nos. 2 and 5, reverse: No. 4, unknown.

A. W. WALLS.

The Voice of the Gun.

To those lucky mortals who love rod and line
The click of the reel is compellingly sweet;
And they say, "Though the voices of nature are fine,
The reel's happy singing can never be beat."

The persons who listen by day or by night
The voices of nature will always enthrall;
But I think, though the click of the reel is all right,
That the voice of the gun is the sweetest of all.

A. L. L.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on June 16. Besides the magautrap, the club also will then have a set of traps installed to shoot according to the Sergeant system. There will probably be some one-cent target events in the programme.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

May 17.—The Emerald Gun Club held its club shoot in Brooklyn to-day. The event was at 10 live birds, point system:

Dr Hudson, 29	21221*1121—9	J H Moore, 28	1001201210—6
Dr O'Connell, 29	2122222222—10	G K Breit, 25	21*112211—9
E J Clark, 29	1112122112—10	F W Place, 28	1211*1211—9
C Billings, 28	01112121*2—8	W Sands, 28	0222222222—9
J Woelfel, 25	1221212101—9	S Van Allen, 29	2212122112—10
E O Weiss, 25	12012221**—7	O Brown, 25	0220122101—7
W Joerger, 28	12*2*21212—8	Stillman, 25	1222202020—7
Dr Richter, 25	22*202201*—6	B Amend, 28	211201121—9
R Regan, 25	0222111111—8	W Amend, 28	2*01022201—6
T Short, 28	*022121012—7	C Stuetzle, 25	0101120110—6
Cotton, 28	2122210002—7	Dr McFarland, 28	0200112001—5
H Fessenden, 28	222022222—8	Hillers, 28	2000200010—7
*Kitching, 28	2111020022—7	Mollenhauer, 25	0100201110—5
H S Wells, 28	2211120222—9	F Bender, 28	122022222—8
E A Vroome, 29	2101010101—6	T Coady, 25	2010012010—5

* Guest.

C. W. BILLINGS.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

May 21.—The attraction at the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds this afternoon was the monthly contest for the Troisdorf cup. This event produced several ties on 25—highest possible, no less than five men scoring 25 with their respective allowances of misses as breaks. The only shooter who did not use his allowance was Woods, who broke 25 straight, repeating in the first shoot off with 23 out of 25, making an actual 48 out of 50. The four who tied with him were G. Wood, Paterson, Dr. Smith and Moore. In the second shoot-off Paterson fell out, leaving four still in it. Woods and G. Wood were the next to fail, both dropping out in the third shoot-off. Moore and Smith shot off once more, and again tied on highest possible. Being short of shells and time, they agreed to decide it miss-and-out, Smith winning in the second round.

Among those present were Edward Banks, secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, and Harold Money, who is attached to the same company's chemistry department. Another visitor was E. Everett, from the W-A Powder Mills of Lafin & Rand, at Pompton, N. J. Neither of the three above named shot for the Troisdorf cup, the conditions of the cup being "no one connected with any powder firm to be eligible to compete," i. e. "amateurs only."

As usual, Harold Money shot a great gait, and held up his end as his scores show. In Nos. 5, 6 and 7, Money and Everett shot as a team against Banks and Waters. The team scores were as follows: No. 5, Money and Everett 45, Banks and Waters 44. In No. 6 the teams tied on 42 each, shooting off the tie in No. 7, which again resulted in favor of Money and Everett by one target with scores of 42 to 41.

Below are the scores in the unknown angle events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	25	25
Banks	15	13	13	18	23	23	24	Lane	...	6	7	18
H Money	13	15	14	23	24	24	22	Remsen	...	14	18	21
Waters	14	12	14	17	21	19	17	G Wood
De Wolf	12	12	13	13	21	Skidmore	...	9	19	23	18
C F	8	4	9	14	24	6	...	Dr Smith
Woods	12	14	13	20	25	Paterson
Everett	11	11	11	19	21	18	20	Moore

* Cup shoot—Scores given with allowances of misses as breaks.

Five events at pairs from the magautrap were also shot. Nos. 2 and 3 were somewhat novel, the conditions being that the shooter must shoot at the last target first; and as John Wright sprung the two targets at an appreciable interval apart, it was mighty hard shooting. The idea was Remsen's, and he received little sympathy for his failure at his first attempt. In his second attempt he "beat the band." All the other events at pairs were shot regular. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	10	10	20	20	Targets:	20	10	10	20	20
Banks	16	6	5	15	19	Remsen	...	1	6
Everett	9	4	5	12	...	Woods	10	...
Waters	11	4	4	15	...	Osterhout	...	10
Money	18	6	5	15	14						

Troisdorf cup, 25 targets, handicap allowance:

De Wolf	110101100111110111111110—19
G Wood	111110110011111101111111—19
Lane	01010010010010010010111—11
Dr Smith	110110111110001111111001—18
Woods	111111111111111111111111—25
Waters	00101111101001111101101—17
Adams	110011101110111111111111—19
Skidmore	01111011011111110110111—19
Paterson	111101110111111101101111—19
Remsen	10111111110101110101111—20
Moore	101110110101111110110101—18

Shoot off of ties, conditions same as match:

G E Wood	010110111111000111111110—18
Dr Smith	1111111110111111011111—23
Woods	1101111111111111011111—23
Paterson	11011101010010000001011—12
Moore	11111011011011111101100—19

Shoot off of ties:

Dr Smith	0001111111111010111111—20
Moore	1111110101010111111101—20
G E Wood	111111111111101101101—21

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Smith 1 1, Moore 1 0.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TRAP AT LYNDHURST.

Lyndhurst, N. J., May 17.—There were nine competitors in the live-bird handicap, \$25. First money was \$45, second \$27, third \$18. The scores tell the story. The birds were a mixed lot:

Count, 28	01010102*101100100110100—11
Wolf, 27	112222*2222122222122*2—22
Van Dyke, 29	2222220222*2022222122221—22
Timmons, 28	2212212102212121222200002—20
Brewer, 31	022222122222222222222—24
Morley, 30	2222222100202020212212222—21
Doty, 30	0221220222222222222222—22
Class, 30	20222220020222222222202—20
Riggott, 28	0011202222221220212*22212—20

Sweepstakes, 7 birds, \$3:

Wolf	22*2222—6	Timmons	0221222—6
Class	22222*2—6	Doty	1112021—6
Morley	1222210—6		

Same:

Wolf	0122010—4	Hoffman	0220000—2
Class	2102120—5	Count	1101001—4
Morley	2002212—5	Little	2002101—4
Timmons	2222220—6	Van Dyke	11110*2—5
Doty	1222222—7		

Same:

Morley	1202222—6	Bunn	0122112—6
Doty	1011002—4	Little	1121102—6
Wolf	2222222—7	Hopper	0022212—5

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

Jersey City, N. J., May 22.—The last shoot for the month of May was held by the Hudson Gun Club on their grounds during the last week. The day was exactly the reverse of the previous shoot, and brought out a fair attendance. This was cup day, and there were sixteen entries in the club event, all of which had to break 18 targets before scoring a point, and 6 points were all that could be made at any one shoot. There were three ties of 6 points each for the possession of the cup for the month—Schorty, De Long and Heritage. On the shoot-off Schorty won. Following are the points scored by each member in the four shoots: C. V. L. 0, Schorty 11, Kelly 10, Van Dyne 23, Johns 12, Wright 13, De Long 12, Boek 15, Banta 10, Nagle 12, Hughes 5, Whitley 18, Heritage 12, Goetz 5, Tommy 13, McElroy 6, Wilde 6, Shields 5, O'Brien 0, Ratigan 6, Altz 7, Bothroyd 6, Brewer 10, Doran 0.

The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
---------	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Kansas City Shoot.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, MAY 16.

This day was exclusively devoted to live-bird shooting so far as the programme was concerned at least. There were to be two events, the State team championship and a combination event for the individual State and Interstate championships.

The team race was the first on the programme, and this had the goodly number of ten entries, which is a capital showing and exceeds those of a year ago by two. The conditions of this are four men to a team, all members of the same club, 15 birds per man, 60 to the team, entrance \$20 per team, birds extra. The purse in this event is guaranteed to be \$200, of which \$100 goes to the club that won the medal the previous year, and the balance to the second, third, fourth and fifth, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The winners this year receive nothing but the medal.

The contest was similar in many respects to that of last year, as a dark horse, so to speak, won the trophy, and the winners of last year finished last in the race, as did also those of the year before. But there are other features to mention.

It is rarely the case that four men shoot so nearly equal as did those who composed the St. Louis team. Their form and time were simply superb, and the fact that they did not make a clean score is no fault of the shooters. The two lost birds were dead out of bounds, and that too only by a few feet, which shows that the man behind the gun was pointing it about right, so it is no discredit to Dr. Starkloff and Dr. Smith to have an asterisk appear in their scores. It is rather singular that each of these losses should occur in the 9th round. This score of 53 out of 60 is a new record for the Association, this being the first time so grand a total has been reached since the introduction of ground traps. Previous to this, however, a Kansas City team once killed 59 out of 60 from plunge traps, 21yds. rise, use of one barrel. There is quite a gap between the leaders and the next team. There being no less than three teams tied for second position: Kansas City, Washington Park and Pastime clubs all having scored 53. For third position there were also two teams tied, the Stock Yard and Veteran clubs, having a total of 52. Then comes the O. Ks., whom many had picked as winners. Their showing, however, was a sore disappointment to their numerous admirers. The Belt Line Club, with a score of 46, got a piece of money, as class shooting governed in this event. The Foresters are last with 45; these were the winners last year. The Joplin team was entered, but owing to a wash-out two of their members were unable to reach the city in time to shoot their scores. The two that were present, however, gave a good account of themselves, scoring 29 out of 30. Cox is a one-arm shooter, and even with this handicap he led his team with a straight score.

St. Louis Gun Club.	Veterans.
Kling 121212111111-15	Magley 2111220211*2112-13
Pendergast. 22222222222222-15	Riley 211*222022222222-13
Dr Smith. 22121222*222222-14	Norton 222120211222201-13
Starkloff. 22222112*122222-14-58	Stockwell. 21221*222211101-13-52
Kansas City Club.	O. K. Gun Club.
Durkee 22211222111*112-14	C. Herman 2222222222122*22-14
Curtice 22222222222222-14	Hickman. 212202121222021-13
J. Porter. 22212121*121120-13	Gottlieb 2212*2*2222222*12
R. Jarrett. 122110111212*-12-53	W. Herman 2211222222020-12-51
Washington Park Gun Club.	Belt Line Gun Club.
Wright 21222222222222-15	Guinotte. 2221*1211221212-14
D. Elliott. 12212222122222-15	Glasner 22022222122220-13
Jarrett 2122202112222-12	F. Smith. 21210*021011212-11
Beach 21*11212*20212-11-53	Von Quast. 100101020221100-8-46
Pastime Gun Club.	Joplin, Mo.
Hallowell. 22111121201222-14	Russell 20111*121210112-12
L. Porter. 222222222222-13	Avernahy. 201221122001222-12
Whittier 12222121212002-13	Tyree 2*120112111022-11
Thomas 222221*2210212-13-53	Jackson 220221010210110-10-45
Stock Yard Gun Club.	
Barse 222*2221212212-14	Cox 2122222222222222-15
Walden 11*222212122*12-13	Morgan 2222222202222222-14-29
Campbell 121021*22222212-13	
Steele 22022001212222-12-52	

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, MAY 17.

There were plenty of entries in the target events, and in all seventy-five shooters participated in these. Of this number, forty shot through the entire events. There were eight 20-bird events on the programme, in which Grimm and Glover made the best averages, finishing with .937. Leroy, McMurchy and J. A. R. Elliott are only a bird behind, their average is .931. Then comes another bunch—Heikes, Dickey, Fulford and Ruble having .913. All told sixteen of those who shot through the events have an average of 90 or better. The Indian squad put up the best squad record, scoring 98 out of 100 in one event, and also killing 50 live birds straight. This is great shooting, though it may be conducive of heart disease to the average amateur.

There were no lucky holes, though there was an opportunity to make a killing in the 6th event, as there were no straights. However, 19s were plentiful.

The weather was again threatening, while there was a gusty wind that was very aggravating at times to the target shooters, and also aided the pigeons somewhat in their flight. There were three live-bird events, two 10 and a 15. These were well patronized, and one of them remained unfinished.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Grimm	19	19	20	18	17	19	19	19	160	150	.937	
Glover	19	19	20	18	18	18	19	19	160	150	.937	
Le Roy	18	20	18	20	19	18	20	16	160	149	.931	
McMurchy	20	19	20	19	17	17	18	19	160	149	.931	
J. A. R. Elliott	19	19	16	19	18	19	20	16	160	149	.931	
Heikes	16	18	20	18	18	19	20	18	160	147	.918	
Dickey	20	20	17	16	20	17	20	17	160	147	.918	
Fulford	19	19	20	18	18	17	18	17	160	147	.918	
Ruble	18	19	19	20	20	18	16	17	160	147	.918	
Merrill	17	20	20	17	16	19	17	17	160	146	.913	
Powers	19	20	16	15	19	19	18	19	160	145	.906	
Sergeant	20	16	16	18	19	19	17	19	160	145	.906	
F. W. Johnson	20	17	16	18	19	19	17	19	160	145	.906	
Hood	18	18	17	17	20	18	18	18	160	144	.900	
Hickman	20	18	19	20	16	19	16	16	160	144	.900	
Gilbert	20	18	18	15	19	17	18	19	160	144	.900	
Budd	20	17	19	17	14	19	17	20	160	143	.893	
Linderman	20	17	19	16	16	15	19	20	160	142	.887	
Fanning	19	18	18	17	19	18	15	15	160	142	.887	
Herr	17	18	18	19	16	19	16	17	160	140	.875	
Kling	17	16	18	17	15	18	18	18	160	138	.862	
A. W. Lucas	16	13	20	16	18	19	17	18	160	137	.856	
Graham	19	18	18	18	16	13	17	17	160	137	.856	
D. Elliott	15	18	18	17	17	16	18	18	160	137	.856	
Minnefee	16	16	16	17	16	18	18	19	160	136	.850	
Bigelow	19	14	16	15	19	16	18	18	160	135	.843	
Snow	20	19	16	18	18	15	15	14	160	135	.843	
Rike	15	19	19	15	16	15	17	19	160	135	.843	
Parmelee	17	18	16	15	15	17	20	16	160	134	.837	
Bernhard	14	18	19	15	15	13	18	18	160	134	.837	
Funk	18	16	17	13	13	17	20	18	160	132	.825	
Courtney	18	15	15	14	17	16	18	16	160	132	.825	
W. H. Allen	14	13	17	17	16	16	19	19	160	131	.817	
Clay	17	16	19	15	17	17	14	15	160	130	.812	
Hawwater	16	17	15	19	17	16	17	14	160	130	.812	
Koehler	19	11	17	17	15	17	13	16	160	127	.793	
Erhardt	16	17	13	16	14	17	17	13	160	126	.787	
Hallowell	14	14	15	17	16	14	16	17	160	123	.768	
Eaton	17	17	13	14	14	14	14	15	160	118	.737	
Moore	14	15	13	13	13	12	15	15	160	110	.687	
*Reust	19	19	18	19	19	17	16	w	
Dr. Smith	18	40	34	.850	
Tucker	17	17	17	16	15	80	62	.820	
Cornett	100	85	.812	
Bellamy	13	17	15	16	19	17	120	97	.808	
Gottlieb	16	18	8	20	140	113	.807	
G. A. Johnson	17	16	15	60	48	.800	
Cockrell	16	18	17	18	11	100	80	.800	
Harrison	60	47	.783	
Collins	16	14	19	16	18	11	15	...	140	109	.778	
Hill	16	14	80	62	.775	
W. A. Porter	80	61	.766	
Riley	18	17	100	76	.760	
Sedam	120	89	.741	
Wilnot	12	17	14	16	80	59	.733	
Thomas	12	17	13	80	59	.733	
Lemon	100	73	.730	
North	15	14	40	29	.725	
Bryant	40	29	.725	
Norton	14	14	15	60	43	.716	
Ruggles	13	18	15	12	17	11	140	86	.716	
J. P. Lucas	15	14	11	16	16	13	140	85	.708	
Howard	14	10	120	85	.708	
Hodges	16	15	15	12	14	12	120	84	.700	
West	14	11	13	17	14	12	120	82	.680	
Pendergast	12	13	17	12	14	100	68	.680	
Tolson	14	12	15	17	12	10	14	...	140	94	.671	
Wright	60	40	.666	
Clark	40	26	.650	

Herman	13	13	12	60	38	.633
Mermod	13	12	40	25	.625
Universal	8	12	12	60	32	.533
Glasner	11
Barse	16
Beach	18

INDIVIDUAL STATE AND INTERSTATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

With forty entries this was quite an event, one that resulted in as pretty a contest as one could wish to witness. With so many entries and such high class of contestants excellent shooting was done. Sedam, Porter and Gilbert have the honor of finishing with a straight, and in the melee between this trio for the possession of the elegant watch charm that went to the winner, that grand old veteran from the Rocky Mountains came out with flying colors, not, however, until he had run up the great total of 42 straight, as it was in this round that Gilbert and Porter both came to grief on very similar birds. The shoot-off was truly an exciting one, as there was a fine lot of birds trapped just about then. Every one of the contestants was shooting in rare time, and it began to look as though they might go on for an indefinite time killing every bird that was trapped. The final came on the 17th bird. Gilbert, who led off, got a good, fast one from No. 5 trap, on which he appeared to be a trifle slow, which proved fatal, as the bird carried both charges out of bounds.

Now Porter drew a similar bird from No. 1 trap, and to the disappointment of his friends this too got away over the wire, only to succumb afterward. It now only remained for Sedam to kill to win. His bird was, like the two previous ones, good and fast, being only stopped by a good second, and then it almost managed to struggle to the wire. This bird came from No. 3 trap, while had it come from either of the end traps it would perhaps have been out by a foot or so. The shoot-off was only for the possession of the interstate trophy, as Jim Porter was the only State shooter to kill straight, so naturally he wins the State championship and the medal that goes with it.

The conditions of this race are 25 live birds, entrance \$12.50, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., 30yds. rise. State shooters can compete in both events by paying a double entry fee, their one score counting in both events. There was \$50 added to each purse.

While this is given under the head of the first day, the shoot-off for the trophy did not occur until the second day, as it was impossible to finish the event on Monday.

There was no target programme, but there was a number of events run off, and in all of these Gilbert was to the front; in fact, this was a great day for him, he finishing the day with 100 per cent. In all he shot at 125 targets and 25 live birds, accounting for all of them, thus making a run of 150 straight for the day. The weather was threatening, though there was little wind blowing, so there was little to aid the live birds or make the targets erratic.

Sedam*	2312111121212122222222-25
J. B. Porter†	2112222222121212222212-25
Gilbert*	1222222222221112222222-25
Starkloff†	211122*11212212211122-24
L. Porter†	22222122222*1222222222-24
Beach	1231121221212121212102-24
Mermod*	2222222222101122212212-24
Budd*	0122122122211222122221-24
Walden†	12122222212*1*21212222-23
J. A. R. Elliott†	112222111222222*212*221-23
Riley†	22222121212*1222222220-23
Hallowell†	2212*21212222012122122-23
Dr. J. W. Smith†	212122221222222011221*21-23
Kling†	01111121211*1121112102-23
Overly	2022121222022222222222-23
Bigelow*	2222222022222222222222-23
Grimm*	22221102222022222122222-23
Fanning*	22222222220*21112*121212-22
Planck	122221*102121111222201-22
Pendergast†	1022222022222222222222-22
Whittier†	221212012212222022120122-22
R. Jarrett†	1112122220021210121222-22
Cockrell†	2221212222200102221122-22
F. J. Smith†	1221220212222112212020-22
Campbell	122210221001211211*12212-21
Taylor†	222220122101212222212021-21
Collins†	2221121220102222222222-21
Hawwater*	111222222022222222221210-21
Wilnot†	122011*021121021111112-21
Harrison*	2222222020201102222222-21
Hickman†	02221112*212121201112120-20
J. P. Jackson	20201112*212121201112120-20
Bernhard*	202221222200121212120110-20
Fletcher†	111022220221*2212*121012-19
Gottlieb†	222120122012*10221*2222*19
Stockwell†	121120010010222110121112-19
Funk*	122211220*12221*1102200w
Glade*	1221010222222000w
Bramhall	22222222222020w
Curtice	222022000w
Sedam	211222212212222222 -17
Porter	2211111121222211* -16
Gilbert	2222222222222222* -16

* After name denotes interstate shooter. † After name denotes entered for both purses.

Smith cup. It is expected that this club will be foremost in representation at the Association contest at Peoria in June, and it is expected that they will be represented with several teams in the tournament.

The shooting was very difficult throughout the day, and the elements were such that unusually poor scores were made. Following are scores made in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	15	15	15	15	15	20	20
F P Stannard	20	12	13	14	9	12	11	..
F H Lord	20	11	..	15
H J Vetter	13	6	6	6	9	6	10	..
E M Steck	10	11	12	6	12	18	10
J S Houston	7	9	11	6	11	11	..
A W Adams	11	10	10	4	7	11	..
Doc	11	10	5
Paterson	6	10	4	11	13
Sundermeyer	12	6	6	9	8
Buchta	7	8	3	9
B Stromball	5	4	4	6	8
W D Stannard	11	13	15

Boroff		98	76	10	00	00	..
J T Glover		98	-1	00	00	9	10 ..

De Wolfe 9 11 ..
 Adams 11 11 ..
 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 were known to the unknown angles. No. 6

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest, 25 target birds in known traps, unknown angles, classified. There was a driving rain and wind blowing from the right quarter and seemed to change direction throughout the afternoon; the sun shone strong, and the target birds in their flight were very erratic. The shooting was quite difficult but notwithstanding some good scores were made. W. D. No. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 6, reverse pull; No. 7, known traps, unknown angles; No. 8, from three unknown traps, known angles; No. 9, pairs from three unknown traps.

Stannard wins Class A, W. D. De Wolfe wins Class B, A. C. Borroff wins Class C:

Class A.

F H Lord11111101101100011011110-18
F P Stannard011111111111101101111-21
Ed Sieck11111101111101111100010-19
A. C. Borroff11000111100111111010100-15

J S Paterson	01100101110011111101010	13
J S Houston	1111111111000011111101	20
W D Stannard	11111111111111110111110	23
A W Adams	00100111111110101111110	18
Class B.		
H J Vetter	011101100100111110101010	13
C W Carson	011001010010000000111110	10

W. D. De Wolfe	0100011111101010111101111	-17
	Class C.	
A. C. Borroff	0011111110000100101000111	-18
*C. Buchta	11110100000010110111011015	-15
*A. Sundermeyer	1011010010000101111100001	-10

"B Stromball".....0011010010000100101010010—9
 GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.
 The Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, held its second semi-
 monthly shoot at Watson's Park on Saturday afternoon, May 21.

The first event was at 10 live birds, with the following detailed result:			
A S Klineman.....	2112110110—8	J M Gillespie.....	2211221120—9
J H Amberg.....	2111*02202—7	M R Kimball.....	1*2201111—8
H Levi.....	002022*210—5	H Goldsmith.....	1201100212—7
J Watson.....	1222112101—9		
The second event was at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles.			
The third event was at 20 targets from three unknown traps, in practice for the Smith cup event of the Illinois State shoot. The fourth event was at 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles:			
Events:	2 3 4	Events:	2 3 4
Targets:	25 20 15	Targets:	25 20 15
A S Klineman.....	21 15 14	Gillespie.....	20 12 12
Goldsmith.....	18 14 11	Kimball.....	14
Richey.....	23	Parker.....	20 15 ..
Amberg.....	18 14 13	Binyon.....
Levi.....	18		

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly contest at targets on the club grounds, corner Monroe and Fifty-second streets, to-day, with a fair attendance. The wind blew strong across the traps from the south and made the shooting difficult. As a result the scores are not up to the usual average of the participants. Event No. 1 was 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 2 was the trophy event, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 3 was 10 targets, reverse pull; event No. 4 was 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 5 was 15 singles, unknown traps and angles, and 5 pairs, one man up, and event No. 5 was 10 pairs:

Events:	1 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 10 15 25 20	Targets:	15 10 15 25 20
T P Hicks.....	12 9 13 18 ..	De Maris.....	2
Dr Meek.....	6 3	C P Richards.....	8 5 10 13 ..
Dr Shaw.....	12 9 14 11 9	Fehrman.....	12 7 11 13 ..
R Kuss.....	10 5 14 16 13	W H Jones.....	11 4 11 7 ..
J Workman.....	4	Sutton.....	5 10 4 ..

Event No. 2 was the second weekly trophy contest, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. R. Kuss wins Class A medal, Dr. I. Meek wins Class B medal, J. Workman wins Class C medal in the shoot-off. The following are detailed scores of the same:

Hicks.....	11111100110111111111011101110—20
Meek.....	0111100110011010011010011—15
Shaw.....	10101011011111011111110011—19
Kuss.....	111010111111111111101011—22
Workman.....	0011111101010000101011—15
De Maris.....	000001010100101010011000—10
Richards.....	100111110011001100011011—16
Fehrman.....	0110101111110010111111—19
Jones.....	00001111010011000111101—14
Eaton.....	101001010111110110101101—15

Shoot-off:

Workman.....	1100010100—4	Eaton.....	0010010101—4
--------------	--------------	------------	--------------

Second shoot-off:

Workman.....	1110111010—7	Eaton.....	1100000101—4
--------------	--------------	------------	--------------

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

May 19.—The Chicago Athletic Association, of this city, recently formulated a plan for a shooting contest confined exclusively within its membership. The contest to be at live birds, for a gold medal, and shot on the grounds of Watson's Park. Among

the Association membership are a considerable number of enthusiastic gentlemen, who spend many days in the field during the shooting season. Some are very excellent shots, though their places are not familiar at the State shoots. Many of these gentlemen, while excellent enthusiasts

traps, but enter into the contest full of ambition with a view to

becoming more skilled.

The worthy president of the Association, Mr. D. M. Lord, says that he has not handled a gun in sixteen years, but is now going to commence anew again, and show the other contestants a trick or two before the season is over.

Dr. H. H. Frothingham was a very busy man during the contest, acting in the capacity of captain and manager. There were many in attendance who did not participate in the contest to-day, but are expected to in the next event, which promises to be of fully twenty-five entries.

The conditions governing the trophy are: Shot under American Shooting Association rules, 15 live birds, handicap of distance as well as added dead birds to the weaker shooters. There are to be twelve contests in all, one the third Thursday of each month, the trophy to be awarded to the contestant winning it the greatest number of times.

In the contest D. M. Lord, W. H. Thompson and E. A. Russell were allowed to continue out their scores, alternating with other shooters, to permit of their attending an Association meeting. Mr. Russell scoring a straight with the handicap allowance, the shooters following largely dropped out when their chances to tie with handicap birds were used up, consequently many failed to shoot out their full scores.

The day was cool, with clouded sky and a driving wind from the right quarter. The birds were a very good lot, and flew largely to the left quarter. Many good kills were made of hard birds, as well as easy ones missed.

Mr. William Kent, after killing 12 straight, stood to tie E. Russell, who was the only straight, but his 13th bird had a curve in its flight which was difficult to get on to; this followed by his missing the next two, and he finished in the 13 hole. Mr. Russell got a good race, centering his birds, and won over Edwards by

439

Smith cup. It is expected that this club will be foremost in representation at the Association contest at Peoria in June, and it is expected that they will be represented with several teams in the tournament.

The shooting was very difficult throughout the day, and the elements were such that unusually poor scores were made. Following are scores made in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	15	15	15	15	15	20	20
F P Stannard	20	12	13	14	9	12	11	..
F H Lord	20	11	15

E J Vetter	13	6	6	9	6	10
E M Steck	10	11	12	6	12	18
J S Houston	7	9	11	6	11	11
A W Adams	11	10	10	4	7	11
Doc	11	10	4			
Patereson	6	10	5	11	13	
Sundermeyer	12	6	6	9	8	
Buchta	7	8	3	9		
B Stromball	5	4	4	6	8	
W D Stannard	11	13			15	

[illegible]

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 6 reverse pull; No. 7, known traps, unknown angles; No. 8, from three unknown traps, known angles; No. 9, pairs from three known traps.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest, 25 targets known traps, unknown angles, classified. There was a driving wind blowing from the right quarter and seemed to change throughout the afternoon; the sun shone strong, and the targets in their flight were very erratic. The shooting was quite difficult, but notwithstanding some good scores were made. W. D. Stannard wins Class A, W. D. De Wolfe wins Class B, A. C.

Class A.	
F. H. Lord	111111011101100011011110-18
F. P. Stannard	01111111111111010111011-27

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Abstract

Class B.

C J Vetter	011110110010011110101010—13
C W Carson	01100101001000000001111100—10
W D De Wolfe	010001111110101011101011—17
Class C.	
A C Borroff	001111111000010010100011—13
*C Buehla	111110101000100110111010—13
*A Sundermeyer	101100000000011011100001—10
*B Strimball	0011010010000100101010010—9

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, held its second semi-monthly shoot at Watson's Park on Saturday afternoon, May 21

ve birds,

A S Klineaman.....	2112110110-8	J M Gillespie.....	2211221120-9
J H Amberg.....	2111*02202-7	Mr Kimball.....	1*22011111-8
H Jevi.....	002022*210-5	H Goldsmith.....	1201100212-7
J Watson.....	1222112101-9		

targets from

Events:	2	3	4	Events:	2	3	4
Targets:	25	20	15	Targets:	25	20	15
A S Klineaman.....	21	15	14	Gillespie	20	12	12
Goldsmith	18	14	11	Kimball	14
Richey	23	Parker	20	15	..
Amberg	18	14	13	Binyon
Levi	18				

targets on the club grounds, corner Monroe and Fifty-second streets, to-day, with a fair attendance. The wind blew strong across the traps from the south and made the shooting difficult. As a result the scores are not up to the usual average of the participants. Event No. 1 was 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 2 was the trophy event, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles; event No. 3 was 10 targets, reverse null.

known to

Events;	1	3	4	5	6	Events;	1	3	4	5	6
Targets;	15	10	15	25	20	Targets;	15	10	15	25	20
T P Hicks	12	9	13	18	..	De Maris	3
Dr Mceek	6	3	C P Richards	8	5	10	13	..
Dr Shaw	12	9	14	11	9	Fehrmann	12	7	11	13	..
R Kuss	10	5	14	16	13	W H Jones	11	4	11	7	..
J Workman	4	Sutton	5	10	4

Event No. 2 was the second weekly trophy contest, at 25 targets, unknown traps, unknown angles, classified. R. Kuss wins Class A.

ss B mc
The follo

Hicks1111110011011111111011110	—20
Meek01111100111001110100111001	—15
Shaw1101011101111101111110011	—10

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Workman	001111110101100001101011	-22
De Maris	000001101010011010011000	-10
Richards	1001111110011100110001111	-16
Fehrman	01101011111110001111111	-19
Jones	00001110110011000111101	-14
Eaton	101001010111110110101101	-15
Shoot-off:		
Workman	1100010100	4
Eaton	0010010104	4

Second shoot-off:
 Werkman1110111010-7 Eaton1100000101-4

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.
May 19.—The Chicago Athletic Association, of this city, recently formulated a plan for a shooting contest confined exclusively within its membership. The contest to be at live birds, for a

grounds

the Association membership are a considerable number of enthusiastic gentlemen, who spend many days in the field during the shooting season. Some are very excellent shots, though their names are not familiar at the State shoots. Many of these gentlemen, while equally enthusiastic, are not as experienced at the traps, but enter into the contest full of ambition with a view to becoming more skilled.

The worthy president of the Association, Mr. D. M. Lead, vice-

gun in

Dr. H. H. Frothingham was a very busy man during the contest, acting in the capacity of captain and manager. There were many in attendance who did not participate in the contest to

lay, but are expected to in the next event, which promises to be

the trophy

In the contest D. M. Lord, W. H. Thompson and E. A. Russell were allowed to continue out their scores, alternating with other shooters, to permit the contest to continue. The contest was held for a month, the trophy to be awarded to the contestant winning it the greatest number of times.

attending
it with the
pped out
ed up, so

The day was cool, with clouded sky and a driving wind from the right quarter. The birds were a very good lot, and flew largely to the left quarter. Many good kills were made of hard birds, as well as easy ones missed.

ing 12 str

Following are detailed scores, giving handicap of distance and bird allowance:

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 23.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

JUBILEE NUMBER.

THE issue of June 25 will complete the Fiftieth Volume of FOREST AND STREAM; and the event will be fittingly marked by making that a Jubilee Number, filled to overflowing with good things. It will be notable for store of good reading and wealth of illustration. A preliminary notice to the trade has already assured for this special number a wide demand. It will have a large circulation among those who are not regular readers of the paper, and for this reason will have increased attractions for advertisers. Special advertising rates for the Jubilee Number will be sent on application.

BALTIMORE'S DOG PROBLEM.

WITH the coming of warm weather recurs the problem of dealing with the surplus dog supply of towns and cities. The solution of the question has been discovered by New York city, which has intrusted to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the task of enforcing the license law, and collecting and disposing of unlicensed and stray dogs. The Society does the work most admirably, and so quietly and efficiently that the community is thoroughly satisfied and gratified. The experience of municipalities which have enlisted the services of the Society in this work has been uniformly happy, and may well serve as a precedent for others. The work is one which falls within the province of the Society, and wherever a branch of the organization exists it may well be given jurisdiction in the matter.

Baltimore is just now considering a reform in its method of dealing with this dog question. The present system is of a gang or gangs of self-constituted dog catchers, who are stimulated to activity by a reward of twenty-five cents for every dog captured and delivered at the pound. Wherever in force this system has always proved vicious in practice. Voluntary dog catchers are likely to be ruffians and brutes, who fail to distinguish between dog catching and dog stealing; affrays are always imminent between them and outraged owners; personal violence is frequently resorted to, and more than one murder has resulted from a dog catcher's misdirected enthusiasm. That the system does not work more smoothly in Baltimore than elsewhere was illustrated by a case which appeared in one of the police courts of that city last week, when a young woman was brought before the court to answer a charge of assault and battery, the offense having been committed while she was engaged in defending the family dog from seizure by two dog catchers, George Washington and Elijah Toogood, both colored. The defendant, as the testimony showed, had discovered the men making away with the dog, and had fired a gun from an upper window "at an open space to attract a policeman." George and Elijah were unscathed, but as is usually the case, several innocent bystanders suffered; a boy and two women were wounded; and in the case of one of them the justice imposed upon the family dog defender a fine of \$75 and costs. What became of the dog is not reported; he probably went to the pound and contributed his head-money to the enrichment of Washington and Toogood. This case is instructive because it is typical of the system. Under a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals regime, if there had been necessity of seizing the dog, it would have been taken quietly, decently and without provoking a small riot; the public peace would not have been outraged by a woman shooting at random from an upper window; and Baltimore would have been spared the police court record of a case which reflects extreme discredit upon it as a civilized community.

Manifestly Baltimore should reform its dog license system. Two measures looking to that end are now

before the city council. One proposed ordinance would give the superintendence and execution of the work into the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the other one would provide two official dog catchers, to be paid salaries, instead of being rewarded so much per head for dogs captured. Manifestly either of the systems would be in the nature of an improvement upon the crude and brutal methods which now prevail with their shotgun accompaniments.

FIELD SPORTS AND WAR.

"A SOUND mind in a sound body" is a maxim which appeals instantly to the favorable consideration of all sensible men. It is so self-evident that the mere statement of it wins one's assent. But, potent as it is in times of peace, in times of war it is a thousandfold more so. The defenders of a nation must needs be physically able and enduring and clear of mind, both for their own preservation as individuals and the preservation of their country. But the physically strong and courageous and sensible are not the product of accident, nor are they peculiar to any special land or climate. The most vigorous men are those who grow and develop according to nature's simple laws, those who breathe fresh air, live in the sunlight, drink pure water, and observe the gospel of cleanliness both in their persons and their lives; and while all can observe the latter conditions, the former are not so easy of attainment by those who toil at the desk or bench for their bread and butter, those who are chained to business. The workers, whether with brain or hand, can set aside but a small portion of their time for the needed recreation; but the benefits accruing from even a short time spent in field or on stream, in the wholesome sports of gun and rod, are incalculably great to those who are the beneficiaries. Such makes all the difference between degeneracy and greater development, for no organism is at a standstill. Man advances or recedes. In engaging with the forces of nature, he develops to the highest capability of his nature.

Week after week, for many years past, the gospel of wholesome recreation has been persistently preached in these columns. The many thousands who have enjoyed the witchery of the waters wherein hide the cunning game fish have found in FOREST AND STREAM a wealth of matter in sympathy with their sport, full of the best literature appertaining to it and related subjects, and also up to date on all technical information. The many thousands of others whose enjoyment was greatest in pursuing the big game of the forests, using the rifle to offset the great size, strength and ferocity of the wild beasts, or those who pursued the gentler sports with dog and gun in pursuit of the game birds, were no less well served with the best that was entertaining and instructive. Thus the thousands who were "chained to business" had the newest and freshest of the world of sport from week to week, keeping their interest alive and their hopes revived for a time when the business chains would be broken—if not entirely, for a time at least sufficient to participate in the delights of the fields and streams. It was the doctrine of making men happier, and physically strong and capable.

In preaching the gospel of wholesome recreation, the forsaking of desk and workshop for the necessary physical and mental recuperation, which can be found nowhere so potent as in nature's own unroofed temples, much more than a passing good was conferred. The camping, the fishing and the shooting, in themselves delectable occupations, were a means of conferring on the community a class of defenders, men with sound minds in sound bodies.

Men who are physically strong and vigorous—these qualities resulting from the freedom, the activity, the self-reliance incident to the pursuit of field sports in time of peace—are palpably a great addition to the nation's strength at all times, but they are of incomparable value in time of war. While there is much in the work of the soldier that is distinctly different from the work of the sportsman, there is hardly anything in the experience of the latter which is not directly of value, by way of preparation, and analogous to the soldier's life. The sportsman whose eye and hand and nerve are trained to the use of a rifle or shotgun makes a more efficient soldier from the very beginning than does the man whose first knowledge of a rifle begins with his enlist-

ment. The man whose courage has been tested against the grizzly bear on its own ground displays greater fortitude in the face of danger than does the recruit who never had occasion or opportunity to face any real danger in his life. The man whose powers of body are developed to the highest degree of activity and endurance from long pursuit in the chase, who is alert, aggressive, self-confident and daring, who has camped in the wilderness, endured heat and cold and depended on his own efforts for subsistence, has already acquired much toward the qualities of the best soldier.

Thus field sports, with their lessons in the use of the gun, in camp life, in horseback riding, in discipline, in dangers, in developing strong, resolute and enduring men physically and mentally, are producing the very best material for the nation's defenders in time of trouble such as this country is now experiencing in the war with Spain.

The Government officials appreciate keenly the importance of physically and mentally able men, and their standards of fitness have these qualities in view, and are rigorously observed. Men who follow confining occupations, and who neither fish, ride, shoot, row, nor walk except from their doors to a street car, are apt to be narrow chested, and constitutionally incapable of any prolonged physical effort, even though they may have determination to go through a conflict, and grit enough to back up their determination.

Let the young and the old fish and shoot, first because in these they have a healthy and innocent means of recreation, and second, because the nation is a gainer in having better citizens, abler defenders, and a wiser people thereby.

THE MINNESOTA INDIAN CASE.

IN our game columns to-day is reported an important decision just rendered by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, defining the rights of reservation Indians as to the export of game contrary to the statute. An Indian woman residing on the White Earth Reservation, and engaged in the business of trading, shipped a consignment of birds to Detroit, Minn., where they were delivered to the express company for exportation out of the State, in violation of the non-export law. The goods were seized by the game warden and confiscated as contraband. The shipper then entered suit to recover, setting up the plea that the game having been killed on the reservation was not subject to control of the statute; and the case was carried to the Supreme Court. The opinion just handed down holds, after an examination of the treaties, that the jurisdiction of the State with respect to game extends over the Indian reservations, although by reason of the peculiar relations held by the Indians as wards of the National Government the State may not with respect to them enforce its laws on the reservations. When game has been shipped from the confines of the reservation, however, it becomes subject to State control, and if held in possession or transported in violation of the statute, it may be confiscated. This is good law and good common sense. The ruling will go far to make more efficient Minnesota's excellent system of game protection. With the market cut off the killing of game by the Indians will materially be reduced. How enormous this destruction is was indicated in a recent report by Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, a missionary among the Chippewas, who gave as his estimate, derived from an experience of years among the Indians, that the tribes in northern Minnesota killed annually an average of 355 moose and 4,700 deer. They hunt, he says, at all seasons, by every method, without regard to law, and not only on the reservations, but over large areas of contiguous territory. The very pith of the Supreme Court decision is just this, that it really has to do not so much with reservation game as with the game of the State at large, for the unlawful destruction of which the reservation game traffic has been a pretext and shield. We may now look for a tightening of the lines of a system which has put Minnesota in the front rank of game protective principles and practices.

We would be glad to have addresses of FOREST AND STREAM readers, whether regular subscribers or news stand purchasers, who, having volunteered, are now in camp, whether in a State camp or at Falls Church, Chickamauga or Tampa.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Hunting in Baffin Land.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has already given the account of that exasperating caribou hunt of mine in the heart of Nugsuak Peninsula, on the west coast of Greenland, in 1896. The direct effect of that experience was to whet my appetite for an ultimate successful hunt, and I was handsomely repaid for all my effort last fall at the head of Frobisher Bay, Baffin Land, just under the Arctic Circle.

We (my party of six and eleven Eskimos) had come up the bay 200 miles from the whaling station, in whaleboats, stopping occasionally for a day to hunt inland, but for the most part were disappointed about the game. Two or three small does were shot, by the Eskimos, I believe, but the herds which the natives had talked so much about had disappeared. As we came through Bear's Sound not a pan of ice was to be seen—hence no walrus. This was another setback, and although eider ducks swarmed in thousands in among the islands we pressed on to the head of the bay, where we were assured the "tookto" (caribou) would be found in numbers.

We reached the head of the bay in ten days, taking advantage of tides and winds, rowing on calm days, which were extremely few, and against contrary winds; rushing through groups of islands where the tide was setting in all directions and seals were continually coming to the surface to be met by a volley or shots from the boats as we sped along. Our larder was kept stocked with a variety of fresh food, ducks, venison, hares, ptarmigans and sea trout.

The tenth day found the expedition camped near the mouth of a large river, named by Hall (the only white man before us to reach the head of the bay) the River Jordan. We pitched the big wall tent and small circular tent in a friendly way alongside of a family of Eskimos who were found residing here for the summer, living as usual in squalor and grease. Their canoes, or kayaks, were down by the river, bottom side up, and resting on piles of stones. Two whaleboats, covered on the bottoms with "ookjuk," or big seal skin, rested beside them. A few dogs in a state of half starvation prowled among the skin tents, watching an opportunity to eat up their master's boots, hung out to dry.

A constant roar from the north came from the falls of the river, which dropped here 15 or 20 ft. In these the seal trout were swarming, large speckled fish, running from 5 to 10 lbs. in weight. We found the natives spearing them when we arrived. But to return to the caribou: After two or three days' desultory hunting Shaw and I started off one morning early with our guns and our pockets full of hard tack. We crossed the river below the falls, getting the Eskimos to ferry us across on the backs of their kayaks, and took a course up the river valley, or rather among the foothills skirting the valley to the north. Let the reader bear in mind that there is absolutely no timber in Baffin Land, the only bush there being the Arctic willow, which confines itself to trailing along on the ground. The character of the country is barren, with some grass near the streams and a patch of winter snow here and there against the northern slopes. Glacial drift is scattered over the valleys, with occasional boulders strewn over the hills; the rock is gneiss.

At six we stopped on the first ridge; we were working away from the valley, and scanned through the telescope the country ahead of us. This is the way reindeer are hunted in Arctic regions. Every well-to-do native is not without a spy-glass of some sort.

There was nothing in sight. The only sound was the strong wind cutting by our faces. We kept on down into one valley, up the next slope, scanning the new sections at the ridge, and so on mile after mile. I was pondering over my usual bad luck with this sport as we started to ascend one of the everlasting ribs of rock, when my companion, who was looking ahead, stopped and fell on his knees. I followed his example. As I did so he pointed in front of us, down a valley. A large male, barren-ground caribou was leisurely cropping the reindeer moss, slowly raising his heavy antlers, now in the velvet, and moving toward us.

I tried to compose myself. Many times hunting in Maine for moose, and in Greenland, I had imagined just such a scene as this, and thought how easy a thing it would be to raise a gun to my shoulder, take a long, steady aim and put a bullet through the heart, lungs or head of the big animal. But now I felt entirely different. There was a lump in my throat, but it was not there from the thought of shedding blood. Every hunter has known some time or other what that feeling is.

We retreated down the hill and skirted it to the north, crawling up another slope in the direction of the game. The wind fortunately was in our favor. At last I reached the top, pulling up among a semi-circle stones as big as bushel baskets, of which I shall speak again later. There I gained enough courage to raise my head and look down the hill. The lump came into my throat again, for there was the big bull scarcely 70 yds. away, looking, I thought, squarely at me. I turned over and lay down on my back. He seemed to my excited brain bigger than the biggest ox I had ever seen.

"You shoot first," said Shaw to me in a low voice, "and I will be ready in case you don't hit."

I turned over and looked again through the boulders. He was now a little nearer if anything, perfectly contented, munching the moss and slowly, very slowly, moving his head, as though his horns weighed heavily upon him.

Resting my Winchester conveniently on the rock in front of me, I sighted long and carefully. I aimed at his heart, and as he raised his head and was square on I fired. The beast dropped in his tracks, while I sat on the ground blinking my eyes at the sight, while Shaw was dancing a can-can around the boulders, his only comment meanwhile being: "Bully shot, old man! bully shot!" And so it was. There was only one hole that we could find where the bullet had pierced the skin. It was back of the neck and just below the burrs

of the horns—some distance, you will note, from the heart—but this time I had been lucky.

We skinned and cut up the animal after taking the principal measurements. His shoulder was 50 in. from the ground, the antlers 42 in. from burr to tip, with 22 points. He was fat, but his skin was not quite prime. The "tudnoo," as the natives call the fat, lay 3 in. thick on his back.

It was then only 9 o'clock in the morning, but hunting further that day was wisely given up. As it was, after skinning and packing the head, skin and the two hams, or 150 lbs., besides the guns, it was evening before we did the ten or twelve miles between us and camp.

One mile from the river we left our burden on a conspicuous boulder, and reaching camp sent the native boys after it. The next day they found the carcass and brought it to their tents, consuming every vestige of it, even to the contents of the stomach, which they consider an especial luxury.

In talking with my head Eskimo about the shot I had made I asked him to explain how there came to be but one bullet hole in the skin. I had firmly believed that the bullet had actually gone through the caribou's mouth and out at the back of his neck. He laughed at this, however, and showed me where the hair had been torn away just in front of the hole. This explained matters. As I had fired the animal was lowering his head to the ground, and the bullet entering the back of the neck had lodged somewhere in his body.

The circle of stones from which I had taken my "pot shot" was, he said, placed there a long, long time ago when the "Innuits" (Eskimos) hunted the caribou with bows and arrows. They were built in the valleys or on slight elevations in the valleys. In these the hunters would take their stand. Others would round up the game and drive it up the valley. The caribou kept to the low land and passed within easy range of the men in ambush behind the boulders. I saw many of these circles in the trip through the bay, and near some of them were holes formed by piling up rocks, into which the natives cached their meat.

Two days later the return journey was begun down the west coast of the bay along the savage, rock-ribbed coast of Meta Incognita. Caribou were more plentiful here, and one of my party had the good luck to run across a polar bear three miles inland up the bed of a small stream. Many wolves were seen on this coast.

After visiting the Boas glacier we headed across the bay and reached the station over familiar ground. The good ship Hope was awaiting our arrival (we were two days late), and the next morning found my party all on board and bound for Sydney, C. B., the railroads and home.

RUSSELL W. PORTER.

The Pearl River Country.

COMPARATIVELY few Northern sportsmen know anything about the splendid fishing and hunting which exists in the southern parts of Mississippi and Louisiana. The last was my third season spent in exploring, hunting and fishing along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which penetrates a region which is all divided into rivers, bayous, and bodies of water extending far inland, from the Gulf of Mexico.

The district lying adjacent to Pearl River (which empties into Mississippi Sound, and is the dividing line between Louisiana and Mississippi) is about as fine a winter hunting and fishing ground as I have ever discovered. Thirty miles from New Orleans, La., is Lake Catherine, which is from two to five miles wide, and eight miles long. The waters of this lake seem to be directly connected with those of the Gulf of Mexico by several long arms called "passes," which have tides every twelve hours. These "passes" are wide and deep enough to float an ocean steamer, and contain an immense variety of fish, among them being the tarpon, or "silver king," sheepshead, red fish, mackerel, sardines, flounder, bass, green trout, ocean trout, king fish and over a dozen other varieties.

A number of bayous flow into lakes Catherine and Borgne, and in the winter these bayous are alive with bass. I took fifty-six of these bass in one day, using for bait a small fish called perch by the natives, but which proved to be our little Northern sunfish.

On the 7th of January I was rowing across Lake Catherine at 6 A. M., headed for Bayou Bazhan, famous for its black bass fishing. It was a very beautiful morning, warm enough for me to dispense with a coat. The sky was just glorious, with fleecy clouds extending from north to south, lit up and beautifully colored by the rays of the rising sun. At the mouth of the bayou I met another angler who, like myself, was charmed with weather and scenery. To the eastward the clouds seemed like rose-tinted feathers, while over southwest the forest lined shore of the lake loomed up faintly through the morning mist, growing gradually smaller and dimmer, until the fine shadowy lines faded into the gray light of dawning day. Rowing up the bayou about a mile, I let the boat drift down stream, as the tide was running out, and hooking a small sunfish through the lips, I cast the lure 30 ft. up stream, allowing it to drift gently down toward the boat. Fishing in Southern bayous, for bass, is very different from casting for bass in our Northern lakes and rivers. Southern anglers, at least in Louisiana, use a float attached to line about 4 ft. from the bait, and it is certainly a novel way to fish for bass, as it thrills one to see the float disappear from view, which it does in a hurry when a hungry bass strikes the bait. The morning in question was just right for bass, and I commenced to enjoy good sport from the moment I made my first cast until my bait gave out. After lunch I used "cut bait," removing the skin from dead sunfish, and cutting the fish in strips, which resembled a minnow. The bass ran from 1 to 5 lbs., and proved to be good fighters. The water in all of these bayous is salty, and the fish are finely flavored. I noticed that the bass always bit best when the tide was running out. I fished in Bayou Bazhan six days, and my total catch was 180 bass, the largest one weighing 5 lbs., although I hooked several larger ones, that escaped through the hook breaking.

The tarpon sometimes appear in great numbers in Lake Catherine. Two years ago a number of fishermen

were hauling a seine in this lake, and they caught a school of tarpon, and in a few minutes the net was ruined. When I told the men that a lady had hooked, played and killed a tarpon which weighed 100 lbs., I quickly established a reputation as a good fish liar.

Lake Catherine has many bayous flowing into it, all containing bass, flounder and whitecat, and I caught one fish that no one could name, it being shaped like a trout, having a forked tail, wide head, and a row of yellow spots extending from the head to the middle on both sides of the body. This fish fought long and savagely, and leaped out of the boat before being unhooked, after upsetting the bait pail, and playing havoc generally.

I have just received a letter from a friend who is fishing for bass in the bayous emptying into Lake Borgne, and he writes me that he averaged 100 bass a day for five days. But the Pearl River country beats any place we have yet discovered for really grand hunting and fishing. Up the river, a few miles above the mouth, the waters of the river are clear and full of large bass, while the woods lining the shores are full of deer, bear, turkey, squirrel, coon and rabbit. Honey Island, in Pearl River, is heavily wooded, and fairly alive with game.

A most interesting race of white people live in this Pearl River country; they have no churches, yet every one is thoroughly honest; no door is ever locked, and the latchstring is out to every stranger that happens to wander into the community. The people do very little farming, seemingly existing by hunting and fishing, yet every one looked fat and perfectly happy. In my next letter I will write more about these odd people, and hope to present some pictures taken from life in this region.

The duck shooting is great. Mallard, pintail, red-heads and canvasbacks are the only kind we deign to pull a bead on.

EDWARD G. TAYLOR.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XIII.

(Continued from page 425.)

WHEN exploring for new grounds I went to work systematically, and carefully worked out all the covers in the section of country that I was investigating, whether they looked promising or not, for I often found capital shooting in places that did not have the appearance of being suited to the requirements of game of any description, and so often did this occur that I was forced to the conclusion that in reality I knew but little of the laws that govern the actions of birds, and that the thorough knowledge of all these matters that I had taken no little pride in was lamentably deficient, in this respect at least; but I was ever quick to learn in matters of this nature, and I soon found that birds are very like human bipeds in some respects, particularly in their love for the home of their youth, and that the laws that are said to govern them when selecting their haunts cannot be depended upon when put to the test of practical experience, for water and food supply have very little influence with grouse or woodcock, as well as many other birds, when selecting their place of abode. It is true that the birds must eat and have water, and when hungry or thirsty they will resort to the places where these essentials can be found, but that is far from proving that the books are correct in stating that these places are always their regular haunts, for I have certainly found it to be all wrong in numberless instances. Not that there are not many birds that have their homes where water and food abound and they may nearly always be found in the vicinity, but this proves nothing only that it is their home, for there are many other birds that make their homes in places where not a drop of water or any food can be found, and they also may nearly always be found in their chosen haunts. I have known hundreds of such instances, and in many of these places I have repeatedly shot every bird in the cover, only to find upon my next visit to the spot that it was again as abundantly stocked as before. As I have already said, love of the place where they were bred undoubtedly often influences their choice when selecting their home, but there is something else that leads them to such resorts as I have described, but what it is I do not know, although I have puzzled my brains over the matter many times.

I was once shooting with a friend, and we were crossing from one cover to another through a tract from which the wood had been cut the previous winter, and the sprouts had grown some 3 or 4 ft. in height.

As we came to a little knoll I remarked to my companion that I had killed many grouse here, and that it was a sure thing to find one or more here every time I visited the spot. I had scarcely finished speaking when the dog came to a point, and as we advanced a grouse rose and my friend killed it. A week later I was in the vicinity, and out of curiosity I went to the knoll and found another and killed it. A few days after this I met a friend, who told me that on the previous day he had also found one there. Now this place had been a noted place for grouse before the wood had been cut, but what should induce them to visit it when it was almost bare of cover and with no other cover within nearly a half mile of it I cannot tell, for the place was without water, and so far as I could see there was absolutely nothing in the way of food to attract them. How they were able to find the place is also a profound mystery, for so many birds were killed there that there was no possibility that one-fourth of them could have been bred in the vicinity. A friend who sometimes "drops into poetry," or he at least takes plenty of poetic license when the spell comes on, accounts for this mysterious coming of the birds to such places by stating that they possess the power of communicating with each other the same as mortals do, and that directions to the various places of resort, such as I have described, are handed down from generation to generation in the same manner that our own traditions were transmitted before the art of writing was known, and that it was as easy for a bird to find the place described by its parents or friends as it would be for a countryman to find the Astor House when proper direction was given him, although he were a thousand miles distant. I of course

readily assented to this, and asked him to tell me what attraction drew the birds here, but this was asking too much, for after he had looked over the barren spot where we were at the time, even his fertile imagination failed to find a plausible reason, and like myself he gave it up.

With knowledge of this peculiarity of the birds, but with no knowledge that would assist me in readily finding such places, I usually made a thorough exploration of new grounds, often going over them two or three times upon different occasions in order that I might become thoroughly acquainted with them, so that I could avoid the more barren portions, and thus often save valuable time when shooting them.

In this manner I have worked out a very large portion of the covers in the eastern half of Connecticut, as well as many in Rhode Island and a goodly number in Massachusetts, often finding some pleasant valley or beautiful hillside where abundant sport was sure, and in the good old days it was often the case that I was the first to pull trigger in such places, and for many years some of them were never shot over except by myself and friends. I have never thought it incumbent upon the sportsman to give to the public particulars as to the locality of game resorts, but have always believed that his "whole duty to man" in this respect was to share with his chosen companions the good things in this line that might come to him. Fifty years ago shooters were few, and it made little difference whether the game resorts were generally known or not, but for many years it has been altogether different, for hundreds now shoot where one did at that time, and if the sportsman of the pres-

two or three times each season, except that some of the best woodcock covers were shot over several times during the time of flight, and consequently there was always sufficient stock left for breeding, and each year I was sure of plenty of sport; but in late years all good places that are generally known are thoroughly worked out until not a solitary bird is left. More than forty years ago I was the proud possessor of a "happy valley" in the town of Scotland, Conn., and for several years myself and chosen friends enjoyed many glorious days along the little stream and on the adjacent hillsides, always finding an abundance of birds, but one day a couple of shooters followed us, and in a short time the happy valley was desolate. These men had each been shooting with me once, and once only, as, for reasons that were satisfactory to me, I had decided that once was enough. I felt badly to learn that they had found the place, but felt worse when I heard that they boasted of the manner in which they had found it. After this I had an eye open when I was going to a favorite resort, and upon several occasions I have succeeded in outwitting them.

The next season after I lost the happy valley, one of these men followed me in order to play the same trick, but I have always thought that I had more satisfaction out of it than he did. I started very early one morning in October for some favorite cover in the town of Willington, Conn. As we passed his house I saw his team ready, while he and a companion were evidently waiting to follow our lead. Explaining the matter to my friend, we soon settled upon a plan that we thought about the proper thing, so after we had passed through

of wood for the kitchen fire. No sooner did he see me than that armful of wood went flying in every direction, as with a half shout, half bellow, which ended in a convulsive gurgling sound in his throat, he followed the kindling wood and went down all in a heap. Thinking that he was in a fit, I jumped from the wagon and ran to him. Just as I was about to lay hands on him his wife opened the door, and with wide-open eyes gave a half scream of fright, which changed to one of hysterical laughter when she saw me, and then she also went into a fit of screeching and laughing like one possessed. By this time my friend had risen to a sitting posture, where he remained writhing around, holding on to his sides and trying his best to keep up his end of the performance. After matters had quieted down somewhat both of them at once proceeded to give me the returns that I had come for. Sifting the broken sentences and ejaculations as they came from the lips of the merry pair, I found that three days after our squirrel hunt our two followers put in an appearance, and hitching their horse at a barway some little distance below the house they made a break for the red-hot cover that had been marked by them for their own. With heads erect and eager steps they took a beeline across the open pasture for the big woods, and were soon lost to sight in the dense tangle. Some two hours later my friend saw them emerge from the wilderness with heads not quite so erect and steps not quite so elastic. Coming to the house, they asked him if he could tell them where I usually hunted, for they had only found briers and rocks among the fallen trees in place of the cover that they expected to find. With an innocent look and a



GROUP OF LESSER KOODOO.
In the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago.

ent time would keep his favorite cover for his exclusive use he must not whisper even the direction in which it lies. Thirty years ago I often shot with a jolly, good fellow who was a capital companion in the field, a gentleman at all times, a good shot and well up in the science of woodcraft. We were often out together, but I soon learned that it would not do to take him to any game resort that I did not wish the public made acquainted with, for he dearly loved to "fight his battles over again," and in recounting the incidents of the day's sport he would begin at the beginning and minutely describe the route and locality of every good place, giving the landmarks where every bird was found, and as his audience often contained other shooters they of course made a note of all this, and in a short time the good place was good no longer. I well remember how he thus ruined one of the very best of my favorite covers. This was a broad valley of swamp and meadow, where quail abounded, while the well-wooded hillsides that nearly surrounded the valley contained many nooks famous for both grouse and woodcock. I had shot over the grounds for several years, and had often taken friends there; and one unlucky day I took him. The evening after our return I went to the country store and was greatly surprised to find him in the middle of a detailed description of our two days' trip to several shooters, who appeared to be deeply interested, and so plain was his description that every one of them readily found the place, although it was twenty-five miles away. I was there a week later and learned to my sorrow that parties had been over the grounds nearly every day since my previous visit, and soon all that was left me of this once famous game resort was the memory of glorious days of abundant sport. After this he never had opportunity to give away anything in this line that was not already well known to the public.

I have often been followed by parties, who took this method to find good shooting grounds instead of hunting them up for themselves, and in this manner I have occasionally been robbed of my vested rights, obtained by much hard work. These fellows would haunt any good place that they found until they had nearly exterminated the birds and entirely ruined the resort. Now I seldom visited any of my favorite covers more than

an extensive tract of timber known as the "big woods" we turned from our course and drove to the house of a farmer friend who lived a short distance from the very worst tangle of briers, brambles and rocks that can be found in the whole region. I had often visited the place when squirrel hunting, as it was a noted place for them, and many a famous bag of the bushy tails had my farmer friend and I gathered in here. Arriving at the house, we were received with open arms by my friend, who, like his illustrious ancestor the renowned Gen. Putnam, left his plow in the half completed furrow, and before we were fairly ready his trusty gun was over his shoulder and he was ready for the fray. Marching to the woods, we were soon among the squirrels; and in accordance with the well-known rules laid down for such cases we proceeded to load and fire with an abandon that would have stirred the heart of the very prince of squirrel hunters. I had given my farmer friend the points as to the two who had followed us, and in order that they might be led to believe that this was a red-hot corner he suggested that lots of shooting was absolutely indispensable, so we loaded and fired regardless, and to the best of my belief nearly fifty shots were fired before we left the cover. All the shooting, however, was not at random, for we had a goodly bunch of squirrels to show, as well as half a dozen grouse, for there were grouse all along the edge of the big woods in abundance, but the tangle of briers and fallen trees was such that no sane man would seek for sport with the birds in so unpromising a place. Returning to the house, we found dinner awaiting us, after which we bade our friend good-by, and with hearts at rest and love and good will in our bosoms for all the world, our two followers included, we laid our course for our grounds in Willington with no disturbing doubts or fears that the beautiful covers we loved so well would be desecrated by the sacrilegious tread of the robbers who had so persistently followed us, for we had been informed by a passing friend that he had met them several miles south, near a well-known cover. A week later, while on my way to a favorite resort in the town of Ashford, I drove to the house of my squirrel-hunting friend in order to learn if the returns were in from our fusillade of the previous week. When I turned the corner near his house I saw him just going up the steps with an armful

confiding manner that only comes to the gifted ones, he pointed in the direction of the very worst tangle in the whole woods, and assured them that if they would only go far enough in that direction, through the laurel thicket, they would find a woodcock cover that would astonish them, and that there were also lots of partridges there. This put new life into them, and they once more started for the woods with renewed hopes. My friend somehow could not set himself to work, but just stayed about the house, and as an occasional shot gave him some idea of the progress of the two hunters he would hug himself as he mentally pictured the forms of the victims floundering through the tangled laurel thicket or struggling among the cat briers until he had worked himself into quite a state, and as he expressed it had more fun in the old woods in a few hours than in all his life before. It was nearly night when they again showed up, and as they emerged from the forest one of them was so lame that he was using his gun for a crutch and could scarcely hobble along. My friend joined them as they came to their team, when he learned that the lame one had slipped into a cleft of the rock and his shin had come in contact with the sharp edge, which had scraped off a piece of skin about the size of a half dollar, and as this had come to him more than a half mile away his stroll in the gloaming through the old primeval woods had not been so pleasant as the romantic surroundings and balmy air would seem to warrant. His companion was in somewhat better form, and with the exception of a wicked-looking furrow across his cheek, from which the blood was still trickling, and a sort of tired look, he appeared to be all right. My friend omitted the profanity, but described it as something so fearsome that so long as he lived he would on no account pass the unholy spot in the dark. Not the least amusing part of the tale was the telling of it, and it goes without saying that I enjoyed it to the full; but the returns were not all in yet, for my friend could not keep the story, and it soon reached our village, where it was told at the store one evening in the presence of the victims before a jolly crowd, that applauded to the echo, and as the two men slunk away it was the unanimous opinion of the boys that worse could befall a man than scratched cheek or bruised shin.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(Continued from page 424)

LESSER KOODOO (*Strepsiceros imberbis*, Blyth). NATIVE NAME, *Arreh*.

THE lesser koodoo is found at the base of the Golis and in the Ogaden, being plentiful in the valley of the Shebeyleh River.

This beautiful antelope, by far the handsomest of all those to be found in Somaliland, dwells in the thick forest of thorn trees where there is a heavy undergrowth of aloes, bearing red or yellow flowers about 5ft. above the ground. I have seen it quite near the plains, but never in the open. The head and neck are spotted with white, and there are usually eleven to thirteen white stripes around the body. The ears are very large, and the horns of the male rise in a spiral, a miniature imitation of those of the big koodoo. The lesser koodoo is a wary animal, and is very skillful in concealing itself among the bushes, over which it looks for a moment at an intruder upon its haunts, and then goes bounding away over the bushes and intervening objects in the easiest and most graceful manner, more suggestive of flying than any other kind of motion.

Careful stalking and tracking are necessary to enable one to get a favorable shot at one of these animals, and when he has reached a suitable shooting distance one must be quick and not linger upon his aim. This species goes in small herds of from four to six, and it is not often that two bucks are seen together. There is a great difference in the coloring of the sexes, the bucks being blue on head and neck, growing almost black with age, while the does are brown, as are also the young. At all ages the body is decorated with numerous white stripes, which gives it a very beautiful and striking effect. The lesser koodoo is gracefully formed and all its movements are very easy and attractive, while it is a most pleasing sight to witness one, with head and tail erect, flying at full speed over the bushes. Unlike many of the other antelope, the lesser koodoo where once started is rarely seen again, as it generally goes a considerable distance when frightened, and the density of the forest in which it delights affords every means for escape. Frequently a number of does accompany one buck, and I suppose he secures as large a harem as he is able to maintain. The females are without horns, and are smaller and of slighter build than the males. Specimens of this animal are very scarce in collections, in fact I know of no institution save the Field Museum which possesses a full series from babyhood to adult age to represent the species. The skin is not easy to preserve, the hair coming out on the slightest provocation.

WILD ASS (*Equus asinus somalicus*, Sclat). NATIVE NAME, *Gumburi*.

In certain parts of Guban, notably in the sterile district lying near the coast, about twenty miles east of Berbera, the wild ass is not very uncommon. We met with it also in considerable numbers on the high plateau west of Laferug, and also saw some individuals south of the Golis range in the vicinity of "Nasr Hablod," the mountains called "Virgin's Breast," where they were living among the thorn forests with high aloe undergrowth, frequented by the lesser koodoo. In fact, it was on an occasion when I was engaged tracking one of these antelope that I came suddenly upon a little family of wild asses, consisting of a jack, mare and foal. It is a very handsome animal, and although the head is large, it is very well shaped and has none of the heavy appearance so characteristic of the donkey generally. The blue-gray coat, relieved with the white nose and belly, and the striped whitish legs, all combine to present a very handsome animal, and I was most agreeably surprised by the first one we obtained, it had so much more of a game appearance than I had anticipated. The wild ass is an exceedingly wary creature, always on the alert, and it is no easy matter to approach within even long shooting distance of a single animal, much less a number of them together. They go usually either alone or in small parties of two or three individuals. The greatest number I ever met with at one time was eight. They prefer sterile, rocky districts, the ground covered either with sand or broken stones, and when hunting them I often wondered what the animals lived on, grass was so scarce and the blades grew so far apart when a patch was discovered. Wild asses are dependent upon water, and they never go far from places where it may be easily obtained, and their tracks were always visible in the vicinity of pools or other sources of supply, showing they came regularly to drink. In spite of their alertness, swiftness and other game qualities, no one, I should imagine, would shoot a wild ass for sport, it is too much like slaughtering horses, and after killing the first one, if it had not been for scientific purposes, none of my party or myself would have molested them a second time. The flesh of these animals is very good, almost the best we ate in Somaliland, being more tender and having much more flavor than any of the antelope. It does not seem to be a very plentiful species even in the country of its nativity, and I should judge it would not require much persecution to speedily extinguish the race.

THE LION (*Felis leo*, Linn). NATIVE NAME, *Libah*.

The lion is pretty well distributed throughout Somaliland, becoming more plentiful as one penetrates into the interior. It is getting to be rather scarce north of the Golis Range, and we first came upon its track and heard its roar at night at Mandera, near the base of the mountains. The Somali lion is a degenerate descendant of the South African species, much smaller in size as a rule, of a grayish hue, and with little or no mane. Rarely are specimens obtained with even a fairly long mane. Judging from our experience with them, they are most cowardly in disposition, and avoid man's presence whenever possible. Of course, if wounded and surrounded so that escape seems impossible, the Somali lion will show fight, as any other animal will, even a rat, but his principal idea seems to be when followed to put as

much ground between himself and his pursuers as possible.

We did not make it a business to hunt lions, as it wastes too much time, and after seeing a number of skins I decided it would not properly represent the real lion in collections, and so after procuring a specimen or so we paid no attention to them except when they were accidentally met with. At one time we followed one for several hours until sunset compelled us to give the chase up, and although the beast continually took refuge in dense grass and thickets of thorn bushes, he never would remain in them or show fight, and he was only seen once by one of the beaters. We met with lions in the middle of the Haud, many miles from water, and these animals must depend upon the blood of the creatures they kill to quench their thirst. Lions commit great depredations upon the flocks of the natives, and will no doubt make a meal of one of them also if they happen to find him asleep or off his guard in the bush. The Midgans kill many of them with their poisoned arrows, which, although they inflict but slight wounds, bring death in a brief period. Lions are sometimes hunted on horseback by large parties of natives, who bother him to such an extent that he does not know which way to turn, and is killed by their spears and arrows. An unsportsman-like way frequently practiced is to tie a donkey secure close to an ambushade built of logs and thorn bushes and wait for the lion to come and kill the donkey, and then shoot him at close quarters. The lion is attracted by the braying of the captive animal and, as he is very fond of donkey flesh, soon finds the place where he hopes to secure a much desired repast. In the highlands and colder parts of the country, as might be expected, the coat of the lion is thicker and heavier, but although I have handled a considerable number, I have never seen a really fine Somali lion skin, and doubt if the country produces one. Of course, anywhere near the coast it is difficult now to meet with an old lion, they having been mostly all killed, and those obtained are usually young or three-quarters grown, with the cub look still on their faces. Doubtless, to find them at all, one will soon be obliged to penetrate far into the interior, for, like most wild creatures, the lion is rapidly passing away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Glance at the Sparrows.

STARTING out one April day for a visitation of the pastures and a glance at the arriving birds, I found in my own street a "sapsucker" at work on one of the maples. He had drilled several small holes in the rough bark, which was now darkened by the trickling sap. Inserting his bill and wetting it in the sweetish liquid he snacked his mandibles with evident satisfaction. There used to be controversy as to whether this species really cared for sap or did its boring for grubs under the bark. The question was never debatable after Frank Bolles published the result of his painstaking observation. Sapsucker this beautiful bird is by nature, as by name. In the book he passes as the yellow-bellied woodpecker. Red-throated would better denote his chief distinction from the other wood-drillers. Like them this species wears the red crown, only in both sexes and more extended than in some; but in the adult male the throat is of the same brilliant crimson, and this marking identifies him at once.

Of course I did not get away from the village without the English sparrows offering themselves for observation. These little scamps are quick to recognize modern improvements that offer them housing. One was carrying a load of building materials up under the hood of an electric light suspended at a street corner, and it was not so bad a place for nesting as it might seem. Something like an oven when the sun heats up the iron cone, and not very cool when the light is burning, one would say; but the opening at the top must keep up a constant draft of air, and the protection from cats is complete, and from storms fairly so. The man who puts in the new carbons told me that the lowering of the lamps for that purpose does not break up the nesting. He has found eggs in the nests where the birds were permitted to remain, but they are not encouraged to do so. One of the maples beside the walk carried the dead stub of a large limb, and from the surface seemed to project a bird's head. This proved to be an English sparrow looking out from the mouth of a woodpecker's burrow. I watched a little afterward, to see if they were nesting in this odd place. I could not make out that they were, but one of them could not ask a snigger port in a storm.

The several species of native sparrows have a family likeness so marked as to be rather discouraging to the ornithological student who is trying to distinguish them. With more observation they develop an individuality, by which they are recognized, like our human friends, without an analysis of their points of appearance. The beginner, however, needs to know the characteristic marks which can be seen with an opera glass. He can seldom get near enough to birds for a satisfactory examination with the unaided eye, and he presumably has not the license to kill them for study, which the laws of some States hedge about with regulations which are just about prohibitory. When he sees a bird a little bigger than a canary, of a generally brown or grayish color, he may take it for a sparrow, and look closer for the signs of the species. In a summer walk in my district I expect to see five kinds, and some that nest in Canada are likely to be met with here in the migrating seasons. Two at least besides the English may sometimes be seen in the village. The social sparrow, or "chipping bird," is quite at home among folks, as the name may imply. You will perhaps see him skirmishing for crumbs about the kitchen door, and will know him by his dull reddish crown, with the white stripe beneath, then the clear, black line through the eye, which, when seen from the front, in connection with the bill, also black, seems to divide the head horizontally. The plain ash-colored breast is like that of some other species.

Rather less common in the village is the song sparrow, which I found further out, hopping briskly about shrubs and brush heaps, with tail feathers erected, and its dark brown head feathers also when excited or alarmed, forming the semblance of a crest; meanwhile uttering the single chirp which many kinds of birds use when busied

or disturbed, over and above the series of notes which may be more fairly called songs. This is the singing sparrow par excellence of those most often seen. It comes north with the robin, and the short, sweet song which it pours from the topmost twig of some low tree is one of the most welcome signs of spring. The song sparrow has a streaky front, but three dark spots, one in the breast and one under each side of the bill, stand out conspicuous enough to distinguish the species.

In a stumpy pasture I found the vesper sparrow exactly at home. This is a bird of the fields and of the ground. For ten or fifteen minutes I watched one slowly gliding over the turf hunting insects and worms, several of which it caught and devoured while I gazed. In general appearance the vesper is of a grayer tone than the song sparrow, and it is rather more leisurely in action. It is the most streaked of our sparrows. Fine streaks traverse the head and coarser ones the body. A dark band edged with white crosses the upper part of the wing, and a more conspicuous white stripe crosses lower down. A noticeable feature is a pale line that curves down and back from the mouth and then upward. When the bird flies it proclaims its species by displaying the white outer feathers of the tail. A bit of rusty color on the front of the wing is hardly prominent enough to justify the name bay-winged bunting which some give to this species. Its evening song suggested the appellation vesper, which would apply to some other birds as well—the robin, for example, is a famous vesper singer. Perhaps grassfinch is as good as any of the titles of this sparrow.

On a stump in the same pasture a field sparrow was standing. Throwing back its head it poured out a delicate song running off into the finest trill, suggesting a tiny bell set rapidly jingling and left to stop itself, a song small and clear enough to match "the horns of elfland faintly blowing." The song of the chipping bird is similar, but rather stronger and lower-keyed and lacking the bell-like quality. This is the smallest of our sparrows. It has the plain ash-colored breast of the chipping bird, and about the same reddish crown, but not the black line through the face. Even the bill is not black, but pinkish, and this is one of the distinguishing marks. A reddish tract across the back and shoulders is very noticeable.

Take the field sparrow somewhat enlarged, mark a dark spot on the breast and make the wings distinctly white and black, and you have the appearance of the Canada or tree sparrow, which I saw in these fields about the same time on its way north, together with the white-throat, the latter, however, rather more partial to the woods and shrubs. To one trying to know the birds by name it is an important help that so many are named from their most striking characteristic. The white-throated sparrow is an example. It is the best named and the best marked of them all. The white throat patch is unmistakable. Sometimes it makes the bird look as if it were trying to swallow a wad of cotton. Another distinctive mark is a bit of yellow back of the bill. There are several other sparrows, but I have not yet come upon them in my district. BRISTOL HILL.

Some Man-o'-Warsmen's Pets.

THERE is probably not a man-of-war afloat that does not carry at least one pet of some sort or another. An example of the way the pet business may occasionally be overdone was furnished on a United States gunboat cruising in Mexican waters a few years ago. When the ship dropped her mudhook in the harbor of Acapulco three-quarters of the ship's company forward went ashore and bought paroquets to carry to San Francisco. A paroquet is about as noisy and garrulous a bunch of gorgeous plumage as can be found. These particular paroquets could talk nothing but barbarous pigeon Spanish, but, so far as swearing went, they were most able. The owners of the birds contrived to get on fairly good terms with them, but did not succeed in teaching them English. One of the results of the establishment of friendly relations between the men and the birds was that when all hands were summoned aft to quarters the paroquets got lonesome and set up a whimpering and whining just like that of babies, which they kept going until the men were dismissed from quarters and returned forward.

The Mexican gunboat Zaragossa, a pretty, yacht-like little craft, was in the harbor at the time, and on the day before the departure of the American vessel the Zaragossa's commander, an ex-officer of the British navy, went aboard to make a visit of ceremony, accompanied by his staff officers—for the little Zaragossa is a flagship. The men on the United States cruiser were drawn up at quarters as the Mexican officers came over the side, and the paroquets up forward were, as usual, crying over their temporary desertion by the tars.

When the Mexican officers got over the gangway and started to address the American skipper in Spanish, there was a sudden hush among all the paroquets. The birds were apparently cocking their ears at the sound of their own language. They listened respectfully, without letting out a word. Then the American skipper, who was a man with a big voice, started to reply to the Mexican officers. This started the uproar among the paroquets again. The skipper had barely gotten out half a dozen words before the birds, in a shrill, broken chorus, began to lay him out. They exhausted the whole Greaser language of vituperation and scorn, and then began all over again. They heaped disgrace upon the skipper and denounced him in every set term known to distempered Mexican fishermen. The skipper smiled at first—a continuance of his conversation was impossible on account of the noise—but when the thing continued for a matter of five minutes or so he began to get purple in the face. He took the Mexican naval officers aft and entertained them in his cabin, and as he went aft the birds up forward hurled a parting volley of denunciation after him. The men were dismissed from quarters, and then succeeded in quieting the birds, but it was too late. The Mexican officers had no sooner departed than all hands were whistled to quarters and the executive officer's order that every one of the profane paroquets should be taken ashore by its owner forthwith.

When the cruiser Olympia arrived on the China station

a few years ago, one of the marines brought aboard a Japanese goat, an animal about the size of a big St. Bernard dog and capable of strong friendships and equally strong dislikes. This especial Japanese goat had probably suffered deeply from disappointments in early life, for he was surly to the last degree. The marines took him in hand, and by careful and persuasive methods brought him around to the point where he would endure the petting of men in the marines' uniform, but he would have none of the blue jackets. He butted them about impartially, and as he seemed quite impervious to the clubbing of belaying pins and marlinspikes, he always had the better of it in these encounters, and the men with the bell-bottomed trousers learned to sheer off when they made out the big goat patrolling the main deck. They tired of thus bolting for it after a while, and at a secret indignation meeting it was resolved, not to make a howl to the commanding officer, nor to slit the goat's weazand, but to retaliate. So one of the blue jackets went ashore and got another Japanese goat of about the same proportions as the one the marines had trained. In the course of a week or so the tars had their goat trained so that he would ram the first sea soldier he saw, top sergeant or buck private, and the marines began to limp around feeling of themselves. The blue jackets and marines combined to keep the two goats apart, for their belligerence was great.

One afternoon, however, after knock-off had been piped and all hands were laid out on corking mats, the blue jackets' goat evaded the watchfulness of his caretakers and made for the marines' goat on the after part of the spar deck. The combat was fierce and protracted. A dozen of the men tried to pry the two goats loose, but it was no use. The goats plainly meant to make a finish of it. The contest was about equal at first, but after a while the blue jackets' goat showed that he was the better stayer of the two. He wound the fight up by penning the marines' goat at the gangway. Then he took half a dozen backward steps and made for the beaten goat head downward with all his force, butting the sea-soldiers' rammer straight off the gangway into the sea. The marines' animal swam for it and made the beach. Then a truce was patched up, the beaten goat was brought back, the two pets were trained to endure each other, and to refrain from butting any members of the crew, and the goats are now sworn pals and stand monthly muster side by side, with their ship's cap-ribbons around their necks.

An old quartermaster on the cruiser *Alert* picked up a cub panther at one of the South American ports on the west coast a few years back. The animal was a pretty little chap and perfectly amenable to persuasion, although as he grew larger he would occasionally let out a snarl when the blue jackets offended his dignity that revealed his latent nature. His owner kept the cub's claws carefully cut, and he thought that he was in a fair way to achieve the domestication of a wild animal. The skipper had in a corner of his cabin three Peruvian fox terrier pups, that he was carrying to San Francisco for shipment to his children in the East. One morning, when all hands were at 9 o'clock quarters—the ship was at sea—the commanding officer, standing at the break of the poop to get the reports of the division officers, heard smothered yelping in his after cabin, and went aft to see what it meant.

The young panther was standing over three dead Peruvian fox terriers with blazing eyes and ruffled fur, and he jumped at the skipper as soon as he saw him. The skipper shook off the beast after he had been clawed and bitten. By this time a Great Dane dog and a mastiff, hearing the racket from their dozing mats forward, were in the cabin. The dogs had previously got along admirably with the panther, but they no sooner made their appearance in the cabin than the thoroughly aroused young brute seemed to be atop of both of them at once. The panther hung on to the mastiff's throat until the great dog rolled over dead, and he kept up such an incessant fiddling with his hind feet while he was thus cooking the mastiff's hash that the Great Dane could not get at him. The Great Dane finally nosed underneath and caught the panther's throat and shook the life out of him, but not before both of his eyes had been destroyed. The skipper sent the young panther's pelt home to make a muff for his little girl, and the blue jacket would be out of luck who would attempt to install on any vessel commanded by this officer a pet more difficult of repression than a dog or a cat.

There is a gunner's mate on the cruiser *Detroit* who was once a circus roustabout. During the years that he knocked around with various circuses he became a proficient in the art of charming snakes. He has thrown unnumbered scares into his shipmates since he joined the navy. He always carries some sort of snake about with him, and he has been punished by having his liberty restricted times without number for persisting in bringing serpents over the gangway on returning from shore expeditions in foreign ports. He carries a pet adder wound underneath the wide collar of his mustering shirt on some of his shore trips and enjoys himself when he strikes a man verging upon delirium tremens. Not long ago this man returned to his ship from shore liberty just in time to fall into line for monthly muster on a Sunday morning. He did not have time to stow his adder away, and the adder awoke from a doze just at the moment the commanding officer walked down the gunner's mates' line. The blue jackets who stood near describe the skipper's language as having been of the purest Jolly Roger character, and the owner of the adder spent a 10-day term in the brig for disobedience of orders.—*New York Sun*.

Eagle and Deer.

THE illustration of the eagle and deer, which has an interesting resemblance to the Audubon painting, of which an engraving was given in the issue of May 7, is from Mr. Harting's recent work on Falconry. The berkute or bearcoote, the golden eagle, is trained and used by the natives of Tartary and the Kirghis Steppes for hunting foxes, wolves, boars and deer. Mr. Harting quotes this description from Atkinson: "We had not gone far, when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds and bounded over the plain about 300yds. from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded and his

shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings and swooped off in a straight line toward his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. I gave my horse his head and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front and I was riding neck and neck with one of the keepers. When we were about 200yds. off the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing into the animal's liver."

Game Bag and Gun.

A Caribou Hunt in Quebec.

ACTING on the principle that a good story of woods life, even though written in private correspondence, should find its way to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, a New Jersey contributor sends us these extracts from a letter received from a friend in Quebec:

QUEBEC.—Mr. Alling.—Dear Sir: As Clarence could not enjoy a trip to the woods, I must give him a sketch of our experience. My friend Spearing was in town on a curling match, and knowing that he was coming I sent him a postal card to bring his blanket and rifle. We left at 2 P. M. on Jan. 2, and were met at the station by Frank and our little friend, the Indian Volant. The next morning at 8 we were all packed, and started for the camp. As our road has not been used this winter, we had to go a mile past Frank's and take a lumber road, which ran back till it struck near our road a little beyond the Rimouski, the first river we pass going in, there to abandon the horses and send them back, strap on our snowshoes, and start on a six-mile tramp over 3 to 4 ft.



GOLDEN EAGLE AND ROE DEER.

of snow, carrying our packs. I can tell you, mine was not a very heavy one. Not having had snowshoes on for a couple of years, we found it heavy work, and were glad when we came in sight of the White House, with any amount of growing pains in our hips.

Frank had got there first and shoveled the snow from the stovepipe and started a fire, so we prepared some beef tea and sundries that soon made an improvement in our condition. On the road in we crossed some caribou and deer tracks, so Spearing and Volant spent an hour or more after them, but decided to turn back to camp, lest it should prove too long a tramp for the first day, as far fields look green even in winter. We decided to start on Saturday morning at 8 and go back to the Tauridiff, a walk of eight miles, and as the track had not been broken it was heavy walking. On the portage from Long Lake Frank and I, who were valiantly protecting the rear and making use of the first men's tracks, found a cache of caribou meat, so I chopped off 4 or 5 lbs. and took it with us as evidence that there was game around, and lest we might not get any more. It made a good bouillon for Sunday.

We met a one-armed hunter, who was the owner of the venison we had borrowed, and he laughed when we asked him if he knew it. He had shot two a few days before, one out of a herd of nine on the Cassette above the Two Islands, and one on Long, and his dog had frightened four off the Tauridiff just before we arrived. Volant had shot two out of four on the Tauridiff the week we started, and Paul was after four others. There were tracks in all directions, and on the banks of the Tauridiff there had been a herd of about thirty browsing for some days the week previous to our visit, when they started southward, which was the direction most of the tracks were in; in fact, had we been a week earlier we might have shot a dozen, but we wasted time covering so much ground instead of marking the tracks nearer the camp. Had I been in better condition I ought to have followed some fresh tracks that crossed our road on the

first Tauridiff. We sent the two men back to take after them, and they soon came up, but followed awkwardly and started them without getting a shot, and once frightened there is no use following that day, as they travel many miles before stopping. After another day on the Tauridiff we returned to camp through a heavy snowstorm, the snow falling so fast as to cover the tracks of those who were an acre ahead. And how the wind whistled. It was quite dark when we got to camp, with its welcome shelter and warm beds—that is, comparatively warm. We were somewhat alarmed during the evening by hearing what sounded like shouts from the lake, and as Johnson and the one-armed hunter had promised to come over from Lake de Baies, we were afraid they were lost on the lake. So we put all our lights in the window and went down to the shore and fired guns, but after waiting some time concluded that it was owls.

The next day we started about 7, Spearing and Volant going east from the camp to cross East Lake and to Twenty-four Acre Lake, Frank and I taking the portage track from the camp. I had sworn a big swear that if I found a track I would stick to it all day, as it was the first time I had left camp to look up a track. About five minutes from camp I found two fresh tracks going in the direction of the Little Bay on the Cassette near the river. Following them carefully, I found they had crossed the end of the bay and into the woods toward the river. Fearing to be seen on the ice, I hurried back to the portage and down to the river, hoping to get a view of them, but not finding any tracks went back again and struck into the woods in line with where I supposed they might be. Soon I picked up their tracks and followed them back and forth till I found they must be but a few minutes old, when I missed Frank, and going a little to one side I saw him crouched near the shore, and he showed me the track where one of them had gone off up the lake, stopping several times to look round when only 50yds. off. Instead of going back and following the track I had been on, as a sagacious hunter ought to have done, we started up the lake and found that the caribou had entered the woods about half a mile up; so we started in after it, in and out, up and down, afraid to snap a twig with our snowshoes, till about a mile up it came out on the lake, and in about ten minutes

we got a glimpse of it on the north shore and followed till we had got up to opposite the islands, where it again entered the woods. I decided to find which way the tracks turned, and then come out and take the lake again, as I expected it would cross the bay at the beds. Frank waited till he thought I had returned to the lake and gained the point, when he advanced through the woods. I had just hurried through a drift to get a view of the bay, when I saw a perfect tornado of snow as the frightened animal launched from the woods with a 15 ft. jump and went away at an angle up the lake. I hurriedly examined and sighted my rifle and dropped on my knee, and the first good view I got was through my back peep sight as through a telescope. I pressed the trigger and had the satisfaction of seeing the game finish its leap by diving head down into the snow and water, which is always on top of the ice. It was so dead that it did not fall, but stood still with its nostrils in the water. The ball had severed the spinal column, cutting clean through the marrow. You should have seen Frank as he rushed out and took in the scene. We lost no time dressing the meat and setting it in shape to freeze, then returned to camp, taking the main lake; time, three and a quarter hours. We had been there but twenty minutes when Spearing returned and was surprised to see a fresh heart on a stick outside the camp. They had traveled from the time they left camp till then, following the tracks of two caribou, till coming to the portage they had found my snowshoe tracks, when Volant observed "A good chance for Mr. Sampson," and they returned to camp to find us looking up boards to make a sleigh.

When it was told that I had followed only one track up the lake, and that they had followed two, we decided that the other caribou must be there still—that is, the one I followed before seeing Frank. Volant immediately started back and found that the other one had followed up in my track for some distance and then had taken to the woods and back round by the rear of the camp, where he followed it, but it had gone off back to East Lake.

We got supper, a real good one, and then started to make a sleigh. I took the shelves from the kitchen to make the runners, and Volant cut a couple of white birches, which he split and chopped into two lathes about 9 ft. long by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., and bent to suit the runners. We soon had a very fair sleigh by connecting them with bars driven into auger holes.

The next morning it was decided that Frank and Volant should take the guns and make a try down the portage to look up tracks, while Spearing and I should go up for our deer, about two miles. We found it no easy task to haul it back to the portage. About 10 A. M. we suddenly decided to go home. Leaving the deer on the ice, we returned to camp, and making up small packs each went back to the lake, where we found Frank and Volant, who reported no luck. Judge of our surprise when Volant told us to go on, he intended bringing out the caribou himself. We found at the station that it weighed 170 lbs., and he weighed 120. Bring it out he did, up hill and down dale, till he struck the lumber road, where it lay till a horse was sent back for it. It was a long, heavy tramp coming out, after having the tramp up the lake, as it is over twelve miles by the lumber road to Frank's, and as we did not find the horses there we had to continue on. Spearing and Frank got home about 7 P. M. I was later coming down than they, and when at about 6 o'clock I heard voices off in the woods, I knew there was a lumber camp there. I very sagaciously turned on the road and crossed over to it, and found the men just gathered in from the woods. As I appeared at the door and saluted in French, a clever-looking man appeared from the back and took my snowshoes and rifle and bade me welcome, at the same time removing my wet clothing and cap, and making a place on the drying rods hung them near the stove. He invited me to a special seat, and ordered the cook to set up rations of strong tea, pork and beans, camp-made bread, etc. Perhaps it was not welcome when used with the sauce I had picked up in my eight-mile walk. Then he made up his bunk and invited me to lie there till the horse should come up. Now it requires contrast to enable one to appreciate comfort, and I had had experience that made me fully appreciate the comforts at that camp, with its kindly occupants.

After the men, twenty-eight in number, had finished their supper, a signal was given by the foreman, and all hands knelt while prayers were recited, all joining in the responses. After this each one was at liberty. Some played games, cards, etc.; others repaired harness, made axe handles or spun yarns. About 9 P. M. the horse arrived with the caribou. Before starting the foreman dressed me in his warm, dry overcoat, as I had only a summer coat on, and away we went on a cold, windy drive, and got to Frank's all right, had supper and to bed till 12:30, when we drove down to the station and got the 6 A. M. train, and home in good order. Now talk about sentiment, really the lumber camp experience was very pleasant, with its kindly, disinterested attentions, and will always make a pleasant memory. About thirty of my friends had a share of the delicious venison, and I wish I could have sent you a steak; it was equal to small trout. I am having the head mounted and the skin dressed to make a hunting jacket, and I hope some day to have the pleasure of wearing it in your company.

R. SAMPSON.

Duck Shooting above Niagara Falls.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received a letter recently from Mr. James Savage, of Buffalo, containing two photographs of a duck shooting party on Niagara River, within three-fourths of a mile above the falls and a quarter of a mile from the American shore.

After asking a number of questions on natural history subjects about which he was desirous of obtaining information, Mr. S. said:

"But I must stop plying you with questions, and tell you about my February duck shooting trip. Ed, R. went down to the falls on Friday night to be sure about the arrangements. He learned that another party intended to shoot from the blind we expected to use, so he and Neilson slept in the boathouse and were off long before daylight the next morning.

"My train was an hour late, and I did not get there until 8 o'clock. I found the boathouse near the entrance to the power canal and a note on the door telling me to shoot my gun off and Neilson would come in for me. It was snowing hard, and as I stood on the pier at the entrance to the canal I was undecided whether I wanted to venture out or not. But presently I saw the flash of guns away out in the river, and after listening to the banging for a few minutes I thought I'd try it. My signal was answered and in half an hour Neilson reached shore and was ready to take me out. I had every confidence in his knowledge of the river and ability as a boatman, or I should not have gone. We rowed straight out from the canal 500 or 600 ft., and then headed down stream straight for the falls. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings as we shot down a couple of short stretches of rapids. Presently we swung off into an eddy, and a pull of 100 yds. brought us over to where Ed was waiting in the blind.

"While Ed and Neilson were disposing of the boat, a flock of fifteen or twenty ducks flew by at 25 yds. I picked up Ed's gun and pulled, but the blamed thing would not go off. It was a hammerless and was at safe; and when I got fixed the ducks were out of range.

"When I became thoroughly acquainted with the conditions and realized that I had taken greater risks hundreds of times in more familiar surroundings, I fully enjoyed the novelty of the situation in spite of the disagreeable weather.

"From the maps I estimated by scaling that our blind was from 1,000 ft. to a quarter of a mile from the American shore, and less than 4,500 ft. from the brink of the American Falls; Neilson said he thought it a little over half a mile from the falls.

"We were on the lower edge of a field of anchored ice. The water here is only 3 or 4 ft. deep. The ice serves as a dam, diverting the water in swift currents to either side, and giving us an area of still water below.

"I had my camera, but did not get very good results, as pictures were over exposed. Wanted to get pictures of ducks coming in, but whenever that happened I

somehow forgot about the camera and picked up my gun. It was a poor day for ducks; we got only eight. There were hundreds about, but they would not decoy. The day before Neilson had got fourteen, and another man shot thirty-three alone. Neilson is a great boatman, and is said to have landed on Goat Island on one occasion years ago."

I was invited to be one of this duck shooting party, but politely asked to be excused.

Some thirty odd years ago, when I was in the wool business, a man on Grand Island wrote me that he would like to have me come up and buy his wool. He said that I could row across from Tonawanda in a small boat. I kindly wrote him that if he waited for me to row across Niagara River to buy his wool he would never sell it. A few days after he brought it to me and I bought it.

Last June, in company with Mr. Savage and another party, I rowed a boat across from La. Salle to the lower end of Buckhorn Island, two miles above the falls, and found it no more dangerous than on the Erie Canal.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

In Chickamauga Gulch.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—It was on an October afternoon that we left Chattanooga, on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, for Daisy, Tenn., whence we made our way up Waldens Ridge, and after traversing about two miles of rough mountain road we reached the home of an old friend of mine, J. N. Milsaps. After greetings Mr. Milsaps, better known to the neighbors as "Pap," pulled down his eye-glasses, saying: "Well, George, come right in. I know what you have come for," and he added, addressing his wife, "mamma, George has not had any supper; see if you can get something for him." After a few minutes she announced supper, and we sat down to venison, corn bread and coffee, and you can imagine how good that tasted to two hungry men. During the meal I inquired after the health of the old lady, and this was her response: "Well, you know all the gals got married, and the work is too much for me, and I am gittin' old." After supper Mr. Milsaps said: "George, I am afraid I can't go; my rheumatism has made me so stiff I can't hardly get about. But I insisted that we would not have any luck unless he went, so he finally consented. By this time it was getting near time to retire, so calling for his Bible, the old man read a chapter and then we all knelt in prayer, after which we retired. At 4 o'clock we were called to breakfast, and immediately after breakfast all were anxious to get off.

We put off to what is known as Chickamauga Gulch, about eight miles north. Not a sign of anything alive did we see until about 1 o'clock, when we started up a flock of wild turkeys; I judge there were about thirty; but the dogs having frightened them, we failed to get a shot. We were hungry, tired, mad, and ten miles from home. "Daddy, I am hungry." "Well, Snyder lives two miles from here, and we will go and see if we can get something to eat. We found a dinner which tasted good to men who had not had a bite since 4 o'clock that morning. This is what we had: A pot full of turnips and greens, fat meat and corn bread baked in an old-fashioned Dutch oven, sweet potatoes and coffee, which was good enough for any lot of hunters. I offered to pay for what we had eaten, but Mrs. Snyder refused to accept anything, and became offended because we wanted to pay for what we had eaten. I, of course, apologized and was told that one must not offer to pay for what is eaten, if you want to keep the people in favor with you, so I gave each of the children twenty-five cents, and it was worth a dollar to see them; I guess it was the first money they had ever had of their own.

By this time we were ready to start on our bear hunt, and this is where the fun comes in. Mr. Snyder said to Mr. M.: "We uns will take that old dog and go down in the gulch, and maybe we can start a bear. George, you and Mr. B. go down the gulch." Not a half hour had passed when the dog struck the trail of I know not what, but I thought it must be something more than a deer in such a place; the laurel and wild ivy was so thick that a deer could not run, and if it did it would soon break its neck. After a while I came to some flat rock on the bank of the creek, and the dog was not more than 200 yds. in front of me yelping at every jump. I saw on this flat rock two long flat tracks that made me think hard. The first sound of anything for one hour and a half was at last the report of Mr. B.'s gun. I answered, and when I got to him it was down in the gulch where you had to look straight up to see the sky. "George, we must get out of this place before dark." So we then pushed ahead to meet Daddy. The dog lost the trail, and I was glad that he did; the bluff was so rough that we could not travel fast. After a while we heard the report of Daddy's gun, and presently we came to him and found that he had killed a bear. He took us to it, lying on the bank of a small creek in a deep gulch. Now the tug of war was how to get the bear out, for all of us were almost tired out, and it was four miles to where we got dinner, and twelve miles from home.

How the bear was killed may be told in the old man's own words: "You know I told you I would go and try if I could get one of the turkeys that we had seen? I got to the spot and sat down, had just picked a leaf to make a turkey call, and had given one yelp, when I heard something coming to my right. I was afraid to move for fear it would turn it, and I would fail to get a shot at it. I held the fire until he got in front of me, when I sprang to my feet. Being so excited I pulled the trigger of my rifle barrel, then I thought of my shotgun barrel loaded with large shot, and as he started to change his direction I fired at his left side, and I think he must have turned fully two somersaults. He got up and I put the dog after him, and he finally dropped here where you see him. But boys, there is a storm coming up and we must get out of here."

So we dressed the bear, leaving the skin on the carcass, and got a pole, and it required the combined effort of all three of us to carry the game. The hill was three-fourths of a mile to the top from where we were; night had overtaken us, and the rain had commenced to fall. After a long, tiresome tramp we reached the house, and had hardly gotten in when it began to pour in perfect torrents. We found that the people had no meat in the

house, but we supplied that want in a very few minutes with a portion of the bear; this the good lady cooked for us. After the meal we retired for the night, but I was so worn out that I could not eat any supper, neither did I sleep any that night.

The next morning we arranged with Snyder to haul our meat twelve miles to the railroad for one-fourth of the bear. We gave Mr. Milsaps one-quarter of the meat, and after two hard days' work reached home with one-fourth of a bear each, and having had a large time.

GEORGE W. MCCORKLE.

High Island.

JAN. 9 found the following jolly party of sportsmen ready for a trip to the gulf coast of Texas: Mayor J. A. Woodson, L. W. Cherry, John M. Pemberton, J. W. Irwin, Nat. Williams, George M. Heard, J. W. Blackwood, James Keatts, Dr. J. H. Lenow, Dr. G. M. D. Cantrell, Col. Ben. W. Johnson, June Ingram (the champion tarpon catcher), and Nick Trulock. They were joined by Messrs. Ward, Clark and Taylor, of Hope.

At Lake Charles, La., some of our party would have been glad to stop off, as the duck shooting near this point is very good; but the desire to get among those millions of ducks and geese and snipe on the coast was too strong and we concluded to go on. Arriving at Beaumont we found a special waiting to take us to High Island, forty-five miles distant. Our trip over was specially enjoyable. As we approached the gulf we saw thousands of ducks along the railroad, and every man in the party was anxious for a try at them. The distance prevented us reaching them that day, but we paid them our compliments later on. We arrived at High Island at noon, where the manager of the Sea View Hotel met us at the depot. The hotel stands on an island in this great salt marsh, 45 ft. above the sea level, and is a very popular summer resort, kept open in winter for sportsmen.

After dinner we divided up and started out for the first taste of shooting. Some went in wagons, others horseback, and the remaining few put in the afternoon shooting snipe within 200 yds. of the hotel. Here Pemberton, Keatts and I took saddle horses and started off down the beach to Mud Lake, a distance of four miles. En route we met riding along the beach four market shooters; one among them had tied to his saddle something like a hundred ducks, the result of about four hours' shooting that morning down the marsh some eight miles. We reached Mud Lake in about an hour's ride, passing thousands of snow geese and brant and geese feeding in the open marsh.

We found Mud Lake a big open body of water which was covered with ducks of many varieties, but our only shooting was had by stirring them up and catching one now and then as they flew around, so that our bag that evening amounted to less than twenty-five ducks. Being fair shots we wanted to get into that market hunters' country, and upon our arrival at the hotel that night engaged a guide to take us down early the next morning. The remainder of the party came in with more or less success. No big bags, however.

The next morning bright and early (4 A. M.) found Pemberton, Keatts and the guide in the saddle and Nat. Williams and the writer in a buckboard bound for the market hunters' paradise. All went well with Nat. and myself as we drove along the beautiful beach; but when it came time to drive in to the marsh with the buckboard, we could not make it. The guide directed us as best he could to some open holes, and he and Pemberton and Keatts rode off in the darkness. Nat. and I started in, working our way into the marsh, but soon found the market hunter in ahead of us; and we had to make the best of it and take such shooting as came our way. This was not satisfactory, and we could see the ducks flock after flock go to the decoys of the market hunter, as they passed over the open water holes we were trying to find before daylight. Away off in the distance we could hear the steady firing of our companions and we knew that they were having better shooting further down.

After bagging a few ducks we wearily dragged ourselves to our decoys and back to the buckboard to await the return of the party. After an hour or two they came with fine strings of ducks hung to their saddles, and we rode home to dinner.

I had inquired of the guides about the mallards, and was told that they had left that country six weeks before, but I thought the ducks I had seen from the train were mallards, and I was anxious to go after them. I soon learned that they were in White's pasture, seven miles back from the coast; and after much effort I engaged a guide to take us to the ground. The next morning by daylight Pemberton, Keatts and myself, with our coats holding ten decoys each, were off for some mallard shooting. After a hard, muddy ride we crossed the creek running out of Mud Lake and into the fresh-water marsh beyond, and soon mallards begun getting up everywhere out of the high grass and sailed away without a shot.

As soon as it was daylight we could see them pitching into the fresh-water ponds scattered over the vast marsh. Riding up to one of these ponds, not over 50 ft. square, it seemed to me that 10,000 mallards and sprigs would take wing. In fact, the sky was filled with flying mallards; but we found them going further back all the time. Not a shot had been fired as yet, but we came at last to a place that we thought would do, and after placing our decoys and making the best blinds we could, we began shooting, and by the use of my duck call and the decoys we had some excellent shooting at this place and bagged some thirty-eight big, fat mallards.

We were elated to find a country that was undisturbed by the market hunters, for they did not know there were any mallards in that section.

We rode home and arranged to try it the next morning, dividing our party up; but a norther came on that night and the birds were scarcer and would not decoy nor come to the call readily, so that we contented ourselves with twenty-one more green heads. When too late we learned that the tank where the cattle drank was the objective point of this great flight of mallards, where they were wont to rest and play in mid-day.

On our way to the hotel that morning we found that

the snipe had come in by the thousands, and as we were riding along they would get up in singles, pairs and half dozens, and sometimes whole flocks circled around us. As we had nothing but duck shells, they were allowed to go unharmed, although some of our party, who had enjoyed that kind of sport that morning near the hotel, bagged 130 snipe in a few hours. On our arriving at the hotel the threatening weather of the past few days terminated in a downpour of rain and we concluded to return home. We left that evening at 6 o'clock, arriving at Little Rock the next evening.

The shooting at Port Arthur is much the same as at High Island, except you go over to Johnson's bayou, where you charter a boat to take your party across the Sabine Lake, taking along rations, blankets and wading pants, when the shooting is done at the open places in the salt marsh.

While we did not kill many ducks, we enjoyed fair sport at ducks, geese, brant and snipe, a few curlew and a very enjoyable trip.

JOS. W. IRWIN.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mr. S. F. Fullerton, State agent for Minnesota, is this week having fun with County Attorney Bell, the Roseau county lawyer, who has been charged with buying Minnesota moose, causing them to be entered at the customs office on the Canadian line as meat shipped from Manitoba, and so claiming exemption from the Minnesota law. The indictment is expected to hold water.

Mr. De Weese, of Cañon City, Colo., one of the best posted sportsmen of this country on Alaska game, and possessor of one of the finest collections of trophies known in the West, started last week for another trip to Alaska in search of further sport and additional trophies from the land of big heads and big frosts.

It is a trifle early to speak of chicken country, but next fall there will be plenty who will wish to learn of some, so I shall ask attention to the region about Eau Claire, Wis., as a shooting ground. The sportsmen of that city do not go to Dakota to find prairie chickens, and need usually to drive only a dozen miles or so out into the rolling farm country to get fair shooting. All that part of the State is farming country, but it also carries bits of timber, and swamp, and slough now and then, so that the birds manage to hold on.

This same region about Eau Claire is one which may very well be kept in mind as a partridge ground next fall. In the old slashings about that town, anywhere from five to twenty miles out, the ruffed grouse are yet numerous. Bags of ten to twenty-five are not extraordinary, and a dozen to a day's shoot would attract no special attention. Quail are also to be found even so high up in the State as this point, though the supply varies with the severity of the winters. This year there are a great many quail in that region.

Mr. G. F. Winslow, of Eau Claire, tells me of one style of sport once practiced by himself which I think may be classed as somewhat unusual. He was far up in the pine country of upper Wisconsin when he learned of the superintendent of one of the big lumber concerns that there were a great many partridges in the country about. The timber and underbrush together made it impossible to use either dog or gun to any advantage, so Mr. Winslow began to think the information of little benefit to him, until he was told to take the locomotive and one of the flat cars used in logging operations, and make a run out along the logging railroad. He had never before gone shooting with a railroad train for a vehicle and a right of way for grounds, but adopted the suggestion and pulled out one morning. Every few hundred yards a covey of partridges would be put up and marked down in the timber not far away. Then the locomotive was stopped, and the shooter leisurely took dog and gun and went after the game. When the cover got too thick, or the birds were not located satisfactorily, the engine was started up again and they went in search of a new flock of birds. Thus some twenty miles or so of road was covered, and a splendid bag of grouse secured. A man on foot would have no show with the game. I have often heard of sportsmen out in Iowa, in the old days, shooting prairie chickens from railroad trains in motion, but these were the regular trains of the railroad, and were not run for the pleasure of the shooters, and did not stop to gather up the game when killed. I believe Mr. Winslow is the first sportsman I ever heard of who has been favored with a whole railroad for shooting purposes, and that in a region where the railroad was practically a necessity for the sport.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Some New Hampshire Notes.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 23.—My foxhound during the spring and summer gives a good deal of his time to woodchuck hunting, with an occasional fox chase just to keep his hand in. A few days since I found him barking at a woodchuck in a pine tree. The tree was about a foot in diameter, with branches growing close to the ground. The chuck was up some 20ft. and well out toward the end of a limb. I have heard of woodchucks being found up a tree, but always in a tree which was leaning at quite an angle. The woodchuck I speak of was in a tree growing perfectly straight.

One afternoon last week I heard my dog chasing a fox, and he drove him out into a large field in front of my house. The fox ran back and forth in the field for some time, the dog at times being within 6ft. of him. It was a large dog fox and he seemed to be doing his best to get away. My hound is rather small and not considered fast, but at times it looked as though he would catch that fox. Finally the fox jumped over a stone wall into some birches and that was the last I saw of him.

There seems to be a fair number of grouse and woodcock. I have seen quite a number of the latter, and one day last week I nearly stepped upon a grouse sitting on a nest of thirteen eggs.

The brook trout fishing about here is, of course, nothing as compared with twenty years ago, but is a wonder there are any trout at all, considering how persistently

every brook is fished. The law prohibits taking trout less than 5in. in length, yet a good many trout under that size are caught. When a trout of 3 or 4in. gets well hooked it will almost invariably kill him, and many fishermen do not consider it any benefit to put back a dead fish. About once a week I catch a few trout. Not many, but enough for breakfast. Last night after sunset I went to a brook near my house and caught five from ¼ to ½lb. each, and felt I had enough.

In years past I have caught some large strings of trout and made big bags of game, but as the years go on I find I am as well satisfied with a dozen fair trout or half a dozen grouse as the result of a day's trip.

C. M. STARK.

The Minnesota Indian Case.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—Mention was made last fall in these columns of a very interesting case, at that time in process of litigation in the State of Minnesota, in which the special rights of the Indian to sell game was contested by the State Fish and Game Commission. At that time the confident belief of Executive Agent Fullerton and his attorney, Hon. T. E. Brynes, was that they would win in the upper court, to which they were taking the case. They did win. The Supreme Court of Minnesota on the 23d of May handed down a decision which covers the situation in a way most satisfactory to the State Commission. The decision is a heavy blow to the game sellers of Minnesota. The court holds that an Indian has no more right to break the game laws than any other man. He can kill for his own use, but can not dispose of game on any basis different from that which obtains for other men. After this the white man who has illegal game in his possession cannot expect to be excused by the plea that he bought his game of an Indian.

The case in question is entitled "Julia Selkirk, appellant, vs. P. O. Stephens et al., respondents." Stephens was the warden who seized the game from Julia Selkirk, the latter being a licensed trader on the White Earth Reservation.

Under date of May 25 Mr. Fullerton is so good as to send me a copy of the above decision in full, and on this he makes the following comment.

E. HOUGH.

"No other decision ever handed down by any court in the State of Minnesota will bear as much fruit as this decision will bear in regard to the preservation of game. It will do more good than a hundred wardens that we might appoint, and while it is in line with what the Game and Fish Commission of Minnesota have always contended, still we have been fought step by step even by the judges on the district bench.

"This decision places the Indian not above the white man, as some people would have him placed, but on a level, and accords him the same privileges that the white man enjoys in this State. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM who do not reside in Minnesota cannot fully appreciate what this decision means to us.

"We have many reservations in the very heart of our best game country, and unscrupulous white traders, with the assistance of squaw men, hire the Indians regularly to slaughter all the game they can. They do not confine themselves to killing it on the reservations, but they always store it away, and when game brings a big price in the Eastern markets they then ship it out as Indian game, and snap their fingers at us and say we cannot touch it.

"This has been their policy up to two years ago, when the commission decided to seize it. This case that has been decided was somewhat in the nature of a test case, and if they had recovered they would have gotten a good many thousand dollars from the State for game we have seized. I send you a copy of the decision, which covers the ground of our contention.

"We feel that great credit is due our attorney, Mr. T. E. Brynes, of Minneapolis, because he had against him Mr. Countryman, of St. Paul, one of the best legal minds in the State, and the game dealers have no cause to complain that their case was not fought for everything that was in it.

"Step by step we are getting things in shape in Minnesota, and with the few amendments that the conference at Chicago made last winter, we will have the best game laws of any State in the Union."

"S. F. FULLERTON."

The text of the decision reads:

STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Supreme Court, April Term, A.D. 1898.

Julia Selkirk, Appellant, vs. P. O. Stephens et al., Respondents. The plaintiff is an Indian and a licensed trader on White Earth Reservation. She purchased on the reservation a quantity of game killed thereon by tribal Indians, and transported it by wagon off the reservation to the nearest railway station and there delivered it to a carrier to be shipped out of the State. It was seized and confiscated while in possession of the carrier by the defendants, acting as game warden and game and fish commissioners of the State. Held that the defendants' acts were legal. Order affirmed.

OPINION.

The material facts alleged in the complaint are:

The plaintiff is an Indian and an actual inhabitant of White Earth Indian Reservation, situated within the limits of this State, and a trader thereon under a license from the United States. Prior to Nov. 19, 1896, as such trader she purchased upon the reservation from Indians residing thereon, and who were members of the tribes located thereon, a quantity of game birds, which were killed thereon by such Indians, consisting of prairie chickens and partridges of the value of \$485. On the day named the plaintiff attempted to ship the birds out of the State, and did transport them from the reservation by wagon to Detroit, Minnesota, the nearest railway station, and there delivered them to the express company for carriage out of the State to Eastern States, to be there sold by her agents for her account. After the birds had been delivered to the express company, and while in its possession and in process of shipment out of the State, the defendant, as game warden of the State, acting under the authority of his co-defendants, who constitute the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of the State of Minnesota, seized the birds and delivered them to the board, and thereupon the defendants, claiming to act as

such officers, sold the birds and paid the proceeds thereof into the treasury of the State. The defendants interposed a general demurrer to the complaint, which was sustained, and the plaintiff appealed from the order sustaining it.

At the time of this attempted shipment of the birds out of the State the statute of the State for the preservation of game contained with other provisions the following:

"No person at any time shall catch, take or kill, or have in possession or under control, any of the birds, animals or fish caught, taken or killed in this State—with intent to ship the same beyond the limits of this State, or with intent to allow or aid in their shipment out of this State, or shall ship or intentionally allow or aid in their shipment out of this State."—G. S., 1894, S. 2,170.

"It shall be the duty of all members of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, all game wardens, sheriffs and their deputies, constables and police officers of this State, at any and all times, to seize and take possession of any and all birds, animals or fish which have been caught, taken or killed at a time, in a manner, or for a purpose, or had in possession or under control, or have been shipped contrary to any provision of this act. Such seizure may be made with or without a warrant."—G. S., 1894, S. 2,177.

This statute makes it unlawful to ship game out of the State at any time, and authorizes its seizure and confiscation if the statute is violated.

The statute is constitutional. State vs. Northern Pacific Ex. Co., 58 Minn., 403. Greer vs. Conn., 161 U. S., 519.

It necessarily follows that the seizure in question was lawful, and that the complaint does not state the facts constituting a cause of action, unless the fact that the game was killed on the reservation by Indians exempts it from seizure at a place within the State and off the reservation, while it is in possession of a carrier for shipment out of the State. The question for our decision is not, whether our game laws may be enforced against Indians so that they may be prosecuted and personally punished for its violation on the reservation. Were this the question, it would have to be answered in favor of the Indians, for this court in the case of State vs. Campbell, 53 Minn., 354, rightly held that tribal Indians on this reservation are not subject to the criminal laws of the State. But the sole question here is the legal status of game found off the reservation and in the hands of the carrier for shipment out of the State, which was killed on the reservation by Indians. The answer to this question involves a determination of the extent of the jurisdiction of the State over this reservation.

The White Earth Reservation is not unceded Indian country. It was such prior to 1855, but by an act of Congress approved Dec. 19, 1854, 10 U. S., 598, the President of the United States was authorized to enter into negotiations with the Chippewa Indians for the extinguishment of their title to all lands owned and claimed by them in the territory of Minnesota; the treatise so to be made to contain a provision that:

"The laws of the United States and the Territory of Minnesota shall be extended over the Chippewa Territory of Minnesota whenever the same may be ceded, and that the same shall cease to be 'Indian country' except that the land reserved to said Indians, or other property owned by them, shall be exempt from taxation and execution, and that the act passed June 30, 1834, 'To regulate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes,' etc., be inoperative over the said ceded territory, except the 20th section, which prohibits the introduction and sale of spirituous liquors to Indians."

Such a treaty was made Feb. 22, 1855, and proclaimed April 7, 1855, whereby the Indians ceded to the United States all right, title and interest of whatsoever nature, which they had in and to a large tract of land therein described, and which included all of the land now known as White Earth Reservation.—Rev. Ind. Treaties (1873), 263.

This treaty reserved a number of tracts of land which were set apart for the homes of the Indians, but there was no reservation of the right of the Indians to hunt and fish on and over the ceded territory. None of these reservations included any lands within the limits of White Earth Reservation. A portion of the land now included in the last named reservation was set apart for the future home of the Indians by treaty of May 7, 1864, proclaimed March 20, 1865, and by treaty of March 19, 1867, proclaimed April 18, 1867, there was set apart for the use of the Indians, in order to provide them with a suitable farming region, thirty-six townships of land, to include White Earth Lake and Rice Lake.—Rev. Indian Treaties, 259 and 271.

Under the provisions of the treaty of 1867, what has since been known as White Earth Reservation was established. The legal effect of the treaty of Feb. 22, 1855, was that the lands now embraced within the limits of White Earth Reservation became public lands of the United States, and that every right of the Indians therein became absolutely extinguished. The laws of the then Territory of Minnesota became operative over the whole territorial limits of the present reservation. When the Territory of Minnesota became a State in 1858, the jurisdiction of the State was just as complete and absolute over the other part of the State, except as to the sale of spirituous liquors to the Indians. The State has never ceded or relinquished any part of this jurisdiction.

Such jurisdiction was modified, by the subsequent setting apart the reservation for the use of the tribal Indians, under the control of the general Government, to the extent only that the State cannot tax the property of the Indians, nor interfere with the control of such Indians while on this reservation, or punish them for acts committed thereon in violation of the laws. This limitation of the power of the State does not arise from the fact that the laws of the State are not operative upon this reservation, but it grows out of the personal relations of such Indians to the general Government. They are its wards and under its guardianship and control, and the State may not interfere with or impair the efficacy of such guardianship. Subject to this limitation all of the general laws of the State, including its game laws, are in force in every part of White Earth Reservation. A white man may be punished by the State for a crime committed

thereon, but a tribal Indian may not be.—State vs. Campbell, supra.

After the Indian title to the land within this reservation was extinguished, and before it was set apart for the Indians in 1867, the State owned the game thereon in trust for the whole people of the State, with the right and duty to make and enforce such laws as it deemed necessary for its protection and beneficial use. The State has never parted with the ownership and trust. It is therefore not true as a legal proposition, whatever may be the case ethically, that the Indians own the game on this reservation, for it belongs to the State, and its game laws are operative upon this reservation. But its remedies for enforcing them are imperfect in that it cannot punish Indians for violating such laws on the reservation. A white man on the reservation may be so punished.

It is unnecessary to, and we do not decide whether the State may or may not interfere with game which is unlawfully in the possession of Indians on the reservation. But we do hold that when, as in this case, game is once off this reservation and in the possession of any person or corporation in violation of the law, it may be seized and confiscated by its proper officers, without reference to where or by whom it was killed.

It is immaterial whether the shipment of the game in question commenced on the reservation or off it, and at Detroit, for if it commenced on the reservation no question of interstate commerce can arise, for the reservation is a part of the State, and it has jurisdiction over it, except as we have stated.

Order affirmed.—START, C. J.

Sportsmen and Spotsmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am greatly interested in the subject of game protection, and therefore read everything pertaining thereto, which from time to time appears in your most excellent paper.

It seems to me that there are a great many self-styled sportsmen who are eternally howling for game protection, and are at the same time violating the simplest laws of the principle every time the chance presents itself. We hear much about market shooters, but we naturally expect nothing from them voluntarily, the only way to stop their work of slaughter is by the strong arm of the law. But from the man who is supposed to be shooting for pleasure we have a right to expect moderation; and if he has the instincts of a sportsman he will invariably know where to stop.

Your true sportsman is born, not made. If he be fortunate enough to be rich, "more power to him," as he can then give a wider scope to his inclinations, and none of us will gainsay his right; and on the other hand, if he is poor, or in moderate circumstances, he will prove his devotion to rod or gun by self-denials in other directions, in order to enjoy his favorite outing.

Now I may be all wrong, but I have no use for the fellow who employs a retinue of serving people to do all the hard work (which to me is the source of much enjoyment), and himself sits at his ease in a blind, or at a crossing, to have his game driven or decoyed up where he can easily slaughter it. Speaking of decoys, I never see one that it does not cause me to feel a strange antipathy to such things. Why do we not pass laws prohibiting or at least regulating their use, on the same lines as laws regulating certain kinds of fishing tackle? It is not lawful to hound or hunt deer with a jack light in some sections; why then is it right to decoy ducks and geese? I'll guarantee that you can get more keen delight by bagging your game by stealth and strategy than to have it coaxed up where you can easily pick it off.

The way to protect game is to protect it. Stop the traffic, the game hog (rich or poor), the pot hunter and market shooter, by drastic measures, for education to a higher moral plane takes too long. I believe the later day game hog is more responsible than any other one cause for our fast disappearing native game. I never could understand the creed of this individual. Is it a reckless, wanton desire to kill? a thirst for gore? or merely an ungovernable greed?

Thinking of these things makes me turn back the pages—I shall not say how many years—to a bleak November day, with a feeling of sleet or snow in the air. A certain boy was lending his puny assistance to two men in the not unpleasant task of husking the golden ears of corn which had been cut and shucked in the creek bottom land. Ever and anon the boy cast a wistful glance in the direction of the creek and marsh land from which would occasionally come floating the far-away honk of the noble wild goose. The boy was so constituted that he could only withstand that challenge for a certain length of time. He finally maneuvered out of range of the aforesaid men, then scooted for the house, purloined the old single-barrel muzzleloader, whose prescription was "a handful of powder, a wad of old newspaper, tamped until the ramrod bounded out of the muzzle, a handful of No. 4 shot, with more newspaper"—no scientific load this, but it usually got there. How carefully and stealthfully the boy picked his way through the alders and tall reeds, and how studiously he kept his small person concealed therein. And how his heart thumped against the roof of his mouth when a dark shadow sped rapidly athwart his vision. Ah! what a thrill when he raised his gun to pay a salute to a low flying squad. Knowing nothing about holding ahead theoretically, but instinctively grasping the principle, when he pulls trigger he scores a miss, but causes a few downy feathers to float gracefully down to the water, encouragingly. Was that boy a born sportsman? I am of the opinion that he was. And what would that boy not give now to live that afternoon over again, to be as he then was, as nature made him, there along that creek bottom in the marsh? But the wildfowl no longer haunt that spot as they were wont to do in those times. What has become of them? Has the boy and his prototype decimated their numbers? Or is the horde of unthinking sportsmen with their decoys and murderous breech-loaders, and a desire to blow about their great bags on their return to town, responsible? This is something for us seriously to reflect on. I am afraid it is too late to do much else.

PEN FEATHER.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Richland Seine.

WE had last season, on several occasions, made a tentative engagement to attend a hauling of the second herring seine on the Potomac, but after the fly-fishing began be begrudged the holiday.

Early this month, however, we found the long-looked-for opportunity, and taking an afternoon train for Wide Water, nearly fifty miles down the Virginia shore, reached there while the net was still two hours of landing.

We walked up the beach after supper to the fishing shore. Two turnstile horse powers with four horses in each were hauling in the quarter lines, and when they were in a crew of fifty men gathered about the net, slowly hauling at both ends and laying the "in" upon the sandy beach. When the net had been shortened to twenty fathoms the lead line was brought under to shore, and the remaining net cupped by the crew raising the cork and lead lines waist high, and slowly shortened to 50ft., inclosing a struggling mass of herring, shad, etc.; those on the surface kept up a spattering fusillade that can be heard several rods in the quiet night, and sprinkled muddy water and fish scales on everything for several yards about.

To one who had not seen large seines operated, 35,000 fish seemed something tremendous, and it was almost as much of a surprise to find the catch a disappointment to those most interested, who saw in it such serious signs of falling off as to indicate the threatened close of the season. The morning haul had been between 50,000 and 60,000.

To the outer edge of the net a rude fish scow was dragged and the cork line hung over pegs on the gunwale. We were carried out to the scow on the shoulders of stout fishermen to get a closer view of the proceedings. Four men stepped into the net with two nets on hoops holding near a bushel each, and the fish were dipped and emptied into the deep boxes of the scow, of which there were two with a well between. In each box stood two men with small dip nets, with which they skillfully scooped up shad or other stray fish and placed them in baskets. When the scow was filled to the depth of a foot or more, and in danger of grounding in the shallow water, it was pushed off to the landing above and another brought in its place.

The dim moonlight struggling through the hazy clouds, the lanterns on the beach, or torches of waste net dipped in tar, the crowd of idlers lounging about the sands, attracted by a curiosity like our own, the chaffing of the crew, the shouts of orders or inquiry, the singing of the net crew, the bewildering collection of fish such as we had never seen, all served to form a weird picture never to be forgotten. The net crew has been spoken of. All assist at the haul, but so soon as the net is in the little army divides into squads, and one company becomes the fish crew to dispose of the catch, another takes its place in the sheds, where the fish are stored, or takes care of the horses, and another, the net crew, must at once secure the miles of net and rope upon the beach and carry it out to the seine boat and coil it down ready for next day's paying out. This, to those engaged in it, is a simple routine matter, but to the uninitiated it is a complex problem, so intricate in its disposition as to take rank with an engineering feat.

The peg-board of a life saving line simplifies the matter, but here are miles of net, and cork, and rope, and quarter lines, and buoys, and brails, piled in methodical confusion, that must drop of its own weight into the water without an instant's hitch or delay.

We had a beautiful illustration with this one of the popular idea that fly-fishing is purely a matter of skill in which luck has no chance to enter. We only had an hour at the pond, as we had accepted an invitation from the proprietor of the net to dine on a freshly-caught shad—planked. One of us had had his turn at casting, for we were alone in the boat, and the other made only a cast or two and found that the long winter and a steam-heated room had shrunk the tip and loosened it from the ferule, but it did not drop out. The extra tip was in the case at the landing 100yds. away, and it was time we were going back. It was awkward, but passing the rod back the tip was forced into the ferule hard, and a dozen casts made, when again the ominous click. With a promise to reel up after one more effort, the rod was again passed behind and again the tip pushed home, when suddenly there was a boil at the sunken fly; hastily catching up the rod a little twitch seemed to fetch up against a log, but there was a rush and the fight was on. Drawing in the line too quickly, the leader knot was drawn through the tip-eye and would not go back. The fish took refuge under the boat, and the muddy water was an advantage, as he did not see much of us. The rod pointed back to the man with the paddle, who made frantic efforts to get the leader knot out, and the tip under his manipulation looked like a letter S. The bass settled the matter by rushing out, and for some minutes he played a fair game, with the end of the rod under water most of the time. He finally came near enough to net, and the hook was in his cheek. One might imagine we would sometimes boast of the skillful performance at least when we are alone, but we don't; it is only given as another proof of there being no such thing as awkwardness and luck in fly-fishing. Only science and skill can get a fish with a fly. But the chance to get planked shad, and such planked shad, was luck, and we took a short cut through the May woods to the house of our host. A yacht was down from Washington with a party of friends, but they were picnicking at a spring on the beach, and had already eaten their shad planked on the sand, and were lying about in the shade smoking and enjoying the soft air and blue sky which had been altogether too scarce this spring.

Plank shad, so well known all along the Potomac shores, may not be a familiar expression to all your readers, and a brief description is hazarded. A freshly caught shad is split down the back and nailed flesh side out to a stout oaken plank, which is first heated, and to hold

sufficient heat to help cook the under side a plank of a couple of inches in thickness is generally used. This is tilted up near a mass of live coals, and the fish kept constantly basted with Worcestershire sauce and drawn butter until it is thoroughly browned, and served hot. It is a toothsome dish, and no one in this country has ever been heard to say it was not good. Indeed it would hardly be safe. It has but one fault—bones.

The Chippewas and half-breeds of Canada cook trout in a somewhat similar manner; the split fish is skewered with peeled twigs like kite sticks to hold it stiff. It is then stuck on a stout stick, which is thrust into the ground near the open fire, the stick permitting its easy turning to brown both sides; but the trout cooked so is a very dry dish as compared with the shad.

After dinner and our smoke, we accept an invitation to accompany the seine boat to see the laying out of the net. Our host, who had not made the trip in years, but contented himself with watching the operation from his house on the hill, went with us for good company's sake.

The boat, rudely constructed, has banks for two dozen rowers, and looks much like the pictures of the ancient galleys.

When the last fish scow has been towed to the landing it is already late, and to give the crews any chance for sleep before the next tide the catch must be quickly disposed of and lights out. At the landing is a string of wagons from the country, some from forty miles inland, who have come for their winter's supply of "Potomac Robins." They pay as highly for them as they could buy them for in the market, but they get their fish alive and in town they would be iced and stale. When the wagons are loaded and gone the balance are scaled, a three-minute operation, hardly understood by the novice without explanation. Two men are still in each box of the scow with their short-handled nets and long rubber boots. Two others come down from the fish-house with a bushel basket, which they fill with clean sand from the beach and scatter over six or seven thousand fish in one of the boxes. The shad have already gone to the ice-box, and only herring are left. These are stirred with the nets and trampled with the soft boots, which never break a fish. Then come two men with a tub having a pole through it. This they dip full of water and splash over the herring in one corner of the boat, and as they dash the water on the men in the boat stir rapidly with their nets, and in this way rinse off the sand, which with practically all the scales passes through the false bottom of the scow to the well in the center, to be afterward pumped or scooped out. The few fish in the corner which have been rinsed are dipped into the tub and carried up to the fish vats, where other men salt them down. The boatmen stir up more fish and push another tubful to the handy corner where the carriers may splash them; in an incredibly short time the fish are all in vats and hidden under salt. In this one fish-house are nearly half a million herring, corned or salted, and they have the reputation among their consumers of being "equaled by few and excelled by none."

The next morning the net was out long before we were, and the brail nearly in by breakfast time, but we had plenty of time to wade out to the fish boats and watch the details of the landing to better advantage than in the semi-darkness of the evening before.

There were great silver eels squirming among the herring, but no lampers, as it is yet early for these. Sometimes as the season closes a few are taken. The fishermen amused themselves and us by picking up the wriggling eels and laying them on their backs in trenches in the damp sand, drawn with the finger, where the eel lay as still as if dead. They invariably, religiously as it were, made a cross at the head of the trench, as if the sign was a necessary part of the performance. We saw the experiment repeated with half a dozen of the largest, with always the same result. It may be the sudden chill of the damp sand to the dorsal nerves, but it was suggestive of the old mountebank's trick of hypnotizing a chicken with a chalk line.

There were many odd creatures in the net—silver gar and pickerel, perch, yellow and white; catfish and sliders, or smooth pond turtle, vicariously diamond backs; and the odd soon interested us, and always the crew, more than the herring, for these are treasure trove.

After the landing we took our fly rods for a mile stroll through the woods to the Richland Mill Dam, to see if the bass were up, and caught three, though the water was far from clear.

The spawning was over, and there is no close season for the ponds, but we were afraid the young bass needed their care, and returned them to the water after petting the largest, something over 2lbs.

The great net was coiled or laid in the stern in a pile 30ft. long and 10 deep. The selection of the time for the laying of the net is a delicate matter of judgment and requires long study and experience with wind and tide. It is laid at last of flood and far up the river, so that the first of ebb brings it down and opposite the landing. If not calculated well, and the tide carries it below, it is called a runaway haul, and means much additional work, danger, and loss. They have not had one this season here. The superintendent, who has been at the business for twenty-six years, seems to decide by instinct rather than by the many signs we do not recognize, and does his work so nearly mechanically as to have the appearance that it would do itself if he should happen to be asleep.

The boat is rowed up the shore for a couple of miles past the famous duck blind, where our host entertains our sporting Presidents. The channel of the river is narrow and close to the Maryland shore, and all this broad middle ground is shoal water, where the paddle wheels dare not come and the ducks are undisturbed; besides, the proprietor feeds them throughout the season, and has long had one of the most famous shooting grounds on the river.

Just before we reach the blind comes out from the shore a rowboat with a great coil of rope in the stern. Coming close, it fastens to our net line and shoots back to shore, the line paying out as they go. Here the line is secured, to be hauled down by horses later, when the net is out and the tide starts it down the river. Now they fasten it, and as the end is reached out goes the rope from our boat. Then the great mast of a brail drops, staggers and stands upright, and the net is spinning out over a 20ft. roller on the stern. Coil after coil, and roll after roll, and layer after layer; will it never stop? And

here is the first quarter line with its attendant buoy, and then the second, and here another skiff takes its stand to watch the net and keep off small craft and follow it in. And so we go in a great five-mile circuit, and bring the end around to the horses below, and the haul has begun, and we have seen three in twenty-four hours, and more since in our dreams.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. VIII.—Pike-perch and other Perch.

BY FRED MATHER.

THERE are two species of fish which are so closely related that when of small size they are not clearly distinguished by anglers. This is bad enough, but the fact that their common names are hopelessly mixed is worse. The fish are of the perch tribe, having a spiny dorsal fin, but their habits are those of the pike, and therefore naturalists call them "pike-perch," and years ago the genus was called *Lucioperca*, as a Latinization of pike-perch. Later it was changed to *Stizostedion*. There is such a variety of common names that by giving them all, or as many as I know, the fish intended will be made clear, beginning with the species which grows largest.

Wall-eyed Pike; Yellow Pike.

By these names the larger fish is known in parts of the State of New York. In the eastern portion, and in the markets of New York city, it is called the wall-eyed pike, from its great, staring, glassy eye. It is also known as "glass eye" in some places, but in the Susquehanna and parts of the South it is by some strange freak of nomenclature called "salmon." Think of a salmon having the sharp spines of a perch! I dislike to record the above fact, but it is a fact. True, some fishermen qualify the name by calling it jack salmon, but that is not much better, for there is nothing about the fish that is like a salmon. Science has recognized the large, glassy eye in calling this species *S. vitreum*. Another confusion of names occurs on the great lakes, where it is simply "pike," while the true pike is known as a "pickrel." "Pike-perch" is a book name, never used by fishermen nor marketmen, but all the other names given are used by these men, and in addition I have heard it called "blue pike" in Ohio, and I read that it is known in Canada as "dory," while in some parts of the South it is called "okow" and "blowfish."

This is a fine game fish, but is little known as such to our American anglers. It is a bold biter and is a fighter. My first one was taken near Cobourg, on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario, and it was a surprise. The late W. Morton Locke* and I had crossed the lake from Charlotte in the little steamer Norseman, and had a fine lot of trout from the streams about Peterborough, and had just missed the Norseman on returning. That was her first Canadian landing coming from Charlotte, and her last on return, therefore we could not overhaul her by rail. There we were with about 20lbs. of trout which had been put up at the last moment for friends, and no steamer for forty-eight hours, and the certainty that the trout would be spoiled.

"What do you say?" asked Mort.

"If we take rail around by Niagara Falls the trout will be spoiled, and it will cost as much as to wait here and eat a part of them. Come on, let's find a hotel and make the best of it."

"Look at that steamer smoking away not ten miles off, and that durned teamster who promised that he would get us here in time to catch the boat is away off in the hills. We can't swim to the steamer, and we can't catch the teamster and lick him. The only reasonable thing is to do what you suggest, and then to fish in the lake until the Norseman comes back."

We turned in our trout to the hotel, without other stipulation than that they were of no use to us, but were too good to waste. The landlord saw the situation, and being an angler himself, he introduced us to several local anglers, who were not satisfied with eating our trout, but arranged an elaborate entertainment for us, which comes up vividly in these days of talk of an Anglo-American alliance and of the frequent quotation that "Blood is thicker than water."

Fighting a Wall-eye.

Passing the convivial dinner and the breakfast, we went out on Lake Ontario in two boats to troll for pike, i. e. what I and other American anglers call "pike," *Esox lucius*, and Mr. J. Romaine and a boatman took Mort. Locke in charge, and Mr. George Kilgore and boatman took me in.

These men knew where pike were likely to be found, and after a row of half an hour they decided that it was time to begin fishing. As we had only brought trout rods, our new friends fitted us out. They were new friends, because we never knew them before, but were readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and saw my name on grip sack and introduced themselves before the landlord had a chance to make us acquainted. We had rods of ash and lancewood, about 8ft. long, multiplying reels holding some 60 or 70yds. of good linen line, a foot of gimp on a 3-0 sproat hook, a minnow hooked through the lips, and an ounce tracing sinker about 4ft. above the hook. The water was said to be about 30ft. deep, and the boatmen rowed slowly. The other boat took three pike before we got a strike, and then Kilgore brought a pike of about 10lbs. to gaff, the biggest one yet, and all was quiet for about half an hour, and I began to think that I was a Jonah, when away went my reel; it fairly hummed, and I checked it as far as I dared. When it came time to reel in a little there was a struggle that bent the rod, and Romaine shouted from the other boat: "You've got a 40lb. pike or a wall-eye."

The fight was a good one, and it was give and take for some time, how long I don't know, for I was never cold-blooded enough to hold a watch in such a fight or any other, and measure enjoyment by chronometer; I hate mathematics and all things like statistics; in fact anything which is measured, weighed or counted, but after a

while the fish made a rush which meant that it must have line or tackle would be smashed, and line it had. The size of the spool was diminishing, and it looked as if the fish was going to take the last foot off the reel and still have vitality enough to break something.

I stood in the stern of the boat and contested every inch of line that I estimated the capacity of the rod to resist. Kilgore quietly remarked: "If that is a pike it is a 40-pounder," but he offered no advice. Romaine stopped his boat and Locke and he reeled in their lines to watch the fight. Never before had I met such a fish, and seldom had I perspired as I did then. To use more force meant to smash my tackle and lose the fish; to use less would give the enemy time to gain wind to continue the fight. The strain on the rod was regulated by the drag on the reel, aided by a human thumb, which was needed as an auxiliary. Once the fish was brought into sight, but indistinctly; it made a demand for more line and got it. Then the stiff rod asserted itself and the fish was brought near enough to enable the boatman to say: "It's a wall-eye, and the biggest one ever I see," when the gamy fish made another requisition for line, and the requisition was honored to the extent of 20yds.

After this the rod asserted itself and the brave fish, which had fought so hard for its life, was brought alongside the boat and gaffed. It was a wall-eye of something over 14lbs.; I have not the exact number of ounces, and am not sure that I would give them if they were in my note book.

The Name.

The wall-eye, and Goode says: "If it must be used, 'wall-eye' is, of course, to be preferred to the misleading 'wall-eyed pike.' To me it seems a most repulsive and undesirable name, but others find it appropriate." With Dr. Goode I agree that the name "pike" should be dropped, but do not find "wall-eye" repulsive. "Pike-perch" is bookish and not in use, and when that angling millennium shall come when each fish shall have a distinctive name, and only one, what better name than "wall-eye" can we call this great gamy perch?

The Sauger.

This is a smaller brother of the wall-eye, and is much like it in appearance and habits. The other fish has been taken of 40lbs. weight, while the limit of this species is somewhere about 3lbs. When a wall-eye of similar size is taken few can distinguish them, yet it is not difficult if you know. The larger species has an eye larger in proportion, but as this is comparative one must have both species present to be able to decide, and the first or spiny dorsal fin is plain, except a black spot at its posterior and the pectorals are unspotted.

The sauger has the first dorsal fin spotted, with rows of black spots on the membrane, and without the black blotch at the end; the pectorals are also spotted.

A Serious Blunder.

In that grand work entitled "The Fisheries Industries of the United States, prepared through the Co-operation of the Commissioner of Fisheries and the Superintendent of the Tenth Census by George Brown Goode * * * and a staff of associates," filling seven great quarto volumes, published by the Government in 1884, and intended to convey all the fish lore of the United States up to date, there is a serious blunder in the plate representing these two fishes, which, if it has escaped observation, I have not seen it commented on. It is in the volume of plates, Section I, pl. 169, where the printer not only transposed the names of the two species, putting the name "Wall-eyed Pike or Dory" under the sauger, but under the wall-eye put the legend, "Sauger or Land Pike." Now the fact is that this fish is somewhere called a "sand pike," and in the manuscript of some writers the capitals S and L are not to be distinguished. While I have the honor of being one of the twenty "Associate Editors," I did not write up this fish nor see proofs of the plates.

In his excellent book, "American Fishes," 1888, p. 13, Prof. Goode repeats this error. I say this entirely in the interest of truth. Mr. Goode, who died a few years ago, was one of my warmest friends. As assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and curator of the National Museum, he worked his life away. Few men die from overwork except brain workers, who neglect exercise, and yet he was physically active. He probably dictated his work and ordered a small cut made from the larger work, and so it happened. He knew the difference between these fishes; so did Dr. Bean and others of the staff, but the error was made by the printer, and it may work confusion because it has the stamp of authority.

As a Game and Food Fish.

The wall-eye is well worth the attention of the angler and the fishculturist; the sauger is not worth thought from the fish breeder, for it is a voracious fish, which is inferior to its big brother for the table, and its smaller size makes it of smaller account to the angler.

The wall-eye is one of the best of American game fishes, coming next after the salmon, the trout, and the black bass. All human judgment is fallable; therefore, when I class this fish as a better fighter, pound for pound, than any of the pike family, be it pike, pickrel or mascalonge, it is only the opinion of one man, based entirely on his personal experiences.

There is on this continent a wealth of game fishes whose fighting qualities are yet to be discovered, because we have followed beaten tracks, largely laid down by English anglers, from whom we first got our angling literature, and the anglers of Great Britain are the only ones in all Europe who have elevated angling to the level of other field sports. English, Irish and Scotch anglers were the first to discover that fighting a fish was, next to fighting a man, the grandest thing ever put in this world to fight. But all this is a digression caused by the war with Spain, which is on now and which I hope to take part in. To fight a stubborn game fish is to make a man's pulse beat high, and to make his nerves tingle, but when the battalion charges, that is ecstasy!

The Yellow Perch.

Here is a fish which Walton loved, and in the waters of

Britain, where the black bass is not yet common, it ranks next to the pike as a game fish. There it is simply called perch, for they have no other. The fish sharps have figured out a few differences between this fish in the old world and in the new, and while Schrank called ours *Perca Americana*, I am glad to see that Goode, in his "American Fishes," before mentioned, follows the European name of *P. fluvialis*, or perch of the streams, and furthermore the yellow perch has the right of the line, being found on page 1.

In America the yellow perch is rather neglected by anglers who fish for trout, the pikes and black bass, but we boys! Why it was our kind of fishes, not only for sport, but for the table. The flesh of this fish, like that of the wall-eye, is firm and flaky, and when not taken from weedy ponds is not muddy. In boyhood days the "muddy" or "weedy" taste of some fresh-water fishes was not noticed. Many years' residence near salt water has taught me to pass by most fresh-water fishes in the market, but the fishes of the great lakes are free from all that vile flavor which is found even in brook trout from weedy ponds in midsummer.

Range and Names.

This beautiful fish has an American range which includes all the streams of the Atlantic slope from Labrador to Georgia. It is not found in the Lower Mississippi, now on the Pacific slope. Jordan, who will not admit the identity of the American and the European species, says: "It occurs in some tributaries of the Ohio in the northern parts of Ohio and Indiana, and of the Mississippi in Wisconsin and Minnesota." In the great lakes and their tributaries it is common.

In the North and East it is called yellow perch, from its prominent ground color, but in Virginia and the South the black bars on the side claim attention and it is variously known as "barred perch," "ringed perch" and "raccoon perch."

In the North, outside of that species of darter known as "log perch," which is the only one of its tribe which the angler is liable to take, we only know two "perches," the yellow and the white; other percoid fishes are "bass," as "white bass," rock bass," etc. In the South these are all called "perch," with some specific designation, and our "sunfish" becomes "sun-perch," and often the obsolete English "pearch" is heard.

Angling for Yellow Perch.

As boy and man there has been no fish so frequently hooked as this one. From boyhood days when with an alder pole, a linen line, a Limerick hook which to-day I would think many sizes too large, and a worm, I watched a cork go down and snatched a perch over my head to see it flop in the grass behind to the time when this really game fish was taken on a light rod, either with fly or minnow, the yellow perch has been a favorite.

I have taken it when fishing for pike or pickrel through the ice, and always took them home to mother, for she often said: "Now Fred, if you get a few perch while fishing for pickrel, don't give them away, for they are the best fish you get in winter." I think my tendencies to shoot, fish, and to love the woods came from the maternal side, for father would occasionally shoot snipe and meadowlarks in his younger years, but frowned on my doing either that or rabbit trapping. Mother encouraged it in a way, by advising me that if I did go fishing to bring home certain small specimens, "pan fish" we called them; or it was a request like this: "Fred, if you go shooting next Saturday with Port Tyler, you may give him any ducks that you get, but bring home enough rail or other small birds to go around." With such encouragement my "hookey" days from school were condoned, and I was the sort of boy to take advantage of it. That same good mother said to me in 1862, when I told her that I had enlisted: "My boy, I am glad you have. I would never have asked you to do it." And she sat down.

To get real sport from the yellow perch needs a light rod, not over 50z., a click reel below the hand, and a hook not larger than No. 2, preferably a Pennell Limerick with turn-down eye for minnow or worm, but a smaller hook, say No. 4, is better. Boys are apt to select large hooks, and I remember that in boyhood days a Limerick from 2-0 to 4-0 was thought to be the right size, for we wanted hooks that were strong, yet I do not recall that one ever broke. To-day I would consider such hooks fit to hold a 10lb. fish. A small hook is an easier mouthful than a large one, and will be more satisfactory when taking small fish. With the tackle mentioned the yellow perch gives good sport, as it has a chance to fight for its life. If a float is used let it be a light one, and so placed that it will not come to the tip when reeling in; about 6ft. from the hook will do. It should be large enough to prevent your live minnow, if you use one, from dragging it under.

Fly-fishing for Perch.

This is the way in which the perch can afford the most sport. It prefers bright flies as a rule, and the red ibis is usually successful, but the coachman, professor, queen of the water, and other showy combinations are attractive to the perch.

Ozonia Park.

POTSDAM, N. Y., May 23.—FOREST AND STREAM for May 21 contains an interesting account of game preserves in this region, written by a brother of Assemblyman Ives. It alludes to Ozonia Park as containing an ideal lake, but as having only a few hundred acres of hunting ground.

Allow me to state that the park alone contains 1,682 acres, the larger part of which consists of virgin forest. Besides this I own 1,400 acres joining it upon the west from which some timber has been taken, and I control 1,800 acres of similar forest on the eastern side, making in all nearly 5,000 acres abounding in ponds and streams.

Guests at Fernwood Hall have access to this entire tract, as well as to the bass fishing of Lake Ozonia, which is three miles in length.

FREDERIC M. HEATH.

* "Men I Have Fished With," No. 37, FOREST AND STREAM, April 3, 1897, but not in the sketches in book.

Days on the St. Lawrence.—II.

From unpublished manuscript of S. H. Hammond, author of "Wild Northern Scenes." By courtesy of Mr. Hammond Van Vechten.

In the preceding chapter I endeavored to describe to you, my excellent friend, sunrise out here upon the St. Lawrence, a phenomenon that never occurs in the city. True, you have succession of day and night, darkness and daylight, evening and morning, midnight and noonday; but sunrise never happens in a city. You never see the day god gather up his reins and bound into his chariot of fire. You never see him leap into the sky from his couch beyond the mountains or behind the hills, or away down in the depths of ocean, or under the broad waters of the great lakes. You may see him, to be sure, moving lazily in mid heaven, blazing down upon piled up bricks and mortar, upon glowing sidewalks, sending his searching rays along glimmering streets. You see him only in dull, heavy, burning monotony, dimmed in glory, robbed of brightness, by the smoke and haze and dust, and a thousand villainous exhalations that go up from your aggregation of factories, workshops, furnaces, and all the contrivances through which human labor gathers its pittance of daily bread. You feel his blistering heart and pant beneath the blaze of his everlasting furnace, but you never see him rise in his majesty. No! No! There is no sunrise in a city.

Well, I saw the sun rise. I watched, and admired, and shouted, and hurrahed, and sang as of old, when the darkness and the night shadows vanished away, and brightness and glory were over all the earth again. But even here in the country, on the banks, and on waters of the St. Lawrence, the heat of the morning became oppressive. The sun marched up into the heavens, and blazed away, sending his burning rays through a moveless atmosphere down upon the parched earth. Every living thing sought a refuge from the fierceness of his glare. The birds ceased their melody, and flew away into the forest depths; cattle gathered under the shadows of the trees; sheep huddled along the fences, and the pigs wallowed in the tepid mire. Who were we (I mean my boatman and myself) that we, alone of all the world, should brave the power of the sun, as he careered in his might across the sky? We gathered in our lines and went ashore.

Toward midday, great ogre looking clouds came looming up in somber majesty into the sky, rising higher and blacker, till the sun, gathering the dark and ragged thunderheads like a mantle around him, hid himself in their gloomy folds. Anon the low growl of the thunder came booming over the water; faint flashes of lightning glanced across the face of the clouds. Blacker and blacker grew the heavens. A long line of storm reached all across the west, rising higher and higher, rolling up like the outer curtain that hides the stage of some vast theater. Louder and louder rolled the thunder, and fiercer flashed the lightning until, with a rush and a roar, the wind and the rain, the lightning and the thunder, in one wild uproar were upon us. Hurrah! for the strife of the elements! Hurrah! for the whirl and crash, the hissing and plashing of the storm, the tug of the wind, the glare of the lightning, the loud explosion, the sudden boom of heaven's artillery and its deep, jarring roll across the sky. For an hour the rain poured, the wind blew, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, as the rain, and the wind, and the lightning, and the thunder can pour and blow and flash and roar in these watery regions. And then clouds passed on, calmness succeeded the tempest, the sun looked out with a mild radiance, the bow of promise spanned with a circle of glory the retiring storm; the odors of forest and field filled the air, and freshness and beauty lighted up the face of all things again. The foam vanished from the crest of the waves, the billows that rolled in from the broad lake beat with a sullen sound against the shore as the storm passed away, and subsided to stillness, at last in the calmness that followed the warring elements.

Three miles below Cape Vincent is Carlton Island, containing some twelve hundred acres, off the south side of which is the best still fishing for bass in this region. At the head of the island are the ruins of an ancient fortification, built by the French long ago, when all this portion of the country was a wilderness; when the savage tribes lorded it over a territory reaching from the Hudson River to the limitless North and West; long before Wolfe purchased the splendid victory of Quebec at the cost of his own life, or Montcalm atoned for his defeat by his death on the Heights of Abraham. I call these ruins ancient. They are so only by comparison. In this country there is nothing ancient, save the mountains, the forests, the prairies, the lakes, and the rivers. These have been here from the beginning of time, are primeval things, lying back of civilization; but the results of human labor, ruined though they be, though desolation, decay, and forgetfulness have swept over them, yet they are not ancient, but modern, belonging almost to the era in which we live. And still this fort has already dropped out of history, leaving no record of its origin, by whom it was erected, or by whom commanded. All we know is, that it was a French fortification, built when all above Montreal and west of the Hudson was one vast wilderness, and was abandoned before the conquest of Canada by the English. The ditches and walls, with a few isolated chimneys, laid in stone and cement, from which everything of wood has long since rotted away, standing in solitary desolation, defying time and decay; a great well some 20 ft. in diameter and 60 in depth, excavated in the solid rock, are all that remain of the "old fort" on Carlton Island. Connected with this old well superstition has invented many a legend; some of horror, which speak of dead men's bones that lie away down in its depths, beneath the old logs and timber with which it is partly filled, and some of treasures hidden in its waters from the greed of men who carried it by storm a century or more ago. All over the site of the "old fort" are lilac, rose, currant and gooseberry bushes, cherry and plum trees, and various kinds of vegetables, now become wild and indigenous, growing spontaneously, without care or cultivation, the originals of which, like the hand that planted them, have been dust for more than a hundred years. Old buttons, occasionally an old coin, buckles of silver and of steel, pieces of swords, pistol barrels, leaden bullets and iron balls, all oxidized and eaten with rust, have been picked up by

the careful searchers after relics. Off a little way to the north is the old burying ground, with a few broken fragments of what once were tombstones, but voiceless, bearing no inscriptions, calling no names, telling no history, save that human dust is reposing beneath them, and that human affections and human hopes, ambition, pride, glory, sleep quietly in that deserted city of the dead.

The site of the "old fort" remains untouched, while all around it are cultivated fields, rich pastures, beautiful meadows, and waving grain, leaving the dead things of savage and bloody times, and the fields that bloom around them, to preach their living sermon of the glory of peace, and the superiority of the plowshare and the pruning hook over the battle axe and the sword.

I found, in the old graveyard, a fragment of blue limestone, such as underlies the island, as large perhaps as a sheet of foolscap, which had doubtless once stood at the head of one of these forgotten graves. The inscription was wholly illegible save the word "Pierre." Time had eaten away all else, leaving even this much difficult to decipher. "And who was Pierre?" I inquired of the "dull, cold marble," and of the spirits of the dead men, if they hovered around where the dust which they once inhabited reposed. "Who was this Pierre, whose name alone, of all those who slumber here, has been preserved? Was he of a proud lineage, a scion of a noble house, a man linked by the ties of affection to loving hearts? Was he the pride of a father, the idol of a mother, the hope of a wife? Or was he of the baser sort, fit food for the wars, whose proper element was strife, and whose normal destiny was to die and be forgotten, above whose grave few tears were shed, and by whose death no hopes were shattered, no affections crushed, no home made desolate?" To these inquiries no answer was given. The grave retained its secret. No voice responded from the oblivion that had settled down upon that desolate graveyard, and the silence that reigns there to-day will brood over it forever. The plowshare will pass heedlessly over these graves and the bones of these "dead men" will fatten the soil for the harvest. "Pierre" was faintly legible upon that fragment of stone, and it remains, in mockery of human research, all of history that is extant connected with the dust reposing beneath it. *Sic transit*, and so forth.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Fishing Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—To-day is the opening season on bass in the State of Wisconsin, and thus one of the most popular fishing regions of this part of the West is made available for the angling fraternity, who have been looking longingly at their rods, and waiting for a chance at the Wisconsin bass. The closed season for bass in Wisconsin is March 1 to May 25, yet, in all probability, this does not entirely cover the spawning season of that fish. I have seen bass on the spawning beds in lakes of upper Wisconsin in the latter part of July. In ordinary seasons, however, the greater part of the spawning run is over by June 1, and that date is commonly accepted by the craft as one at which it is proper to begin fishing for bass.

Wisconsin does not protect any fish under its present law excepting bass and trout, that is to say, it allows fishing with hook and line in the inland waters at all seasons of the year, excepting for these two varieties of fish during their closed seasons. This law permits the use of spears on certain coarse fish in the daytime. It does not say anything about a close season for muscallonge or pickerel. I have heard several gentlemen speak of a supposed closed season on "lunge or pickerel" in the State of Wisconsin, but none such exists under the present law. It has been quite lawful to angle for a muscallonge or pickerel at any time during the spring.

I have not heard this week of any additional muscallonge news from Wisconsin, though reports come of three nice muscallonge, one of 25 lbs. weight, taken last week at St. Clair, Mich., one of which was sent to the well-known Chicago angler, Mr. J. Frank Lawrence. I have earlier spoken of the fact that the muscallonge were beginning to rise well in the waters of the Manitowish chain. I should think it entirely safe, as an angling proposition, to start for that country now. Both bass and muscallonge should give good sport for the next three weeks at least, and longer if the season should prove cool, and not speedily run into hot weather. The month of June is, of course, the peer of all angling months in this part of the country. With the hot season of July and August comes that mysterious "bloom" upon the water which was for so many years advanced, at least in this part of the world, as the reason why the muscallonge would not rise. It is curious how information sometimes goes in waves. I must confess that in my own ignorance I blindly accepted the "bloom" theory until last year, when I first began to get track of the fact that the muscallonge sheds its teeth in the summer season, and hence has small heart for the tempting but hard-shelled spoon. This season I have heard two or three Wisconsin anglers speak in a matter-of-fact way of the dullness of the muscallonge when it is shedding its teeth. It is fair to suppose, therefore, that the dental operations of the muscallonge are known to a portion of the public, and perhaps may have been known for many years, although I never happened to stumble across the fact myself until last year. I have heard dozens or scores of railroad men, resort keepers, anglers and guides give the advice never to go after muscallonge during the summer, "because then, you know, the bloom is on the water, and they won't bite." I have seen the bloom rubbed off a good many things in my life, but I never saw any attempt to rub it off the Wisconsin lakes until the recent advices in FOREST AND STREAM, which indicate that it is not a case of "bloom," but of teeth. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a toothless "lunge!"

Bass Grounds.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes me very cheerfully in regard to the bass fishing in Fox Lake. It should be borne in mind that this water is not the Illinois Fox Lake, of which we hear so much, but the Upper Fox Lake, which I take to be a better and less

overrun sporting ground, although there is very good fishing at times to be found in the Illinois Fox Lake and adjacent waters. Mr. Hotchkiss says:

"We want the members of FOREST AND STREAM family to become better acquainted with our place here, and believe we have as fine fishing grounds as any in the State. The lake is full of black bass, large and small mouth both, and they are ready for business now. I hope you can be able to get away for a day or so, and come up. I will be pleased to show you some good bass grounds, and guarantee that the bass are at home. We farmers don't understand catching them very well, but one who knows how can have a picnic, and I will take great pleasure in assisting any member of the family to some good fishing any time they come up.

"If any of the folks want to get out away from the city and lay around in the shade on the lake shore, swing in hammocks, and enjoy cottage life or hotel accommodations at moderate rates, that's our long suit, and we can fix 'em out in good shape."

The above writer is a newspaper man himself, and hence can do no wrong. I think this country is very well worth bearing in mind, both for angling and shooting. Some Milwaukee gentlemen, who have a shooting box there, nearly always meet with good luck with the wildfowl in season. There are squirrels and grouse in season, and undoubtedly bass, and very big bass, because Mr. Hotchkiss sends pictures showing strings of bass some of which are nearly large enough to take a yearling colt for bait. The gentlemen of this favored locality, who can go out fishing without the necessity of railroad and sleeping car tickets, are among the lucky ones of the earth, but as they are willing to share their luck generously with all the members of the goodly FOREST AND STREAM family, I presume the next best thing is to secure the aforesaid tickets, and go up to assist in subjugating the bass before they become dangerous to bathing parties and other live stock.

Some time ago a gentleman wrote me regarding the splendid bass fishing on the Wolf River, near Gill's Landing. I presume that for minnow fishing for big bass and well-eyed pike there are few better localities than this. All of that chain of waters is fed by the inland sea of Winnebago Lake. The latter water has been much fished, but the fight of protection has been most bitterly waged there by the energetic warden, Capt. Johnson, and his men. Stories of the many arrests and encounters have often appeared in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but the net result of all this is a series of streams well stocked with bass.

The Northern Fox River, above Princeton, Wis., is a good bass stream, and above all a fine stream for fly-fishing for bass. There is without doubt a difference between streams in the matter of sport with the fly on black bass. The angler who wets a fly for bass in the Northern Fox this year will be a lucky one.

Puckaway Lake, Wis., is the location of the Neepeenauk Club, of Chicago, a very good body of sportsmen, whose chief interest in the club preserves lies in the duck shooting. Yet this club is much patronized by the members in the summer months, and the fishing in the river adjoining is said to be fine. Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, this city, will go up on Saturday next for a few days' fishing at this club. He anticipates fine fly-fishing for bass, and I hope his dreams may come true, for we have few lines of sport in this part of the West offering keener pleasure than that of black bass fishing with the fly, when the bass are really rising. A few years ago we had a great run of bait casting in Chicago, and indeed the fancy for that sort of sport has not much abated, but we begin to hear of more men who go after black bass with the fly-rod. I have often proved, to my own satisfaction, that the fly-rod will kill about all the bass one cares for in almost any water where the bass will rise to any bait, although, of course, if one wished to make a very heavy catch, he would prefer the bait rod.

Speaking of fly-fishing waters for bass reminds me to say that Chicago anglers this summer should not forget the stretch of water in the Illinois Fox River, about three miles from Elgin. Here there may usually be found in the average stage of water at the latter part of June a stretch of river a couple of miles long where one can wade and take the bass on the fly. Sometimes the bass work in very shallow water in shore, hunting among the rocks for crawfish and helgramites. The water is usually clear, and it takes a long line to kill one's fish, but if one gets the knack of it he can have great sport here when the bass are working in the shallows. Mr. Elmer Wilkinson, of this city, who has been going to this place for some years, tells me that he sometimes has splendid sport there. This is very accessible from Chicago, and the fly-fisher of this city who makes this trip will find many skillful lovers of the fly-rod in the pleasant city of Elgin.

Mr. Otto L. Tosetti and party will leave next Saturday for Little Trout Lake, Wis., on an extended trip for bass and muscallonge. Mr. Tosetti is an angler of wide experience in this country and in Europe.

Mr. J. M. Oliver, a well-known attorney of Chicago, would rather go fishing than practice the most gilt-edged sort of law. Mr. Oliver will go to the Nepigon River this summer, to extend his already wide acquaintance with the Lake Superior country. He fished the Two Hearts when they were wilder than they are to-day, and has attended the obsequies of many a lusty trout in his day. This week Mr. Oliver got the fishing fever very badly, and concluded that he could not be happy without catching some small-mouth, black mottled, red-eyed bass. Some of his friends are to start next Saturday for Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota, and Mr. Oliver will in all probability accompany them, although he is disposed to think the bass fishing will be better a little later. Mr. McCartney, proprietor of Kabekona Camp, is now absent at that point, and is expected back next Sunday. We shall then hear how matters piscatorial are doing in that neck of woods.

Minnesota Fishing.

The bass season appears to be a red hot one out in Minnesota this spring. I see reports of very fine catches in Lake Harriet, Lake Sarah, Lake Waconia and other well-known waters. The bass are reported to be rising better than is usually the case at so early a date. I note

one catch of 61lbs. of bass by Mr. Burgess, of Minneapolis, in one day; a very nice string, surely.

Indiana Bass.

A season or so ago I found occasion to make mention of a new and rather interesting angling country around Westville, Ind., where there are several little lakes and two or three streams up around the head of the Calumet River, where the finest sort of bass fishing may be had by those who know the country. In the course of my story about the head of the mysterious Calumet River, I mentioned the strong tip given me by a friend on the lakes near Wolcotteville, Ind. This chain of lakes is quite distinct from the series of waters about Westville, being indeed something like 100 miles further on east and northeast, but in the neighborhood of Wolcotteville, I have very often heard, there are some of the finest bass waters in the State of Indiana. This week a friend came into the office of FOREST AND STREAM and offered still further confirmation of this line of advice. He says the region is all right for fine bass fishing, and thinks that any angler would do well to bear the locality in mind for this summer. Personally I have never fished this region myself, but I believe it all that is claimed for it. It is mostly big-mouthed fishing.

A Great Take of Muscallunge.

While I was at Eau Claire, Wis., a week or so ago, I ran across a lot of mighty nice men, who know what good fishing is when they see it, and who often see it. One of these gentlemen, Mr. G. F. Winslow, pulled a photograph on me which was calculated to take away the breath. It showed a row of muscallunge hanging on a pole, twenty-seven 'lunge in all, weighing 274lbs., the largest going 25lbs. These fish were all singularly symmetrical and shapely, and of such extraordinary size that they made a most remarkable showing, it being further added that the feat of a good fish photograph had here been accomplished, so that the fish showed impressively as they must have looked in life. This great take of great fish was made by Messrs. Eugene Shaw, G. F. Winslow, A. A. Cutter and Chas. Newell, all of Eau Claire. They caught them in a water which I think no one has seen much mentioned in the columns of any sporting paper, but which none the less must be a most fruitful one. This little known spot is in what is called the Little Falls Pond, at the "Flambeau Farm," on the Chippewa River. This is some thirty miles' drive from Chippewa Falls, over a logging road not exactly boulevarded, but a look at the row of muscallunge would cause one to forget such a prospect, indeed to exult in it. In these days it is not easy to get thirty miles away from a railroad in our part of the West, and even if one does go so far for his fishing he sometimes misses it. But here is the secret of this fish picture. The Little Falls Pond is the back water above the great dam across the Chippewa, which has been put in by one of the great lumber concerns. It is, of course, known that the Chippewa, that black and forbidding stream which has really the purest waters that flow into the Mississippi, is one of the two muscallunge rivers of Wisconsin. How the fish get over the big dam deponent saith not, but it is certain that at certain times, when the dam is pulled open and the flood let down—the head being lowered some 15ft. at times—the great submerged country back in the forest comes into view, and the actual channel of the river becomes traceable. About 75,000,000ft. of logs is the ordinary size of this drive.

The gentlemen above mentioned arrived at just the proper time, having advice from the company that at such time the flood would be let off. They fished along the deep channel, where the fish seemed to have been living, and from which they did not move very far. They found one deep place near the mouth of a smaller stream, and here was where they got the raw material for their photograph. They were in about a day and a half in all, taking the twenty-seven 'lunge, but the actual string does not measure the sport they had. Their fishing was in timber country, along stumps and snags, and the way the big fish smashed up their tackle was a caution. They say that they lost more than they took, and festooned the snags with their last spoon hook. In such conditions they never could tell how big the fish were which they had on, but they say that of all the 'lunge they saw these were the brightest, the gamiest and the hardest fighting. Every fish would go out two and three times at least, and they worked harder than the average large fish on the rod.

This choice bit of anglerdom I offer as a special tidbit to those who like to go on strange journeys and try new waters. If the spot be approached at the right time of the logging operations, the sport is sure to be superb. This is a muscallunge pocket which I do not think is apt to be exhausted very soon, but which has temptation in its description.

Yet another good 'lunge region, also on the Wisconsin Central line, is the Mason Lake chain near Fifield, Wis.—something of a lake country, for there is 300 miles of shore line. My Eau Claire friends told me they always found that point good for 'lunge and bass. Above Eau Claire, up the Chippewa, the lakes which are strung on that thread are all muscallunge waters, and are known by men who live near them, and should be known by men who would like to live there, but cannot take up a permanent residence.

Eau Claire Trouting.

There is something suggestively fascinating in the Eau Claire, the "clear water" of the first voyageurs. It has a troutful sound withal, nor did it belie its title in the old days, when it was guiltless of logs and full of trout. To-day the Eau Claire, big stream as it is, has trout in it, though it does not offer trout fishing to any sporting degree. It is only at certain seasons, when the water is of the right temperature, that trout are seen in the main river, but in the many creeks which run down out of the hills into the Eau Claire there are trout to-day, much harried by all sorts and conditions of anglers as they are. The Eau Claire flows into the Chippewa within the city limits of the city of Eau Claire, yet it is a singular fact, noted by the local anglers, that the Chippewa tributaries do not carry trout to any great extent, whereas the Eau Claire waters all have trout. So much

for a name. Otter Creek, Rock Creek and Pine Creek are all streams adjacent to Eau Claire, and they can all show trout, sometimes very large ones. Seven-Mile Creek is another of these short hill streams, its mouth being, as indicated, nine miles from the city of Eau Claire. Beaver Creek, being further away, eighteen miles, and harder to get at, usually offers better sport to those who get to it. Opposite the mouth of the Beaver is that of the Eighteen-Mile Creek, whose conditions are practically the same. All these short rivers are spring-fed streams. Elk Creek, some twelve to fifteen miles from Eau Claire, is a fine bold stream which has never been logged, and which is perhaps the favorite of all the many trout streams of this interesting country. I learned of some very nice catches of trout in Elk Creek this spring. In all of these streams about Eau Claire the farmer boys catch trout right along, and not a day passes but good strings of them are brought in and offered for sale about the business part of town.

It may be amusing to speak of a trout trip in which three men caught only two trout, but I must tell of that experience, which was actually had at Eau Claire by Messrs. Chas. L. Smith, R. E. Rust and myself. These gentlemen wished to show me a day on one of their streams, and very kindly set all things in train for the enterprise. We drove out some eight or nine miles to Otter Creek, which is known to have some good trout in it, though with the reputation of a ticklish water to angle over. We ran out in the middle of the day, and the weather was fair and warm. I saw a very nice little trout river when my friends took me down the steep banks to the deep fringe of alders. The stream was flat, with sandy bottom and nice pools and bends, but the heavy brush made fly-casting impossible. The bottom was a bit soft in spots also, and all in all it was quickly evident that he who took trout in that stream must be a good one. It was very hard to make any good approach, and the path along the bank proved what might be expected in the way of education for the fish. We made the best of it and put on a goodly worm, since to cast a fly or float it or get it into the water was a physical impossibility. I floated a long line with a long worm down over a nice reach, and I had a strike. "This is going to be easy," I thought, and visions of fried trout at the Galloway Hotel came over my soul. I was not very particular whether I caught that trout or not, so I went on down stream. There was where I made a mistake. I ought to have stayed right there till I caught that trout. In the next bend I came to a fine lot of logs and brush lying in the water, with the alders meeting across the stream above it. I shortened line and poked the patient worm down stream the best I could, meantime standing in full sight myself. There was a double flash and a rush, and I was at once fast to my first trout, a lively fellow about 8in. long, and one of the lightest colored trout I ever caught. Him I put in my basket and went on rejoicing in what I was going to do to those fish before night. I met Mr. Smith, and he told me he had taken a trout too, so we both concluded we would get a few, though only with hard fishing. It did indeed prove hard fishing, and we had to admit that the trout were too smooth for us that day. We worked hard for over a mile of water, and though we saw a few more trout, never another did either of us catch. Then we met Mr. Rust, who had been working equally hard below us, and he reported still worse luck, inasmuch as he had not taken even a single fish. Thereupon we voted it a *nolle prosequi* and went home. But on our way in we saw a sight worth the trip. There is an old picture book mill dam across the Otter Creek, with a story book mill alongside, the same located in a narrow, rocky dell, which would be worth cultivating by an artist. Above this narrow, rocky defile of the waters stretched back a broad pond of deep black water, with sharp cut rocky banks reaching high up above. In this pool a great many trout are planted each year, and here there are undoubtedly some very large trout. A few days before our trip a man had taken here on minnow bait a trout which weighed 3½lbs. Every once in a while such a stray trout is taken, but the pond has a weird reputation. In the evening the trout can be seen leaping in numbers, but they will not connect with any known sort of fly, being of the shrewd, shrewdest. Mr. Rust says that he has often seen them so rising, but never knew any one to take one on the fly. He announced his determination of putting in a boat on this pond, and trying for these big trout, until he compassed their undoing. I hope he may succeed in getting revenge upon the fish of the Otter, for surely we owe them a grudge for the cavalierly way in which they used us.

Fly-Casting Contests.

On June 4 some of the members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will make their last preparations for the tournament at Grand Rapids, Mich., the week ensuing. The Grand Rapids enthusiasts are expecting a good attendance and a good time.

Dipping Bass.

Eight men were arrested last week at Eureka, Wis., for using dip nets in taking bass. The men were fishing below the mouth of the fishway in the dam, and were doing a land office business, taking black bass and white bass. In consequence of the facility of these operations, peddlers were hawking good white bass in the streets of Berlin and Ripon at a cent apiece. This is cheaper than one can go out and catch them for himself, it is true, but after the fines have been collected from the above violators of the law it is likely that the price of fish may go up.

The War and the Trade.

Here in the big city of Chicago we would almost forget there was a war waging in any part of the world in which we are interested, were it not for the papers and the crowded bulletin boards. The many thousands who have gone from this city with the volunteers are not missed—grim commentary on the heartlessness of war and of life. In the stores where sporting goods are sold the trade is not so much affected as one would naturally suppose. At Spalding's, Von Lengerke & Antoine's, Fisk's, Van Uxem's and other houses where inquiry was made, the report seems pretty unanimous

that local trade in fishing tackle and kindred goods has not been seriously affected. My friend, Mr. Hirth, at Spalding's, goes so far as to say that he has a much better counter trade than at this time last year. In guns the sporting trade here is dead, whether retail or mail order trade. The country trade, or mail order business, has fallen off sharply, and dealers here infer that in smaller communities the hand of the war is heavier, so that persons are not caring so much for sport. When we stop to think that in the Civil War many hundreds of thousands of the finest men of the country were killed, and that the world has gone right on without them, that the country has apparently never missed them, but has grown just as well, and when we think also that in this war, if fortune do not bring a merciful end to it at some early day, very many more men will die and not be missed, we have great occasion to hope that the trouble may soon end, and not put this hard tax on human nature, accusing it of heartlessness in that it forgets. If humanity could not forget, it could not live.

Along the Illinois River.

That consistent enthusiast on angling and fish protection, Mr. Geo. E. Cole, of Chicago, has just returned from a trip along the Illinois River, where he went as guest of Superintendent Bartlett, of the Illinois State Fish Commission. Mr. Cole says that the water was too high for good fishing, though he had a very enjoyable time. He speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the condition of protective matters, not only in regard to sporting fishes, but also the food fishes, and says that never in the history of this State has the situation been so good or the work so well done. Dr. Bartlett has the work of the State fish boat handsomely systematized, and the crew is trained to a high degree of efficiency, so that the game fish are quickly handled for shipment, and the food fish placed in the waters of the main stream along which the work is carried on.

Fish at Omaha Exposition.

Fish Commissioner May, of Omaha, thinks that the State exhibit of Nebraska, at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, will compare very favorably with that at the World's Fair. The exhibit is now in process of installation, and promises to be a feature of the big show.

The Banks of the Wabash.

The members of the Terre Haute Fishing Club, of Indiana, are this week fixing up their property on the Wabash River, and getting ready for a busy season. The formal opening will be June 5, at which time a good party will be on hand.

The Iowa River.

The Iowa River, as well as the Cedar, the Skunk and the Des Moines, all of which flow southeasterly into the Mississippi outlet, has in its time afforded great sport to anglers for bass, crappie and pike. In later years it has been over-fished by all sorts of appliances, like many other Iowa streams, and the supply of fish life has been much cut down. Fish protection has never until very recently been regarded with much favor by the Iowa Legislatures, and probably it has never been so well pushed as under the administration of Commissioner Delevan, handicapped as he is by lack of appropriations. Appeal has been made to the commissioner to do all he can for the Iowa River, and he has agreed to do so. I am sure I wish he could restore some of the above-named rivers of Iowa to a part of their former fruitfulness, for naturally they are great streams, as I can testify of my own experience.

At Fox Lake.

Mr. Oscar Blomgren, of this city, is just back from a little trip to Fox Lake, Ill., where he says the fishing for bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel is now very good.

At Koshkonong Lake.

Messrs. John Campbell and V. L. Cunningham, of this city, are back from a fishing visit to Lake Koshkonong, Wis. They were at the Blackhawk Club, and had very good sport, taking thirty-six black bass from 1½ to 4lbs. weight in their two days' angling.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Tomcod at St. Michaels.

In the summer months St. Michaels has a large number of Eskimo visitors. These natives come from the far north in their walrus skin boats, with their families and dogs, to trade with the companies. Every evening the women of the party will be found sitting on the rocks fishing for tomcod, which abound in the bay. Their method of fishing is very peculiar and amusing. At the end of a long pole is a fish line, at the end of the line is a piece of wire bent in three sides of a square and suspended to the line with the points down. At each of the points of this three-square is a small one, making four baits to the fish line. Having adjusted the bait, the disciple of Izaak Walton throws the line into the water, the bait being almost immediately taken, and then the rod is quickly drawn over the shoulder with a violent jerk, and the fish are thrown off on the rocks. No fisherman ever looks behind, or gets up to remove a fish. The hook is merely a piece of bent wire, and the fish three or four at a time jump at the bait and hold it tight enough to be drawn ashore, but are seldom impaled on the hook. Behind those fishing congregate a number of Indian and Eskimo children, who collect the fish as they are thrown off, and place them in a basket. There may be a hundred people fishing at the same time, and each fisherman will catch a pail full of fish in fifteen minutes. To stand at a distance and see the rods passing up and down to the water and then back to the land, and innumerable fish wriggling on the rocks, is amusing.—*Alaska Miner*.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trout Fishing in Nova Scotia.

IN Nova Scotia trout fishing can be had from early May to late in September. The first month and the last are the best months to fish. In May a party has the chance of being first in the water. In September the fish are getting ready to spawn, and from the 1st to the 20th of the month they will be found in the runs between the lakes making their way up-stream, and if good fortune should lead the fisherman to a spot where a running stream comes into still water, or lakes, over a sandy bottom, it will take two men to fish, one to throw the fly and the other to take the fish off the hook. In early May the voracious midge is not prepared for visitors, but later in the month and in June the shade of Izaak Walton would lose blood. However, the druggist in Nova Scotia has a remedy, and its repeated application will spoil the sport of the flies, save appearances, and prevent very bad language.

It is hardly necessary for the tourist to ask for definite information. The fisherman need only look at any country map, select his stream and follow it up. If he is a novice he will be satisfied with what he gets. If he brings experience his own good judgment will lead him aright. Only do not depend on lake fishing, strike out for running water.

Through the middle of Western Nova Scotia, and running east and west, is the divide between the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean, and fifteen miles south of Annapolis town, at Milford, a canoe will be waterborne to the Atlantic at Liverpool. This trip gives over sixty miles straightaway lake and stream fishing, and on branches east and west as many more miles.

A few miles east are the headwaters of the Port Medway, and next the La Have, both with quite as extensive fishing as the Liverpool River and larger trout. The head waters of the Annapolis River and all the streams running into the main river afford good fishing, especially the upper waters of the Nictaux.

In every town in Nova Scotia the month of May causes a trout fever that nothing will alleviate with those who like the sport but the swish of the flies through the air, that tremble on the water, the click of the reel, and then, well, you want a frying pan, a sizzle, a smell of cooking trout, and satisfy your palate and the regions below. This will temporarily abate the fever, for a trout out of water and into the pan is worth a thousand that reach the cooking stove. If a tourist to Nova Scotia has a touch of this fever he will find in every town some one to sympathize with him. It is hardly necessary to ask what to bring. A rod and flies, a rubber mackintosh and blankets. Wear heavy flannel underclothing, woolen clothing and old clothes. With two sets of each and old laced boots to match, getting wet or wading knee deep all day will do no harm if a change to dry things is made at once on returning to camp or hotel in the evening.

Other things wanted can be found in Nova Scotia, that is, provisions, boats, canoes and men to assist or go with you. Professional guides or Adirondack factotums are not always to hand. It is better to take the level of the people as you find them, and I speak as a Nova Scotian; if it is not satisfactory, it lies at the doors of your own bad luck.

The usual length of a fishing trip in Nova Scotia is four to seven days, that is to say, a trip to the woods. Within reach of every town is a day's fishing, and 1lb. trout can be had.

The following are trips in which the writer has participated: Sept. 10, two hours' fishing, two rods, eight dozen $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to 1lb. trout. Same time and place, following year, three rods, twenty-five dozen. May, 1898, five days' trip, three days' fishing, 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. each day, two rods, twenty-five dozen; and as many more trout could have been caught. One-half of these fish were 1lb. trout. The largest weighed 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

The trout in Western Nova Scotia are not large, going occasionally to 3lb. fish, but they are gamy. They often jump clear of the water, taking the flies on the down turn to their native element. A 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout taken in heavy running water will give an experienced fisherman all the sport he wants, particularly if it is two at a time. For early spring and September fishing my choice of time of day to fish is 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. In summer months early in the morning, as soon as the mist is off the water and resting through mid-day, begin the evening fishing after 4 P. M. Take things easy and enjoy life in the woods. Very good roads run in all directions, and carriage hire is not expensive. By road one can generally get within a mile or two of the fishing ground, out of sight perhaps of civilization, but in a country of clear skies, a land filled with running water and magnificent lakes, an atmosphere that carries with it always a touch of ozone and a smell of the sea. Today what Longfellow said of the Acadians is applicable in its fullest measure, "There the richest was poor and the poorest lived in abundance." F. C. WHITMAN.

ANAPOLIS, Nova Scotia, May, 1898.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 28.—Kingfish have reached our waters and have been taken pretty freely in the nets the past two weeks. The first to be taken on the hook fell to the lot of Dr. G. B. Herbert, at Manasquan Inlet, one evening this week, he took seven in one tide. It is a peculiar fact that at that point both bass and kingfish are each year at least two weeks earlier than at any other point along our coast; why this is so has long been a puzzle to the wisecracks of the fraternity. If there is any superiority in the fishing grounds, that fact has still to become apparent. As with many another of nature's problems, the solution seems difficult. If there is any salt-water fish, inches and ounces considered, which is more supremely game than the kingfish, I wot not of him. Sprightly as thought, he strikes the hook sharply and is gone before the angler, unless thoroughly alert, realizes what has happened. The kingfish is always a bottom feeder and is accustomed to wrenching loose mussels and other crustaceans from their moorings; its bite is entirely different from that of all other species, and which can best perhaps be described as a nervous wrench. I am fully convinced that the fish turns on its

side when taking the bait, as its peculiarly formed mouth would indicate that position to be the natural one. While the Chestertown hook is a good one, still I consider the turned down eye sproat, 2-0 size, the acme of perfection. While they will at times take a variety of bait, still the shedder crab and blood worm are prime favorites, and can always be relied on.

Bluefish are fairly abundant, and the off shore boats are taking them freely; none as yet have been taken from the beach, however. The indications all point to a first-class season for salt-water anglers.

May 28.—The first bass of the season taken along the coast fell to the rod of Robert Large at Deal Beach this morning, weight 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., together with two kingfish. This fairly opens the season, and from now on rods will be busy. LEONARD HULIT.

Fishing in the Peninsular State.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—These are days that give untold joy to the festive piscator in the seasonable pursuit of the wily trout. Ever since the first gleam of daylight ushered in the flowery month of May—yea, perhaps ever since that sweet little flower of the cedar forests and swamps, the trailing arbutus, poked its fragrant blossom above the disappearing snow—the streams of northern Michigan have been the Mecca of the devotee of the rod.

The rippling, clear, cold waters of these streams, the dancing flies and the fun incident thereto have always been sufficient to lull the sensibilities regarding game and fish laws, benumbed fingers and freezing noses and ears. It is the same now, and will be forever.

I have been the victim—the self-immolated victim—upon all these sharp points, and I have never kicked nor confessed, and I am not going to do it now at this late day. Only everything else being equal I would a little rather do the sinning when it is a little more comfortable than on some occasions that memory recalls. I start comfortably, and how and the way I do it is to get ready with as little fuss as possible. I usually am going to look up some "stumpage" way off in Manistee county, or in Wexford or Kalkaska, or any old county up there, where there is plenty of said stumpage and likewise plenty of trout streams.

The Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad is one of the fish lines to take, and I always take it. Friend Moeller, the man who knows all about that country, sometimes takes a day off and goes too, but since he has lately been promoted to the responsible and onerous duties of general passenger agent of that line, it is probable that his days off will not be many, for if there ever was an official who filled his position to the fullest he is the man. To use the classic and beautiful (though perhaps devoid of nickel-plate polish) of the untutored Governor of the State in speaking of a friend whom he had appointed to office: "He knowed his duty and done it noble."

The road runs, as you will see upon consulting a map—it will not be necessary to take a railroad map, for every railroad gets out a map to suit itself, and generally winds around to include every place of importance, or if it is a trunk line that wants to make a strong point as to its directness between the principal cities which are its termini, it just draws a straight line across and puts down the places to conform, without regard to geographical results. After leaving Saginaw the road passes through Midland, Gladwin, Clare, Osceola, Wexford, Lake, Mason, Manistee and Benzie counties, and if you can't find good fishing in these counties, and plenty of it, it would not be worth while fooling away any more time this month anyway; but you can find it and not half try, and when the summer heaves in sight and the great large July days have arrived, why the black bass just simply have their national conventions up there, and full delegations are present from all the back counties.

I have wondered often why that chap named this the Wolverine State. He did not know even a little bit. He might have known that such an ugly beast as the wolverine would be exterminated and then people would be guessing what sort of animal it was; or perhaps they wouldn't know it was an animal. There is only one in existence in this State, and that is stuffed and is in the reading room of the Bancroft House, Saginaw, E. S. Mr. Lyon don't own it, and Miller says he don't, and further says that wolverine meat has net been on the menu of that hotel in thirty-five or forty years, if it ever was. He further says that he never saw a live one, and if they were as mean and vicious as they are reported to be, he is glad of it, and rejoices that the species has ceased to keep folks awake nights. So if they had just thought a minute before naming this the Wolverine State, and given the claims of trout and black bass an inning, why there would have been some sense in it, and people even unto the children of the fortieth generation would have caught on. However, we have to stand all sorts of hardships and injustice in this life, but we've got the fishing just the same, also laws for the protection of the fish, and a game warden who with his deputies are a terror to evildoers. By the way, I wish now that Osborne has got things in pretty good shape in abolishing illegal fishing and shooting he would take a hand with the black flies and mosquitoes. Up to this time the fish have had all the protection—and that's all right too—but the poor fisherman has been utterly neglected. Now then, dear Mr. Osborne, get after the bugs with as little delay as possible.

It has been thought that the Spanish war would interfere with the fishing up here this season, but upon looking over the lists of officers, privates, volunteers, naval reserves, staff officers and other more or less military people thus far published I do not find that the numbers of fishermen will be depleted so as to be seriously felt.

I have personally met about all of them too, and they have either gone, are going or have been and got back.

The fishing has been pretty good, about a fair average. The weather has not been. I never saw so many kinds of weather in a week in my life, not even in Michigan.

The Little Manistee has been a favorite spot, and I don't know why it should not be. It comes pretty near being an ideal stream; the fish are well behaved, come of good families, raise large ones, and as a general thing

give the boys a fair show for their investment. The streams around Traverse City have afforded and are now affording good fishing, and the same may be said of the streams in Kalkaska county.

If the signs continue favorable and the Government can get along without me in the Navy Department I will make one more expedition and give FOREST AND STREAM the result. KEUKA.

The Maine Season.

UPPER DAM, Me., May 27.—Fishing is holding out most remarkably well in the whole Rangeley section. At Haines' Landing the excellent fishing has continued. At the Oquossoc Angling Association camps there are a number of the members, including E. L. Pickard, Mr. C. S. Roberts, with his wife and other ladies. They are making a good fishing record. Allerton Lodge has a party of seven or eight guests, including the well-known Haskell party: Mr. E. B. Haskell, senior partner of the Boston Herald Company; Col. H. T. Rockwell, Mr. Priest and others. Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis is not a member of the party this year, though he has been with the others a great many years. Reports of good fishing come from their camp. Mr. Harry Haskell and Mrs. Haskell are also at the association's camps. At the Birches fishing is good. The guests brought in over thirty trout on Wednesday; a number of 4 and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The salmon are just beginning to "take hold" in Rangeley Lake. One of 8 and another of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. were taken there early in the week. The Phinney party, stopping at the Upper Dam, are reported to be having great luck. Three gentlemen—two in one boat and one in the other—made a remarkable catch in Upper Richardson Lake Thursday morning. The one fisherman struck a trout. While playing him one of the men in the other boat had a strike, evidently a large fish. His friend in the same boat was earnestly watching the process of capture, with his line just over the edge of the boat. As the partly exhausted trout came up toward the net, the line over the boat was seized with a vicious snap. Three big trout were on it at once. All three were landed after individual fights of over twenty minutes. The fish weighed 7 $\frac{1}{4}$, 7 and 6lbs. respectively, all perfect *Salmo fontinalis*. The Phinney party includes H. A. Phinney, Harry H. Baldwin, James Gormley, Warren Page and William T. Wilkinson.

Mr. L. O. Crane writes from Round Mountain Lake of good fishing; better than already noted. "The trout are coming up to the fly in fine style."

Among the Boston fishing items may be mentioned the departure of the C. F. Porter and Crawford party for Moosehead, eight or nine of them, by special car over the Boston & Maine and Maine Central railways. Mr. Walter L. Hill, secretary and treasurer of the recent remarkably successful sportsmen's show, will leave for Moosehead this evening. He expects to be accompanied by a couple of fishing friends, Messrs. Kirk and Murphy. SPECIAL.

Trout at Canadensis.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 25.—In your issue of May 21 I saw mentioned my name as one who had caught an even basket of trout at Canadensis. As every fisherman is somewhat inclined to stretch the size of his fish and his catch, it pleases me to have your paper vindicate the story. In return for the same I ask through your columns to return my thanks, and also, if you will allow the space, to express not only admiration for Canadensis, its woodland scenery and splendid fishing, but also a few words for Spruce Cabin Inn, on Broadhead Creek. There you will find assembled men of congenial manners, rich men and men of moderate means, made equal as God intended them, for there is something about fishing that makes men like brothers. The streams abound with trout, and the waters are so broad that you have ample room to practice with your rod and line, dry-fly, wet-fly and bait-casting, and meet with good results. I prophesy good fishing at Canadensis all the month of June, for the wet spring so far has prevented many from trying their luck, waiting till the streams subside and sunny weather to prevail.

PRESTON PARTON.

The Backbone of a Rod.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 27.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: After fifty years' trout fishing, I desire to indorse Brother Mather in what he says about rods, reels, flies and hooks, in your issue of the 28th instant. I do not know so much about bait-fishing, but I am sure he knows what he is talking of upon that kind of fishing. I will bear him out on "backbone," necessary both in casting and hooking your trout. I do not want any carriage whip in mine, nor do I want any "double action" in my rod, which would wrap the casting line (leader) around my head. I congratulate the FOREST AND STREAM in having a common sense contributor on the subject of fishing tackle, as also on all subjects of the angle. I hope our younger generation will benefit by Brother Mather's advice. E. S. Y.

"The Game Laws in Brief."

THE new edition of "The Game Laws in Brief" is now ready. It gives the laws as revised to date, and is complete, accurate and convenient of reference as always. The Brief is finding constantly growing support and confidence, and has long been established as the accepted authority in its peculiarly useful field.

A New Tarpon Record.

MR. EDWARD VOM HOFE, of this city, tells us that a message received on May 27 from Mr. R. T. Halloway, of Kentucky, advised that Mr. Halloway was on that date leaving Punta Rassa, Fla., after having made the score of 101 tarpon for the season of 1898.

Fresh-Water Pearls in the United States.

[Read by George F. Kunz before the Fisheries Congress at Tampa, Fla.]

THE gathering of pearls from the fresh-water shells of North America, although a matter of comparatively recent date among the present inhabitants, really goes back very far into the unrecorded past, and early attracted notice among the first European explorers. In the prehistoric period, the Mound Builders, of the Mississippi Valley gathered immense quantities of these pearls, as it is amply shown by the stores of them found on the "hearths" of a number of mounds, especially in Ohio by the recent explorations of Prof. F. W. Putman and Mr. W. K. Moorehead. By age, burial, and in some cases funeral or sacrificial fires, these pearls have lost their luster and beauty; but they were evidently highly prized by these ancient people, and gathered by the hundred thousand. The finding of two bushels in a single series of mounds is an evidence of their abundance.

The first explorers who traveled among the Indian tribes speak frequently of the number and beauty of the pearls in possession of the natives. Especially marked are these accounts in connection with the great expedition of De Soto, from Florida through the present Gulf States to the Mississippi, in 1540-41. Garcillasso de la Vega and other narrators give most minute accounts of pearls as worn by the Indians; and from the accounts given by them to De Soto at various times, and as taken by themselves from burial places of native chieftains, it is quite evident that perhaps all of these referred to were not fresh-water pearls, but marine. De Soto's narratives, which were undoubtedly of the former, seem exaggerated, but the recent finds referred to substantiate them. The process is described, moreover, of gathering the shells and opening them by heat, which was shown to De Soto, at his request, by a friendly chief. In the same way, several early English travelers, from New England to Florida, refer to the Indians as having pearls, undoubtedly from the fresh-water *Unionidae*.

No particular attention, however, was given to the subject until about forty years ago. The natives had been dispossessed, and the white race, occupied with other interests and necessities, took little note of the hosts of fresh-water shells inhabiting the streams and lakes, and did not suspect their power of producing pearls. In the rivers of Saxony and Bohemia, indeed, and those of Scotland and Ireland, and the lakes of Finland, such pearls have long been known and valued, although the Unio life is far less abundant than in our great river systems of America; but not until the middle of the present century was any search begun or any important discovery made.

This was all changed, however, by the first great pearl excitement in 1857, when large and valuable Unio pearls were first obtained in New Jersey. First, a pearl of fine luster, weighing 93 grains, was found at Notch Brook, near Paterson. It became known as the "Queen Pearl," and was sold by Tiffany & Co. to the Empress Eugénie, of France, for \$2,500. It is to-day worth four times that amount. (See Colored Plate No. 8, "Gems and Precious Stones of North America.") The news of this sale created such an excitement that search for pearls was started throughout the country. The Unios at Notch Brook and elsewhere were gathered by the million and destroyed, often with little or no result. A large round pearl, weighing 400 grains, which would doubtless have been one of the finest pearls of modern times, was ruined by boiling to open the shell.

Within one year pearls were sent to the New York market from nearly every State—in 1857 fully \$15,000 worth; in 1858 it fell off to some \$2,000; in 1859, about \$2,000; in 1860, about \$1,500; in 1860-63, only \$1,500. The excitement thus abated until about 1868, when there was a slight revival of interest, and many fine pearls were obtained from Little Miami River, O.

Some of the finest American pearls that were next found came from near Waynesville, O., \$30,000 worth being collected in that vicinity during the pearl excitement of 1876. Since 1880 pearls have come from comparatively new districts further West and South, the supply from which is apparently on the increase. At first few were found, or, rather, few were looked for west of Ohio; but gradually the line extended, and Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas became the principal pearl-producing States, and some pearls were sent North from Florida.

A few years later the interest extended to the Northwestern States. During the summer of 1889 a quantity of magnificently colored pearls were found in the creeks and rivers of Wisconsin, in Beloit, Rock county; Brodhead and Albany, Green county; Gratiot and Darling-ton, La Fayette county; Boscobel and Potosi, Grant county; Prairie du Chien and Lynxville, Crawford county. Of these pearls more than \$10,000 worth were sent to New York within three months, including a single pearl worth more than \$500; and some among them were equal to any ever found for beauty and coloring. The colors were principally purplish red, copper red and dark pink. Within the past eight years over \$200,000 worth of pearls have been sold from this district.

These discoveries led to immense activity in pearl hunting through all the streams of the region; and in three or four seasons the shells were almost exterminated. In 1890 it extended through other portions of Wisconsin, especially Calumet and Manitowoc counties, and appeared also in Illinois along the Mackinaw River and its tributary creeks, in McLean, Tazewell and Woodford counties.

In 1889 the exhibit of American pearls received an award of a gold medal, and the collaborator a silver medal for the literature. At the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 large and beautiful exhibits of pearls, of great variety of tints, set in the finest jewelry in the Manufacturers' building, and were a notable feature in the Wisconsin State building and the Maine building.

The Northwestern pearl excitement subsided in a few seasons, as the others had done in turn before, by the exhaustion of the mussel beds and the consequent cessation of product. About every ten years or so a new

wave of interest arises in connection with fresh discoveries at some point where the shells have lain long undisturbed; it again absorbs the attention and excites the imagination of the community around, and spreads to other parts of the country; a fresh campaign of ignorant extermination is carried on for several summers, then the yield is exhausted, and there is nothing more but to leave nature to recuperate, if possible, and slowly restore, in limited amount, the abundant life that has been destroyed.

During the past season of 1897 the pearl fever has broken out in a new locality, attracted attention and awakened similar activity in various parts of the country. This time the scene of discovery and excitement were the hitherto undisturbed streams and bayous of Arkansas. These waters teem with Unios, and pearls have at times been found by the rural population for years past; but there has been, usually, no knowledge of their nature or their value. They have been simply regarded as "pretty stones," and used as playthings by the children—like the first South African diamond, that attracted the notice of a trader, in 1866, as he saw it in the hands of the children of his Boer host at the Voal River. Several valuable pearls, however, were this year found by persons from St. Louis and Memphis, who at once sent them to those cities and ascertained their reality and value. The same parties then searched for more, and took steps to lease the land where pearls were found abundant. Ere long the facts became known, and a wild excitement set in and spread through large portions of Arkansas, extending into Missouri, Kansas and the territory of the Choctaw Nation. The first important discoveries were on small lakes or bayous formed by affluents of the White River and its branches; then on the Arkansas, the Onachita and the Black Cache and St. Francis rivers, thus affecting almost all sections of the State. In one district an entire lake was leased, guarded and fenced for the pearl contents of it alone.

The newspaper press took up the subject and published highly sensational accounts of the treasures to be had in what was largely proclaimed as "the Arkansas Klondike." These articles were copied all over the country, and led to a great amount of pearl hunting in many of the States, both East and West. Iowa, Tennessee, Georgia, New York and Connecticut were all more or less stirred up to activity. The former pearl region of Tennessee was less affected than a new section in the eastern part of the State, along Clinch River, where great crowds have been searching for pearls, and large quantities were obtained. The Georgia interest has been chief along the Oostenaula, near and above Rome. The New York activity has been in the northwestern angle of the State, along Grass River, in St. Lawrence county. Connecticut has yielded some good results to the searchers on the Mystic and Shepang rivers—at almost opposite ends of the State.

Reason for the Pearl Investigation.

In view of the great interest and possible importance of the pearl, the discoveries from time to time made in various parts of the United States, and particularly in the Mississippi Valley, of pearls yielded by the fresh-water bivalve shells (*Unionidae*), so abundant in many of our inland waters, that I was invited, in 1894, to undertake systematic inquiry for the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries to ascertain, as far as possible, the facts relating to the occurrence and distribution of the pearl-bearing species, and the extent and conduct of the pearl industry as thus far developed. The value and elegance of many of these pearls, especially as shown in the exhibits made at the Columbian Exposition in 1893; the popular excitements, or "pearl fevers," at times arising in districts where a few pearls have been found, and characterized by wholesale and reckless destruction of the shells over large areas; the total lack of system in the search for pearls, as contrasted with the methods that have been developed on a smaller, but far more profitable, scale in Europe—all seemed to call for a careful investigation by the Commission, with a view to better knowledge and wiser direction in the matter of inland American pearl fisheries. Undoubtedly for a considerable period after the first explorations the pearl resources of North America seem to have attracted little attention. The Indian race was contending with the whites for the possession of the country; it was a time of uncertainty and strife for both races; and not until the great waterways of the Mississippi Valley had been won by the whites, the region occupied and settled communities established, do we again begin to find any indications of the search for fresh-water pearls. For some two centuries the Unios lived and multiplied in the rivers and streams unmolested by either the native tribes that had used them for food, or the pioneers of the new race that had not yet learned of their high treasures of pearl.

It is with some surprise that one notes that so few American conchologists have paid attention to our native pearls. It is probably accounted for by the fact that the pearls are contained in old, distorted and diseased shells, which are not so desirable for collections as the finer specimens. Collectors who have opened many thousands of Unios have never observed a pearl of value. Pearls are usually found either by farmers, who devoted their spare time to this industry, and if no result is obtained suffer no loss, or by persons in country villages who are without regular occupations, but are ever seeking means for rapid increase of fortune. Multitudes of shells that do not contain pearls are destroyed in the search.

Habitat of the Fresh-Water Mussels.

From the many inquiries sent out, the general indications from these data are quite plain, to the effect that the shells are chiefly found in rather rapid streams, in which bottom would naturally be sandy or gravelly, and the water clear. Other species, however, occur on muddy or clayey bottoms, where the current is slower. The references to rock bottom do not concern so much the immediate surface where the shells are found as the underlying bed on which the softer materials rest. In the matter of depth, also, the large preponderance of answers in favor of shallow streams may mean not so much that the Unios greatly prefer shallow water as that they are more readily found and gathered there. The frequent allusions to hard or calcareous water tend to

confirm the general impression that streams of this kind are favorable to the development of molluscan shells, both in size and abundance, but the greater abundance of calcareous matter in the water tends to induce the prolific secretion of the pearls.

A Florida writer states that the best Unio growth is found in lakes with outlets, the water pure and fresh; but adds that it is sometimes sulphurous. A Texas pearler (Colorado, Concho, San Saba and Llano rivers) refers to the water as becoming slightly alkaline in dry times; and another Texas pearler (Colorado and Llano) makes a similar statement. A New York pearler (De Grasse River and Plum Brook) mentions the water as brown or black—the clear, brown water of the hemlock districts, familiar in northern New York.

The general conclusions most clearly brought out may, perhaps, be summed up as follows: The shells are most abundant in swift and clear water where the bottom is sandy or gravelly, and the country rock calcareous. While still numerous in many streams, they have greatly diminished within a few years past wherever the pearl-hunting enterprise has extended, and are at some points nearly exterminated. The pearls found are few, and those of marketable value represent the destruction of thousands of shells for every one obtained. No use is made of this often beautiful material, which is simply thrown away and lost; although for buttons or ornamental articles it would be admirable. The methods of gathering the shells and extracting the pearls are the simplest and most primitive, and the activity of a few seasons generally exhausts the beds.

This state of affairs is one that calls loudly for reform. The wealth of Unios that filled our rivers and streams is being rapidly destroyed by ignorant and wasteful methods of pearl hunting; and either some form of protection is important, or if that be not possible, a wide diffusion of information as to better methods, and particularly the introduction of tools used in Germany for opening Unios far enough to see if there are any pearls to be obtained without destroying the animal, which may then be returned to the water.

Pearl Hunting as a Profession.

As to the principal occupations of the pearl hunters, or pearlers, as they are called, this was answered by 64 papers. Of these, 13 say merely that their occupations are various, or that people of all callings are included. The remaining 51 papers state more or less definitely as follows: Farmers and farm hands, 23; laborers, 12; fishermen, 8; and as making pearl hunting a regular business, 7. Three papers speak of loafers; and 1 or 2 of each specifies as follows: Stockmen, hunters, trappers, tradesmen, roustabouts, boys and negroes; and the Maryland paper, oystermen. The term "laborers" as used in these answers probably means, in most cases, farm laborers, as stated in a few instances; and the indication is that two-thirds of the pearl hunting is done by agricultural people who search the streams when not otherwise occupied—"in off times," as 2 or 3 of the writers say. Fishermen are naturally much in preponderance, who gather the shells for bait.

Methods of Extracting Pearls.

The inquiry as to the mode of extracting the pearls, when found, received 72 answers. A large proportion of these are general, merely saying "by hand," "with the fingers," etc.; but about one-third give more or less description of the process. When the shell has been opened, the pearls, if loose and near the edge, may be readily seen, and sometimes even drop out. These are, of course, easily taken with the thumb and finger, or, if small, with tweezers or on the point of a knife. If more imbedded in the mantle and gills, they are detected by feeling for them, passing or rubbing the thumb or finger along and around each valve and about the region of the hinge. The pearls may then be pressed or squeezed out "like the seed of a cherry," but if attached to the shell, must be removed with a pair of nippers. Care is required in opening not to scratch or injure the pearl. A very few describe different methods. Thus one Arkansas pearler speaks of breaking the shells, and a Florida pearler tells of piling the mussels in a dry place to decay, the Oriental method of opening the true pearl oyster, and finding the pearls in the emptied shells later. This method is evidently only practicable where little or no pearl hunting is generally carried on, and the pile of shells would not be liable to inspection and search by other parties than the original gatherers.

Treatment of Pearls when Found.

Concerning the treatment of pearls when found, definite answers were received to 52 papers, which in some respects show considerable diversity of usage. The pearls are first thoroughly washed to remove all adhering animal matter; and 2 papers speak of using alcohol to complete the cleansing. After this the essential point in keeping or carrying them is to prevent injury to the surface from friction; and the majority of those who describe what is done tell of wrapping in cotton (14), or soft paper (7), cloth, flannel or silk; several speak of drying them, or keeping them dry, but others would keep them in a liquid, 6 specifying a bottle of water and 1 sweet oil or coal oil; several speak of putting them into a bottle, but with no accounts of its contents, or whether even dry, though Indiana No. 1 mentions cotton in a bottle; and hence, in cases just referred to, it is impossible to judge what is the probable meaning. Two papers mention keeping pearls in starch, and 1 "in Irish potato." The effect of sunlight is curiously alluded to by 2 papers, the former stating that the pearls should be kept from it, and the latter that they should be kept in it.

Six Tennessee papers make interesting reference to "peeling" dull and unpromising pearls, merely by saying that this is sometimes done "with a sharp knife," and a nice pearl is obtained thereby. Alcohol, whiting, chamois, leather, etc., are mentioned as employed to produce a good surface of luster. Two other papers allude to polishing or cleaning pearls, 1 specifying that it is done "with Irish potato." Two papers say nothing under this head of treatment, save that there is no way to improve nature.

Destruction of the Mollusk.

As to what use, if any, or disposal is made of the

shells after being examined for pearls and the animals destroyed, they give a painful record of the utter waste of an enormous amount of material useful and beautiful for many purposes in the arts. The question is answered in 74 papers with a melancholy uniformity. In only 12 of them is there any suggestion of utilization of the shells, and in only 1 of the use of the animals other than as fish bait, manure, or food for hogs; 26 of the answers say simply that there is no use made of them, or that they are "wasted" or "thrown away;" 9 say that they are thrown into the water, and 6 add that the fish eat them, and also the muskrats and tortoises; 7 speak of their being used for fish bait; 6 for feeding hogs; and 2 for manure; several merely say that they are left on the banks or shoals for rats, minks and crows to dispose of.

An Iowa pearler states that the shells are utilized for button making, and that some people use the animal for making soup. The actual use of the shells for buttons is also referred to by 2 pearlers, and their possible value for that purpose is noted in four other papers, though they are not so used as yet. One says that few are polished for ornamental purposes, and another makes a similar statement, adding that they are also used for paving garden walks, and burned for lime. This latter use, for lime, is referred to also by 3 Tennessee papers as actual or possible; and 1 says that they might be "ground to cement;" and 1 Wisconsin writer notes that some are ground up for the poultry.

As a Product for Food.

There would seem to be a strong presumption that the ancient people, and of the United States, must have used the Unios quite largely for food, as we know that the later Indian tribes did, as will be referred to later on. They naturally were thus led to the finding of pearls, and accumulated large stores of them in the course of time. The ancient tribes of Brazil have left shell heaps along rivers tributary to the Amazon, composed of fresh-water shells of that region (Hyria and Castilia); and though no such stores of pearls have been found, yet the shells themselves have been much employed as ornaments among these people.

When it is remembered that the tribes of both North and South America made large use of the river mussels as an article of food, it seems extraordinary that only one instance of any attempt so to utilize them should appear in these accounts, although Canadian lumbermen catch them by allowing bushes to drag after their rafts in shallow streams, using the mollusk for food. They could perhaps often save life, if explorers or hunters knew of their existence; while the shells so capable of being wrought and polished into an immense variety of beautiful objects of ornamental art should command a remunerative price, instead of being thrown away and wasted.

Utilization of Unio Shells for Buttons.

Several references, from time to time, have been made to the valuable possibilities of the abundant shells of the Unios for various purposes of manufacture, and some few instances noted of their being polished as ornaments or cut into buttons. It is highly interesting to learn that this latter use has at last attracted attention, and is developing into an important industry. A correspondent of the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch, under date of Nov. 13, 1897, gives an extended account of the shell button manufacture at Muscatine, Ia., where already a number of factories are in operation. No dates are specified; but the statement is made that it was begun within a few years past by Mr. Bepples, a German, who recognized the possibilities of such an industry, and established a factory at Muscatine, soon employing 200 operatives, besides a number of outside people, gathering shells from the Mississippi River at that point. The enterprise proved profitable, even under an unfavorable tariff, and several other factories were established; but since the recent protective legislation has gone into effect the business is increasing largely. Eleven or twelve factories are now in operation, running 300 saws and employing 1,500 people. One of these was working on double time to fill orders for 20,000 gross of buttons for the "holiday trade" of 1897. The business is already an important element in the prosperity of the town; and as the supply of shells is enormous, it is expected to increase in extent. Other works exist also in Iowa, at Davenport and Saluba, and at Cedar Rapids on the Cedar River. There are also Eastern factories referred to that cut the shells into "blanks," i. e., unfinished discs, and send them to Muscatine to be polished and perforated.

The shells have been gathered by men and boys wading in the shallow water, and working from boats in the deeper parts, with rakes provided with a wire net or basket. Now, however, steam dredging is to be employed. One such boat has been built, and another is under construction. The dredge will take up a ton of shells in an hour, and the steam will be used to cook the animals and clean the shells—a process now slowly conducted in small furnaces. As the gathering cannot be carried on in winter when the river is frozen, prices rise in autumn. Several species are capable of being used, of which two are particularly mentioned; these are "nigger-head" shells, which have risen with the approach of winter from 35 cents a hundred to 70 cents, and "sand" shells have advanced correspondingly from \$1 to \$2 per hundred.

Present Abundance of the Fresh-Water Mussels.

Out of 83 papers which respond to this inquiry, 7 describe the shells at present very abundant; 36 as plentiful; 25 as scarce; and 3 as absolutely exterminated; while 28 papers refer to the fact of diminished and diminishing numbers within a few years past, some of them with great emphasis. The papers Tennessee Nos. 7, 32, 33 estimate the present numbers as reduced to one-tenth of what they were ten years ago, and in all the same general fact is stated of former abundance and present rarity, and attributed to the pearl hunting destruction of a few years past. Several papers say that the shells are now scarce in small streams and shallower parts of large ones, while still abundant in deeper water and where the currents are strong.

Natural Enemies.

The responses to Question 7, in 84 papers, are varied

and interesting, and in some respects quite contradictory. The chief natural enemy of the Unios appears to be the muskrat; 65 papers refer to it, 26 reporting large destruction from this cause, 38 in some degree, and 1 denying it.

Hogs come next, and are referred to in 47 papers. Of these, 7 hold them responsible for large destruction, 35 for some or a little, and 5 asserting that there is none. Of other animals, raccoons are stated in 13 papers to destroy some shells, mink in 5, mud turtles in 3, crayfish in 2, aquatic birds in 2, and cattle, by trampling, in 3. All the animal depredators deal only, or chiefly, with the Unios that are either young, small-sized or soft shelled, and hence not largely pearl bearing. The only exception to this general rule is the statement in 1 paper that many pearls have been found where shells had been taken ashore by muskrats and left to open in the sun.

Injuries due to Physical Causes.

With regard to physical causes of injury, the most serious, no doubt, is found in freshets. Of 31 papers that refer to these, 17 report great destruction thereby; 13 say "some" or "a little," and 1 denies that there is any. Some papers say that their injury is small, and that they only shift the beds and redistribute them; but a number describe the burying of beds by the washing down and caving in of the beds in flood time, or the stranding of great quantities of young shells to perish when the water subsides. Two papers that do not mention freshets should doubtless be included here, however, as they speak of destruction caused to the shells by "covering with mud" and by "change of bars." On the other hand, low water and droughts are reported as seriously harmful in 5 papers, and drift ice in 3; 2 papers allude to disease as a cause of injury, and 3 to boring parasites.

Extermination of the Mollusks.

Question 28, as to exhaustion of the mussel beds, its causes and its rapidity, has called forth a very suggestive body of replies in 57 papers. The remaining third makes no response, or none that is at all definite. Nine papers report extermination of the shells, either actual or imminent, within a very few years past; 20 speak of rapid diminution in their numbers; 16 of decrease as noticed, and progress; 8 are uncertain, or report little or no change; 6 describe them as abundant, or "inexhaustible;" and 4 refer to partial recovery, or replenishment after reduction. In 45 out of 59 papers, therefore, or approximately three-fourths, the process of exhaustion is recorded at times already complete. Of these, 26 state the cause as pearl hunting, mainly or wholly, and to refer to other agencies—1 or 2 each to low or high water, deposits of sand, or mud, ice, boats, hogs and rats. Of 7 answers from Wisconsin, where so many pearls of remarkable beauty were found in the early 90s, 5 report the shells as nearly or entirely exhausted, and 2 refer to rapid reduction due to careless and ignorant persons taking the small and young shells as well as those more likely to contain pearls. A Tennessee paper alludes to the same reckless habit, and estimates the shells remaining as about 5 per cent. only of the number in former years. The destruction of young shells is also mentioned in Indiana. In New York it is stated that a good pearl fisher can "clean out" a bed of 500 shells in a day. The Ohio paper speaks of hundreds being opened daily. In Iowa 1 states that the river will be exhausted in two years. Of those that speak of little change, several remark that much is not known or done in regard to pearls in their localities. Of the 4 that allude to recovery, Tennessee says that the beds are cleared out about every two years and renewed in four; 1 says that they exhaust yearly and re-bed in one or two years; another states that the shells return every year, but in less numbers; and Texas reports that many beds that have been worked out are recovering, through the growth of the young shells that were left unmolested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 8.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Dick.

HE was a dog, black as Erebus, a Great Dane I think he was, though of that I am not sure. My first impression of him was not favorable; tugging violently at the end of a chain he was standing almost erect, his forepaws frantically fighting the air, and with a most unpleasant expression of yearning ferocity about his widely distended jaws.

My friend Tom, however, who was in quest of a water dog, did not share my apprehension. He spoke to him soothingly, and boldly walking up to the terrible animal, was presently, to my amazement, quietly patting him on the head, while he arranged with his owner the terms of purchase.

Thanks to my intimacy with his new master, I soon came to know Dick better, and the better I knew him the more admirable traits did I discover in his character; for dogs have characters oftentimes nobler and stronger than such as belong to some men.

The only really ugly thing about him was his face, and that was terrible, while his enormous size and powerful build served to make his ugliness very impressive, though strange to say, on closer acquaintance, I was convinced that his countenance, homely as it was, was good.

Like most men possessed of great strength, his disposition was contrary to appearances, temperate and mild. Tom's little boy could pull his tail, slap him with all the might of his baby hands, make faces at him, and even apply to him all the strange and abusive epithets of his infantile vocabulary without moving him to the least display of irritation or displeasure; but if any one threatened harm to the child, his fierce indignation would have become a parent. Sometimes his solicitude for the

welfare of his protégé—for such the baby soon became—was carried to extremes.

To children, in their ignorance, wanton destruction is sometimes very pleasing. One spring day the gardener had set out a beautiful bed of hyacinths; scarcely had he finished when the enterprising youngster, clad in nice, white clothes, toddled into the midst of the flowers, and plumping himself down in the nice soft loam, began to work havoc. This proceeding the gardener would fain have stopped summarily; but Dick with an ominous growl sprang between the irate horticulturist and the gleeful infant and would permit of no interference with the joys of his charge, until an authority that he recognized as supreme, to wit, his mistress, intervened.

It was amazing how rapidly he acquired a knowledge of who belonged upon the premises and who did not; and also the exact extent of the territory over which it was his proud duty to stand guard.

The boys from the butcher's or the baker's, or the boy with the milk pail, he would suffer to come in about their respective errands; but only when they carried a basket or a pail, or some other ostensible token of their mission. At other times he was prone to active suspicion, and once when the butcher boy came without his basket, but with a bill—receipted at that—the boy's prudence incited by the dog sent him hastily up a convenient tree, where he remained for nearly half an hour before his predicament was discovered and his release effected. By judicious treatment, nevertheless, the boys after a while persuaded him into a kindlier recognition of them.

There was one class of individuals for whom he had no toleration whatever. Whether they offended his sense of sight or of scent, or his predilections for gentility, he could not endure tramps.

One of those pleasant Sundays that it was my frequent privilege to spend with my friends, on our return from church, we found the dog cavorting about the place most joyously. There was something that he would toss high in the air, then with a leap he would catch it in his jaws and away he would go circling about at full speed, waving it about exultantly as he ran. Our curiosity was immediately aroused to find out what this new toy was with which he played with such gusto. After some effort and much strategy he was at last induced to surrender his trophy to his master. It proved to be a circular bit of cloth of ripe age and exhausted color. From the freshly indented aspect of its jagged edges and its general contour, it was evident that it had recently been detached with some violence from that part of a masculine garb in which fullness is most usually found. Exactly how or whence it came into Dick's possession we never knew. Its owner never came back after his property—possibly because he had so abruptly preceded it.

On a place in the outskirts of a suburban community the presence of such a guardian was a great protection to his mistress and a great comfort to his master. The confidence reposed in him was well deserved. It happened one day when there was no man about the place who belonged there, Tom, of course, being in the city and the hired man off on some errand, that Mrs. B. was in the kitchen. Ladies sometimes like to visit their kitchens for purposes of investigation, instruction or experiment. The only lady I ever knew who never did was one whose husband had married his cook. At any rate Mrs. B. was in the kitchen, while Dick was lazily napping before the range. Answering herself a peremptory knock on the door, she opened it, to be confronted by a tramp of evil aspect, who demanded something to eat, at the same time trying to force his way into the house, and adding: "I don't want none of your slops nor stale bread neither; but the best you've got, see!" An indignant and peremptory growl was the unexpected answer, and one glimpse of Dick's face looming over the lady's shoulder as he reared up in a frantic endeavor to pass her in the narrow passage instantly appeased the hobo's appetite. "I don't want nuthin'—only for God's sake don't let him at me," he yelled, as he fled in terror—never to return.

Many characteristics had he that were very human-like. Once we were out walking with him when he espied upon the other side of a low picket fence, which fronted the street, a fine Newfoundland dog, of a size about equal to his own. What incivilities occasioned it I do not know; but presently they were rushing up and down the length of the fence—one on one side and the other on the other—most vociferously abusing each other, and hurling all manner of defiance back and forth through the pickets. Of course it is not given to me to accurately translate their conversation; but in substance Dick was saying, "You big, black lump, if you were only out here in the street I would not leave one bone of your miserable frame attached to another. You braggart, you coward, you—you paltrone, if it were not for this fence behind which you sneak, how I would do you up." The other dog, as he dashed back and forth, kept responding in the same strain, and with equal emphasis. My translation gives but a weak idea of their horrible language toward each other. Nevertheless it did seem to me that if they were in earnest it was a very easy thing for either of them to have leaped over the little fence that separated them, or there was a hole in the barrier between them big enough for both to have passed through at once had they seen fit to do so. I really feared that one or the other would take the opportunity, and said so to Tom. He smiled at my fears, seized Dick by the collar and brought him to the hole in the fence. The Newfoundland came up voluntarily on the other side—their fierce animosity seemed to have vanished; and as they wagged their tails, and licked each other's noses, they seemed to me to be saying, each to the other: "Why, you are a very nice gentlemanly dog after all. I am glad to see you, sir." How often since have political orators reminded me of these dogs.

One flaw in our hero's character was his weakness for an unworthy friend, a dog that by reason of his mendacious depravity we called Jacob. Had our dog's name been Othello, Jacob would have been dubbed Iago.

He was about half Dick's size, a mongrel with a depraved cast of countenance that did not belie his character. He seemed to delight in leading his noble associate aside from the paths of virtue, and then from a safe distance he would contemplate with ill-concealed glee

the punishment for wrongdoing administered to his victim.

We caught him at it several times. During one of our Sunday afternoon walks the two dogs were some distance ahead of us trotting along together, when Jacob turned out of the road and disappeared through a hedge that grew beside it, Dick, of course, following close at his heels, too far off to hear, or at all events oblivious of his master's whistle. When we arrived at the point of their departure there was no sign of them; but shortly there arose from some nearby barnyard a terrible commotion of cackling, squawking and screeching. Then we saw Jacob quietly steal across the road somewhat ahead of us, settle himself upon his haunches and complacently watch for developments. Immediately we heard some profanely emphatic language, accompanied by the sound of a whip, and Dick's voice raised in remonstrance, and looking up a crossroad to which we were come we saw our culprit run forth from a gate closely pursued by two men armed with whips. There and then it cost Tom two dollars to settle for slaughtered chickens.

If, during that entire performance, Jacob did not look on with keen malicious delight and satisfaction, a dog's face has no expression.

A more glaring example of his duplicity was on another occasion, when he deliberately and persistently provoked a high minded and well-bred setter that he met in the road to threaten him, whereupon with a plaintive voice he called for Dick, and when the great, friendly brute came rushing to his rescue, the villain settled himself into a comfortable position and licked his chops in anticipation of a rare treat. But this time Tom was too near by, and the wicked one, for once, got his just deserts.

I really did not blame Dick very much because of his fondness for his rascally friend, for he was as politely clever as he was perfidious. He was one of those subtle villains who charm us despite our knowledge of their true character. When a heavy truck run over him and thus brought his career to an abrupt though perhaps timely close, I could not but sympathize with our dog in his evident affliction and distress.

But all too soon there came evils from which no dog, however faithful, could protect my friend's family. An unfortunate accident, followed by a long, critical illness, changed his mistress from a strong, happy, active woman into a helplessly crippled invalid. So the pleasant home over which he had stood guard so loyally was given up, and Dick, rather than that he should suffer the confinement of the city, passed to a kindly owner in a different locality.

A year or two later I had occasion to be in the neighborhood of his new home, and as I stood at the wayside talking with a man, a carriage came up the road with a great dog bounding beside it. It was Dick. He knew me at once, and rushing up, greeted me with a delight manifest and effusive, entirely forgetting in his demonstrative greeting the mud covered condition of his huge paws. Then with a wistful backward glance, and a farewell bark, he bounded off to overtake his convey, and as he disappeared around a turn in the road I saw my last of Dick.

EDMUND R. TERRY.

American Dachshund Club.

THE American Dachshund Club held its eighth meeting for the election of officers, etc., May 19, at the home of Mr. Arthur Froembling. As the president, Mr. Louis Boening, had been called South to the war, Mr. J. R. Walker presided. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted, as was also the financial report. Communications from outside members were read, after which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mr. Arthur Froembling, President; Mr. Albert Nelson, Vice-President; Mr. James R. Walker, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. C. Motschenbacher, delegate to the American Kennel Club. As stated above, Mr. Boening has been called away, which necessarily kept him off of the new board. The club hopes, however, to be able to elect him again at some future meeting.

JAMES R. WALKER, Sec'y and Treas.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 24.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
- Queen City, 22ft. K class, Dodd cup, Toronto.
- Royal St. Lawrence, all classes, Dorval.
- Chicago, Siren-Vanenna matches, Chicago.
- Canarsie annual, Jamaica Bay.
- Corinthian Fleet, annual, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
- South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
- American, cruise, Newburyport, Mass.
- Norwalk, club, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
- Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
- Baltimore, Vice-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Queen City, 19 and 16ft. classes, World cup, Toronto.
- East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
- Cor. Philadelphia, annual, Essington, Delaware River.
- Cape Cod, club, Provincetown, Mass.
- Miramichi, Fraser cup, Newcastle, N. B.
- Winthrop, water sports, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
- Massachusetts, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
- South Boston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Jubilee, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
- Beverly, first Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
- Larchmont, spring, Long Island Sound.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
- South Boston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
- Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, McNears.
- Seawanhaka, knockabout cruise, Oyster Bay to New London and return.
- Beverly, second Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Douglaston, annual, Long Island Sound.
- American, skiff classes, Newburyport.
- Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Dorchester, open, Boston Harbor.

- Burgess, first championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Royal Canadian, 27-22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
- Chicago, Siren-Vanenna, final match, Chicago.
- Stamford, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
- Mosquito Fleet, open, Boston Harbor.
- Seawanhaka, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Newport, ladies' cruise, Narragansett Bay.
- Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
- Wollaston, moonlight sail, Boston Harbor.
- Sea Cliff, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Chicago, Chicago to Kenosha Lake, Michigan.

JULY.

- Chicago, Kenosha to Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
- Miramichi, cruise.
- Royal Canadian, Queen's cup, Toronto.
- American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
- Royal St. Lawrence, morning and afternoon races, Dorval.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 20 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
- New Rochelle, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
- Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
- Jeffries, open, Boston Harbor.
- Beverly, third Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Milwaukee, centennial regatta, Lake Michigan.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Martinez-Vallejo.
- American, cruise, Squam.
- Lake Michigan Y. A., annual, Milwaukee
- Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Boston City, open, Boston Harbor.
- Newport, open, Narragansett Bay.
- Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Jubilee, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
- City Point, club, New Haven.
- Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
- Hudson River, cruise, Hudson River.
- Baltimore, Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
- East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
- American, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
- Winthrop, open, water sports, Boston Harbor.
- Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
- Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
- Burgess, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
- Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
- Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
- Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
- East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
- Canarsie, open, Jamaica Bay.
- Seawanhaka trial races, 20ft. class, Oyster Bay.
- Quincy, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
- Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham.
- Beverly, fourth championship, Buzzard's Bay.
- Larchmont, race week, Long Island Sound.
- Corinthian Marblehead, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Shelter Island, ladies' day, Gardiner's Bay.
- New Jersey Ath., invitation race, Newark Bay.
- Seawanhaka, Roosevelt mem. cup, Oyster Bay.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
- Chicago, annual, Lake Michigan.
- American, cruise, Ipswich.
- East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
- Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
- Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
- American, skiff class, Newburyport.
- Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
- Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
- Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
- Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
- Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
- Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
- Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
- Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
- Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
- Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
- New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
- Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
- Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
- Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
- Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
- Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

- Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
- Burgess, moonlight sail, Massachusetts Bay.
- Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
- Taunton, cruise to Newport.
- Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
- Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
- Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
- Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
- Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
- Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
- Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
- Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
- Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
- Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
- Squam, open, Annisquam.
- East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
- Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
- Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
- Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
- New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
- Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
- Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
- American, cruise, Newburyport.
- Taunton, cruise to Newport.
- Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
- Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
- East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
- Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
- Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
- Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
- Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
- Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
- Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
- Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
- Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Winthrop, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
- Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
- Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
- Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
- Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
- Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
- Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
- Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
- Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
- Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.

- Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
- Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
- Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
- Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
- American, cruise to Squam.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
- Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
- Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
- Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
- American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

- Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
- Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
- Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
- Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
- Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
- Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
- Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
- Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
- City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
- American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
- Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
- Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
- Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
- Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
- Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
- Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
- Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
- Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
- Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
- South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
- Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
- Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
- Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
- Baltimore, McAllister cup.
- Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
- Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
- Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
- Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
- American, cruise to Plum Island.
- Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
- Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
- Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
- Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
- Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

- Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

THE usual Decoration Day events by which the yachting season is now opened were of less than ordinary interest this year, a fact that may be accounted for almost as much by the extraordinary weather as by the war. The latter has had a decided effect upon the steam yacht fleet, as many yachts have been purchased by the Government, while others will not fit out, but the laying up of the larger yachts, steam and sail, is likely to react favorably rather than otherwise in increasing the interest in racing and the smaller classes. Here, however, the weather comes in, and the fitting-out season has been marked by six weeks of steady rain, during which time it was impossible to scrape, paint or varnish, while the few yachts in commission found the weather most unpleasant for cruising.

The triple holiday, from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning, was celebrated by yachtsmen in all parts of the country, most of the clubs opened their summer stations with appropriate ceremonies, the yachts in commission were under way, and a number of local races were held.

With the coming of real summer weather much will be done to remedy the enforced delay of the wet spring; and though the opening of the season will be late, there is good reason to anticipate a fair amount of sport by mid-summer.

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUNE.

Saturday, May 29.

THE Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. opened the season on Saturday at its Oyster Bay station, the colors being hoisted in the morning, and the first of the knockabout races being sailed in the afternoon, in a light N.E. breeze. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lady Blanch, C. K. G. Billings	2 50 00	5 42 00
Bee, Nelson Burr	5 34 11	3 44 11
Tosto, John C. Scott	5 36 46	3 46 46
Taifer, George Bullock	5 39 06	3 49 06
Francis, G. Milne	5 45 15	3 55 15
Midge, F. W. Boyer	5 47 00	3 57 00
Nakade, F. D. Sherman	5 49 38	3 59 38
Stella, J. Sherman Hoyt	5 54 01	4 04 01

The May meeting of the club was held in the evening. On Monday another race of the knockabouts was sailed, for the Robert Center memorial prizes. The course was a triangle in Oyster Bay, three rounds making eleven miles; the wind being light N.W. The times were. Start, one gun, 2:50:

	Start.	Finish.
Gloria, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	2 50 00	5 28 40
Nakade, F. D. Glennon	2 50 00	5 28 21
LadyBlanch, C. K. G. Billings	2 50 00	5 42 00
Dipper, Austin Iselin	2 50 00	5 43 08
Bee, Nelson Burr	2 50 00	5 26 20
Santa, Daniel Bacon	2 50 00	5 40 06
Stella, J. S. Hoyt	2 50 00	5 27 45
Francis, George Milne	2 50 00	Withdrew.
Midge, T. W. Beyer	2 50 00	5 43 35
Taife, George Bullock	2 50 00	5 40 45
Tosto, Lloyd M. Scott	2 50 00	5 27 47

After the race the helmsman of Bee, C. W. Wetmore, gave notice that the yacht had disqualified herself, the prizes thus going to Stella and Tosto.

Winthrop Y. C. Club Race.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, May 28.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed its first club race May 28 over course No. 2 in a moderate N. E. wind, with heavy fog at times. The race is the first under the new rule of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., abolishing time allowance. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Nettie, Walter Burgess	1 17 23
Harriet, L. N. Harrington	1 19 58
Alert, J. O'Connell	1 22 28
Alma, Charles Haney	1 30 10
Myrtle, W. McCluskey	1 30 48

Nettie wins. The judges were: A. T. Bliss. M. Randall and W. J. Kelleg. The judges were: A. J. Bliss. M. R. Randall and W. J. Kelley.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, May 21.

THE Corinthian Y. C. opened the season on the Delaware River on May 21 with the first race of its one-design fleet, for a cup presented by Com. Van Rensselaer. The six yachts of the new class started as follows:

The Kid, Capt. G. Herbert Millet, W. Barklie Henry and a professional; Fareda, Com. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, C. H. Grant and a professional; Fly, Capt. C. H. Brock, Dr. R. G. Woods, Miss May Fell and Alf. Johnson, a professional; Grilse, Capt. Edward Toland, Robert Toland and E. W. Clark, Jr.; Menlo, Capt. John W. Brock, George Barrie, Jr., and Charles Tanger, professional; Spider, Capt. Parker R. Freeman, Henry S. Jeanes and J. I. Inglis.

The course was from off the club wharf at Essington, around the red spar buoy W.S.W. of Chester Island, on the port hand; thence to the southward and eastward of Chester Island, to red spar buoy S.E. of Chester Island on port hand; thence to black and red spar buoy W. of Little Tincum Island, passing on starboard hand; to finish, six miles.

The wind was strong from N.E., the first leg free. Fly fouled both markboats, but continued the race. Fareda took the lead, under whole sail, and held it to Little Tincum Island, but on the wind The Kid, with a single reef, passed her. The times were:

Start, one-gun, 2:50:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
The Kid	5 00 32	2 10 32
Fareda	5 02 23	2 12 23
Fly	5 03 55	2 13 55
Grilse	5 12 41	2 22 41
Menlo	5 14 46	2 24 46
Spider	5 18 03	2 28 03

Fly was disqualified.

Messrs. A. D. F. Bancroft and I. W. Jeannes managed the race.

The club's fixtures are as follows:

Saturday, June 11, annual race for all classes.

Monday, Aug. 22 to Aug. 26, knockabout class match with Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.

Monday, Sept. 5, autumn race for all classes.

Saturdays, June 4 to Oct. 31, 25ft. class races, 20ft. class races, 15ft. class races.

A yacht whose official measurement has not been filed with the Race Committee prior to the start of a race shall not be eligible to compete. All yachts in the 30ft. class and under must have measurer's certificate for 1898.

Corinthian Knockabout Class—Rules, races and events.

The races appointed for the Corinthian knockabout class shall be open to yachts built according to the plans and specifications prepared by Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, Mass., and approved by the Race Committee of the club, and shall be sailed under the following:

Helmsmen shall be amateurs. One member of the crew may be a professional. The total number of crew shall be limited to three. One lady may be carried in addition to the crew.

No doors, bulkheads or other permanent fittings or fixtures shall be removed.

Ice boxes and galley stoves and fittings shall not be deemed to fall within the inhibition of this rule.

The start shall be a "one gun" flying start, with a preparatory signal, given five minutes before the starting signal.

Entries for races in writing shall not be required, but any yacht which shall have crossed the starting line within ten minutes after the starting signal of any race shall be deemed to have entered in such race.

The Race Committee may, however, in its discretion, by giving notice in advance, extend the period for crossing the line within the meaning of the rule.

The spinaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to the forestay or stemhead.

The Race Committee may, in its discretion, restrict the hauling out of yachts in preparation for races should it deem such restriction necessary to the fairness or success of the races.

The racing rules of the club, so far as inconsistent with these special rules, are hereby suspended, but otherwise shall govern.

All the races in the knockabout class, except interclub matches and the annual race, unless otherwise agreed by the contestants themselves, shall start and finish off the club house at Essington, and shall be sailed over Course No. 4—from the starting line around the red star buoy No. 38, west southwest of Chester Island, passing it on the port hand; thence keeping to the southward and eastward of Chester Island, to red spar buoy southeast of Chester Island, passing on the port hand; thence to black and red spar buoy west of Little Tincum Island, passing on the starboard hand; thence to finish line.

There will be three series of races, to be known as the First Saturday Series, the Second Saturday Series and Third Saturday Series. First, second and third prizes shall be awarded at the conclusion of each such series.

A first, and whenever there are more than two contestants, a second prize shall also be awarded in each race of each series.

First Saturday Series—Saturdays, June 4, 18, 25; July 2, 9, 16, 23. Preparatory signal at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Starting signal, 2:35 o'clock P. M.

Second Saturday Series—Saturdays, July 30; Aug. 6, 13; Sept. 3, 10, 17. Preparatory signal at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Starting signal, 2:35 o'clock P. M.

Third Saturday Series—Saturdays, Sept. 24; Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29. Preparatory signal at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Starting signal, 2:35 o'clock P. M.

Series shall be decided by the aggregate number of points obtained by the contestants in all the races of the series in which they may have sailed. The yacht obtaining the highest number of points shall receive the first prize; the yacht obtaining the second highest number the second prize, and the yacht obtaining the third highest number the third prize. A yacht shall be credited with as many points in each race as the number of yachts she defeats, with one point added as a premium for entry. A yacht which fails to finish shall receive no credit for her entry, but she shall be counted in assigning points

to her competitors. Each yacht carrying a lady in excess of the number of the crew allowed shall be allowed one second per mile of the course sailed, to be deducted from her actual time.

A special prize shall be awarded to the yacht winning the greatest number of races during the season.

Unless otherwise agreed between the contesting clubs, these matches shall be sailed by an equal number of boats representing each club, and shall be decided by the aggregate of the points won. Points shall be calculated as provided for the series races, except that there shall be no credit for entry and that each yacht shall be credited only with a number of points equal to the number of yachts of the opposing club which she may have beaten.

If it should be desired by yacht owners, the Race Committee will arrange, toward the end of the season, a series of races with helmsmen, changed from the boats to which they have been accustomed, and also a handicap series based on performance during the previous races.

The Race Committee will also be glad at any time to manage sweepstake races at the request of two or more owners desiring to sail such races.

The Waikaki's Cruise.

THE naphtha yacht Waikaki, H. C. Roome, New York Y. C., of New York, has reached Chicago with her owner and his wife on board, after a remarkably interesting cruise, of which the following details are given by the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

Waikaki left New York Nov. 1, 1897; taking the inland water route to Beaufort, N. C., calling at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk, and passing through the various sounds on the coast of North Carolina. From Beaufort she ventured out on the stormy Atlantic and coasted along as far as Savannah, taking in Charleston on her way. At Savannah she again sought the peaceful waters of sounds along the coast of Georgia and Northern Florida. On reaching Jacksonville, Fla., she again darted out on the broad Atlantic, touching on her southward course at St. Augustine. Then came again tide-water ways, the Halifax River, Mosquito Lagoon, the Indian River, and so on through Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay, with their connecting canals, calling on the way at all the famous East Coast winter resorts, New Smyrna, Daytona, Rockledge, Palm Beach and Miami. From the last named place the tiny cruiser again valiantly braved old ocean's mighty waves and sailed along the crescent chain of tropic keys that sweep around the tail of the United States; then dashed over to Cape Sable and along the Gulf coast of Florida with its myriad of Lilliputian islands, and so on to Pensacola and New Orleans. Then came the long course of the Mississippi to the Illinois River, then the passage of the latter to La Salle, the transfer at that place to the canal, and the trip down the canal to Chicago. Here she will stay till May 26, when the voyage will pass down the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence through its maze of islands and out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and past steeped Montreal and hoary Quebec, and so on along to the rockbound coast of Labrador and the shores of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Then she will turn south across the Bay of Fundy, with its mighty tide, and come back to the familiar shores of Maine and so on home to New York, making a trip of about nine months' duration.

These modern argonauts have already come some 4,300 miles on their trip and have still 5,500 miles of waterways to traverse before New York is reached. The object of the trip, aside from the pleasure, is a most worthy one, and decidedly patriotic, for that object is to show the owners of yachts of light draft what can be done and how much of enjoyment may be had in cruising along the shores and through the inland waters of their own country. As will be seen by what has been said of this trip of the Waikaki so far, such cruises can be so arranged as to bring the voyager in the winter season into the semi-tropic lands of Florida and the Gulf coast. As winter fades into spring the voyager is again approaching the Northern States, and when the dog days are reached he is coasting along the shores of Labrador.

The Waikaki is 54ft. long, has 9ft. beam, and draws 3ft. 8in. She is provided with a Globe multiple cylinder gasoline engine of twenty-eight actual horse power, and has a speed of ten knots. She can carry a month's supply of provisions and water, and gasoline for a 600-mile trip. The Waikaki passed through the Mackinaw Straits on May 30.

Elreba.

THE steel steam yacht designed by J. F. Tams, of Tams & Lemoine, and built by Lewis Nixon, was successfully launched at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J., on May 25. The yacht, whose ownership has been very successfully concealed, is intended for cruising, and has been designed for that end, with the expectation that she will make about 12 knots in regular service under natural draft. From her appearance in launching trim she promises to make a very shipshape craft, with good freeboard and handsome shear. She is 150ft. over all, 125ft. l.w.l., 21ft. 6in. beam, 11ft. 9in. depth, and 8ft. 6in. draft. The engines, built by J. W. Sullivan, are of the four-cylinder triple expansion type, 12, 18 and two 20in. by 15in. Two Almy boilers are used. The hull has been built under special inspection and survey for the highest classification in the American Lloyds, the scantling is ample, and the builders have done excellent work.

The owner's and guests' quarters are aft; the owner's room, 13ft. long, extending half way across the ship just abaft the engine space, with dressing-room and bathroom adjoining, and a smaller stateroom 8ft. long. There are five other staterooms and an after-cabin or library, abaft which is another toilet room. The officers and crew are berthed forward, and special care has been taken to provide ample room and ventilation in this part of the ship.

In the forward deck house are the dining room, pantry and galley; the deck of this house is carried out to the rail, making a large sun deck, and the bridge is raised

so as to permit an unobstructed view from it. The after deck house is arranged as a sitting room, with piano. The yacht is schooner rigged. As she left the ways she was christened Elreba by Miss Violet Cruger, step-daughter of the designer.

Harlem Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, May 30.

THE first of the annual regattas, that of the Harlem Y. C., was sailed on May 30. The weather was better than on most of the preceding days of the month, as it did not rain, and in the afternoon the sun came out brightly. The courses were from off Belden's Point, City Island. For the larger sloops and catboats, around Matinick Point Buoy and red spar buoy off Parsonage Point, twenty nautical miles. Twenty-five foot classes, Matinick Point and black spar buoy off Delancey Point; distance, eighteen nautical miles. Other classes, around Old Hen buoy and Delancey Point, thirteen miles.

At the start the wind was light from the S., but it finally settled down to a fresh westerly breeze. The fleet was started in divisions, under the Y. R. A. rules, the start being timed:

Americus	1 01 10	Mystic	1 06 15
Winona	1 01 12	Falka	1 06 30
Jennie C	1 01 20	Lizzie V.	1 06 33
Norman	1 01 30	Jessie	1 07 15
Oriole	1 01 32	Delphine	1 08 40
Cognette	1 01 35	Reliance	1 12 16
Zetes	1 01 45	Water Lily	1 12 40
Allegro	1 01 45	Pontiac	1 13 10
Just Right	1 01 54	Eleanor	1 13 16
Lauretta	1 02 00	Mary B.	1 14 09
Naiad	1 02 16	Lady Emma	1 14 50
Gracie	1 02 18	Petrel	1 15 00
Mohican	1 02 35	Nimrod	1 15 00
Mary S	1 02 37	Albatross	1 15 00
Lotta	1 02 45	Ruth	1 15 00
E. Z Sloat	1 03 30	Regina	1 15 52
Shippan	1 04 22	Lark	1 16 14
Swastika	1 04 44	Gull	1 16 50
Win or Lose	1 05 32	Laura Lee	1 17 45
Ann	1 06 04	Mistral	1 18 10

Petrel, Nimrod, Albatross, Ruth and Mistral handicapped.

The finish was timed:

Regina	4 50 30	Lark	5 18 05
Pontiac	4 52 20	Laura Lee	5 23 25
Delphine	4 57 00	Nimrod	5 26 45
Zetes	5 00 20	Norman	5 29 20
E. Z Sloat	5 00 35	Swastika	5 31 24
Lizzie V.	5 03 45	Jessie	5 33 50
Reliance	5 04 40	Mohican	5 38 50
Americus	5 06 58	Oriole	5 39 00
Gull	5 10 00	Just Right	5 39 01
Jennie C	5 12 00	Falka	5 39 30
Win or Lose	5 12 10	Lauretta	5 44 58
Shippan	5 12 50	Mary S	5 47 10
Mystic	5 14 42	Water Lily	6 04 30
Allegro	5 17 25	Ruth	6 08 15

The official times were:

Cabin Sloops, 43ft. Class.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lady Emma, H. L. Buhler.	43.00	Did not finish.	
Mistral, R. Evans	41.20	Did not finish.	
Pontiac, H. Hanlein, Jr.	40.70	3 39 10	3 36 07
Mary B., J. K. Getty	38.20	3 54 43	3 48 02
Nimrod, E. G. & G. R. Bird.	37.30	4 11 45	4 03 40
Cabin Sloops, 36ft. Class.			
Reliance, W. P. Schultz	34.70	3 52 24	3 52 24
Eleanor, H. E. Wigand	32.60	Did not finish.	
Cabin Sloops, 30ft. Class.			
Water Lily, T. Kiernan, Jr.	29.09	4 51 50	4 51 50
Ruth, C. Lesser	29.00	4 53 15	4 53 15
Albatross, J. H. Symoners	27.70	Did not finish.	
Petrel, O. C. Rigi	28.80	Did not finish.	
Cabin Sloops, 25ft. Class.			
Gracie, F. Schavoir	25.00	Did not finish.	
Naiad, C. Christianson	24.60	Did not finish.	
Coquette, F. C. & W. S. Sullivan	23.90	Did not finish.	
Lotta, M. Dewey	23.30	Did not finish.	
Open Cats, 30ft. Class.			
Mystic, C. Lockwood	30.00	4 08 27	4 08 27
Jessie, P. Kirsch	26.40	4 26 35	4 17 55
Cabin Cats, 30ft. Class.			
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	30.00	3 57 12	3 57 12
Mary S., D. Shea	25.40	4 42 10	4 30 45
Ann, S. Jacobs	27.00	Did not finish.	
Open Jib and Mainsail, 36ft. Class.			
Delphine, W. Christie	30.60	3 48 20	3 48 20
Cabin Cats, 25ft. Class.			
Shippan, A. M. Bradley	25.00	4 08 28	4 08 28
Lauretta, W. P. Shearer	25.00	4 42 58	4 42 58
Mohican, J. Roelson	24.50	4 36 15	4 35 06
Falka, E. L. Felleman	23.80	4 34 30	4 31 16
Oriole, M. P. Lee	23.60	4 37 28	4 33 41
Winona, R. Tudor	23.20	Did not finish.	
Allegro, F. Taylor	22.80	4 15 40	4 09 34
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.30	4 07 10	4 02 30
Open Cats, 25ft. Class.			
F. Z Sloat, Hoyt & Parks	23.40	3 57 05	3 57 05
Norman, G. Hanson	23.10	4 27 50	4 26 38
Jennie C., G. H. Cadogan	22.60	4 10 40	4 08 19
Open Jib and Mainsail, 25ft. Class.			
Americus, A. Z. Schavoir	24.90	4 05 48	4 05 48
Zetes, J. A. Kipp	24.40	3 58 35	3 57 16
Just Right, P. Miller	23.80	4 37 07	4 24 10
Cabin Cats, 20ft. Class.			
Swastika, W. F. Buggie	20.00	4 26 50	4 26 50
Open Cats, 20ft. Class.			
Gull, J. F. Proctor	20.00	3 53 10	3 53 10
Regina, W. Scardefield	19.30	3 34 38	3 32 53
Open Cats, 15ft. Class.			
Lark, C. G. Davis	12.50	4 01 51	4 01 50
Laura Lee, —	12.50	4 05 40	4 05 40

The winners were Pontiac, Reliance, Water Lily, Mystic, Lizzie V., Delphine, Win or Lose, E. Z. Sloat, Zetes, Swastika, Regina and Lark.

The steamer Glen Island carried a large number of members and guests over the course without danger from mines or torpedoes.

Oceanic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COMMUNIPAW—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday May, 30.

THE Oceanic Y. C. sailed its twenty-ninth annual regatta on May 30 over courses on New York Bay off Communipaw, the times being:

Open Jib and Mainsail.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pauline, I. Ellis	20.06	2 30 05	
Jack, W. S. Bishop	22.00	2 45 03	
Open Cat-rigged, over 20ft.			
Eureka, Capt. Dunham	22.00	2 45 00	
Aurora, R. Hawthorne	22.06	Did not finish.	
Open Cat-rigged, under 20ft.			
Chic, J. Watson	16.10	1 28 05	
Bel, Rigmaiden & Pray	15.07	2 13 00	
Sailing Skiffs.			
Mary E., Rigmaiden & Pray	15.06	2 08 35	
Nellie V., F. Van Winkle	15.06	2 09 25	
Just Look, R. Peterson	16.00	2 10 45	
Willie B., M. Bradley	16.00	2 11 55	

New Rochelle Y. C. Opening Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, May 28.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. opened its season with a special race on May 28, open to yachts of all regularly organized yacht clubs, with prizes for the 30ft. and 25ft. classes of cabin cats, the 25ft. and 20ft. open cats, and the new 21ft. knockabouts. Club course No. 2 was sailed three times, 12¾ miles, naut. The wind was S.E., moderate. The start was made at 3:12 P. M. The sloop J. F. Carroll entered in the 30ft. sloop class, and sailed alone, as did the cabin cat Lizzie V. Two of the Seawanhaka knockabouts, Dipper and Senta, were present, with a new knockabout by Huntington, also the Boston boat Mongoose, one of the fastest of the racing knockabouts of last year. She very naturally, with the aid of Mr. Hazen Morse at the stick, defeated the new one-design boats. The times were:

Sloops, 30ft. Class.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
J. F. Carroll, H. Piepgras	30.00	1 36 32	1 36 32
Cabin Catboats, 30ft. Class.			
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	29.96	1 30 48	1 30 48
Cabin Catboats, 25ft. Class.			
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.85	1 37 47	1 37 47
Harrietta III., A. Jacob	21.90	1 45 08	1 43 04
Open Catboats, 20ft. Class.			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.90	1 48 19	1 48 19
Lark, W. Hoey, Jr.	19.65	1 52 39	1 52 13
Open Catboats, 15ft. Class.			
Sora, Charles G. Davis	15.00	2 07 49	2 07 49
Cora, T. J. S. Flint	12.68
Special Knockabout Class.			
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	1 32 23
Senta, Daniel Bacon	1 44 35
Dipper, Arthur Iselin	1 46 19
Nonny, L. Dunham	1 53 02

The winners were: J. F. Carroll and Lizzie V., sail over; Win or Lose, Minnetonka, Lark and Mongoose. Lark is a small racing catboat, but 12ft. long, designed and built by C. G. Davis. The Regatta Committee included Messrs. Tower, Meyrowitz, Lippencott, Rough and Weston.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Special Race.

GREENWICH, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Monday, May 30

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. celebrated Decoration Day by the formal opening of the club station at Greenwich in the morning, followed by a special race for the one-design dory class in the afternoon. Provision was made for a knockabout race also, but no starters appeared. The race was started at 2:30 over a triangle of 1½ miles, sailed twice; the wind was S.W. at the start, but shifted to N.W. in the middle of the race. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Prize, Com. H. E. Janes	3 45 30	1 03 30
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum	3 46 03	1 06 03
Sweinet Pup, F. S. Doremus	3 48 57	1 08 57
No Name, H. E. Doremus	3 50 06	1 10 06
Fern, W. B. Greeley	3 51 18	1 11 18
Harry, T. De W. Scoble	3 51 26	1 11 26
Pargy, J. H. Downing	3 53 38	1 13 38
Yellow Pup, C. S. Somerville	3 57 15	1 17 15
Tender, T. H. Dayton	Capsized.
Bass, W. Fischer	Withdraw.

After the finish an extra race was sailed between Sweinet Pup, Yellow Pup and an unnamed boat, the former winning.

Queen City Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.
Saturday, May 21.

THE Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, opened its season on May 21 with a cruising race from Toronto to Port Credit. The wind was variable and at times very light, but a close race was made, five out of the seven starters finishing well together. The race was a sealed handicap, but the winner had no need of her allowance. Gway is a very peculiar and original craft, a proa designed by her owner, Robert Tyson, an old canoe sailor. She has a main hull similar to a canoe, to which is connected a smaller balancing hull. She was sailed by Mr. Tyson alone. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gway, Robert Tyson	3 09 15	2 59 15
Widgeon, Mr. Tenny	3 10 45	3 05 15
Clock, Mr. Foy	3 14 45	3 07 15
Fanita, Mr. McGill	3 10 30	3 07 30
Enid, Com. Martin	3 11 45	3 11 45
Winona, Mr. Brown	3 30 15	2 23 15
Una	Did not finish.

The Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, will go into commission on June 4 at 4 P. M., at the club house, Harrison Island. Com. Swett has appointed E. Hanford Sturgess fleet captain; F. Sargent Grant fleet surgeon, and Chas. S. Lane, D.D., fleet chaplain.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—On Thursday evening, May 19, the Louisville Revolver Club met at the Armory for its regular weekly shoot, which resulted in exceptionally good scores being made in the 10yd. distance. Since the 1st Regiment left for Lexington, Ky., to mobilize, the Armory has been closed most of the time, which is detrimental to the interest of the club's team in practicing for the coming Louisville-Brooklyn revolver match. Gov. Bradley commissioned Col. H. S. Cohn to muster in a company of State guards at the Armory last Tuesday evening, and Col. Castleman, of the 1st Regiment, and Mayor Weaver, of our city, issued orders not to allow the Armory to be used for the purpose, and the large building was closed tight. That is the state of things at the present time. We hope for an early adjustment of matters, so we can get the required practice.

We were honored with the presence of R. T. Chapman, a friend and sportsman, formerly of Tennessee, who acted as scorer during the evening.

Now that the races are over attention will be given to shooting. At the Kentucky Shotgun Club grounds will be several very pretty contests among the members, including the ladies, this week. Shooting two days at live birds will be the main attraction, while other events will occur each afternoon. Parker's new trap and pigeon guns are used mostly. They have a new gun out. It is a plain black barrel that is hard, tough and thoroughly reliable, and suitable for shooting nitro powders. It is similar to the Whitworth fluid-pressed steel and called the Titanic steel, and is a beauty. I will send you scores of this week's trap-shooting for your next issue. Below are the scores of the last shoot of Revolver Club in full:

Ten yards, 2in. bullseye counts 10:	
Gilbert	9 10 10 10 10 8 10 10 10—97
Dye	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 8 7—94

Board	8 10 9 8 10 10 9 10 8 10—92
Dr Meder	10 9 7 8 9 9 8 8 7 8—83
Witherspoon	10 6 7 8 6 7 10 9 4 7—74
Watkins	5 10 3 4 10 9 5 10 8 10—74
Taylor	8 5 8 7 8 8 7 6 8 8—73
Knebelkamp	1 7 9 10 6 5 10 6 3 8—65

Fifteen yards, 4in. bullseye counts 10; five seconds for each five shots:

		Seconds.
Watkins	10 10 8 8 5 10 10 8 7 7—83	32
Gilbert	9 8 8 5 1 10 10 10 10—81	32
Dye	10 9 5 4 2 10 9 9 8 3—69	31
Taylor	10 9 8 6 6 7 6 6 5 5—68	24
Witherspoon	7 4 3 3 3 10 8 7 6 5—56	35
Meder	9 7 7 5 0 9 9 7 7 2—62	34
Knebelkamp	10 2 1 1 0 7 7 3 1 0—32	26

Twenty yards, standard American target:									
Gilbert	10 10 5 10 7 2 4 7 9 8—72								
Dye	4 7 5 6 5 8 8 8 8 4—63								
Taylor	4 1 7 5 5 5 5 5 8 4—46								
Dr Meder	1 7 0 6 5 4 4 4 5 7—43								
Watkins	4 2 5 4 9 4 7 2 4 2—43								
Witherspoon	2 8 4 3 2 4 8 3 2 1—37								
Board	0 2 5 4 7 1 5 2 5 4—35								
Knebelkamp	0 2 4 3 0 4 5 0 0 2—20								

E. B. Dye.

Milwaukee Sharpshooters' Society.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 22.—The regular practice shoot of the Milwaukee Sharpshooters' Society was held to-day. The following scores were made:

King Union target.		King Union target.	
W Staehle	66	A Engel	205
J E Schmidt	192	E F Richter	215
A Niedner	207	J Guschel	204
R Kunz	185	D Hadley	178
S Meunier	197	A Herden	196
J Ruppel	59		

Special scores:		Special scores:	
E Richter	230	S Meunier	214
E Richter	227	H Wesle	212
J Ruppel	226	S Meunier	212
J E Schmidt	225	A Fienhold	170
H Wesle	218	S Meunier	210
J Guschel	217	A Herden	220

Man target:		Man target:	
D Hadley	92	W Staehle	86
A Herden	88	J Guschel	85
J Ruppel	87	A Fienhold	85
W Staehle	87	S Meunier	91

Saturday's scores.—The scores made on Saturday are as follows:			
King Union target. target.		King Union target. target.	
W E Story	221 65	H P Yale	193 57
A L Story	192 63	G L Deiter	207 67
Dr Rogers	199 61		

Special scores:		Special scores:	
G L Deiter	195	G L Deiter	192
Wm Staehle	208		

A Lesson in Rifle Practice.

A TEXAS military company was out on the range recently practicing at rifle shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and seizing a gun from one of the privates cried sharply: "I'll show you fellows how to shoot!"

Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim all together, he fired and missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said: "That's the way you shoot!" He again loaded the weapon and missed. Turning to the second man in the ranks, he remarked: "That's the way you shoot!" In this way he missed about a dozen times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target. "And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back to the private, "is the way 1 shoot!"—Los Angeles Times.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

June 2.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of Peekskill Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

June 1-3.—Springfield, O.—Open-to-all tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

June 2-3.—Alton, Ill.—Second annual bluerock tournament of Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Green Bay, Wis.—Green Bay Gun Club's second annual tournament.

June 6-7.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's tournament. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Willmar, Minn.—Willmar Gun Club's third annual amateur tournament. Lewis Johnson, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club.

June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

June 8.—Butler, Pa.—Butler Gun Club's tournament. E. E. Gumpfer, Sec'y.

June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.

June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.

June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.

June 14-16.—Le Mars, Ia.—Le Mars Sportsmen and Shooting Association's tournament. E. Miller, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

—, Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 16-17.—Dayton, O.—Dayton Gun Club's amateur tournament.

June 20-24.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday afterward.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

June 30.—Auburn, Me.—First annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 4.—Centredale, R. I.—Fourth of July shoot of the Centredale Gun Club. N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

July 4-6.—Newport News, Va.—First annual tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club. Geo. B. James, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburg, Ind.—Greensburg Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has issued the programme of its twenty-fourth annual tournament, to be held at Lake View Park, Peoria, Ill., June 7 to 11. The first event is the board of trade diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of the State at live birds, the winner of the badge this year to receive next year's entries for the same prize. Conditions: 10 live birds, \$10. The diamond badge is valued at \$500. The second prize is a solid gold watch, a Parker hammerless gun and \$60 in cash. Third prize is a bicycle and \$50. Fourth is \$40 and a steel boat. Fifth one dozen decoys. The second event is the L. C. Smith cup, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup to receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member to receive 40 per cent. of the entries of next year's target event. Conditions: 20 targets, \$5. In this event also there are cash and merchandise prizes to a fifth place. The third event is the club team championship, fixed to take place on June 10, open to teams of four men from any club members of the State Association. Each club is entitled to two teams, no man being allowed to shoot in more than one team. Four purses, cash and merchandise prizes, \$12.50 added money to each of the four moneys. Entrance \$5 per team. Immediately following the State events there will be special shoots, the first of which is at 15 live birds, \$10, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Other events are as follows: No. 1, 7 live birds, \$5, three moneys; Nos. 2 and 4, 10 live birds, \$7, four moneys; No. 3, live birds, miss-and-out, \$5; No. 5, 15 targets, \$1.50, known traps, unknown angles, four moneys; Nos. 6 to 11 are the same as No. 5. Upon the completion of these events they will again be repeated. G. F. Simmons, secretary, 502 S. Adams street, Peoria, Ill.

The Kansas City Star cup became the absolute property of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott in the final contest for it at Kansas City on May 20. He made a most vigorous and persistent competition for it after it was contested for in Kansas City in May 23, 1896. J. E. Riley and H. J. Whittier tied on 25 in that contest, they being the only ones out of a field of fifty-three to score that number of birds. Still they were closely pressed, as there were five 24s and ten 23s. Riley defeated Whittier in shooting off the tie. About six months after that event, Elliott defeated Riley for the cup at Kansas City by a score of 92 to 81, 6 of his birds falling dead out of bounds. In the open contest at Kansas City the following year, in a field of sixty-three, four killed 25 straight, namely, Glover, Herman, Lamb and Crabill. In the shoot-off at 51 birds Glover won. Aug. 14, 1897, Elliott defeated Glover for it at Rochester by a score of 92 to 84, and he gathered the cup back to its home. Fred Gilbert then took a fancy to it, so he meandered to Kansas City, produced a score of 95 to 94 as evidence of title and calmly returned to Iowa, presumably with the resolution to annex it permanently, for on Dec. 7, at Chicago, he defeated Elliott by a score of 97 to 87, with 2 birds dead out of bounds. However, Elliott had different views on the subject, as shown by his victory over Gilbert at Chicago on April 26, where he took the cup from Gilbert by a score of 90 to 86. He defended it successfully from Heikes at Kansas City on May 6 by a score 94 to 93, a very close race. In the open contest Charlie Budd won it, and in about twenty-four hours thereafter Elliott, by defeating Riley, Gilbert, Budd and Glover, took possession of it as a part of his personal belongings, as related last week.

The programme of the second grand tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Parkersburg, W. Va., June 8-10, under the auspices of the Mountain State Gun Club, can now be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Ed O. Bower, Sistersville, W. Va. The programme for each of the three days is the same, namely, ten events, 15 bluerocks, \$1.50 entrance, \$5 added to the purse, making a total of \$150 added money for the three days. In addition to the regular events, there will be two State events shot off at some convenient time in the progress of the tournament. The first is the grand merchandise event, 25 bluerocks, entrance \$5. The other is the individual championship, 50 bluerocks, entrance \$1.50. These are open only to members of the State Association. Magautrap will be used. Lunch will be served each day. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Money divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The merchandise prize list provides six prizes, each for ties from 1 to 5 inclusive, and six for the high guns shooting the full programme. There is an L. C. Smith ejector, a Remington gun, a Parker hammerless, an Ithaca hammerless, and a Winchester repeater, a gun for each class of ties.

Mr. N. F. Reiner, secretary of the Centredale, R. I., Gun Club, of whom programmes can be obtained, writes us as follows: "The Centredale Gun Club will hold a shoot on July 4. There will be ten 15-bird events, entrance 55 cents to each event; that is, 30 cents for birds and 25 cents sweepstakes. The club will add \$25; \$20 to be given to the five high guns as follows: \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, and \$2; and \$5 as follows: \$3 to the shooter making the longest run out of the 150 birds, and \$2 to second run. All sweepstakes are optional, but in order to compete for the purse all events must be shot. As this shoot is rather an experiment, it is hoped that shooters in our neighboring as well as our own State will turn out in good numbers and help make our first undertaking a grand success. Lunch will be served at grounds. Shooting commences at 10:30 A. M."

Tom Keller, the urbane hustler of the King's Smokeless Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co., takes the opportunity between whiles to shoot at the traps, and when he shoots seriously he shoots well. In the 10-men team match between the Bound Brook Gun Club and the Dunellen Gun Club at Dunellen, May 21, the Dunellen Gun Club won by 24, thus scoring a second victory. Keller distinguished himself by breaking 24 out of 25. He made a run of 46 before missing, then broke the remaining three of the 50, putting up the crackerjack score of 49 out of 50, thus almost making his talents as a shooter equal his talents as a salesman. It is hardly necessary to add that he used King's Smokeless and Victor shells.

An effort is being made by trap-shooters of Plainfield, Bound Brook, Dunellen and Somerville, N. J., and vicinity, to organize a Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, for the furtherance of trap-shooting interests. It is said that the Climax Gun Club, the Independent Gun Club, the Dunellen Gun Club, the Bound Brook Gun Club and the Somerset Gun Club have signified that they will join such an organization. Such an organization would go far toward infusing greater interest in a section which abounds with a multitude of trap-shooters. Club contests and shoots would stimulate greater emulation and broaden the competition.

The programme of the second annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, to be held under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, June 7 and 8, is out. It is an amateur tournament, limited to residents of Indiana. Shooters who desire to shoot for targets only are welcome to do so. All shooting will be at unknown angles, rapid-fire system. It will be class shooting, five moneys, 24, 22, 20, 18 and 16 per cent. Ten per cent. of the net purses will be reserved for the five high guns shooting through the programme, and divided into five moneys, as above. There are eleven events on the first day's programme, of which six are at 15 targets, five at 20, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. There are eight events for the second day, each 20 targets, \$2. The two-men team race, 40 targets, \$8 team entrance, is also scheduled for this day. John M. Lilly, secretary, Limited Gun Club, 960 N. Delaware street, Indianapolis, will be pleased to give further information to those who desire it.

The Hell Gate Gun Club will hold a tournament on targets July 26. A clam bake will be added for the benefit of all who have an appetite regardless of high or low averages in the competition. The main event will be at 20 targets, merchandise prizes. In this event only holders of tickets will be allowed to compete. Tickets are \$3. They entitle the holders to lunch, clam bake and free entry in the merchandise event. There are also about five other events on the programme. Entrance 50 cents to \$1.

The programme of the Elkwood Park shooting season is an elaborate one. There is sweepstake shooting every Friday, handicapped and cup events every Saturday, and target events every Wednesday throughout the year. The New York & Long Branch R. R. and the Southern R. R. of New Jersey pass the gates. The managers, Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, Long Branch, N. J., on request will give all necessary information.

For the purpose of observing averages which are averages; and shooting which is shooting, our readers should not fail to note the doings of the trap-shooters at Omaha last week, as set forth in Mr. Paul Litzke's full report in these columns. As at the Missouri State shoot the previous week, Heikes was again at the head in general averages. He scored .964.

It seems that Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, at such times as he is not in other places managing great shoots in different States, can cut some pretty capers in the way of target smashing when he chooses to perform at the traps. On the grounds of the Greenfield Gun Club a few days since he had the highest average, breaking 115 out of 120 targets, or a fraction better than a 95 per cent. gait.

At Norristown, Pa., the Penn Gun Club defeated the Shuler Gun Club, of Pottstown, by a score of 230 to 201. This was the second contest of a series of three for the championship of Montgomery county. Each team had twelve men and each man shot at 25 targets.

In our trap columns Mr. T. H. Keller, secretary of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, announces the postponement of the meeting called for June 2 to June 17. Notice to this effect has been sent to all the clubs which are members of the Association.

Under date of May 23, Mr. Geo. B. James, secretary, writes us that the first annual tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club will be held on July 4, 5 and 6, at Newport News, Va. Programmes will be furnished by him to those who apply for them.

Owing to Monday of this week being Decoration Day, a national holiday, the pressure of matter on all the departments of FOREST AND STREAM on Tuesday, press day, crowded over a number of club shoot reports till next week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Nebraska State Shoot.

OMAHA, Neb., May 27.—A thousand dollars added money should have brought a larger attendance than that which participated in the twenty-second annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Most of those who were present came from a distance, therefore there were few State and local shooters participating. Just why this should be the case is not plain to me, as formerly this amount of added money invariably drew from sixty to a hundred shooters. This tournament was conducted on exactly the same lines as the one held at Hot Springs last February. It should have been graced with a larger attendance, especially in this section, where there are so many good amateur shots and so many gun clubs. Here, as in the shoot mentioned above, the paid representative and the amateur who shot a 90 per cent. gait were taxed 50 cents additional in every event, which went to form a fund to be divided among all the amateurs who shot through and who failed to get any part of the high gun money. This should have drawn a host of this class, as there are many crack amateur shots in this neck of woods. As it is, those who did come and stayed through cut up a very nice sum. Some attribute the lack of attendance to the amount of shooting the programme called for—200 shots a day—while some again to the fact that this was an open to all shoot, and that the amateur did not care to shy his castor into the same ring with the paid expert on equal footing. But whether these theories are correct I am at a loss to say, as these shoots have proved a success on former occasions. Only the week previous, the Kansas City shoot, conducted on almost the same lines, with the exception that there was no fund created there to be divided among the amateurs who shot through, was one of the most successful held in recent years.

The Nebraska State shoots have been open affairs for years and have always been successful. This was a success also, but it deserved better support. However, I am informed by Mr. Geo. Rogers, of Lincoln, at which place the next annual meeting and tournament will be held, that he purposes to conduct this shoot on different principles. Special efforts will be made to bring out the State shooters in force.

PARK AND SURROUNDINGS.

The shooting grounds are very accessible, being just across the Missouri River, directly opposite the city in Iowa, and reached by an electric line which runs cars about every ten minutes. They are not a half mile from the very heart of the city. The arrangements at the park are capital, and the background good, especially for target shooting, there being no trees near by to obstruct the view.

There are two sets of target traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and a set of live-bird traps, where the underground system of trapping is used. With this arrangement, birds were trapped at the rate of 125 per hour. The traps are so arranged as to permit the shooting of targets and pigeons at the same time without interfering with each other. There is also a good-sized club house, which will accommodate about fifty people, a cashier's office, plank walks, shelter at the score; in fact, everything that is essential to the comfort of the shooter. The ground-keeper lives on the place, and shooting can be had there at any time every day in the year.

The tournament was admirably handled, and reflects great credit on the executive abilities of Messrs. Loomis, Read and Parmelee, who were the promoters of the shoot.

There was one feature in the cashier department which is deserving of mention. This was the system used in paying the shooters off. Each contestant at the close of the shoot was handed the amount due him in a little envelope, on the face of which were printed the number of events and spaces to fill out the number scored in each event, as well as the amount due. This furnished the shooter a statement of what he won and also did much to obviate mistakes. It would be well for other tournament managers to adopt this plan.

CONTESTANTS.

The list of contestants is as follows: C. C. Evans and J. G. Hillberry, Beaver Crossing, George Nicholi, Curtis C. E. Latshaw, G. L. Carter, George Rogers, Ray Welch, H. H. Harley and F. Moore, Lincoln; S. L. Cable and John Shaw, Murray; J. W. Den and Fred Boehner, Arapahoe, Neb.; W. T. Den, the oldest trap-shooter in the State, Brownville; J. Terryberry, Louisville; Gus Siever, Grand Island; F. Miller, Berwyn; M. T. Miller, York; Fred Echtenkamp and D. C. Weber, Arlington; G. A. Schroeder and G. B. Spiece, Columbus; Ted Ackerman, Stanton; W. S. Duer, Hastings; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore; C. D. Linderman, Adams; O. F. Harlan, Cook; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water; J. F. Beard, Herman; all of Nebraska. C. R. Andrews, Hillsdale, Ia.; G. E. Hughes, Fonda, Ia.; G. M. Higgins, Kingsley, Ia.; Geo. Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; Tom Graham, Rosedale, Mich.; John Ruble, Chicago; E. D. Rike, Dayton, O.; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; L. Harrison, Minneapolis, Minn.; Emil Werk, Cincinnati.

The trade was represented by J. J. Hollowell, Bridgeport, Conn.; U. M. C. Co.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Parker Bros. and Hazard Powder; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, and Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., both shooting Du Pont powder; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Col. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; and B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass., representing Remington Arms Co.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y., shooting Schultz powder; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., Winchester Arms Co. and Hazard Powder; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y., Gold Dust Powder Co.; O. R. Dickey,

Boston, Mass., Parker Bros. and E. C. Powder, also Fred Quimby, New York city, general agent of the Schultze and E. C. Powder Co.

GENERAL AVERAGES

In this respect Heikes is again in the van, closely followed by Powers, Gilbert, Grimm and Parmelee in the order named. These are the ones who won the high gun money, \$50 being set aside for this purpose, divided equally, so it netted each \$10. Then there was the fund created by that 50 cents additional tax; to be divided among the amateurs who shot through. There were thirteen of this number, but one—Powers—got a part of the high gun money and was thereby debarred from sharing in this division. The total sum thus accumulated amounted to \$304, which, divided among twelve, netted each \$25.30, quite a neat, tidy sum to be paid for one's staying qualities.

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	760	733	.964	Glover	760	685	.900
Powers	760	728	.967	Ruble	760	682	.896
Gilbert	760	727	.956	Hughes	760	679	.894
Grimm	760	718	.944	Hallowell	760	676	.890
Parmelee	760	717	.943	Loomis	760	673	.885
Budd	760	716	.942	Duer	760	672	.884
Leroy	760	712	.928	Graham	760	672	.884
Elliot	760	709	.932	Linderman	760	657	.864
Merrill	760	699	.919	Miller	760	654	.860
Fulford	760	699	.919	Moore	760	633	.832
Fanning	760	695	.914	Hagerman	760	627	.822
Rike	760	687	.903	Plumber	760	614	.807
Dickey	760	685	.900				

In consequence of Monday of this week being a holiday, the remainder of the foregoing report was received too late for publication in this issue, and will be given next week.

New York's State Shoot.

NEW YORK, May 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: With the New York State shoot only a little more than three weeks hence, I, like probably many others who are interested in trap-shooting in the State of New York, began to look around your columns to find out what the Rochester boys were doing in regard to making ready for the annual meeting of the State Association in their city on June 20-24 next. Not that I was in the least afraid that they had been idle in the matter, for everybody in the State who shoots at the traps knows just what hustlers they are. I refer particularly to my old friend W. C. Hadley, President E. C. Meyers, Secretary Griffiths, John Borst, etc.

It was therefore with great pleasure that I noted in your last issue that Mr. Hadley had come to the front and told us what we might expect; and had also called attention to the proposed amended constitution and by-laws, which were given in your issue of May 21, and which are to be acted upon at the annual meeting on the evening of June 20. Having looked over the constitution carefully, with a view to passing upon it as intelligently as possible at the above meeting, I find only one or two points; minor ones perhaps, on which I scarcely feel like voting "aye," unless they are altered somewhat from their present form.

THE NAME INAPPROPRIATE.

First—I should like a name more in accordance with the real, not ideal, objects of the Association. I fully understand that many, who have been members of the Association years before I ever broke a target at the traps, prefer to keep the old name intact on sentimental grounds, but it seems to me that we shall be in danger of making ourselves a laughing stock if we take the old troublesome-to-write name, and never do anything more than hold an annual trap-shooting tournament every year. And as a matter of fact, that's all we will do, and it's more than some States can do anyway!

Second—I don't like Section 3 of Article IV., which says that "Each club shall be entitled to representation by five delegates." Then Section 4 of the same article says: "No delegate shall represent more than one club." Take these two sections together and look what a cinch on the convention they give to the nearby clubs! I belong to a club that will probably be represented at the shoot by two or three members at the most. Rochester is a long way from New York, and business is too dull to admit of several who would otherwise attend being on hand at the meeting. Again, I belong to another club that will in all likelihood have no other representative on hand at the meeting save myself. Yet it pays its dues and should be entitled to representation just as much as a club that is situated geographically more favorably for representation at the annual meeting. Suppose I represent this club; that leaves two representatives at the most to represent the other, and that gives these two clubs only three votes against ten for two other clubs that are within a Sabbath day's journey of Rochester. In my opinion, and mind it is only my opinion that I am quoting, for I have not spoken to anybody about this point, the sections should read respectively: "Each club shall be entitled to five votes on each motion or resolution at all meetings of the Association, the votes to be cast by one person, who shall be a delegate from such club." And: "Any club in good standing may be represented at all meetings of the Association by proxy."

PLANS FOR THE TOURNAMENT.

The brief review of the programme for the tournament given by Mr. Hadley promises a good shoot, and there should be a good entry list, both in the open events and in those for members of the State Association only. As noted, there will be two magautraps for open events, the "under 85 per cent. man" being protected from the expert classes.

The handicap in the State events is something that has been tried before, viz., known experts to get into first or second moneys or to be out of the division of the purse. It is a hard game, but it won't affect very many shooters, and may bring in a few more lambs for the "unknown experts" to shear.

There is really only one thing certain in trap-shooting, and that is that the lamb who monkeys with the wolves in any way, shape or form, save under a handicap allowance of extra targets or misses as breaks, will get shorn sooner or later. Generally sooner.

EDWARD BANKS.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 24.—The regular shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair grounds on May 21. The wind blew quartering across the grounds, making some of the targets quite erratic. The attendance was light, several members being out of town.

The shooting of Mr. Walter Boyd was one of the pleasant surprises of the season. He has been going along for several seasons at about a 50 to 70 per cent. gait, and has always been considered erratic in his shooting, though one of the most enthusiastic of the local shooters. He has always complained that his gun did not suit him, and finally borrowed one from Echols, and then the transformation came. Out of 115 birds shot at with the new gun he broke 101, or an average of about 88 per cent. On last Saturday he broke his first 25 straight, and followed it up with 22 out of the next 25, making 47 out of the 50, the best run and the best average for any member this season. It is to be hoped that he will continue his excellent work, and that the balance of the club will see to it that he has company. It is hard work to learn to shoot bluebirds well, and Walter deserves his success.

Mr. Joe Matthews has just returned from the Kansas City shoot, and though he did not get there in time to participate in the pig \$1,000 added money live-bird event, his train being laid out twelve hours, he took part in all the target events for two days and several of the smaller live-bird sweeps. In all these he acquitted himself very creditably, considering that he was at the disadvantage of having been up all night on the train and had no shells with him and had to shoot anything he could get, and indeed if it had not been for the kindness of Rolla Heikes, the blonde giant from Dayton, he would hardly have gotten any shells at all. Joe was wonderfully pleased with the working of the magautrap, and says the club here must have one right away.

Following are the scores:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
A W Boyd	50	47	.940	Torreyson	50	36	.720
Echols	50	39	.780	C H Boyd	50	31	.620
Baptist	50	38	.760	Payne	50	26	.520

SECRETARY.

Pioneer Gun Club's Shoot.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., May 23.—The Pioneer Gun Club, of this place, held a shoot at bluebirds here to-day. The scores: F. L. Cooch 6, F. C. Palmer 20, Hope S. Hoover 17, Gus Koskop 20, F. L. Portz, Jr. 13. Second event: H. S. Hoover 16, F. L. Portz, Jr., 9, F. C. Palmer 16, F. L. Cooch 4.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TRAP AT MATAWAN.

MATAWAN, N. J., May 25.—A very enjoyable shoot was held at Matawan to-day. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 4 birds, \$3 entrance, two high guns. Nos. 3 and 4 were at 6 birds, two moneys; 60 and 40 per cent. The birds were good. A fair wind blew from left to right; weather unpleasant.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Stoddard, 28	1022-3	1121-4	20*220-3	20102-3
Bunk, 29	22*2-3	2222-4	202222-5	22222-5
Bissett, 28	0122-3	2022-3	2*2212-5	10221-4
S Shaw, 26	0121-3	1010-2	022222-5	22*12-4
Perrine, 30	2112-4	*1*2-2	201101-4	11101-4
Downing, 28	2201-3	1120-3	112211-6	22011-4
Muirhead, 27	1101-3	2101-3	001111-4	02210-3

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., May 25.—The weather was cloudy, with a tinge of mist in the atmosphere. There was no wind to divert the flights of the targets, though the shooting was extremely difficult, owing to the flights and the variety of the angles. Neither Banks nor Huck were feeling well, the latter in particular complaining of an illness from which he was suffering during several previous days.

The main event was the E. C. cup, which, owing to the large handicap allowance, was won by Waters, neither Morley nor Banks shooting up to their best form, so that the win may be ascribed more to luck than to skill. The conditions were 15 targets, expert rules, and 5 pairs, no contestant with a handicap to be allowed a greater score than 23 if the scratch man did not break more than that number. The scores as follows:

Banks, 0	1111111110011	10 11 00 11 11	—13
Morley, 1	11111111101101	11 10 11 10 11—22	—23
Huck, 4	11110011011111	00 10 10 10 11—17	—41
Waters, 6	11011011101111	10 11 11 10 11—20	—623
Jersey, 8	010000100101001	11 11 10 11 01—13	—821

Morley and Waters shoot their tie off in the following sweep: Morley 1011101101110 11 10 11 10 01—18—1—19 Waters 111001100011010 10 11 10 11 10—15—6—21 Banks 001011001110011 11 11 10 10 11—16 Huck 1111100111110 11 01 01 11 01—19 Jersey 01000010100100 01 10 10 10 01—9

In the following sweeps Nos. 6 and 7 were under the following conditions: Each contestant fired the first two shots from 21yds., going back 1yd. after every two shots, use of both barrels. No. 2 was at 5 pairs. The Sergeant system was used.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	*	15	25	10	25	25	
Banks	15	8	13	20	7	4	23	20
Morley	12	8	14	20	8	5	22	19
Waters	9	7	12	16	6	6	22	22
Huck	12	5	9	22				
Tinney	7	5	7	12	3	3		

Hell Gate Gun Club.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The score of yesterday's shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club is given below.

At our last meeting we decided to hold a clay-bird tournament connected with a clam bake at Dexter Park on July 26. The main event that day will be at 20 targets for merchandise prizes. Tickets will be \$3, entitling holders to lunch, clam bake and free entry in the merchandise event. Only holders of tickets are allowed to enter this event. About five other events are on the programme. Entrance from 50 cents to \$1.

	Points.
J H Voss, 30	0*22121211—8
R Regan, 28	2112012122—9
P Geipel, 28	002202120*—5
J Himmelsbach, 28	10**200622—4
J A Beldan, 28	0*11102*2—6
E Metz, 28	2021112212—9
G Nowak, 30	2002121202—7
H Bahn, 28	2122110200—7
L Stesle, 28	10*1210110—6
J C Webber, 30	1*21110222—8
C Lang, 28	01201*1100—5
E Steffens, 28	20*02*12*0—4
H Forster, 30	1122*01111—8
F Wheeler, 28	1020112020—6
G K Breit, 28	02221*2221—8
P Woelfel, 28	222222210—8
W Sands, 28	22222*2222—9
J Kreeb, 28	0011000122—5
J Bade, 28	2100021021—6
L T Muench, 30	2002101102—6
E Doineck, 30	1222220212—9
I' Guy, 28	0020200062—3
J Selg, 28	1220212000—6
C Shaefer, 28	2201010111—7
E Marquardt, 28	102*0011*0—4
E Peterson, 28	1122012210—8
F W Richter, 28	0100112210—6
C Wigger, 28	0100010212—5
J Schlicht, 28	*101221211—8
E A Meckel, 28	2010212120—7
J P Dannefeller, 28	2210211222—9
C Shaefer, 28	1021010110—7
A Knodel, 28	0222100101—6
F Trostel, 30	2111121122—10

Lake Superior Gun Club.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., May 23.—The Lake Superior Gun Club, of Superior, Wis., was incorporated under the laws of the State of Wisconsin, March 18, 1898. The club now has some eighty-one members in good standing, and more names are being submitted almost daily. We are now making preparations for a grand shoot on July 4, and expect to hold our first tournament some time during the early part of August, at which time we expect to have some good cash prizes hung up for competition. Following is the score made at the shoot held on the grounds or the club during the afternoon of Saturday, May 21, over the magautrap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Delaware	9	14	7	9	8					7
Fulton	9	13	6	8	8					9
Kennedy	9	11								8
Dixie	8	9	7	7	9	6				5
Hogan	6	5	7	7	4	7	9	4	5	6
Beherns		8	13							8
Miller		5	9							6
Leader		6	10	8	6	6	7	6		5
Yale		6	7							5
Shaver		12								7
Tracey										4

After the above shoot took place Mr. Beherns and Mr. Fulton tried conclusions for the Pattison challenge badge. This was a shoot for 25 targets, and resulted in a score of 22 to 21 in favor of Mr. Fulton. The next regular shoot of the club will be held Wednesday. Visiting lovers of trap-shooting are cordially invited to participate with us.

W. J. PIERCE, Sec'y.

Capital City Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21.—The first shoot of the Capital City Gun Club was a most enjoyable one. There was a good attendance. The grounds were finely equipped for the shooting, and are beautifully situated. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	5	Events:	1	2	3	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Holmead	10			9	Benton				8
Mason	10	10	8	6	Steno				7
Cromwell	4		5		McLeod				9
Mattingly	14		12	8	Nutting				12
Wagner		12		12	McKelden				11
Green		9			Reisinger				13
Steubner		12			Stone				12

No. 4 was a team race, chosen respectively by Messrs. Wagner and Mattingly, each man shooting at 15 targets. The scores were: Wagner's team. 1101011111111—12 Mattingly's team. 0111011111111—13 McKelden 11111110111011—13 Nutting 0111011111111—13 McLeod 01011000101001—7 Mason 01010010101001—10 Reisinger 11111110110111—13 Holmead 1101111010001—10 Steubner 1110111011111—13—60 Stone 11000010101011—8—51

Missouri State Shoot.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 22.—The twenty-first annual tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association was even a greater success than its predecessors, which is saying a great deal, as within recent years this tournament has always been a feature in Western trap matters. This goes to demonstrate what united and concerted action will accomplish. Here in Kansas City they have what is known as the Federation of Gun Clubs, to which all the local clubs are affiliated, so that when a tournament is undertaken everybody lends a helping hand, and there can be but one result. However, much of the success is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. G. M. Walden, who as chief executive of the Association worked indefatigably to bring about the success; he was ably assisted by Messrs. J. W. McCurdy and W. S. Hallowell. The trio composed the executive committee, and under their fostering care the programme was carried out to the letter, while nothing was left undone that would add to the pleasure and comfort of the participants. Everybody went away pleased, and many a deserved compliment was showered on the committee by the visiting shooters, all of whom were united in their praise of the success of the shoot. There is another factor that did much to contribute to the success of the tournament, and that is the amount of interest taken by the Star, one of the local daily papers. Mr. James Whitfield, the sporting editor of it, is thoroughly conversant with the sport and has done much to maintain the interest in it. His articles on the subject are always ably written, and he did much to keep the tournament before the public. All these factors combined made the tournament a brilliant success, notwithstanding a week of the most adverse weather. Kansas City has set a pace in tournament matters that it will be hard to surpass.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Association was held in the parlor of the Midland Hotel, Mr. G. M. Walden presiding. At roll call all the clubs composing the Association were represented. The following clubs were admitted to membership: Veteran Gun Club, Kansas City; Joplin Gun Club, Joplin; Independence Gun Club, Independence, and the St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League, St. Louis. St. Louis was selected for holding the next annual meeting and tournament. The following officers were then elected: Mr. P. M. Kling, St. Louis, President; Mr. G. M. Walden, Kansas City, Vice-President; Mr. H. B. Collins, St. Louis, Recording Secretary; Mr. W. R. Nold, St. Louis, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. Max C. Starkloff, St. Louis, Treasurer. A communication from Judge Lee Chrisman, wherein he offered to donate a medal to be given to the shooter from Jackson county making the best average in the target events, was read and the donation accepted. The secretary was instructed to thank the Judge in behalf of the Association.

GROUND.

Here in Kansas City there is an established shooting grounds, which is known as Washington Park, about seven miles from the city, though quite accessible, being reached by cable and electric line in about forty minutes' ride. Here there were two sets of live-bird traps and two magatrap in position. These traps were so arranged as to not interfere with one another, so it was possible to shoot live birds and targets at the same time. The magatrap are set on a high ridge that overlooks the live-bird grounds, though off to the right. One set of live-bird traps was directly in front of the club house, and they were fitted up with the underground system of trapping. Here the main events were decided, while on the other set only sweeps were shot. These were located some distance from the club house, and one had to cross a little stream to reach them. These grounds were dubbed the Philippine Islands. Mr. W. V. Reiger as usual was referee in the important pigeon events, and gave universal satisfaction. The target traps were in charge of Paul North, and he kept them moving at a lively clip. There were ample buildings for the protection of all, and the comfort of the shooters was well looked after.

THE TRADE.

The following trade representatives were present during the shoot: Harry Marlin, Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.; John J. Hallowell, U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; J. A. R. Elliott and R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., Winchester Arms Co. and Hazard Powder Co.; O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass., and S. A. Tucker, Davenport, Ia., Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.; W. Fred Quimby, New York, E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Paul North, Cleveland, O., Cleveland Target Co.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., and B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass., Remington Arms Co. and U. M. C. Co.; Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y., Hunter Arms Co.; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., and Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., Du Pont Powder Co.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., Hazard Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y., Gold Dust Powder Co.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y., Schultze Powder.

AMATEURS.

W. H. Koolher, Leavenworth, Kan.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; Capt. J. S. Sedam, Denver, Colo.; A. D. Mermod, Canon City, Colo.; C. L. Funk and J. T. West, Pueblo, Colo.; A. A. Glade, Grand Island, Neb.; J. W. Den and Fred Beohner, Arapahoe, Neb.; W. T. Den, Brownville, Neb.; T. P. Laffin and W. A. Porter, Rock Island, Ill.; C. E. Latshaw and F. Moore, Lincoln, Neb.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; T. J. Graham, Rosedale, Mich.; E. E. Baker, Kewanee, Ill.; J. P. Matthews, Fort Smith, Ark.; H. E. Bonebrake and G. W. Bellamy, El Reno, Oklahoma; Lou Erhardt, Dr. Jones and T. J. Lytle, Atchison, Kan.; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. D. Rike, Dayton, O.; A. H. Barlow and G. W. Stevenson, Waterville, Kan.; F. E. Ruggles, Jewel City, Kan.; L. C. Tolson and C. B. Eaton, Fayette, Mo.; W. H. Herr, Concordia, Kan.; F. H. Snow, A. W. and J. C. Lucas, Mendon, Mo.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; A. M. Bernhardt, Hastings, Neb.; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Frank Hodges and W. L. Lemon, Olathe, Kan.; John Ruble, Chicago, Ill.; G. W. Clay, Austerlitz, Ky.; Hood Waters, Seattle, Wash.; F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; F. N. and C. B. Cockrell and Dr. Redman, Platt City, Mo.; A. P. Bigelow, Ogden, Utah; P. M. Kling, Dr. J. W. Smith, Dr. Max C. Starkloff, Ed Pendergast and H. B. Collins, St. Louis, Mo.; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; L. Harrison, Minneapolis, Minn.; G. W. Sergeant, W. B. Patten and W. E. Morgan, Joplin, Mo.; Taylor Cox, Carl Junction, Mo.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kan.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; J. R. Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; P. Mellinger, Wichita, Kan.; C. F. Reust, Frankfort, Kan.; F. M. and W. A. Johnson, Union, Oklahoma.

The following are the scores made in the live-bird sweeps during the week:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Birds:	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	20
G W Clay	10									
Hood	10									
G Stockwell	9									
A D Mermod	9	13	9	6	14	9	10	13	9	
J J Hallowell	8	14	10							
F Parmelee	9	15	10	10	15					
F N Cockrell	10	14	10	9	13	9				
W S Hallowell	9									
F Quimby	9									
A P Bigelow	10	13								
J B Porter	10	14	8	10	14	10	9	13	10	20
P M Kling	9	11	10	8	14	10	10	13	9	
E Howard	6	13	6	9						
T A R Elliott	8									
N Beach	10									
F J Smith	9	13								
Dr J W Smith	6	14	9	9	6					
C M Powers	10	15	7	10	14					
C M Grimm	10	15	9	10	14					
C Budd	10	12	10							
F Gilbert	10	15	10	9	15					
R Merrill	10	14	10	9	13					
Dr Starkloff	9	14	7	8	14	10	9	11	9	18
Ed Pendergast	10	14								
Dr Hemans	8	11								
A H Glasner	8									
W A Porter	8									
J E Riley	9	14								
J W Bramhall	10									
W G Sergeant	10									
W B Patton	9									
C C Herman	7									
C D Linderman	13									
J S Sedam	13									
C L Funk										
L Harrison	10	12	10	8						
E Fletcher										
F Maegley										
Dr F M Plank										

R Jarrett	10	8	7							
H L Abernathy	9									
C M Sumner	6									
J W Den	7	14	6	8	12	9				
W R Rhodes	7									
R Bee	9	14	7	9	13	8	19			
W T Den	6									
T P Laffin	9	15								
H Taylor	8									
C M Grimm	9									
Norton	9									
D Fairman	7	11								
W A Laidlaw	7									
A E Thomas	10	14								
C E Lat	11									
W S Allen	14									
E D Fulford	14									
S Glover	14									
H McMurchy	13									
T J Graham	13									
G M Walden	8	5	10	16						
J W McCurdy	7									
E E Baker	9	14								
J P Matthews	13									
Dr J P Jackson	13	9								
C J Schmelzer	9									
J L Porter	18									

MISSOURI MENTIONS.

During the five days of target shooting there were 187 straight scores of 20 made, but only six of these occurred so as to enable the performer to scoop first money alone.

The Indian squad, composed of Powers, Merrill, Gilbert, Grimm and Budd, won a host of admirers by their fine shooting and gentlemanly demeanor. Ninety-nine out of 100 on targets; 74 out of 75 and 50 straight on live birds were their best performances.

Few shooters have such rapid strides as Fred Beohner. A year ago he could scarcely shoot into money, but this time he was very much in evidence; he made several straight scores on targets, and shot well to the front on live birds. To tell his friends that he also ran and ran hard is but recording the facts.

One shooter remarked after he had made a poor score that he shot like a Spaniard.

Rejuvenated Charley Budd set a hot pace on several occasions. He made the longest run on targets—84 straight—and killed 40 pigeons straight to win the Star cup. From the scores he shot here and at Des Moines one is led to surmise that his second time on earth is to be permanent.

Everybody has his hard luck story, but Roll Heikes can tell one that is no fable. It will be noticed that he scored 24 in the Star cup race, with his last bird dead out of bounds. This bird was knocked down to all appearances dead, but the boy who went to retrieve it approached it rather carelessly, and by a final effort it got out of bounds.

Frank J. Smith won the season baseball ticket for making the lowest score in the 20-bird event on Saturday, and this was not very low either, as he scored 15 and was just out of money.

Frank Parmelee shot pigeons remarkably well all through this tournament, there being but two losses scored against him out of 140 birds shot at. Unfortunately one of these losses occurred in the main event, otherwise there might have been trouble, as Frank has always been Elliott's Jonah.

J. B. Porter won the individual State championship, and also the medal offered by the O. K. Gun Club to the Kansas City shooter making the best average in all the live-bird events. He lost only 7 birds out of 175, scoring straight in both the individual and interstate races, as well as in the Star cup event.

Chris Gottlieb's showing was a disappointment to his numerous friends. However, he was by no means fit and well for a contest of this nature. He managed to run a straight in the Star trophy race, but was unable to stay in the shoot-off.

The St. Louis delegation, composed of Dr. Starkloff, P. M. Kling, Dr. Smith, H. B. Collins, Ed Pendergast and Herbert Taylor, created a most favorable impression, and made a host of friends. Their great shooting in the team race won them additional respect.

Harry Marlin, of the Marlin Arms Co., was present for a day, showing off his new Marlin take-down repeating gun.

Judge Lee Chrisman donated a medal, which was to go the Jackson county shooter making the best average on targets. Ed Hickman won this handsily, with a good margin to spare. This was rather a surprising, though popular, win. Ed has always been a good live-bird shot, but has only recently turned his attention to targets. He shot a great clip, and for several days stood an excellent chance to head the general average; as it is he is not very far from the top. A fraction over 89 per cent. is good shooting on 800 targets.

All the members of the St. Louis team that put up so capital a score in the team race shot Smith guns, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

It is quite a feather in Jim Riley's cap to shoot out Fred Gilbert and Charley Budd for second money in the final shoot for the Star cup. But then he is no novice at the game, and is likely to duplicate this at any time. Riley was a prominent shot before Fred Gilbert was on the shooting map.

Saturday was evidently Jim Elliott's day, as he scored every bird he shot at—45 all told.

The following are the guns and loads used by those who shot off for the final possession of the Star cup: J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester gun, Hazard powder, Leader shells; Fred Gilbert, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shells; Charley Budd, Parker gun, Hazard powder, Trap shells; Sim Glover, Parker gun, Schultze powder and Trap shells.

Altogether there were 42,110 targets thrown during the shoot, and 6,605 pigeons trapped.

In transcribing the scores and averages made Saturday, the sixth day of the Kansas City, it is probable that I overlooked Leroy in placing the names in the order of merit, as I do not see his name in the list. His score for the eight events is as follows:

Leroy	16	17	18	19	18	19	16	19	160	142	.887
-------	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----	-----	------

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 25.—Despite a miserable day on May 25, the Boston Gun Club held its fifth prize shoot at Wellington. A half dozen enthusiasts, upon whom the moist weather conditions had no effect, came out at the usual time and shot the usual events. It poured steadily, a penetrating, soaking rain that knew not when to stop. The first three events were conducted from one trap, one man up, allowing of a relay system for both shooters and trappers, but after the arrival of second train the regular five trap arrangement was used, and to good advantage, for the shooting was up to the average and continued until the 5 o'clock train.

Results as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	5	10	10	3p	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	5	5	15
Miskay, 19	3	8	10	5	9	9	10	6	8	9	5	5	13	
Benton, 14	3	5	1	2	4	6	4	3	4					
Allison, 19	4	9	8	5										
Horace, 18	5	5	7	6	10	5	7	8	8	9	8	3	13	
Sheffield, 16														
Bacon, 16														
Poor, 16														

Events 1, 2, 3 and 8, unknown angles; 5, 7, 11 and 14, known; 4 and 10, pairs; 6 and 9, reverse pull; 12, unknown traps; 13, same, 2lyds. rise.

Prize match, 30 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown, 10 reverse; distance handicap:

Sheffield, 16	1011111111	9	0110111110	7	1111111101	9	25
Miskay, 19	1111111111	10	1091101110	6	1111110100	8	24
Horace, 18	1111100011	7	1110110111	8	1111110101	8	23
Bacon, 16	1111101110	7	1110010010	5	0110111111	8	20
Poor, 16	1111010100	6	0010011111	6	0001110101	5	17
Benton, 14	0010001011	4	0000110010	3	0101011000	4	11

BOSTON.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 25.—We would consider it a special favor if you would publish the following notice of our tournament in your paper:

The second annual tournament of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League will take place in Indianapolis, June 7 and 8. This tournament will be under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. This shoot will be strictly a "Hoosier" affair, as none but residents of this State will be allowed to contest for prizes. However, non-resident shooters are cordially invited to attend, and they will be welcome to shoot for the price of targets only.

JOHN M. LILLY, Sec'y.

A Western Shooting Association.

BRIEF hint was earlier made in the shooting columns of FOREST AND STREAM and other sportsmen's papers of a possible Western shooting organization with big headquarters at Chicago in the form of permanent grounds and buildings, which should serve as meeting grounds and shooting grounds for local or larger events of the gun of whatever nature, it being considered that Chicago is not at present properly equipped for handling any event of extreme size in trap-shooting form. A quiet movement on the above lines was made and members of clubs in this and other cities were approached for their views. The project, as understood to be advanced, was to secure a large tract of ground, perhaps forty acres or so, adjacent to Chicago, and there to erect fine buildings and install a complete and modern trap-shooting equipment. The buildings were to include gun rooms, assembly rooms, reading rooms, etc., and the whole enterprise was to assume a large as well as elaborate scale. It was the intention to make the enterprise a stock company, the different clubs in Chicago being asked to subscribe to shares of the stock, this same proposal to be made to such clubs of this State and other States as would care to go into the matter, the expense presumably to be borne by assessments in case of deficit, but the grounds to be made public for Western shooting matters. This enterprise, naturally a large one, carried with it certain difficulties, one of which was the securing of proper grounds. Matters were at one time so far along that an agent was commissioned to look into property out to the south of the city, in the neighborhood of Cheltenham Beach. The tract there examined was found to be too expensive and was abandoned. It is alleged that when Col. Du Pont was here last winter he expressed a willingness to go into this matter and to furnish any funds immediately necessary. Since that time members of Chicago clubs have been asked for opinions upon the subject, and questioned as to their willingness to take stock in such an enterprise. Of course the opinions of different men would be different, and it would naturally seem impossible to secure the individual expression of preference of every shooter in Chicago. Yet wider would be the range of possibilities when the matter comes to the choice of the clubs in the State of Illinois, and still broader when the limits of this State are passed and all the many minds of the Western shooters considered. It is therefore manifestly impossible to claim any adequate covering of the matter in the popular opinion, but from a few men met this week the following expressions of opinion were obtained for the FOREST AND STREAM:

Mr. G. C. Lamphere, secretary of the Calumet Heights Club, said: "I do not think a common shooting ground for all our clubs would be a good thing. We are all right now, and are carrying about all the expense we can afford in the individual clubs. As it is, we can run our own little club matters privately and have a pleasant time than we could if we were a part of a larger body. Under such circumstances we would be under greater expense, or would be under temptation to undergo greater expense than we could naturally afford, and I think this would discourage the younger shooters or those who shoot just once in a while in an amateur way at the clubs. If we could not afford to have both, I should say our present club arrangements would be much better. As it is, we go out each week, many with ladies, and spend a pleasant time at the club, having many sorts of sport beside shooting at the trap. It would cost us more to depart from this form of pleasure. I do not think it would be a good thing for our club."

Mr. John T. Glover, ex-president of Eureka Club, said: "I should consider such a movement a detriment to the smaller clubs. It would possibly tend to throw the management into the hands of a few, and it would necessarily hurt our club system, under which the small individual clubs manage their own affairs to suit themselves and have things about the way they personally prefer."

Mr. Abe Klineham, of Garden City Club, said: "This same sort of thing was tried here a number of years ago, and it fell through. I don't think it can succeed. A majority of the clubs would sooner or later prefer to manage their own concerns on their own private grounds."

Mr. A. P. Harper, of Calumet Heights Club, said: "I should be disposed to think this a very poor time to undertake any such enterprise here in Chicago. Our shooting is falling off now because times are uncertain and hard. I think it would be best to shoot as we do now, on our own grounds and in our own way."

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Audubon Club, said: "I can see no possible advantage in any such proposition as this."

Mr. W. L. Shepard, of Audubon Club, thinks that many clubs outside of Chicago would take stock in this enterprise, and that it would be a good thing for shooting interests. He would like to see the Chicago clubs join such a movement.

Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent of the Du Pont Powder, says that his company stands ready to take a large block of stock in such a company should it be formed. He thinks it would give the shooters of the West a great meeting place and afford Chicago a fine shooting park, with ample accommodations for any sort of event, big or little.

Mr. F. H. Lord, president of Eureka Club, said: "I have heard that there was talk of such a proposition among the membership of the Chicago Athletic Association. I understood there would be a sort of athletic track also, so that all sorts of sports could be given a chance, besides merely trap-shooting—track athletics and the like. I should think the proposed grounds would be a good thing, especially in case of a very large trap event. I did not hear much of this matter and am disposed to think that nothing is apt to come of it for a while at least."

John Watson declined to be quoted upon the subject. E. HOUGH.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 21.—One of the most successful features of the Pawtuxet Gun Club's shoot last season was the two series of shoots called the fishermen's and hunters' handicaps. A continuation of that success greeted the commencement of a series to-day, in which, from the nature of the prizes, the name fishermen's handicap was given. The day was a good one, and the attendance at the club grounds, off Fair street, Pawtuxet, was of great size. This shoot was the first of this series of eight. The handicap is given in extra birds, running in order from 2 to 8, the scratch men shooting at 25 birds.

William Mooney was the successful contestant, breaking 25 out of a total of 29. When 25 birds each had been disposed of, Mooney and Robert Root were tied for first place, each with a score of 22. As Root was a scratch man, his opponent was allowed 4 birds, 3 of which he broke, thus winning the first shoot of the series.

The score:

R C Root	5	5	5	4	3	—22
W Richards	2	5	3	4	5	—19
Cranston	4	5	4	3	5	—

WESTERN TRAPS.

OPENING OF A SPORTSMEN'S RENDEZVOUS.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 28.—A good many years ago, down in Santo Domingo, there grew a most uncommon big mahogany tree. The size of this tree marked it for the axe of commerce, and in time it was cut down, half floated and half dragged to the landing where the boats lay. It was taken across the seas to London, and offered for sale, but no one would pay the price which was asked. It came back to New York, still in the hands of the lumber merchants. Then it was offered for sale in Chicago, still uncut and crude. This was after the time that Billy Mussey's big billiard hall burned out, last winter. The firm of outfitters who had the contract for the refitting of this hall, with its billiard tables, saw in this giant log the opportunity of a lifetime, both for themselves and their customer. They bought the great log, sawed it, cut it, trimmed it, planed it, carved it, polished it, and out of that one log they built forty of the most magnificent billiard tables the world ever saw. More than that, they framed a desk and counter and a lot of other things of the same piece of timber. Two great rooms, open as a glade in a forest, without a post or pillar to break the view, with a floor space of 167x43ft. each, are furnished with the product of this one vast tree, which has thus found its final resting place. More beautiful mahogany one will not find.

The opening of Billy Mussey's place to-night may be fairly called the event of the week in sporting circles here. The craft of the gun and rod has been homeless in this city ever since the fire. To-night they turned out in force, sportsmen of many creeds, and flocked into the old assembly place. Rather, one should say, the new assembly place, and fair and fine as was the old place, this one proves to be so much better that no comparison is left possible. It is no mere boast for M. Mussey to say that he has the largest and most elegant billiard rooms in the world, and the shooters of Chicago will merely add that they have the finest meeting place on earth. To-night some 1,500 or 2,000 in all probability passed in and through the new quarters. The tables were open, but the crowd made playing well nigh impossible for most of the time.

Mr. Mussey's hall is rebuilt on the old ground, at 106 Madison street, but in this case the building was erected with the distinct purpose of making it a billiard palace, the floors, walls, windows and all being arranged with that idea. Thus the windows are the largest sheets of glass ever fitted with the purpose of raising and lowering by sash weights, running in size up the great display windows of the street stores. The ceiling is free of apparent support, being made with a series of shallow arches in the modern fireproof style. The floors—for the establishment has now three floors instead of two—are denuded by the use of twenty tons of mineral wool and twenty tons of cinders, so that no jar, noise or vibration of any kind may be transferred from one story to another. This care was the more especially necessary because Billy has added to his floors of billiard tables the largest and best fitted bowling alley in Chicago or America, and the only bowling alley in the country which is located on the top floor and not in a stuffy basement. The bowling floor will have seven alleys in all, two being reserved for the use of ladies, cut off from the rest of the floor by a separate entrance and hall. There will be lockers for the rolling stock of the experts—for the bowling crank must have his own set of balls, just as the billiard player must have his own cue. An amphitheater, with large capacity, is another feature. The bowling apartments officially opened with the largest bowling tournament ever held in this city, that of the associated bowling league, six clubs in all.

Above the bowling floor are the quarters of the Chicago Press Club, also rich and nicely fitted, with ample room for the high intellectual pressure which will be continuous in that vicinity. This body of newspaper men is probably the most democratic gathering on earth, but they have brains to burn. The Press Club makes a very fit summit for this unique resort, of which we are all proud as Mr. Mussey dare be. The general public has given Billy friendly advice as to how he should fix up the place, and the result is very satisfactory to all.

To-night the two main rooms, those of the second and third floors of the building, were a blaze of electric lights, and the plan of decoration was discovered to be a singularly happy one, the interior lending itself handsomely to the scheme of broad and striking effect. The color plot is of dark green, dark red and ivory, with reliefs continuing that effect. The dado is about 4ft. in height, and is of dark green buckram, woven purposely for the place. Above this the wall is covered with dark Pompeian red buckram, also woven in a vast continuous roll for the interior of this hall. This red wall covering (there is no plaster at all left exposed) runs clear to the ceiling, which is finished in ivory color, with suitable scrolls, capitals, etc., picked out in gilt and green. The panels bear the initial "M." This letter I think is put on by Billy as a faint assertion of his own rights in the joint. The view down the long and wide interior was to-night seen to be a striking one, free of all tawdriness and yet bold and strong.

In the fire of last winter Mr. Mussey suffered the loss of many paintings and works of art, but he has luckily begun the work of replacing them, and the walls show many paintings of great value. The Chicago angling artist, Elmer Wilkinson, has contributed several fine angling and shooting pieces, executed with the love and faithfulness of the outdoor man for outdoor themes. The subjects show a familiarity with the best known angling and shooting grounds of this vicinity, and serve very well to adorn a place of such associations as this revived and expanded and embellished place of clean amusements. Two Rocky Mountain scenes, painted by the once famous Chicago artist Elkins, are also to be mentioned. Of course the chief interest attaching to the new resort from the FOREST AND STREAM view lies in the fact that it always has been and will henceforth still more be the acknowledged meeting place of Chicago and Western shooters and anglers. I need only add that the historic safe will be there at all times, ready for business.

DECORATION DAY.

The greater part of the trap-shooting of Chicago is done on Saturdays as a usual thing, the national holidays of course coming in for full celebration. Decoration Day, the 30th day of May, is a shooting holiday to great extent, but falling upon Monday this year as it does will hardly meet such general favor in that regard as it would if it came at the end instead of the beginning of the week. As it is, a great many clubs all over the West will hold club tournaments next Monday. Calumet Heights follows its custom and opens the season with festivities, many ladies in attendance. Garfield and Eureka are shooting to-day. In many parts of the West, as I observe in the announcements, there will be club shoots and tournaments of greater or less size, as in Detroit, Milwaukee, Louisville, and in many Illinois towns. The Belvidere Gun Club, of Illinois, a very strong shooting organization, will have a big tournament and contest for their diamond badge. They expect many outside shooters. At Winona, Minn., the gun club will hold its annual tournament, and many shooters are expected from adjacent towns, such as Wabasha, Eau Claire, etc. These are but a few out of the many shoots which occur over this part of the world on Monday, and those who are not shooting on that day will be fishing. It is to be feared that the original purpose of this holiday is in danger of being forgotten to a certain extent, but the day in itself is always a marked one on the calendar of the trap-shooters.

THE ILLINOIS STATE.

Secretary Simmons, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has been a busy man for weeks, and this is his busiest time. A goodly delegation is hoped from this city for Peoria, though everybody knows the vicissitudes of such things—a large number promise and a portion forget to perform. We ought to send down at least two or three dozen cracks from Chicago, remembering always that loyalty is owed the Association even though it be more than forty miles from Chicago to Peoria. Without doubt the clubs of lower Illinois will be out in record-breaking extent. The usual programme of good things is outlined, and there will be a red-hot shoot in the city which was one of the early homes of target shooting and has always been the abiding place of a great number of fine shots and fine fellows. The board of directors has met and decided upon the schedule, prizes, trophies, etc., and soon all will be in readiness for the assembling of the clans. The open shoot will draw all the boys of the circuit and will be a warm occasion.

THE OLD GUARD.

Great interest was taken here in the big shoot at Kansas City, with its spectacular winning of the Star cup by Mr. Elliott. This week we have the advance rumors of the engagement at Omaha, and it seems that the Iowa boy, Fred Gilbert, keeps up his wonderful gait, smashing things with the regularity of a clock with shotgun attachment. Budd has come to vigorous life again, and Heikes is doing business at the old stand, with Jim Elliott and Frank Parmelee in touching distance. The Old Guard neither dies nor surrenders. It is a strange and eventful life which these men of the Old Guard have lived, in spite of its apparent monotony of target grinding. These are men of astonishing physical

constitution, whose like is not to be found in any other line of sport.

CRAWFORDSVILLE.

A two days' tournament was planned by the club of Crawfordville, Ind., last week, but bad weather cut it down to one day. Following were the scores shot off:

Birds:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Lockwood	12	18	14	15	13	19	12	16
Gentle	14	16	10	15	13	15	12	16
Griffith	13	17	13	16	15	16	14	17
Parlington	14	18	14	16	12	17	12	12
Tripp	14	18	15	18	14	15	9	17
Stipp	12	19	13	20	14	19	9	15
Dietrich	13	19	13	17	19	14	11	17
Parry	12	19	14	13	15	17	12	17
Stone	13	19	13	18	9	18	12	14
Bindley	12	13	14	14	13	12	12	13
Chamness	13	16	11	18	11	19	9	...
Voris	9	15	10	15	13	16	13	16
Davis	9	16	9	15	12	13
Stilwell	9	16	12
Dewey	9	17	11	17	11	15	13	15
Neal	11	16	12	18	13	13	14	12
Slow	15	19	12	14	12	17	12	16
Lacey	13
Hildback

EAU CLAIRE TEAMS.

A little team race was shot last week on Eau Claire grounds, between Messrs. R. E. Rust and C. W. Churchill on one side and J. M. Charles and D. R. Scammon on the other, at 15 birds per man. The first mentioned team won, the scores being: Rust 12, Churchill 13, against Charles 14, Scammon 10.

MINNEAPOLIS CLUB SHOOT.

At last week's meet of the Minneapolis Gun Club, of Minnesota, the following scores were made: Thompson 12, French 13, Club badge, 10 singles and 5 pairs; Eastman 8, Warren 11, Baker 7, Biffon 15, Neely 16, Nelson 8, Shattuck 13, Stone 11, Ensign 12, Johnson 13, McQueen 14, Paegel 7, Mrs. Shattuck 18, Parker 12, Prescott 7, Remington 15, Mrs. Johnson 9, Andy 9, Van 2, Harrison 8, Novotny 10, Holt 14, Ramaley 10, O'Brien 8, Hoffman 14, Mead 12, Smith 5, Holton 17.

Mrs. Shattuck won the senior badge, Neely won the junior badge and Mrs. Johnson won the amateur badge. Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Thompson 21, French 23, Eastman 15, Parker 18, Ensign 18, Holt 15, Ramaley 22, Mrs. Johnson 10, Johnson 12, Baker 8, Biffon 8, Shattuck 14, Andy 14, Warren 16, Remington 20, Neely 19, Paegel 11, Stone 17, Mrs. Shattuck 17, Harrison 9, McQueen 20, Nelson 15, Novotny 15, O'Brien 15, Hoy 9, Hoffman 16, Mead 17.

French won the badge. Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, known angles: Thompson 10, Eastman 9, Parker 12, Ensign 11, Holt 13, Ramaley 13, Mrs. Johnson 9, Johnson 9, Biffon 11, Shattuck 10, Remington 5, Neely 13, Paegel 5, Stone 13, Mrs. Shattuck 11, McQueen 11, Nelson 8, O'Brien 11, Hoffman 11, Smith 4, Vanness 2, Wild Rice 6, Mead 14, Frank 6, Patten 10, Hoff 10, Bryan 9, Stone 8, Parker 7. Stone won the badge.

MILWAUKEE.

At the club meet of the Milwaukee Gun Club this week the following scores were made among others: Okershauser 13, J. Wulf 15, E. Fricker 18, J. Haertle 18, J. Farber 14, S. M. Duval 13, A. Klapinski 15.

The following scores at 30 targets were made: O. Okershauser 20, E. Fricker 23, J. E. Farber 24, J. Haertle 24, S. M. Duval 14, A. Klapinski 18, W. Abels 22.

At their regular weekly shoot the members of the Jolly Gun Club, of Milwaukee, last Monday made the following records: At 30 targets, known angles: John Gerber 23, John Meunier 26, W. Deckert 25, J. Haertle 24, Albert Fiebrantz 24, John Fiebrantz 22, F. Fox 9, J. Martin 25, J. Ellis 19, P. Weber 22, S. Meunier 23, C. Fiebrantz 25, R. Reifensuhl 21, J. Sauberlich 19.

At 25 targets, unknown angles: Himmelsstein 20, Oechsle 15, Ruggaber 16, Horlick 15, Casper 10, Jones 7, Harlem 11, Jackson 11.

MONTANA FIFTH ANNUAL.

The fifth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, May 21-23, was not very large, but the shooting was spirited and was well sustained by those in attendance, who were of the staying sort. The two cities of Butte and Anaconda contributed most of the entries. Messrs. J. F. Cowan, F. Nichols, F. A. Anderson, Thos. Knight, C. H. Smith, Dan Jaeger, W. M. Schultz, V. A. Walker, A. D. Christianson, P. E. McGowan, J. M. Spargo, P. Jones and C. E. Ruger turned out for Butte, and Anaconda, which lies adjacent to the city of Butte, sent over the following good talent: Messrs. C. A. Tuttle, H. H. Nell, M. B. Brownlee, D. D. Twohy, L. C. Dennison, Geo. S. Bartlett. Messrs. P. J. Holahan and C. W. Whitlaw came over from Wallace, Idaho, and Mr. J. M. Alderson came from Salt Lake City.

The chief interest in the State events centered around the individual championship cup, at 50 targets, known traps and angles, which was won last year by C. H. Smith, of Butte. This was won by Dan Jaeger, also of Butte, with a score of 43. The team shoots also were well contested and interesting.

At the convention on the evening of May 21, the city of Butte was chosen for the next meeting place. The following officers were elected: President, J. M. Steward, Butte; Vice-President, E. J. Fiske, Helena; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Smith, Butte; Directors: John F. Cowan, Butte; Sam T. Kennett, Helena; C. A. Tuttle, Anaconda.

A committee composed of C. H. Smith and W. M. Schultz, of Butte, and M. B. Brownlee, of Anaconda, were appointed to draft a new set of by-laws and shooting rules for the Association and report at the next annual meeting. M. B. Brownlee presented the Association with a handsome gold medal, to be subject to challenge by any member of the Association under rules to be formulated by a committee to be appointed by the president. C. H. Smith, A. D. Christianson and Dan Jaeger were appointed as the committee.

Following are the scores of the first day:								
Targets:	15	20	20	25	20	Targets:	15	20
Schultz	12	18	14	22	18	Jones	12	15
McGowan	15	13	15	21	15	Twohy	12	16
Smith	14	16	17	24	...	Bartlett	12	16
Anderson	14	15	18	22	15	Holohan	11	14
Cowan	13	14	18	20	19	Nicholls	11	16
Nell	13	12	13	18	11	Christianson	9	14
Brownlee	12	12	12	15	13	Knight	8	14
Whitlaw	12	14	13	20	12	Tuttle	8	14
Walker	12	15	12	20	17	Dennison	7	12
Jaeger

Fourth event, three-man championship cup shoot, at 25 single bluebirds per man, known traps and angles: Butte team No. 1—Cowan 21, Schultz 22, Smith 24; total 67. Anaconda team No. 1—Tuttle 20, Twohy 21, Bartlett 21; total 62. Butte team No. 2—Nichols 18, McGowan 20, Knight 16; total 54. Anaconda team No. 2—Brownlee 18, Nell 16, Dennison 20; total 54. Butte team No. 3—Jaeger 14, F. A. Anderson 18, C. E. Ruger 18; total 50. Butte team No. 4—Christianson 12, Walker 20, Jones 18; total 50.

Cowan, Schultz and Smith won, 67 out of 75. Sixth event, two-man team shoot, at 20 single bluebirds per man: Smith 18, Schultz 18; total 36. Holohan 17, Whitlaw 17; total 34. Cowan 16, Jaeger 16; total 32. Rockefeller 14, Bartlett 17; total 31. Jones 14, McGowan 16; total 30. Knight 14, Nichols 13; total 27. F. A. Anderson 13, J. M. Anderson 14; total 27. Tuttle 14, Twohy 13; total 27. Nell 15, Brownlee 11; total 26. Christianson 14, Walker 11; total 25.

Smith and Schultz won, 36 out of 40. Seventh event, individual bluebird championship cup shoot, at 50 single bluebirds, known traps and angles: Jaeger 43, Knight 42, Christianson 42, Nichols 41, Smith 40, Schultz 39, Rockefeller 39, Walker 39, Twohy 38, Bartlett 37, Tuttle 33, Nell 33, Spargo 26. Jaeger won the cup, and 60 per cent. of the entrance money went to C. H. Smith, who won the cup last year. Jaeger won championship. Schultz won high average for the day, Cowan and Jaeger second.

Following outsiders did not compete in State events: M. B. Brownlee, D. D. Twohy, G. S. Bartlett, L. C. Dennison, C. A. Tuttle and H. H. Nell, of Anaconda; P. J. Holahan and Charles Whitlaw, of Wallace, Idaho, and J. M. Anderson, of Salt Lake.

SECOND DAY.

Following are the scores in the open sweeps, second day:								
Targets:	20	20	25	20	20	Targets:	20	20
Schultz	18	16	Jaeger	15	13
Christianson	18	18	22	18	...	McGowan	14	17
Knight	18	15	17	17	...	Tuttle	15	13
Walker	17	17	22	16	12	Anderson	14	13
Nell	17	16	16	Holohan	12	14
Cowan	16	14	17	22	18	Brownlee	11	13
Nicholls	16	Ballinger	5	9
Smith	16	14	19	23	16	Spargo

Whitlaw	16	16	18	20	16	17	Cunningham	13	...
Bartlett	Trudgeon	11	...
Jones	Steward	10	...
Twohy	Miller	14	...

Event No. 11, two-men team shoot, entrance \$5 per team, \$20 added money, partners to be drawn by lot from among the shooters: Jaeger 16, Bartlett 16—32. Anderson 19, Holohan 12—31. Nichols 16, Jones 14—30. Nell 16, Smith 13—29. Schultz 12, Cowan 16—28. McGowan 14, Christianson 14—28. Knight 14, Tuttle 13—27. Ballinger 9, Brownlee 11—20.

Event No. 11½, for gold challenge medal, presented by W. H. Brownlee, of Anaconda, at 25 birds. The medal was won by Nichols, of Butte, with a score of 23. Tuttle 22, Twohy 22, Bartlett 21, Jaeger 20, Smith 20, Christenson 19, Knight 19, Cowan 18, Nell 18, Trudgeon 18, Walker 17, Schultz 17, Spargo 13, Jones 12, Brownlee 10.

Event No. 14, Butte Rod and Gun Club medal shoot, at 40 birds, four different styles, entrance \$5. Medal won by J. F. Cowan, of Butte, with a score of 33. Tuttle 31, McGowan 31, Christianson 30, Jaeger 30, Schultz 30, Brownlee 24, Nichols 24, Twohy 28, Smith 27, Knight 27, Walker 25, Bartlett 24, Spargo 24.

Total of birds broken: First, J. F. Cowan, 192; second, C. H. Smith, 187; third, A. D. Christianson, 185; fourth, Dan Jaeger, 184; fifth, W. M. Schultz, 182; sixth, C. A. Tuttle, 181; seventh, Thomas Knight and P. E. McGowan, 180; eighth, C. Whitlaw and J. M. Anderson, 179; ninth, A. Walker, 175; tenth, G. S. Bartlett, 174.

Live-bird events occupied the third and concluding day. E. Hough.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 21.—The scores of the Audubon Gun Club, made to-day, are subjoined. H. D. Kirkover won the Class A badge; J. T. O'Brien the badge for Class B; J. J. Reid the badge for Class C:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	5p	20	15	Targets:	10	15	25	5p	20	15
E Burkhardt...	5	13	19	4	12	...	E W Smith
Swivel...	10	12	22	8	16	...	F Wheeler
G McArthur...	8	10	Cooper
C Burkhardt...	9	12	22	6	16	15	J J Reid
G Zoeller...	8	14	18	7	16	...	H Kirkover
B Talsma	7	14	20	R Hebard
Stewart	5	5	15	P Stover
A C Heindol	8	14	18	6	17	12	Jacobs
Warren	8	12	18	5	18	...	J J O'Brien
E McCarney	6	11	12	Dr Rainie

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 26.—As there seems to be considerable diversity of opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of carrying on the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association as at present constituted, it has been deemed wise to postpone the meeting called for Thursday next, June 2, until Friday, June 17, in order that each club may instruct its delegates upon that point.

You will note that the object before this meeting is of the greatest importance to the future of trap-shooting in the State of New Jersey; it is hoped therefore that you will do all in your power to make that meeting a representative one.

The meeting is called for Friday, June 17, at 2 P. M., in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, 377 Broadway, which have been courteously loaned for that purpose.

T. H. KELLER, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. D., Prince Edward Island.—A friend showed me a very peculiar brant, which he shot here. Size and shape the same as our common brant. The color on the head, neck and breast, which is black on our brant, is a light bronze or cream color, as is also the topsides of the wings. All the rest of the body, including tail, is a brilliant white. The bill and feet are brown, or very much the color of those of the black duck. This brant came alone to the rig of live decoys, and gave the usual brant call several times before coming in. We would like to know if there is a species of brant answering the above description, or is it a freak? Ans. If the bill and feet were pink we should say that you had secured a specimen of the lesser snow goose, which sometimes has head, neck and upper breast rusty or gold color. We presume this is what it was. Of course it may have been an albino brant, but this is not likely. The range of the snow goose is western. It is not common on the North Atlantic coast.

W. C. H., Saginaw, Mich.—I killed a bird this spring which belongs to the plover family, and cannot identify it, and would be pleased to have you give me its name. I saw quite a number of them sitting on logs near the river bank. Description as follows: About size of killdeer; bill black; feet dark orange; breast white; throat black; tail feathers dark brown tipped with white; patch of white on back between wings; top of head speckled; wings mottled with brown and black. Ans. Perhaps a golden plover; the feet would have told if you had described them. Did it have a hind toe? the golden plover has none.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Advertising and Fishing.

From "Profitable Advertising."

THERE are certain natural and necessary limitations in advertising which must not be overlooked by any one who expects to achieve success. The Dead Sea would be a profitless fishing ground despite the attractiveness of its waters. And there's many a pond and pool which one would think should teem with fish, but which would never reward the most patient fisherman with more than a nibble from a minnow or shy bite from a bull-head. The man who would catch fish must go where the fish are. He must know the haunts and habits of the fish he seeks, and he must bait his hook to suit the taste of his game. The advertiser who is a fisher of men must be just as intelligent and practical a fisherman.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success" only when these natural and necessary limitations are observed. Keeping everlastingly at it would bring utter failure to the fisherman in a fishless pond. A man might mine the granite hills of Massachusetts a lifetime, and all he'd have to show for his labor would be a hole in the ground and a corresponding hole in his pocket. Keeping everlastingly at it in mining demands a gold-producing country in which to mine, if success is attained.

A Valuable Publication.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD 1898 SUMMER EXCURSION ROUTE BOOK.

ON June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue the 1898 edition of its Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with short descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred routes or combinations of routes. It is compiled with the utmost care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

It is bound in a handsome and striking cover, in colors, and contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. It is also profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 24
{ No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

It may be probably concluded that Moses, who I told you before writ the book of Job, and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both anglers; for you shall in all the Old Testament find fish-hooks, I think, but twice mentioned: namely, by meek Moses, the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos. Concerning which last, namely the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation: that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah (though they both be equally true), may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman. Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, whom we may believe was not.

Izaak Walton.

JUBILEE NUMBER.

THE issue of June 25 will complete the Fiftieth Volume of FOREST AND STREAM; and the event will be fittingly marked by making that a Jubilee Number, filled to overflowing with good things. It will be notable for store of good reading and wealth of illustration. A preliminary notice to the trade has already assured for this special number a wide demand. It will have a large circulation among those who are not regular readers of the paper, and for this reason will have increased attractions for advertisers. Special advertising rates for the Jubilee Number will be sent on application.

SNAP SHOTS.

The efforts made by the Chicago Audubon Society to put an end to the wholesale trapping of song birds near that city seem to have met with success. For some time the Society has been collecting evidence against the live bird dealers, and last week Game Warden Loveday, accompanied by one of the directors of the Society, visited one of the bird stores and there seized all the native birds that were to be seen, and took them into court. The seizure is of special interest because it appears to have been made under that provision of the law which forbids possession, a point which judges have often ignored to the great injury of the cause of protection, since it is most difficult to obtain actual evidence of capture, though often easy to find game illegally in possession. The case against the bird man came up on Friday, June 3, and the live bird dealers were well represented in court. The claim was made that many of the seized birds, well known as Illinois species, had been captured in various other States, in some of which these species are not known to occur; but the judge, after hearing both sides and consulting the decisions on the points in question, turned over the seized birds to the game warden. This decision, in favor of the Audubon Society, will no doubt encourage it to further efforts in behalf of its laudable objects.

During the recent Canadian negotiations at Washington regarding the Bering Sea pelagic sealing, the fact was developed that the industry has so fallen off that at present only two Canadian vessels are engaged in it; and Canada, relieved of the responsibility of indemnifying a large fleet of sealers, is now willing to assent to a prohibition of the practice altogether. A protocol was signed which formally agreed to the subjects, to be submitted to an international commission looking to the suppression of pelagic sealing. In other words, this is an abuse which has wrought its own cure. The drain

year after year upon the Bering Sea seal supply has been so tremendous and so persistent that the stock has been exhausted, and the industry has become unprofitable. And how much old-fashioned human nature there is in the present amiable willingness on the part of the Canadian sealers to give over a pursuit which no longer pays.

Every recurring fishing season demonstrates anew the foolishness of investing in department-store tackle. It is only the greenhorns and gudgeons who are taken in by the specious bargain advertisements and the deceptive talk of the ignorant salesmen in these dry goods establishments. Poor tools in any trade, occupation or sport are an abomination, and most emphatically is this true of angling. It is a good rule to get the best you can afford of rods and lines and other equipments; and if limitation of means compels you to make choice of cheap goods, remember that in dealing with regularly established angling outfitters better service can be had for the same expenditure of money than at irresponsible department stores. The department stores are necessarily irresponsible as to tackle; their stock is put in as one line among a hundred, where cheapness of first cost is the most essential factor in the business, and its selling is intrusted to clerks whose absolute ignorance alone absolves them from the charge of downright dishonesty in their misrepresentations as to the character and quality of goods. Confidence in the staying power of one's rod is an essential factor of pleasure in fishing, and such confidence one may feel only after having tested the rod by experience, or by reason of faith in maker and seller—the confidence which attaches to the products of those houses whose names are as household words with readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Among the curious conditions growing out of the war may be noted one by which salmon in Canadian streams are destined this summer to fall victims to the Spanish fleet. The tackle dealers report that there is an unusual movement toward the salmon rivers, the new recruits being of anglers who in ordinary seasons indulge in salt-water fishing at the various coast resorts where they accompany their families. This year, however, the women are in such dread of visitation by the Spaniards that they refuse to go to the seashore; and the men, while scouting the notion that Spanish ships will venture within a thousand miles of our northern coast, yet gratefully enough seize the opportunity to get some salmon fishing.

Wheeling and fishing are alike in this, that each pursuit, practiced in different ways, may be made to yield its pleasures diverse in character. There are riders who ride for speed, and there are fishermen who fish for count. The scorcher answers to the score fisherman. The satisfaction found by the one is similar in kind to that found by the other. With scorcher and score fisherman alike it is the prodigiousness of the performance that tells. In securing the gratification thus afforded, each misses some of those saner and more substantial pleasures he might find if he rode or fished in another way. The scorcher has the exhilaration and exultation of speed, but one whose back is bent, head bowed over the handle bars and gaze fixed on the ground has no eye for the things about him. He is the jockey on the race course intent on crossing the line in the lead, not the pleasure driver on country roads. Your humped scorcher might scorch his thousand miles and never catch the inspiration of bursting bud, of the flush of the clouds at sunset, of the beauty line of the curving river, of the note of the wild bird singing by the roadside. No more shall such reward be his whose angling soul is intent only upon the dozen and the score, the ounce and the pound achievement of his day on the water.

Scorcher and score fisher are alike in this also that they are eager to attract attention to themselves. The scorcher rejoices in making a spectacle of himself; and if there were none to behold the score of the count fisherman, nor any to be astonished at the telling of it, he who makes it would be robbed of a large share of his satisfaction in the feat.

Aside, however, from the admiration or envy thus sought to be aroused in other people, both scorcher and score fisher are regardless of the rest of the world; each alike is indifferent to the rights of others. In his mad rush the scorcher imperils the security of other wheel-

men and of pedestrians alike; for man, woman or child who gets in his way he has as little heed as a wildcat locomotive. If the spirit of the count fisherman be less rude in expression it is of the same essence, and lodges in a breast devoid of consideration for other anglers who may come after him.

The old song "Some Love to Roam," quoted by Mr. Fred Mather in his "Men I Have Fished With," has been called for so often that to-day we print the words and music. The name of the author is unknown to us.

The value of Walton's Angler as an investment was illustrated at the recent Ashburnham library sale in England. For the first five editions of the Angler in the original state, Lord Ashburnham some years since paid \$300. For the same books at the sale the price brought was \$4,000.

New York once had a fish commissioner who took it upon himself to instruct the game protector in this city that the law forbidding the sale of reed birds was not to be enforced. In presumptuousness this action is outdone by Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, who advises certain farmers that they require no change of the law forbidding the snaring of rabbits, since, if they violate the statute and are fined therefor, the Governor, "exercising my authority, would at once remit any fines so imposed. I believe," he adds, "if this were generally known, the farmers would remain content with the law as it is." We should think as much. If a law which does not suit may be broken with impunity, he would be an unreasonable farmer, or man in any other occupation, who could object to it. What Governor Voorhees preaches here is simple anarchy. The merits of the rabbit killing law itself are of little moment contrasted with the more vital question whether the executive may proclaim lawlessness. A game statute differs from no other in the obligation of respect it lays upon the good citizen. If a given law, whether applying to rabbits or what not, is unwise or unreasonable, the only proper remedy is found in repeal. A State Governor who withholds approval of a repealing act on the declared principle that repeal is unnecessary, because he will protect violators of the statute, is unworthy to hold the office.

The United States Supreme Court has just decided four cases in interstate commerce which have a relation to the importation and sale of game from other States. Two of the cases had to do with the Iowa and South Carolina liquor laws and the other two with the New Hampshire and Pennsylvania oleomargarin laws. The point involved in all the cases was whether an article imported into a State, in the course of interstate commerce, becomes subject to the State law the moment it crosses the State line, or whether the jurisdiction of Congress as regulating interstate commerce extends to the article until it reaches the consignee. The court held that the imported articles are not subject to the State liquor or oleomargarin statutes until they have reached the consignee; but that immediately thereupon the State law prevails, and the article may not be sold, given away, nor transported contrary to statute. The decision is a most important one in its bearing on game protection. The principle has already been firmly established by the Supreme Court that a State may forbid the export of its own game; this new decision sets at rest the question whether the State may also forbid traffic in game brought in from another State, without regard to its sale in original packages. The Supreme Court has thus overruled a recent Pennsylvania court ruling that in the original package imported game was not subject to the law of the Commonwealth. With these important principles so clearly defined by the court of last resort in this country, we now require only statutes based upon them to restrict the sale of game.

It is one of the disappointments of an outing to travel far into the wilderness to pitch one's tent on a favorite camping ground only to find that another has come in ahead and pre-empted the site. The woods, it may be true, are free to all; and the mere occupancy of a spot even for season after season gives no title; and yet one comes to feel a spirit of proprietorship and to resent intrusion as trespass. One particular ground is endeared to the memory; one feels at home there; and if one be robbed of it by another the chagrin is hardly different from that resentment which is engendered by invasion of actual legal rights.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Lex Talionis.

Say the finny folk who glide in the stream,
"We could be happy the whole day long
Were it not that in sun or in shadow we dream
Of pinions that hover to do us wrong!"

Say the people whose pathways are through the sky,
"We could sing our songs, we could brood our nests,
Were it not we have seen our fellows lie
With a strange red plume on their silent breasts!"

The fowler mused, as he bagged the game,
"How careless and free were man's estate
Were it not for the fear he scarce can name—
Were it not for the arrows of lurking Fate!"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Rival Fisher Folk.

THERE is in my neighborhood an inlet fed by tide and stream which on entering the broader meadows widens to a lake. This possesses all the features or qualities characteristic of both fresh and salt water—the overhanging trees, the grasses of the margin, the very contours of the stones which line the shores, suggest a lake where no restless ocean has rubbed to sand and gravel the pebbles. Also, the jagged rocks lying about have an irregular and untidy appearance which tells of fresh water. Here the incoming tide from the sea meets and mingles with the contents of a small stream.

"A loose, thin, tremulous, pulseless vein,
Rapid, and vivid, and dumb as a dream."

Indications are not wanting, however, of the moon-slave's presence. There is high-water mark, above which all is dry and clean, though the intervening span to low water is slimy, muddy and weedstrewn.

To the margin of this lake resort many wild creatures of earth and air, for by that natural law which gathers the eagles together the spot has become a famous feeding place. Fish of many kinds—usually rather small—abound in this miniature sea. Fish of a hybrid character come from the ocean, languidly condescending to fresh water; many more from mountain streams come to find strength and comfort in the brackish current of this aqueous half-way house. And here a watchful lover of nature finds many illustrations of nature's ways, not all of which, I fear, would increase our respect for her magnanimity or for that maternal loving kindness ascribed as a motive for her doings. Here can one see the larger fish cheerily devouring the smaller ones, while crabs, eels and other denizens of this debatable land foregather, fight or fraternize, as the cases may be. Yet, spite of all the disaster wrought by such fratricidal warfare, so prolific are the waters, so abundant are their occupants, that man himself is frequently induced to take a hand in these predatory pastimes—with the odds all in his favor.

Several fishermen who live by their calling have for years patrolled this lake in a miniature navy, of their own construction, and almost as primitive as the bits of bark on which bushy-tailed squirrels cross a river. So near to nature is all that takes place in this unsophisticated spot. At night these harvesters of their watery fields proceed with bright lanterns fastened to their prows—the unwonted brilliance proving as fatal to fish of the sillier sort as is the traditional candle to the traditional moth. And, as though this were not enough, they pursue with Indian spears the wiser fish swimming unscathed, through higher knowledge. Moreover, at every coign of vantage lurk the lobster pot and the eel snare, or any contrivances which can betray piscatory confidence or entrap the unwary. But among the scientific fishers of the "wee salt lake," as our Scottish neighbors call this expansion of the inlet, are some of modest pretensions, whose "catch" goeth not to market. There is indeed a familiar tradition which describes a monstrous cat dwelling upon a pile of rock near the hut of a lone fisherman, whose sufferance she earned by service as a rat-detective; and many and many are the fantastic tales told of Mother Cotton's prowess as a fisher. (This was after the first fluffy white litter had conferred the prænomen Mother.) An occasional check from a bellicose crab gave a comedy element to these recitals.

Long surviving Mistress Cotton and other rivals, the chief fishers of this saline pool are the birds, which here have a curious custom of hunting in couples. Especially have I noticed one royal kingfisher, of strident vociferation and stately swoop, who with his mate—a feathered image of himself—takes possession of the lake by day. Establishing themselves on opposite sides of the inlet, the pair fly diagonally across every portion of its surface that can contain a prey, frequently meeting, but never flying together. I have often been compelled to admire the thoroughness with which their work is done, the skill with which each avoids the fowler's eye (that "mark, to do them wrong"), while leaving no part of this happy hunting ground unvisited. For years the twain have held these waters. Noting the tufted head, the sharp cry, suggestive of war-whoop, and the darting precision of flight, one might almost fancy them a heritage from the long-forgotten aborigines. In color and markings of their plumage part and parcel are they of the woods whose dead branches are their perch. Whose umbrageous leafiness form their bower and nesting-place. But alas, the bane of aught that succeeds in life is imitation. A pair of herons, having observed, no doubt, the success attending a systematic prosecution of business, have come to the abode and adopted the tactics of the kingfishers, who could they be heard might claim that the herons had stolen their war-cry. The newcomer, when engaged in his nefarious poaching (this is the kingfisher's view of the matter), utters a hoarse croak, on the strength of which he is derisively named by the children. Qwawk. There is in his shambling flight and awkwardly stealthy, almost feline, movements an irresistibly comical caricature of the nobler bird. The heron contents himself with lurking among the small stones which line the shore, and which he singularly resembles both in form

and color, so much so indeed that it is difficult to distinguish him even at a short distance, especially as his hours for fishing is the twilight. So persistently does he skulk in penumbra, disguising himself among similarly tinted rocks, that one quite naturally imputes to him a lack of the courage so readily conceded to the kingfisher, who, however, beyond the fact that there is something of contemptuous negation in his pose, ignores totally the larger bird, his rival. It should be mentioned that our king among the fishes earns his regalia not only by his daring and enterprise, but by a mastery of strategy worthy of Bruce's hay cart, since, according to those who with blazing lanterns prowl along the lake in search of dazzled eels, this ingeniously voracious bird has on more than one occasion darted along the pathway of concentrated light, emerging with wriggling prey and screech of triumph.

While we meditate upon that scheme of nature which secures a survival of the fittest by surrendering the weak to the strong, we are made aware of a sudden silence—a silence that seems to proclaim the approach of some portentous new element. The "quawk" is inaudible as his dingy body among dingier rocks is invisible. The kingfisher and his mate have fled noiselessly to the pine thicket that woos them to dark and fragrant safety. Looking up, we behold a vast eagle floating majestically against the wind, with motionless wings, with that magic volition which poets have noted in the thundercloud. He poises, circles, is gone ere bleating lamb can be folded, or fluttering feathers gathered in. And now the trembling denizens of "wee salt lake" can resume their own predatory operations. "Old Uncas!" exclaims a native fisherman, who also has been startled by this apparition and the stage-wait produced by its presence among the members of the warring underworld. "Yes, that's old Uncas. I reckon he likes to stir up the small fry onct an' awhile, tho' 't 'pears to-day he ain't hungry." "But his name?" I ask. "Oh, everybody hereabouts calls him that, an' has called him so long's I kin remember. Fact is, no one knows whether Uncasville's called after him or he's called after Uncasville." "Why," I exclaim, in astonishment, "how 'old must he be then?" "Nobody here 's old enough to remember," and, as I watch the retreating figure in the sky, I mentally ejaculate, "Old Survival!"

S. R. ELLIOTT.

Katahdin and Big Fish Lake Regions

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has opened one of the choicest regions in Maine. Nowhere in the Maine woods is there such a combination of magnificent scenery with good hunting and fishing. The Katahdin and Machias sections abound in game, and good deer shooting is found anywhere along the line of the road after it enters the forest. The game has not been driven away yet, as the railroad has only been in operation a short time. The scene rapidly changes after leaving Oldtown. Farms give place to patches of woodland, and then a dense forest hems in the track on both sides. Many miles of woods are traversed before the train arrives at Norcross, the first station of any importance. The sportsman is now within striking distance of excellent hunting and fishing. Norcross is the best place to outfit for Katahdin and the West Branch. Hunt's Camp on the Sordahunk Stream, thirty miles from Norcross, is a good central location, with good trout fishing in the nearby ponds.

This is the most beautiful region in Maine, and second to none for moose and deer. Dacey, Rock, Foss and Noton and Lost ponds furnish good fly-fishing in August, when there is practically no angling in the Big Fish Lake section. The trout run from 8 to 12 in. in length, seldom larger; they make up in numbers what they lack in size. A Norcross guide claims to have taken some large square-tails out of Slaughter Pond.

Over toward Saddleback Mountain, at the foot of the horse race, the Penobscot widens into a beautiful lake called Sordahunk Dead Water. Follow up the trout brook that comes in on the left and you will soon arrive at Trapper Pond. This lovely trout pond has few visitors. The West Branch of the Penobscot swarms with little salmon and chubs. These pests of the angler will play havoc with his flies and balk him in his attempts to fasten to any of the large trout that haunt Ripogenus Gorge and Eddy. From Sordahunk stream it is a twenty-mile tramp through the forest to reach the Nesowadnehunk lakes. Very few sportsmen had worked their way in here previous to the season of 1895. September is the best month for camping out in this beautiful region; plenty of blankets are required, as sometimes ice puts in an appearance. A camp on the lake furnishes shelter to that class of sportsmen who are not hardy enough for wood life. In the early part of September bright flashes of color light up the somber recesses of the forest, by the middle of the month the autumn colors are in their prime, all the little ponds that mirror Katahdin are looking their loveliest. Foxes are working their way in from the edge of the woods; these pests are no doubt responsible for the scarcity of grouse. The sportsman is not apt to bother with small game in a section that abounds with deer.

It is an unwritten law of the woods that a little deer meat is allowed in camp during the close season, provided the wardens know nothing about it. The temptation to shoot a bull moose in the latter part of this month is very great, as the calling season is rapidly passing away. Bull moose are getting scarce, and if the sportsmen's and guides' associations don't do something more than invite hunters to come up here and destroy them, they will soon be a thing of the past.

About sixteen miles of wood road connects Nesowadnehunk with Grand Lake, on the east branch. The sportsman can make a trip from here to Webster Lake through Chamberlain and Eagle lakes to the eastern extremity of Churchill Lake, then work his way down through the Masungan lakes to the Machias section, then north over a three-mile carry to Clayton Pond and Big Fish Lake. I would not advise the sportsman to undertake this trip unless he is fond of roughing it, and has plenty of time at his disposal. Otherwise I would advise him to take a buckboard to Crystal Station on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and so on north to Ashland,

ARTIST.

His Vacation.

"HAD your vacation, Ned?"

"No, I'm going up in New Hampshire later on my annual hunting trip. You've been away, haven't you?"

"Yes, I had two weeks at Cottage City, but it was so blasted hot and there was so much going on that I didn't get much rest. Deuced lot of fun though, and I met some jolly girls. Say, old man, you better stop making a hermit of yourself and go down with me next year?"

The speaker, a dapper young man with a slight mustache and a high collar, that made it difficult for him to turn his head, tipped his chair back against the wall and exhaled cigarette smoke through his nostrils. There was no reply, and he cast his eyes indifferently about the room. On one wall a pair of antlers served as a rest for an old muzzle-loading rifle. Hanging from the prongs were a cartridge belt, a well-worn corduroy hunting jacket, and a double-visored canvas shooting cap. A brace of revolvers hung on either side. There were hunting pictures elsewhere. A foxskin rug lay on the floor before a low, broad window seat, upon which a sturdily built, ruddy-faced young fellow, in a dressing gown, lounged as he pulled at a long, black pipe or watched smoke rings rise into the air and break.

Presently the young man on the window seat straightened up and looked at his caller.

"I say, Gus," he finally said somewhat earnestly, "don't talk that sort of stuff to me. I wouldn't trade my two weeks among the mountains for a whole summer of the kind of torture you call fun. What's it all amount to, that everlasting sitting on the piazza, lolling on the sand and dressing for supper; with an evening on the wharf with some girl you've only known a few hours, gazing at the stars, or the red and green lights on the boats in the harbor? I call it wasting life when one considers the vigor and the exhilaration of healthy excitement and plenty of exercise in the clear October air! You say you're tired, and way down in your heart you know you're disgusted too. Try as you will to make yourself believe you've had a good time and you can't. Isn't that so?"

"How do I kill time up there? Don't I find it dull? Don't the people make me tired? Why, man, there's no time to kill. The days are not half long enough, and when night comes you've only been able to do half that you wished. After supper's over, you light your pipe and pull your chair up with the farmer's family close to a blazing fireplace. Your host may tell stories, but you're content to do nothing but gaze into the flames that are struggling upward. How good the pipe tastes? How contented you feel as you go over the day's experiences! How restful it seems to be away from the endless noise, the everlasting prattle of uninteresting people! The hearts of your hosts beat warmly for you. The words they speak are kindly, sincere ones. You feel their interest and sympathy. What a pleasure it is to meet unaffected, sincere people! Your rough hunting togs are so comfortable. You are supremely happy. The world with its confusion and struggle is forgotten. Almost before you know it your pipe has burnt out and a feeling of pleasant drowsiness steals over you. You rouse yourself with an effort, pick up the little lamp that is waiting on the table, and make your way upstairs to the tiny bedroom with its slanting walls. The window is open. Darkness and stillness seem to creep in through it. No sound is heard save, perhaps, the distant barking of some house dog out for a frolic. Your night's rest is as peaceful as the night is quiet.

"The rising sun streaming in at the window wakes you. You rise full of life. After a wholesome breakfast you spend the day with your dogs in the field, stopping during the noon hours on some sunny hillside to eat the lunch which you have brought, and then to rest and smoke. You can feel your flesh tingling with vigor! You feel like a man, you think like a man. By George, you are a man!"

"But the ending of the day is what I look forward to. As the sun gets low I make my way to a lake that nestles among the mountains. The farmer's son is waiting for me. We unhitch the boat and row leisurely toward the point where the river empties in. Hardly a ripple breaks the placid water, which mirrors the dark woods on the shore beyond and the blue sky above. The sun's slanting rays make the foliage golden green and the tree trunks vibrate with color. Ah! It is the time to be out!"

"We make our way slowly up the river a short distance, put out the decoys and push the boat inside the 'blind.' Sere, brown bushes spread away in every direction, amid which wild celery grows in great quantities. The sun is a ball of fire on the western horizon. The little pools of water on the dotting feeding grounds here and there glow with its crimson. A lank, ungainly heron flies lazily by, casting a suspicious eye at the decoys, sitting stiffly on the water a short distance from us. There is a low whistling in the reeds close at hand. The dry seed-pods on the bushes rattle faintly in the cool, crisp evening breeze. Pickerel are breaking among the lily pads, sending little circles of water rushing toward the shore. A muskrat sticks his nose up close to the boat and sinks with a splash. We wait quietly, buttoning our hunting jackets close to the throat as the air becomes more chill. The sun drops out of sight beyond the distant mountains with a parting beam.

"We scan the horizon eagerly. Presently a dark spot flecks the clear sky at the southwest. By jove! The sight brings us to our feet with a thrill of expectation. On comes the speck like the wind, straight for us, growing larger every moment until it evolves itself into a flock of ducks. The evening flight has begun. They come down on the wind to our left, swing, and a moment later are hovering a few feet above the decoys. Our guns flash twice simultaneously. Heavy splashes in the water are followed by a convulsive fluttering. There is hardly time to load before there is a swishing of air overhead, and a second flock passes us before we have time to shoot. The birds are suspicious and make a long circle, but we finally get in a shot at long range and down a couple. The air is full of ducks almost before we know it; shooting past us like rockets, darting here and there, hovering over the decoys. We load and fire with nervous haste. Time passes quickly. By Jove,

it is sport! Suddenly it is dark. We try to see the sights on the guns, but cannot.

"The air is full of dark, indistinct forms rushing here and there. The sound of wings is like the wind sighing through the forest. Presently all is still. From distant parts of the marsh occasionally a hoarse quacking and a great splashing and fluttering comes to our ears. The sport is over. We gather up the birds and row down the river. We are tired, but how good we feel! Presently the boat grates upon the shore. Twenty ducks is a good load for two men, but how light they are! A short walk along the dark road brings us in sight of the farm house, with its warm, welcome light gleaming forth into the night. As we push open the door the smell of good things smoking on the table makes our appetite ravenous. Glad shouts of welcome greet us. Ah!"—

The speaker bent forward, his eyes half closed, a look of peace upon his face, his mind far away. After a time he straightened up and glanced at his companion. His cigarette had gone out. His eyes rested on the trophies which hung from the antlers, and in them there was a new, strange light.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.

Natural History.

Nest-Building Fishes.

SOME time ago I read an interesting paper by Mr. G. F. Holder on nest-building fishes, in which he compares them to the birds, calling them the birds of the sea. And truly when their curious nest-building methods and the diversity and brilliancy of their colors is considered, the comparison is very applicable. It occurred to me, as few of your readers know how easily these peculiarities can be observed and studied, to describe for the benefit of those interested a very pretty and simple experiment which it is possible for anyone to try.

All that is necessary for the experiment is a glass jar or fish globe to hold not less than a gallon of water, a bunch of aquatic weeds, and a pair of those interesting little fishes, the two-spined or four-spined sticklebacks. These may generally be bought at any of the dealers in goldfish and aquariums, or the sticklebacks may be found almost anywhere near the sea coast in brackish water, and are easily caught with a small ring net. The fishes are very small, seldom exceeding 3 in. in length. They should be obtained and placed in the aquarium early in the spring and should be male and female. The sexes being easily determined, as the male, especially near the breeding season, is much more brilliant in color.

The sticklebacks are nest builders, and the process by which they construct the curious little nest is very interesting to watch. They gather together small pieces of broken plants and first form a kind of platform with them among the weeds; this they continue to build until it is as large as and about the shape of a pigeon's egg. They fasten the bits of material together with a mucous secretion, which exudes from a pore in their body in the form of a fine silken thread; this they pass in and out and through the material, thus holding it in a firm, compact mass. The fish then forces his way through the nest, turning himself round and round until a hole is bored large enough to suit him. Into this he drives the female, and the eggs, which are about the size of a small pin's head, are deposited.

The male always builds the nest and takes entire charge of the eggs, and watches them with the greatest care and evident anxiety, until the little fishes appear. This watchful care is very necessary in natural surroundings, for the eggs are dainty morsels for any other stickleback or other fish that can get at them.

The little fellow is extremely pugnacious at this time, and will fight any living thing that attempts to approach the nest; even his mate is chased away if she comes near it.

If another male be introduced about this time, the actions of the owner of the nest become especially interesting. The rapidity with which he darts at and strikes his enemy is truly wonderful, as is also the remarkable manner in which he changes to every conceivable color; and during the excitement the metallic luster of his body is very beautiful.

As they are the most voracious of cannibals, the young must be removed from the vessel as soon as the eggs are hatched, or the old ones will soon begin to devour them. Some of the observers of the habits of this little fish claim that the young ones are guarded by the parent until large enough to care for themselves; but in every case where I have left them together, the young fish have always been eaten by the parents.

T. C. SHEPHERD.

The Boston Mountain Sheep.

It will be recalled that there was shown at the Boston Sportsmen's Exposition a mountain ram which was badly crippled, and that Dr. Heber Bishop announced his intention of performing upon it the operation of tenotomy. The result of the operation has just been communicated to us by Dr. Bishop, from whose letter we quote: "We were assisted by Dr. C. H. Foster, an ardent sportsman, and an orthopedic surgeon of considerable repute in Massachusetts, also by Drs. Tuttle and Marcey. We chloroformed the animal, as you know we cannot administer ether to any animal that is unable to vomit, as the ether makes them sick.

"We started in to perform the operation of 'tenotomy,' that is, cutting the tendons, in the hopes that if that was done and the leg straightened and put in splints, we could make a good job of it. We had previously gotten the splints ready, and had a padded stall for the ram, and slings to suspend him. On cutting down to the tendons we found that the trouble was due to ankylosis of the carpal bones of the forward feet (ankylosis means joining together of solid bony tissues of one or more bones, which in the natural state should be separate and independent). We found ankylosis of the scaffold, semilunar and cuneiform bones of the forward feet. These are the bones which join on to the radius, which is the bone corresponding to the one running from the elbow to the wrist in the human anatomy.

"With this condition of affairs, of course, it was impossible to produce any beneficial results, and we discontinued the operation, dressed the wound that we had made, and left him in the care of Dr. Furguson's veterinary hospital. For some reason or other that we have not determined, the ram took a chill the next morning and died very suddenly, probably from the shock of the operation, a circumstance that we did not regret very much, seeing that we could not improve his condition. Undoubtedly had the deformity been due to contracted tendons, the operation would have been a complete success, and the subsequent care of the animal would have prevented any unfavorable termination.

"The deformity was probably due to an injury received in jumping when the animal was young; ankylosis might have been produced in this way.

"HEBER BISHOP."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE day last fall I was hunting up the river at a place called Grave's Station, and as usual captured nothing but some wet feet and a hard cold. After hitching up I bade farewell to my host and set out for a long, cold drive home through the woods.

The horse was a nervous one, but quite speedy, and we were about half way home when it began to grow dark.

Suddenly a partridge, which had been feeding in the road ahead of the horse, flew up and lit on the rail fence bordering the road and stood clucking at us. I stopped the horse at once and promptly reached in the bottom for my gun, when there appeared just ahead a party of three young ladies out for a drive.

Knowing that the human voice frightens wild game, and thus not daring to speak, I held up one hand while groping in the bottom of the buggy with the other. Finally I secured the gun, which I drew carefully forth, and upon the sight of which the poor girls, already half frightened by my strange actions, thought that their time must have come, for two of them grew white and wilted, and the other, of a more daring disposition, grabbed the whip, shut her teeth with a snap, and with a crack like a dynamite firecracker came by me with a rush which simultaneously took away my breath and the rear wheel of my buggy.

This started my horse, and if I didn't have a three-ring circus with one acrobat for ten minutes, no man ever did. I never inquired the health of the girls who fainted, but between corporal injuries inflicted by being thrown through a picket fence a mile further on and certain moral and pecuniary afflictions caused by the actions of the horse, I am in a position to state that even when the kinks in my backbone are unraveled, I will nevermore shoot any game from a buggy.

FREDERICK W. FASSETT.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Warden wins First Round.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 3.—As duly mentioned at the time in these columns, Warden Loveday, of Chicago, last January seized seven barrels of grouse and quail in transit from H. Clay Merritt, of Kewanee, Ill., to New York market. Warden Loveday sold these birds at auction, and placed 700 plunks of the realm in his pocket by that transaction. Not content with that, he brought suit against Merritt for \$50,000. The latter retaliated by suing Warden Loveday to recover the proceeds of this confiscated game. This suit was brought before Judge Chetlain, of Chicago. Warden Loveday refused to surrender any part of the money. The case was dismissed. On May 19 a motion to reinstate the case came up and was overruled. Day before yesterday a motion to set aside the order of May 19 was offered and again overruled. This means a victory for Warden Loveday in the first trial court. Meantime he is going right along with the prosecution of the big case at Kewanee. He charges Merritt with violating the law 13,054 times. Should the latter be fined even the lowest amount for each of the offenses charges, the old offender would be forced to go out of the business in which he has grown wealthy. Warden Loveday brings his suit through State's Attorney Graves, and this time the suit will be prosecuted criminally, as it should have been in the first place, instead of making an unsuccessful attempt to seize the game.

Trapping Illinois Song Birds.

A couple of weeks ago, as a party of us were out on a bicycle ride, in the suburbs of the city, we came across a boy who was engaged in trapping the wild canaries, "yellow birds" or hemp birds, which at that place were numerous. He had a little wooden bird cage with a swinging trap door on top, and in the cage was a decoy bird, which he said he had owned and used for three years in his trapping work. At the time when we saw him he had four wild birds, which he had just taken in this trap, and these poor creatures were beating their wings and thrusting their heads out through the bars of the cage. We offered to buy all the birds of this boy, intending to set them free, but he refused to part with his decoy bird, without which his operations would not be successful. Finally suspecting our intention, he moved away, but not until he had given us the address of 4719 South Halstead street. Whether this address is correct or not I cannot say, but it is worth while for our game warden to look it up. The boy's name we could not learn. In the course of our trip about the edge of the city we saw several of these young trappers out around the groves and hedges. It seems that they have the best luck in the early hours of the morning.

At the time of noting this instance of trapping song

birds I did not know that there was a regular business made of this sort of thing, and that a regular market for these birds stimulated the trappers in their efforts. It seems, however, that the Audubon Society, of this city, has followed up investigations on this head, and has discovered a regular industry of startling proportions. Acting on the initiatory of this society, Warden Harry W. Loveday last Friday arrested Louis Grebasch, of 123 Dearborn avenue. Here he seized a great number of birds: robins, larks, yellow birds, goldfinches, bobolinks, etc. It was the intention of the holder of these birds to prepare them for millinery purposes, but Justice Underwood thwarted this commercial design by ordering the birds all set free. This was on yesterday, and to-day the city of Chicago is richer by some scores of melody-creating innocents. One of the results of this trial has been to bring to light the extent of the operations of the above dealer and others in the same business. It is to be hoped that the vocation will receive such a blow as to render it impossible. I would like to state for Warden Loveday's benefit that we saw our young bird trappers near the intersection of Garfield boulevard and Western avenue, at the southwestern edge of Chicago, and near what is known as the old Gage farm.

Baby Bears in the Blackfoot Country.

Mr. Sam Somers, of Kipp, Mont., writes me to make the following commercial proposition:

"A friend of mine," he says, "captured two cubs, silver tips, and also killed two large silver tip bears, and I thought I would drop you a line to see if you should wish to buy any of them, especially the cubs. Kindly let me know if you will want them and your price."

Just at present, I regret to say, I have about all the live stock I can take care of, although I should like very much to have a grizzly or two about the house. If Mr. Somers will write to Mr. Blackburn, superintendent of the National Zoological Gardens at Washington D. C., he may be able to find a home for his young grizzlies. They have more room for bears there than I have, and can take care of them better. I should not want to take a bear for bringing up unless I felt that I could devote the proper attention to his education, and the time of a newspaper man is necessarily limited.

These same bears, by the way, are mentioned at greater length by another friend who lives in the Blackfoot country, Mr. J. W. Schultz, also of Kipp. The latter writes concerning them:

"When the stage rolled in from St. Mary's the other day, the way bill read, in part: 'One box of bears; one sack of bear skins,' and sure enough there were two little grizzlies confined in an old beer case, and the sack contained the skin of their mother, a beautiful silver tip, but not large, as it measures but 6 ft. The little bears are blackish brown in color, and one has a ruff of white almost encircling the neck; the other has a little white at the fore point of the shoulders only. Both are males, and both are quite savage, bawling and striking at every one who comes near them. Their mother was killed, and they were captured by a prospector at the Narrows, upper St. Mary's Lake. The 30-30 Winchester did it, and the bear never knew what struck her.

"A foolish bull elk strolled down from the mountains the other day, and was grazing around near the agency stockade, when the Indians spied him and promptly exterminated the poor brute by means of the lariat and a butcher knife."

Sportsmen at the Front.

Among others of my friends who have been called out to go to the front with militia regiments are Mr. O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, Texas, and Mr. C. S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., both of whom are now in camp with their respective regiments. Mr. Guessaz goes as quartermaster, and I am sure he will take care of his family, if there are any supplies obtainable by fair means or foul. Mr. McChesney promised to write me a sheep story about his trip in Montana last winter, but I reckon I shall have to wait now until after we have annexed Spain.

Colorado without Game Law.

On May 28 Judge Harris, of Colorado Springs, Colo., handed down an opinion which knocks out the Colorado game law. Judge Harris declares this law null and void, on the ground that three subject matters are treated in the law, whereas the Colorado constitution provides that but one subject can be treated in a statute. This, then, is progress. What would the early settlers of Colorado have said if objection had been made to their hanging a horse thief on the ground that they had not got him classified correctly? The law to-day is a great and wondrous science, which should be approached with reverence.

A number of sportsmen in Colorado are inaugurating a movement to place the fish commission on a strictly non-partisan basis. They will ask for three commissioners, to be appointed from different political parties, and to serve two, four and six years respectively, without remuneration. It is stated by the Denver press that such a movement may take definite form in the framing of a bill for the Legislature.

Kansas Game.

In many Kansas counties local protective associations have been formed this season which offer rewards of \$25 or more for information leading to the conviction of any person violating the game laws. This work, if followed up in every county containing game, would double the shooting for the sportsmen of that State.

They Cry to Go.

The despatches of to-day state that when Rear-Admiral Sampson called for a dozen volunteers to sail the Merrimac in and sink her across the narrow channel of Santiago, "more than 4,000 men volunteered." They all wanted to go. This seems to be a habit in the United States army and navy. I recall that when I was out in the Yellowstone Park in the winter of 1895 Capt. Anderson was about to send a small detail of men on snowshoes down to the lower end of the park, to bring in the heads of the buffalo that had been slaughtered by a poacher who had just been captured. Late at night there

came to his quarters a private, whose name I regret to have forgotten, and who actually shed tears when he learned that he could not get a chance to join the inglorious enterprise of walking 100 miles in the winter on skis, and working like a packhorse. It wasn't much of a chance, but it was, according to the notion of this private, better than lying in barracks. They all seem to be that way, crying to go. If the young kinglet of Spain reads *FOREST AND STREAM*, as I hope he does, for it is the next best thing, I should like to advise him, in the language of Chicago, that he is up against it bad.

A Governor's Good Example.

May 28.—Gov. John R. Tanner, of Illinois, has been a busy man for the past few weeks, while the volunteer troops have been encamped at Springfield, but now that all the regiments have started for the front and have left him a little more leisure, he has taken temporary leave of the State capital and started for Idaho on a trout fishing trip of a couple of weeks or so. He goes in company with Messrs. J. W. Gates, I. L. Ellwood and John A. Drake, of this city, and the party will be joined at Cheyenne by Mr. T. S. Wood. The destination is Weiser, Idaho, whence the party will take horse for a long journey to the fork of the Snake, where they will camp. This gubernatorial example is not so unworthy of imitation, showing as it does that this country does not stop all the clocks because there is a little war on hand. Gov. Tanner says he will be back in time for all the duties of his office, and meantime will be better off for a little fishing trip.

Mongolian Pheasants.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 28.—The State pheasantry of Ohio, at Van Wert, under the charge of A. J. Hazlett, will, according to all indications, turn out at least 4,000 young pheasants this year. Some 6,000 birds are expected to hatch, and the per cent. of survival is about two-thirds.

At Centralia, Wis., Mr. Geo. N. Wood has received fifty-five eggs of ring-neck pheasants, which eggs are now under hens for hatching, and from which a nice return is hoped. It is the intention to stock the region about Centralia.

Mr. J. S. Swan, State Commissioner of Fish, Forestry and Game for Colorado, is much interested in the question of Mongolian pheasants, and has asked the gun clubs of the State to assist him with funds so that he can purchase a stock of the birds in Oregon and plant them in the proper parts of Colorado. Commissioner Swan has very satisfactory replies to his inquiries in Oregon as to stock.

Indiana Geese.

It is not common for us to hear of very many wild geese in this part of the country nowadays, but Mr. C. H. Ames, a Boston gentleman, who has been about this city for a few weeks on a visit, and who took a short snipe trip down along the old Kankakee marsh, which he knew well very many years ago, but had not seen for some time, was so lucky as to discover the roosting place of several flocks of Canada geese, which came in every night. I speak of his being lucky, but this has nothing to do with his getting a shot at the geese, for it was after the law was up on wildfowl. He tells me that these geese came in always quite late, and alighted out in the center of the marsh, where they would be most secure from molestation. Even thus they were not able to outwit the native hunters, who cared nothing for the game laws, and every now and then got a few of these big and unusual visitors. The method was to take live geese decoys and go out before night into the marsh at the place where the geese came in, here building a blind and putting out the decoys. The geese came in low and late at night, and hearing the honking of the tame decoys, would make for the spot where the canny native lay hid. In this way, Mr. Ames says, a very great many of the geese have been killed. There were several hundred that roosted on the marsh earlier in the spring.

Mr. Ames used to live out in Illinois some twenty years or more ago, and he says that he is eager to hear once more that wild and strange sound once so common to his youth, the booming of the prairie chickens in the spring. I fancy he was too late in the spring and too late in the century. He had not shot a gun for twelve years, he says, having been drawn aside from the gun to the rod in later years, yet he found he could shoot, killed his first three jacksnipe straight, and did his share in the nice bag of snipe and rail which he got in the marsh country of the Kankakee. But he did not hear any chicken boom.

Illicit Minnesota Moose Meat.

I have recently made mention of Attorney Bell, of Roseau county, Minn., the gentleman who is alleged to have bought moose meat in Minnesota and entered it at the custom house as Manitoba moose. It seems Mr. Bell has had his trial and is not yet discharged, but has ample time to meditate over what will perhaps happen to him in the sweet by and by. Mr. S. F. Fullerton, the State executive agent who got Mr. Bell into the toils, has the following to say about the case:

"I have just returned from a trip up to Roseau county, where we indicted County Attorney Bell, of Roseau county, for having moose meat in his possession, and also for giving advice to the butchers to sell it.

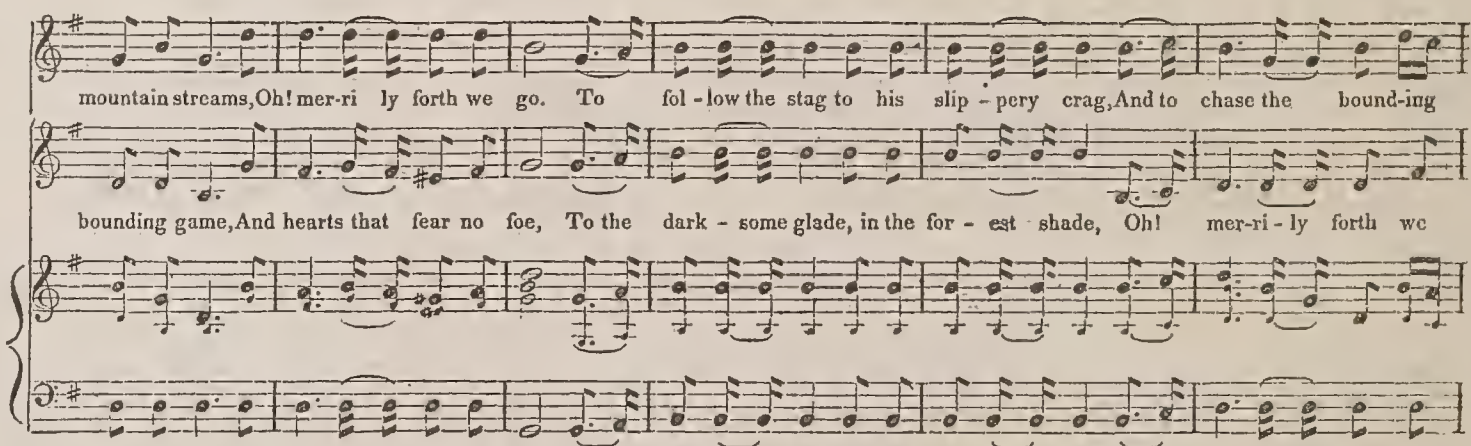
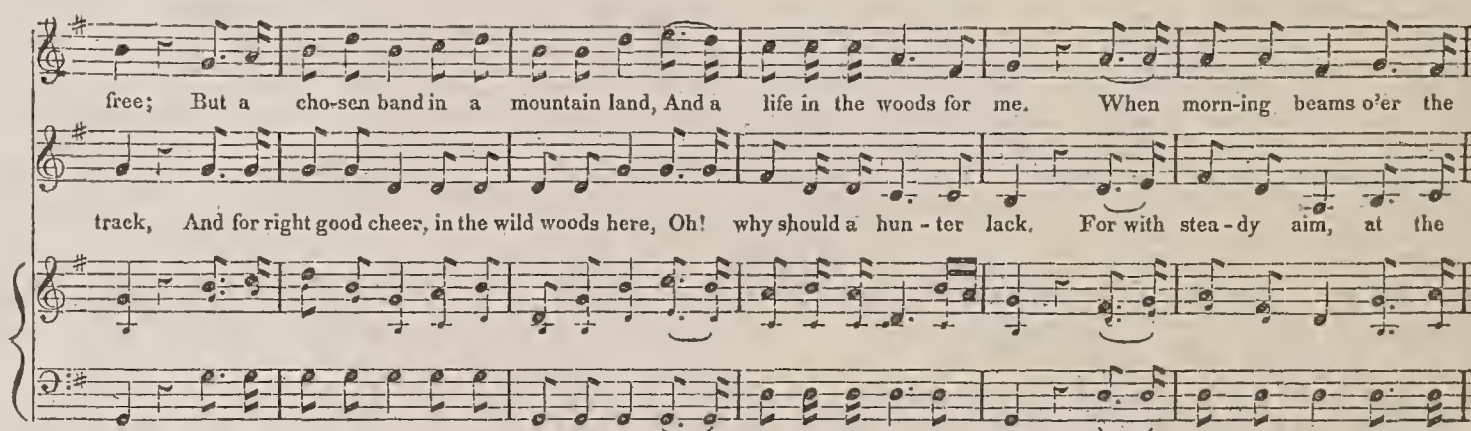
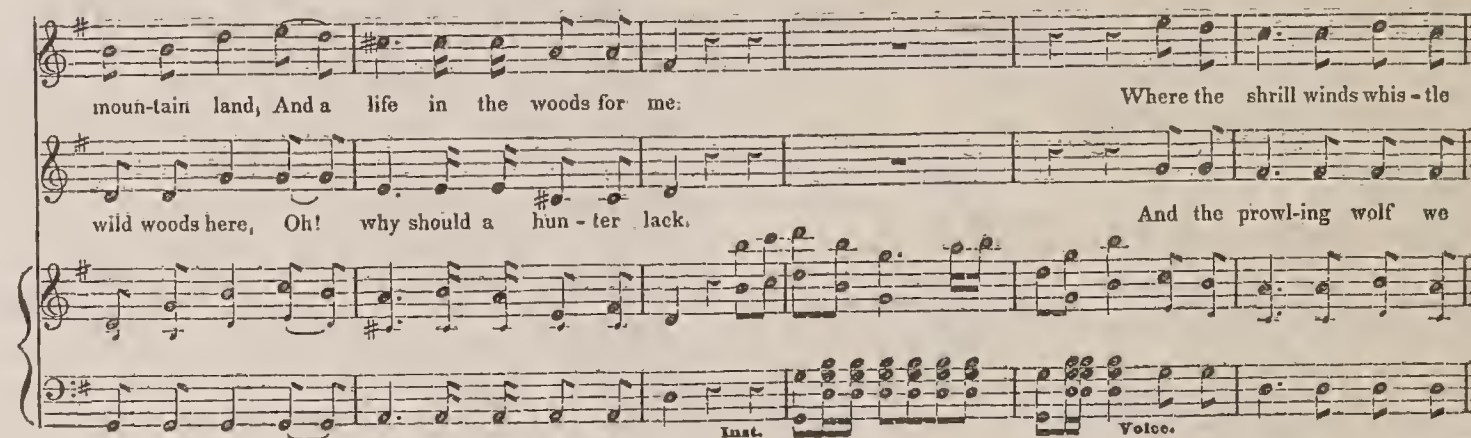
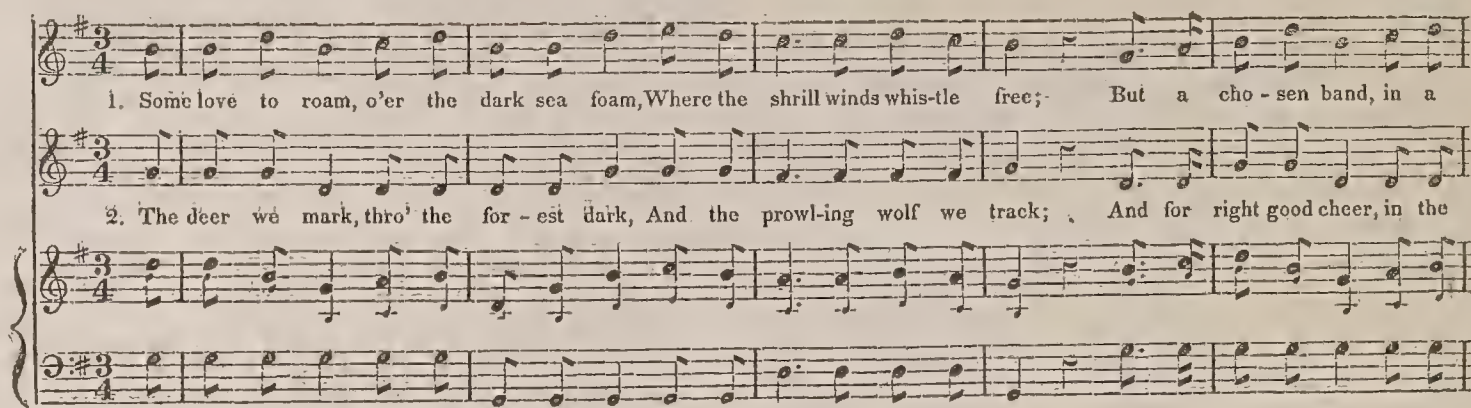
"Mr. Bell's attorney demurred to the indictment and Judge Ives, of Crookston, took the matter under advisement until the next term of court, which gives Mr. Bell a whole year in which to appreciate being indicted for violating the game laws. I hope there is no other county in any State in the Union like Roseau county, or at least a county that has such an attorney. A man who takes the oath of office to prosecute law-breakers and then goes out and violates the law himself, and advises others to do likewise, in my judgment, is not fit to hold a public office.

"What do the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* think of such a man?"

Mr. Fullerton goes on to add other news, and I trust he will pardon me for taking it from his personal letter, coming as it does from so interesting a country:

"We are just distributing our fish," he says, "and have been successful beyond our fondest expectations. The

Some Love to Roam.



fish are going out in splendid shape, and I am satisfied good results will follow in the increased supply of food and game fish in the different waters of the State.

"The prospects never looked better for our chickens than they do this spring. Our feathered game have all wintered in splendid shape, and if we have no extraordinary heavy rains we will give you the best chicken shooting in Minnesota this fall that you could get in any State in the Union.

"My friend, Mr. Howard Eaton, of Medora, N. D., has made me a present of one of the finest elk heads you ever saw. When you come to Minnesota to pay us a visit you must not fail to call and see it. I should like to send *FOREST AND STREAM* a cut of it. It is almost a perfect head.

"I have not yet wet a line after fish, except one day in Wisconsin for trout, where I went with Dr. Arnold and State Land Commissioner Flynn. The lion's share, as usual, fell to the doctor's unerring skill as a trout fisher. The figures were 80, 60 and 55 nice trout, your humble servant getting the lowest number, but I managed to have as good a time as the balance."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A Little Story of Luck.

IRONTON, O., May 28.—I have been reading your paper so long I feel that I must continue to do so. I have lost my health and cannot go on my usual hunting trips, hence I greatly appreciate the regular weekly visits of the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I must tell you of a little luck (as Mr. Hough puts it, "*FOREST AND STREAM* luck"). Last November I felt that I must go out for a day or two anyhow, so I made arrangements with Jean, my brother-in-law, to go out to our old camp ground. We got there all in good shape; but oh, how weak I was! Jean went ahead and I followed on as best I could. After a tedious climb I got up on top of the ridge and sat down on a fallen tree to rest. I looked long and eagerly for some sign of game, and finally saw something moving in the brush. A second glance showed it to be a wild turkey. It was only an instant more until the faithful gun came up and a dead turkey lay at my feet, and I a proud, sick man. It was

the only game sighted that afternoon. Lucky, wasn't I, to get run up on by a wild turkey in a country where the birds are scarce. The next morning we killed a few squirrels, and I had to come home. I love to read over my old *FOREST AND STREAM*, and hope you will live long and be prosperous.

JAMES DUPUY.

Wild Turkeys for California.

REDLANDS, Cal., May 25.—Since the breaking out of the war sporting matters have been on the wane. Many of our shooters have gone to apply their marksmanship to the best of all purposes, the defense of our country. Such as have been left, however, have kept the ball rolling.

Elsie Boger recently returned from the mountains with a very important capture, a large mountain lion. The lion has eaten one house cat, besides almost everything else at Boger's place.

J. M. Whittemore and J. L. Brown rode over to "The Wash" on Sunday last. They killed about thirty rabbits.

W. D. Andreas writes me from Grapeland that the trouting is poor in that section. The largest taken by him would hardly reach the 6in. limit. He says there are lots of red-horse and other suckers of fine size. He also mentions seeing the hides of three grizzlies taken by a Mr. Turk, of his place, recently.

Mr. L. G. Haight, of the big fruit company of that name, has set on foot a movement to stock the timbers of Mill Creek Cañon with wild turkeys. It is proposed to buy the birds from parties in the Middle West and liberate them in the mountains here. Can any of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* tell me if this has been tried before, and with what success? The matter has been left largely to me; hence any advice that the editor or any reader could give would be thankfully received.

REELFOOT.

[The birds should do well provided there is a sufficient food supply for them.]

A Good Shot in Korea.

SEATTLE, Wash.—I quote the following extract from a letter received from a friend residing near Pyengyang, Korea; are you able to recognize the species of the bird mentioned?

roe. To fol-low the stag to his slip-per-y crag, And to chase the bound-ing roe. ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

go. To the dark-some glade, in the-for-est shade, Oh! mer-ri-ly forth we go. ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

[illegible]

love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle free; But a cho-sen band in a moun-tain land, and a

life in the woods for me. And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me.

"In the Heart of the Tiger Fields of Korea, March 14, 1898.—This is a great place for tigers, not little ones, but great big boys, the size of a cow. Since the camp (mining) opened, two men have been killed by them near our camp, and on one of the mountains near, they say, you can find them whenever you are looking for trouble. I have been interrupted by the servants asking me to shoot some big white birds, the like of which I have never seen. They have an enormous curved bill like a curlew, funny red markings on the head, and are pink and white on the body, with long legs to complete the picture. There were two of them, and my first shot with No. 2 and BBs at 75yds. only took out a few feathers. Then I went after them with my shotgun and rifle (.44) besides. I finally found one in a tree, which I could not get up to under cover, and so with a crowd of Koreans looking on, I took my first shot with a rifle at 100yds. By some terrible fluke, I hit the bird the first shot, so my reputation among the natives is made here, but it gave me the fever, and I intend to go out to-night at 6 o'clock on a hill near camp, to see if I can get a whirl at a deer."

R. M. P.

[We imagine from the description that these birds were ibises, perhaps *Pseudo tantalus rhodinopterus*, a form allied to our wood ibis (*Tantalus loculator*), of the South. The first named species is well known, having been long regarded as a sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians, though now the naked-headed *Ibis religiosa* is identified as that bird.]

New Jersey Rabbits.

At the last session of the Legislature a few farmers went to Trenton and asked for the passage of a law by which they would be permitted to trap rabbits at all times of the year. It is true that the vast majority of farmers objected to any such provision; among those who protested were the farmers of Bergen county, ninety-five per cent. of whom signed a remonstrance, but their voices were not listened to. The Legislature decided that rabbits were a nuisance and that one man who objected to them or who wanted to make money by taking them in traps should have the right to trap all the rabbits in his neighborhood no matter what might be the wishes of his neighbors. The Legislature embodied a clause permitting the trapping of rabbits in the general game bill and this bill was passed. Now the farmers who want the right to trap rabbits are demanding of Governor Voorhees that he sign the bill. So far Mr. Voorhees has

declined to do anything of the kind, and the only reason so far given is that he does not propose to take away from the persons who bought ring-necked pheasants the right to kill these birds. The State Board purchased large number of these birds both last year and this year, and it was with a view to permitting them to propagate that the Legislature enacted a law prohibiting their killing for two years. A few wealthy residents of New York who occasionally come to New Jersey to sleep have purchased ring-necked pheasants, and Mr. Voorhees thinks these men should have the right to kill these birds whenever they feel so inclined, no matter what policy might be indicated by the desires of the hundreds of people who own ring-necked pheasants. Consequently the Governor has apparently determined not to sign the general game act. In arriving at this conclusion he ran up against the few farmers who wanted to trap rabbits at all times. The Populist Senator from Hunterdon county strongly urged the Governor to sign the measure and to him the Governor has made the following reply:

"I know that the popular feeling among the farmers is very strongly in favor of that portion which permits the killing of rabbits when found damaging their fruit trees, but in order that they may have that right there seems to me to be no necessity for the enactment of a new law. All they need to have is the assurance from me that if any of the game wardens attempt to impose fines for violation of the game laws in this respect, in such instances, I, exercising my authority, would at once remit any fines so imposed. I believe if this were generally known the farmers would remain content with the law as it is."

This is going several jumps further than any Governor has ever indulged in for the purpose of arrogating power to himself. "Exercising my authority" has reference to the constitution, which gives the Governor the right to suspend the collection of fines and forfeitures. But the constitution does not give the Governor the right to remit any fines, that power being plainly vested in the Court of Pardons. The sop thrown to the farmers is ridiculous. The game laws provide imprisonment when the fines are not paid, and all the suspensions for the remission of fines would amount to nothing against a sentence of imprisonment. The Governor might, of course, bring the matter before the Court of Pardons, which meets three times a year, but before that could be done it is likely that the defendant would have paid the penalty of the law.—*Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle*.

Massachusetts Game Notes.

DANVERS, Mass., June 4.—We have had almost an incessant rain for the last month, and I am afraid it will kill off the young game birds. Last year we had the same rainy season, and partridges were very scarce.

I have heard of one good brood, and young woodcock having been seen half grown.

I have heard of but a very small number of quail whistling, and I think the winter killed off many. Saw a flock of beach birds a few days ago. Snipe were scarce with us this spring.

J. W. BABBITT

Not Discouraged.

A DUFFER of a sportsman went out partridge shooting, accompanied by an Irish keeper, who was good-natured enough to make all kinds of excuses for his patron's bad shots. At last the shooter, made reckless by ill success, perceived a covey of birds quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He fired, but to his mortification they all flew away untouched. "Oh, faith," cried Pat, joyfully, "Begorra, sor, you made them lave that, anyway."—*Household Words.*

Where Ducks Breed.

THE delta of the Yukon is one of the three duck-breeding grounds of the North American Continent. Millions of ducks find their way here, and hatch out their young free from molestation. For scores of miles the tundra is covered with duck eggs, and in the fall the ducks migrate to the south by millions.—*Alaska Miner.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Running Down a Bass.

THE largest bass that the writer ever caught from fresh water weighed 5lbs. and 11oz. The circumstances attending its capture were undoubtedly novel. It was caught in the Tennessee River in the spring of '95.

A party of four of us were spending the day fishing below one of the dams built out and extending nearly across the river, for the purpose of throwing the water to one side, making a boat channel over the shoals. We had but indifferent success, and only continued fishing for the reason that we desired to put in a full day of recreation. In the afternoon I had the boatman row me to a small island, or "towhead" as they are locally called, and let him return with the boat for the use of my companions.

We were using minnow bait, and I had so little expectation of success that I carried only the bait on my hook.

I cast down current from the lower point of the island, intending to set the drag on my reel and leave it to do my fishing, while I lay in the shade enjoying my pipe and the scenery. In attempting to reel off some slack I fouled the line in some way, and giving it an impatient jerk succeeded in setting the reel hard and fast in an ugly snarl.

Chiding myself in the mild language used by all anglers, I was about to begin to unravel the tangle, when by a sudden stiffening of my rod I was made aware of the fact that I was fast to something game and heavy. The strike had not attracted my attention, so unexpected was it, and so engaged had I been with the tangle. Knowing that my reel was "out of commission" I tried a strong pull in hopes of landing my fish, but saw at once that such tactics would not do.

What I was fast to was a heavy, hard fighting fish. His first rush would have carried away my tackle had I not eased the strain by wading out in the water on the shallow point ankle deep, giving him all the spring of my rod I dared. He ended the rush with a spring in the air fully 3ft. high, giving me a good view of his magnificent proportions, and the opportunity to know that I was fast to one of the finest bass it had ever been my good fortune to see, with apparently no possible chance of landing him.

I might have known unsatisfied longings before, but a clear reel and free line seemed the only things desired now to complete my earthly happiness. When the bass struck the water he started a rush up stream almost parallel with the right hand bank of the island. Desiring to enjoy his company as long as possible and unable to give him line, I started on a run up the bank in pursuit. He drew strongly away from the bank as he ran, but giving him the entire weight of my rod he held his course. There was only about 60ft. of clear bank on this side of the island, and we made the run quickly.

Reaching the end of this clear beach I came to a point where the bank was steep and thick bushes grew to the water's edge.

As I checked up the line tightened, and the bass broke water again. The taut line and a lucky pull turned him over, and with a rush he started back down the course we had run over on our trip up. Determined to stay with him as long as possible, I drew him hard toward the shore and raced him for the point.

I won by a fin, and running out on the point began a fight to turn him round the point and take him up the other side. It was a hard fight, and I expected every moment that tackle would part or rod break, but all held and at last I turned him, and up the other bank of the island we went with a 20lb. strain on my rod arm, caused by the current against his side as he ran quartering, added to his own fighting weight. The course was longer on this side—fully rooff.—but we covered it apparently as quickly as we had the shorter one on the other side.

I had no idea of ever being the happy possessor of the glorious fish I was fast to, feeling sure that my tackle could not long stand the strain of the "right about faces," or the pull around the point.

Then, did everything hold until the run was well out of the fish, the fight was not over, for I had no gaff or landing net. With feet braced and my rod tip striking the water, we fought out the turn at the end of this run

and back we went again. I beat him to the point, and standing well out gave him a strong swing and brought him round without a pause, and up the other side we raced. The sun was hot on that bare point, and by the time we ended this heat I was somewhat blown. When the line tightened up the bass sounded and sulked, and although I should not have allowed it in a fight where I was not handicapped, I gladly gave him a moment's rest, while I recovered my breath and wiped the perspiration from my eyes. When ready for the next heat I swung my rod over and drew him strongly back down the course, and fortunately for me he was headed right and off we went again. The turn was made safely at the point, and again at the upper end of the other side of the course, and again we went up and back, around the point and up and back again at a pace I felt could not last much longer on my side. And now I began to turn and swing my fish with less strain and in less fear of broken tackle. I was fast learning the art of playing a fish with all the slack in knee action; but devoutly hoped I'd never have to practice it again in such hot weather and under such a hot sun.

After about ten or twelve heats had been run I began to wonder, between gasps for breath, if it was not possible that I might devise some way of landing the bass, provided he did not entirely exhaust and pull me in before he reached the landing stage. Dripping with perspiration, panting like a lizard, and with arms all but powerless from the continued strain, I raced up and down, round and round, until, as appeared later, I had worn a well beaten path over every foot of the course traveled. I became so exhausted that I thought each round must be the last I could possibly go.

Money, honors, or fame could not have kept me going. Only what I was after, the finest bass I'd ever hooked, could have gotten the last few heats out of my tired frame.

I finally noticed that when we swung around the point we struck shoal water, and as the bass began to tire he showed a disposition to drag over this shoal and muddy the water, and as the water grew muddy he passed through it more slowly, and finally began to pause and show a disposition to sulk there. Taking advantage of this tendency, I began to shorten my runs, turning him back as soon as I could after crossing the point, and taking him back and forth over the point as often as I could, and a little closer in each time.

Finally I stood on the point swinging him back and forth across the shoal until the water was quite muddy on the point, raising my rod higher and higher each swing, until I had him close in to the shore.

Then dropping on one knee in the water's edge, I swung my rod back over my shoulder, bringing the line within reach of my hand, and taking a good, firm hold of it, just as the game old fellow tilted over on one side from exhaustion, I made one more run straight back, and before he could gather for another struggle had ignominiously dragged him 15 ft. out on the bank—and he was my fish.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Days on the St. Lawrence.—III.

From unpublished manuscript of S. H. Hammond, author of "Wild Northern Scenes." By courtesy of Mr. Hammond Van Vechten.

WE rowed to Carlton Island after the shower had passed away, and it was something to glory in, the refreshing coolness, the balmy breath of the wind, that swept over the water in the afternoon. We anchored outside the little bay fronting the "old fort" opposite the lower point, in the south channel. The bass congregate about the ledges some twenty rods from the shore, where the water suddenly deepens from 15 to 30 or 60 ft., and a busy time we had with them for an hour or more. It will not do, my excellent friend, to lift a 4 or 5 lb. bass bodily from the water into your boat while lying at anchor. Much less can you safely calculate upon lifting a 10 lb. pickerel right up into the air, trusting to the strength of hook, line and rod for the issue. Such feats have been accomplished, but they require a degree of experience, a nicety of calculation, which your neophyte can scarcely be presumed to possess, and it is asking too much, in a common way, of your tackle to stand such a strain. If you start your bass or pickerel right, and can make him perform a sort of parabolic curve, as the mathematicians say, one end of which terminates in your boat, all well—but if it falls short, or goes beyond that, your fish is certainly gone, and with him in all probability your hook and a considerable portion of your line. Better play him with your reel a little, give him head, and use a landing net. There is plenty of time and room on the St. Lawrence. There is no need of being in a hurry. Better do things in a legitimate and scientific way than reduce the noble art of angling to a mere contest of animal strength. Besides, unpleasant accidents sometimes occur. On this subject I can speak feelingly, and from experience. The first bass I hooked this afternoon, while riding at anchor, was a 5-pounder. I started him beautifully, lifted him clear of the water, on a curve that I calculated would land him at my feet. But I was never more mistaken in my life. The fish came like a catapult square against my head, jamming my hat down over my eyes, and laying me over backward from the seat into the bottom of the boat. The bass glanced off into the water on the other side, and the last I saw of him he was going toward Lake Ontario with my hook in his jaw, and some dozen feet of my line attached. If he meets with no accident, and keeps up the steam with the same pressure as when he started, he will be at Lewiston by 12 o'clock to-night, making the whole distance in about seven hours. So you will perceive that I lost my fish, my hook and a portion of my line by this vulgar mode of proceeding, besides getting a severe "punch in the head" and being laughed at into the bargain.

We had fine sport with the bass—caught all we desired, and ceased only because—but let me tell you how it was. I had put on a fresh minnow, lively as a cricket, removed the buoy and sinker from the line, and let it float away down the current. "There," said I, "one more cast for a 10 lb. pickerel or a 20 lb. muscalunge." Well, I sat patiently, unreeling slowly, as the current drifted the bait down stream, maybe 150 ft. I noticed after a little that

the line seemed to be moving across the channel toward the opposite shore, as if something bound in that direction had it in tow. So I reeled in until the line became taut, when I found there was something mighty strong and obstinate, though not very active, at the other end. I reeled in, but it was simply a dead pull, a holding back like a mule on the one hand, and a mere effort of strength on the other. There was skiving here and there, no running this way and that, but simply and only resistance, inertia, and unwillingness to move my way. "Why," said I, "I am fast to a sunken log that is loose in the water, and I am towing it this way," and I kept on reeling deliberately, expecting every moment that my line would part. After a while I got sight of a white thing away off in the clear water, wriggling and twisting like a gigantic angleworm, tying itself into a hard knot, rolling together into great kinks, and then unwinding again, coming sometimes one end foremost and sometimes the other, and sometimes in a coil, in a way that showed it to be anything but dead. "Boatman!" I exclaimed, "look there! I've hooked an alligator, or an anaconda, or a boa-constrictor, or the sea serpent, or a brother to the silver lake snake, or the dev—" "A monstrous eel, by thunder!" shouted the boatman. "My eye!" he exclaimed, "but he's a whopper! Handle him carefully! Tow him this way! Gently now!—There!—Here she goes!"—and he lifted an eel into the boat that, on my veracity as a fisherman, was less than 50 ft. long. Truly he was a patriarch of his tribe. But I am against eels in a general way. I do not like eels. They are too near akin to snakes, and they go wriggling and twisting, and writhing and squirming about in a way not at all like the gymnastics, the free ground and lofty tumbling of trout or bass. This was the first and only eel I had ever taken, and by my consent it shall be the last. "Take the hook from his jaw and toss him overboard," said I. "Why," replied the boatman, "he's among the best fish of the St. Lawrence." "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, "eat such an animal as that! A rattlesnake might make a passable meal for a hungry man, but such a wriggling, slimy serpent as that! Get out!" I shouted, as he writhed and twisted himself my way. "Get out, you vile beast! Heave him overboard! Cut his acquaintance! Let him slide, as Banks said of the Union," and the boatman, making a lever of his oar, hove him into the river. "There," said I, "having come down from muscalunge and bass to the level of eels, we had better hoist anchor and go home." So we took in the anchor and headed our little craft toward Cape Vincent.

I said you have no such thing as sunrise in the city, and I now say you have no sunset. True, the sun even of the city goes down out of the sky and darkness follows, but it is a simple change from the glare and blaze and heat of the burning sunlight to the stagnant, somber, smothered swelter of a cheerless night. No brightness and glory light up the glowing west. No floating clouds radiant with silver, rimmed and circled with gold, hover above the horizon. No minarets and towers of light flash up from beyond the old woods, the hills, or the shoreless waters. No mantle of woven sunbeams lingers on the mountain peaks, in beautiful contrast with the gathering twilight of the valleys. No bright stars steal silently out into the sky, to sparkle and glow through all the night, holding their quiet watch during the still hours. No pleasant breeze comes dancing over the fields, bearing the odors of flowers, the freshness of the forest, and the fragrance of new-mown hay. You have day and night, sunlight and darkness, but the glorious sunrise and the more glorious sunset you do not have.

Angling in Canada.

QUEBEC, June 4.—Mr. Waggoner, of the New York Sun; Mr. J. W. Burdick, of Albany, general passenger agent of the Delaware and Hudson Railway, and Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, author of "The Habitant," have returned from a delightful outing among the trout lakes of the upper St. Maurice region, and report splendid sport, including a number of 4 and 5 lb. fish. Mr. W. H. Parker, of Lac a la Pêche, was in town to-day from the St. Maurice on his way to Lake St. John for ouananiche, where he expects to get about the earliest fishing of the year in the Grande Décharge. As a rule this fishing only opens about the 12th or 15th of June, but as the season is fully ten days earlier than usual all over Canada, there is little doubt that the fresh-water salmon in the Discharge is now on the lookout for insect food upon the surface of the water. The water of the lake has fallen considerably, and the fish have left the mouths of the Ouitchouan and Metabetchouan rivers, where, up to about a week ago, very large catches have been made ever since the ice left the surface of the lake. Mr. F. G. Gregory, of Syracuse, accompanied by Messrs. T. D. Wilken, A. T. Brown and L. C. Smith, returned from a most successful fishing expedition to the Triton Tract on Wednesday night. They spent a delightful holiday at Lac des Passes, where Mr. Gregory has a private camp. Their fly-fishing on this beautiful lake yielded them trout in abundance up to between 4 and 5 lbs. apiece. Mr. A. N. Cheney fished there with them for a few days, accompanied by his party of friends, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Walter Witherbee. Then they visited Lake Batiscan. The 9 lb. trout caught in this lake a year ago has not yet been duplicated there this season, but the party took some that were rather over 6 lbs. in weight, and a number of fish up to 4 lbs. took the fly greedily in the Lightning River, the outlet of Batiscan Lake, and in the lower waters of the Moise. The upper waters of this river, where Mr. Cheney had such a phenomenal take last autumn, were not visited by him on this trip. Mr. Cheney returned here last night, and left a few hours afterward for the Restigouche, accompanied by Mr. Burdick. They will fish for salmon at Runnymede.

The annual meeting of the Triton Club was held in the Chateau Frontenac here on Wednesday night, when Mr. Gregory, of Syracuse, was re-elected president. The whole of the membership shares of this club—150 in number—have now been taken up. Dr. Porter and friends returned last night from Kiskisink, delighted with the sport yielded so far this season upon their club limits. They found medium size fish quite plentiful.

Mr. Foland, of Philadelphia; Andrew Allan and Chas.

Hope, of Montreal, and Veasey Boswell and Edson Fitch, of Quebec, left on Thursday night on board the steamer Lord Stanley for their salmon pools on the Moise. This valuable property has been divided into shares of \$5,000 each. The Trinity River has been leased for this season by Mr. Morton Paton, of New York.

A splendid specimen of *fontinalis* weighing 5¾ lbs., and caught in the Montmorency River, was brought to town a few days ago. Dr. Ievers has been re-elected president. W. W. Henry, U. S. Consul, has been re-elected president of the Montmorency Fish and Game Club, and president of the St. Bernard Club.

Dr. Webb and Mr. Vanderbilt passed through Levis, opposite Quebec, this morning, en route for the Restigouche Salmon Club's headquarters at Metapedia. Mr. Harry Hollins and other friends preceded them by a day or two, and within the next few days all the salmon fishermen are expected to be upon their waters. The run of salmon on the north shore is already quite large, and the prospects are that the season will be a much better one than last year's.

Several members of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club, including Mr. John P. Elton, of Waterbury, Conn., will go down to their pools next week.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Several Kinds of Men in a Boat.

A SAGE once wisely remarked that to know a man you must fish with him out of the same boat. And no doubt many can look back upon fishing jaunts and safely say that there is much truth in the wise man's statement. Fishing, like politics, sometimes makes strange bed-fellows.

Take the fisherman, for instance, who hurries not to turn out at daylight, but calmly sleeps on and awakes at his usual hour. He steps outside his cabin, breathes in the ozone already tempered by the morning sun, gazes with glowing countenance upon the rippling surface of the lake, and scans the wood-crested line of shore, finding pleasure and natural beauty everywhere and in everything. He expatiates upon the loveliness of all nature, and quaffs the air and absorbs the scenery as if imbibing so much champagne. His breakfast finished, he smokes his cigar and enjoys it like one to whom the weed has long been denied. He takes his seat in the boat, after first methodically placing his rod and impedimenta safely under the seat, and we are swiftly propelled through the dancing water by the brawny arms of the oarsman.

The cry of a distant loon awakens a flood of memories in our friend, of former trips on Maine and Adirondack waters. The same old mocking, maniacal laugh that repeatedly has broken the forest stillness of the placid, moonlit lakes in times that are past.

Here comes a school of hurrying, scurrying minnows, chased by a hungry bass. They dart here and there, to the right and left and up in the air, anywhere out of the reach of the voracious fish, whose fin cuts the water like a knife as he snaps them up under full headway. This sets our friend unconsciously fumbling with his fly-book.

As we bowl along he discourses upon the habits of the bass and trout, compares their methods of striking and fighting, and gives what might be termed a lucid dissertation on game fish and their habits.

We are nearing the chosen ground and preparation for casting begins. Before our friend settles upon his cast of flies he gives calm and weighty consideration as to the wind, brightness of the day, state of the water, etc., and only selects his flies when he comes to the conclusion as to their perfect adaptation to all the circumstances and surroundings. He is in no hurry, although the surface at no great distance from the boat shows good-sized ripples now and then where a bass has come to the surface to suck down a struggling fly.

His deliberateness would prove exasperating to an impetuous novice were he to witness such methods. The leader, after patiently soaking, he tests again and again, examines the knots critically, sees that there is no give to the jointure made by gut and line, carefully smooths out his flies, and then with a practical turn of his wrist and sweep of his forearm sends the flies floating out through the crisp air to alight temptingly upon the water. A rise, a strike and a miss. He recovers his line, but does not cast again hurriedly over the spot where the fish went down. No. He takes the line in his left hand, carefully examines the flies as he dries them one by one on the flannel folds of his coat until they are fluffy and natural looking once more.

Again he casts with the same method and deliberation, and this time sets the hook. From the start the fish seems to have it all his own way, so slight and delicate is the strain that is put upon him. The bass dashes here and there, to the right and to the left, now deep down toward the bottom in search of some friendly snag or jutting rock, now again up into the air glistening in the morning sun like a miniature silvery meteor. And all this time our angler quietly and deliberately meets every turn of the gamy fish, passing comments on every move that the fish makes, and his reasons for making it as well.

It is a bass that will go but perhaps a little over 2 lbs., but he is handling it on a 50z. rod, and with such care and delicacy that a full quarter of an hour goes before he brings it to net. And as he holds it up to view he notes its beautiful color, markings and outlines, and calls attention to the difference between this small-mouthed bass and his cousin, the lazy, big-mouthed variety, all of which to the novice seems out of place and not to be classed as legitimate fishing. A waste of time, with the fish underlying the water around the boat and hungry for the flies. Why does he not loosen the fly from its jaw, set it on the string and again get down to business? But he counts this as being a great part of the fishing; in fact, with him the actual playing and landing of the fish are mere incidents of and by no means all of the fishing. In due course he dislodges the fly, strings the fish, lights a fresh cigar, scans the scenery as he complacently rings the air with smoke, and catechises the boatman on the varying depths of the lake, nature of the bottom, spring holes, etc., and when he thinks his flies are sufficiently sun-dried he casts again; and so it goes.

When dinner time comes, as the guide prepares the

fish for the pan, our fisherman, industrious and capable, soon has a model camp-fire going and the coffee kettle steaming. To see him enjoying that dinner of fried fish and hear him praising it above the efforts of a \$10,000 chef, is something to be experienced to be appreciated.

The dinner over he lends a ready hand in clearing up the debris, lights his cigar and saunters through the shady woods, at peace with all the world. He finds pleasure in and imparts information concerning every creeping plant and wild flower.

A ground sparrow flies up in the cool, shady distance. He marks the spot, a tiny mound, walks toward it and stooping down from under an overhanging clod of earth, discloses the nest and eggs of the fleeing bird, meanwhile reading a short lecture on sparrow ornithology.

The moss-covered rocks and trees afford him a subject to which he does full justice. And so the sultry hours of the day pass swiftly away in the cool restful woods with our companion quietly discoursing in a sort of soliloquy, imparting information and giving pleasure at every step.

At the suggestion of the boatman we try the bass again, as the afternoon fishing should now be at its best. The morning's experience is duplicated and the setting sun sees us quietly drifting toward home, casting as we go, and now and then landing a bass.

Our friend seems more interested in the gorgeous sunset, its resulting lights and shades along the shore, and the cloud effects upon the waters, than he does in his rod and line. The occasional leap of a bass from out the molten surface, scattering a golden spray as he falls back into the water, brings out exclamations of delight. As the shades of evening begin to fall and the call of the whip-poor-will is heard overhead, we reach the landing. Our trip is over. "Not a very big string," says our companion, as the struggling bass are lifted from the water. But what a delightful, a perfect day we have had. The fishing could not have been better to the reasonable man, or the surroundings more pleasant. He sums it up when he says that all the fun in fishing is not solely in the catching of the fish.

And now comes another fisherman, one of a party of four off for a Decoration Day fish.

The first preparation he makes toward the trip is the purchase of a fair-sized pocket-flask and an extra quart bottle of liquid bait, the others doing likewise. Rods and lines are looked after and deficiencies replenished, of course; but then they are mere necessary evils for the trip.

The longed-for afternoon of May 29 arrives and the train carries them along to the far-away lake. Securing seats in the smoker, before the first card is dealt number one insists that the crowd shall sample his brand of whisky, and around goes the bottle. It is a matter of two or three hours' ride before their destination is reached, and because of frequent passings of the various bottles after, between and during the deals, the boys are now flushed and somewhat hilarious. But they are out for a good time, and Decoration Day comes but once a year.

Arrived at their sleeping quarters out come the cards and the game goes on and keeps going until the crow of the cock, accompanied by the first rays of light in the far east, warn them of the coming day.

In due course they have eaten an unrelished and hurried breakfast, and pairing off a couple of oarsmen pilot them out on the lake. I do not get out upon the water until later, but when my guide has rowed me near enough I realize that they are well located, and that the bass are striking. The bleared eyes and bedraggled looks of the fishermen tell their own story. Everything seems to go wrong, and the oarsmen are in constant demand undoing back lashings, knots, snarls and proving themselves good Samaritans in a hundred ways to the befuddled boys. The fish are voracious and quickly take their proffered minnows, and at each strike the fun begins. A fish at one end of the line and a fool at the other was never better illustrated. The way those bass were yanked and hauled and the contortions through which the rods were put was a sight to see. And half the time they did not seem to know whether they were fast to a fish or to the boat's keel.

Under the warming influence of the sun first one and then another got drowsy, and it was not long before they were all lying in the bottom of the boats sound asleep. The oarsmen rowed them into a shady nook along the shore and they slept on.

And when the evening train carried these chaps home they had but few fish to show. But they all voted that they had had a roaring good time and never enjoyed a fishing trip more in their lives.

Then there is the fisherman who lives in a very halo of profanity. He is an uncomfortable companion to have in a boat. He curses his rod, his line, his reel, his hooks, his flies and even curses the bait. He curses his luck, he curses the fish if he makes a sturdy fight, and yet curses him if he does not fight. He curses the fish when he strikes him and again when he breaks loose. He curses the sun because it's too hot, and curses because there's either too much wind or no wind at all. Like the Abbot in Ingoldsby:

He cursed him with flies, he cursed him with bait;
From the scales on his tail to the crown of his pate;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of a muscalonge and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in striking, in biting, in gorging;
He cursed him in running, in jumping, in sulking;
He cursed him in swimming, in diving, in sounding;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to little surprise,
Not a fish seemed one penny the worse!

This fellow in a boat even for a day becomes tiresome, in fact decidedly unpleasant.

Again there is the nervous, impatient angler. Five minutes of unproductive casting over a likely pool, without an attempt to change his flies, decides him to move

on "where there are some fish." His constant order to the oarsman is to move the boat to the next pool.

He finds fault with everything, and every time he loses a fish through careless or unskillful handling he blames his rod, line, hooks, in fact everything but himself.

Nothing suits him and he succeeds in not only making himself miserable, but those in the boat with him as well.

And here is our kind friend who prides himself on the smallness of his fishing paraphernalia and ridicules the "junk" a fisherman takes into the boat with him. What's the use of it? A rod, line, reel and hook are all a fellow wants. He breaks his leader before he has been fishing fifteen minutes, and levies on your supply, which have cost you a dollar each. He next snags and loses his hook and again calls on you. He strikes a good, heavy fish and in no uncertain tones calls for your landing net. The string by which he secures his fish to the side of the boat comes out of your "junk." He thinks a spoon for a change would prove a killer, and selects one out of your stock. Finally he breaks his rod clean off at the second joint. It's an unsplieable break and without qualm or hesitancy he borrows your pet reserve rod.

The air-cushion seat, out of which you take so much comfort, and at which he laughed in the early morn as an effeminate piece of rubbish and truck, he borrows of you early in the afternoon "just to try it and see how it goes," and the consequent change and relief from the hard board seat is so pleasant that it soothes and quiets his memory into forgetfulness, and you find yourself doubling up your jacket on your seat to reduce the hardness until such times as his memory may return and get into working order.

Then there is our wise and knowing friend who knows more about the lake and stream in five minutes than is known to our guide, who has paddled in it almost from the hour of his birth.

He will tell the guide where to go to get on sandy bottom, he will mark out the most likely place for a spring hole where the trout should be, he'll point to the distant shore and offhand select the most likely spot to camp and dine. He even essays to correct the guide's style of rowing, and succeeds generally in creating no end of argument and ruffling the temper of the guide to its limit.

Then there is the expert who essays to be a critic, and while doing little himself in the way of correct or scientific fishing, criticises your every move and action. When Dame Fortune proves fickle and you lose the fish you have been playing, he then, like Mack Tapley, "comes out strong." Many are the good and valid reasons given you for the mishap and you are informed of them with a positiveness that can leave no doubt as to where the fault rests. Our critical friend quickly tries one's patience and temper sadly, and soon tempts a fellow to invite him to go to Hades, and you fall into temptation—and then comparative quiet reigns for the rest of the day. Nor yet are they all included in the above, in the experience of my readers undoubtedly "there are others."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, June 3.—H. L. Buss, of the Chamber of Commerce, is at home again from a very enjoyable and fairly successful fishing trip to the St. Croix waters in Maine. In the party were also H. L. Pike and daughter, of Medford, and D. J. Puffer, wife and daughter, of Boston. They had pretty good fishing, landing a good many trout and several salmon. Mr. Buss is much pleased with landlocked salmon fishing, though, as is almost always the case, he lost his biggest salmon, his majesty having leaped entirely out of the water several times, and at last succeeded in breaking the hook. Mr. Frank Wise, also of the Chamber of Commerce, returned Tuesday from his fishing trip to Nova Scotia. He was accompanied by Mr. Charlie Boss, of Connecticut. These gentlemen have camped and fished together for several seasons. This time they went to Tusket River. Their route was from Boston to Yarmouth by boat, thence to Brazil Station by train, and thence to Tusket River, at the point they proposed to fish, some twelve miles by buckboard. All of the buckboard road is hard and smooth, except a mile or two, and the ride a very enjoyable one. They took all the trout they wanted, finding them to come to the fly freely. In swift water the trout were particularly lively; ranging in weight from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. They "camped out" for several nights, for the pleasure of it, the weather being fine, though rather warm.

The success of the Allerton Lodge fishing party, Lake Mooselucmagantic, has been something remarkable, and adds another triumph to the Rangeley system as king of the trout waters of the world. Mooselucmagantic Lake is certainly the leader of that system this year in the magnitude of the catches recorded. The Allerton Lodge party took in all 183 fish, the united weight of which was 354 lbs. This was done in eight days' fishing by a party of eight sportsmen. All the party claim that they did not fish very hard, though spending some time on the water. No very large fish were taken, though several weighed from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The fish were all trout with the exception of four salmon; one of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and the others of 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. This year the party included Col. E. B. Haskell, Col. H. T. Rockwell, John E. Hall, H. A. Priest, D. F. Appel, G. W. Russel, John A. Lowell and F. L. Felton. Messrs. Haskell, Rockwell, Priest and Lowell have visited the same location for several years, but have rarely found the fishing quite equal to this year. Mr. Haskell, who has been visiting the Rangeleys annually for many years, believes that the fishermen are now reaping the results of the many acres of new feeding grounds the flowage of the lakes has made for the trout. Others claim that, under restocking, the fishing in the Rangeley system is annually growing better. It is certain that more fishermen are visiting these lakes, and that the strings last year were large, and this year larger.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Sweet, of Boston, are at the Rangeleys for a few weeks. Mrs. Sweet has had the

good fortune to land a salmon weighing $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—a good one for those waters. Late reports say that the salmon fishing is better in Rangeley Lake, and that the promises are as good as last year, when a great many were taken.

Mr. W. F. Sturtevant, of Springfield, Mass., who has been fishing the Rangeley waters for some days, as has been his custom for many seasons, had a very novel experience at Rangeley Lake the other day. While trolling for a 15 lb. salmon, with his guide, Will Huntoon, they sighted a deer swimming across the lake. Giving chase they soon overtook it, when the guide, seizing it by the ears, soon had it in the boat. Pulling for camp with their prize, they landed him on the grounds of the Rangeley Lake House, where all the guests, as well as employees, had a good look at the beautiful creature. When all had admired his catch to their satisfaction, Mr. Sturtevant told the guide to let him go. With a few most graceful bounds the deer was quickly in the grove near the hotel.

June 6.—Fishing at Moosehead is reported to be holding out better than ever. The rainy weather is believed to be favorable, though not so pleasing to the fishermen. Mr. Frank S. Harrison returned Friday from a month of excellent fishing at Moosehead. He was located a part of the time at Capen's Deer Island. He brought out two beautiful fish, which he showed in Appleton & Bassett's window Saturday. The pair, weighing 4 lbs. each, were a brook trout and a landlocked salmon. The trout was a good one for Moosehead, and the salmon shows that the restocking done there is bearing fruit. Mr. Harrison also took a lake trout of 20 lbs. weight.

Mr. Thomas Baxter, one of the "high divers" at the recent Boston Sportsmen's Exhibition, is a great lover of the trout rod. He has started for Machias waters with his old guide, Scott. He will camp out most of the time, visiting a number of trout waters in the wilderness.

Mr. A. S. Woodworth, with Mr. Kidder and a couple of New York friends, is absent at the Rangeleys for his spring fishing trip. They will visit Billy Soule's and other noted points. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Crane have left Round Mountain Lake for the Upper Dam, where they hope to take one of those big trout for which that locality is noted. At Round Mountain they had all the fly-fishing for small trout they could ask for. Mr. Crane speaks in the highest terms of the fly-fishing at that point, and says that it is improving.

Mr. W. C. Hemmenway reports some good brook fishing at Nashua, N. H. He went out the other day, with his little boy of eight years, to a brook not over two miles from the city, and took twenty-seven trout, nineteen of which he returned to the water again. The boy caught two, at which he was greatly delighted. Mr. Hemmenway says that the brooks in that section afford particularly good fishing this year, the continued rains having kept the water high and given the trout a chance to run up from the larger waters. He believes that he could take a larger string by fishing some of the streams through the meadows in that vicinity.

Mr. E. C. Stevens is back from his first pickerel fishing trip to Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., this season. He was accompanied by Mr. N. M. Markwell and a friend from New York. They found the water high and the weather cold, hence their success was not great, though they took two pickerel of 8 and $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight, and a lake trout of 4 lbs. It seems that Lake Dunmore is particularly noted for the large pickerel it affords.

Continued good reports of the fishing at the Rangeleys are coming. At the Upper Dam fly-fishing is beginning in good earnest. T. B. Stewart, there for his fifteenth season, has taken several good ones on the fly. Mr. Charles Davis, of New York, has taken on the fly a trout of 4 lbs. Mr. Freeland Howe, of Norway, Me., has just taken a fine salmon of 6 lbs. Warren Page, of Salem, Mass., took a string of trout the other day weighing respectively $7\frac{1}{2}$, 4 and 3 lbs., with several of 2 lbs. weight. The catch of Mr. Phinney, already noted in the FOREST AND STREAM, in part, proves to have been the most remarkable on record at the Upper Dam. Mr. Phinney's first catch was three trout of 7, $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight. The next day Messrs. Phinney and Gormley took four trout weighing $7\frac{1}{4}$, 6, 6 and 4 lbs. Mr. A. E. Lincoln, of Boston, has taken two trout of $7\frac{1}{4}$ and $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Prof. J. F. Moody took a trout of 4 lbs., one of 3 lbs. and one of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and fishing from the same boat Miss Madie Moody took one of 3 lbs., all in a few hours' fishing. The next day he made a record of twenty-seven trout, the largest $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; returning more than a quarter of the number to the water.

At Rangeley Lake the salmon fishing is reported good. Mr. W. F. Sturtevant has taken a 9 lb. salmon, and Mrs. Sturtevant one of 8 lbs. Mrs. Sturtevant has also recently taken a trout of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Mr. E. C. Astby has taken two salmon of $7\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight; G. C. Graves, a $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; F. A. Field, a $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; O. I. Wellman, two $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; A. S. Woodworth, a $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and a 3 lb. trout; J. B. Smith, a 7 lb. salmon and a $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout; W. C. Miller, a 7 lb. salmon; B. D. Sweet, a $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon.

At Newfound Lake the fishing has continued good, though the season is nearly over. Walter Merrill, of East Hebron, has taken the largest trout of the week, weighing 12 lbs. He is closely followed by J. W. Slaven, of Boston, with one of $11\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Charles E. Rounds, of Bristol, has landed a trout of 5 lbs. and one of 4 lbs. Elwyn Robie has taken one of 5 lbs. A party of Massachusetts anglers took home eight good fish Thursday. John F. Maynard and B. G. Coburn, a couple of local anglers of Plymouth, took over 100 trout in one day from Orange Hill Brook the other day. The brook is in Hebron.

SPECIAL.

"Forest and Stream" Information Bureau.

WE shall be glad to supply information relative to desirable shooting and fishing resorts; and readers of FOREST AND STREAM may consider themselves always at liberty to apply to us for such aid as we can give in directing to regions worth visiting.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Fish Laws.

June 4.—A little bit of official correspondence has just come under my notice, in which the State Fish and Game Commission of Minnesota goes after Mr. H. G. McCartney, proprietor of Kabekona Camp, on Woman Lake, Minn. President Timberlake, of the Minnesota Commission, addresses Mr. McCartney the following letter, which at least shows that the commission is good and alive to what is going on, though perhaps there may be some misapprehension of unintentional nature in some regards:

"St. Paul, Minn., June 2.—H. G. McCartney, Esq., 125 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sir: The attention of this commission has been called to the fishing point near Leech Lake, in Cass county in this State, known as 'Kabekona Camp,' where it is said little attention is paid to the laws of this State regulating the taking of fish. We are informed that fish are taken there by the different guests of this camp in large quantities, and very few of them are utilized; further, that the catch of different parties is away in excess of that allowed by law each day. It is more than probable that these violations of the law are through ignorance on the part of the gentlemen who use this privilege. I have before me a prospectus of this place wherein is printed as an evidence of the remarkably good fishing there, that two gentlemen from New York and Boston caught 313 bass in one day. The law of this State permits only the taking of fifty fish each day by one person. Furthermore, we are informed that attempts have been made to ship fish out of the State from this point. This is also contrary to the law.

"I hand you herewith a copy of the game and fish laws of this State, and would suggest that in order to save trouble or annoyance to the guests of this camp, that information in regard to the laws be generally distributed. Yours very truly,

W. S. TIMBERLAKE, Pres't."

To this letter Mr. McCartney has made the following reply:

"Chicago, June 4.—Mr. W. S. Timberlake, President Game and Fish Commission, St. Paul, Minn.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 2d inst. in regard to Kabekona Camp just received. In answer I wish first to show my position in this matter. I have been, and am now, one of the strongest believers of game and fish protection. At the time I opened this place I had cards printed giving the game and fish law as given in book enclosed with your letter to me. Also a personal request to all guests to return to the water all fish that they could not use, or that could not be used by the camp. This card you will find posted on the door of every room at the camp. Now, as to the result: With a list of 125 visitors last year, I had no trouble to enforce this rule, and if I had found any one who did not wish to respect my wishes in this matter, he would have been given to understand that his patronage was not wanted in the future. Take the catch of Mr. Raisbeck and Mr. Hefron, which you mention as having seen in my folder. Out of the 313 bass caught, only six were killed, and they were not wasted, for they were used at the camp. You very much mistake these gentlemen if you for a moment believe they would be guilty of such a wanton destruction of fish. Mr. W. W. Leonard, 1102 Lumber Exchange Building, Minneapolis, who knows both these gentlemen, knows the above to be the facts and will gladly say so if you call to see him or write him. Then again, I will enclose one of my folders, and mark note at the end of page 3. Perhaps you have overlooked it, or perhaps you did not believe the man who wrote it. Should the latter be the case, you are much mistaken. If you will stop to think that a fishing resort without fish would be a failure, you can at once see that it is to our interest to keep the fishing as good as it is now, and for as long a time as possible.

"As to shipping fish out of the State, your law allows fifty fish to be taken by any one person, if he has caught them for his own use and accompanies them. This has been the only way fish have been sent, and the only way they will be sent from this camp. You will notice in Section 29 that the law says 'the killing' of more than fifty fish in one day by one person. I admit the catching of more than fifty fish by guests, but not the killing, and as long as I can control this camp no such thing will be permitted, and if done, will not be repeated the second time by the same person. Your information of this camp and its policy has been furnished you by some one who either does not know the facts, or knowing them mistakes them, wishing in this way to make trouble.

"Hoping this will place myself and the Kabekona Camp in the right with you, and that I may hear from you again in this matter, I remain yours truly,

H. G. McCARTNEY."

I do not know what construction the Minnesota Commission intends to place upon the term "taking" of fish, but I do know, and I am sure that Mr. Timberlake will be glad to hear it, that Mr. McCartney always has and always will live up to what the commission decides is the law. When Mr. McCartney first started his camp out in Minnesota, it was largely for his own personal pleasure, he being free of need to make it earn expenses. He came into the FOREST AND STREAM office, and we both agreed upon the wisdom of establishing the custom among the guests of returning to the water all the fish not capable of use at the camp or legitimate carriage to the home of the angler. This was spoken of as the only sportsmanlike and the only wise thing to do, for the remembrance of the wilful waste along the early Wisconsin muscallunge waters was ever present. There is not and never will be any fish "graveyard" around Kabekona Camp, and the chief interest taken in that resort lies in the fact that the distinct effort at that place, far beyond the average custom in such places, has been to live up to the law, and not to ask for customers who wish to break the law. Last summer one of the guests killed two fawns illegally, and he received such a talking to about it that he will accept the invitation never to come there again. This season I know that Mr. McCartney has told more than one intending guest here not to carry a rifle into camp at all, as he does not want any shooting or preparations for shooting. You can not get up a

secret summer deer shining party at that camp as you can at many others in the pine wood country. Mr. McCartney freely admits the number of fish taken, but does not think the fishing was thus injured, since probably 90 per cent. of the fish were returned and are alive to-day. All this is of interest in that it goes to add a word of commendation to an enterprise which has been conceived on sportsmanlike lines, and I do not think there will ever be any quarrel between the owner of this place and the Minnesota State Commission, because they both want to observe the law and preserve the fish and game, and this without reservation or pretense. I personally know Mr. McCartney is all right on this matter, and will guarantee him to the commission. If the laws are broken after he knows the ruling of the law, it will never be by his connivance or consent. I have rather taken interest in this camp because it is run most strictly in this regard. The hogs and the destroyers are not wanted there, and are asked not to come again. Under the care of the State Commission and of the owner of the resort, I hope that it will be many a year before the great angling resources in this last great muscallunge country are exhausted. It is to be hoped that every resort, in Minnesota or Wisconsin, will follow the example set at Kabekona, and have the surplus fish returned to the water and never wasted. If the commission sets the limit for "taking" at fifty fish, the limit of fifty fish will be tacked on the Kabekona doors and Kabekona creed. Mr. McCartney thinks that a fish is not "taken" when it is left alive in the water.

Wisconsin Bass are Biting.

Bass fishing in the lakes of the Oconomowoc group, Wis., has been unusually good for the past week or more. Dr. Morgan, with his friends, E. Holstein and Wallace Kellogg, on May 29 landed a pike weighing 26lbs. Mr. W. O. Holstein, with two friends, E. E. Olson and John Gallagher, caught sixty-three pickerel in Okauchee Lake, and in the same water twenty-five good bass were taken by Messrs. Harry Brown, William Nash and Ed. Butcher. Messrs. Joseph Toussaint and John Schleuter, of Watertown, caught a good string of bass on May 26 in Lac La Belle. Messrs. James Newbaum and Henry Meyer caught forty-three bass last Thursday in Oconomowoc Lake. Messrs. August Zinn and Bradley Young caught fifty bass on the same day in Lake Okauchee. Messrs. F. H. Hill and Hiram Parker, of Chicago, caught forty-two bass last Thursday in Oconomowoc Lake. In Beaver Lake Mr. C. G. Fox, of Milwaukee, caught fourteen bass during the afternoon of last Thursday. In Pine Lake, on the same day, Mr. Henry Tornow, of Milwaukee, caught thirty-one bass. A great many small-mouth bass were included in the above fine catches.

On May 29 Messrs. O. Hartwright and Fred Peters, of Chicago, took twenty-five bass and pickerel on Nashotah Lake, Wis.

Personal advices from Fox Lake, Wis., state that the fishing there is better than it has been for a number of years. The black bass are taking the frog in great shape. Dr. Hitchcock took ten nice bass, by bait casting, last Wednesday afternoon.

The angling about Lake Winnebago, Wis., is now in full progress, and reports come that not for many years have so many bass and pike been taken. These are big waters and it requires, of course, an expert knowledge of the feeding grounds in the lake to meet the best success. I remember that once in fishing Winnebago Lake myself, we had to feel around nearly all day before we finally located the bass, but when we did so the sport was very pretty.

Lake Geneva, Wis., comes forward with a pretty good fish for the beginning of the season. Mr. Charles Lull, of Milwaukee, on May 30 caught a great northern pike in that lake whose weight was 22lbs. The fish measured 3ft. 5in. in length. All the lakes above mentioned, with exception of Winnebago Lake, are located in the lower part of the State of Wisconsin, on about the same latitude as the celebrated Waukesha county chain of lakes. There is no lovelier country out of doors than that lying about these waters, and the latter are fished persistently season after season by the thousands of summer people who flock thither from the cities. Yet the bass fishing is still good at times, and nearly every year we hear of one or two of these big pike being taken here or there in some one of the scattered but not yet exhausted waters of this pleasant region.

Wisconsin Muscallunge.

Mr. Fay L. Buck, of Manitowish, Wis., writes me that the muscallunge have begun taking the spoon in good shape in the Manitowish and Turtle Lake chains. Beginning May 25, Mr. Cathcart, of Sidell, Ill., in four days' fishing, took fifteen muscallunge, the largest weighing 9lbs. In one day he caught forty-five black bass averaging 2¾lbs. in weight. Mr. Harvey Prest, of the Milwaukee Normal School, with a party of three friends, caught twenty muscallunge in four days, the largest fish weighing 23lbs. They caught wall-eyed pike in any number, and took twenty bass, the largest of which weighed 4¾lbs. Mr. Ericsson, of Milwaukee, caught a muscallunge weighing 26lbs., and twenty muscallunge have been reported whose weight ran over 10 and 12lbs. These fish were taken by guests of the resorts of George W. Buck and son, on the Turtle and Manitowish waters. From all the above it may be seen that the fishing season is now on in full force for Wisconsin, and no one need delay his fishing trip any longer.

Illinois Fishing.

In the lakes of the Fox Lake system, in upper Illinois, both bass and pickerel have been biting in great shape for the past week. In Sand Lake a 12lb. pike was taken and several pike running over 10lbs. In Fourth Lake one bass was taken last week whose weight was 5¾lbs. In Slough Lake a 5½lb. bass was taken. Good strings of smaller fish have also been numerous. If you are chained to business, read FOREST AND STREAM, but if you are not, go fishing.

In the Grand Calumet River, on May 30, Messrs. Houston and Ferguson, of the Calumet Heights Club, took several nice pike, the largest weighing 8½lbs.

The Largest Wisconsin Trout.

Mr. Edwin F. Daniels, president of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, writes me a personal letter and raises my biggest Wisconsin trout 8oz. He will allow me to use his letter, which reads:

"I notice that in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM you mention a Mr. Merryman as having caught a 5lb. rainbow trout in Iron River, and you add that it is the largest trout you have heard of having been taken in that vicinity.

"I joined the Gaylord Club something like two years ago, but had my first experience there about the 1st of May. We were a little early; the fish were not rising very well to the fly. On the first day of our arrival, which was Saturday, April 30, one of our party, Mr. R. A. Shailer, caught in Trout Lake (the location of which I believe you are familiar with) a rainbow trout which tipped the scales at 5lbs. 8 oz. strong. We were all incredulous when the weight was first announced and we did not fully accept it until it had been proven by three different scales. This being a little bit better in weight than the one you mention, I thought I would call your attention to it.

"I saw on the register of the club that you had been a visitor there in the not very distant past. One memorandum showed that on a certain day you had caught a number of bass (I will not expose you by giving the number) in Moon Lake. Your notation also stated that it was 'fun, fast and furious.'"

I remember my trip to the Gaylord Club very well, and my recollection is that I caught twenty-five bass in the course of my fishing one afternoon on Moon Lake. That was the time the two Indians thought my fly-rod would break if I caught a big bass, yet it did not, and the bass were more eager to strike at the fly at that place than I think I have ever seen them in my experience. They were plunging and splashing around at the edge of the lily pads in perfect schools. It is great fun to catch big bass on a little rod.

Michigan Bass.

Early advices state that Paw Paw Lake, a famous bass water of the lower part of the southern peninsula of Michigan, is going to be exceptionally good this season, and all those who go below the head of Lake Michigan for their bass fishing will do well to keep this water in mind. I should be very much obliged if Michigan readers of FOREST AND STREAM would give me reports of angling waters in that State, where I have not traveled nearly so much as I should have liked. It is a wonderful angling country.

Tarpon Club of Texas.

There was organized at Dallas, Texas, on June 1 the Tarpon Club, of Tarpon, Texas. A contract has been given for a club house, which will be built on the Gulf coast, near Rockport, Texas. This magnificent sporting mansion will be thrown open next September. Membership of the club will number 300, 100 of whom are Texas residents. Dispatches to the daily press state that the wealth of the membership of the Tarpon Club reaches into the hundreds of millions. Among the members are President McKinley, ex-President Grover Cleveland, United States Senator M. A. Hanna, of Ohio; Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania; Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis, and others of equal distinction. The Board of Directors chosen here to-day for the first year is composed of the following fishermen: E. H. R. Green, of Texas; Banker Van Blarcom, of St. Louis; State Senator E. H. Houston, of San Antonio; ex-Mayor W. C. Connor, of Dallas.

It would appear that the tarpon fishing of Aransas Pass, Texas, which has been so often mentioned in these columns as the best found anywhere in the country, has at last attained the social recognition which it deserves.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Fishing in Northern New York.

ESSEX, N. Y., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The summer angling season in the deep water portion of Lake Champlain, around Westport and Essex and northward, is just beginning. A few wall-eyed pike and pickerel have been caught in rooff. of water off Split Rock, and small catches of perch are commonly reported. These perch run large, and a little later when they begin biting freely they will furnish lots of fun to ordinary anglers, and possibly a thrill or two to the expert.

Old Joe Gardiner, a local celebrity at Whallon's Bay, who moved to Vermont a year or two ago, reported the fishing in Little Otter Creek good a week ago.

The creeks warm up sooner than the deep waters of the lake, and the earliest fishing is generally in or about the mouths of these streams.

In the Eastern Adirondacks there were some good catches of trout the first week of the season, but the frequent rains have hurt the fishing since then. The Giant's Washbowl, two miles from the head of Keene Valley, which was stocked by guides six or eight years ago, has produced some remarkably fine trout this spring. Scarcely more than a stone's throw away, but 1,000ft. nearer the sea level, is Chapel Pond, from which good trout are also taken.

While in Keene Valley the other day, I heard that early in the season some California trout were seen on a spawning bed in Beede Brook, near its juncture with the Au Sable River. These trout averaged 1½lbs. in weight. The local fishermen knew of their presence, but no one could catch them, as they refused the various kinds of bait offered, and fortunately no one knew of the one infallible way of taking spawning fish.

Finally a young man, ignorant of the fact that he was breaking the law, shot four of the trout. His innocence of evil intent was conclusively shown by the fact that he exhibited the fish afterward, and boasted of the manner in which he had killed them. When he was told that he was liable to a heavy fine he was very much taken aback. The number of persons he had told made it certain that the news of his exploit would reach the ears of Game Constable Fletcher Beede, and with native shrewdness he did the best thing that could be done

under the circumstances and went and informed on himself, and in this way succeeded in very materially reducing his fine.

The Newcomb correspondent of the Essex County Republican, who signs herself "Kate," writes under date of May 2: "Fishing is excellent, ducks plenty, venison. Call and see us." The game constable is likely to be the first caller on this invitation. The lady has a good thing in illegal game, but she has the feminine failing and can't keep her secret. J. B. B.

Fresh-Water Pearls in the United States.

[Read by George F. Kneib before the Fisheries Congress at Tampa, Fla.]
(Concluded from page 454.)

Natural and Artificial Replenishment of the Fresh-Water Mussels.

The inquiry as to whether the exhausted beds recover, and in what time, is closely connected with the preceding one. It is unanswered in 22 of the papers, and 7 others report no knowledge or opinion on the subject. Sixty-four replies are given, of which several are indefinite or conjectural. Out of about 60 papers, therefore—or about two-thirds of the whole—the following data are taken: Sixteen report the belief that the beds are replenished from year to year; 4 in one or two years; 3 in two or three years; and 4 in four years; 4 name periods between four and eight years, and 6 between six and twelve years, and 1 gives twenty years, 1 twenty-five, and 2 estimate the recovery as requiring a century or more; 3 papers say that many years are necessary; 5 say "a few," or "soon;" 2 report no exhaustion as noticed; and 6 report no recovery; 4 papers are indefinite or uncertain; 2 of the papers that give estimated date for recovery do so with an expression of doubt ("if at all," "if ever") as to whether it really occurs. The Tennessee paper before referred to says that the shells return each year, but in less numbers. As it is customary, more or less, to leave the young and small shells, the question resolves itself largely into two, viz., how far have they been carefully spared, and how long does it take them to retain their growth? This probably differs in different species, as it is estimated in some of the answers, and it may also be influenced by various external conditions. The Tennessee paper estimates the recovery as slow from the fact, previously brought out very markedly, that the young shells are those that are most exposed to all natural enemies and accidents. The New York paper, which thinks that there is no recovery, states that few young shells are found. A Texas pearly says that the young shells are found in two years, but contain no pearls. One (mentioned under the last head) says that many beds are recovering by the growth of the young that were left before. On the other hand, in Indiana one states that when a bed has been worked out plenty are found the next season; and an Iowa pearly reports young shells abundant everywhere. One Tennessee answer gives a very fair average statement to the effect that the beds recover every season, and would perhaps recover entirely in a few years if not molested.

National and State Protection.

The concluding inquiry, as to whether State protection of the beds is desirable or necessary, is answered with more or less definiteness in 73 papers; and as might be expected on such a subject, with much diversity; 46 of the responses see no need or advantage from protection, and 23 favor it; 1 or 2 fail to understand the purpose of the question clearly; and some hold that while not necessary now, it may be so in the future; 2 or 3 say that it would be difficult or impracticable. A few of the answers may be referred to more particularly. Of those that do not favor protection, 2 (Michigan and New York No. 1) think it not worth while or desirable to preserve the Unios, the latter curiously remarking that "the water would be purer without them;" and one Tennessee fisherman seems to hold a similar view, saying that protection is not desirable, though it is necessary to the preservation of the shells. Tennessee No. 74, failing to appreciate the question involved, opposes protection "because pearls bring in a great deal of money, and the mussels are of no use;" 2 or 3 think that the shells are inexhaustible and in no danger of extinction. One of those that favor the suggestion, Indiana No. 2, says that it would be well if no shells were taken for five years. The Ohio paper advocates it "if the mussels are to be preserved." A Tennessee paper alludes to the value of the shells for pearl buttons as a reason for protection; Tennessee Nos. 32 and 33 advocate a limitation as to not opening young shells.

The whole question is curiously suggestive of the similar conditions in respect to forestry and lumbering—the apparently inexhaustible natural supply; the reckless prodigality and waste of such resources by man; the rapid diminution and impending extinction, which it would require years of labor to restore; the foresight and remonstrance of the few, and the indifference or opposition of the many, as to any limitation or protection designed to preserve the natural resources; and the ease with which they could be preserved by a few simple and intelligent modes of management, once established and made familiar to the people; and the pressing importance of some such action in place of the *post nos silvium* at present prevailing.

Approximate Yield of Pearls.

Only a few approximate figures can be given. The total production of pearls may be summed up as follows: First, 1856 excitement, \$50,000, worth to-day at least four times that amount; second, 1868 excitement, \$50,000 worth; third, 1889 Wisconsin excitement, perhaps \$300,000 worth; the Tennessee fisheries, \$100,000; Kentucky, \$10,000; Texas, \$20,000; Arkansas, \$35,000 single pearls found in the past year, selling for over \$1,000, many over \$100 and \$200.

The great importance and value of a rural population obtaining ready money so easily as by pearling cannot be overestimated, and is a great boon to the pearl-ers in

the payment of taxes, interest, and for such things as only money will buy; therefore the protection of the pearling interests is one of great importance, as it opens up a new, and if properly regulated an industry in which the product can always be sold for spot cash.

To conclude, it is interesting to note a few of the Fraudulent and Accidental Intermixtures with Pearls.

In the small lots and packages of pearls that are sent to commercial centers for purchase or valuation and sale, quite a variety of foreign objects are found, some of which have evidently been introduced with fraudulent intent, while others have gotten among the pearls accidentally. Among the former are regular artificial pearls, i. e., hollow beads of thin glass, filled with wax or other composition; also ground pieces of pearly shell or attached pearls that have been cut from the valve and rounded and polished on the defective side.

Frequently the round, hard lens of a fish's eye. In the second class may be mentioned natural growths found in the shell, resembling brown pearls translucent, and consisting not of nacre, but of concholine—the material of the hinge and ligament. These are sometimes handsome and lustrous; and occasionally iridescent, but of course are not pearls, and have no commercial value.

A third class, of doubtful character, consists of metallic objects that sometimes strongly resemble pearls, and may have been introduced either by intention or accident. Such are small shot and steel spheres from "ball bearings;" these, when bright, look much like the darker and lighter gray pearls respectively, and are frequently encountered.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 4.—The developments of a week have been of a most pleasant nature as regards coast fishing. Bass and kingfish have been taken in abundance at all the favorite points except Asbury Park pier. While usually that is a most fruitful spot, strange to say not a single bass has been caught there, and but few kingfish have been taken. At Deal Beach, Belmar, Avon and Manasquan the catches have been good, and the fish all fine in size and condition. The largest, 18lbs., fell to the rod of Mr. Robotham at Belmar. Weakfish too have come into the surf, which is a most remarkable fact, as it is a most unusual occurrence at this season of the year. The continued east winds have made the influence of the Gulf Stream felt along the coast, and that fact no doubt accounts for the presence of weakfish and bluefish, as several of both species have been taken from the beach and piers the last few days.

Barneget has been fairly alive with bluefish, but they have dropped out to sea again, only temporarily it is to be hoped. Never have prospects for a fine season been more promising, and as long as the pound net business can be kept in abeyance the condition will continue.

I repeat what I have often said before, that at most points along the coast the procuring of bait is a most uncertain matter. This I do in the face of a howl, which has been raised against such expressions. I think I can appreciate the disappointment of the angler who, having traveled a long distance, reaches his destination to find confronting him the situation, no bait to be had. As a pointer I will repeat that at Asbury Park, Avon and Belmar bait is usually plentiful and to be had at reasonable prices; while the Shrewsbury, Deal Beach, Barneget and Manasquan are ever sources of disappointment to the man who unwisely depends on procuring his bait at his destination. LEONARD HULIT.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the score of our third contest for the season, held to-day:

	Long distance and acc'y, fly, feet.	Distance and acc'y, Per cent.	Accuracy and del'cy, Per cent.	Bait-casting, Per cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	110	91 2-3	92 1-3	79 2-5
L. I. Blackman	71 2-5
C. F. Brown	87 3-5
F. B. Davidson.....	73 2-3	..	87 1-2	97
B. W. Goodsell	103	86	88	79 3-5
H. Greenwood	80
H. G. Hascal	97	79 2-3	..	84 2-5
N. C. Heston	80 1-3	89 5-6	92
E. R. Letterman	75 1-3	..	91
G. A. Murrell	83	78 1-3	89	91 4-5
H. A. Newkirk	84 2-3	86 1-2	92
F. N. Peet	111	88	93 1-2	82 4-5
E. A. Renwick	88	83	86 1-6	70 2-5
J. M. Rogers	77 3-5
G. W. Salter	85 1-5
A. C. Smith	94 3-5
E. H. Strong	84 1-5
G. W. Strell	73	73 1-3	..	83
J. E. Strong	90	86 2-3	84 2-3	81 1-5

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, F. B. Davidson; accuracy and delicacy, F. N. Peet; bait casting, F. B. Davidson. G. A. MURRELL, Sec'y.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ESSEX, N. Y., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The perch have begun biting well in Lake Champlain. Yesterday Will Fisher caught eighty-six from Mother's Rock in a little over half a day. According to the almanac sign it was a perch day, but Fisher never found this out till he had gotten home and had advice on the subject. If he had known beforehand that the signs were so propitious he would have taken along more bait and caught more fish. As it was his bait ran out while there was plenty of daylight left, and the perch were still hungry.

I asked him what the almanac sign for good fishing was, but Fisher couldn't say. All he knew was that people who consulted the almanac told him that yesterday and to-day were marked as good fishing days.

Either the news of Fisher's catch or the forecast of the almanac reached the ears of the fishermen in this part of the world to-day, for driving over to the "Burgh" this afternoon I met first one double-seated wagon with five men in it and five long cane poles projecting behind, and then four more buggies with two men and two poles to each. The perch are in for it. If they know anything about signs they will strike out for deep water.

J. B. B.

A Big Adirondack Lake Trout.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from our local paper of yesterday, which reads: "Col. John J. Yost and Warren Miller returned last evening from a several days' stay at Piseco Lake, bringing with them something over 100lbs. of trout. Many of the old fishermen of this vicinity, who were inclined to be skeptical concerning the reported catch of a salmon trout weighing 26lbs. by Messrs. Yost and Miller, can now satisfy themselves of the accuracy of the story published to that effect in the Republican several days since, by visiting Quackenbush's market on West State street, where the big catch is now on exhibition. This is the largest salmon trout taken from Piseco in over fifteen years. It measures 40in. in length, 23in. in girth and weighs 26¾lbs. The trout was caught by Col. Yost, assisted by Mr. Miller, both of whom had quite a struggle in landing the big fellow. The fishing season at Piseco opens very promising this year, and although it is not expected that many such catches as the Johnstownians made will be reported, yet all who have been there this year report good luck."

The account is correct in every way. I saw the fish weighed and measured and will vouch for it. We get a good many large trout, but this is the largest for twenty years. Piseco Lake is in Hamilton county, near Lake Pleasant. C. M. R.

"Fishing Up and Down the Potomac."

AN unfortunate transposition of type marred the paper with this title last week; and as Mr. Talbott's chapters will bear reading more than once, we trust that readers will review this one, and do the author and themselves the justice of following the paragraphs as he wrote them. The six paragraphs beginning "When the last fish scow had been towed," and ending "the largest, something over 2lbs.," should follow the seventh paragraph from the beginning, i. e., after the line "water without an instant's hitch or delay."

Weakfish in Princess Bay.

WEAKFISHING is reported good in Princess Bay, Staten Island, the fish running 80 and 90 to a boat. One specimen taken the other day tipped the scales at 5¾lbs.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 8.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Some Gordons.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 21.—A visit this afternoon to our annual dog show naturally suggests dogs; in fact, I am full of dog. The music of 500 or 600 dogs all going at once in protest, voicing their disgust at their confinement, and being objects of rivalry, becomes monotonous, and makes a dog show really a penance that only one's love of dogs can endure; but the conditions and object being unexplained to the dogs themselves, they can't see why they should be chained up for a week and decorated with ribbons, and they take no pride in the fact that the color may be blue.

A dog show always ends in dissatisfaction with those owners who do not get the first prizes, and they animadvert on the awards of the judges. Nine out of every ten go home mad, swearing that the judges are chumps. The office is as thankless as that of an umpire of a baseball game or prize fight. The judges in the present case were two gentlemen imported from the East, and seemed conscientious and disinterested in their awards, yet every exhibitor who did not get a prize is bound to express a contempt for their decisions, especially ladies exhibiting their pet pugs, Japanese spaniels and Skye terriers. One lady I saw in tears, and heard her declare she would never again exhibit her dear little Fido. One little dog weighing not over a couple of pounds had suspended in his cage what purported to do duty as his chain, consisting of a zin. manila rope with a collar about 4in. in circumference, and on the cage a sign marked "Dangerous," while the poor little beast slept innocent of the fun his implied ferocity was causing. The size of the rope and the size of the dog were too ridiculous. The rope would hold an elephant.

As I sit here smoking my after-dinner pipe, my mind wanders off to my dog days, when I took pride in my dogs and spent money on them galore.

Horace Smith, the dog man and sportsman, well known to the earlier readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, supplied me my hunting dogs. He imported for me several brace of Gordon setters direct from the Duke of Gordon's kennels, and they were beauties. Their fame was widespread, especially in the army, where most of their descendants were distributed among officer friends, where a ready market was found for the asking. I gave to Gen. Crook a pup which accompanied him through his campaigns in Arizona until the heat was too much for such heavily coated dogs, and it died, greatly to the General's grief. When he came out of Arizona I gave him another, and the General's wife declared that he applied for a post in a cooler climate on account of the dog.

Only one of the many I raised disgraced his noble blood. He was a beauty, but proved to be gun shy, and after repeated unsuccessful attempts to break him of it I gave him to a market shooter, who declared he could bring him out all right. A few days later I met the man and asked how he got on with the dog. Pointing to his face, showing sundry unhealed scratches, he remarked: "That dog was the very devil himself." He then went on to describe his experience with him: "One day I took him out, and the first time I fired at a quail he made a dash for home and never stopped until reaching it, and diving under the house, could not get him out for four days, and then only because he was nearly dead with starvation. The next time I took him out I fastened a stout cord to his collar and the other end around my body. Climbing a steep hill, I put up a bevy of quail and fired. The dog gave a yelp and sprang down the hill, up-

setting me and dragging me after him through the brush for a hundred feet, until the cord broke and I recovered my feet, with the stock of my gun broken, my clothes torn nearly off, and my face scratched as you see. I could not shoot a dog, as I was tempted to do, and gave him to a farmer's boy." This was the only degenerate Gordon I ever owned.

Horace Smith also imported for Harry Babcock, of this city, one or two brace, and we two maintained "high hook" on Gordons until the breed ran out, and at the show to-day I saw but two or three very inferior descendants of the noble house of Gordons, in my estimation the most aristocratic and gentlemanly of all dogs, next to which come the Laveracks, of which there was a fine exhibit at the show.

I have had great experience in raising dogs, generally for the benefit of my neighbors, as I never sold a dog. It is astonishing what a lively demand there is by people who do not have the trouble of raising them, nor of paying for them. As I say, I have had great success in raising and giving them away, but not much in breaking them; that is a labor of love and a trial of patience—a trade I may say, and the dog breaker earns his money.

If there is anything that tries one's temper it is to be out with a half-broken dog. A friend, who prided himself on the acquirement of a perfectly broken \$100 dog, insisted on my taking him out. I did not like the look of the animal, but to please my friend, did so. The first quail fell in the underbrush, and away dashed the dog. I waited for his return with the quail. He returned after a long time without the bird. I tried to send him in again, but he simply lay down and looked at me. I shot a second bird, and away he dashed, absenting himself as before. Having marked down the bird, I determined to see what the trouble was, and pushed my way through the bushes and came upon the gentleman just finishing eating the second quail. I tied him to a tree and subsequently did my own retrieving.

When I returned the dog I asked my friend what he had fed him on. "Oh!" said he, "nothing unusual; now and then a chicken that had died of the pip." It is needless to say I did not borrow that dog again. A fair-minded dog would at least have divided with me.

Dog stealers have enjoyed a period of very lucrative business, stealing dogs to supply the demand for Alaska. Verdant miners have brought them up by the hundreds with a vague idea of using them as sledge dogs, for which purpose, of course, they are perfectly useless, as the Alaska sledge dog is a specially bred animal, heavily coated and inured to cold and snow, living on dried fish. Whereas the ordinary dog starves on such a diet, and his feet freeze. The only use they can be put to is to feed their owners when rations give out. They tell a story of the value of meat in Dawson last winter, when a miner who had struck it rich made overtures to the belle of the camp, throwing himself and a big bag of gold dust at her feet, both of which she refused scornfully with an intimation that she had a better offer from Five Shooter Bill, who had coupled his offer with a guarantee of 40lbs. of dog meat as her bridal dot. It is needless to say dog meat won.

PODGERS.

Continental Field Trials Club.

THE affairs of the Continental Field Trials Club have at last been straightened out and the indebtedness, which resulted from the last trials at New Albany, has been wiped out by contributions from almost all the members (a few have "cold feet") and a number of sportsmen interested in the good cause, who came generously to the aid of the club, and who have now joined as members, thus strengthening it to such a degree that the successful running of trials in the future is assured.

Mr. Hobart Ames is the new president of the club, and Mr. Meares will assume the duties of the secretaryship as soon as Mr. Bell has settled up all the affairs of the club, which is now only a question of a few days.

The intention is to run trials at Lexington, N. C., about three weeks after the Eastern meeting at Newton. The programme will consist of a Derby, an all-age stake and a free-for-all sweepstake. Further notice as to entry fees, closing of entries, exact date of trials, etc., will be published later.

There is talk of holding a member's stake also, to precede the open events. The new members are Mr. Hobart Ames, Mr. Meares, Dr. Brown, Messrs. Lorillard, Jr., Sturges, Phelps, Baker, Crocker and a number of others who have expressed a wish to join.

It is reported that the hotel and livery accommodations at Lexington are very good, and rates reasonable; that ample grounds can be secured, that the citizens of the town are enthusiastic about having a club run their trials at Lexington again on what is canine historic ground, and that everything possible will be done by them to make the meeting pleasant to everybody attending it.

Canoëing.

Eastern Division Meet.

TYNG'S ISLAND.

THE Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association held its annual meeting May 28, 29, 30, at Tyng's Island. The races on Monday resulted as follows:

Paddling, Single Blade.—R. W. Bowie, Lawrence Canoe Club, first; G. R. Heckle, Wawbewawa Canoe Club, Newton, second.

Tandem, Single Blade.—G. R. Heckle and John B. May, Wawbewawa, first; R. W. Bowie and Fred T. Harrison, Lawrence Canoe Club, second; L. W. Chandler and W. J. Osgood, Wawbewawa, third.

Club Fours, Single Blade.—Fowle, Dimick, Crosby and Brown, Innitou Canoe Club, Woburn, first; Osgood, May, Wells and Drake, Wawbewawa, second.

Club Fours, Double Blade.—Apollonio, Fowler, Crosby and Brown, Innitou Canoe Club, Woburn, first; Drake, Osgood, Adams and Heckle, Wawbewawa, second.

War Canoes.—Wawbewawa, first (crew, Burrage, stroke; Osgood, Bancroft, May, Heckle, Bosson, Chandler; Adams, and Drake, captain); Innitou, second (crew, Brown, stroke; Wells, Crosby, F. Fowle, W. Fowle, Apollonio, captain; Hovey, Wade and Dimick); Lawrence

Canoe Club, third (crew, Harrison, stroke; Butler, Vieter, Bowie, Poor, Adams, Hall, Clay, Wallace, captain).

Tandem, Double Blade.—R. J. Bowie and F. T. Harrison, Lawrence, first; E. R. Adams and J. B. May, Wawbewawa, second.

Hurry Scurry.—W. J. Osgood, first; J. B. May, second.

Hand Paddling.—E. R. Adams, first.

Nachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

- 9-11. Chicago, Siren-Vanenna matches, Chicago.
11. Canarsie annual, Jamaica Bay.
11. Corinthian Fleet, annual, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
11. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
11. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
11. American, cruise, Newburyport, Mass.
11. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
11. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
11. Baltimore, Vice-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
11. Queen City, 19 and 16ft. classes, World cup, Toronto.
- 11-12. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
11. Cor. Philadelphia, annual, Essington, Delaware River.
14. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown, Mass.
16. Miramichi, Fraser cup, Newcastle, N. B.
16. Winthrop, water sports, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Massachusetts, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
17. South Boston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
17. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
17. Jubilee, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
17. Beverly, first Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
18. Larchmont, spring, Long Island Sound.
18. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
18. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
- 18-19. South Boston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- 18-19. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
- 18-19. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
18. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 18-19. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, McNears.
- 20-27. Seawanhaka, knockabout cruise, Oyster Bay to New London and return.
25. Beverly, second Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
25. Douglaston, annual, Long Island Sound.
25. American, skiff classes, Newburyport.
25. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
25. Dorchester, open, Boston Harbor.
25. Burgess, first championship, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, 27-22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
25. Chicago, Siren-Vanenna, final match, Chicago.
27. Stamford, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
28. Mosquito Fleet, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Seawanhaka, annual, Long Island Sound.
30. Newport, ladies' cruise, Narragansett Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Wollaston, moonlight sail, Boston Harbor.
30. Sea Cliff, annual, Long Island Sound.
30. Chicago, Chicago to Kenosha Lake, Michigan.

JULY.

1. Chicago, Kenosha to Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
1. Miramichi, cruise.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup, Toronto.
1. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
1. Royal St. Lawrence, morning and afternoon races, Dorval.
2. Royal St. Lawrence, 20 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
2. New Rochelle, annual, Long Island Sound.
2. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
2. Jeffries, open, Boston Harbor.
2. Beverly, third Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
2. Milwaukee, centennial regatta, Lake Michigan.
- 2-4. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Martinez-Vallejo.
3. American, cruise, Squam.
4. Lake Michigan Y. A., annual, Milwaukee.
4. Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
4. Boston City, open, Boston Harbor.
4. Newport, open, Narragansett Bay.
4. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Jubilee, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
4. City Point, club, New Haven.
4. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
4. Hudson River, cruise, Hudson River.
4. Baltimore, Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
4. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
4. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
5. American, annual, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
- 7-8-9. Winthrop, open, water sports, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
9. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
9. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
9. Burgess, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
9. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
9. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
9. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
9. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
9. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
- 9-10. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
9. Canarsie, open, Jamaica Bay.
- 11-13. Seawanhaka trial races, 20ft. class, Oyster Bay.
11. Quincy, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham.
16. Beverly, fourth championship, Buzzard's Bay.
- 16-23. Larchmont, race week, Long Island Sound.
16. Corinthian Marblehead, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Shelter Island, ladies' day, Gardiner's Bay.
16. New Jersey Ath., invitation race, Newark Bay.
16. Seawanhaka, Roosevelt mem. cup, Oyster Bay.
- 16-17. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands.
16. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
16. Chicago, annual, Lake Michigan.
17. American, cruise, Ipswich.
- 17-18-19. East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
23. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
23. Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
23. Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
23. American, skiff class, Newburyport.
23. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
25. Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
25. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
- 27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
30. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
- 30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
- 31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
1. Burgess, moonlight sail, Massachusetts Bay.
- 3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
3. Taunton, cruise to Newport.

3. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
6. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
6. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
6. Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
- 6-7. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
6. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
6. Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
- 6-8-9. Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
6. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
6. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
8. American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
9. Squam, open, Annisquam.
10. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
- 10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
- 13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
- 13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
- 13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
- 22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
- 27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

OUR readers will remember that last fall we published a long and exhaustive paper on the construction of the yacht Defender and the use of aluminum, written by Richmond Pearson Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N. Mr. Hobson was detailed by the Government to the Herreshoff works during the construction of Defender, to examine and report on her construction, which mission he executed most satisfactorily. For some time past he has been stationed at Annapolis in charge of a post-graduate course in naval architecture. At his special request he was recently detailed to duty with Admiral Sampson's fleet off Santiago, taking with him three of his cadet pupils, their object being to study the warship in actual service.

The question of effectually closing the harbor of Santiago being under discussion, Mr. Hobson suggested the sinking of a vessel directly in the narrowest part of the passage, and on the plan being approved its execution was entrusted to him.

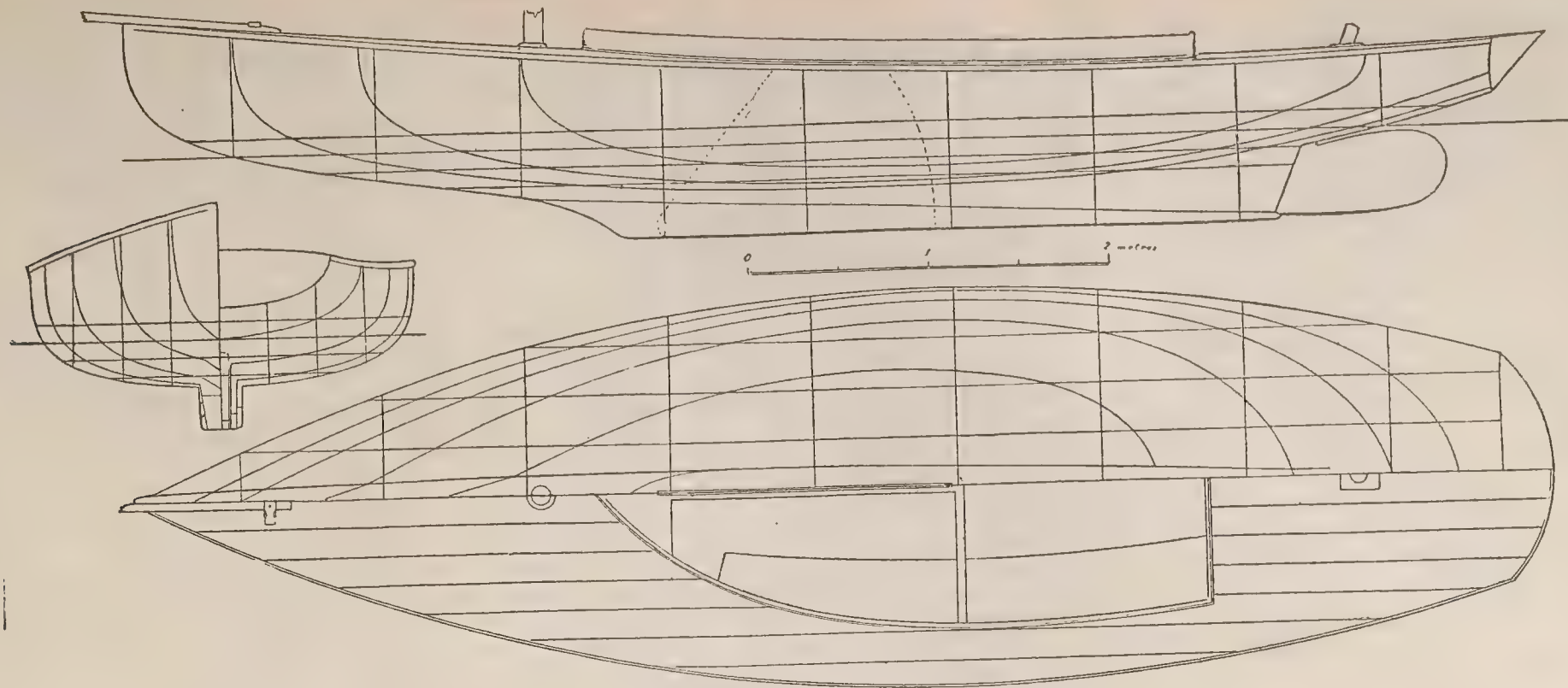
Under his direction the big steel collier Merrimac was stripped of all useful movables and fitted with a series of torpedoes along the starboard side, and toward dawn on Friday morning she started into the harbor. On board with Mr. Hobson, who was in sole command, were six volunteers from the fleet and one stowaway; two machinists, a water tender and four seamen. The vessel ran in under heavy fire from the forts and Spanish ships until the desired position was reached, when her engines were stopped, she was sheered across the channel, anchors dropped at stem and stern, her sea valves smashed and the torpedoes exploded. The party took refuge in a dinghy or on a life raft, but the fire was so hot that they were unable to force their way out of the harbor, and finally rowed in and surrendered to the Spanish. Their bravery met with instant recognition from Admiral Cervera, who sent a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson, stating that they were prisoners of war and would be exchanged as such. While full details are still lacking, it would appear that the scheme so carefully laid out by Mr. Hobson had fully succeeded so far as the sinking of the Merrimac and the closing of the channel are concerned.

Mr. Hobson graduated at the head of his class at Annapolis at the age of eighteen, just ten years ago; after a course of study in Paris he was appointed Assistant Naval Constructor, and had already made a name for himself by his scientific work before he became famous by this bold exploit.

FROM the list of fixtures which we published last week, and which, by the way, is even yet by no means complete, many of the smaller inland clubs representing a large amount of racing being absent, it appears that there will still be some racing this season, in spite of the war. It is likely to be unusually late, however, on account of the prolonged wet weather of the spring, and the earlier races will probably amount to very little.

UNDER the new appropriation the following steam yachts have been recommended for purchase by the Naval Auxiliary Board: Shearwater, Henry Wolcott; Sylvia, Edward M. Brown, formerly commodore of the New York Y. C.; Eugenia, owned by J. G. Cassatt, of Philadelphia; Stranger, Mrs. Mary Lewis, daughter of the late Moses Taylor; Vidette, M. C. D. Borden; Rival, Gen. C. C. Dodge; Neaera, Charles A. Gould; Cosette, Charles A. Tatum; Althea, T. Edwin Ward, and Lagonda, S. H. Austin, Jr.

Comanche, H. M. Hanna, has arrived at Portsmouth,



FRENCH ONE-DESIGN CLASS. DESIGN BY MR. GUEDON.

N. H., from the lakes, and is being fitted out, having been purchased by the Government.
Elfreda, W. Seward Webb, was last week reported a total loss in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but the report was incorrect. She, with the Enquirer, of Buffalo, and Inca, of Boston, has been purchased by the Government.
Sultana, J. R. Drexel, has been offered to the Government as a gift, but she is not available at present, being laid up at a Mediterranean port.

The New Raceabouts.

THE following description of the new additions to the Boston raceabout fleet is from the Boston Globe:
The three Herreshoff boats in the 21ft. raceabout class are for W. O. Gay, ex-Com. William P. Fowle, of the Corinthian, and S. V. R. Thayer, who last year raced the Herreshoff 30-footer Asahi in the Y. R. A. races. The first two boats are keels, and the third is a centerboard. The arrival of Jilt, Mr. Gay's boat, has already been told in these columns. Mr. Fowle's boat, Sintram, is now at Marblehead, and Mr. Thayer's boat is nearly ready for delivery. With three new Herreshoffs in the fleet the Boston-designed boats will be given a hustle.
The Sintram is the boat mentioned in these columns a fortnight ago. She was sailed around the Cape from Bristol by her owner, accompanied by Arthur Foss, and had a slow but by no means uninteresting voyage. The wind was light most of the way and the boat had but one chance to show her speed. That was on the run to Marblehead from the whistling buoy off Highland Light. The run was made in a freshening southeasterly breeze, in which a spinnaker was carried, and the distance was covered in five and one-quarter hours, or a speed of nearly seven knots, which isn't at all bad for a small-sailed 21-footer.

The yacht left Bristol Friday forenoon, and after a stop at Newport went on to Vineyard Haven, where Friday night was spent. Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday forenoon were spent in beating up the Cape against a light northeasterly wind, but when Highland Light was passed the wind went more to the southward, and a quick run home was the result.
Mr. Fowle can as yet form little opinion of the boat's abilities, except that she is well balanced and handles easily. He has strong hopes of her, though, in light to moderate airs, but doubts if she does as well as the deeper bodied in a strong breeze. Like Jilt she is only about 5ft. draft, while Cock Robin and last year's boats draw 6.

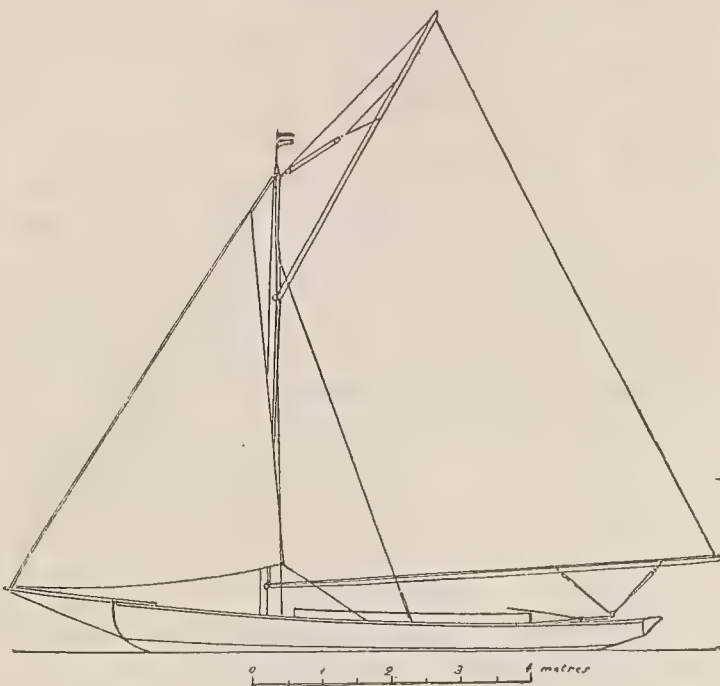
That there will be plenty of sport in this raceabout class no one can doubt. There will be, in addition to the three Herreshoff boats just named, four new Purdon designs for Messrs. Adams, Webb, Brewster and Bremer; four Crowninshield designs for Messrs. Turner, Irving, Lambert and Cole, and possibly others from other hands. Hazard and Cockatoo of last year's fleet will be given 600ft. of sail and put in the racing, and Gosling is also likely to be seen, and possibly Sally III.

The fourth Crowninshield order, which is now building by Graves at Marblehead, has been "unknown" heretofore, but is now acknowledged to be for John F. Cole, of Somerville, a prominent member of the Corinthian Y. C., and who is well known in the racing contingent with the big cape cat Susie. It is said that Johnnie Dunlop will have the stick on the Cole boat.

This gives a fleet of over a dozen boats, and all in the hands of owners who enjoy racing. Greatly to the regret of yachtsmen who admire the old champion, Cock Robin will not be raced. Mr. Eaton will give her 600ft. of sail, but will use her for pleasure sailing only. Her new rig is ready for her at Stearns'.

The Defense of the Seawanhaka Cup.

THE Montreal correspondent of the Boston Globe writes as follows of the yachting prospects on Lake St. Louis:
"Matters have been moving along very slowly in yachting circles here, and for the first time in years no races or cruises took place on the Queen's Birthday. The fact is that only a very few of the boats of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. are in commission, and that it is not by any means certain when they will be all out. None of the new racers are out yet, but then the men at the boat building shed of the St. Lawrence Yacht Company have been pretty busy. They had the knockabouts to build, and the racers and the majority of the boats that compose the regular fleet to get out.
"Several of last year's racers will again take part in the preliminary and the regular trial races, while the international winner of last year, Glencairn II., is already in the water. There will, however, be only three, or at



the most four, new boats to compete in the trials this year. Mr. H. Montagu Allan is not going to do anything more about his proposed offer to build a boat, probably because Com. Jarvis, of Toronto, who built the coffin-shaped Bonshaw last year, has declared himself unable to give the time necessary to superintend the building, and to design and sail her. He stated last year that he would not go in again for international races, but for a while this spring there was hope that he would take hold of Mr. Allan's boat.
"There is no reason to think that the war will in any way interfere with the international races. The committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has received definite assurance from the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. that as far as the international races go they will be contested, war or no war, and no doubt our boats will be ready in ample time.
"The boat least advanced is that being built for Lord Strathcona, the honorary commodore of the club, and the one nearest ready is the one being built for the brokers' syndicate. Both these have been designed by Mr. Duggan himself. The third one is from the design of Mr. Huntley Drummond, son of Senator Drummond, who is known as the sugar king of Canada. Mr. Drummond has always had an aptitude for designing, and he has a great deal of faith in his boat, which is fairly well advanced."

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.
Saturday, June 4.

THE first of the Atlantic Y. C. races for the smaller classes was sailed on June 4 in a stiff N.E. breeze and heavy sea outside the Narrows, the course being from off the club station to a mark off Fort Hamilton, then into Gravesend Bay to a mark off Bensonhurst, and home, three rounds making ten miles. Only four yachts started, the knockabout Mongoose sailing alone. She started at 3:05 and the cats at 3:10. The rounds were timed:
First Round.—Mongoose, 3:42:10; Ethel, 3:49:15; Qui Vive, 3:46:14; Drift, 3:50:34.
Second Round.—Mongoose, 4:15:23; Qui Vive, 4:19:35; Ethel, 4:25:28; Drift, 4:27:42.
The times were:

Special 21ft. R. L. Knockabouts.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	1 44 55
Class T, Series C, Mainsail Yachts.			
Ethel, E. J. Bergen	21.71	1 51 12
Qui Vive, George Freeth	24.90	1 42 23
Drift, W. T. Bernard	23.65	1 54 13

The winners were Mongoose (sail over) and Qui Vive.

A French One-Design Class.

THE accompanying design, for which we are indebted to Le Yacht, is the work of M. Guedon, the French designer, and falls within the regulations of the Societe du Monotype d'Arcachon. The dimensions are:
Over all 24ft. 9 in.
L.W.L. 20ft. 10 in.
Beam 7ft. 1 in.
Draft, hull only 1ft. 7½ in.
Draft, extreme 6ft.
Sail area 400sq. ft.
The design is excellently adapted for American waters.

South Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.
Monday, May 30.

THE South Boston Y. C. celebrated Decoration Day by its annual open regatta, with a fleet of 30 starters. The wind was variable, a reefing breeze from the west at the start, falling lighter and then freshening to a good sailing breeze. Having no competitor, the new Crowninshield raceabout Dafela went in with the 21ft. cabin class, taking second place. Katydid, a new yawl of 16ft. 10in. l.w.l., sailed in the 15ft. class, at seven-eighths of her measurement. Tacoma was disqualified for cutting a buoy. The times were:

Class B, 30ft. Cabin Yachts.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	4 08 17	1 38 17
Elfreda, Paul N. Johnson	4 09 39	1 39 39
Emma C., Peter A. Coupal	4 12 16	1 42 16
Raynard, M. F. Plant	4 15 47	1 45 37
Class D, 25ft. Cabin.			
Thordis, T. B. Wales	4 12 47	1 37 47
Nettie, Walter Burgess	4 15 47	1 40 00
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	4 15 46	1 40 46
Little Peter, Henry Moebis	4 16 29	1 41 29
Red Skin, J. L. and L. H. Sturdivant	Withdraw.	
Toodles, Wm. O. Johnson	Withdraw.	
Class L, 21ft. Open Yachts.			
Tacoma, Prior	4 24 25	1 39 25
Al-Anka, C. H. Crane	4 24 38	1 39 38
Al-Anka protested Tacoma.			
Class S, 21ft. Cabin.			
Privateer, A. E. Chaff	4 27 27	1 37 27
Dafela, knockabout, W. Turner	4 31 34	1 41 34
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	4 34 25	1 44 25
Omeene, W. P. Parker	4 38 50	1 45 50
Edith, A. L. Lincoln	4 46 02	1 56 02
Class T, 18ft.			
Duchess, C. D. Moar	4 26 22	1 31 22
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	4 32 48	1 37 48
Vamoose, R. M. Bonner	4 33 20	1 38 20
Zoe, James McCarthy	4 34 38	1 39 38
Midget, N. C. Robinson	Withdraw.	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	Withdraw.	
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	Withdraw.	
Class X, 15ft.			
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	3 59 48	0 59 48
Katydid, J. F. Small et al	4 00 16	1 00 16
Ray, S. A. Freeman	4 01 18	1 01 18
Glide, G. E. Silsbee	4 01 45	1 01 45
Nome, H. B. Faxon	4 04 10	1 04 10

The judges were Arthur Fuller, James Bertram, Thomas Christian, W. H. Godfrey, John F. Benjamin and Frank Williams. The race was sailed without time allowance.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Monday, May 30.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its sixteenth regatta on May 30 in a variable wind, from S.W. to N.W. In the first-class handicap and the special knockabout classes the yachts sailed the wrong courses and the results as shown are not counted. The times were:

First Class. Start 2:25.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dove	5 53 50	1 23 50
Dora	4 02 33	1 37 33
First Handicap. Start 2:10.			
Wanaissa	3 50 20	1 40 20
Brinda	3 50 46	1 40 46
Sea Witch	4 24 38	2 14 38
Second Handicap. Start 2:10.			
Alert	4 06 22	1 56 22
Bee	4 15 42	2 05 42
Emma	Withdraw.	
Special Class. Start 2:30.			
Nameless	4 17 50	1 47 50
Dory	4 18 47	1 48 47
No Name	4 22 00	1 52 00
Special Knockabouts. Start 2:25.			
First	3 52 28	1 27 28
Second	4 00 03	1 38 00
Second Class. Start 2:20.			
Pointer	5 12 50	2 52 50
Bugaboo	5 14 15	2 54 15

Plymouth Y. C. Regatta.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.
Monday, May 30.

THE regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. on May 30 was sailed in a light and variable wind, the times being:

Fourth Class.		Elapsed.
Bobolink, I. B. Goodspeed	1 44 18
Maud, W. N. Mayers	2 02 27
Amie, M. S. Weston	2 03 31
Ideal, C. F. Bradford	2 05 55
Pyxie, E. B. Atwood	2 11 16
Trouble, T. S. Diman	2 15 58
Dolphin, N. Morton	2 17 48
Wild Fawn, W. T. Eldridge, did not finish.		
Sixth Class.		
Frolic, J. C. Dawes	2 16 45
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	2 18 44
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 22 25
Scrap, A. Holmes	2 27 06
Olympia, T. W. Steele, did not finish.		

Report of the Seawanhaka Special Committee on Measurement Rules.

YOUR committee has given to the matter of yacht measurement, committed to it for consideration and amendment, very earnest attention and much discussion; which has not resulted in any lowered appreciation of the present rule; or of its fitness to meet the requirements of the time when it was devised, or of the value and fitness of the factors in it for continued use in the future. It is quite evident, however, that these alone are no longer sufficient; that other means than those formerly used to gain advantage in speed are now recognized as being effective to that end; that these pertain to the employment of crude quantities rather than to refinement of form, the latter being chiefly involved as a means to their use. By these quantities, which give advantage, and which in some cases may better be referred to as features (being neither restricted by the present rules nor put as factors into the measurement formula), a most unfortunate condition is brought about that is inimical to yacht racing and to yacht building; and that cannot fail to continue so as long as the rules remain unamended.

Two things would appear to be quite evident, and the conclusion would appear to be unavoidable even without that experience which has in this matter supplied the proof; first, that any feature of advantage to speed and which is not in any way restricted, or its use equitably charged for in the rules, will have to be employed by the zealous racing man, whether it is in accordance with his desire and convenience or not; and second, that any moderate use of an untaxed advantage in one vessel will only be successful until it is succeeded by a less moderate use of the untaxed feature in another vessel.

To encourage the production and racing of yachts, several things appear to be necessary. Such elements and features as have been clearly recognized as yielding advantage in speed should have an equitable charge put upon their use, otherwise no vessel can be built with any expectation of more than very temporary success. Such features as are appreciated as giving advantage in speed under ordinary racing conditions, but which unfit a yacht to meet the ordinary requirements of yachtsmen, should either exclude the yacht from class racing altogether, or otherwise the objectionable features should be so sufficiently taxed as to enable the more desirable and more wholesome vessels to compete with them on hopeful and equitable terms.

There cannot be a more hopeless condition for successful yacht racing than that such vessels as the average yachtsman would choose for his uses should be incapable of engaging in races with a share of success; or that, if successful at the outset, this period should be cut short by a more extended use of some feature of advantage, recognized as such, but not charged for in the rules.

Before presenting more formally the conclusions and recommendations of your committee, it may be well to repeat here in detail some of the statements made last year by individual members of this committee, and by others who were consulted, to a committee of this club which asked for opinions on this question. The remarks which follow are therefore quoted:

A. CARY SMITH.

"Racing qualities should be mainly considered, but no vessel should be encouraged that cannot keep the sea.

"Experience has demonstrated that for large boats the deep centerboard is best, while for small boats, say under 60ft., the keel has been the most successful. I would therefore ignore the difference between the types. The man who first devised a fin keel unconsciously struck a deadly blow at yachting. The fin keel type is under a great strain every time one is put on a dock. The past season has shown, in the smaller classes at least, that good racing can be had when all the boats in a class are of one model."

W. P. STEPHENS.

"Bear in mind the axiom that there is no such thing as absolute speed in yacht racing, but only relative speed, under the standard of sizes established by the rules.

"The object of measurement legislation is the production, not of the fastest yacht without regard to other considerations, but of the fastest under certain restrictions. The speed would soon be judged by the rule alone, and by no other standard; and yachts would be considered fast or slow according to their showing in the races. I should define a 'wholesome type' as one that, with a high degree of speed, combined as well a reasonable amount of internal space and head room, moderate instead of extreme draft and sail area, and freedom from the freak features of form and keel contour seen in the latest yachts."

G. H. DUGGAN.

"I do feel very strongly that, if racing is to prosper with us, the type of boat that is most successful therein must at least be of a kind suitable for ordinary cruising and sailing purposes; and if it were possible to make the most successful racer the most successful cruising boat, racing would receive a tremendous impetus."

JOHN HYSLOP.

"An ideal state of racing would be that in which the different features which designers seek to incorporate in their productions had their different values so justly appraised that, however different might be the vessels and their proportions, a winning vessel should be such by only a narrow margin; and where the result of the contest might leave, as a subject for interested and active discussion, the respective merits of the yachts, and the question as to which might be expected to win the next race. Such was the state of the matter when racing was most prosperous. The use of outside lead or its equivalent may be said, more markedly than anything else, to have introduced a change; to have made the success of the new yacht more pronounced than in those of former times, and to have made the successful period of shorter duration. It has incidentally increased draft inconveniently, and it has given a strength of inducement not before existing to lightness of construction.

"It has made of the centerboard yacht a keel boat with a centerboard, and of the fin-keel yacht a canoe with a fin,

"The old relation between the draft of the vessel and her displacement has been disturbed, and length of lever has been substituted for the latter, so that disparity between draft used and bulk in the body of the boat is in the latest production the most extreme. Power is to be had for nothing; it is not yoked to any economic degree of work; and while a positive limit to draft, where it has been adopted, fixes the degree of extension in this direction, it fails to give an assurance that can confidently be relied upon for an association with such draft as is taken, of a corresponding displacement and of roominess in the body of the vessel. This, it seems to me, should, in the interests of yachting and in its equities, be made the office of a good rule to put beyond peradventure. An assurance needs to be given to the owner who would build that, if his ideas are reasonable, he may have built, and may race with a prospect of success, and of some continuity of that success, a vessel of adaptations to his wants and convenience; and that while he may have to meet in competition yachts having extreme features and possessing perhaps little claim to be considered as homes afloat, the rules of measurement will do him justice; will in fact put the different craft into proper relations to each other, and will make it practicable for each man to have his way without injury to the other. It may be noted here that any failure to properly tax a feature of advantage to speed really compels its use, and if the feature is an objectionable one the result is a discouragement to yacht racing, and an inducement to keep out of it. It would be futile to attempt to unite in one vessel, and in the same degree, the features and qualities that constitute the prime racer and the best cruiser, but on such waters as Long Island Sound, and in ordinary summer weather, it is practicable to have many of the comforts of a home afloat on vessels of first-class racing capabilities. Many that have earned the best reputation in this regard will readily present themselves to the memory of any yachtsman, and just as easily others will occur to the memory which are entirely unfitted for either yachtsmen or crew to live aboard for twenty-four hours. It is quite unfair, and it is detrimental to yachting interests, that these should be in racing classed on equal terms with the first to which I have referred."

One other quotation of individual opinion may here be made, as its purpose, if not its method, meets with the hearty approval of your committee:

"The sternpost must be straight and the rudder hung on it. Experience teaches us that a vessel, to steer in rough water, must have the extreme draft at heel of sternpost, so that the rudder may be always in solid water."

These statements of opinion, all of which in their essence are fully concurred in by your committee, will have prepared you for the conclusions and the practical recommendations to which they lead. In reference to the last quotation, it may be said that the advent of the balanced rudder, or its equivalent, is a natural and necessary accompaniment of the fin type; but it is only a part of an evil principle which may take other forms, all of them embraced in the desire to diminish frictional surface by reducing the extent of lateral plane. An extreme rake given to a sternpost and to the rudder hung upon it is scarcely less bad in a vessel of considerable body, and under trying conditions, than would be a balanced rudder. With an obligation under the rules to have in racing vessels a specified, reasonable proportion of lateral plane in which the rudder would be included, evils of the character referred to would meet correction. It is recommended that this should be done.

It is recommended that cognizance shall be taken in the rules, and in the measurement formula to be used, of the relation which beam and draft, taken together, bear to a linear measurement derived from the area of the submerged midship section, namely the square root of it. It is found that in yachts of fairly good displacement, in reference to the sum of the two dimensions which have been named, that three and one-third times the square root of midship section immersed is about equal to the beam plus draft, and this proportion applies equally well to a good type of vessel, whether she be a keel or centerboard. Volunteer, Titania, Sea Fox and Minerva are instances of this; all of them would escape any addition to their measurement under the rules to be proposed, while Vigilant would be somewhat penalized, and Colonia very slightly so; but Emerald as she was before alteration would have received considerable allowance from the latter, and the alteration made to her might have been rendered needless under such a rule.

The formula would be:

$$R. M. = \frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A. + 2(B. + D.)} - 6\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{M.S.}}{2}$$

It is also recommended that the submerged profile of a yacht, the vertical longitudinal section inclusive of the rudder, shall not without penalty fall below 65 per cent. of a parallelogram, to include the ends of the L.W.L. and the draft of the vessel.

It is further recommended that if centerboards are weighted to a greater extent than is needed to sink them, their draft shall be added to that of the vessel. Your committee would also advise that cabin yachts shall be very carefully and strictly defined, so as to protect those which are veritably such, and that cabin yachts of 25ft. R. L. and over shall fall under the operation of the rules to be proposed; also that the requirement for things to be kept on board cabin yachts, when they are measured and when they are raced, which now apply to galley furnishings and to some other things, shall be extended to include all cabin and galley fixtures and fittings, and furniture ordinarily carried, also skylights, latches, doors, floors, bulkheads, and at least one anchor such as is used in ordinary service, with a suitable cable.

In regard to the correction of the evil of too light construction, there would appear to be no simple or very practicable way of dealing with the matter. The method which would perhaps have greatest claim to exactness and equity, and be as practicable as any, would be to put the proportion of ballast weight to total displacement as a decimal into the upper line of the formula, and let it substitute the divisor 2, now below the line; this your committee merely suggests, but does not recommend for immediate action,

When the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., many years ago, introduced sail area as a factor into its rule, it took a decided step in advance of anything that had before that been done in yachting, in recognizing that not merely the length of waterline or the size of the yacht should be used in gauging her speed, but that a new and very distinct element, representative of the driving force to be associated with length, should enter into the formula. The example then set has since been approved and very generally followed by yacht clubs everywhere; the changes that have since come about, and the new necessities that have arisen, are not in any degree a product of the rule, but in its present form it fails to meet them; various attempts have been made to this end, both here and elsewhere, but the devices appear inadequate, they are certainly ill-adapted and unfit to meet requirements here, to check the forms and features which are objectionable, and to protect and foster those which would meet popular requirements and favor.

In some of our classes, notably the schooner classes, and generally the larger classes, centerboards are a necessity; while in smaller craft the keel would have advantages, and would be in many cases preferred.

It appears extremely doubtful if any rule which included beam as a separate and distinct factor, or which unduly discriminated against draft, would meet with acceptance, and it appears to be nothing less than a truism that to assign to either of these distinct and separate values, or values relatively each to the other, is in the absence of more accurate knowledge wholly unwarranted; and a mischievous curb upon freedom of design and upon the development of form.

In the experience of the last few years we have found two kinds of cabin boats, differing much from each other, but both lacking in roominess and in the essentials of cruising yachts. One of these is a canoe bodied vessel, kept upright by a weighted lever, and the other a wide and shallow-bodied boat of light displacement, and carrying a large sail plan. Such a boat is formidable as a competitor in light weather, smooth water racing; but unsafe, unmanageable and unsatisfactory under trying conditions. To put yacht racing on a healthy and hopeful basis, it seems to be nothing less than necessary that the really good yacht should be freed from the need to meet such racing machines as have been referred to on any other than fair and equated terms, as otherwise good yachts will not be built, or if built their owners will be utterly discouraged from entering them in races.

The rule which has been devised, and which is now submitted to you, is believed to operate equally well for the just correction of the features which have been alluded to, whether present in the fin-keel type or in the wide and shallow section, and to be equally applicable in all classes to which it may be applied. It has its basis of warrant in the economic principle of equal opportunity for equal work done, it requires no help from arbitrary assumptions of value in beam and draft individually or relatively, which may be approximately right or wholly wrong. When applied to any list of yachts, it is merely corrective of their present measurements to the extent of a difference, if any, between two factors. It insists on an equality of opportunity for equal bodies to use equal levers, and for unequal bodies to carry levers proportionate in length to their relative bulks. Whatever the form, its requirements are not to be evaded, but having been met, the designer is free to put his own estimate on the respective values of his dimensions, and to dispose of his bulk as he may think best.

Inasmuch as the area of midship section, taken in connection with length, bears in all fast yachts only a very slightly varying relation to the displacement, the area of midship section, or the square root of it, may be said to represent displacement, and it furnishes the most simple mode of representing it. The use of displacement alone, however, without some limitation of the dimensions which can be associated with it, gives no assurance of a desirable and equitable result.

The practical carrying out of the rule recommended would require some such provision as this:

Before an entry can be accepted the owner shall supply to the race committee of the club, or to the measurer, a drawing showing the midship section (the largest cross section) of the yacht, extending from top of planksheer to the under side of the keel; and the point on the yacht at which the section is taken shall be indicated by a plain mark, the lower edge of which shall be 3in. over the waterline, as shown on the drawing, and vertical to it, and that the area of the midship section shall be stated upon the drawing furnished.

The correctness of the figures so given to be at any time subject to the protest of a competitor, and in such case to be verified by the measurer.

A similar requirement would have to be made in regard to the lateral plane, to read about as follows: Every yacht must have a lateral plane, which, including the rudder, shall be not less than .65 of the circumscribing parallelogram; such parallelogram shall be taken so as to include both ends of the L.W.L., and with draft taken to the depth of the largest cross section, or to any point of greater depth if found forward of that, plus one-third of any greater draft further aft than midship section. Any yacht having a coefficient of lateral plane of less than .65 shall have her sailing length increased by the number of decimals which her coefficient has when subtracted from .65, and the remainder divided by 5. This would be followed by a requirement for a drawing, etc., as in the other case.

In respect to the proposition which has been made for the non-removal of cabin furniture, skylights, etc., it is perhaps sufficient to say that if removal is done by all it is a trouble and affliction to all, and is no special gain to any; if done by one, it becomes a hardship or a necessity for the rest, and if done by none, there is a common relief and benefit to all contestants, and an added inducement to race.

In conclusion, it may be well to call to mind the high favor with which one-design classes have recently been received. Their success may justly be regarded as a strong and general protest against extreme features, and against the inequalities and uncertainties of racing under present conditions. They give evidence of the satisfaction with which such limitations would be received as would bring about racing under more even and wholesome conditions,

To initiate and give effect to such conditions would at the present time be a service to yachting, such perhaps as it never more needed; and it would be one in which the Seavanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. might find much satisfaction, and earn the gratitude of the yachting community. All of which is most respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

JOHN HYSLOP, Chairman.
A. CARY SMITH.
W. P. STEPHENS.

NEW YORK, May 28.

At the meeting on May 29, at which the report was submitted, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that the report of the Special Committee on Measurement be received and ordered printed and distributed among the members of the club, and that the thanks of this club be extended to the committee for their conscientious and valuable work; and

"Further resolved that this club recommend to the Yacht Racing Union of North America the adoption of the formula, or rule of measurement, proposed in the said report, and that the chairman of the Race Committee be and he hereby is directed to lay the said report and recommendation at his earliest opportunity before the Union or its council for their consideration."

The Yorkshire One-Design Class.

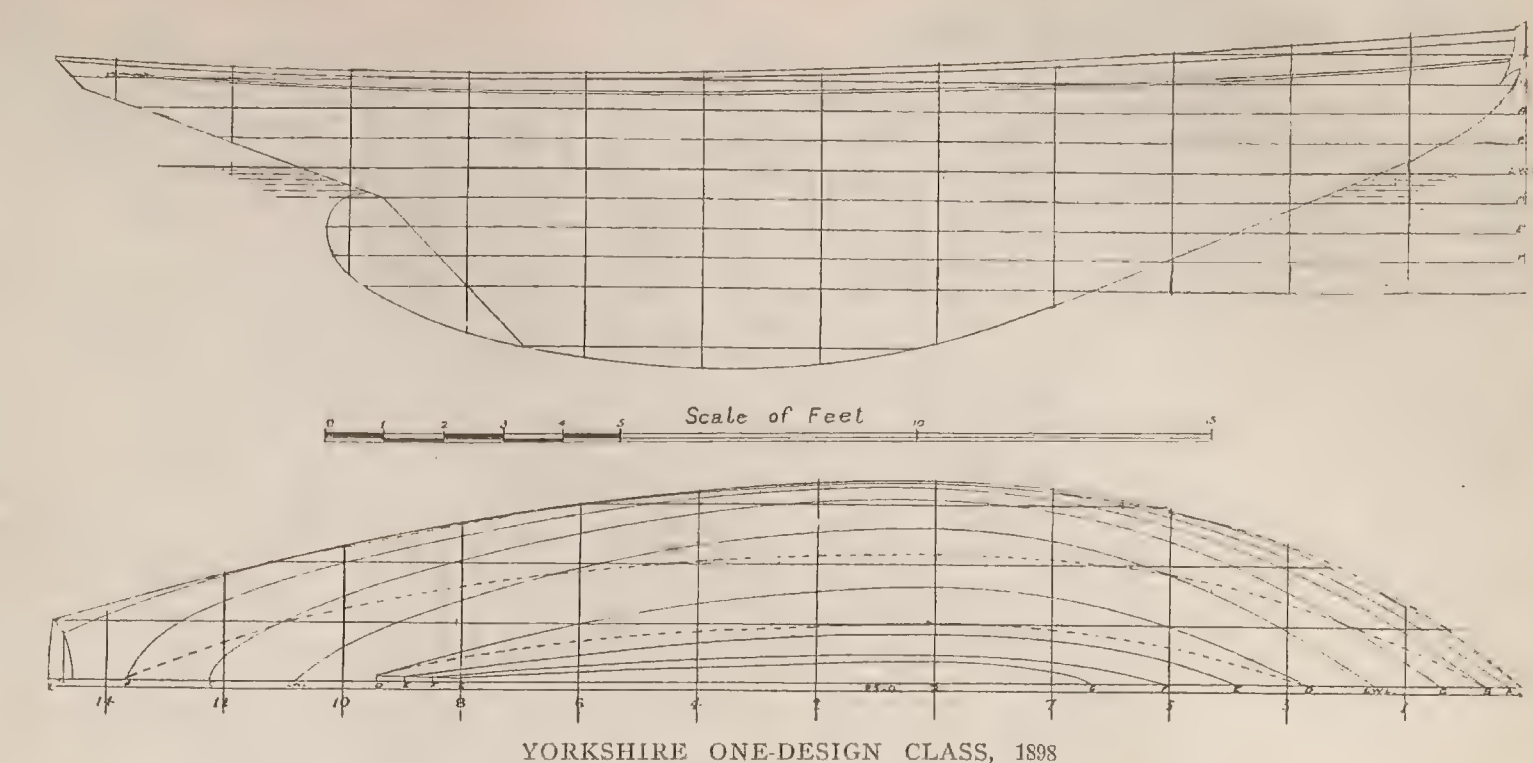
A NEW one-design class has recently been established on the northeast coast of England, in the vicinity of Hull, the Royal Yorkshire Y. C. being the leader, with ten boats; the Pirate Y. C., of Hornsea, having nine; and the Yorkshire-Corinthian Y. C., of Bridlington, seven. As shown by the accompanying cuts, from the Yachting Monthly, the design is very peculiar for these fin de siècle days, the waterlines of the fore body being very full, and those of the afterbody very fine. The design is by Mr. J. S. Helyer, manager of Field & Co., Limited, Ichen Ferry, who have built the boats. The dimensions are 25ft. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 10in. in beam, and 3ft. 4in. draft. The boats have an open cockpit amidships; the keel is of English elm, sided 3in.; the stem and sternpost, also of English oak, are sided 2 1/4 and moulded 3in.; the transom of English elm, 1in. thick; the frames of American elm, spaced 8in., with grown oak floors sided 1in., the planking being of 7/8in. redwood. The shelf is of pitch pine, 2x1 1/4in.; deck beams of English oak, with white spruce at the ends; deck 3/4in., canvased; bulwarks teak, 2in. high forward and 1in. aft, 1in. thick. The rig includes a gunter mainsail, leg-o'-mutton, and a roller jib, both of cotton duck, the area being 320sq.ft. The outfit includes one anchor and 20 fathoms of cable. All ironwork is galvanized, and the fastenings are of copper. The total ballast is 24cwt., of which 17cwt. is on the keel. The cost, f. o. b. at Southampton, is £80, or \$400. The rules of the class are as follows:

Yorkshire One-Design Class.

1. The class shall be called the Yorkshire one-design class.
2. Each boat shall have a registered representative on the committee, to whom all club notices shall be given, and failing his ability to attend, he shall have power to depute a recognized co-owner to represent him at such meeting, and that such owners shall constitute the committee of the class. Four to form a quorum.
3. There shall be elected at the annual meeting an honorary secretary, who shall also act as treasurer.
4. Election of members shall be in the hands of the committee. Candidates for membership shall be proposed by a member and seconded by another member, notice being given in writing a week previous to the election. Such election to be by ballot. Such candidate must be or become owner, or part owner, of one of the class boats.
5. The annual subscription shall be 10s., to become due on the 1st of January of each year, and if not paid before the first day of June the names of those in arrears shall be liable to be erased from the list of members.
6. In all cases of voting there shall be only one vote per boat, and no alteration or addition to these rules shall be made without two-thirds majority of those present with power to vote.
7. If a new boat is proposed to be built, the honorary secretary will supply all particulars and requirements as to builders, sailmakers, etc. Any new boat must be built according to such particulars and requirements from the existing plans and specifications in all respects, and subject to the approval of the committee of the class.
8. A special general meeting shall be summoned by the honorary secretary on requisition of six members.
9. Owners must enter their boats for regattas and club matches in accordance with the regulations of the various clubs, and whenever racing, the rules of that particular club must be strictly adhered to.
10. That the class do not recognize more than three joint owners per boat.
11. When practicable, two or more boats of the class shall be built at a time, and their ownership determined by lot.

Sailing By-Laws.

1. The number on each boat shall be limited to four when class racing, but no paid hands shall be allowed. Each boat must be steered by a member of the class.
2. The boats, masts, spars, sails, etc., shall be exactly alike, both as to size, material and construction, and no alteration of any kind shall be permitted unless with the sanction of the committee. Only one suit of new sails shall be allowed for each boat per annum.
3. The boats must race with all fittings mentioned in the original specifications on board, including anchor, chain and life buoy, but no shifting ballast of any kind will be allowed.
4. Correct number of boat, leaving out the number 3 on account of its similarity to the figure 8, must be fixed in suitable sized figures in peak of lug, so arranged that when the sail is set the figures will be upright.
5. If at any race an accident might occur which might endanger the lives of those on board a racing boat, all boats shall render assistance, and the race may be declared null and void if the committee decide that any boat has lost a prize by doing so.
6. That any dispute in respect of any race or racing regulation shall be decided by a temporary committee,



YORKSHIRE ONE-DESIGN CLASS, 1898

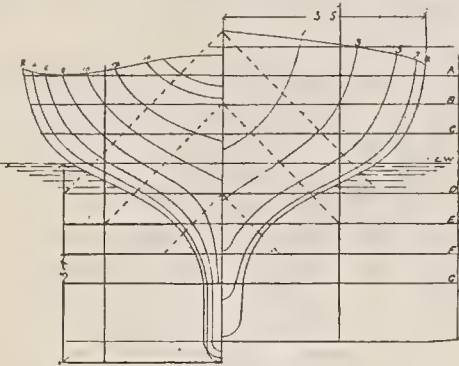
consisting of three members of the class, who shall have no interest in any of the boats concerned in the dispute, and to be named by the committee, and that their decision shall be final.

"Instead of a Preface."

THE almanac of yacht racing in the Solent classes, mentioned elsewhere, has no preface this year, but the author-editor, "Thalassa," under the heading "Instead of a Preface," sets forth some new ideas on the measurement question, as follows:

This is the seventh annual almanac for the Solent racing, and a preface not being required this year, I take the opportunity to ventilate a new racing rule which would produce a better type of small yacht than the Solent raters under the existing Y. R. A. rule, whether in its present form or with added coefficients.

My proposal is that the sail which a racing yacht may carry shall not exceed the amount given by the follow-



ing equation, where S represents the yacht's sail area, D her displacement, and C a constant to be settled after careful examination. When S is rendered in square feet and D in English tons of 2,240lbs. each, C may, I think, be fixed at 18 for the Solent classes.

$$\sqrt{S} = C \sqrt{D}$$

Any proviso or rule embodying displacement has been objected to by many yachtsmen on the score of the difficulty in weighing yachts, but the Y. R. A. having adopted weighing to settle a certain class of disputes concerning boats of 36 rating and under, has, by this very fact, conclusively shown that weighing is regarded as practicable for such boats.

If yachts raced under the above proviso, which represents the modulus or efficiency of any sailing vessel, the rating rule for purposes of classification and time allowance might simply be $R. 9 (L. + B.)$, where R. is the linear rating (in meters, feet or any other measure), L. is length of hull on waterline, and B. is extreme beam.

We would be glad to see Thalassa carry this idea a little further, if possible, and formulate a measurement rule of general application on this basis, of S and D as the main factors, dimensions being ignored as far as is possible.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new year book of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts is an improvement even on the handsome book of 1897, and is in every way a credit to the Association. The cover is of green canvas, with an artistic design embossed in black on the front. The book contains the rules of the Association, by-laws, etc., list of associated clubs and delegates, club burgees, tables of distances, Government regulations, chart of Boston Harbor, and other useful miscellaneous matter. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. Stebbins' photo of the Association rendezvous of last year, and many other reproductions of Mr. Stebbins' yacht portraits are scattered through the book. Mr. N. B. Stone, of the executive committee, contributes two very convenient cross tables of sailing distances, on the Atlantic Coast from Halifax to Panama, and on the Massachusetts coast from Provincetown to Newburyport. The book is published by A. T. Bliss, 111 Milk street, Boston, the energetic secretary of the Association, who has expended a great deal of labor in its compilation. No better evidence could be given of the prosperity and stability of the Association than a book of this kind; and in looking it over one finds it difficult to realize that the Association is barely two years old, having been organized on March 19, 1896.

The annual dinner of the Southern Y. C. of New Orleans took place on May 21 at the West End Hotel, the menu having a decidedly nautical and patriotic flavor. The club will celebrate its golden jubilee next year.

Capt. George W. Beebe, the Sandy Hook pilot, has recently compiled a very comprehensive and useful guide to the waters of New York Harbor, containing tide tables, table of currents for the North and East rivers, sunrise and sunset table, table of pilotage fees, list of fog signal stations, compass bearings and distances about the harbor, names of steamship lines and agents, location of all piers about New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Bayonne, etc., and charts of the North and East rivers, Kill von Kull, etc. The book was compiled solely for the use of the pilots, and is not for sale, but is so practical and useful that it would probably meet with a ready sale to yachtsmen and others.

One of the notable features of the Larchmont Y. C. is its library, which, according to the annual report recently issued, now contains 3,230 volumes, an increase of 512 volumes during the past

year. The club has been doubly fortunate in that the first library committee and its successors have shown excellent judgment in planning the establishment of the collection, and that the members of the club have been most liberal in their support of the project. The collection, which is now valued at \$16,000, bears evidence to the good judgment and artistic taste of the committees. The shelves, of a total length of 600ft., have been covered with French Levant morocco, probably the best material known for the purpose. Uniform bindings have been adopted for the various standard publications; sets of transactions, Government publications, etc., have been completed, and many standard literary works have been acquired. The club has now a very handsome new book plate. The report includes the names of books and donors within the year.

The Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco, whose club station is at Tiburon, Marin county, Cal., has arranged its usual extended programme of week-end cruises for the fleet, beginning with an opening day on April 30 and squadron cruise on May 1, and ending on Oct. 23. On June 18-19 the fleet cruises to McNears and return; on July 2, 3 and 4 to Martinez, through Montezuma Slough to Vallejo; on July 16-17 to the Marin Islands. The summer cruise starts on July 30 and ends on Aug. 7; on Aug. 13-14 the fleet visits Port Richmond; on the 27th and 28th, Petaluma Drawbridge. The Pacific Interclub Y. A. regatta falls on Sept. 9, and the small yacht regatta two days later; then on Sept. 17-18 the fleet cruises to Vallejo. On Oct. 1-2 comes a cruise to McNears, with a clam chowder. On the 15th and 16th a cruise to El Campo, with Corinthian games and small yacht regatta on the second day. Oct. 22 is celebrated as closing day, with a final cruise on the 23d. The club may fairly claim the honor of having one of the handsomest burgees afloat, a blue field, with broad white stripe, red triangle next the fly, with white star.

The handy little guide and handbook of the Solent racing, edited by Thalassa, is ready for 1898, with the usual amount of information as to the Solent clubs, the Solent Classes Racing Association, the local one-design classes, tides, etc., with charts of all the club courses.

We have received from the publisher, L. Upcott Gill, London, a new work by A. Ansted, "A Dictionary of Sea Terms, for the Use of Yachtsmen, Amateur Boatmen and Beginners." The book contains a very large number of sea terms, relating to yachts and small craft as well as mercantile vessels; the definitions are clear and sufficiently ample, and there are numerous illustrations. The book will prove useful to all interested in yachts, boats and vessels generally.

We have received the year book of the Royal Verbano Y. C., of Lake Maggiore, Italy. The club is under the patronage of his royal highness King Humbert. The book contains a list of members and yachts, and the programme of races for 1898, from June until September. The club races under the rule of the Union of French yachts.

The May number of the Yachting Monthly opens with a story of some rough cruising in a canoe on the Severn and Bristol Channel at Easter, including a wreck. Four excellent views of the "bore" on the Severn are given. There are the usual number of interesting articles on yachting on the northeast coast, yachting in New Zealand, yachting on the Norfolk Broads, etc. The folding plates show two designs in the 42ft. L. R. designing competition. The first prize design, by Ernest H. Dashwood, shows a handsome racing yacht of strong S section and bulbed keel. The other design, by Peter Knox, is of a roomier boat, with less hollow to the sections. Both are well worked out. In addition to the many smaller illustrations of yachting scenes in all parts are four large plates, a fine picture of Satanita, one of a racing yacht in Sydney Harbor, a very good picture of a Dutch "boeier" or yacht, and a spirited view of Molesey Lock, on the Upper Thames, crowded with punts, canoes and launches. Among the smaller cuts are two views of the auxiliary Valhalla, under steam and under sail. Notice is given that in the future the designing competitions will be held quarterly instead of monthly.

Com. Jarvis, Royal Canadian Y. C., has purchased the cutter Winnetta, and has renamed her Merrythought. She will be completely refitted above deck, with new sails.

Vreda, cutter, imported in 1889 from Scotland, the first of the 20-raters under the then new "rating rule," has been sold by A. B. Boswell to Mr. Peuchen, of Toronto.

The announcement of the abandonment by the Larchmont Y. C. of all its races for the season on account of the war has been countermanded, and the club will hold its usual races. The following committees have been appointed: Regatta—John F. Lovejoy, chairman; Henry C. Winttingham and Howard W. Coates, House—Augustin Monroe, chairman; Edward J. Greacen, the commodore, ex-officio; William B. Jenkins and the treasurer, ex-officio. Library—Frank D. Shaw, chairman; William G. Scott, Randolph Hurry and Lieut. Henry Morrell. Art—Horatio R. Harper, chairman; Theodore D. Rich and Edward F. Caldwell. Golf—Frederic W. Flint, chairman; Charles A. Singer, George E. Ide, Oswald Sanderson, Roger Lamson and Frank A. Moore, secretary. Fleet surgeon—Charles F. Roberts, M.D. John Hyslop will still continue in the office of measurer.

Nydia, steam yacht, now owned by I. E. Emerson, of Baltimore, has been cut apart and lengthened 20ft. at that city. She was designed in 1890 by H. J. Gielow, and built by H. C. Winttingham, at Bay Ridge.

A special meeting of the Kingston Y. C. was held on June 2, at which it was decided to hold the Lake Yacht Racing Association regatta at Kingston on July 22, 23, 25 and 26. The prizes will reach \$1,000.

The steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox for George Weld, Esq., of Boston, was launched at Roach's yard, Chester, Pa., on June 4, being named Malay. She is 155ft. over all, 20ft. beam and 10ft. 6in. depth, with engines 10, 16 and 25 by 16in. and two Almy boilers. She is expected to show 15 knots. Another similar craft is still on the stocks in the same yard.

The Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, opened the season on June 4, at its station, Harrison Island, Echo Bay, with the usual ceremonies. The annual regatta, scheduled for June 11, will be postponed to a later date, so few racing yachts being ready; in its place a special race will be sailed open to 25ft. class, 20ft. class open sloops, 21ft. class knockabouts, and special dory class. The knockabouts will sail for the Dewar cup, which must be won twice before becoming the permanent property of the winner. Entries close on Thursday with Oscar H. Chellborg, 1 Broadway.

In consequence of the mining of Boston Harbor, the Massachusetts Y. C. will this year abandon its course off Nahant, and sail its annual regatta, on June 17, over inside courses, off City Point.

A private match has been arranged between the open 21-footer Celia, W. S. Gould, and the knockabout Mongoose, Simeon Ford, for \$50 per side. It will be sailed off the American Y. C. house, Milton Point, on June 11. Mr. Hagen Morse sailing Mongoose, and Mr. E. Burton Hart, Jr., sailing Celia.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

THE monthly tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa., on June 4. There were fifteen events on the programme, of which eleven were in 10 targets, three at 15 and one at 20, which was made into two 10-target events; the money was divided 50, 30 and 20 in events of less than 12 entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 in events of twelve or more entries. Targets were 1½ cents, and included in the entrance. A magautrap and five expert traps were used. The added money amounted to \$11.

Great interest centered in the team race, which was won by the Independents with a very good score. The Keller medal was also keenly contested for, and was finally won by Mr. H. Ridge.

There was a lot of excellent shooting done in the different events.

The general average in the events from Nos. 5 to 13 inclusive was won by Messrs. Wolstencroft, Beveridge and Ridge, the former finishing with a neat 97 per cent., while Messrs. Beveridge and Ridge tied on 93, all an excellent showing. Wolstencroft and Ridge shot Schultz in a leader shell. Beveridge shot E. C. in a smokeless shell.

The weather was pleasant and favorable for good shooting. Although the sun was obscured by summer clouds, the light was good. The shoot progressed most pleasantly from start to finish.

The next tournament of the League will be held under the auspices of the Wayne Gun Club, on the first Saturday in July.

Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, attended to the entries of the cashier's department in his well known skillful and satisfactory manner.

The scores:

Forest Gun Club, 222.	
Morison	—31
Morgan	—23
Mills	—19
Morris	—31
Green	—24—128

Silver Lake, 167.	
Mink	—22
Aker	—24
Numbers	—19
Woodsteger	—20
Felix	—18
Lane	—26—129

Independent Gun Club, 178.	
W H W	—27
Landis	—27
Franklin	—26
Houpt	—26
Thurman	—22
Ridge	—28—156

Washington, 197.	
Smith	—24
Motz	—28
Harris	—19
Righton	—21
Torpey	—15
Johnson	—25—132

Florists' Second Team, 225.	
Harris	—27
Taplan	—25
Jones	—15
L Ball	—13
C B Ball	—29
G Craig	—22—131

Wayne, 182.	
McMichael	—25
Daly	—26
Bender	—19
Engle	—23
Van Nort	—23
Dillon	—16—132

Frankford, 186.	
Cameron	—21
Butts	—19
Redifer	—22
Bourne	—26
Betson	—24
Myers	—25—137

Florists, 172.	
Burton	—23
Park	—22
Bell	—23
Colflesh	—24
Smith	—22
Anderson	—27—141

Roxborough, 183.	
H Blundin	—26
V Free	—21
K Gyles	—26
J McFalls	—23
W Powell	—17
Dr Pepper	—24—137

Tie shoot between Lane, Ridge and Anderson, 24 each, for Keller medal.	
Lane	—21
Ridge	—22
Anderson	—21
Ridge won.	

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10
Banks	10	7	9
Beveridge	10	9	10	14	9	8	9	14	9	9	10	15	10	8
Houpt	9	9	7	12	9	6	10	13	8	8	10	11
W H W	10	9	10	15	10	8	10	14	10	10	15	10	10	10
Landis	9	8	10	11	10	9	8	14	10	9	7
Walters	8	7	9	11	5	8	..	6	..	11
Ridge	8	8	10	15	8	10	9	14	10	9	9	15	9	9
Cowan	8	..	8	..	9	..	8	..	6	11	..	8
Samtman	5	..	5	..	3	..	7	..	8	..	4
McFalls	7	..	8	11	7	..	5	..	7	7	..	10	..	6
E Kirk	8	9	9	9	7	6	10	11	10	10	8
Burton	8	9	7	12	9	8	8	14	6	..	11
R G C	4	..	6	..	5
Mink	5	7	12	6	6	4	..	6
Giles	9	11	9	..	9	8	6	7
Coleman	10	..	8	6	5	..	7	8	7	11	9	8
Park	8	10	7	..	9	8	7
Franklin	8	9	10	12	8	8	..	8
Anderson	5	4	9	6
Jones	6	5	10
Evans	8	6	14	8
Bell	8	6	10
Cleaver	7	7	9	13	7	9
Torpey	7	6	3
Elias	7	8	7	11	10
Engle	10	..	11	..	5
Free	6	6
C Ball	9	9	8	8	7	7
Thurman	8	..	11
Hack	7	9	11	6
Redifer	8	..	10
McMichael	9	7	6
Vincent	13	9
Taplin	10	..	5
Lane	10	8
Harris	11	9	10
Freed	5	4
Morgan	8	6	9
Ford	12
Daly	9
Dillon	14	7
Brown	10
Cameron	13	9
Henry	13
Kelly	12
Gray	5
Flick	8	..	5
Dewey	5
Morris	9	5
Burt	11
Humer	12	9
Betson	10	3
Pilling	6	7
Newbold	8	8
Lawrence	7
Myers	3
Fisher	7
Morrison	5
McAfee	7

Stanley	6	6
Parish	8	..
Steel	7	..
Van Loon	9	8
Colflesh	8	4
Vincent	6	..
H Lee	6	..
Parker	8	..
Bourne	8	..

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 28.—The members of the South End Gun Club held a practice shoot preparatory to their Decoration Day tournament, which is scheduled for the 30th. The events were all at bluerocks thrown by the magautrap. Each event was at 10 targets per man. Summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
F Yost	8	10	8	10	6	*3	Eshelman	8	8	..	9	9	9
Capt Essick	8	8	..	6	5	3	Downs	6	5	..	6	5	7
Miles	4	..	7	8	4	4	Gerhart	9	8	..	4

* Denotes only shot at 4; ran out of shells.

After the above scores were shot Mr. M. R. Eshelman and W. W. Essick shot a match at 10 targets, Eshelman winning by hitting 8 to Essick's 1. Essick then shot out the whole 25 and broke 11.

Pottstown, Pa., May 28.—The Shuler Shooting Association's team was to-day defeated by the team representing the Hill School Gun Club by the score of 73 to 61. The teams consisted each of four men, who shot at 25 targets. Sweepstakes followed. Score:

Hill School Gun Club—Vadeburg 16, Fox 15, French 20, Brown 22—73.
Shuler Shooting Association—Saylor 16, L. H. Davis 12, Grubb 14, Capt. Wickersham 19—61.

Norristown, Pa., May 28.—The Penn Gun Club held a shoot here to-day. T. V. Smith won the gold medal. Each man shot at 25 bluerocks. Scores: Smith 23, Dick 19, Rimer 18, Glisson 16, Derr 18, Bossler 16, Cassel 20, Gross.

The first of a series of three matches between the Penn Gun Club and West Chester Gun Club opens here Monday, May 30, for the intercounty championship.

Pottsville, Pa., May 27.—A big bluerock shooting tournament took place at Minersville, near here, to-day for the championship of the Schuylkill County League of Game and Fish Protective Association. F. C. Palmer, of Pottsville, won the gold medal. Each man shot at 25 bluerocks. Scores: F. Coleman 20, S. Adams 10, Cockhill 8, Pfeiffer 8, T. Davis 10, J. Tracy 14, D. Leimuger 14, D. Walker 15, L. A. Miller 10, Ed Green 20, W. J. Beck 16, D. Reid 15, J. W. Storr 19, F. C. Palmer 23, W. Halderman 12, W. Cookson 12, R. Weir 17, Ed Clouser 12, W. Wilcox 9, Lin Doudon 11, H. S. Hoover 17, F. Lawrence 17, J. Partis 10, E. Moore 7, E. G. Hoover 17, H. I. Hunsberger 14, W. J. Lawrence 11, J. Brown 14, H. Smith 13, T. James 20, H. Neuser 15, H. Diebert 12, M. Beddow 16, Ed Lloyd 11, D. Wise 19. In all thirty-five members participated in the shoot.

Reading, Pa., May 30.—An interesting event to sportsmen in this vicinity was the annual Memorial Day tournament of the South End Gun Club, held to-day on their fine shooting grounds along the river. A high wind swept across the traps during the latter part of the afternoon and made shooting difficult. All the events were shot over the magautrap, which worked finely. The principal event for the club members was the club shoot for the three gold class medals. All members were classed according to their previous records. Men having averages of 76 to 100 per cent. were put in Class A; those from 56 to 76 per cent. shot in Class B, and all under 55 per cent. in Class C. Mr. R. Eshelman took the Class A medal, breaking 24 out of 25. James Gicker won Class B medal after a tie shoot-off with James Kelly, each of whom broke 21 in the race. Class C medal was taken by Joseph Grossman. The medal or club event resulted as follows:

Class A: Eshelman 24, G. Miller 22, F. Yost 22, Gerhart 19, G. Jonhue 21, Shaaber 18, Yeager 16, Essick 14, Ball 14, Rhoads 13. Class B: Gicker 21, Kelly 21, Miles 17, Heil 17, Shultz 15, Farr 15, Texter 11. Shoot-off, 10 targets: Gicker 9, Kelly 5. Class C: Grossman 14, Downs 10.

The crowd that watched the events consisted of about 500 people, who applauded the winners, especially the winner in Class B shoot, after Mr. Gicker's fine race in the shoot-off. The scores of the open events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	6
Matz	5	19	7	12
G Miller	8	22	10	13	7	..	11	9	10
G Jonhue	8	13
Farr	6	14	6	10	5	5	..	3	5
Gerhart	8	..	7	11	8	6	..	8	8	8	..	8	8
H Miller	5	19	..	12
Hill	10	..	5	6
Miles	8	..	5	..	9	9	..	8
Shaaber	7	..	8	14
P Texter	6	..	7	..	8
Downs	2	..	3	5	6	..	4
Kelly	7	..	8	13	5
Yeager	7	..	9	13	7
Ball	7	..	6	12	7	7	8	6	..	10	9	7
Gicker	7	..	9	..	7	7	..	9	8	6
Clouser	7	..	6	10	7	..	11	10
Spatz	9	10
Young	7
Eshelman	9	..	8	13	7	5	..	4	2	4
F Yost	7	..	5	13	8	8
Capt Essick	6	..	9	14	8	9	..	7	6	6	..	9	9	4	6
Rhoads	6	8
Thompson	2	..	13	7	5
Grossman
Shultz	6	..	1	6	7
Bossler	5	..	8	..	6
Lawrence	3	7

Three matches, 5 live birds, 30yds. rise:

Blandford	01222-4	22222-5	21222-5
Hall	02110-3	20112-4	21122-5
C. Raymond	01120-3	11002-3	11202-5
Allen	00120-2	02101-3	12102-5

WESTERN TRAPS.

PATERSON-AMBERG FOR CHALLENGE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—To-day, A. C. Paterson, holder of the Chicago challenge trophy, retained title to same at the close of his race with Mr. J. H. Amberg, who was the first and accepted challenger under the revised rules. Mr. Amberg had his handicap established by the trustees before his last appearance at the Watson traps, day before yesterday, when he fell so low as to score only 2 out of 10 birds. It was not to be expected that he would soon repeat so discouraging a performance as that, so that many thought he was favored enough by the allowance of 3 birds and a place at 25yds. Mr. Paterson was put at 30yds.

A small crowd gathered to see the race. It was a good shooting day, bright, with a stiffish and puffy wind coming in to the score from the right hand. The birds were varied in flights and speed, some very fast ones going out, with others not so strong. Mr. Amberg caught a left-quarterer with his first bird and did not trouble it much. He also missed his 2d, which came in and passed out to the right untouched. His 7th also got away unhurt to any extent, and thus Paterson was let in even with him. Mr. Amberg missed his 10th, a left-quarterer, and Paterson thus drew one bird ahead. The latter, however, lost his 12th dead out, and so the men were again tied. Mr. Amberg lost his 14th, very hard hit and dead out of bounds, and the big man again was one ahead. Mr. Amberg again failed to stop his 16th, and Patti's stock went sharply up. The latter ran on to his 20th without missing, and so did Mr. Amberg, but Patti could not claim the 20th, so there was only one bird between them. Mr. Amberg lost his 24th dead out, and the score, without his handicap birds being shot, stood: Amberg 18, Paterson 23. Mr. Amberg killed his allowance birds straight, making his score 21 to Paterson's 23.

Mr. Paterson shot a very deliberate, cool and workmanlike race, and left a very favorable impression as to his ability to keep in touch with the trophy under any ordinary conditions. He really knocked down 24 out of his 25 birds, his 12th bird falling within bounds, but being chased out by the dog. His 19th was a fine quick stop. His 20th bird showed the only loose work of his string. It was low and fast, and was overshot. His 22d was a lightning starter, but was grassed nicely with the first. It was openly declared about the grounds that if Patti keeps up this sort of gait the shooters will have another hard one to account for at the live-bird traps. In this race, as in his previous competitions for this trophy, for which he has now shot four times, one race being the Cunningham tie, Mr. Paterson used his "B. O. E." Remington, Leader shells, 3/4drs. Du Pont and 1/4oz. No. 7 chilled.

Mr. Amberg was clearly not in his average form as he shot to-day, having one of those off streaks which may come to any shooter, though he says he never felt better in his life, and has no reason to advance for his poor score. Part of the time he was sharp and snappy in style, but he had bad luck with incomers, on which his station at 28yds. was of no benefit to him. His 21st bird was not hit very full, but dropped in bounds and was retrieved by the dog. His 23d was flagged, but sprang fast and was nicely stopped. On his 24th an odd instance of evening up of luck occurred, the dog chasing out for him, as it had for his opponent, a bird which had fallen in bounds and appeared safe. Mr. Amberg shot an L. C. Smith gun, U. M. C. Smokeless cases, 44grs. Du Pont and 1/4oz. 7s.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 3 2 5 1 3 3 4 3 1 3 5 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 1 2 2 5 1 5 1 1 3
J Amberg, 28, 0 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 0 1 1 1 * 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 * 2 1 1 1—21

5 4 2 2 5 1 1 5 3 4 1 2 3 5 3 2 3 3 1 1 3 5 3 1 3
A Paterson, 30 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 * 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 —23

Mr. H. B. Foss, who was present at the race, is first in with his challenge, and will be the next contestant. The race will not be shot until after the Illinois State shoot, but Patti says it will have to be on a Friday, as the other races have been. He says there are thirteen pigeons on the badge, and he shoots on Fridays to complete the hoodoo!

SPEAKING OF WOLF SHOTS.

Speaking of wolf shoots, how about Omaha this week? With some twenty-nine or thirty men in the moneys and only three or four out of the entire entry back of place, where was the especially brilliant chance to make a fortune? I am not a professional trap shot, but if I were I would have to be paid pretty well before I would go against the push which was smashing things at Omaha. Fulford, Glover, Leroy, Heikes and Dickey only break 99 out of 100! Fred Gilbert only gets 198 out of 200 targets shot at; Parmelee 195, Powers, Fulford and Heikes 194! It is enough to throw a new one into a trance. Such shooting is a grand exhibition of sporting equipment, the guns and ammunition must be perfect, but old Mr. Amateur, you better sit on the fence when those white men come along, and take it out looking at the exhibition, unless your wife's folks have got money.

WHERE IS THE FORFEIT MONEY?

I observe this week in the columns of the daily press the following challenge from Capt. A. H. Bogardus: "I hereby challenge any two officers of the Spanish kingdom, either in the army or navy, to a duel with Winchester at 100yds. Both of my adversaries to be stationed in front, and the firing to commence at the signal of a pistol shot." That's all right, Bogie, and I don't doubt you would get them both. But where's the forfeit money?

FROM SANTONE.

Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, who is recently back from his winter trip to San Antonio, Tex., reports things running along pretty well down in that favored land. Oscar Guessaz has not yet gone to either Klondike or Mexico, but may go to Mexico soon. Joe George, which was postmaster, is out of office and will be in New York city the first part of the month of June, where he will be engaged in settling up a family estate. Mr. George will be of independent means henceforth, but will still choose old San Antonio as his home. He who lives three years in the far Southwest never again comes back to the North to stay.

ALPINE, OF CHICAGO.

Alpine Gun Club, of Chicago, is doing considerable practice work at Watson's this spring, and though some of the shooters are not yet to be classed as experts, they are plucky and improving. They were shooting yesterday at the park, and their scores show elsewhere with those of other participants in live-bird sweeps.

A POSSIBILITY.

There are rumors of a pigeon match, at 100 birds, between Mr. Wm. Johnson, otherwise known as Bill Johnson, a former treasurer of Cook county, and Col. C. E. Felton or Abner Price. Mr. Johnson has made the challenge open to either of the above named gentlemen, whose experience dates well back into trap-shooting in Chicago, as does his own. At present the only trouble is between Col. Felton and Mr. Price, who have fallen over each other in their eagerness to get to shoot the race with Mr. Johnson. Yet the latter is no sinecure, so to speak, to have on one's hands in a pigeon race, and it may after all prove to be a version of the old song which runneth, "Mr. Johnsing, turn me loose!"

May 27.—The meeting of the Audubon Gun Club this afternoon did not show a quorum, only six members being present. No delegates for the Peoria convention could therefore be elected. The meeting was adjourned till Tuesday, June 1.

NOTES FROM MANY TOWNS.

June 2.—Among scores of the Wisconsin Gun Club, of Milwaukee, at their last club shoot were the following: At 25 bluerocks, unknown angles: Paul 17, J. Meunier 21, Westfahl 15, Klabunde 16, Frank 19, Fisher 16, Savage 11, Albert 16, Rohn 13, Skidmore 18, Horlick 18, Hayes 15, Rogers 14.

At the last regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club, of Ohio, a good attendance turned out. The main event was the handicap at 30 targets. Redwing, at scratch, lost 10 out of his string of 30. Scores:

James, 5 011111111111010001111011111111 —29
Curtiss, 3 11111111001111110110110110110011 —26
Elliott, 3 11011111010000100101111111111111 —24
Page, 4 10110101111011011111111111111111 —30
Grant, 7 0110111111010101011011011011011010 —26
Green, 0 01111111111111111111111111111111 —27
F. H., 9 11001110110111110111110000010010 —23
W. Tamblin, 9 1111110011011011010010010111110110110 —26
J. I. C., 9 0001001010100101010001010101010000100 —15
North, 2 1011011111110111011101110111111111 —27
Redwing, 0 0000011111110011011011001111111111 —20
Dutton, 6 1011111010101011010100110110111111111 —27

On last Monday a number of the members of the City Park Gun

Club, of New Orleans, met for their second shoot of the May-June series. Scores:

Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Macmurdo	18	4	2	5	4	3	9	4	
Schwartz	20	6	7	7	6	8	9	8	
Tuague	13	7	2	4	2	7	4	7	
Holmes		6	3	8	7	6	7	8	
Sully	13	4	7	5	5	5			
Sommer	20	7	8	8	8				
Cottam	9	5	5	2	5				
Jack	15	3	5	3	8	7	5		
Armstrong		5	8	7	5	5			
Harris		4	3	5	2	3			
Tibbler	20	7	10						
Du Buys		1	1	2					
Burthe		3	3	2					
Cousin		3	3	3					
Dr Beard		0	0						
Gerteis		4							

In the tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club, of Findlay, O., last week a number of outsiders attended, and the shooting was lively. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Bluerocks:	10	15	20	10	10	15	10	15	20	10	15
Snow	9	15	18	10	8	13	10	14	17	9	15
Allen	10	14	17	10	8	13	7	11	17	8	13
Spross	10	14	18	9	10	14	9	14	19	9	15
Steen	9	11	14		9	15	6			9	12
Glass	8	13	15	7	7		7				
Harton	8	10		7							
Burton	10	14	18	8	10	14	8				
Vail	10	14	20	10	9	15	10	12	19		
Latchaw	9			7	7	10					
Stevens	9	7	12	10	7	12	6	12	14	9	13
Robinson							8	14	19	10	14
Crew								13	18	8	15

The West Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., last Monday held the first shoot of their season. There were three contests, of unique interest each. The first was for a prize of a bull pup, the second was the regular medal shoot, and the third was for a prize of additional live stock, a nice fat pig. Following are the scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Nougle	10	13	10	Happy	10	17	19		
Messner	21	21	22	Frcuchtel	19		13		
Baum	21	19	19	Lafayette	20		17		
Delonjay	17			IJunt	12	14	14		
Lehan	11	16		Kemp	11				
Weinguth	19	10		F Andre	8				
C Andre	12			Iohn	12				
Brenner	13	15	19	Cook	15				
Willhite	19		21	Shook	12				
Hermann	22	21		Breck	21	18	18		
Skoul	15		16	Orr	8		5		
Scudder	22		20	Mosier	12				
Koch	10			Brass	14				
Krogman	12	10	7						

Reports from Mason City, Ia., May 31, state that Charlie Grimm ran straight in six events at 15 targets in the annual northern Iowa shoot. Open event winners were:

First event: First money, Clark, of Nora Spring.
Second event: First money, Konvalinka, of Mason City.
Third event: First money, Konvalinka, of Mason City.
Fourth event: First money, Pettit, of Osage.
Fifth event: First money, Kibbey, of Marshalltown.
Sixth event: Divided between Long, Woodbury and G. E. T.
Seventh event: First money, G. E. T., of Williamsburg.
Eighth event: First money, Smith, of Mason City.
Ninth event: First money, Clark, of Nora Springs.
Tenth event: First money, Damitt, of Osage.
Eleventh event: First money, Kibbey, of Marshalltown.
Twelfth event: First money, Steegy, of Waterloo.

Under the management of W. W. Carney, an interesting open tournament took place at Leavenworth, Kan., May 30. Among other outsiders were Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, and Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City. Eight events were shot, and average money was won, first by Gottlieb, second by Erhardt, third by Cornett, of Kansas City, and fourth by Davis, of Platte City. Records were:

Event No. 1, 15 targets, ten entries: Jap first money, second divided between Cockrill, Cornett and Gottlieb.
Event No. 2, 15 targets, ten entries: Gottlieb first money, Japp second, Cockrill third.
Event No. 3, 20 targets, ten entries: Erhart first money, Cornett and Gottlieb second, and Cockrill and Lane divided third money.
Event No. 5, 15 targets, thirteen entries: Cockrill and Erhart tied for first, Brownie, Redmond and Hittie tied for second, and Japp and Gottlieb tied for third.
Event No. 6, 20 targets, fourteen entries: Brownie, Erhart and Cornett tied for first money, Gottlieb and Jack tied for second, and Davis, Branhull and Sweet tied for third.
Event No. 7, 15 targets, sixteen entries: Gottlieb first, Sweet and Jap second, and McGee, Cornett and Sexton third.
Event No. 8 was the big event of the day. Seven teams participated, 15 triplets, or 45 targets, to each man. Barnett and Davis pulled down first money, Gottlieb and Erhart second, and Goff and Cockrill and Jap and Sexton tied for third money. In the shoot-off Goff and Cockrill won.

The Northern Iowa shoot at Mason City, Iowa, closed June 1, after a fine day for shooting, the weather being favorable for the good runs which showed. Long, of Mason City, was high gun on the two days' shoot, 303 out of 360 possible. "G. E. T." was second, 301 broke. Dr. Kibbey, the red hot Marshalltown shot, fell off a little, scoring 280, and Woodbury, of Mason City, came next, 267. The steady-shooting Mortensen, of Britt, Iowa, shows in the first hole in many of the day's events, in which winners were as follows:

First—Divided between Konvalinka and Long. Second—Divided between Steege and Mortensen. Third—G. E. T. Fourth—Divided between Steege, Mortensen and G. E. T. Fifth—Divided between Konvalinka, Mortensen and G. E. T. Sixth—Divided between Mortensen, Long, Dimmick, Clark and Woodbury. Seventh—Clark. Eighth—Smith. Ninth—Divided between Long and Mortensen. Tenth—Divided between Smith, Woodbury and Mortensen. Eleventh—Divided between Mortensen and Clark. Twelfth—Divided between Mortensen, Long and G. E. T.

At Du Pont Park, St. Louis, a rattling shoot was in progress May 29 and 30. On the first day a stiff event was shot off for a valuable gun, at 25 targets, conditions, Winston's handicap. Score:

G Prendergast	100101100101010111101101000	—15
Straw	101111101111111010101111111	—25
Crosby	111111101111111111111111111	—25
Dow	011111100011010111010000	—16
Stecker	100101011100110101010110	—16
Skinny	111100111111111011111111111	—25
Levy	010100110101010111110101011	—16
Baggemas	110101101010101101110111111111111	—18
E Prendergast	111111111111000010101010101	—19
Selzer	11101011011111001101010001	—17
Kling	101111111111010101111111110	—25
Hershey	11101111111101110111011111111	—25
Winston	1111111111111101110111010111	—25
Daniels	1110110100010001010101010	—14
*King	111001101100101110101110110	—18
*Spicer	1001010000101101101100001110	—13

* Birds.

In the shoot-off Hershey won. Nine other events, a total of 165 targets in all, were shot, with the following totals shot and missed respectively as below:

Shot at.	Killed.	Shot at.	Killed.		
Kling	165	141	Stoker	85	65
Stroh	120	74	Rawlins	60	33
E Prendergast	120	104	Kaizer	25	18
G Stone	85	54	Miss King	35	17
Selzer	165	125	Lake	45	36
Colman	90	57	Don	35	27
Crosby	120	111	Levey	45	40
Nold	150	30	Skinney	70	65
Hirschy	130	113	Baggerman	50	42
Bellcour	55	32	Spicer	85	60

On Decoration Day a tidy handicap at live birds, 25 birds, \$15, brought out seven entries to Du Pont Park. Chan. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., was in town, and also in the heart of the city, for he won with a straight score, as below:

Kling, 30	1121211120211112101*12210	—21
Ed Pendergast, 30	2202112222201021212121*1	—21
V S Thompson, 28	22021*222001121022211*21	—19
S Thompson, 27	20222010212021121010002201	
Kessler, 28	0201212211*01202111021202	
Powers, 30	112121122112111111212122	
Starkloff, 30	1121122222112222022121222	

Other sweeps, some of them miss-and-out, were shot during the rest of the day.

The Pastime Gun Club, of Kansas City, held its regular Washington Park shoot May 28, at 25 live birds, and J. B. Porter won the medal with 25 straight. In the Metropolitan Target Club medal contest Gottlieb won with 48 out of 50. Faxon won the Western Target Club medal, 21 out of 25.

In the live-bird sweeps of the Milwaukee Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., May 29, the following scores were made at 10 live birds:

No Good	1212102**	—7	Klapinski	1212111120	—8
Thomas	1211111112	—10	No Good	101112*112	—8
I Carrol	1021111122	—9	Thomas	1102*11221	—8
Johnson	12*1120112	—8	Johnson	0101122221	—8
Plankinton	1222122*2*	—8	Carrol	0202011100	—5
Forehand	20122*121	—7	Forehand	12121*1221	—9
Duval	2122*122	—8	Klapinski	1121002021	—7

At the last shoot of the gun club of Superior, Wis., the interest was good, and the shooting closely fought out. Fulton retained the club medal. Eleven events were shot. Scores:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hogan	6	4	5	8	5	8	5	8	4	7	10
Leader	7	5	6	5	8	7	5	7	3	5	7
Dixin	8	5	7	5	7		8				
Marks	5		4	7	7				6	7	
Pierce	4			5			6	8	6		
Behrens	5	6	7	8			8	1			
Folkers						2	3	5			
Tracy							8				
Fulton								10	7	5	8

On May 28 the Glenville Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., met a keen wind and consequently low scores were made, as shown below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Total.
Targets:	10	10	15	20	20	75
Tebeau	8	9	12	18	10	57
Fellows	6	6	10	15	15	62
Telinde	10	10	12	16	18	66
James	8	8	13	17	14	60
Jenkins	9	10	12	17	19	67
Carraher	8					8
Grant	9	9	13	15	17	63
Evans	10	10	12	17	15	64
Sterling			15	14	16	45
Hopkins			12	14	14	40

At Belvidere, Ill., May 31, Vance won the club medal. The rest of the day was spent enjoyably at sweeps.

The third and deciding contest in the Pek

pie, John Watson, Al. L. Smith, Henry Levy and S. E. Kimbal. The Lake County Gun Club will be represented by Al. L. Smith, Nic Ford, A. Marquart, Nic Lewis, F. M. Spreyne and Henry Koehler.

The captain of Garfield Gun Club has been unable to ascertain the members who contemplate attending the State shoot, and it is very probable that the team will not be chosen until the week of the contest. It is probable that the first team will consist of R. Kuss, T. P. Hicks, E. S. Graham and Dr. S. Shaw. Others eligible are Fehrmann, Sam Young, Harry Wiley, M. J. Eich, C. Steiger, C. P. Richards, Silas Palmer, F. Baird, W. A. Jones, Dr. J. W. Meek and J. Workman.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest to-day, May 28. The attendance was only fair, which was probably due to the weather, which threatened rain. The sky was overcast, and a strong wind blew from the right quarter. The flight of the targets was, however, quite uniform, and some good scores were made in the sweeps.

The trophy contest was at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified:

Class A.	
E M Steck1111111111110111011101-22
Hollister111111111111011101110111-21
W D Stannard11111111111111111111110-24
Geo Roll1110111111111111111111-24
H J Vetter11111110100110111111011-20
Hyde1111101111111111011000110-19
A C Paterson11110110111110110111111-20

Class B.	
R B Carson1001111011111111011111-21
V Cunnyngnam0111110110001011111101-17

Class C.	
A C Borroff111011011101101100001001-15
P C P Bradley0111111101111101101111-21

W. D. Stannard won Class A by a toss-up; R. B. Carson won Class B; A. C. Borroff won Class C.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, and it was well attended, considering the day. Following are detailed scores of the medal contest, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified:

Class A.	
Shaw1111111100111011111111-22
De Maris110101111111111100010110-18
Meek01101011010110111111100-17
Eich1111111111110111111111-23
Richards0011011111111101110111-20
Stiger0101100011111011011101-17
Hicks11011011111111011001110-19
Wiley0101100011111101101110-17
Baird1100111101101001110111-18
Kuss1101111111110111111111-23
Workman001011100101001000100111-12
S Palmer01011111110101010100111-17
Fehrmann11111111010110011011000-17
Jones10101010010100101010111-13
Von Leng11000101111111011111100-18
Eaton1010101101110011111111-19
Amberg1001011101110010101111-17
Helman000100100100001101011001-10

R. Kuss won Class A; F. S. Baird won Class B; Mr. Eaton won Class C.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

May 31.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club held a two-days' shoot on the club grounds, at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind. The opening of the club's season commenced with Decoration Day, and continues until Thanksgiving. The attendance on that occasion numbered seventy-two, comprising members and their families.

The day was a most perfect one, with a bright, warm sun, accompanied by a strong, cool wind blowing from Lake Michigan, which bounds the club's ground on the north. The woods about the club house are at this season fresh with foliage and flowers. The ladies spent their time gathering flowers, which they carried to their city homes.

Nearly 300 live birds were trapped and over 2,000 targets thrown during the two days.

The following are of the first day's scores. At 10 live birds, \$3, 32yds. rise, 2 moneys:

No. 1.		No. 2.	
G H Knowles202210222-8		
G C Lamphere222111111-10	101011222-8	
P D Norcom210101010-6	122201010-7	
J S Houston202020020-5	220202020-6	
Geo E Marshall1121001121-8	2101110112-8	
J A Morgan1001101100-5		
H A Ferguson0020112022-6	212221222-10	
S Lowenstein220020020-4	220020020-4	

No. 1 was live bird trophy contest, and was won by G. C. Lamphere.

No. 3, miss-and-out, \$1, birds extra:	
G C Lamphere1111111111111121-16
Geo E Marshall112111221211120
H A Ferguson12220 w
J S Houston222222210 w
P D Norcom10 w
S Lowenstein002022201 w

The excellent shooting of Mr. Lamphere won him out after killing 17 straight, and using his second barrel only once.

The club since its infancy has been using five wire-pull traps, but this year leased a magautrap, which was operated throughout the contest for the first time, which accounts for the seemingly poor shooting, as shown by the scores. The following are scores in practice events:

Events:		Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6
G Lamphere9 16 .. 9 11 10	R Tuttle7
J Houston9 15 6 8 6 7	A Harlan4 12 9 ..
P Norcom9 9 5 7 9 8	H Ferguson5 6 ..
C Chamberlain0 5	J A Morgan5 ..

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were singles; No. 6 was 5 singles and 5 pairs.

The second day opened with more live-bird shooting, and continued until the supply was exhausted. Scores:

Cunyngham102212202101112-12	A Harlan111202201101 w-9
A Paterson212102111201211-13	K Marks00012122121 w-9

No. 2, miss-and-out, \$1:					
V Cunnynggham0	-0	S Booth0	-0
A Paterson2120	-4	*V Cunnynggham22220	-4
H Ferguson0	-0	*S Booth220	-3
P Norcom22222-6		*A Paterson2220	-3

No. 3, same:			
A	Paterson22211-5	P Norcom0 -0
V	Cunyngham22220-4	
* Re-entry.			

* Re-entry.

Paterson wins event No. 1; Norcom wins No. 2, and Paterson wins No. 3.

Following this came the target events: The Shooting Committee are to procure three suitable medals, of equal value, which will be awarded for highest average in each class at the end of the season, conditions necessary to have contested in ten events. The trophy event will consist of 50 targets thrown from magautrap, rapid fire, classified. Following are detailed scores of the first trophy contest:

Class A.	
A C Paterson1111000101101011101100011001110111101101001-31
G C Lamphere1001111111111111011101010101111110010101111-39
V Cunyngham000011111101010001000100010000001111010001-23
H A Ferguson1100001010111101011101000001011100101001011-29
J S Houston01010100010000000101010100011111001000101011-22
P D Norcom110101110010001011110001100111010111111011-34
S E Young110101110011001010101010111100010110101001-32
S M Booth01100111110011101010010011111100100001001110001-28

Class B.	
A F Whitman1110010001000000100100110000010100011110011011-21
A W Harlan001011000000110010000010000001010001101011111-20
S Lowenstein00000010011000000100010001000001010110110110111-20

Class C.	
J A Morgan10100000000100100010001101010100110110001100010-19
C Chamberlain101011101010100100000001010000010101100011000-22
A O Hunt0000100011000000010000000100000000000101101001-12

G. C. Lamphere wins A; A. F. Whitman, wins B; C. C. Chamberlain wins C.

Several sweeps were shot after the trophy contest. Scores:

Events:		Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 6 7	Targets:	1 2 3 4 6 7
G Lamphere9 10 13 18 ..	S Booth9 13 ..
P Norcom10	A Harlan4 10 6 ..
A Paterson7 12 .. 13 10	A Hunt3
V Cunyngham9 8 9 10 7 12	S Young8 .. 9 16 ..
S Lowenstein8 10 2 ..	A Meyer2 1 0 ..
H Ferguson12 7 8 17 14 14	E Selz6 5 2 ..
G Marshall8 7	C Chamberlain5
J Morgan6 .. 7 .. 8	J Houston11 14 ..
A Whitman5 8 3 ..		

All of the foregoing events were shot from the magautrap. Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6 and 7 were singles; No. 2 at 10 pairs.

EUREKA CLUB.

June 4.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly shoot to-day. The weather was perfect, with but light wind, and the scores were consequently fair. The regular set of five traps was used, also the magautrap. A good attendance turned out, twenty-two in all in the medal contest. Badges were issued by the secretary for the members attending the State shoot at Peoria next week. One of the practice shoots to-day was under same conditions as the Smith cup race of the annual State tournament. Scores:

Events:		Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
F H Lord14 16 8 ..		
A W Adams17 17 14 ..		
J S Houston17 18 11 22 ..		
C Antoine7 12 13 ..		
E M Steck20 14 ..		
Neta11 ..		
H P Carson9 23 18 ..		
R B Carson11 13 20 6 ..		
C W Carson12 ..		
F Stannard12 ..		
L Goodrich15 ..		
H A Ferguson17 ..		
H B Morgan15 16 8 ..		
W D Stannard23 ..		
D J Buck22 20 8 ..		
H Vetter8 8 ..		
H Cromwell12 13 3 7 ..		
J L Jones3 7 ..		
C C Hess14 .. 10 7 ..		
E C Smith10 12 .. 5 ..		
Morton6 8 ..		
Cunyngham10 13 9 ..		
Patti5 .. 13 ..		

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were at known traps, unknown angles; No. 6 was at 3 unknown traps; Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were shot on the magautrap. Following are detailed scores of the trophy contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified:

Class A.	
E M Steck1111110111111011111111-23
A W Adams11110111110101010101111-20
F H Lord10010100101011101010101-15
J S Houston1010111111110111111111-23
H Goodrich1010101111110111011111-20
A C Paterson1111011101110111011111-21
C C Hess1101011101101111101101-19
Chas Antoine0110111111110111111100-20
F P Stannard1111111111110111101111-23
W D Stannard00111101110011010100011-16
Neta, class C1011100111111111011110-20

Class B.	
J L Jones101110111000100000101000-11
V L Cunyngham1111111000111011101101-20
F Vetter1110010110101111101101-18
Dr Morton101011010101101100010101-16
C W Carson0101111111110111111101-21
R B Carson10101011111101000001011-14
H P Carson1111011100111111111111-22
D J Buck1111110110111011111111-22
C S Smith0010000100100101001010-10
Cromwell000101001010000100010100-8
H B Morgan1101101011010101110101-20
F P Stannard1011111111101111111111-23
H Vetter1011101101101101011111-19

GARFIELD CLUB.

Fifteen members of Garfield Club appeared for the regular medal contest to-day at the club grounds, Fifty-second and Monroe streets. The conditions were favorable for good shooting, but for some reason the boys did not make any very high scores, 21 being high in the medal race, this by Mr. M. J. Eich. A very enjoyable afternoon was passed none the less. Garfield Club will send a goodly delegation to the State shoot at Peoria. Following are the scores of the day:

Events:		Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 5 6 7	Targets:	1 2 3 5 6 7
Dr Shaw11 9 10 15 10 15	M Bosler7 1 4 3 3 6
De Maris6 2	T P Hicks13 8 .. 6 9 10
C Richards9 9 4 7 9 10	Pitt3 5 ..
S Young8 8 7 6 5 9	W A Jones11 4 3 3 3 10
C Steiger13 9 .. 7 5 14	M J Eich6 7 ..
S Palmer9 2 3 7 6 6	Workman1 ..
Dr J Meek10 5 ..	Eaton7 4 ..
R Kuss14 7 7 11 ..	Baird7 5 ..
A Hellman10 8 4 7 ..	E S Graham11 8 ..

Following are detailed scores of the medal contest, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A.	
Shaw01101010111011010001000-13
De Maris1111100011111101001111-19
Richards11011001100111011010100-16
Young01000010111001010001011-12
Stiger10000011111111011010101-16
Palmer10001100111001010001010-13
Meek10011111110101010101010-19
Kuss101101011001111100110101-17
Hellman10001101011010101010101-16
Hicks01110010001111010101111-16
Jones001100011101000111001110-13
Eich1110110110111111111101-21
Eaton10111011011010001101100-17
Workman11100100011000101011101-15
Baird11111000110101111100111-18

R. Kuss won Class A; J. Meek Class B, and De Maris won Class C.

A. C. PATERSON.

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y., May 31.—Inclosed find scores of the shooting done on the Warwick Gun Club grounds May 30. The weather was fine, and a large number of visitors were present. The live birds were a good, fair lot. The shooting was not up to the club standard because the rainy weather we have had has kept the boys from practicing. No. 10 was at 5 pairs; No. 11 was expert; No. 12 was walking:

Events:		Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14	Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
Ogden8 13 7 7 9 8 8 8 6 6 8 3 19 ..		
Belcher5 7 .. 7 8 8 6 9 4 ..		
Norton8 10 9 6 4 ..		
Edsall8 12 ..		
Lines9 11 ..		
L Wilcox4 7 .. 3 ..		
Conklin5 1 ..		
Servin5 9 ..		
Dunning5 12 ..		
Welling8 ..		
Rogers7 ..		
Hyatt5 ..		
Van Etten3 6 1 ..		
D Wilcox2 ..		
Rone3 5 ..		
Wisner7 5 4 8 4 7 1 ..		
Vernon6 7 ..		
Welch4 7 6 3 6 0 15 ..		
Freeman6 4 ..		

Live birds:		Live birds:	
Conklin21202221-7	Edsall00001100-2
Totten01102211-6	Gray11221221-8
Welch00022100-3	Lines211022-5
Freeman22000201-4	Eager2101212-6
Servin00211000-3	L Wilcox2022100-4
Welling00111100-4	Dunning1021110-5

JOHN B. ROGERS, Pres.

Piasa Gun Club's Tournament.

ALTON, Ill., June 3.—The second annual tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, held here this week, proved a magnificent exhibition of good marksmanship, and was a thorough success, although the attendance was not so large as was hoped. It proved that the experts, coming in a body, frightened off the amateurs to some extent, but while this cut the attendance it emphasized the work of those who went through the regular programme. Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, who was to manage the shoot, was kept home by illness in his family, and the conduct devolved on the local club members; everything, however, proving highly satisfactory.

The regular programme had ten 19-bird events for each day, making 380 altogether. The feature of the occasion was the shooting of the so-called Indians, who went into the game for all there was in it, and scored some phenomenal runs. Budd and Crosby tied for high average, dropping but 19 birds in all. Herschy came next with 359 kills, and other high averages were: Powers 355, Elliott 346, Winbiger 340, Seely 327, Howell 306, Riehl 301. The scores are appended.

In sweepstakes after the regular events the shooting was no less spirited, but the local men improved their gait decidedly, and so made up what they had lost in former competition with the experts:

Powers19 17 18 19 19 17 17 18 17 18
Crosby18 17 18 16 18 19 17 19 18 18
Winbiger18 13 16 17 16 17 16 17 17 18
Herschy18 17 19 18 18 18 16 17 17 18
Budd17 19 16 16 19 18 17 ..
Elliott16 17 18 16 18 17 17 18 17 17
Griffith16

Nebraska State Shoot.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, MAY 24.

The weather here to-day is in marked contrast to that experienced at Kansas City last week. The sun is shining bright and there is just enough wind to make it pleasant. Altogether it is a capital day for shooting, with all conditions favorable to good scores. The attendance is not large, only forty shooters participating, though of this number twenty-nine shot through.

The best shooting of the day was done by Powers and Heikes; each lost but 7 birds. Budd and Parmelee come next with 10 misses chalked up against them. Powers and Budd each made five straight to-day, while Budd made a run of 97, and Powers one of 84. Thirteen of the twenty-nine shooters who shot through all the events made an average of over 90 per cent. With such favorable conditions and everything working smoothly the programme was shot out by 3 o'clock. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, and the score shows that there were no lucky holes to drop into. The best purse of the day was cut up by Powers and Fanning, who were the only ones to go straight in No. 3. Fanning shot in the last squad, and up to that time it looked as though Powers would get it alone.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Powers	20	20	20	20	18	20	19	19	18	19	200	193	.975
Heikes	19	20	19	19	20	19	19	20	18	20	200	193	.975
Budd	20	19	19	18	17	20	20	20	20	17	200	190	.965
Parmelee	19	20	19	19	20	19	19	19	16		200	190	.960
Leroy	20	19	17	17	18	19	20	19	19		200	187	.955
Grimm	18	18	19	20	18	19	20	17	19	18	200	186	.950
Rike	18	19	19	20	17	19	18	19	17		200	185	.945
Merrill	19	17	18	19	19	16	20	18	20		200	185	.945
Elliott	20	19	17	19	18	17	18	18	20		200	185	.945
Gilbert	18	20	19	18	18	18	18	19	19		200	185	.945
Glover	15	19	17	20	18	18	19	19	18		200	183	.935
Fanning	17	20	20	17	16	18	17	19	18	20	200	182	.930
Fulford	18	19	16	19	18	19	20	16	18	19	200	182	.930
Ruble	14	17	18	17	19	18	17	19	20		200	178	.915
Hughes	17	18	19	18	16	18	18	16	20		200	176	.910
Duer	16	18	19	18	17	15	18	19	20		200	175	.905
Graham	16	19	17	17	18	16	19	19	16	18	200	175	.905
Dickey	19	19	16	20	14	15	18	17	18		200	174	.900
Hallowell	13	16	16	19	19	20	18	17	16		200	173	.895
Linderman	17	18	16	18	17	15	18	17	18	19	200	173	.895
F Miller	14	20	17	16	19	17	18	18	15		200	172	.890
Courtney	18	17	19	18	16	17	18	19	17	13	200	172	.890
Loomis	12	16	19	17	18	18	18	15	20	18	200	171	.885
Moore	19	17	17	15	18	14	20	16	16	17	200	169	.880
Peterson	15	17	17	18	16	14	17	17	17		200	165	.865
Plumber	19	17	17	15	14	15	17	15	18	16	200	163	.860
Hagerman	17	14	15	16	17	13	16	19	15	16	200	158	.845
J W Den	13	14	13	16	15	18	14	12	18	13	200	146	.815
Matson	12	14	13	13	10	15	13	16	15		200	134	.785
Sievers	17	17	16	20			17	20		20	140	127	.765
Rogers							16	18	18	20	80	72	.680
Eaton							19	17	17		60	53	.650
Nicholi							16				40	33	.600
Harrison	16	18	17	13							80	64	.600
Andrews	15	17	15				15				100	79	.595
Dreier	13	15								18	60	46	.550
Beard	15	15					18	19		9	100	76	.540
M F Miller	14	15	15	13							80	57	.510
Shirk	13	14					15	17	12		100	71	.505
Olmstead							13	14			40	27	.450

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

The principal feature of to-day's shooting is the extraordinary high averages put up by most of the participants. Probably in this respect it excels all other tournaments, as it is seldom that seven men will reach or excel 95 per cent. on the same day. Leroy, Gilbert and Powers have an average of .975, Heikes .970, Budd .965, Grimm .960, and Elliott .950. There was always an abundance of straights made, and in this respect Powers and Gilbert lead with six each to their credit, Leroy having five. It seemed to make very little difference what hole one shot into, as on several occasions straight scores paid no better than 17 or 18. Powers made the best run of the day, 87 straight, which remained unfinished. The weather is again propitious, though a trifle warm. Forty-six participated to-day, and of this number thirty-one shot through. J. W. Den, M. Miller and Jake Crabill shot in but one event. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leroy	20	19	19	20	20	19	20	19	19	20	200	195	.975
Gilbert	20	19	20	20	19	18	20	20	20		200	195	.975
Powers	19	19	20	20	19	18	20	20	20		200	195	.975
Heikes	19	19	19	20	20	19	20	19	20		200	194	.970
Budd	19	18	20	20	18	19	19	20	20		200	193	.965
Grimm	19	20	17	20	19	20	19	20	18		200	192	.960
Elliott	17	20	18	20	20	19	19	20	18		200	190	.950
Dickey	20	17	19	18	19	19	19	18	20		200	189	.945
Loomis	19	20	18	20	18	20	19	19	18	17	200	188	.940
Parmelee	18	19	19	18	18	18	20	19	18		200	187	.935
Glover	18	19	20	17	18	18	20	19	18		200	186	.930
Merrill	18	18	19	19	16	18	19	20	19		200	184	.920
Fulford	20	18	19	18	17	17	19	19	19		200	184	.920
Rikes	18	19	17	19	20	17	18	20	16		200	184	.920
Fanning	18	20	19	17	18	17	18	19	18	20	200	184	.920
Hughes	17	18	20	19	19	20	16	19	17		200	182	.910
F Miller	16	16	18	18	20	18	18	19	18		200	179	.895
Ruble	18	9	20	19	18	19	20	19	17		200	179	.895
Graham	19	20	17	16	16	19	17	18	18		200	178	.890
Linderman	17	14	20	19	19	17	18	16	17	20	200	177	.885
Latshaw	18	16	16	17	17	17	19	19	19		200	176	.880
Duer	16	17	16	19	17	17	19	16	20		200	176	.880
Sievers	17	17	17	18	18	18	18	19	16		200	176	.880
Hallowell	16	19	18	18	16	18	17	16	19		200	176	.880
Courtney	19	16	16	18	19	16	15	18	20		200	173	.865
Schroder	19	16	16	16	13	19	16	20	17	17	200	172	.860
Hagerman	17	16	18	16	17	19	15	16	18		200	171	.855
Rogers	17	16	17	19	18	18	17	17	15		200	170	.850
Plumber	16	18	13	14	16	18	16	17	18	18	200	164	.820
Andrews	17	19	17	16	14	16	14	17	13	15	200	157	.785
Moore	16	16	14	14	17	16	17	13	15		200	140	.750
Cromwell	19	16	16	16			17	20	19		140	123	.878
Grant							16	17			100	83	.830
Shaw							18	16	17	15	80	66	.825
Bee	14						15	16	17	15	140	109	.778
Harrison	16	19	13	16	13						100	77	.770
Echtenkamp							13	17	16	15	80	61	.762
Cable							19	16	13	13	120	90	.750
Clyde	15	14									60	43	.716
Brucker							16	15	11	15	80	57	.712
Weber											80	51	.637
Hilbery	13	12									40	25	.625
Eaton							11	14			40	25	.625
Terryberry							9	13			60	36	.600

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY.

High averages and long runs are what characterized the shooting. Never in all my experience have I seen anything to equal it. Gilbert by some kind of hard luck actually managed to miss two targets, and could only finish with 99 per cent. However, this is fortunately high, though for quite a while it looked as if Parmelee would tie this. He lost three targets in the last two events and had to be content with an average of .975. Heikes, Powers and Fulford have .970, Leroy .965, and Jim Elliott .960. These are the seven high ones, and ordinarily such shooting would carry off the honors at nine tournaments of ten. Parmelee made one run of 123; Powers one of 96, and Elliott one of 94, which remained unfinished. Once a squad composed of Fulford, Glover, Leroy, Heikes and Dickey scored 98 out of 100, all going straight but Dickey; and again later on this same squad scored 99, Dickey this time again being the offender. However, he hit this target hard, and quite a number say he broke it. Be this as it may, the returns show that 99 were actually scored by this squad, a record never surpassed. The loss occurred along toward the end, and was Dickey's 16th target. Twenty-eight men shot through to-day, and thirty-nine participated altogether, Peterson, Beard and Bill shooting in but one event. The day dawned bright and clear, but by noon the sky became overcast, and several heavy showers fell during the shooting. At times the wind blew quite hard. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	20	20	20	20	19	20	19	20	20		200	198	.990
Parmelee	20	19	20	19	20	20	20	19	18		200	195	.975
Heikes	20	19	19	20	18	20	20	18	20		200	194	.970
Powers	19	18	19	20	20	19	20	19	20		200	194	.970
Fulford	20	20	19	20	19	20	19	18	20		200	194	.970
Leroy	18	20	20	19	20	19	19	19	19		200	193	.965
Elliott	18	17	19	20	19	19	20	20	20		200	192	.960
Grimm	19	17	17	19	20	18	20	19			200	188	.940

Merrill	20	17	20	19	17	20	20	17	18	19	200	187	.935
Dickey	18	18	19	18	20	19	18	18	19	20	200	187	.935
Budd	18	20	19	17	20	18	18	18	19		200	185	.925
Rogers	20	18	17	17	19	18	19	20	18	18	200	184	.920
Rike	17	19	19	18	20	18	18	18	18		200	183	.915
Hallowell	17	18	18	19	20	19	18	19	19	16	200	183	.915
Moore	17	20	18	20	18	19	16	19	18	17	200	182	.910
Fanning	18	20	19	15	18	18	19	18	19		200	182	.910
Loomis	15	17	18	20	17	20	20	19	18		200	181	.905
Glover	18	18	18	20	16	20	18	17	16	19	200	180	.900
Duer	18	19	19	17	17	19	17	16	18		200	179	.895
Latshaw	19	17	18	18	16	17	20	18	16	19	200	178	.890
Graham	19	19	17	16	16	18	17	19	20	17	200	178	.890
P Miller	20	18	18	19	18	16	17	17	17	17	200	177	.885
Ruble	16	17	18	18	20	17	17	18	18	18	200	177	.885
Hughes	20	19	19	20	19	18	15	17	20	18	200	175	.875
Bee	16	19	19	16	20	19	16	17	16	16	200	174	.870
Linderman	17	16	18	18	13	16	19	19	17	19	200	172	.860
Hagerman	17	19	18	16	18	15	16	17	16	17	200	169	.845
Plumber	18	15	15	13	17	17	17	16	17	16	200	161	.805
Sievers	20	16	17	19	17	39	..	18	16	..	160	142	.887
Schroder	19	15	17	18	19	100	88	.880
Grant	14	20	40	34	.850
Andrews	16	16	13	17	80	62	.775
Cable	17	15	14	13	..	14	16	..	15	14	160	118	.745
Higgins	16	..	16	12	11	..	60	44	.733
Welch	14	15	40	29	.675
Harley	11	10	40	21	.525

used by Hamlin & Russell Mfg. Co., of Worcester, Mass., which is a complete protection against all insect pests.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 25
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Jubilee Number.

THE issue of next week, June 25, will complete the Fiftieth Volume of FOREST AND STREAM; and the event will be fittingly marked by making that a Jubilee Number, filled to overflowing with good things. It will be notable for store of good reading and wealth of illustration.

HUNTERS RED AND WHITE.

THE Indian was the first hunter of this land—the primitive American hunter of whom much has been written. But between that hunter and the sportsman of to-day there exists this wide difference—that the pursuit of the one was the business of his life, that of the other his pleasure. The one devoted to it all his time, all his thought, all his strength; the other—except where his opportunities have been exceptional or his experiences long—gives to its practice a few days in the year, and though he may spend on it much thought, yet this thought is not a study of practical methods combined with actual work in the field. Instead, it is reminiscent or anticipatory. In other words, instead of practical study it is day dreaming.

As an inevitable consequence of his surroundings, the Indian became a most skilful hunter. His powers of observation were most highly trained, he had infinite patience; time was of no importance to him, so long as he gained his object. His continual observation of the creatures that he pursued and his continued practice enabled him to live and to live well wherever game existed.

When the Indian slew he cared for the meat that he secured, not for the methods by which it was obtained. He felt a keen excitement in the chase, but this was caused by the doubt whether he and his family should eat or should starve, not merely whether he should succeed in making the careful stalk and in aiming true his shaft. He cared for the result, no matter how obtained. The means were nothing to him.

The primitive Indian hunter was the prototype of some white gunners of to-day. He was a true market hunter, and like the market hunter he made a business of the chase. Like the Indian, the market hunter cares chiefly for results, and like him, by continued practice, he attains a high degree of skill. It is here that, his training and his traditions being widely different from the Indian's, he has a special feeling of exultation when he has done a good piece of work. Yet after all the size of his bag measures his success, and while he enjoys his shooting, he also thinks, when he counts up his birds at night, of the dollars and cents that they will bring to his pocket.

There are many men who sell their birds, and yet who feel nothing of this lust for gain which is gratified by the market gunner's successful day afield. Such men may be in circumstances where funds with which to buy ammunition are so scarce that without the money brought in by the sale of their birds they could not shoot at all. We conceive that among such men there may be as true sportsmen as ever fired a gun or handled a rod. We have known many such men, whom to know was a pleasure, and with whom to shoot was a liberal education.

Sport, as we define it to-day, is purely artificial, a product of the civilization which makes most men money getters for eleven months out of the twelve, and which makes them eager for the twelfth to escape confinement and to revert to natural conditions. The pursuing of wild creatures, which was the natural man's livelihood—his work, just as ours is hoeing corn or keeping books, or working up law cases or making sales—has become the play of the artificial man, who lives in stone or brick dwellings, and carries on the continual grind which civil-

ization enforces. This play has taken a hundred forms, and about each have grown up artificial ideals and fashions which constitute sport in the best acceptance of the term as we know it to-day.

In the sports of the field the governing principle is consideration for others; not only for our fellow men, but for the creatures whose death we are trying to compass. To take no unfair advantage of any living thing is a good code for the sportsman of to-day.

THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.

THE special work assumed by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, the methods employed and their results furnish an interesting chapter in current history making by sportsmen's organizations.

The Association has undertaken to secure such modification of the laws that these may embody the sentiment of the members; and to provide for the laws' enforcement by a more adequate warden system than the one now in operation. To achieve these results the promoters set about the task in a methodical and systematic way, which was manifestly wisely conceived and put in operation. Prior to the winter meeting in February circulars had been submitted to the constituent clubs for their views on proposed amendments; and at that meeting the sense of the Association thus ascertained was expressed in a platform substantially as follows:

1. Dates for the open season. Ducks, geese, snipe and waterfowl, Sept. 1 to April 15; grouse and prairie chickens, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1; quail, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; squirrels, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; deer, wild turkeys and Mongolian pheasants, protected till 1910; doves, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15.
2. State game wardens should be paid a stated salary.
3. It would be well to have a State fund for the payment of wardens and propagation and preservation of game.
4. A fund for the payment of wardens for the protection of game, should be derived from a shooting license of \$1 for residents, and \$5 for non-residents.
5. A limit should be placed on the number of birds one person may kill in a day, i. e. thirty-five head of any one kind of game in any one day.
6. The law should prohibit entirely the sale of game, excepting during the period between the fifth day after the opening of the open season and the fifth day before the closing season.
7. The law should prohibit entirely the cold storage of game for commercial purposes in any store house of temperature less than 32 degrees.
8. The prohibiting of the cold storage of game and the sale of any game, from any State, at any period other than the time mentioned would make it unprofitable for dealers and market hunters alike to handle game, and thus take away the incentive to violate the game law.
9. There should be one State warden with a deputy for each county.
10. No hook and line fishing within 400ft. of any dam from April 1 to July 1.

These provisions having been adopted as the legislation desired by the Association, the Law Committee was entrusted with the duty of drafting a bill embodying the recommendations for action by the Legislature; and the Finance Committee undertook to provide the sinews of war. That the bill might be "pushed in all lawful and necessary ways," each individual sportsman in the State of Illinois was called upon to contribute his dollar. The secretary of each local club was appointed chairman of a sub-committee on finance, and was asked to collect a dollar from each member of his club. "We set the amount," the committee reports, "which should be asked of each sportsman at one dollar, no more, no less, believing that if a man cares anything at all for any game law he ought to care for it one dollar's worth." Something over 3,000 letters and subscription slips, covering the individual membership of clubs and deputy game wardens, have been sent out; and the returns, as reported to the date of the meeting at Peoria last week, have been by no means encouraging. The expenses of the canvas to that date were \$68.50, and the receipts \$144, leaving a net fund of \$75.44. Some surprise was expressed by the Peoria convention delegates at the meager character of the returns, and several theories were broached to account for it; by some that the proposed measures were not acceptable to all of those who had

been asked to contribute to the promoting of them; and by others that, as one delegate put it: "There has been a general feeling that it was not going to amount to anything. They were throwing away a dollar where it would do no good. But if a little evidence could be given that this money would be expended in a way that would at least indicate that some benefits would be received, a very large contribution could be gotten from the members of the Association."

The Finance Committee, on the contrary, declare that in spite of the reluctance of contributions "so firm is our belief still in the character of our sportsmen that we are not yet ready to consider our work done, but only commenced"; and by vote of the convention the committee was continued until the next annual meeting.

The financial factor in voluntary game protective enterprises is likely to prove the weak point. It is a most important and essential factor too. Funds to carry out the will of the Illinois Association must be forthcoming if the expression of that will is to amount to anything more than words. This has been the experience of kindred organizations elsewhere. Conventions have been held, game legislation has been agreed upon, and there the effort has ceased, because to carry it on has meant financial expenditure, for which the association had made no provision, and which the individual committeemen have not been willing to contribute to the cause in addition to their time. Human nature has so developed in the course of the thousands of years during which mankind has been pursuing the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the fishes of the deep, that men will talk enthusiastically and with earnest conviction who will not put their hands down into their pockets for a contribution to the cause. The history of game protective associations in this country is too largely a record of talk with nothing to show for it. In Illinois just at this juncture there appears to be an excellent opportunity for actually accomplishing something. If the Peoria platform truly embodies the conviction of the sportsmen of the State, the opportunity should not be lost by reason of lack of funds. That the proposed measures do represent the views of the men who have been asked to support them may reasonably be assumed from the systematic and comprehensive character of the discussion which led to their adoption. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association probably represents the sportsmen of the State as truly as it is possible for any such organization to be representative. If then the Association fails of any effective accomplishment it is the failure of the sportsmen of the State.

An abundant but neglected food supply is found in the edible mushrooms. The mushroom may be a distinctly acceptable addition to camp food if one knows the edible varieties well, and certainly enough to make use of them. Campers who are fond of mushrooms as procured in the market at home often spend weeks in the woods in blissful obliviousness of the fact that right to hand is a natural supply to be had day after day for the gathering. Many people again who would avail themselves of such a desirable addition to the woods menu fear to hazard eating mushrooms because they cannot certainly distinguish between the edible and the poisonous. For the benefit of the camp cook we give to-day the useful report on the edible mushrooms prepared by the Agricultural Experiment Station of Cornell University, and kindly supplied to the FOREST AND STREAM by the courtesy of Prof. Roberts.

The admirable illustrations make easy and certain the identification of the mushrooms good for food, and if these mushroom notes shall be included in one's camp kit they will add materially to the gastronomic enrichment of the summer outing.

The prevailing tone of the field writing of the day is not optimistic; we are accustomed to read more of the lessening store of game and fish than of the increase; but surely the glad spirit of spring, which makes the poets sing, was upon this writer when he wrote: "Things are looking fine down at the lake, and I think we enjoy it more, and the fish run larger and bite sharper, than ever before; the trailing arbutus grew larger and was more abundant this spring; the partridges are more numerous and drum more loudly; we have the best trout fishing in the county we have had in a long time; and all the sportsmen are happy."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Skagway.

[Special correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

THE other day I met a man that I had known as the proprietor of a successful hotel in Skagway. I asked him about conditions in Skagway at the present time, and he told me that for the time being at least the boom was over, and that the City of Seattle, which I had seen in February loaded down to the gunwales with 650 passengers, had only carried six on her last trip.

"As the best way of getting clear of my interests there," he said, "I have put my hotel up for a raffle—\$5 a throw. I made my money out of it two or three times over, and now I shall be glad to get anything for it I can."

He estimated that upward of 50,000 men had crossed White and Chilcoot passes since last fall, and that but for the war the number would have been two or three times as large.

Skagway has seen its best days, but undoubtedly there will be another minor rush in July, when the first steamer from St. Michael's brings out her quota of the vast amount of gold which has accumulated in the Klondike since navigation closed in the Yukon last fall.

In February Skagway was by all odds the most important city in Alaska, and one of the busiest places on the Pacific Coast. It was the center of a population of 30,000 souls, and as a result of its superior docking facilities it transacted most of the shipping business for its sister city of Dyea, and thus controlled the trade of both White and Chilcoot passes.

It was a boom town, and city lots that a few months before had never felt a white man's foot commanded fabulous prices. Opportunities for speculation were manifold. A commercial traveler named Drake, who was only in town twenty-four hours over steamers, met an acquaintance who had some lots to sell for \$450 apiece. Shortly after a second acquaintance who had come up on the same steamer told Drake that he had bought lots in the neighborhood mentioned for \$700.

"Pshaw!" said Drake, "you're paying too much. I can get you lots every bit as good for \$600." The man asked to see them, and Drake hunted up the owner of the property and inquired if he had any of "those \$600 lots" left. There was still one to be had, and a bargain was concluded on the spot. Later, over a bottle of wine, the former owner handed to Drake the hundred and fifty that he had so easily earned.

The height of the boom, however, was already in sight, and it was predicted that Skagway would soon be like many other mining and coast towns where "a few years ago land cost \$1,000 a foot, and now you can buy the town for \$1,000."

In February, when the great rush of 1898 was just beginning, Skagway had four long ocean piers at which steamers of any draft can unload, and probably 200 hotels, saloons, gambling houses and similar places of entertainment or resort. The gambling business had been very much overdone, and the competition was so great that there was no money in it. Gamblers were leaving by every steamer, only to be replaced by others coming in. Only one building in town, the Burkhardt Hotel, was painted. This hotel accommodates 175 guests, yet it has no private rooms. The guests sleep in bunks around the walls, one over the other, like the berths in steamers or sleeping cars.

It has one ear mark of civilization, however, in that guests are not required to furnish their own bedding, as they are in Dawson and in fact at all intermediate points.

In February hold-ups in the streets were frequent, and "Denver Soapy" Smith, direct from Spokane, where he had been run out by Joe Warren, chief of police, was conducting his "sure thing" games, aided by an army of cappers and confidence men.

Thimble rigging is one of the sure thing games. Howard P. Curtis, a young New Yorker fresh from Wall Street, opened the eyes of one of Soapy's lieutenants at this game. The man was playing for his cappers and trying to interest the crowd when Curtis, who is tall of body and long limbed as well, sauntered up to the group. He made sure that the fellow was not palming the pea, and watching his opportunity when the man made a clumsy play for the benefit of one of his accomplices, Curtis reached over the heads of the inner circle with his long arm and lifted the thimble from the pea, at the same time laying down a \$20 gold piece. The shell man paid the bet, and Curtis pocketed the money and walked away.

"Here, young man, hold on," shouted the gambler. "Come back and try your luck some more."

"No, thank you," drawled Curtis, "I've business up the trail."

The "Pack Train," "Nugget" and other gambling saloons ran every known game of chance, and were crowded nightly. Many a poor fellow will never see the Klondike as a direct result of running afoul these places. Dance halls were common, and about one saloon in three had out the sign, "Dance to-night." Many of the gamblers and confidence men proposed going down to Dawson when the river opened. There are gold pieces for them there where there are cents in Skagway. The Canadian Mounted Police were counting on a great rush of this class when traveling opened, and they were quietly at work taking snap-shot photographs on the streets of the gentlemen with records, so that they will know them again when they see them in their especial bailiwick.

The attractions of Juneau are set forth in a trade circular, which among other things says:

"Juneau has two breweries and Methodist, Graeco-Russian and Presbyterian churches."

The combination of beer and religion did not strike the promulgators of the circular as incongruous, and no more did the fact that they were advertising an illegal industry. Liquor is not allowed in the territory of Alaska, but the law is so at variance with popular sentiment that no very serious effort is made to stop the traffic. Skagway also has two breweries. The Smith & Matlock Brewery, it is said, turns out more whisky than beer. It is sold at \$6 per gallon, and guaranteed to contain snakes.

The government of Skagway is chiefly in the hands of

John U. Smith, the Federal commissioner, whose residence is at Dyea. He is land officer, judge in all minor civil or criminal proceedings, and mayor and board of aldermen combined. Besides Smith there is a United States deputy marshal, appointed by Marshal Schoup, of Sitka, and revenue and custom officers.

The climate of Skagway is very similar to that of New York city, except that it is very much more windy. It is March there the year round, 15 to 25 above zero is the ordinary winter cold. The lowest point touched by the thermometer up to February was 10 above zero. At that time there was very little snow on the streets. This comparatively mild temperature is due to the proximity of the warm Japan current—a current which gives Sitka the same mean annual temperature as Washington, D. C. A few miles inland the thermometer takes a tremendous drop, and after the height of land is crossed at a distance of fifteen miles from salt water Arctic weather prevails.

Last August, when Skagway had a population of three or four thousand men, and when ocean steamships were arriving and departing daily, involving a shipping business equal to that of a place half a dozen times its size, and transportation and other business enterprises of considerable magnitude were developing on all sides, the infant city was unprovided with a post office or any official means for mailing or receiving letters. Instead the service was carried on by saloons as an accommodation, or by private parties for what they could make out of it. Post boxes were common bearing such signs as this:

"Leave a nickel with each and I will mail them.

E. Ward."

"Drop a nickel in the slot, and we'll do the rest.

Benham and Jones, etc."

The natural result of this condition of affairs was that a great many letters were lost or went astray; and there were men on the trail who had not received a single letter up to the time of embarking for Dawson, though their friends had written repeatedly.

The post-office at Skagway at the present time is a rather primitive affair, but business is conducted with a fair amount of expedition and accuracy. It is safe to say that there is not a post-office building in the United States of twice the size where an equal volume of business was transacted last winter. The postmaster found it a difficult matter to keep on hand a sufficient supply of stamps to meet the demand, and after the arrival of the mail steamer it required a good many hours to deliver the letters to the long line of expectant recipients, each one of whom had requests to make for friends, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more.

The Dawson mail goes in by way of Skagway. It is in the hands of the Canadian Government exclusively, the United States paying \$250 a trip for matter bearing our postage stamps.

Last winter it was carried across White Pass as far as Lake Bennett on the backs of horses, or drawn on sleds. After that it was turned over to half-breed Indians in charge of dog teams for its 600 mile journey down the frozen surface of the river. A corporal or other officer of the Canadian Mounted Police accompanied these teams.

The service as far as Tagish Post was very regular, but beyond that point it was a farce, and up to the first of March no mail whatever was delivered in Dawson City, and it had had no communication with the outside world since the last boats went down the river in October. At the police posts at the Big and Little Salmon rivers in January there was an accumulation of 1,600 lbs. of ½ oz. letters—more than 50,000 letters—waiting to be sent through to Dawson. Parties coming out on the ice who expected important letters in this mail were refused them on the ground that it would "take a week to go through the mail" and find the letters.

There has been no difficulty in sending letters out from Dawson at any time during the winter, for while there was no official service, scarcely a week has passed without one or more parties of miners coming out. In most cases these parties have carried letters free of charge, though after the first rush abated the old price of a dollar a letter was in some cases demanded and received.

The Canadian Government was unable to carry out its contract owing to the great scarcity of food at the upper posts on the river, and the necessity of first replenishing the supply. Several large scows carrying provisions had been lost in an ice jam above the Little Salmon, and for a time the Governor of the Provisional District of the Yukon and his party of mounted police and dog drivers had to rely for food upon the generosity of the little settlement of miners who had gone into winter quarters near by. Late in January, by indefatigable efforts, Governor Walsh succeeded in putting the food question upon a satisfactory basis, having incidentally repaid the miners double for the supplies they had advanced, and he then at once took up the other matter, and got a part of the mail through to Dawson about March 1.

Adventures in the Yukon.

The seven months which I spent in Alaska and British North-west Territory were full of incident and excitement, and I look back upon this period now with pleasure, despite the fact that it was a time of unremitting labor and no little degree of hardship and danger. Our party of five landed at Skagway at the entrance to White Pass Aug. 20, 1897. Two months later two of us embarked from Lake Bennett for the descent of the Yukon. We had experiences with shipwreck, ice jams, rapids and robbers, and were obliged to hustle once in a while to escape being gathered to our forefathers by drowning, cold or starvation.

It would be hard for the city man with his familiar round of comforts and cares to put himself in our place and realize the compensations which come to men in situations like ours—the freedom from responsibility and the perfect sense of being one's own master, the charm of days and nights close to old Mother Earth, basking in her sunshine or buoyant at breasting her storms, with the game of existence reduced to its simplest terms in the assurance that as long as we have food we hold trumps. It is so much better to have tired muscles than tired nerves. With sound sleep and an appetite and digestion capable of everything and satisfied with anything, it is keen pleasure just to live. One rises in the morning eager for work, and if there be a spice of danger in it so much the better. There is zest and vim

to the simplest occupation, and worry such as the city man feels is an unknown quantity. Much of the sympathy expressed for the heathen in his blindness, it seems to me, is wasted. The heathen can give the white man cards and spades in the matter of contentment and the philosophy of living. Give him a little bacon grease and flour and tea, and he is happy as a king; you can't make the Yukon article worry even if he is reduced to the extremity of filling his belly with the inner bark of pine trees.

It is not my purpose to hold up the Indian as an example unreservedly, but only to point out the advantages of a temporary return to barbarism as an antidote to our overwrought twentieth century civilization.

Explanatory.

The sixteenth day of last September, when after the hardest kind of work we had only succeeded in advancing our supplies to a point between the second and third bridges over the Skagway River, or less than half the distance across the White Pass, our party held a council of war to decide the best course of action to pursue. It was perfectly evident that sufficient supplies for the entire party could not by any possibility be carried across the remaining distance to Lake Bennett in season for the trip down the Yukon, but as the latter part of the trail was much easier than that on the ocean side of the summit, including as it did twelve miles of water, where our folding canvas boats could be used to save the horses and expedite the carriage of our goods, it was thought possible that supplies might be gotten over for three men. The remaining two members of the party were to give their assistance, and in return were promised a share in any claims which might be located previous to the opening of navigation in the spring. Personally, I thought the chances of any one getting through to the mining country at that time very small, and I was well content to be one of the two who were to remain behind.

With this understanding I returned to the chain of lakes in the summit of White Pass where I had for two weeks carried on a freighting business for the benefit of my party, boating supplies across for persons who agreed in exchange to do a certain amount of packing for us, or making any bargain that I thought would hasten our progress.

My first work after returning was at the most distant of the three lakes, and it was nearly a week before I came back to Summit Lake, the first of the chain, to which point our horses had been making daily trips. To my surprise the cache there included my personal outfit and that of one other man. I hurried in to camp five miles below in the timber, traveling a good part of the distance after dark. There I found that the plan, as I understood it, had been completely changed, and that two men, including myself, were to be sent down the river. I was very much averse to accepting the changed terms, but in the end I consented to go on condition that I be given the privilege of selecting my companion, and also with the distinct understanding that if the expedition failed to reach Dawson I should not be expected to winter in the country. Under no circumstances would I have assumed an obligation to remain in the interior under conditions that would have forced me to be inactive. And so it happened that Donald McKercher and I were selected for the dash through to Dawson at a time when the Yukon was already blocked by ice at its mouth and the shortest days of the year close at hand, the daylight lasting less than half as long as at the season when trips are generally made.

The Skagway Trail.

The trail across White Pass last fall was more of a theory than a condition. At the time of our arrival not half a dozen parties in all had succeeded in crossing to Lake Bennett, and one of these was lost seven days trying to find the lake. The first five miles of the trail was all that could be desired. After that it degenerated from bad to worse, till finally, as Nessmuk expresses it, it ran up a tree and ended in a knot hole.

Miles of the trail was a river of mud. An old story given a local application is of a man who saw a stranger up to his neck in the mud and asked if he was in need of assistance. "No, thank you," the man in the mud is said to have replied, "I have a good horse under me."

In August and September horses died by the wholesale. It was said that when winter came a man could walk the entire forty-five miles of the trail on the bodies of dead horses, and in places they lay eight or ten in one spot, looking as though they had been killed in battle. Many of the mud holes on the trail were impassable till they had been corduroyed with the bodies of dead horses, and it did not take long for the living horses to learn the trick of using the others for stepping stones.

One party of twelve men who landed at the same time we did lost fifty horses and spent \$15,000, and after all only succeeded in getting across the pass supplies for five months, and started so late in the season that they were frozen in before reaching Dawson. No one crossed White Pass in season except at a sacrifice of some kind.

Horses and men were alike overworked. It was a never-ceasing battle with implacable nature from daylight till dark, and long after, weekdays and Sundays. Most men worked far beyond their strength, and that they did not die on the trail like the horses is due to the purpose which animated them. You can't kill a man by work while he has hope.

Our boys more than held their own with the procession. Our horses were kept in good condition largely owing to Herrington's judgment, and with McKercher to lead and Sheriff to "chase horses" behind, and Baskerville somewhere in the middle to boss the job and do the cussing, our pack train soon won the reputation of being one of the fastest and best on the trail. McKercher and Sheriff developed into good packers, and to see them throw the diamond one would have thought they had been at it all their lives. One of our chief aims was to keep our horses' backs in good shape, and in this we succeeded admirably. Many parties were ignorant of the first rudiments of packing, and lost horses as a direct result of clumsy hitches, which permitted the load to sway and rub the animals' backs.

The sores once started got no chance to heal, and rapidly grew to frightful proportions. Often one could smell a pack train approaching long before it was visible to the eye, and when the poor creatures were unloaded the sight revealed was sickening and repulsive to the last degree. In that wild rush the kindlier feelings were put aside for the time being, and the ignorance and brutality that caused the suffering excused. Men had no pity on themselves—why should they spare the dumb brutes?

At the inner end of the trail horses had no value worth mentioning. A single feed of grain would bring more money in the open market than a horse. Grain was sold and horses thrown in to close the bargain. As a result, starving was scientifically practiced. Horses, that had been fed up to the last were in demand because they were good for a day or two without feed. Death was a mathematical certainty, but by patient and ingenious cruelty much could be accomplished with the horses in the hours that remained. Each hour of life was made to count, and when the end came the horse lay just where he fell, but the goods had been advanced—so many pounds so many miles. Sentiment and the S. P. C. A. didn't count.

I stopped one day to eat a biscuit and get a cup of tea in a tent four miles from the terminus of the trail at Lake Bennett. The owners had two horses that in their critical judgment were "good for one more trip." It would have comforted those horses to know this estimate. They had been worked to the rag end, and had had nothing to eat for several days except a very limited ration of bread. It was cheaper to buy horses good for single trips than to feed them grain or hay.

The horses were packed, and one of the men started off with them. A hundred feet down the trail the wall-eyed Pinto turned and ran back to the little clearing where stood the tent. He had actively rebelled, a most uncommon thing, for at this stage of the game horses' spirits are almost invariably broken and they plod along and accept their task as it is beaten into them. The packer was surprised, and remarked as he rounded up the horse and started him down the trail again that he didn't think Jack had that much life left in him. But old Jack had only just begun. He seemed to have realized that things weren't being conducted just fair and square, and that his master was a dumb, obstinate creature, who was doing all he could to kill a faithful friend. It was like Balaam's ass speaking. The horse showed plainly enough what he meant, and the string to it.

The second time he ran back he put his head in a hole in the cache in front of the camp made by the removal of some rocks, and it took all the men present to get him out and started for Bennett. Just as it seemed that he was safely off, he bolted a third time, and making a circle through the underbrush ran square into the tent, upsetting the stove, which was near the door, and scattering the dinner dishes in all directions.

The ridge pole was knocked out and the tent half came down on his back and the smoke poured out of the stove, and yet he stood perfectly still. He hadn't acted from an ugly motive to create confusion. He simply wanted to show that he was worked too hard and needed rest and food. I wish I could tell that the horse got what he asked for, or that death came then and there as a merciful release, but as a matter of fact old Jack carried his pack to Lake Bennett, and later in the day I saw him plodding along on the return trip.

Rainy weather was the rule in White Pass, but rain never interfered with the occupations of the trail. Men grew accustomed to the wet and mud, and developed into amphibious animals, sleeping at times in the rain, fording streams and wading through the slime of the trail. Horses were continually falling and blocking the trail. When they were driven in mud holes their owners had to jump in and help them on to their feet, making them rise with the packs still on, for it would have taught the horses bad habits to remove the loads when they were down. It was rather unpleasant at first, but after a few mud baths one got used to it, and didn't mind being plastered from head to foot, provided he could still see and breathe. Often you couldn't tell white men from negroes as a result of the mud.

It was a trail that in most places would not permit two horses passing. Sometimes big horses would push by smaller horses, taking the inner side and forcing the smaller ones out of the trail, maybe to death at the foot of a precipice. Each horse and man interfered with every other horse and man, and progress at all times was very tedious. It was no uncommon thing not to get back to camp till the middle of the night, the men hanging on to the horses' tails to keep from going over precipices in the impenetrable gloom of that sodden atmosphere.

We avoided keeping our horses over night on the exposed summit of White Pass, and as long as we fed them both hay and grain they kept in good condition. One little white cow pony died as a result of a fall over a precipice, and we lost another of the horses because his teeth were too long and he couldn't masticate his food properly. We kept the others till the very last, when two more died, largely as a result of a too concentrated diet. We could give them no hay, as owing to the fall floods it was practically impossible to get back to Skagway, our base of supplies. We fed them all the oats they could eat, but they needed bulk as well, and gradually lost strength. There is a cottonwood growth in White Pass, and if I had known what Mr. Grinnell has since told me of the food value of the bark from the smaller limbs I have no doubt we could have saved the horses longer.

At the very last we purchased three more horses, and left these for the benefit of the remaining members of the party. Two of our original six horses still remained, but unfortunately all died, I believe, soon after our departure.

We made our last trip to Lake Bennett in a heavy snowstorm, which made it difficult work to follow the trail. Once we were completely turned around in the blinding storm and on the back track toward our camp when we discovered our mistake. Few pack trains were moving that day, and the trails of such as were filled up almost as soon as made.

Each man carried a pack on his back in addition to the loads on the horses. All had been awake since 3

that morning, with only a few hours' sleep secured after a late return the night before.

At Bennett the loads were unpacked, good-bys said, and the horses returned to the last camping spot in the jack pine woods near Shallow Lake. Sheriff remained to render assistance at the start.

Our four 12ft. folding canvas boats were put together and loaded. Two of these boats were selected as freight boats, and in these were loaded hardware and the bulk of our provisions. Camp outfit, bedding, cooking utensils and supplies for immediate requirements were divided between the other two boats, which were to be the passenger craft. Each freight boat was covered over with a canvas tarpaulin, tacked to the gunwales, to keep waves out, and the passenger boats were decked fore and aft and provided with masts and gaff sails.

The freight boats were attached to the passenger boats by short tow lines.

It was after midnight when our preparations were completed, but the moon was shining brightly and the wind fair, and we decided to start at once. We could not afford to run the risk of delay by head winds.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Mushrooms.

BY GEORGE F. ATKINSON.

These "Studies and Illustrations of Mushrooms" constitute Bulletin 138 of the Cornell University Experiment Station at Ithaca, N. Y., and are reproduced here by the courtesy of Prof. I. P. Roberts, Director of the Station.

In cities and in the larger towns there is a growing number of persons who are able to recognize, with a fair degree of certainty, the plant which is usually understood to bear the name of "the mushroom," and which appears chiefly during late summer and autumn in lawns, pastures, and similar open places in fields.



A. AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS.

View of under side, showing stem, annulus, gills and margin of pileus.

This plant sometimes occurs in great abundance, and the eagerness with which it is sought by those who know its value as a food or relish testifies to its importance as an article of diet.

If the worth of mushrooms as food was properly appreciated, even by the inhabitants of small villages and of the country, the ability to recognize several of the common species would not be difficult to acquire by those who would give an amount of attention to the

lawns, pastures, and similar open places. The third one is a deadly poisonous one, and is here illustrated and described, not only because a majority of the fatalities from "mushroom-eating" are probably chargeable to its seductive appearance and virulent properties, but also because it is perhaps sometimes mistaken by the novice for the common mushroom.

The Common Mushroom.

(*Agaricus campestris*, L.)

Figure A is from a photograph of a specimen of the common mushroom (or pratelle) which has been pulled and is lying on the table. The parts are easily recognized and named. The stem (sometimes called the stipe) is cylindrical, or tapers a little toward the lower end. Near its upper end is a sort of a collar, usually termed a "ring" (or technically an *annulus*), which encircles it. This ring is very delicate in this plant, is white like the stem, of a very thin, satiny texture, and more or less ragged on the edge.

The more or less circular expanded disk into which the stem fits is called the "cap" (technically the *pileus*, which is the latin for cap). The upper portion, of which we can only see the margin in this figure, is convex. The surface is usually white, though sometimes brownish, and usually is covered by a thin layer of very delicate threads, while the flesh or inner portion is more compact, and is white also.

On the under side of the cap are numerous thin plates or "gills" (*lamellae*), which radiate from near the stem to the margin of the cap. These are shown in Figure B as fine radiating lines. They do not quite reach the stem, or when they do they are not attached to it. When the plant is very young the gills are first white, but soon become a bright pink color, and in age change to a dark brown. The substance of the stem is less compact at the center, but the stem is not really hollow, though in some instances there are slight indications of it.

The parts of the common mushroom, then, are cap (*pileus*), gills (*lamellae*), stem (*stipe*), ring (*annulus*). We must bear in mind, however, that there are many other plants which possess just the same parts, but that they can be distinguished by the color, form, texture, etc., of the parts.

At certain points on the strands the mycelium (or strand of minute whitish threads) grows to form these rounded bodies known as buttons. At first they are of the size of pin heads, and soon increase to the size of bird shot, then peas, when a minute stem begins to appear with the button growing on its free end. This increase in size as well as the increase in the length of the stem lifts its head and the upper part of the stem from the ground, and it rapidly expands into the mature mushroom. If we split several of these buttons of different sizes down through the cap and the stem, we shall see the curious way in which the gills and the ring are formed. The photograph shown in Figure C represents five of these stages. In the smaller ones the



B. AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS.

View of under side of pileus, showing arrangement of gills.

subject equal to that which they bestow upon some other natural objects.

One reason why so little is known even of the common species is because in many neighborhoods there is no one who can recognize several of them, and thus impart the information concerning the kinds, and their prominent characters, to others. A slight degree of interest in these objects, with some observation as to form, the parts and the color of these fungi, with some one to whom the determination of the plant might be referred for a few times, would at length enable many persons to recognize a number of the commoner species, just as they come to recognize the more common birds.

young gills in the sections resemble two eyelets. These have been covered over on the outside by the mycelium growing downward from the cap, and upward from the stem, the ends of the thread interlacing to form a veil which extends all around the stem, covering the constricted portion at the junction of the stem with the button. If we cut across the button at this point the gills would show as a ring with the veil outside.

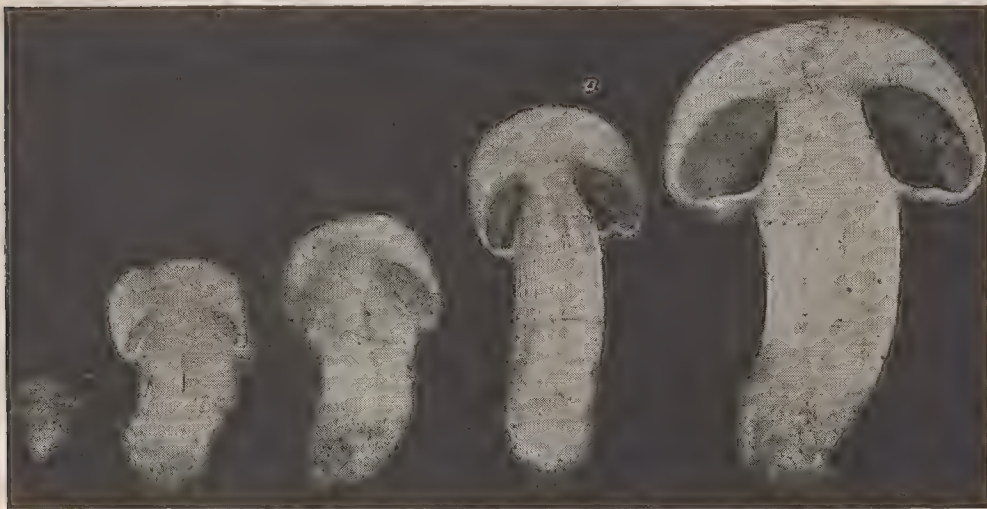
As the plant grows all these parts increase in size, the gills extending downward by the growth of the mycelium in radiating lines to form the plates. As the cap expands the veil is stretched and a cavity appears between the free edges of the gills and the veil. If we now look at Figure D, which is from a photograph of the under side of two nearly mature plants, we can see the

portion of the gill is termed the *trama*. Just outside of this, on either side, is a layer several cells deep of short cells termed the *hymenium*. From the cells of the hymenium are borne the club-shaped bodies which stand closely parallel in a layer on each surface of the gill. Each one of these club-shaped cells is termed a *basidium* (the latin work for club). Each basidium bears at its free extremity two slender processes which lend to the basidium a forked appearance. Each one of these processes is termed a *sterigma* (plural, sterigmata). Each sterigma bears a spore, which is a nearly rounded or oval body, so that each basidium in the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) bears two sterigmata and two spores, while in a majority of the members of the group the basidia bear four sterigmata and four spores.

lives here for several months, or in some cases for years, before developing the fruiting portion which is the "mushroom." This first appears as a minute rounded mass on the strands of mycelium. It grows in size to form a "button" with a stem. The young gills are formed by the mycelium growing downward in radiating ridges from the under side of the margin of the button, the gills at first being covered by a delicate veil of interlacing threads. As the pileus expands it bursts through the sod, ruptures the veil, when the characters of the fully formed mushroom appear.

Lepiota naucina, Fr.

The next mushroom, or toadstool, described here is one which occurs during the same season as the *Agari-*



C. *AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*.

Sections of "buttons" of different sizes, showing formation of gills and veil covering them.



D. *AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*.

Nearly mature plants, showing veil still stretched across the gill cavity.

veil stretched over the gills from the margin of the pileus to the stem. Here we can see how delicate the texture of the veil is and how easily it is torn. During these stages the gills are pink in color except in the very youngest, when they are white, unless by some accident the plant becomes old before the veil breaks. The cap now expands more and more, and the veil is ruptured as shown in Figure E. The fragments of the veil are shown clinging partly to the stem and partly to the margin of the pileus, where the dripping tender fibrils lend a weird aspect to the specter-like plant as it lifts its head from the sod at night.

Because of the very delicate and fragile character of the veil, it does not in many cases remain clinging to the stem as a complete ring, and it is also in some cases quite evanescent.

Sometimes the fibrils on the surface of the pileus are drawn into triangular patches which point outward, as shown in Fig. F. This gives a scaly appearance to the surface of the pileus. While in the ordinary form of this mushroom the surface of the cap is white, often the

At maturity these spores easily fall away from these little forked processes (sterigmata) and give a dark brown coating to the objects on which they fall. The spores are purple brown in color, and as they mature their number on the surface of the gills accounts for the dark brown color of the latter. One can obtain what is sometimes called a "spore-print" of the under surface of the mushroom, or arrangement of the gills, by cutting off the stem and placing the pileus on white paper for a few hours. It should be placed where there are no drafts of air and covered with a bell jar or other closely fitting vessel to avoid the shifting currents of air, since the spores are so light they would not fall perpendicularly, but drift and thus confuse the print.

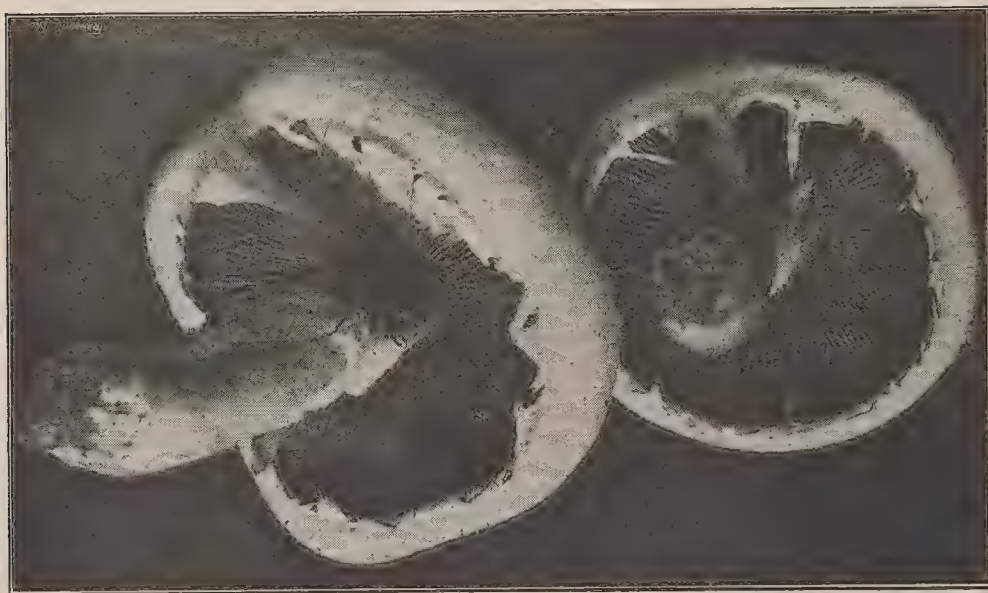
Brief Description of *Agaricus campestris*.

The common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) grows in lawns, pastures and similar places. It averages 5 to 8 cm. (2 to 3 in.) in height, the pileus being 5 to 12 cm. in diameter.

Pileus.—The cap or pileus is convex or more or less

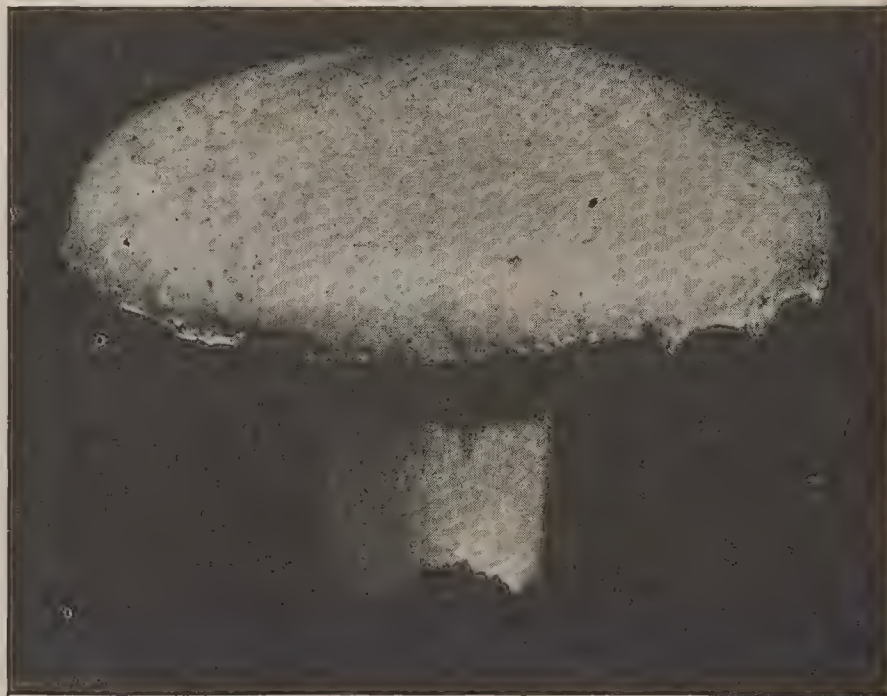
campestris (common mushroom), and in similar localities, i. e. in lawns, pastures, etc. It is known as *Lepiota naucina*, the short stemmed parasol, or smooth *Lepiota*. Because of this similar seasonal and local occurrence it might at first be taken for the *Agaricus campestris*, especially since the plant is about the same size, is usually white or light tan, and possesses an annulus. The gills, however, are white from the youngest stages to maturity, only becoming pinkish when very old, and drying a light brown or dirty pink.

A photograph of this plant as it occurs in lawns is represented in Fig. G. On looking at the gills of a freshly growing plant one would readily distinguish it from *Agaricus campestris*, because of their white color. The spores of this plant are white. The color of the spores is one of the most constant characters which the members of the mushroom family possess, and in studying these plants some of the spores should be caught on white paper for the purpose of determining their color. Fig. H represents four different sizes and stages of this *Lepiota*. In the plant at the left the veil



E. *AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*.

Under view of two plants just after rupture of the veil, fragments of the latter clinging both to margin of pileus and to stem.



F. *AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*.

Plant showing loose fibrils on surface of pileus drawn into triangular scales.

fibrils on the surface are brownish. In one form of the plant the triangular scales are dark brown, and give it a quite different aspect. This dark scaly form sometimes appears early in the spring.

If we note the position of the gills carefully, as we can by referring to the photograph (represented in Fig. B) of the under side of the pileus, it will be seen that they do not quite reach the stem and are rounded at the inner end. They are thus only attached by their upper edges to the surface of the pileus. Between the longer ones are shorter ones which reach, some only a little distance from the margin of the pileus, while others reach half or two-thirds the way to the stem. The space is thus used to good purpose, and the entire under surface of the pileus is crowded with these gills or lamellæ.

The surface of these gills forms what is termed the fruiting surface of the mushroom, or *hymenium*. The structure of the gill is quite specialized, and here we find parts which are characteristic of the great group of plants to which the mushroom belongs. If we cut very thin slices or sections across a few of the gills, and mount them in water under a thin cover glass for examination with the microscope, we shall see revealed these peculiarities. Through the center of the gills the mycelium continues down from that of the pileus. This middle

expanded, the surface being nearly smooth, or more or less silky hairy, these fibrils sometimes being collected into triangular scales. The color of the surface is usually white, but varies to light brown, while the flesh is white.

Gills.—When the plant is very young the gills are first white, but soon become pink, and later purple brown or dark brown from the numerous purple colored spores on the surface. The gills are free from the stem, and rounded on their inner ends.

Veil and Annulus.—The veil is thin, white, silky and very frail. As the pileus expands the veil is stretched and finally torn, when it clings as a thin collar or ring (annulus) around the stem, or fragments dangle from the margin of the pileus. As the plant becomes old, the annulus shrivels up and becomes inconspicuous.

Stem or Stipe.—The stem is white, nearly cylindrical, or slightly tapering at the lower end. It varies from 3 to 8 cm. long and 1 to 2 cm. in diameter. The flesh is solid, though less firm at the center.

Growth of the Mushroom.

The mycelium in the form of delicate threads or stouter strands (called spawn) lives in the soil, absorbing in solution certain of the substances of decaying vegetable matter, which it appropriates for growth and increase. It

still covers the gills. In the next one it has broken away from the margin of the pileus and forms a collar around the stem. In the third the pileus is still more expanded. We see here that the gills are free from the stem. The general characters, then, with the exception of the color of the spores, are the same as those of the *Agaricus campestris*.

This distinguishing feature, the different color of the spores, is regarded as such an important one that it is used to separate genera, and so this plant is placed in the genus* *Lepiota* instead of in *Agaricus*, though all the other generic characters are identical.

A few specific points might be described more in detail. The pileus is usually quite smooth, though in some specimens the surface shows numerous very fine cracks, which give it a granular appearance. The pileus is usually very symmetrical, rounded when young and strongly convex when mature. The flesh is soft and white, but remains much firmer in age, and when picked, than does that of *Agaricus campestris*.

The veil is also firmer than in the case of *Agaricus campestris*. It separates cleanly from the margin of the pileus, as well as from the stem, so that it forms a per-

*Subgenus according to some.

fect collar or ring, which in some cases may be moved on the stem. The lines of separation and the firm veil are clearly shown in the plant at the left hand in Fig. H. In old specimens the ring sometimes is torn, and may disappear.

The stem is nearly cylindrical, 5 to 10 cm. (2 to 4 in.) long and $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cm. in diameter, and is slightly enlarged or bulbous below. It is nearly hollow, though this cylindrical space is usually stuffed with loose cottony threads.

The *Lepiota naucina* is an edible species, and is valued

especially the latter. It usually occurs in woods, while the two other plants here described occur in open places. The *amanita phalloides* sometimes occurs in borders of lawns near woods. I have this year in the early part of September found four or five specimens of this deadly *amanita* in the border of one of the lawns on the campus of Cornell University.

One form of the plant is represented from a photograph in Fig. I. It is pure white and possesses an annulus or collar, but what is most important the base of the stem rests in a cup-like envelope called the volva.*



G. *LEPIOTA NAUCINA*.
Plants natural size in lawn.

as highly as the *Agaricus campestris* by many who have eaten it.

Like the *Agaricus campestris* it is also an European species, though the descriptions in European botanical works are quite meager, and much confusion exists in reference to the shape of the spores. The spores of the European specimens are usually described as "round," though Mr. Massee in his *British Fungus Flora* describes them as subrotund. This confusion regarding the shape of the spores has led to the belief on the part of some in America that our plant is different from the European one, for the spores in our plant are elliptical or oval, not

In this specimen the margin of the volva is cleft into three parts which are somewhat spreading. This specimen was collected in a beech woods along a damp ravine in the month of July. The veil has separated by an even line from the margin of the pileus and hangs as an annulus in the form of a broad collar from near the upper end of the stem.

The pileus in this form is smooth, viscid to the touch, and pure white, as is also the annulus, stem and volva, though the latter is soiled by particles of earth. The stem is nearly cylindrical, tapering slightly from the bulbous base. It is hollow, or stuffed with cottony



H. *LEPIOTA NAUCINA*.
Plants natural size in four stages, showing formation of annulus from veil.

rotund. For this reason the plant in America has been called *Lepiota naucinoides*. After careful study and observation of our plant, and by comparison with illustrations and descriptions of the European species, the conclusion is irresistible that the two are identical. In order to have our plant compared with the European one the writer sent some specimens to Mr. George Massee, of the Kew Herbarium, London, England. The director of the Herbarium has kindly replied that our plant is "*Lepiota naucina*, typical."

Amanita phalloides, Fr.

(The deadly *amanita*.)

The third and last plant described here is one of the "deadly" *amanitas*, the *Amanita phalloides*. It is mentioned here not only because it is probably responsible for a majority of the deaths from eating mushrooms, but because by the novice it might well be taken for either the *Agaricus campestris* or *Lepiota naucina*,

mycelial threads. The gills are usually pure white, even in age, and are nearly free from the stem. When decaying the plant emits a very disagreeable odor.

Because this plant is sometimes found in lawns and in fields bordering on the woods great care should be exercised in the collection of the *Agaricus campestris*, and especially of the *Lepiota naucina*, to be certain that a volva is not present on the lower end of the stem. Until one is certain he knows the plant he is collecting, the plants should not be picked by simply taking hold of the pileus, but the stem should be carefully dug up. In the case of some plants of *Amanita phalloides* which I found in a lawn the stem was about 7 cm. (nearly 3 in.) deep in the ground, so that by simply picking the plant by the cap, the most important character, the volva, would be lost, and by a novice the plant might be taken for the *Lepiota naucina*. Some of the specimens of

* Popularly termed the "poison-cup," "death-cup," etc.

Amanita phalloides which I have collected this summer might even be taken by a novice for the *Agaricus campestris* if the volva were not obtained. In some of the young specimens the gills were decidedly pink, so much so that several persons who saw the plants remarked on the pink color of the gills, and they were not aware of the significance of this fact. It should be stated, however, that the pink color of the gills in these young specimens of *Amanita phalloides* is not nearly so deep as the pink color of the gills of *Agaricus campestris*.

A pure white plant very closely related to this white form of *Amanita phalloides*, which occurs in the spring or early summer, is considered by some to be a distinct species, called *Amanita verna*. These pure white forms of some *amanitas*, because of their deadly poisonous property, are sometimes called the "destroying angel."

Shortly after the pileus of these plants breaks through the volva, and the stem is elongating, they are very sensitive to the directive influence which the earth, or gravity, exerts on the growth of many plants. One of the reasons why the plant grows in an upright position is that this influence directs it away from the earth. This is easily observed in placing young and rapidly growing specimens in a horizontal position. In a few hours the stem end near the pileus begins to turn upward. A specimen used for illustration was lying on its side for only about one or two hours, and the stimulus which it received in this position during the short period caused it to turn after it had been stood upright again. A view of the under side of this plant is shown in Fig. J.

Other forms of the *Amanita phalloides* occur in which the pileus is yellow, or greenish, instead of white, and sometimes bits of the volva remain adherent to the surface of the pileus in the form of whitish patches. There are other species of the genus *Amanita* which cannot be discussed in this bulletin, but will be illustrated in a future one.

Those who are not familiar with the three plants here illustrated, and who desire to be able to recognize them, are advised to search the pastures, etc., for the *Agaricus campestris* and *Lepiota naucina*, and also the damp woods for the *Amanita phalloides*, and to compare the plants found there with these descriptions. In this way familiarity with the species may be acquired which will



LEPIOTA NAUCINA.
View of gills on under surface of pileus.

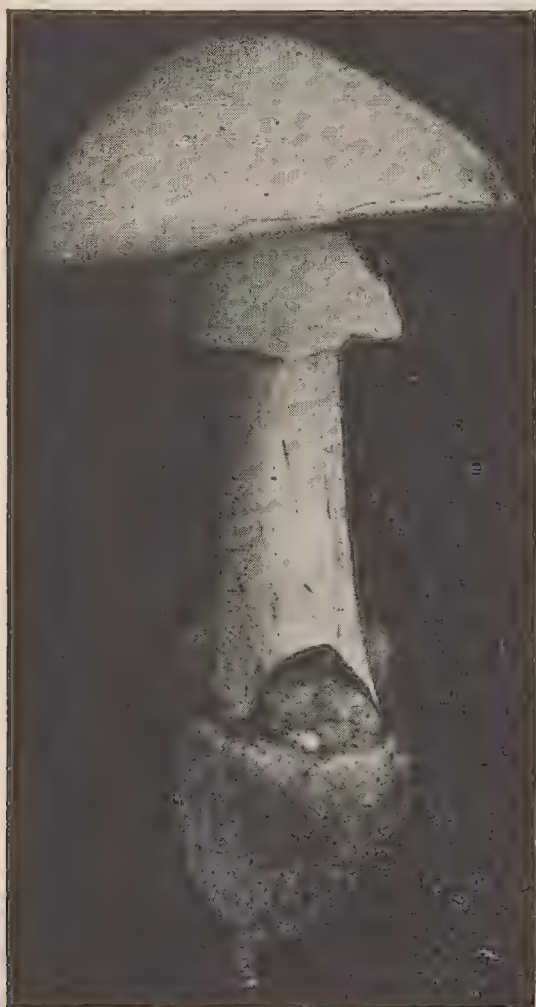
serve as a means of determining them in the future. The two former species often occur in such abundance during the autumn that baskets full of them can easily be gathered.

Those who wish to preserve these plants in the herbarium, or for future determination if there is not an opportunity to determine them in the fresh state, should dry them carefully after first taking full notes on form, color, size, texture, position, etc., of the various parts of the plant. Full directions for taking careful notes or for drying cannot be given here, but may be attempted at some future time. The *Agaricus campestris* and *Lepiota naucina* can be dried in the sun, and may be kept in boxes. Or when moistened again a little by dew, may be pressed lightly between sheets of absorbent paper, and then glued to herbarium sheets or folded in paper packets. Specimens of *Amanita phalloides* contain proportionately more water and consequently shrivel more in drying. They are apt to decay before they can be dried in the sun, except in very bright weather. Artificial heat can be used, but this causes the plants to shrivel still more unless the process of drying is very slowly accomplished. In this case they should be placed over the source of heat where currents of warm air are rising and then dried very slowly. In the case of the large and watery ones some cut the plants down into two halves through the stem, then cut out the inner fleshy part of the pileus and stem, and then placing the inner faces on an herbarium sheet, dry under pressure by hot driers which should be changed frequently. This process preserves well the external form and characters where properly done. If this rule is followed other plants should be preserved whole. In order to have a record of the characters, however, careful notes on all the characters should be taken while the plants are fresh, since so many of the important ones are evanescent and disappear in drying. The notes can be supplemented by pencil sketches or even by photographs if the collector so desires. A spore print should also be preserved for a record of the color of the spores, since one cannot use the color of the gills in all cases to determine that of the spores, and a few spores under the microscope do not in many cases give the tint which a mass of spores show, and which is very important to know. Some liquid fixative like gum-arabic should be spread on the portion of the white paper covered by the pileus previous to taking the spore print so that the spores will adhere well to the paper; or they may be later fixed by using material like Rou-

get's fixative with an atomizer, though with this latter treatment the figure of the print is apt to be disturbed somewhat.

In the preparation of mushrooms for the table, information may be obtained from other sources if it is not already at hand, since we cannot here enter into a discussion of the culinary treatment. But as a matter of course all wormy and very old specimens should be discarded.

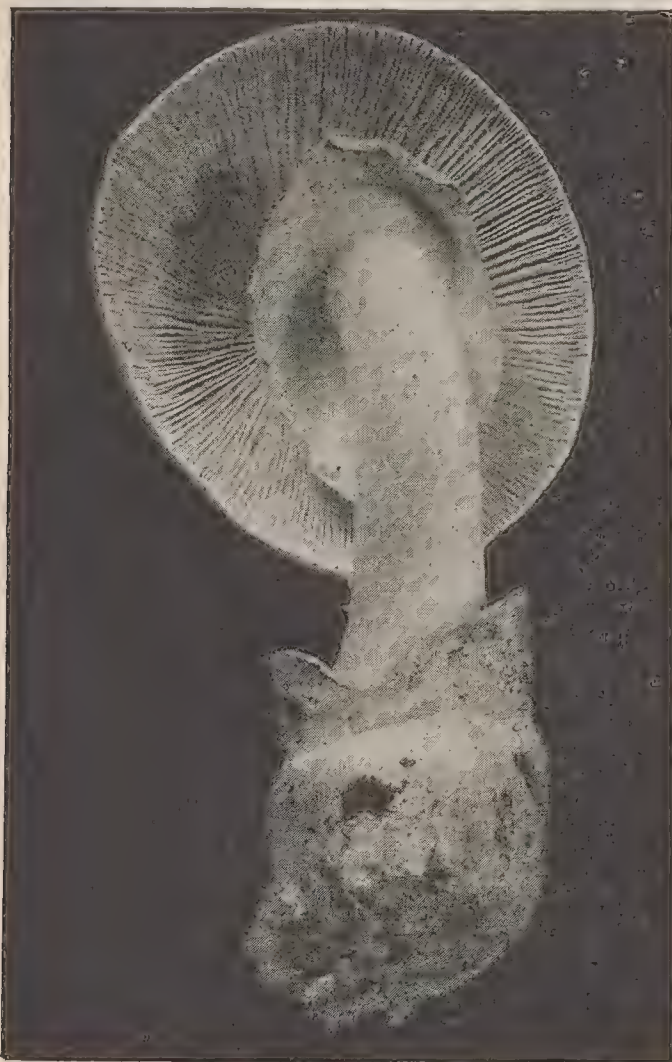
In communities where there is a desire to become acquainted with the common fleshy fungi, those interested might combine to form a "mycological club." A number of persons thus associated together might pur-



J. AMANITA PHALLOIDES.

White form, showing pileus, stipe, annulus and volva.

chase a small reference library to be kept in a club room, at a trifling cost to each member. Here specimens could be brought, the literature and illustrations compared, and an exchange of opinions between the members on the various plants would assist in a more ready determination of the plant, and in the acquisition of useful information as to occurrence, habits of growth, etc. Some few in such a community would become more expert than others, and could at length be regarded as "specialists" to whom more doubtful matters could be referred, or who themselves in doubtful cases



J. AMANITA PHALLOIDES.

View of under side of pileus, showing form and position of annulus and volva.

could consult by correspondence with some one possessing greater opportunity at some botanical center. Such a club would undoubtedly become interested in other nature subjects which would afford both pleasure and profit.

Mud Turtles and Terrapin.

FOX LAKE, Wis.—There was quite a trade here this spring in mud turtles; every fisherman and market shooter was catching them. I asked a dealer where he shipped them to. He said down South. I wonder if they ain't sent back as terrapin? W. E. W.

Natural History.

Notes on the Badger.

ONE of the most interesting and at the same time one of the least known of our animals is the badger. It is not precisely nocturnal in its habits, though no doubt spending a good part of the day in sleep, but much of its life is passed under ground. It is small, and is so admirably protected by its color that it is but seldom seen except by accident. Some of its habits are no longer secrets to us, but on the other hand we know almost nothing about its breeding or its ways in winter.

Most people who have traveled much over the plains have seen badgers, and have had some experience of their digging powers, of their pluck in defending themselves, and of the difficulties of seeing them when they do not wish to be seen. Many a man too has had reason to curse the badger, when his horse on stepping into one of its holes fell, throwing the rider heavily on the hard prairie.

A badger has little to fear from an ordinary dog. The latter may escape the badger's fierce jaws by superior activity, but, do the best he may, the dog can get hold of nothing save mouthfuls of hair or loose skin, and after a day of worrying the badger, though he may be weary, will be unhurt. On the other hand if the badger should close his jaws on the dog the latter will not easily get away from him.

I used to believe that the badger could be killed by a sharp rap on the end of the nose, and for several years I lived in the faith that I had killed a number of badgers by that means. One day, however, after having struck one on the nose, and seen him roll over on his back and claw the air in apparent death agony, I stopped near him for some purpose, and a few moments later saw the badger struggle to his feet and stagger off, improving as he went, until he trotted along apparently none the worse for his period of unconsciousness.

Often one sees a badger being tormented by a coyote in the manner spoken of in the recently published "Trail and Camp-Fire." The sight is an odd one, and I never quite understood the coyote's motive. The suggestion made by the writer just referred to is plausible, and may very likely be correct.

One bright, warm day last autumn I left the ranch house and started to walk down toward the lake. I took with me a rifle, for there was a possibility that I might see a coyote or a badger or a duck or possibly even an antelope. A few hundred yards below the house, where the fence ends, I turned to cross the brook, passing over a patch of ground where many tall thistles stood. As I was about to step out from among the thistles I saw on the other side of the brook a badger smelling among some ground squirrel holes, and stood still to watch him.

He waddled clumsily from one hole to another, sniffing at each, and now and then with his claws scraping away a little of the soft dirt at the mouth of one of the holes. Nothing seemed especially to interest him, however, and he came on toward the brook and went down into its bed. As he passed out of sight, I stepped forward nearly to where the bank broke off. In two or three minutes the badger's head appeared over the edge of the bank. He paused a moment to look at me, and then seeing nothing to alarm him clambered up, and coming two or three feet nearer to me sat on his haunches and looked first at me and then all about him; not trusting to his eyes alone, but turning up his nose and wrinkling it and sniffing in all directions. He held his arms down by his side, much as a prairie dog often does when sitting erect. Lowering himself to the ground, he walked forward again until he was within 10 ft. of me, and to leeward, so that he must have scented me. Here he again sat on his haunches, but this time with his forepaws resting on the ground, and sniffed the breeze. Still he gave no sign of being alarmed, but started on again, passing three or four feet from me, walking here and there and examining the ground passed over. His gait was a brisk walk, not a trot. His body, or rather the end of the long fringe of hair at his sides, was perhaps 2 in. above the ground.

After he had passed me a little way I followed him slowly, moving only when his tail was toward me and his head down. He hunted along until he came to an open grassy flat, from which the house was in plain sight. Here he stopped, raised his head high, and for a long time looked toward the house, as if to see whether there was anything dangerous in that direction. Perhaps he was looking for the dog. Then he lowered himself quite flat to the ground and crept swiftly across the short grass of the open to a hillside beyond it, on which were many large stones and occasional clumps of sage brush. When he had reached this place the badger seemed to think that caution was no longer needed. He trotted briskly for a few steps, and then raising his tail straight up in the air began to gallop about, as if entirely gay and free from care. He was now perhaps 75 yds. from me, too far to be seen with great distinctness, so I turned and went on my way.

Not very long ago I came upon an article in the San Francisco Chronicle about a tame badger, which is well worth reproducing. It reads:

The particular badger whose friendship I once enjoyed was a full-grown specimen of the California badger, which does not materially differ from the European variety, although it is rather more carnivorous. Even in their wild state these creatures are exceedingly clever, and association with civilization had so broadened this fellow's intellect that he was occasionally rather more clever than was convenient. His cunning, his propensities for almost human mischief and teasing, together with his enormous strength, made him rather formidable when, as sometimes happened, he succeeded in entering the house.

He soon learned to stand up on his brief hindlegs and reach a latch of the door that led from the house to the inclosed porch that was his home, and for a while he reveled in destruction. Once, during the temporary absence of the ruler of the kitchen, he pushed the heavy kitchen range out into the middle of the floor. Large bureaus, heavy trunks, beds, were mere featherweights

to this 2 ft. long Sampson, and he delighted to shove them about. He would insinuate his nose or one paw between a trunk and the wall against which it stood and carefully work his way behind the trunk. Then he would brace himself against the wall and push. If the floor was uncarpeted a tiny crack between the boards afforded his sharp hind claws sufficient hold from which to push, and a carpet was his keenest delight.

This fellow slept in a sort of kennel, on the porch, and he was as particular about airing his bed as any fine lady could be. On sunshiny mornings he would drag the old blanket that formed his couch out from the kennel, and standing up on his hindlegs and using his foreclaws and teeth in a truly wonderful fashion he would throw this blanket over the rail of the porch, which he could just reach. He never failed to do this on pleasant days, but he had never been taught the trick. It had always from the first been his custom to drag his bedding forth, but his mistress used to pick it up and spread it on the rail, until one day she found him doing it himself. Doubtless the imitative instinct, which was very strong in him, accounts in a great measure for this trick, but the fact that he never did it on rainy days lends a curious air of reasoning to the performance.

There were times when none of us deemed it wise to approach him; none, that is, save the mistress of the household, who, when it was reported to her that the badger was "in a tantrum," would calmly proceed to administer maternal chastisement with the palm of her hand. He always seemed very much depressed by this experience, and after a season of chastened quiet would come to her with an expression of contrition, putting up his nose and begging to be reinstated in favor. It is not possible that the punishment ever hurt him, but he always grunted hard while it was being administered and seemed much mortified.

Audubon and Bachman, in "The Quadrupeds of America," and Dr. Coues, in his "Fur-bearing Animals," give much interesting information about this species. Few of your correspondents have much to say about it, yet the species is well worth studying.

American Museum of Natural History.

THE annual report of the president of the American Museum of Natural History for the year 1897 has just been issued and is an interesting volume of 125 pages, illustrated by a number of full-page plates and a map. The report shows marked progress in the museum as a whole, and very great additions to the collections in many departments. The accessions in the department of vertebrate paleontology are very large, and the manner in which portions of the collections in this branch have been put on exhibition deserves the greatest praise. Much has been done also in adding to and arranging for exhibition the collections in the department of anthropology, which is largely under the guidance of Dr. Franz Boas. Great accessions have been made to the department of entomology and to the library.

A very important branch of the museum's work comes under the head of the department of public instruction. This consists of series of lectures to the teachers of the public schools and to members of the museum, of the Columbia University course and of the Board of Education lectures, together with those given by the New York Botanical Society, Linnæan Society and Entomological Society.

The list of accessions to the collections and the library of the museum is a long one. The plates which illustrate the report are chiefly photographs of restorations of fossil forms now on exhibition in the museum, and of scenes taken in the West, where fossils were being collected. The frontispiece is a perspective view of the south front of the museum facing on Seventy-seventh street. There is a colored map, showing the field of proposed operations of the Jesup North Pacific expedition for five years.

The Vanishing Hippopotamus.

THE last hippopotamus has been slaughtered in Natal. All the larger and more curious creatures are disappearing so fast that this will be a monotonous world, at any rate for naturalists, in another century. Not so long ago the hippopotamus haunted the rivers of Cape Colony and Natal, and "lake cow bacon," as the salted layer of fat underlying the hide is called, was a favorite dish; but now this huge creature has disappeared from both countries. The hunter has been its enemy for many a century, but the rifle is a far more deadly weapon than the assegai. The animal has an appetite proportionate to its bulk, and can accommodate a good deal of vegetable produce. Besides this it is a wasteful feeder, trampling down and tearing up much more than it consumes, and it prefers cultivated plants to wild vegetation. That has proved its doom in Natal. One herd was left at Seacow Lake, a coast lagoon near Durban, and was protected by the Government. It consisted of parents and a family of five. Unfortunately these, like young people all the world over, loved "sweeties," and made nocturnal raids on the neighboring sugar-cane plantations. The owners petitioned the Government, a warrant of execution was granted, and the parental bull, who must have been nearly fifty years old, was the last to fall, and will henceforth be only an "exhibit" in the Durban Museum.

The hunter of the hippopotamus is not without excuse. The flesh, especially the young calf, is more than palatable. The feet of the young calf are said to make an excellent stew, and the skin to be better than conger eel as a substitute for turtle in soup. The thick, tough hide is useful for many purposes, among others for correction, since it makes formidable whips. Hippopotamus ivory at one time found a place in the mouth of man, being much used for artificial teeth, so that the lake cow was worth capturing. That no doubt has helped in accelerating its departure from a world where for a long time it had managed to maintain existence. It lived on the Lower Nile in the days of the Pharaohs. A fresco in the old temple of Edfu shows that it was then harpooned by the natives much as it is now by the Sudanese. Herodotus describes it; probably it is the behemoth of the Book of Job, so that the animal must then have been fairly common. Roman crowds stared at it in the days of the Empire.

Then came a long interval, and it was not till 1850 that London received the first which had again visited Europe. Before the Christian era it haunted the Nile even below the First Cataract; it is now not found north of Dongola, between the Second and the Third, and is comparatively rare till above Khartum. As Mr. Lydekker tells us, at the present day it is practically restricted to the African rivers and lakes between the seventeenth parallel of north latitude and the twenty-fifth of south latitude. But its range in prehistoric times was far more extensive.—*London Standard*.

Game Bag and Gun.

"The Game Laws in Brief."

THE new edition of "The Game Laws in Brief" is now ready. It gives the laws as revised to date, and is complete, accurate and convenient of reference as always. The Brief is finding constantly growing support and confidence, and has long been established as the accepted authority in its peculiarly useful field.

Chamois and Stag Hunting in Austria.

THE Scotch deer stalker would be almost as much at sea when visiting for the first time an Austrian chamois or red deer preserve as the jaeger of the latter country would be when first turned loose on a Scotch so-called "forest," where trees are conspicuous by their absence; if he were told to stalk yonder band of deer, lying out in the center of an open sketch of moor, far from covert. Both men would have to learn the niceties of sport peculiar to the respective localities before they could hope to succeed. Confining myself to the experiences of the visitor to Austria, a few words concerning the entourage of the continental preserves will fitly introduce him to his new ground.

The landed aristocracy of Austro-Hungary have from time immemorial been keen stalkers, and the stag was the most prized game that roamed the great forest which—until quite recent times, when deforestation has made dangerous inroads—dotted the northern slopes of the main chain of the glacier mantled Eastern Alps. Until the year 1848 the poacher, when detected, fared ill indeed, while the peasant dwelling in serf-life dependency upon his lord's broad acres dared not put up even fences to keep out of his wheat and turnips the deer and wild boar, which, as we know, grew in those days to a lustier size than at present. Antlers were the most valued token of friendship, and Lord Barton was by no means the first sportsman who had a great head, such as was his celebrated 20-pointer of 1893, cast in solid silver, more than one ancient head receiving that honor in life size. And the well-known instance of a king giving a battalion of the tallest grenadiers in his army for a single famous red deer head of 66 points, or of another royal antler fancier offering in vain a sum corresponding to \$25,000 for a many tined trophy of the stag, need hardly be repeated to show to what extremes went antler worship in bygone centuries.

Times have changed since then; the great magnate of Austro-Hungary no longer holds feudal sway over his peasants, and his rights and privileges are but a shadow of what they were fifty years ago. Deer preserving, except in the Carpathians, where individual estates are of enormous size, some exceeding 500 square miles, is a costly pleasure. Where the presence of beech and oak mast, and the grasses springing from a naturally rich soil, do not provide the deer with sufficient food to their taste, they will enter wheat and maize fields and do a lot of damage, which the owner of the deer must make good, if the trespassers are to escape with life and limb. When I say that deer preserving is also an expensive luxury in Austria proper, I do not mean to say that things have come quite to the same pass they have reached in the case of Scotch deer forests, where the net cost of every pair of antlers must be put at from \$250 to \$500. With the exception perhaps of a dozen families with princely incomes, the Austrian aristocracy is not as rich as the nobility or landed gentry of Great Britain, for intermarriages with commoners who have amassed great wealth in trade or business are frowned upon, as is, alas, all connection with trade or manufacture. As the necessities as well as the luxuries of life are cheaper and of a simpler description in Austria than they are in Scotland, I think it can safely be said that a third, or very little more, of the sum named would cover the cost of a stag to a stranger leasing an Austrian forest, while to the sportsman shooting his own preserve the cost would certainly not exceed \$50 per head.

In Hungary the chief aim is to stock the forest with the heaviest stags bearing the finest antlers. This, from the rich nature of the soil, is easier or achievement in that country than anywhere in Europe. In Austria proper, on the other hand, less attention is paid to the size of the deer than the number of tines, and as mountain chains traverse all the Austrian provinces situated south of the Danube, people seek to combine deer preserving with chamois preserving. The latter game, pet of the romancer, is of course a much harder beast than the stag, and can withstand cold and the vicissitudes of very hard winters infinitely better than can their antlered kinsmen, who frequent the forest below. The timber line usually marks the boundary line between the crags and cliffs forming the chamois' breezy sanctuary and the playground of the red deer in the tangled and rarely-disturbed woods just below.

In such a preserve judicious management on the part of the owner is usually rewarded with a good head of game, and as the Austrians do not look on such preserving from a pecuniary aspect, as a possible source of income, good shoots are rarely leased except owing to some exceptional cause. If they are leased at all, then they are never let for less than five, usually for not less than ten years; indeed, separate communes having shooting rights are prohibited by law to lease them for less than five years. To the owner of a good preserve, the

idea of letting his forest to a man he did not know personally, or about whose character as a sportsman he had not made the strictest inquiries—quite as searching ones as were the stranger a suitor for his daughter's hand—would be repugnant, and seem unsportsmanlike. I have heard some very unkind things said about the shopkeeper's way in which Scotch forests are let for a single season to outsiders—strangers—whose bank account is the only qualification inquired into.

The shooting lodges in Austria are as a rule, very plainly furnished huts, with no pretension whatever to the luxury people expect in Scotch lodges. Hard wooden chairs, the simplest beds, and uncarpeted floor, would make many a head keeper's cottage on a Scotch moor seem almost a palace in comparison. Austrian sportsmen are a hardy race, and take pride in putting up with as little as possible in the way of comfort, when they are on the mountains. From that veteran stalker, the Emperor of Austria, down to the young cadet of old name, but small fortune, eager to try his powers in outwitting the wary chamois, or listen for the first time to the roar of the stag's challenge as it echoes through the silent forest, the hardships of sport attract rather than repel. If these shooting chalets lack comfort, and the cuisine be of the plainest, the walls of every room, nay, the very outside of the dwelling will be adorned with trophies such as never fall to the share of the ordinary sportsman. Antlers of 18, 20 and 22 tines, and of such great size as to resemble those of the giant of the deer species, the wapiti of North America, are the trophies carried by deer whose weight is quite double that of a good Scotch stag, for in Austro-Hungary numbers of stags of 560lbs. (clean) are shot every season.

If the pleasures of the table and the ordinary comforts of life are eschewed by the Austrian sportsman, much greater care is devoted by him to the good condition of the deer than his British brother of the craft vouchsafes to his Scotch deer. Ample stores of good hay, and what is of vital importance in furthering the growth of antlers, a sufficiency of horn-producing nutriment, such as chestnuts, maize, etc., is provided for the deer, while shelter sheds distributed over the preserve, where in some seasons snow to a depth of 3 or 4ft. may lie for months at a time, afford them protection against the inclemencies of a sub-arctic winter. It must not be imagined that this winter feeding reduces the innate wildness of these deer, for only in exceptional cases can the hardest of the keepers, prepared to brave the deep snow in the isolated glens and corries where the shelter sheds are erected, ever get near the shy denizens of these upland forests. In very bad winters, when the store of hay is insufficient, serious losses cannot be avoided, and one sees on such occasions pitiable pictures of distress. I well remember one winter, that "terror" in Europe of 1874-5, I was out with a party rescuing snowed-in deer. The party consisted of men who were the pick of the sturdy mountainers, such as it would be difficult to match in any part of the world, and they did heroic work. The deer we found were standing about in the deep, soft snow, and were so near complete exhaustion that they allowed us to approach them quite close, and after a few feeble attempts to escape would greedily take the hay, with loads of which each man was supplied. It had taken us two days of hard wading to get to the worst place from the last supply of hay, and finding many more deer assembled there than we expected, and could feed, the men carried the weakest hinds on their backs for many hours through snow that reached up to their thighs; the two most powerful in the lot actually each shouldered a two-year-old stag, a truly wonderful feat under the circumstances.

While chamois can be stalked from July to December (though it is by no means an easy sport when snow mantles the slopes to any depth), the stag can only be hunted in the dense woods to which he loves to retire after he has shed the velvet, and where he lays up a goodly stock of fat, when the instincts of mating-time cause him to give vent to the challenging roar, and thereby betray his whereabouts to his human foes. At the beginning of the season when the stag is roaming excitedly through the forest on the lookout for hinds, those skilled in "calling"—imitating the sounds made by the stags and the hinds—will make use of this lure, but for the rest of the season, when the stag is more surfeited with the joys of love-making, the more deadly call to use is that of the male. Under favorable circumstances the victim will, on hearing the challenge, come rushing toward his imaginary foe, at others he will do so more carefully, stealthily stealing through the forest. Again at other times the most skillful imitation will be left disregarded, or at best will be answered only by a grunt, which, if audible to the caller, is sufficient to enable the stalker to direct his approach. Under all circumstances the scent must be well guarded, for though the stag is himself at this season, careless and unmindful of danger, he is generally surrounded by hinds, who are at that period doubly keen watchers.

Unfortunately for the sportsman these faithful watchers, numbering from two to eight head, are not always collected in one spot round the stag, but are often distributed over a considerable expanse of ground, considering the density of the timber. Let the stalker be never so careful, and manage his approach never so noiselessly, his efforts will assuredly fail if the ring is a wide one. Ambushing himself behind some bushes, he must resort to the "call"—generally by the aid of a large-mouthed sea shell, by which he can imitate the deep belching roar of the stag. If the stag has any fight left in him, and the hinds do not take the alarm, success may even then reward the skillful caller. The condition of the weather has much to do with this kind of sport, for in dull or rainy weather the stags will call much less frequently and respond more tardily than on crisp, bright autumn mornings, following frosty nights. The shooting is generally done at close ranges, for not only does the wooded character of the uplands prevent long shots, but most shots are obtained at dawn or at dusk. Of the two, the former is the best calling time, for by being out early you can arrive in the vicinity of the deer under cover of darkness. Stags are far more likely to call at night than during full daylight.

Chamois shooting, perhaps a more fascinating sport even, is conducted either by stalking or driving. The former has about it many of the features of Scotch deer

stalking, with the difference that the ground as a rule is far more precipitous, and requires not only stout legs, sound lungs, but also a clear head. For these reasons it is a kind of sport in which only younger men can shine. Of all mountain sport, it is the one which tests the sportsman's endurance most, though not his qualities as a shot, for as a rule the stalker can take his time and get in his shot under conditions favorable to success. Different is this in chamois driving, when the fleet little beasts come tearing down impossible-looking declivities amid a rattle of stones, and dash past the sportsman with a fleetness that tests his marksmanship quite as much as it does his coolness; for, as the shooting of does is avoided as much as possible, and is considered unsportsmanlike, and as the sexes resemble each other in build and in the shape of their horns, it takes steady nerves and long practice to excel in this branch of chamois hunting.

W. R. GILBERT.

Game Protection in Illinois.

At the Peoria meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association last week Game Warden Loveday summarized his work for the year in the following synopsis:

The number of arrests so far reported throughout the State for violation of the game laws, 603. That is not all the arrests that have been made, and I am sorry to say a great many deputies have not reported at all, although I know arrests have been made. The number of convictions, 548. There are only two cases now pending in court. Fifty-three cases were dismissed or non-suited wherein the evidence was not sufficient, or extreme poverty prevailed, chiefly among the poor miners during the strike. All of these cases were thoroughly investigated and your warden has used his very best and humane judgment. Thirteen of the convicted were committed to jail; the others paid fines or gave bonds from \$5 to \$130. The State has been defeated in only three cases that came to trial by jury, and only prejudice against any law was the cause of defeat.

The convictions were: 171 for shooting game out of season; 105 for shooting and trapping plumage birds; 28 for shooting after sunset and before sunrise; 11 for shooting from sink boxes, sail boats and steam boats; 223 for having in possession and offering for sale.

Game seized on sight in Chicago from June 1 to Oct. 1: 3,206 prairie chickens, 1,852 partridges, 715 quail, 429 ducks, 53 woodcock; total, 6,255.

Game seized on sight in Chicago, from Nov. 1 to June 1: 1,110 prairie chickens, 713 partridges, 9,159 quail, 742 ducks, 62 woodcock, 211 squirrels, 13 venison; total, 12,010. Total game seized, 18,265.

In Chicago, during the hot weather, 1,680 of the above number of birds came into market in a worthless condition; 1,450 of them being prairie chickens killed in the months of August and September.

It is probable that several thousand more birds could be added to this list which have been confiscated by my deputies in other counties, which were disposed of within the counties in which they were found in accordance with the law, and it has been impossible for me to get any kind of a report from them for reasons hereinafter mentioned.

It is very funny to some, perhaps, that I should pay out expense and get no salary. The expenses of this work are railroad travel, transportation for deputies in emergency case, board for same, attorney's fees outside of State's attorneys, stationery, postage, stenographer and typewriter, telegrams, salary to deport deputies, express and freight, cold storage and cartage, livery, personal expenses while traveling. All together this makes \$3,036.22 that I have paid out of nothing. The freight and express I paid at the end of the road. I made that arrangement with the express companies in order to get their good will. I paid all the express charges up to the time of seizing.

There are now 176 deputies in the State, good, bad and indifferent. I am of the opinion that if I had only 15 to 18 such men as I could choose out of the 176 under pay and under command, whom I could send from place to place when needed, I could do more good work than with this number under existing circumstances, for the reason as it appears they seem to be afraid to make arrests among their own townspeople, or people whom they know, whereas a deputy at large would know nobody, and consequently show no favors and do his best to hold his job. On account of the vigorous warfare that we have kept up in the past year against the violators of the law, I sincerely believe there will not be one in ten as many violations in the year to come. There are but few counties in the State which have not had one example or more, and the country press has kindly heralded the names of the offenders, which of itself is enough to keep many from running the risk of being published. But at the same time the work must be kept up in order to protect the game we have left. I am very doubtful if in the year to come there will be revenue from suits and seizures to pay the expenses. It is to be hoped that our next Legislature will take action on this matter.

I attribute the reason that I have not received a full return from the deputies to the fact that when I first took the office I did not know whence I was to get the money that was necessary to carry on the work that I was so anxious to do, consequently in appointing deputies I assessed them one-quarter of their earnings. I soon found out that this would not work; but that a deputy earned every cent he got and more too, and I have notified them to that effect. But in traveling around I found a number of cases wherein the deputy had not reported, and the more honest ones gave that as their reason.

The office of game warden of this State, in order to keep an accurate account of everything in detail, requires one clerk and one stenographer. The correspondence at times is very large. One hundred and three letters have been written from this office in a single day; 3,981 letters in the twelve months; 3,719 have been received. A great many of these letters have been written to make inquiries regarding fish, but nevertheless had to be answered to refer them to the proper parties from whom to get the information required.

It is necessary for the game warden to be continually traveling, and while away a responsible man should

be left for office duty. In the year I have traveled 210 days, and covered 17,890 miles.

I find by my intercourse with the sportsmen of our State that they are universally in favor of licensing the shooters at the rate of \$1 to \$2 per annum for residents of the State, and \$5 for non-residents. The Northern States have adopted this course successfully. In this way the burden of tax comes only on those who participate in the sport. If such a bill can be passed by our next Legislature, I am sure it will meet the approval of all true sportsmen. The money so raised can be set apart for the protection of game, and there will not only be enough to protect the game we have, but enough to establish a State pheasantry for the propagation of other birds that can be introduced into our State from other countries. The State of Ohio has established a pheasantry at Van Wert, and last year raised 4,000 Mongolian pheasants, besides distributing 2,000 eggs to the farmers. There are other birds that will do well in this climate, such as the caccubis chukar partridge, the sand grouse, and the black partridge of India, that can be brought to this country without trouble.

Gentlemen, that is a synopsis of what I have done. There is a great deal I have not done, because I could not be everywhere at one time. Many people have written me very angry letters because I have not visited them, but I could not do it. It was impossible, and those people are to blame. They generally think of this too late. In the height of shooting in August they were complaining to me. If they go out on the 15th of August and find nothing, it is the game warden's fault.

I am willing to appoint deputies at any time. I have dropped a good many and there are many more to drop, and I would like to appoint a great many more good ones in their places. A great many counties in this State have merely one. That is not enough. I was told when I was here at the last convention, by the game warden, Mr. Pool, that there were no violations going on here. I did not believe him. I do not believe him yet. I think if I had looked around myself I would have found a few violating the law. I have very good reasons for thinking so. A game dealer in Chicago, who is always trying to make a little fun and annoy me, showed me a letter from Peoria in the latter end of February. He would not let me see the signature. The letter proposed the sale of 100 dozen quail, No. 1 quail, asking for the best price he could give. I saw another letter from Peoria asking what he could do in eight dozen quail. If you had a good man down here, I think probably you could have caught some of these fellows. One hundred dozen quail for sale must have been known by some of your people. I watched for that 100 dozen, but I do not think they came to Chicago. If they did, they beat me. Probably they went to New York. On account of my work in Chicago I feel sure that tons of game have gone to New York from Chicago.

Question.—What would you suggest in a case of that kind?

Mr. Loveday.—I would suggest that they choose a good man for the game warden; a man who will work and has not too much money.

Mr. Richards.—Mr. President, we have heard from Mr. Loveday something that I guess none of us have known before about his work, and his report is a splendid one, and I now move that this convention give him a vote of thanks for the good work that he has done.

Seconded and carried unanimously.

Ontario's National Park.

THE Ontario Government, realizing the importance of introducing some method for the preservation of fish and game, and at the same time desiring to conduct on a vast scale experimental work in forestry, set aside in 1893 the tract of land in the District of Nipissing lying between Georgian Bay and the River Ottawa, which is now known as the Algonquin National Park of Ontario. This region of primeval forest, lake and stream contains about a million acres of land and water, within which lie the fountain-heads of the rivers Muskoka, Madawaska, Petawawa, Bonnechere and Amable du Fond. There is probably not to be found elsewhere a tract of country which in the same limited space gives rise to so many important streams, and it is fortunate that this tract exists not only in a state practically unimpaired so far as the maintenance of these streams is concerned, but also in a condition which enables it to be set aside as a reservation of the kind proposed at a minimum of expense and trouble. The larger lakes within this area are situated directly upon the several water systems of which they respectively form part, and there is scarcely a lake of any size which is not connected by stream or portage with some leading chain of waters, the consequence of which is that the whole territory within the park is easily accessible by canoe.

The largest and most important sheet of water is the Great Opeongo, which lies in four townships at the southeast of the park, and which has an extreme length of nearly twenty miles.

The other principal lakes are: McDougal, Shirley on the Madawaska, Cedar Lake, Trout Lake, Misty Lake, McIntosh Lakes on the Petawawa, Island, Canoe Lake, Smoke Lake, on the North or Muskoka River; Tea Lake, Manitow Lake on the Amable du Fond, and besides these are several chains of small lakes, such as Two Rivers, Cache, Source, and Rock lakes.

In fact, the whole region is one of a multiplicity of creeks and streams, forming in their natural progress diminutive lakes and ponds, many of them surrounded by the overarching forest being extremely beautiful. A region so wooded and watered, and so remote from all civilizing influences, cannot but be the home of a vast variety of birds, game and fur-bearing animal and fish.

Here the moose, a short time ago so nearly extinct, roam and browse in large numbers; here the red deer in vast herds graze in open meadows or quench their thirst at every running brook and stream; here the industrious beaver, the most intelligent of all animals, fells his trees and builds his dams with impunity; here the bear pushes his black hulk through the undergrowth in search of ripe nuts or berries; here, in fact, may be said to be the center from which now spreads out in all directions the moose, deer and other fur-bearing animals, such as the marten, mink, otter and beaver. In addition to the game, which

is now strictly protected, and which no one is allowed to take either by trap or gun, the lakes and streams abound with the red and gray trout, pickerel and pike, as well as the more common chub, catfish and perch. Herring and whitefish are also abundant in the larger lakes, such as McDougal, Shirley and Great Opeongo.

The woods are also well stocked with partridges, and ducks are being encouraged by the planting of wild rice in many of the lakes.

By applying for a permit to the Commissioner of Crown Lands at Toronto, any one may take fish within the limits of the park, but no one is allowed to carry firearms.

The headquarters of the park superintendent and rangers is at Cache Lake, Algonquin P. O., Ont., on the line of the Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound Railway, and all necessary information as to routes may be had there from the superintendent, or from the ranger in charge.

During the last year many good portage roads have been cut through the park; new shelter huts for the accommodation of the rangers and the traveling public generally have been built at convenient points; and a new map of the park showing the canoe routes and positions of the shelter huts has been recently issued by the Ontario Government.

The park may be approached from any one of its four sides, but the recent opening of the Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound road, which runs directly through the lower end of the region, makes the whole area easily accessible to the outside world.

Grand Rapids' Great Week.

Michigan Fish and Game Protective League.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 8.—A called meeting of the Michigan Fish and Game Protective League assembled at the spacious and elegant rooms of the Military Club to-night. President A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, was in the chair and presided with dignity and efficiency. Secretary C. E. Brewster, of Grand Rapids, read the call, stating that the purpose was to formally take up for ratification or rejection the resolutions passed at the Interstate Wardens' convention held at Chicago last February. The following sportsmen among others were present: D. G. Henry, president Grand Rapids Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association; Fred J. Adams, vice-president Grand Rapids Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association; John Waddell, president West Michigan Fly-Casting Association; Col. E. Crofton Fox, W. D. Frost, P. H. O'Brien, George H. Davidson, president Pottawatamie Club; James Bayne, president Grand Rapids Gun Club; Eber Rice, Harry Ketcham, C. L. Lockwood, G. P. A. G. R. & I. R. R.; Harry Widdicombe, S. L. King, Judge E. A. Burlingame, Judge H. D. Jewell. Besides the above there were present Messrs. F. N. Peet, R. W. Goodsell, H. G. Hascall, Ashley C. Smith, Itha H. Bellows and L. I. Blackman, of Chicago, attending the fly-casting tournament this week.

The secretary read Sec. 1 of the interstate resolutions, prohibiting wildfowl shooting between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. Mr. Davidson moved to amend to Jan. 31 to Sept. 1, explaining that he thought this would appease the Detroit element, who might otherwise fight. Messrs. Brewster, Fox and Waddell said they thought it best not to go to work and tear to pieces these interstate resolutions. Mr. Davidson's amendment was lost. Sec. 1 was ratified.

Sec. 2, on a non-resident license of \$25 on deer, \$1 for resident license, was ratified.

Sec. 3, declaring all game the property of the State, no individual to hold property in such game, was ratified.

Sec. 4, declaring that it shall be unlawful to ship into any State game prohibited of shipment in such State, was ratified.

Sec. 5, on deer shooting season, tentatively Nov. 1 to Nov. 20, with five days to dispose of game on hand, was on motion passed over, pending report of the Interstate Committee appointed on same, which has not yet come in.

Sec. 6, recommending Jackson's Hole region be made part of the National Park, was passed over, as not under natural jurisdiction.

Sec. 7, demanding all packages of game to be labeled, and establishing penalties for false label, was ratified.

Sec. 8, making wardens agents of other State wardens, to seize game for the latter and account for same, was ratified.

Sec. 9, abolishing cold storage, ratified.

Game for Non-Residents.

President Lakey said that it was obvious that these resolutions hardly interfered with the Michigan law, which was already good on game. Mr. Waddell said that it was seen some time ago that the Michigan law was in advance of almost all of them, and our ideas found weight in the Chicago convention. Discussion arose over the question of a non-resident carrying any game out of the State with him. Mr. Brewster thought that any man who paid \$25 deer license ought to be allowed to take some venison home with him. Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I. Railway, on call, stated that in the past many more deer hunters came into Michigan. His road fitted up cars for them. He saw long ago that so many hunters would clean out the game before long unless restricted. Now not so many come under the license law, but he thought if they could take something, some sort of trophy, home with them, more hunters would again come. Mr. Davidson was yet more positive, and he moved to adopt a resolution allowing a non-resident license payer to take home all the game he legally killed. Mr. Rice moved to amend by substituting "one deer, if legally killed." The resolution so amended was carried.

Secretary Brewster pointed out many bad faults in the Michigan fish law. It had three exactly contradictory clauses on spearing. It was weak on the sale of trout, which sale should be forbidden. It should be amended by a section on fishways and on pollution of streams, and it should have a close season on bass and muscallunge. On motion of Mr. Eber Rice the chair was requested to

appoint a committee of three, to report a fish bill at the annual meeting of the association in January next. The chair appointed Judge Vance, of Port Huron; State Warden Chase S. Osborne, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Col. E. Crofton Fox, of Grand Rapids.

The next annual meeting of this highly practical body of protective workers will be held at Lansing, the third week of January. Only the briefest report is admissible in the press of other matters this week, but the inevitable impression gathered at this meeting is that the head association of Michigan protective interests is entirely sincere, strictly unselfish, and extremely practical. Keep your eye on Michigan. There will be no State further in the van of protection. No State has to-day a body of more disinterested and thinking sportsmen, or one with a clearer or more practical view on protection. The Interstate Wardens' convention at Chicago are well reflected in Michigan and at Grand Rapids.

E. HOUGH.

New York State Fish, Game and Forest League.

DURING these days of the establishment of national leagues and national associations for the betterment and enforcement of our game laws, the sportsmen of this State must not overlook the importance of maintaining a strong organization in our own State; for it is through this medium that we must secure proper local legislation and the means of awakening local sentiment in favor of better protection.

Without detracting in any degree from the importance of national organizations, for I believe there is much to be gained by the establishment of just such associations, I cannot but believe that it is the duty of every true sportsman in this State to associate himself and his co-workers with the New York State League.

The League has now a membership of upward of thirty clubs and associations; it should have a representation from every county in the State. It is not necessary that these organizations be large, five to ten earnest workers in any locality may do much good by organizing and bringing themselves in contact with the League.

During the past year the League has been incorporated, a revised constitution has been adopted, and through its Law Committee much valuable aid has been given in securing for us to-day a better game law than we have had for some years.

We trust that before the next annual meeting (Dec. 8) many applications for membership may be received, and that all associations now in existence, and having for their object fish and game protection, will apply for membership, thus giving us a working force sufficient to render our efforts successful. The League was never in better position to do active work, and all that is necessary is hearty support from those interested in the welfare of the fish and game of this great Commonwealth. Application blanks and necessary information can be procured of E. G. Gould, secretary, Seneca Falls, N. Y., and applications may be made at any time by associations having as their object protection of fish or game.

Organizations throughout the State are earnestly solicited to give this matter favorable consideration.

W. S. GAVITT, Pres't.

An Erie Association.

ERIE, Pa., June 8.—The Erie and Fairview Fish and Game Preserve Association has been organized and the membership comprises about 30 of Erie's leading citizens and about the same number of Fairview citizens. The first meeting was held in the office of C. L. Baker, Esq. Dr. Montgomery was chosen temporary chairman, and Chas. Shenk temporary treasurer.

The association has leased several thousand acres of land between the Half-Way House and Walnut Creek. The owners of the land are to be honorary members of the club. The Erie city members will stock the stream with young fish, and pheasants and other game will be located in the woods. The club will not allow any shooting in the woods for three years. A great number of pheasant eggs are now being hatched.

The farmers have consented to enforce the rules and regulations of the club, and warning signs will be posted along the stream and in the woods. In addition to the trout in the stream it is the intention to do some blasting near the mouth of the creek in order to permit bass and other fish to locate in the creek from Lake Erie.

The membership will be limited until after the charter has been obtained. Messrs. C. L. Baker, Clark Olds and Judge Gunnison were appointed a committee to look up the laws governing similar associations and to apply for a charter. Similar associations have been formed in Ohio and West Virginia.

A club house will be built and the members will have a desirable spot to hunt and fish within a few years.

C. B. C.

Concerning Calibers.

FOR deer there is no question but that the .45-85 is the thing. Some of the advocates of the small bores may "pooh-pooh" at this, but I can vouch for one instance where a friend, who was a better shot and a better hunter, but was handicapped with a rifle shooting a small charge, did not get a deer, while I did, only because I could make a long shot. I was amused at an article I read some time since, where some one told of having a small caliber (.22, I think) rifle in camp, and that they would have more readily parted with any of their other rifles than that. Well, it may be so; but I think that individual deserves to be classed and put on the shelf with the other cranks who are always "blowing" about muzzleloaders, and the fine targets they make, etc., etc. What is the use in all these tirades against the modern arm? What is the use in proving that the muzzle-loader will shoot better than a breach-loader? Even if proved, no one will buy a muzzle-loader. Their day is past; it will never return, and much better might its advocates spend their time and talents in giving us pointers on the modern arm than in wasting both in bolstering up an antiquated relic of times gone. Why is it that the manufacturers of our repeating rifles do not pay more attention to the sighting of their guns? It is not because they cannot put good sights on, because there are several styles of fair sights. But some of the repeaters leave the factory with sights that are a dis-

grace. And this is one of the most important items about a rifle.

PRAIRIE DOG.

Colorado Game and Fish Law Held to be Invalid.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., May 28.—Judge Harris, of the District Court, held to-day that the game and fish law enacted in Colorado in 1897 is unconstitutional. Among other things, the law provides that any person having game of certain kinds for sale or serving it at hotels or restaurants is liable to a fine. Under this a number of restaurant keepers in Cripple Creek, who had shipped in game from Utah, were arrested for serving it. Judge Harris holds that "game, fish and forestry" are the names used in the title of the bill and in the subject matter of the law, and that they are three separate matters; that the constitution holds that only one subject can be treated in a statute, and therefore the law is plainly unconstitutional.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Tone's Partridge Story.

ABOUT a mile from our village lived a noted fox hunter known as Tone by everyone far and near. As a man he was very nearly a perfect specimen, over 6ft. in height, well proportioned, strong as an ox, and as active as a boy; but he never succeeded in turning all this to any account, except that he was a first-class fox hunter. He could do much more work in a day than any one in these parts, but the trouble was that after a good day's work he would spend the next eight or ten days in bragging over it and getting rested; and it was about the same thing in fox hunting. But when it came to telling a fox story, as tales of the sport were called, he could give you every jump of the fox; every bark of the dog; every move of the hunter, and then prove that he alone knew what was what by showing the skin. Many of his fox stories were interesting, and some of them peculiarly so, while each one had at least one touch of the marvelous, and all of them invariably ended alike in the death of the fox. Blank days were indeed blank to him, for he never mentioned them unless closely questioned, and then he would have a reasonable excuse, and tell you that strange dogs got on the trail, and he knew how it would be, so he came home, or perhaps he would look indignant and tell you that the dogs were after the old vixen again, and "you don't suppose I would kill her, do you?"

One story that I have heard him tell many times was a hummer and no mistake. Whether it was true or not I shall leave for the reader to decide, as I have my doubts upon both sides of the question. Perhaps it will be as well if I let Tone tell the story in his own way, as you may be better able to understand it and come to a correct conclusion as to its truthfulness. In order to get him well started it was only necessary for some one who had not heard him tell the story to ask him about it, when he would sit down and fix himself in an easy position and give it in about this style:

"You, see, Squire James wanted to go up to the plantation, so we went. He took his stand at the 'big chestnut,' and I and old Sounder went up alongside the gully to the pot hole, but there wa'n't no fox there; so I started for the thick swamp, and Sounder he swung off to the right over the hill to the hemlocks, but I knewed that he would get to the swamp about as soon as I did if he didn't strike a track, so I kept on; and when I got there I went to the leeward side, and I smelled a fox, so I put for the head. But I wa'n't quick enough, for old Sounder got round sooner than I expected, and as soon as I heard him yep I knowed 'twa'n't no use, so I pulled foot for Squaw Corner; but the old dog drove him so fast that I couldn't get there on time. So I started for the big gully, thinking that he might sheer off that way. But 'twa'n't no use. Old Sounder was right arter him, and he didn't have time to turn, and he steered straight for old Tyott, with the old dog, yow-yow, at every jump right at his tail. I just sot down on a rock and harked to him till he got out of hearing; then I got across the gully and went to the barway and sot down and waited more'n an hour. Bimeby I heard him 'way nor'-west, and I knowed that he'd come back through the dingle, so I started for the p'int as fast as I could leg it, and when I got within about two rod of the edge of the brush more'n twenty pa'tridges jumped all 'round me; and as I was kinder out of wind it partly sca't me, and I ketched my foot in something and most fell down, and I stuck the old gun forward to kinder save myself, and I swan to man if I didn't stick the end of the gun and ramrod square straddle of a pa'tridge's neck; but I didn't fairly know it then, for as I straightened up I seed the fox jump outen the path, and I brought up the old gun, pa'tridge and all, and let go at him, and killed him deader'n hay, with that blamed pa'tridge flutterin' at the end of the gun all the time, and I didn't fairly come to know it till arter the fox was kickin'. If you don't believe it, jest ask Squire James; he was there and seed it, and he'll tell it jest as it is."

This, in substance, was the story told by Tone. Squire James, a reliable and truthful man even when telling a fox story, gave his testimony about like this:

"All I can tell you about it is that Tone and I went up to the plantation, and I sat down by the big chestnut until old Sounder started the fox, and I then got up and listened to the music until he was out of hearing in the direction of Tyott; but I knew that he would probably come back through the dingle, and I started for the point of woods at the lower end of it, and had nearly reached my stand, when I heard some partridges fly, and a moment later I saw Tone about ten rods to my right just as he shot the fox, and there was certainly a partridge hanging by the neck between the muzzle of the gun and the ramrod, and the bird was still warm when I examined it, and it may be that Tone tells it straight. But I don't know, I don't know. Tone tells such awful lies and so many of them that I am 'most afraid there is something wrong about this; but, however he came by the partridge, he never shot it, for if he had I should have heard the gun."

SHADOW.

Sea and River Fishing.

Flow Gently, Sweet Outlet.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, along thy green banks;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song of my thanks;
My heart is so full of thy beautiful worth,
I thank the Creator who first gave thee birth.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, through woodland and field;
Flow gently through meadows that wild flowers yield.
My fancy is free as thy soft rippling stream,
And bears me aloft in the arms of my theme.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, so graceful thy form;
Flow gently, unruffled by wind or by storm.
Thy glad, purring music like laughter resounds,
And the roar of thy falls from hillside rebounds.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, low murmuring stream;
Flow gently, I visit thee oft in my dream;
The twinkling of stars on thy bosom I see,
And trees on thy marge make obeisance to thee.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, where blue herons feed;
Flow gently where wild ducks in secrecy breed.
The red antlered deer come no more to thy brink,
Where sleek, lowing kine stoop at evening to drink.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, I love thy deep pools;
Flow gently where fishes lie feeding in schools.
The rod of the angler bends over thy waves,
And the play of the reel the captive will save.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, in far, winding ways;
Flow gently, remindful of fair angling days;
Let fly-fishers cast on thy bright ripples' crests,
And favor them most as thine own honored guests.

Flow gently, sweet outlet, thy loveliness keep;
Flow gently, for never shall memory sleep;
Engraved on the mind of the angler shall be
Undimmed recollections, sweet outlet, of thee.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

DR. C. T. MITCHELL.

Grand Rapids' Great Week.

West Michigan Fly-Casting Association Tournament.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 8.—This is a great week in Grand Rapids, perhaps as wide in general sporting interest as is apt to be the case in any city of the West for many a day. A trap-shooting tournament, the executive meeting of the State Trap-Shooting League, the meeting of the State Association for Protection of Fish and Game, with a two-days' fly-casting tournament, a general social after the close of such meet, and last a genuine and actual journey of all visitors and their hosts to a dozen different noble trout streams for real experience with the angle on the stream. It will be long before such a programme will be offered the public world of sport again. None but a city like Grand Rapids, with 100,000 of the best sort of inhabitants and a host of royal sportsmen, could offer such a programme, and only this city, with its miles of lovely streets, its fine clubs, its good hotels, its broad-gauged railroads, and its splendid casting grounds made to order at its very door, could carry such a programme to a smooth and happy conclusion. Grand Rapids has proved more than equal to the occasion. This has been as fine a gathering of amateur sportsmen as one would ever see outside the great sportsmen's exhibitions. Not a man of all the visitors can fail to experience surprise and pleasure at his reception, and not one of the many hosts should permit himself to think that a single thing was omitted or slighted to make each and every event of the big week a bright and shining success. The management of the fly-casting tournament deprecated their inexperience, but they need offer no apologies, for no management ever did so well. All the officers deserve praise; the secretary, Mr. Eber Rice, proved a host in himself; the Lakeside Club extended its courtesies also, and everything was commodious and convenient. The only delays arose over the amiable reluctance of the competitors to break away from their friends and get to their places on the platform.

A Happy Spot.

Reed's Lake, which lies in the outskirts of the city, reached by fast trolley in twenty minutes' ride, is a happy spot for a fly-casting tournament. It is a quiet body of water a couple of miles across, with several big streams, a boat house of shells and barges, a number of pavilions, theaters, etc., and around all an envelope of pure fresh green, largely of the foliage of the rock maples, which line the streets of the city. There are several docks running out offering splendid view points for the spectators over what seems like a quiet harbor. Out in this harbor the platform was erected, with room enough about it on every hand so that the buoy-line for measurements could be shifted as the wind suggested, giving the caster the benefit of the wind. Alongside the buoy-line a long floating raft, about 50x10ft. in size, was moored. This allowed the judges and timekeepers to follow the fly along the line at a distance of but a few feet, and was better than any use of the shore could have been, as all crowding by spectators was obviated. Once in a while the weight got too much for the raft and feet got wet, but this was but part of angling, and caused no comment. The experts of the rod all declared that Reed's Lake is the best place in the West for a tournament, far better than the park lakes of Chicago, with their annoying crowds.

The entry to-day ran small, including only Grand Rapids and Chicago men. The Chicago Fly-Casting Club sent over Capt. Fred N. Peet, with a record of 111ft.; B. W. Goodsell, 110ft.; Itha H. Bellows, also an off-time winner, with the younger but efficient enthusiasts, Ashley C. Smith and H. G. Hascall. Mr. L. I. Blackman came over with the jolly party by boat to Grand Haven, but did not enter for contests. The novelty of the tournament brought out large and interested crowds.

At luncheon, at the adjacent hospitable Lakeside Club

to-day, the following were at table: John Waddell, president W. M. Fly-Casting Association; Eber Rice, secretary W. M. Fly-Casting Association; Sherwood Hall, Daniel Tower, W. D. Frost, Judge Burlingame, Chas. E. Brewster, deputy game warden; Frank Rodgers, prosecuting attorney; D. G. Henry, deputy game warden; Horace W. Davis, president Michigan Fish Commission; Col. E. C. Fox, W. A. Tateum, Fred J. Adams, Harvey Carr, Geo. H. Newell, Chas. Withev. I. H. Bellows, Fred N. Peet, B. W. Goodsell, H. G. Haskell, H. Smith, L. I. Blackman, Fred Divine, Utica, N. Y.; Hon. Chase S. Osborne, State game warden.

An hour was passed in fun and story telling.

The Tournament.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.

Ample time was offered for the running off of the three events of the day, one of which was finished before noon. No attempt was made to hurry through, and the crowds took eager interest in the practice of the contestants about the docks, more especially the bait-casting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club men, which seemed a novelty to very many, and was enjoyed and shown by such fine exponents of the art. Twenty rods were in action here and there, and everybody seemed full of enthusiasm and good nature.

For the benefit of other clubs contemplating such work, the rules of the contests are printed as follows:

Rule 1. All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: One event, \$2; two events, \$3; three events, \$4; all events, \$6. Entries in each event close thirty minutes before contest commences.

Rule 2. The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and the secretary-treasurer shall receive all entry fees and issue cards to contestants designating their number in the order of competition. The timekeeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag and call time to the contestants.

Rule 3. The contest shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 4. All casting shall be done single-handed only.

Rule 5. Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted or weighted, and bait-casting reels must be free running.

Rule 6. The leader shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than 6 nor more than 9ft. in length. One fly only shall be used, of a size not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 6. Hooks shall be broken off at the head.

Rule 7. All ties shall be cast off immediately after the contest.

Rule 8. Contestants or visitors shall not be allowed nearer the judges than 10ft.; and any contestant distracting the attention of the judges, timekeeper or contestant in any manner whatever shall forfeit all rights or claims and be barred from any further part in the contest.

First Event.—Fixed distance and accuracy fly casting at buoys, 50, 55 and 60ft. Rod not to exceed 8½oz. Five casts at each buoy; for each foot or fraction of a foot from buoy a demerit of one shall be scored. One minute allowed to extend line.

Each contestant shall stand upon the platform and make his cast parallel with a buoy line, upon which shall be accurately marked the points of distance from such platform. The length of casts shall be measured from the edge of platform where buoy line is made fast to the spot reached by the fly. No other than fair overhead casting shall be permitted. Should any competitor whip off his fly he shall replace it with another one. No cast shall count when the fly is missing. For the replacing of flies the contestants shall be allowed additional time, not to exceed two minutes. The judges may, in their discretion, allow time for rejoining of a rod, or replacing of a broken section, not to exceed fifteen minutes.

Judges were: Fred J. Adams and D. W. Tower, of Grand Rapids; G. W. Strell, referee; Horace Davis, timekeeper. Seven entries, Bellows, Peet, Goodsell and Hascall, of Chicago; Fox, Waddell and Newell, of Grand Rapids. The big man from Chicago, "Uncle" Goodsell, was a shade too good for the others, and good-humoredly, as always, accepted congratulations on first, with 89.33 per cent. Bellows, of Chicago, took second 88 per cent.; Peet, of Chicago, third, 87 per cent.; but Col. Fox stopped the procession toward Chicago by winning fourth for Grand Rapids, 86.23 per cent. The work was pretty and was intently watched, and though not record breaking, was not amateurish. The weather was favorable, cloudy and calm, coming off bright and hot after threatening rain. No wind interfered.

Second Event.—Accuracy bait-casting at buoys 50, 70, 80, 90 and 100ft. One cast at each buoy, with half ounce rubber frog; for each foot or fraction of a foot frog drops from buoy a demerit of one shall be scored. Free running reel required.

There shall be five 6in. buoys, distant 50, 70, 80, 90 and 100ft. from the edge of the casting platform, and there shall be made one cast at each buoy, the buoy to be designated at the option of the captain, contestant to be allowed one preliminary cast at 50ft. buoy, which he can commence his score with if he so states to the judges, thereupon they shall call "next buoy," and so on until contestant has completed his five casts. If frog falls upon the buoy cast at, it shall be considered perfect; for each foot, or fraction of a foot, from such buoy, a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits, divided by five, shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. Free running reel only allowed. The general rules for fly-casting, where they do not conflict with these rules, shall apply.

This was left entirely to the Chicago delegation, Messrs. Bellows, Peet, Goodsell, Smith and Hascall, the others not having acquired the art of the free reel to such a point as to care to compete with such cracks. Mr. D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, did enter, but only as an accommodation entry, and withdrew after a balk and tangle. Again the powerful and be-whiskered Uncle Goodsell had to doff his cap in acknowledgement, for he won first with something to spare, 93.20 per cent. He made an amusing admission that in his last cast, at the 100ft. buoy, he had not seen his frog from the time it left the rod until it struck the water. Inasmuch as this cast was within 1ft. of the buoy, at 100ft., with no practice shot under the rules, the good luck of it may be seen. In this contest the judges jumped from distance to distance irregularly, the series of Mr. Goodsell's demerits being, at 50ft., 4ft. miss; at 80ft., 10ft.; at 90ft., 14ft.; at 70ft., 5ft.; at 100ft., 1ft. demerit. In style, Goodsell was very cool and deliberate, leaning well forward. All the casting was directly overhead casting. In style, Bellows and Peet both were admirable, but both unlucky, Peet catching two balks just when he did not want them. Smith was second, 90 per cent. He got a bad tangle and had to call time for over ten minutes, and then did not better his gait enough to crowd Goodsell. Smith is very slight, but merry looking, contrasting with the powerful frame of Mr. Goodsell. Bellows was in hard luck to score, but 85.40, for third. Hascall, another slender but gritty one, also showed full knowledge of the art, but the fatal back-lash held him down to 81.40, fourth.

Third Event.—Dry fly-casting for accuracy and delicacy combined at buoys 35, 40 and 45ft. Rod not to exceed 6½oz. Five casts at each buoy; thirty seconds allowed to extend line, each time fly strikes it will be scored. Delicacy of cast will also be scored. One-half ounce allowed for solid reel seat.

There shall be made five casts at each buoy. If the fly falls upon the buoy cast at, the accuracy shall be considered perfect; for each foot, or fraction of a foot, from such buoy a demerit of one shall be made; the sum total of such demerits divided by three shall be considered the demerit per cent., the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. In addition there shall be kept an account of delicacy; 100 per cent. being considered perfect. The delicacy percentage shall be determined by the two judges and the referee, each of whom shall mark the per cent. to which, in his opinion, the contestant is entitled. The sum total of such percentage as so marked, divided by three, shall be the delicacy per cent. The delicacy per cent. and accuracy per cent. shall be added together, and divided by two, and the result shall be the percentage; the contestant having the highest percentage shall be declared the winner. Scoring shall begin the first time fly strikes the water. When contestant has made five casts, judges will announce "next buoy"; contestant must then lift his line, and in not less than one nor more than five dry casts reach the next buoy, scoring to begin the first time fly strikes the water. A like procedure shall be followed. No score shall be counted if fly is lost during the casting. Loose line on platform, or coil of line in hand, is not permitted in this event. All casting shall be done from the reel.

This is a very complex and difficult event to score, but it is an important competition, since it is thought to most nearly bring into play the qualifications of the practical fly-caster in fishing. The judges on accuracy were Messrs. D. W. Tower and Fred Divine, Chase S. Osborne, referee. Messrs. A. Stuart and H. G. Hascall were judges on delicacy. The score of the winner, Mr. Bellows, may be detailed in example. At the 35ft. buoy he fell short of perfect in five casts respectively, 1, 1, 2, 1 and 1ft., or 6ft. total. At the 40ft. buoy he scored 0 ("perfect," or a hit of the buoy), 1, 1, 1, 1, or only 4ft. short of perfect. At the 45ft. buoy he scored 2, 2, 1, 2, 2, or 9ft. short of perfect. His total demerits would therefore be 19ft. This, divided by 3, would give his average demerit, or 6.33 per cent., leaving his record 100 per cent. less 6.33, or 93.66 per cent., so far as his accuracy was concerned. Meantime the delicacy judges were watching his style of laying and lifting his fly. They each set down an arbitrary per cent. of demerit on this, and adding these the total was 27, which, divided by 2, made 13½, or the average of the judges' opinion of his delicacy demerit. From 100 subtract 13½, and you have 86.50, his per cent. in delicacy. Add to this his accuracy per cent., and you have 180.16. Divide this by 2 and you get 90.08, which is his record in the event. It may be seen the judging is not simple. Mr. Peet was second in this event, 83.75, and President Waddell came in for third, 81.33. Goodsell, of Chicago, was fourth, 79.00, his retrieve being too coarse in his anxiety to plug the buoys.

The following tables show the records of the day:

	First. Distance and Accuracy.	Second. Accuracy. Bait and Delicacy.	Third. Dry Fly Accuracy
Itha H. Bellows	88.00	85.40	90.08
Fred N. Peet	87.00	77.00	83.75
B. W. Goodsell	89.33	92.20	79.00
E. Crofton Fox	86.66	78.58
John Waddell	85.33	81.33
Geo. H. Newell	79.66	51.08
Geo. W. Strell	50.08
Ashley C. Smith	90.00
H. G. Hascall	72.66	81.40

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY, JUNE 9.

The weather was cooler, with clouds. It sprinkled rain a dozen times, but mercifully held off. The buoy-line was shifted for the change of the wind, but really a calmer day could hardly have been found. One event was finished before noon, this bringing out eight entries, open only to local competitors.

Fourth Event, Local Amateur.—Fly-casting for accuracy at buoys 30, 35, and 40ft. No limit to rod or line. Five casts at each buoy; one minute allowed to extend line. This is a special event for local amateurs. No one eligible who is not a resident of the State or has ever cast more than 60ft. in any tournament. (See first event for rules.)

Judges were: I. H. Bellows and B. W. Goodsell. (It should be added that Mr. C. E. Brewster was official score-keeper of the meeting.) The work was very pretty and spirited, showing a lot of style. Though comparisons are not easy among such good ones, there was comment upon the elegance of Col. Fox's style of casting, which was very easy and fetching. He did not succeed, however, in collaring either Mr. Waddell or Mr. Davis, who tied on 92.66. Mr. Stuart, a very clever amateur rod maker and fly-caster, was second high, 92.33. Col. Fox scored next, 90.66, and Messrs. Henry and Newell tied for fourth on 89.00. The ties were ordered cast off, and Waddell scored 93.66 to Davis' 91.33. In the tie on fourth Newell scored 92.66 to Henry's 91.00. This under-class division would give Davis nothing for his work, of course, but would put Waddell first alone. At the meeting after the close of the tournament the above ruling was reversed, and the principle of "high rods" adopted. Waddell and Davis under this ruling took first and second, thus giving Stuart third and Fox fourth, shutting out Newell and Henry altogether. The rules are blind on this head. They should state the principle of division to be adopted. Obviously the class-casting is the one naturally to be inferred.

Fifth Event.—Bass fly-casting, distance and accuracy combined, at buoys 35, 45 and 50ft. No limit to rod or line. Thirty seconds allowed to extend line. Five casts at each buoy and five minutes allowed for long distance after making five casts at each buoy. Entry limited to parties who have never cast more than 75ft. in any tournament. No. 6 fly used in this event. (See events No. 1 for accuracy and No. 6 for long distance.)

Judges, Goodsell and Bellows; Strell, referee; Divine, timekeeper.

This event attracted much interest, embracing as it did the long-distance cast, for which a special prize was given. In the accuracy test Col. Fox, of Grand Rapids, was first, 91.66, closely crowded by Mr. Waddell, 91.00. Hascall, the only Chicago rod to enter, was third, 88.66, and also led the running in the long fly, 92ft.; Stuart, fourth, 87.66. It was pretty to see Hascall, who is slight of build, laying out the line foot by foot from his 9½oz. tournament rod, and there was more excitement over this event than any other. Hascall scored along the buoys 87, 87, 85, then he dropped back to 55, 60, 65, and all thought him done. Then he crawled to 75, and with a jump went to 85, then 87, easy as eating peaches. He crawled on to 90, and then to 92ft., with small time to spare and well pumped out.

In this event Mr. Waddell was a dangerous one, laying a tidy line, but his lighter rod would not get him past 73ft. He scored nearly a dozen times within a foot or less of the 70ft. buoy, but got past, for 73ft.

Col. Fox offered a nice type of casting, but his rod

carried him only to 77ft. He was cool and collected, though casting very rapidly. He met some trouble with his line fouling, and lost two flies. He was a bit far back with his tip at times, and again too quick on his back cast, but yet he laid an elegant line, very close to the buoys all the time. He kept around 70, 72, 75 and 76ft. for a long time.

Mr. A. Stuart tried one of his own make of rods. The wind freshened up a bit now, and Mr. Stuart did not go after the long fly very hard, but quit after fouling his line, scoring 65ft. Mr. G. H. Newell, of Grand Rapids, is another amateur rod maker, an old gentleman, slight and nervous, very enthusiastic over fly-casting. He did not try for distance at all. Mr. Jas. Bayne also passed the distance competition, scoring only on accuracy.

Mr. Ashley C. Smith, of Chicago, made a good start in the accuracy event, and at the first buoy was only guilty of seven demerits. He fell off 21 points at the second buoy and 26 at the last, thus spoiling a good score by going to 82 per cent. In the long distance he ran up to 65ft., then 70, 71, 72. He fell back, but gained and scored 73, his top notch. He showed a neat style.

Mr. D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, stopped at 85 per cent., and started in on the long distance. Steadily he ran up to 68, 72, 73, 75 and 77ft., but stopped at the latter notch. Full scores are shown in the tables.

Sixth Event.—Long distance fly-casting. No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes allowed to extend line to greatest possible distance. Each contestant shall stand on the platform and make his casts parallel with a long line upon which shall be accurately marked the points of distance from such platform.

Fox and Adams, judges; Strell, referee; Rice, score keeper.

Only four entered for this, it being conceded to the Chicago cracks, Goodsell, Bellows, Peet and Hascall. Goodsell took his time in his work, and was cool and regular. He changed rods once, but with either kept well between the 75 and 90ft. buoys. He then crawled to 91½, and at last to 94½, which he could not pass. Goodsell has cast 110ft. with the same rod he used to-day. He thought the light air coming in across the lake was enough to prevent the coveted full extension of the leader at the crucial moment.

Hascall came again gamely, and crawled up 85, 88, 88, 90. It began to rain a little now, but the wind kept down. Hascall removed his reel part of the time to rest his wrist, Capt. Peet handling his stock for him. It seemed, however, that Hascall could not equal his score in the preceding event. He retired with 91½.

Peet has a record of 111ft. in Chicago records, and it was hoped would beat 100ft. here. The puzzling state of the rain-laden air bothered him, and he had trouble over the 90ft. buoy. Then he ran to 95, fell back and rallied again. He kept his tip up well, and did not get rattled. At last he rolled out 98ft., and could not pass that.

Bellows was very cool and deliberate, and he ran to 89 and 90 easily. At the end of six minutes he had touched 94. He then had trouble with weeds fouling his line, but gathered gamely and rolled out 98, tying Peet for first. Both men were pumped out, but were ordered to cast off the tie. In this Bellows scored 96ft., barely beating Peet, who scored 95½. Under the system later adopted by the management, of abolishing classes, this would bring Bellows and Peet in for first and second prizes, Goodsell third, Hascall fourth. The medal and championship honors would thus supposably go to the winner in the tie for first.

Seventh event, local amateur special, long distance fly, for 1 pair waders, special prize. Judges, Adams and Kelsey; Strell, referee; Divine, timekeeper. Five entries: Waddell, Fox, Henry, Newell, Bayne.

Mr. Waddell led up to 71ft. three times. He showed good judgment, but had the fault of carrying his tip too far forward and too low. He scored 72ft. Col. Fox ran nicely and easily up 73, 76, 76½, and at last touched 77½, which was high score. Mr. Henry worked up to 72, tying Waddell, but stopped there. Mr. Newell was nervous and new at this work, but to the delight of all scored 75ft., beating Mr. Bayne by 10ft.

The following table shows the records of the day:

	Fourth. Local Accuracy.	Fifth. Bass Casting. Distance Accuracy. Ft. Per cent.	Sixth. Long Dist. Fly Long Dist. Ft. Ft.	Seventh. Special. Local Dist. Ft.
John Waddell	92.66	73	91.00	72
A. Stuart	92.33	65	87.66	72
D. G. Henry	89.00	77	85.00	75
Geo. H. Newell	89.00	..	83.33	75
Horace Davis	92.66
Harry Ketchum	88.00
E. Rice	84.66
E. Crofton Fox	90.66	77	91.66	77½
H. G. Hascall	88.66	92	88.66	91½
Ashley C. Smith	73	82.00	..
Jas. Bayne	77.00	65
B. W. Goodsell	94½
F. N. Peet	98
I. H. Bellows	98

The winners of the six handsome medals, one of which was offered by the association for each event of the programme, were as follows:

Event No. 1.—Fixed distance and accuracy, fly, B. W. Goodsell, Chicago, 89.33 per cent.

Event No. 2.—Long distance, bait, B. W. Goodsell, Chicago, 93.20 per cent.

Event No. 3.—Dry fly, delicacy and accuracy, fixed distance, Itha H. Bellows, Chicago, 90.08 per cent.

Event No. 4.—Accuracy, fly, fixed distance, local amateur, John Waddell, Grand Rapids, 92.66 per cent. (winner of tie).

Event No. 5.—Bass, fly, long distance and accuracy combined, Col. E. Crofton Fox, Grand Rapids, 91.66 per cent. (H. G. Hascall, Chicago, first in distance, 92ft.)

Event No. 6.—Long distance fly, Itha H. Bellows, Chicago, 98ft. (winner of tie).

Event No. 7.—Local amateur, long distance fly, special event, Col. E. Crofton Fox, Grand Rapids, 77½ft.

The medals are tasteful and neat, the design being that of reel and crossed rods, with landing net, the bar above reading "World's Championship," and the plate below "Grand Rapids, Mich., June 8-9."

A pleasant meeting of hosts and visitors occurred at the Military Club during the evening. The prizes were distributed, and many happy remarks and felicitations followed. The members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club expressed their thanks for the many courtesies shown them. The Michigan Fish and Game Protective League,

through the State's attorney as presentation speaker, gave a handsome Colt's shotgun to Mr. Fred Adams, of the Press, of Grand Rapids, extending thanks to him for the benefits of his writings on outdoor sports. This gracious act to a good newspaper man was quite unexpected. Fred Divine, of Utica, N. Y., who has been here through the meet, was present this evening. It transpired that the "valuable prizes" offered as consolation prizes are boxes of lead sinkers, the inference appearing to be that these may be useful to those who cannot cast the fly.

The parties as made up for the fishing trips to-morrow were announced, the name of the guest preceding that of the host who is to take him in charge. The names of the railroads and the streams that will be fished are also shown. It should be added that the courteous Grand Rapids men assume all the expense of these trips, which latter will be as follows: Strell and Fox, G. R. & T. R. R., Boardman; Peet and Waddell, C. & W. M. R. R., Pere Marquette; Divine and Henry, G. R. & T. R. R., Maple; Hough and Widdicomb, G. R. & T. R. R., Boardman; Hascall and Rogers, G. R. & T. R. R., Middle Branch, Pere Marquette; Smith and Brewster, C. & W. M. R. R., Little Manistee; Blackman and Rice, C. & W. M. R. R., Little Manistee; Porter and Ketcham, C. & W. M. R. R., Sable.

Surely it was a great week at Grand Rapids.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Maine Landlocked Salmon.

IF the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want some fly-fishing for salmon, as fine as can be had in this country, they will take the advice of one who has been there, and go to Grand Lake, or Grand Lake Stream, which is the post-office address, in Washington county, Me.

This place can be reached in two ways; either by going via the Canadian Pacific line to St. Stephen, N. B., thence across the river to Calais, Me., and thence via the St. Croix & Penobscot R. R., from Calais to Princeton, thence small steamer across Long Lake, and stage of about three miles to Grand Lake Stream, and by leaving Boston at 8 A. M. one would arrive in Calais at night and take the train the next morning for Princeton and get into Grand Lake Stream (which is the outlet of Grand Lake) in time for dinner.

This is the way that I went in, but I am inclined to think that a pleasanter way is that which I took coming out, which going in would be via Winn. By leaving Boston at 7 P. M. a sleeper may be taken to Winn, arriving there at 7:23 A. M., get breakfast there; or leaving Boston at 8 A. M. Winn is reached at 5:25 P. M.; remain there over night at Col. Gates' Hotel, where a fine supper and bed can be obtained, much better than usually found in the woods. Early in the morning have the Colonel hitch up one of his good teams for an eighteen mile drive to Duck Lake. This is over a good turnpike road, smooth enough for wheeling, so that it is a pleasure rather than a discomfort.

It would be advisable to have your guide (and I know of no better one than Ross Yates, whose post-office address is Grand Lake Stream, Me., and who, if he could not go, can be depended on to recommend the next best man, either Abram McArthur, Will Gollin, Illsley Beach or Frank Bagley, in the order named) meet you at Duck Lake with his canoe to take the "sport" after he has had his dinner at Gowell's, at Duck Lake, which is reached about noon, for a canoe trip for the rest of the way (eleven miles) to Grand Lake, the distance being one mile across Duck Lake, thence one-half mile through a short stream connecting Duck Lake with Junior Lake, which is a distance of six miles across to Junior Lake Stream, which is three miles long, and empties into Grand Lake.

I found a very nice place to stop at Grand Lake was Frank Ball's, where one will find a good bed and Mrs. Ball a good cook, and Frank Ball an entertaining fellow, he having charge of the club house at this place. One will find here plenty of comfort, and if a bath is needed it can be taken in the lake, as porcelain tubs are not provided.

In case there are ladies in the party, it might be advisable to make headquarters at W. O. Shaw's, Dobsis Lake, which is reached by stage drive of eighteen miles from Winn to Bottle Lake, thence by canoe trip of ten miles from Bottle Lake to Dobsis Lake. At W. O. Shaw's, whose post-office address is South Springfield, Me., one finds more in the way of luxuries, nice beds and a good table, etc., and it is an ideal place to stop.

It is only a short canoe trip from Dobsis to Grand Lake, so that a fisherman can start out in the morning and in one hour be at Grand Lake, and on the best fishing grounds.

The more I travel about (and I have visited nearly all the fishing waters of Maine) the more impressed I am with the advancement made by the guides. Fifteen years ago, while to be sure you could get a good guide if you were lucky enough to strike the right man, it was very apt to be the case that you would get a mighty poor one; but the increased travel creating a demand for first-class work has stimulated the guides to educate themselves for the proper performance of their duties, and they are now as intelligent and trustworthy and companionable a set of men as one can find in the length and breadth of our great country. This fact alone added much to the pleasure of my recent trip to Grand Lake, and in justice to Ross Yates, who did me such good service, I cannot help saying that he is one of the best men I have ever met in his line of work, and could net a salmon quicker than any man I ever saw. We landed a number and did not miss a single one.

My companion and I arrived at Grand Lake Stream Saturday noon, May 21, had a very nice dinner at Tom Calligan's, it being necessary to stop with a private family, as there is no regular hotel in the place, and Mr. Calligan is a gentleman of the first water, besides being the town treasurer, and nothing was too good for us. We had the front chamber, which, unlike most spare rooms in the country, was full of fresh sleeping air, and he and his charming daughters did everything they could to make our stay a pleasant one.

We fished a little during the afternoon, but with not much luck, as there was hardly a ripple on the surface of the lake and the sun was hot enough to boil the fish

while we were getting them into the landing net.

Just before sundown a little breeze came up, and my companion, Walter S., landed two salmon weighing about 2½ lbs. each and a good-sized brook trout, while I struck one salmon and two togue.

Speaking of togue, I was surprised to find that they could develop such fighting qualities as was shown by those which we caught in Grand Lake, and although they did not come out of the water at all we found that when we got on to a good-sized one he would carry off the line about as fast as we could reel it in, and really put up quite an interesting fight. We also found them very nice eating, as their flesh was not at all muddy, being very sweet and equal if not superior to the salmon. fish we paddled to the shore and had the guides get us up about 9 o'clock, and after we had landed two good-sized fish we paddled to the shore and had the guides get us up one of their famous dinners. The noon hour being very warm we chatted and slept until about 3 o'clock, then took to the canoe and started for The Birches, kept by Mr. Frank Ball, at the head of the lake.

Fishing along the shore, I had just landed a 2 lb. salmon, when I noticed quite a commotion near the canoe of Walter S. and his guide McArthur, and we lay by to watch as pretty a fight as we ever saw. Two salmon had struck at once, one taking the live bait and the other a brown hackle, and they made the water fairly boil. It is a pretty good trick to handle a 4 lb. salmon on a light fly-rod, but when a man has two on his hands and they are pulling in opposite directions it is not to be wondered at that before he succeeded in landing the fish one of them had broken the leader which held the fly. Of course, it was "the larger one of the two," and the guide backed him up in it, but as the one which he landed weighed a trifle over 4 lbs. we felt very well satisfied.

We had not gone 100 yds. from this place when I had a strike which fairly made my hair stand on end. On the first send-off this noble fellow showed his silver sides several times, and one leap must have been at least 3 ft. clear of the water, and how he did make the old reel sing! I brought him in seven different times before he gave up the fight, and it was as lively work as I have ever had. He tipped the scales to a good 5 lbs., and was as handsomely marked as any fish I have ever seen, his belly being of pure silver; and the stripe spots and markings of his back were as black as the proverbial ace of spades.

We reached Ball's camp about 7:30 P. M., and Mrs. Ball soon had a fine supper ready for us, which we thoroughly enjoyed, and soon after tumbled into bed.

We were up again at 5 in the morning, for unfortunately for us we did not know about the route via Winn, and so had to go back to Calligan's to get our city togs and get back again in season to make Winn in time to take the train.

On the way down we landed four salmon, three togue and a brook trout which weighed 3¾ lbs. and was beautifully marked.

All the fish in these waters are particularly bright in color, which is explained by the fact that you can see the bottom of the lake in 20 ft. of water, and it is cold and clear in all parts, the shores and bottom being covered with rocks and boulders, so that there is no part of it which is at all muddy.

I am told that this is one of the best deer countries in the State, and the guides have no hesitation whatever in saying that they will guarantee any man a deer inside of five days, and two standing shots at not more than 50 yds.

Moose, caribou and bear they do not brag about, as these are not often seen, but deer are very numerous, and almost any one can get all the law allows.

Fly-fishing started in probably by the first day of June and will last a good three weeks, and I know of no better place in the State of Maine for the greatest sport ever known, fly-fishing for salmon.

Although we did not have any trouble in bringing out our fish, yet perhaps a word of caution might not be amiss, as the seizures of boxes of fish have begun, owing to their not being properly transported.

The law allows each person to bring out 25 lbs. of fish, which must be properly tagged and accompanied by the owner, and for the benefit of those who may wish to ship fish, and do not wish to have the boxes opened when they are legally shipped, it is well to inform them that there is a tag that they can have affixed to the box that will insure the box against the raids of the wardens. This tag is one which bears the signature of a registered guide, the name of the party owning the fish, the number of pounds of the specified kind of fish that was legally caught at a certain place and packed by the guide. If these cards are affixed it will save a great deal of inconvenience, as it does the fish no good to be disturbed after they are once packed in ice. Thus the responsibility is thrown upon the guide.

H. B. C.

Connecticut Fish Commission.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a brief outline of our work for this season. We have in the State retaining ponds 9,600,000 shad fry. We shall keep the fish in the ponds until about Oct. 15, when they will be liberated. The young shad at that time will be 3 to 5 in. long; in fact a strong swimming fish, ready to go to sea. We are feeding for distribution the coming fall: 600,000 brook trout, 75,000 lake trout, 25,000 rainbow trout, 10,000 landlocked salmon, and 100,000 Atlantic salmon. We are not putting out any fish fry this year. The planting of trout fry is a waste of time, money and good material.

We now have in our pools brook trout (last winter's hatch) measuring 2¼ in. long, lake trout 3½ in. long, and by October next the brook trout will be 5 to 7 in. long, and the lake trout 6 to 9 in. Stocking with fish of this size means something. We already have filed over 700 applications (orders) for trout eight to ten months old. At our nursery pools we are using 700 gallons of spring water per minute. We are able to produce a trout with this flow of water that is symmetrical, and one that looks like a trout—no "pot-bellied" thing.

Briefly stated, we are trying to stock our streams, lakes and ponds with fish, and in our opinion we are on the right track. We are trying to do our work without any great flourish of trumpets.

A. C. COLLINS.

Fishing on the St. Lawrence.

IN pursuit of health and my favorite pastime, circumstances induced me three seasons ago to stop at Mr. D. I. Dawson's, at Marysville, Wolfe Island, the first and largest of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. I enjoyed so much real pleasure, gained health and had such good success in fishing, that I have looked forward each season since then with considerable impatience for the time to come when I could turn my face northward and revisit my old haunts, to be again upon the bosom of that clear and noble river, and fill my lungs to their full with the purest of pure air. My first visit convinced me that it was the center, from its location and topography, of the best bass fishing on the river. Since then I have had no occasion to alter this conviction, but many to make it still stronger. I do not wish to be selfish, and therefore will tell my brother anglers how to get there, with the hope that they will enjoy it as much as I have; giving at the same time a general outline of the island, a general location of the fishing grounds, and the distances to them from my starting point, at Marysville. Leaving New York State either at Cape Vincent or Clayton, you go by boat to Kingston, Ontario, thence by ferry three miles and you are at Marysville, Wolfe Island.

Wolfe Island is famous for its beauty and fertility, and may well be called the prince of the far-famed Thousand Islands. Lying at the southwest extremity of the River St. Lawrence, and at the foot of Lake Ontario, bounded on the north for miles by a beautiful bay called Kingston harbor, it divides the St. Lawrence at its origin. The lake has two branches, called the north and south channels, both navigable for the largest class of vessels. The south channel, however, being the deepest, is the main channel, and forms the boundary line between Canada and the United States. The island is twenty-one miles long, and its width ranges from one to seven miles, with an area of 30,000 acres of fertile land, occupied and cultivated, and there is a population of about 2,500. The coast line is quite irregular, indented with beautiful and picturesque bays and inlets, giving many a thought "to him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible form." The shores at intervals are rock-bound, furnishing ample protection against the wash of the surf, while at other points they are composed of sand and fine gravel, thus giving the whole coast line a distinctive, clear and attractive appearance; while the waters surrounding it are as clear as crystal, and teeming with fish.

Marysville, the principal village of the island, is situated four miles by land from the head of the island, and opposite Kingston, the limestone city of Canada, and distant from that city three miles. It has two hotels and two commodious summer resorts, one known as Hitchcock's, at the western extremity of the village, and Dawson's Villa St. Lawrence, at the eastern end. It was at the latter that I stopped, and all the distances hereafter given as to the fishing grounds are taken from there.

The Fishing Grounds.

Rowing due north for about a mile, you come abreast of Murphy's Point, from which, running nearly westerly, but separating gradually from the point, are two reefs. Between these and beyond the outmost one good fishing is almost sure to be found; the bass run a good size and are gamy. Should the wind be to the northward or northeast, it is well to cross the river due north two miles, and there will be found generally, between the two small islands and the mainland, several good grounds, or after trying there you can drop down the river, keeping near the shore, for a mile or two, with good prospects of success. This trip can be accomplished between breakfast and dinner, or dinner and supper.

Another trip, occupying about the same time, is to row to Garden Island, directly west of Murphy's Point, and fish around the breakwater. Large catches are often made here. Beware of sunken logs and other obstructions, or good-bye to your hooks and leaders. A clearing ring is an absolute necessity here. If the fish fail to bite, proceed westerly, keeping on the north side of the island, and when near its head you will come to a reef, which, owing to the clearness of the water, you can easily see, and oftentimes also the bass below you. This is another ground on either side of the reef. You then can go around the head of the island, fishing between the reefs, and then cross to Mill Point, where many large bass are frequently caught. From thence easterly to where you started from, trolling all the way, with good prospects of picking up more than one as you go.

For longer expeditions occupying most of the day, going westerly you come to Simcoe, an island three miles long (containing 1,000 acres), and three miles from the village. There is good fishing on all sides of the island. Snake Island, north of Simcoe, and five miles in a direct line, is noted for its fishing grounds and the size of the bass. It has a lighthouse on it. Horseshoe Island, south of the upper part of Simcoe, and five miles from the village, furnishes a number of good grounds all around it, and especially when the wind is favorable on its lake side.

Still going westerly you come to Reid's Bay, six miles by water and four by land. This is a very popular spot, and deservedly so. The bass take the fly here eagerly from the opening of the season and continue to do so longer than at any other place that I know of on the river. Though till about the end of the first week in July they will take the fly among the reefs down to near the village. Nine miles in a direct northwest line are the Brothers, at the entrance of the Bay of Quinte. I have never fished there, but have been told that the fishing there is good. In September, after the weeds die down, some parts of the Bay of Quinte are famous for their muskalonge fishing.

Going easterly from our village and rounding Murphy's Point there are three or four good grounds, till you reach Knapp's Point, which is three miles distant. Off from the lighthouse below the point is a good ground. Continuing you come to Boxton Harbor, which is five miles. This harbor is quite celebrated for its muskalonge, pickerel and bass fishing. Another mile, six in all, brings us to Oak Point, another good fishing ground, and at times especially so.

There is still another trip which will sometimes pay you for making it. And that is to pass through the canal at the end of the village; and at the end of four miles you will reach the main or south channel of the river, where I have found excellent fishing (the fish all large), in front of, above or below Mud Island.

From the number of grounds which I have mentioned, and all of which can be reached and returned from between breakfast and supper, I think that you will agree with my opinion that this is the best center of fishing on the St. Lawrence. The bass as a rule run above the medium size and weight. They are the gamiest that I have ever handled, and I have brought many a one in different parts of this county to net. You can obtain excellent boatmen here at a moderate outlay. My experience has been that they are capital and experienced men, intelligent, honest, willing and obliging; ever watchful for your interest and success.

Rod and Tackle.

I would advise you to take at least two rods. Three would not be out of the way—one for bass fishing and a stronger one for trolling—I prefer a steel rod (Bristol, not telescopic, Henshall's design) for this reason: A large bass, after playing for some time, will sometimes appear to be coming in all, and then unexpectedly will suddenly turn tail up and plunge downward, bringing your rod in spite of you sharply on the gunwale of the boat; should the rod be a split bamboo, it is broken close to the ferule at the second joint from the tip. I have had this mishap happen and have seen it happen to others. Use a silk line, black or dark colored—150 ft. will be enough—three-ply good English gut leaders from 3 to 6 ft. long; hooks snelled on good gut (single or double). At a rule the hooks used are too large, and I therefore advise nothing larger than a No. 2 or smaller than No. 4 sprout hook, or other brands of the same size. I believe that from its shape the sprout is the nearest to perfection of any. The point of entrance is passable to the point of resistance, and therefore the harder the line is held the deeper the point of the hook enters the fish's mouth, and the better the chance of netting him. You will certainly want a clearing ring, with at least 60 ft. of strong linen line. There are other fish beside the bass—occasionally the muskalonge, pickerel, and plenty of yellow perch of large size and good for the pan.

But fishing is not the only thing that affords pleasure or recreation here. The scenery on the island and river is rivaled nowhere. The ever varying tints of the quietly moving water, the lights and shades, the clear blue dome above you, and the gorgeous colors as the sun sinks out of sight into the bosom of the lake all appeal to the inner soul of mortals. The geologist and the paleontologist can here revel among the rocks and fossils of the older Silurian formation; the botanist finds new flora; the cyclist has but to cross the ferry to Kingston to find good roads and pleasant scenes, and the photographer will soon be wondering not where to expose, but which of the many gems he sees he shall take. Should the fisherman's outfit include a camera, he will never forgive himself if he leaves behind a bichromate ray filter. He will need it to properly render the magnificent cloud effects and sunsets. Even the sleepy one, much to his own surprise, finds himself up before breakfast breathing in the purest of heaven's air with deep enjoyment.

JOHN H. JANEWAY.

Arkansas Pickerel.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading Mr. Mather's article on pike in this week's paper, and am knocked off the Christmas tree by part of it. He says the pickerel does not exist west of the Alleghanies. Then what have I been catching all these years? We have a little creek pike that sometimes gets to be a foot long, and which seems to be the brook pickerel he mentions. But in the lakes and bayous we have another pike. He grows to be 24 to 26 in. long, and he is marked all over with the net marks just as the picture is. In the absence of a specimen I cannot say whether the fins and jaws are exactly like the picture of the pickerel or not, but the net marks are there. And he is there too, by a large majority, in all of our lakes and bayous. I have never found him in White, or Cache, or Ouachita rivers, or any of the clear running streams, but I have seen him in a bayou 50 yds. from Cache River. The average size of this pike is 20 or 22 in., but occasionally we find a larger one. I have never seen one over 3 or 4 lbs. in weight, as they are long and slender. The habits are the same as described by Mr. Mather. I have often seen them in the clear water take the minnow and hold it and then turn it round before swallowing it. In fishing for them we recognize the fact that we have to give them time to do that. We surely have either the pickerel as described by Mr. Mather, or we have another species, for every angler in this country will tell you that the creek pike and the lake pike are not the same, the creek pike lacking the net marks of the lake pike, and being a baby anyhow.

J. M. ROSE.

[Arkansas is known to have two pickerel—one called the "little pickerel," which is green or grayish in color and usually with marks like worm tracks on the sides, but sometimes these markings are in the form of curved streaks, sometimes forming bars, or they may be like network, or entirely wanting. The other is the common Eastern pickerel, chain pickerel, green pike, or jack. The "little pickerel" does not usually exceed 1 ft. in length, while the Eastern pickerel grows more than twice as large. The "little pickerel" is found in the Mississippi Valley, south to Arkansas and Mississippi. The Eastern pickerel occurs in Mammoth Springs and other tributaries of White River, in Arkansas. Its complete range includes waters from Maine to Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. The range of the chain pickerel was formerly believed to be limited to the east of the Alleghanies.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 10.—The interest in New England fishing does not subside in the least, though it is getting to be exactly in the midst of the worst time of all the year for mosquitoes and black flies. From the 10th of June to the 4th of July these insect pests are at their worst in northern and eastern New England. On the 4th of July last year they had about all disappeared at the Rangeleys, and were very nearly done at Moosehead and in Aroostook county.

Messrs. W. J. Leckie, G. W. Brown, Hall and another friend are out from a successful trout fishing trip to some lakes and ponds not far from the west branch of the Penobscot. They have built a camp in that vicinity and speak very highly of the fishing. They took this year all the trout they wanted. Still Mr. Leckie thinks that next year he will go later in June, and endure the black flies. Mr. G. N. Smalley is out from a very pleasant fishing trip to the Rangeleys. His fishing friend, C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, was prevented from accompanying by the illness of R. O. Harding, head salesman of that house. Mr. Harding is reported to be on the mend. Mr. Smalley took some trout on the fly in the neighborhood of Billy Soule's, as he almost always does.

The fishing at Lake Auburn, Me., has not been especially satisfactory, according to reports, though Mr. Haskell, the champion fisherman of those waters, has taken salmon of 7, 8 and 10 lbs. Commissioner Stanley himself is reported there, though with what success it is not mentioned.

The Megantic Club must be prospering. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, corresponding secretary, has just returned from his spring trip, and is out with a handsome year book, in which the illustrations are especially fine. The club's full limit of membership, 300, is full. It controls 250 square miles of territory, three lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight streams, and eight bogs. It has, besides its general club house, twenty-three public and fourteen private camps. Mr. Chapman says that fishing is good. He took several salmon and plenty of trout. He is particularly pleased with the growth the salmon are making. One has been taken of 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in length this spring, though the stocking has been done but a few years. From Big Island Pond thirty salmon were taken in three days, from 19 in. in length to the above large one. As the fish were not killed, they were measured instead of being weighed.

The salmon fishermen are getting ready, some of them having already gone, in fact. The Barnes party, including Mr. C. B. Barnes, Miss Barnes, Mr. Lyman Nickols and others, are at Grand Cascapadia. Miss Barnes made a most remarkable record the first day, if the report is correct. She took five salmon, the average weight of which was 35 lbs. Mr. C. Watson, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Minot and Mr. Moses Williams are going to the southwest branch of Miramichi for salmon fishing. Messrs. Olmsted, Cias, Parlin and Talbot are taking the June fishing at the St. John, Gaspé, this year, while Mr. John Fottler and party will be there in July.

SPECIAL.

Maine and Canada.

BOSTON, June 13.—Fishing at Moosehead Lake, Me., has more than continued good. Sportsmen lately returned speak in the highest terms of the fly-fishing. Mr. Walter L. Hill has returned from his annual fishing trip to that "inland sea," where he has been for several days, in company with Messrs. Murphy and Kirk. They took a good many brook trout on the fly up to 3 lbs., and a good share of lakers trolling. Mr. Hill got hold of "The Father of Lakers," he thinks, and had him at the end of the line for over half an hour. Obstinate the big fish clung to the bottom with great persistence. Once or twice he was brought up in sight, through sheer power of the rod. Three feet long, if he was an inch, and thick enough to weigh 30 lbs.! But he went to the bottom again with mighty thuds of the big jaws. At last the line came up with a jerk. The big fish was free, the hook having been torn out or jerked out.

The fishermen at Kineo have had the pleasure of a novel sight. A young cow moose has been seen in that vicinity for some time. The other day she came down to the lake and out into it. Immediately she was surrounded by guides and sportsmen, in boats and canoes, quickly improvised. Very skillfully she managed to elude the most expert of the guides, who tried to seize her by the ears as she swam. Mr. Dennen shouted for the pursuers to desist, as the moose might be drowned. As soon as the boats parted the moose swam for the shore, landing near the hotel, jumped the wire fence into the garden, then out again, disappearing in the woods with a few bounds, such as only a frightened moose can make.

Messrs. Eugene Lynch and M. H. Curley, of Boston, are at the Upper Dam, Me., for a few weeks' fishing. Fly-fishing is reported good. Mr. Lynch caught two trout on the fly there the other day, both of 5 lbs. weight. Mr. L. O. Crane, with Mrs. Crane, at the same place, considers it one of the most remarkable fishing locations in the world. He has landed some big trout on the fly. Mr. Charles Davis, of New York, has just taken ten trout, fly-casting, the largest weighing 5 lbs. C. H. Barker, of Lynn, Mass., has taken a 5 lb. trout from the Lower Pool, on the fly, and three others, the largest weighing 6 lbs. Mr. E. Bartlett, of North Oxford, Mass., has taken a trout of 6 lbs. weight, and one of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

At Bemis the fishing is reported good. Master George Storer is the champion boy fisherman of the season. Only ten years of age, he has landed three trout of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight each. H. H. Bates and V. W. Bates, of New Haven, Conn., have taken ten good trout, the largest weighing 5 lbs. In a few hours, G. H. Johnson and George Stanley, of Canton, Me., took three trout, the other day, of 3 $\frac{3}{4}$, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. W. D. Abbot, of Boston, and Freeland Abbot, of Houghtons, Me., in one day's fishing took seven trout, some of them up to 4 lbs. weight. Mr. C. E. Guild and D. E. Adams, of Boston, are at Bemis; their second fishing trip this season. Again they have had excellent luck, taking before breakfast one morning four trout, from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 lbs. weight, with a number of others, which they returned to the water. T.

J. Scannell, of Portland, Me., has taken three trout, including one of 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. R. E. Swain, West Leeds, Me.; E. Stanley, Roxbury, and R. W. Trask, Byron, have taken twenty trout in one day's fishing, the largest weighing 6 lbs.

At Rangeley Lake the fishing is good, with a good many salmon being taken. Among the recent catches may be noted the following: H. O. Higgins, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout; C. W. Varney, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; W. C. Downes, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. trout; W. B. Damon, 7 lb. salmon; Mrs. W. F. Sturtevant, 7 lb. salmon and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout; Francis Henwood, 5 lb. and 3 lb. trout; C. P. Lamb, 4 lb. trout; W. F. Sturtevant, 5 lb. trout; A. B. Gilman, 5 lb. salmon; S. O. Lunt, 9 and 4 lb. salmon; A. I. Bill, 6 lb. trout; Mrs. W. M. Breed, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; C. F. Pierce, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salmon; L. O. Crane, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. trout.

Reports just received from the American Consul, Gaspé, P. Q., say that a great many salmon of unusually large size are being taken at Gaspé Bay. Over \$4,000 worth had been shipped from that point up to Friday. So great a run of salmon in the bay promises good fishing in the rivers above. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., is anxious to be off for his river, the St. John, Gaspé, his tackle having been ready for some time. The Olmsted and Sias party got away Saturday, and they expect great sport, during the rest of June, on that river.

SPECIAL.

Still Another Style of Minnow Casting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With thousands of others, I have counted myself extremely fortunate in having a seat among the scholars in Mr. Mather's primary class in bass fishing, and only wish that the lessons had been more extended. It must be something more than twenty-five years ago that I made my first foray against this gamy representative of the finny tribe, and every year since I have met him in some of his favorite haunts. The result has been that the more protracted and diversified the acquaintance, the less I seem to know about him.

Some of us had been hoping that Mr. Mather would say a word or two regarding a style of fishing quite popular in our Western waters (at least in this locality), a style that is a variation on the method of minnow casting usually laid down in the books. The rod used is from 9 to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in length, with a stiffish tip and considerable backbone, practically a heavy fly-rod, the reel being located below the hand, as in fly-fishing. The reel is whatever style the fancy of the fisherman prefers—single action, multiplying or automatic. In casting the minnow is not brought up to the tip of the rod, but is cast almost the same as the fly, except that when the back cast is made the minnow is allowed just to touch the water. This relieves the strain on the rod, whose elasticity, assisted by the wrist of the angler, lands the minnow on the desired spot, in the forward cast. "Shooting the line" is practiced in this style of casting to fully as great an extent as in fly-fishing.

It may be added that this style of handling a minnow seems to prove particularly desirable in stream fishing for bass, in water where, for any reason, the use of the fly is not practicable. In delicacy and accuracy it is far ahead of casting from the tip of the rod, although it may not be able to compete with the latter in distance. In "our" method the minnow is placed just where it is wanted, a decided advantage in our rocky, rapid streams that in the autumn especially are clear and shallow. Here the bass lie close, and the difference of a foot in the planting of the minnow is often the difference between fish and no fish, or rather between rise and no rise. In saving of time, casting the minnow with a long line has the decided preference; you do not have to reel up after every cast, and you cover the water more thoroughly because you begin with a short cast and lengthen it gradually as you proceed. This kind of fishing, it is needless to add, has no use for either "bob or sinker," and for that reason you get the utmost possible play of your minnow, which is always hooked up through the lower jaw and out through the nostril, never through or under the back fin. A minnow hooked in the latter way would go through the air broadside, just as he would be dragged through the water after he had struck it. Once fastened to the further end of 25 yds. of F or G braided silk, tapered with a 6 ft. leader, a 2 lb. bass is worth more than he will ever be again, alive or dead. Meantime you are standing in water anywhere from knee to waist deep; such streams will not tolerate a boat.

Both Dr. Henshall and Mr. Mather have decided that the big-mouth bass is as gamy as his small-mouthed cousin, and it might not be in good taste to question that decision. If it were not for that fact, I should like to direct the attention of the readers of our paper to the pictures of the two fish published recently in connection with Mr. Mather's articles, and to ask them to compare the frontal outlines. If I dared, I would say that, compared with the small-mouth, the other is a soft fish, so far as his flesh is concerned, and that his nerves and muscles have a corresponding lack of tonicity. That he is a surface feeder, and as such he affects shallow water, where he stews and simmers in warm weather, and where, because he is a surface feeder, he is more timid and more easily frightened. That when he is hooked, he usually opens his jaws to their widest capacity, and goes into a state of collapse, in which he flounders rather than fights. That I have never known him to inhabit a rocky, rapid stream, the kind in which the brook trout and the small-mouth bass do most delight. But, of course, all this would be heresy, and therefore I do not say it.

In his paper published under date of May 14 Mr. Mather says: "All talk about fish biting at certain times of the moon, clear or cloudy days, east wind or other wind * * * is sheer nonsense." Doubtless the proposition is true enough so far as it pertains to deep water fishing, but in the streams and shallower lakes it will possibly bear modification. When our bass streams are clear it is little or no use to try to fish them on a bright day, unless the angler has more skill than the ordinary mortal. Some sort of wind is usually better than no wind, but (in the fall particularly, and in the month of May in this latitude) a south or southwest wind

makes all the difference between poor and good bass fishing. If Mr. Mather means that we are to go ahead and take the poor with the good, that is quite in accordance with the true piscatorial spirit, but if he means that we are not to choose our weather when we can, and that intelligent choice does not make a very decided difference in the net results, then we shall have to ask him to write a postscript to his admirable papers.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June 2.

Oneida Lake Fishing.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 8.—There is now reason for hoping that such protection will hereafter be given to Oneida Lake as will effectually preserve it from the depredations of men who for years have cast seines in almost every part of it, to supply various markets with fish. This lake is thirty miles in length and of varying width, and is widely known as the best fish-breeding water in central New York. It is situated northeast of Syracuse, its nearest shore being twelve miles from the city. With the seine removed, it would at once become a paradise for anglers and a supply reservoir of great value. The act passed by the Legislature last winter which offers a bounty for the capture of nets is likely to effect the best results throughout the State, and particularly in central New York, where there are so many lakes and rivers. Henry Loftie, of Syracuse, is the father of this law, and already his expectations as to what it would probably accomplish are being in good degree realized.

Mr. Loftie also mainly deserves the credit for the establishment of a hatchery at Constantia, on the north shore of Oneida Lake. He pushed the project for several



The Constantia Hatchery.

years, and expended considerable money in travel and invitations to both State and national officials to visit the locality and examine its advantages. The Fish Commission at last acted wisely, and last year established a hatchery costing some \$4,000 and embracing seven acres of land. There were hatched last year 165,000,000 pike, the fry being widely distributed. Ponds are also being built for hatching bass and for increasing the age of pike before distribution. This may be regarded as being of equal importance with any hatchery which the State possesses, and ought to be the means of vastly increasing the food fish product. It is under the superintendence of Mr. Hill, whose home is at Clayton.

The public applauds every practical effort which is made for the increase of fish food which is made accessible to the angler and protected from the pirate. All the people pay the cost of propagating and protecting fish food, so that there is no justification for permitting the few—and those, generally speaking, non-taxpayers—to rob the many with the use of nets. By the bounty law every citizen is constituted a fish protector, with good pay for his services if he chooses to exert himself in the work of annihilating nets.

Accompanying this is a view of the hatchery above referred to and from which so much is expected.

X. Y. Z.

Fishing Near New York.

INNER ISLAND, Long Beach, L. I., June 13.—Weakfish have come into the bay in large numbers, and there has been no lack of sport for those who have the necessary tackle and bait. Mr. Nemphries and his eleven-year-old son caught twenty-six, the boy catching nine of them. George Kessler caught fifty-three. The bay is full of crabs and other food for the fish, and good fishing may be anticipated.

Blackfish are plentiful, and an occasional kingfish or sheepshead is caught. The best fishing is off Long Beach, either to the Fishing Banks or the wreck of the Iberia; but fishermen who do not care to go out of the inlet have had good sport in the holes and deep channels of the bay at Wreck Lead and Nick's Beach.

G.

Mr. Beard's Yellowtail Record.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I owe my good friend, Mr. Beard, an apology for inadvertently using his fish and the wrong fisherman in my article on the yellowtail. It struck me at the time that the name did not exactly fit the fish, but it was the only fish picture available, so I used it; and am very glad to know that it was a catch of a brother sportsman who is a champion of champions in the yellowtail field. This is the fish which, not excepting the salmon, has no peer when taken in shallow water with the lightest tackle. Mr. Beard's record is still quoted on the island and his memory is still green in the hearts of all rod and reel fishermen.

SENOR X.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Mr. Holder's Tuna.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, author and writer, broke what is believed to be the world's record for the hardest fighting big game fish on rod and reel on June 1, at Santa Catalina Island, Cal. He took a 183lb. leaping tuna on a light rod, with 21-strand cuttyhunk line and Vom Hofe reel. The fish struck at 6:30 A. M. and was brought to gaff at 10:30 A. M., during which time it towed the heavy boat with oars backing water over eight miles, most of the distance in a heavy sea, and part of the distance against it. The last rush of the fish was a run of four miles.

This is believed to be the record catch for hard fighting game fish, as a 150lb. leaping tuna could tow two tarpons of equal size. In other words, the tuna is the most powerful and active game fish that swims. The fish measured 6ft. 2in. in length, and had a girth of 45in. The fisherman was followed by launches in which were a number of New York and St. Louis anglers, and the catch created great excitement. S.

Greenwood Lake Big Bass.

THE next to the largest black bass ever caught in Greenwood Lake was caught on Wednesday last by Tom Garrison, who was out fishing with a party from New York. The fish was a perfect specimen, beautifully marked. It was 24in. long, with a girth measurement of 18in., and weighed 9lbs. 6oz. The party were using trolling minnow perch bait 4½in. long, and were down by the big island among the stumps.

The largest black bass caught in the lake was captured by Sloan, and weighed 9lbs. 13oz. Another large specimen was caught by Pinkey Sterns. It weighed 8lbs. 4oz., and what will hereafter be the fourth largest was caught in the upper end of the lake by L. F. La Roche, treasurer of the Greenwood Lake Fish and Game Protective Club. It weighed 7lbs. 14oz.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Ordeal by Dog.

A RECENT French judgment may be cited as an illustration of Arab manners and Gallic astuteness. An Arab was traveling through the interior with his wife; he was on donkeyback and she was afoot. By came a rich Arab on horseback and offered her a lift behind him. She accepted, and presently in the course of the journey confided that she was unhappily married. Her companion proposed a plan by which she might elope with him, and she agreed to it readily. Accordingly when they came to a branch road they increased their pace and paid no heed to the protestations of the husband, who was soon left behind. He succeeded in tracking them to the horseman's village, only to find that precautions had been taken against his arrival, for everybody asserted that they had known the runaway pair for many years as man and wife and that the real husband must be an impudent impostor.

The unfortunate man had recourse to the French, who were at first puzzled how to act in the face of a village's unanimous testimony. At last a happy thought occurred to the judge. He placed the real husband's dogs in one room, those of the other man in another, and confronted the woman with both. Arab dogs are very faithful to their own households and very fierce to all strangers; so though she did her utmost to irritate her own dogs they could not be restrained from fawning on her, and though she lavished every blandishment toward the dogs of her new home they barked and showed their teeth with ever-increasing fury. The judge thereupon ordered her to be given back to her husband, and he placarded the village with the following notice: "The testimony of one dog is here more to be believed than that of ten Arabs." As a dog is one of the Arab's worst terms of opprobrium, this notice was deemed a worse punishment than fines or imprisonment.—*Tunis Correspondence London Morning Post.*

Anne of Abbotsford.

ANNE OF ABBOTSFORD, black, white and tan English setter bitch, owned by Mr. Edward A. Burdett, of Troy, N. Y., was whelped Oct. 4, 1893. She is by Gladstone's Boy (3429, A), out of Bohemian Girl (8281, A), both of which are famous in the annals of the great trials as performers of rare excellence, and winners. Anne was bred by the late J. Shelly Hudson. Her most distinguished performance was at Morris, Man., last season, where she won the champion stake in a trial on chickens. She showed extraordinary range and finding ability. The portrait is from the photograph of a painting by the renowned artist, Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In our business columns the Manitoba Field Trials Club sets forth the programme of its forthcoming field trials, the twelfth. They will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 7, and will be run on the old grounds at Morris, Man. There will be three stakes, a Derby, an all-age and an amateur. In the former two the prizes are very liberal, considering that the total fee for starting is but \$15. Having so bravely and so successfully met its financial obligations under so many difficulties, the club is deserving of extra consideration in the way of support from field trial patrons. The field trials of this club are one of the most enjoyable of the season. For further particulars see our business columns. William C. Lee is the honorary secretary, Winnipeg, Man.

Entries for the International Field Trials Club's Derby, to be held at Chatham, Ont., Nov. 15, close July 1. First forfeit, \$2.50; second, same; \$5 additional to start. W. B. Wells, honorary secretary, Chatham, Ont.



CHAMPION ANNE OF ABBOTSFORD.

Copyright, 1898, by Edward A. Burdett.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

16. Miramichi, Fraser cup, Newcastle, N. B.
16. Winthrop, water sports, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
17. Massachusetts, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
17. South Boston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
17. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
17. Jubilee, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
18. Beverly, first Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
18. Larchmont, spring, 1. Island Sound.
18. Baltimore, McAllister p, Chesapeake Bay.
18. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
- 18-19. South Boston, c, Boston Harbor.
- 18-19. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Queen City, 22ft. f. class, Toronto.
- 18-19. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
18. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 18-19. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, McNeers.
- 20-27. Seawanhaka, knockabout cruise, Oyster Bay to New London and return.
25. Beverly, second Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
25. Douglaston, annual, Long Island Sound.
25. American, skiff classes, Newburyport.
25. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
25. Dorchester, open, Boston Harbor.
25. Burgess, first championship, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, 27-22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
25. Chicago, Siren-Vanenna, final match, Chicago.
25. Stamford, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
28. Mosquito Fleet, open, Boston Harbor.
29. Seawanhaka, annual, Long Island Sound.
30. Newport, ladies' cruise, Narragansett Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Wollaston, moonlight sail, Boston Harbor.
30. Sea Cliff, annual, Long Island Sound.
30. Chicago, Chicago to Kenosha Lake, Michigan.

JULY.

1. Chicago, Kenosha to Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
1. Miramichi, cruise.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup, Toronto.
1. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
1. Royal St. Lawrence, morning and afternoon races, Dorval.
1. Royal St. Lawrence, 20 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
2. New Rochelle, annual, Long Island Sound.
2. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
2. Jeffries, open, Boston Harbor.
2. Beverly, third Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
2. Milwaukee, centennial regatta, Lake Michigan.
- 2-4. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Martinez-Vallejo.
3. American, cruise, Squam.
4. Lake Michigan Y. A., annual, Milwaukee.
4. Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
4. Boston City, open, Boston Harbor.
4. Newport, open, Narragansett Bay.
4. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Jubilee, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
4. City Point, club, New Haven.
4. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
4. Hudson River, cruise, Hudson River.
4. Baltimore, Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
4. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
4. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
5. American, annual, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
- 7-8-9. Winthrop, open, water sports, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
9. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
9. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
9. Burgess, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
9. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
9. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
9. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
9. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
9. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
- 9-10. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
9. Canarsie, open, Jamaica Bay.
- 11-13. Seawanhaka trial races, 20ft. class, Oyster Bay.
11. Quincy, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham.
16. Beverly, fourth championship, Buzzard's Bay.
- 16-23. Larchmont, race week, Long Island Sound.
16. Corinthian Marblehead, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Shelter Island, ladies' day, Gardiner's Bay.
16. New Jersey Ath., invitation race, Newark Bay.
16. Seawanhaka, Roosevelt mem. cup, Oyster Bay.
- 16-17. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands.
16. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
16. Chicago, annual, Lake Michigan.
17. American, cruise, Ipswich.
- 17-18-19. East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
23. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
23. Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
23. Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
23. American, skiff class, Newburyport.
23. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
25. Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
25. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
- 27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.

20. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
- 30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
- 31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

Cup Challengers Up to Date.

THE past week has produced two important items of news in connection with international racing and the America Cup. The first of these is the failure of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the great English yachtsman. Mr. Hooley, whose liabilities run up to enormous figures in dollars or pounds, it makes no difference which, is noted in yachting circles as the owner of the racing cutter Britannia, which defeated the American yacht Navahoe and Vigilant, and also of the fine steam yacht Verena, of 316 tons. The second item is still more important, another prominent British yachtsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, has arrived in New York, and promises to issue in a very short time a challenge to the New York Y. C. for the America Cup.

The first of these gentlemen is a stock broker and a promoter of companies of all kinds, who has rolled up an immense fortune in a few years. He has made a specialty of bicycle manufacturing companies and pneumatic tire patents, as well as a largely advertised proprietary article. In this latter enterprise he was associated with another prominent yachtsman, J. L. Johnston. Sir Thomas Lipton has also made a great deal of money in tea, and received his title as a reward for giving some of it—the money, not the tea—to charitable purposes at the time of the Queen's Jubilee. He does not own a yacht, and Lloyds gives no indication that he has ever owned one; but this in no way disqualifies him for membership in a class of yachtsmen which, thanks to the daily papers, is becoming more and more prominent every year.

We have no objection whatever to self-made men, provided the making is well done; but we have no use whatever for the self-made yachtsman, who, without previous experience, or the most elementary knowledge of yacht racing and the ethics and usages of the sport, performs the feat by the simple acts of drawing a check to a broker or designer for a yacht, and announcing that he will challenge for the great yachting trophy of the world.

The doubtful honor of founding this class of *fin de siècle* yachtsmen can freely be accorded to a certain noble earl who, retiring in a pet from politics, astonished his friends by rushing suddenly into yachting at a much later age than that at which men are wont to take up new sports. We believe that we are doing him ample justice when we say that he has devoted himself to the sport with energy and enthusiasm, and has mastered fairly well some of its more mechanical details. Beyond this, he has shown an utter and extended ignorance of yachting customs and rules, and of the underlying principles of fair sport; and after in the beginning compromising his friends, he has ended by insulting his opponents. Following him as an aspirant for international honors, Mr. Charles Day Rose will be remembered, a gentleman who, after devoting years to the turf, suddenly turned to yachting. The steps of his brief career were rapid, but hardly brilliant: the purchase of an outclassed five-rater, then of one of the unsuccessful big cutters, a challenge for the America Cup, cabled after dinner and withdrawn with the sober deliberation of the following morning, followed by the building of several yachts, which raced with little success under his colors.

After these come others who hardly go so far as to make a pretense of being yachtsmen: Sir George Newnes, the wealthy publisher, ignorant of yachting and owning no yacht, but aspiring to challenge for the America Cup; Mr. J. L. Johnston, already mentioned, who purchased Britannia at a high figure from the Prince of Wales, apparently just as he had previously purchased an ancient bedstead on which the Pretender once slept. It is stated that Mr. Johnston bought Britannia in the belief that she was a steam yacht, and color is given to the story by the fact that shortly after he sold her to his associate, Mr. Hooley, and bought the steam yacht White Ladye. Now comes Sir Thomas Lipton, unknown to Lloyds and to British yacht clubs, but blithely talking of a challenge, as though he could buy a knowledge of yachting as he would a design or a yacht.

It is a fact that international racing for the America Cup is barred to all save men of exceptional wealth, or to syndicates, from which defend us! In this country there are no men who possess, at the same time the means and the inclination to build a racing 90-footer. It is true that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt did build and run Defender in the last contest for the Cup, bearing practically all of the expense, but this was purely a matter of 'abstract patriotism'; apart from the generous financial aid he has extended in this and similar cases, Mr. Vanderbilt has no interest in yacht racing, and has never owned a sailing yacht. In Great Britain there are none among the true yachtsmen and devoted patrons of the sport who both can and will build a 90ft. challenger; and all the proposals made of late years have been based either on ignorance of the magnitude of the task or on a desire to secure free advertising for business purposes.

In these days, when fortunes boldly spent in placarding the virtues of some nostrum or alleged panacea bring back a return a hundred-fold, the America Cup is certain to be a shining mark. With a positive assurance of success, as either challenger or defender of the Cup, the fortunate owner of a brand of whisky, beer or cigars, pink pills, magnetic liver-pad, or "penny-dreadful" periodical, could well afford to build a racing 90-footer that would outdo Defender and Valkyrie III. in cost. Even though he did stop short of the extreme of parading his wares on the sails, the value of such an advertisement would be incalculable.

It is men of this class who are to be feared in international yachting, as events plainly show; the men of true yachting and sporting spirit, who have graduated from the smaller classes after years of practical experience, being barred by the excessive outlay and the absence of any financial return, thus leaving the field free to those who can enter it purely as a promising business venture.

Certainly no one imagines that the modern daily journal is run upon purely philanthropic and eleemosynary principles, for the free distribution of advertising in the interests of wealthy but deserving promoters and pillists; on the other hand, the highest possible value is placed upon each square inch of space. Let one of this gentry come forward, however, with the unsupported statement that he proposes to challenge for the America Cup, or that he has offered a preposterous figure for some famous yacht, and the astute and business-like editor throws open column after column, with bold headlines, portrait of the challenger and of his yacht, not yet designed; list of clubs he is going to join, and details without end as to the source of his wealth and origin of his title.

A contest for the America Cup was never more needed on this side of the water than at the present time, when yachting in all save the small classes is in a state of utter stagnation, with no relief in sight. We would ask nothing better for yachting to-day than that the two disgraceful episodes of the new Deed of Gift and its sequel, the deal with Lord Dunraven, and his subsequent conduct, could be forgotten on both sides, and matters restored to the condition of 1885-6 and 7, when true yachtsmen and sailormen, like Sir Richard Sutton, Lt. Henn and the Royal Clyde representatives, sailed for the Cup and took their defeat like men.

Apart from other difficulties, however, there is no hope whatever of a renewal of racing in yachts of 90ft. l.w.l., or of anywhere near that size. Even with the certainty of winning, there are very few real yachtsmen to-day who can individually bear the expense of outbuilding Defender and sailing a series of trial and international races; and when the chances of being again defeated are considered, there is hardly the shadow of an inducement to the British yachtsmen, from whom the initiative must of necessity come, to move for a renewal of international racing.

The largest of the established classes in Great Britain to-day is that of 65ft. linear rating, giving a much larger and faster yacht than the old American 70-footer. Above this class there is no limit of size, save indirectly through the new time scale, and yachts of over 65ft. (80ft., 90ft., 100ft., etc.) make an open class with time allowance. There is no indication just now that a class as large as 65ft. rating could be established and maintained permanently in this country, though it would make an admirable size, and it is an absolute certainty that the 90ft. class can never be restored, save temporarily in some emergency-like the last, and even that is most unlikely.

Corinthian Fleet, Special Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 11.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian fleet of New Rochelle was scheduled for June 11, but as it was manifestly impossible to secure any general turnout of the Sound fleet on that date it was decided to postpone the regatta, and give a special race for such classes as promised a reasonable number of entries. These were the 20ft. class, the 30ft. and 25ft. cabin cat classes, the knockabouts, two classes of open cats, and the new one-design dories. Saturday morning was very unpromising and disagreeable, cloudy, with a close atmosphere and light showers, with a light easterly wind. Though it cleared by noon, there was no wind at 2 P. M. to speak of. Shortly before 3 o'clock, however, a nice S.W. breeze came in, and with a clear sky and bright sunshine the weather was all that could be asked. The 30ft. catboat Kit was present, in the expectation of meeting the new cat building for Mr. C. T. Pierce at City Island, but the latter was still on the ways, her mast having been stepped the same morning, she being over a month behind the promised date of completion, so that Kit had no competitor.

In the 20ft. class were last year's Keneu and Akabo, a new Huntington boat, owned by Mr. Clark A. Miller, quite a different craft from Keneu and Skate. Instead of being circular, as in these two, the fore end is cut off square across on deck, the plank ends finishing on a vertical piece shaped like half of a barrel-head. The counter is quite wide, there is no sheer, and the deck is crowned considerably in the middle, sloping away in all directions. The peculiar appearance of the boat is difficult to describe without pictures.

In the knockabout class was Mongoose, awaiting Indianola, which latter boat was not in sight when the preparatory signal was given at 3 o'clock. Indianola had been delayed from time to time in leaving Boston and on the passage around, making a good part of the trip under jury rudder, and she only arrived at the line, with Mr. F. B. Jones at the stick, after the preparatory had sounded for her class, and in season to round up for the start. She is a new boat, designed by Crowninshield, and built by Eccles, of Nahant, designer and builder of Mongoose. The other knockabouts of the vicinity were racing with the class at Pelham Bay. The starters in the 25ft. class of cats, Win or Lose and Why Not, are old boats, as are Sora and Minnetonka, and well known. Lark, in the 15ft. cat class, was designed and built last winter by her owner and Corinthian skipper, C. G. Davis, who sails her single-handed in the races. She is of the scow type so popular about New Rochelle, with flush deck, like Question. The Huguenot Y. C. was represented by four of its new one-design dories, towed around from the club station by Com. Janes, who sailed one of them in the race. They are very handy little craft, with a picturesque rig; they sail quite fast for such small craft, and make a lively sight.

The race was started off the mouth of Echo Bay, thence to the Hen and Chickens buoy and the Execution buoy, a four-mile triangle, the dories sailing a smaller triangle inside. Owing to the delay in waiting for wind, but two rounds were sailed, the 15ft. cat class sailing but one. The start was made in a lively breeze, the yachts going away well on the reach to first mark. Indianola, though at the line only at the last moment, made a good start inside of Mongoose, to windward. The windward work was all on the second leg, with a reach in. On the wind Mongoose easily passed Indianola, but at the end of the round her balloon jib was allowed to get overboard just as she was in close quarters with Why Not in the jibe at the mark, causing her quite a delay. She won easily from Indianola; it must be said, however, that while Mongoose is in her second season and in good condition, Mr. Hazen Morse, who is sailing her, having handled her for some time, Indianola is entirely new, not yet in form, and unknown to her skipper. The official times were:

Open Sloops—20ft. Class—Start, 3:05.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Akabo, Clark A. Miller	1 33 08
Keneu, Montgomery Clark	1 40 41
Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 3:10.		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	1 43 40	1 41 36
Why Not, Henry Rohlf	1 50 40	1 50 40
Knockabouts—21ft. Waterline—Start, 3:15.		
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	1 40 09
Indianola, C. R. Alberger	1 44 26
Open Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Sora, William Hoey	1 59 52	1 53 22
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	2 01 51	2 01 51
Open Cats—15ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Lark, C. G. Davis	1 08 46
Laura Lee, F. S. Ray	1 16 35
Special Class Dories—Start, 3:20.		
Prize, H. E. Jones	1 22 02
Tern, W. B. Greeley	1 27 45
Harry, T. De Witt Scoville	1 27 58
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum	1 28 58

Mongoose wins one leg for the Dewar cup, to be won twice; Akabo, Win or Lose, Sora, Lark and Price each win a club prize. The chairman of the Race Committee, W. Irvine Zeraga, was absent, owing to a previous engagement off Guantanamo, his place being taken by J. W. Sparkman. The Race Committee, Messrs. O. H. Chellborg, W. P. Stephens and J. W. Sparkman, started and timed the yachts from Mr. Chellborg's "knockabout destroyer" Ida. The flagship of the Corinthian fleet this year is the historic old cutter Volante, Com. Sweet, designed by Robert Center for Messrs. Hitchcock in 1877. She was under way during the race, the same staunch and comfortable craft as when she was a novelty as one of the first American cutters.

The Steam Yacht American.

WITH a lavish display of bunting, Archibald Watt's steel steam yacht American was successfully launched yesterday afternoon from the yard of the Jonson Engineering and Foundry Works, foot of East 118th street. The element of luck was very much in evidence, for the ways on the port side of the yacht were insecurely braced, and spread as the craft rushed toward her element. For a few minutes the water was full of flying timbers, but fortunately no damage was done.

The unusually flat floor of the yacht and the momentum she had attained carried her quickly out into clear water, although she heeled over considerably before she was completely waterborne.

In addition to this insecure bracing of the ways, there was no line leading from her stern to warp her around when in the stream, and the tugs which were depended upon to check her headway were so tardy that she drifted almost over to the flats on Randall's Island and let go an anchor before they took charge of her and brought her alongside the piles where she was finally made fast.

Nearly one thousand guests of Commodore Watt were in the yard when the signal to wedge up was given, and numerous opinions were advanced as to the merits of the yacht as compared with other pleasure vessels that have been recently launched.

She is an American production throughout, being built of American material, by American workmen and christened with a bottle of American champagne, that rested in voluminous ribbons of red, white and blue.

As she appeared on the cradle the impression created was that of strength and seaworthy qualities rather than speed and the usual sharp rakish lines of the average steam yacht. Her clipper bow, which will be finished with a long bowsprit and jibboom, is almost a straight line, and carried to the turn of the forefoot at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Her entrance is too rounded to admit of great speed, her floors are almost flat at the midship section, and the turn of her bilges are as full as those of the average ocean freight steamer. Her run is somewhat finer than the lines forward of the midship section, and the screws lead from channels under either quarter far enough away from the rudder post to work in solid water. Broad bilge keels extend nearly two-thirds of her length to keep her from rolling in a seaway, and as a whole she will doubtless exhibit great stability.

The yacht is the only pleasure craft flying the American flag that has three square rigged masts, with their accompanying sails for an auxiliary power, and only one other yacht in the world—the Valhalla, now owned by the Count de Castellane—is a full rigged ship. The primary motive power of Mr. Watt's yacht includes two specially designed engines of 1,600 H. P. each, and steam will be supplied from four up-to-date water tube boilers. Her owner expects to develop a speed of fifteen knots with steam alone.

The accommodations are sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious, and the interior arrangements have been carefully planned by Mr. Watt, whose pencil designed the entire craft from keel to truck. She will be decorated and upholstered in the most lavish style, while the comfort of the crew and officers has also been arranged in a satisfactory manner. Above the high bulwarks, which are surrounded by a polished mahogany rail, are two deck houses, the forward one being very large. Its roof forms the bridge deck, from which the vessel will be steered.

Mrs. Watt, wife of the owner, shattered the bottle of champagne across the forefoot of the craft as she began to move toward the water, and at the same instant a military band, which had been stationed near the platform, began to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Hats were waved, and until the craft was brought up by her anchor there were volleys of cheers, and the ladies displayed their enthusiasm by waving handkerchiefs and parasols. A collation was served afterward in the mould loft.

The dimensions of the new yacht are: Length over all, 254ft.; length on water line, 200ft.; moulded beam, 34ft. 6in., and draft, 12ft. 6in.—*New York Herald*, June 9.

The Seawanhaka Knockabout Race.

THE race of the Seawanhaka knockabout class to New London and return promises to be one of the interesting events of the early season. The arrangements are as follows: Prizes—Commodore Rouse has offered the following prizes for this cruise for the Seawanhaka knockabout class: First prize, value \$150; second prize, \$100; third prize (provided 15 or more yachts start), \$50. These three prizes will be awarded according to the cumulative time for all the runs of the cruise: First prizes for daily runs from port to port, each \$40; second prizes for daily runs from port to port (provided 20 or more yachts start), each \$20.

The prizes are now on exhibition at the Oyster Bay club house.

All yachts in the Seawanhaka knockabout class, whether owned by members of the club or others, are eligible to participate in this cruise. While the formal racing for prizes will be confined to this class, all yachts belonging to the club are invited to make the cruise.

Rendezvous.—As directed by the commodore in the accompanying General Order No. 3, the rendezvous will take place at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, June 18, and in the afternoon of that day a race of the series for the Benedict prizes will be sailed.

At the meeting of captains, on the flagship, on Sunday afternoon, details of the runs to New London will be decided upon and the necessary regulations announced.

Subject to change, the following is the probable programme: Monday, June 20—Run from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove, anchoring off the Yale-Corinthian Yacht Club. Tuesday, June 21—Run from Morris Cove to New London. Wednesday and Thursday, June 22 and 23—The squadron will lie at anchor at New London to afford an opportunity of seeing the Yale-Harvard-Cornell boat races. Friday and Saturday, June 24 and 25—Return runs to Oyster Bay.

A tug will accompany the squadron for its protection and to insure prompt arrival at New London.

In view of the value and character of the prizes offered and of the interest attaching to a visit to New London at the time of the college boat races, it is confidently expected that not less than fifteen knockabouts will start. Should there be less than ten, however, the committee reserve the right to modify this programme, as they may think proper. All captains, and especially captains of the knockabouts, intending to participate in the cruise, are requested to notify the secretary of the committee at their earliest convenience.

OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman,
C. W. WETMORE,
W. C. KERR,
D. LE ROY DRESSER,
C. A. SHERMAN, Secretary,
Race Committee.

General Orders No. 3. On Board Flagship Iroquois, S. C. Y. C., Seawanhaka Harbor, June 10, 1898.

I. All knockabouts entered for the racing cruise to New London, and accompanying yachts, will rendezvous at the club anchorage in Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, June 18.

II. At five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 19, a meeting of captains of knockabouts, and all other yachts intending to accompany the squadron to New London, will be held on board the flagship, when the hour of starting for the run to Morris Cove on Monday, June 20, will be determined.

III. Regulations to govern the daily runs will be announced by the Race Committee.

By order of Commodore ROUSE.
H. L. SATTERLEE, Fleet Captain.

Detroit Y. C.

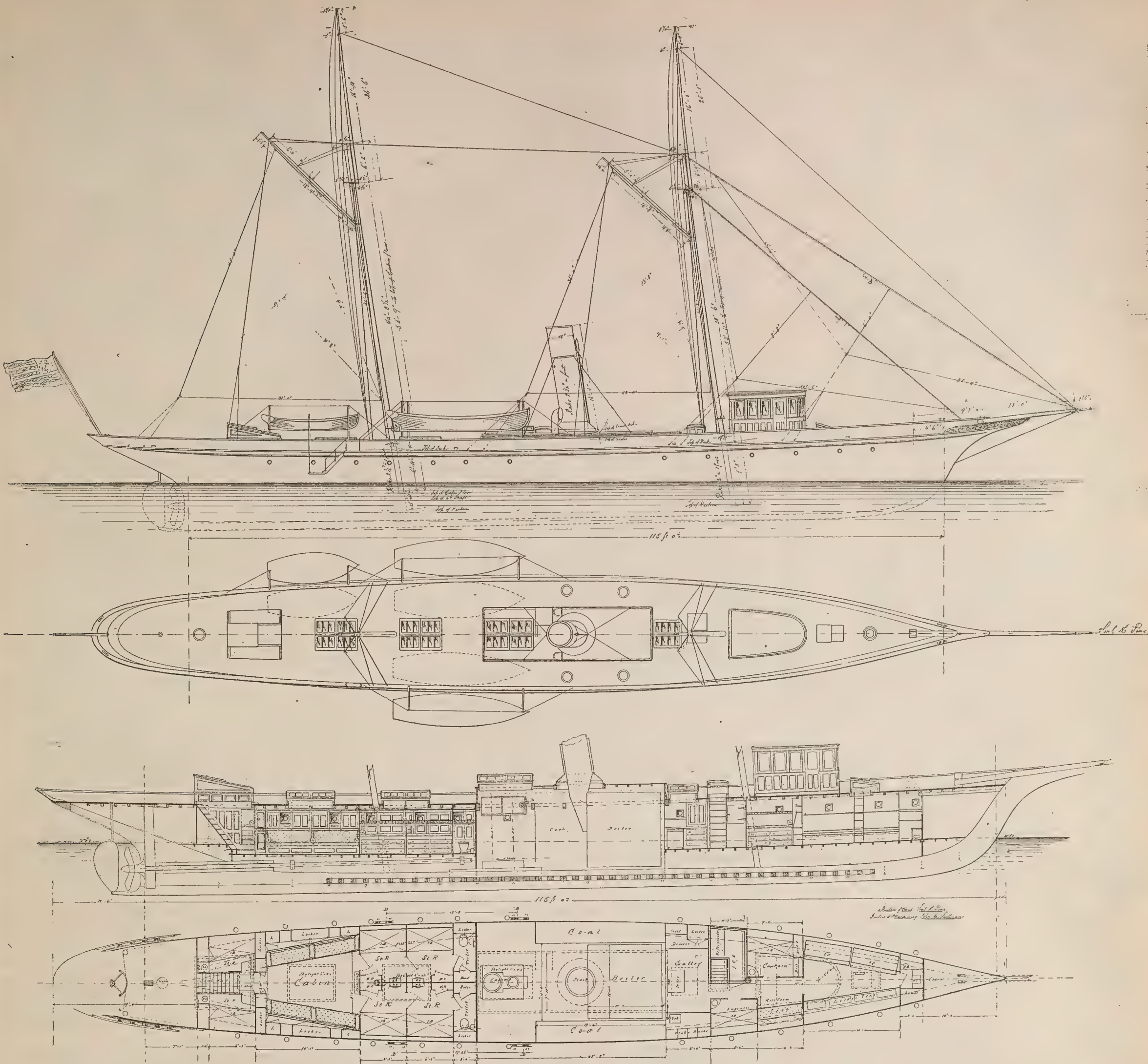
DETROIT—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

Wednesday June 1.

THE Detroit Y. C. sailed a race of the catboat series on June 1 in a light breeze and rain, the times being:

First Race.			
Boat.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
2. William Moebis	3 51 16	4 33 10	0 41 54
4. A. C. Kramer	3 51 13	4 34 30	0 43 18
3. W. Granger	3 50 15	4 34 26	0 44 11
1. C. F. Crowley	3 51 10	4 35 25	0 44 15
5. C. E. Mussey	3 51 17	Disqualified.	
Second Race.			
4. M. A. Kramer	5 04 56	5 52 00	0 47 04
2. A. Wendell	5 04 05	5 53 10	0 49 05
3. V. Field	5 03 29	5 53 20	0 49 51
5. M. Smedley*	5 04 27	5 54 20
1. E. B. Wendell*	5 03 55	5 53 40

* Disqualified.



OSCEOLA, STEAM YACHT. DESIGNED FOR T. L. WATT, ESQ., BY GUSTAV HILLMAN, 1897.

Canarsie Y. C. Pennant Regatta.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.
Saturday, June 11.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed its annual pennant regatta on June 11 on Jamaica Bay, the course being 2½ miles to windward and return, sailed twice, 10 miles. The wind was moderate S.W. The times were:

Cabin Cats.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kate	3 05 28	5 29 40	2 24 12	2 24 02
Congaree	3 04 48	Did not finish.		
Open Cats—Over 20ft.				
Selfish	3 10 00	5 12 05	2 02 05	2 02 05
Tam o' Shanter	3 07 40	Broke gaff.		
Caddie	3 05 22	5 18 50	2 13 28	2 12 11
Siren	3 04 22	Did not finish.		
Cats Under 20ft.				
So So	3 10 40	Did not finish.		
Lochinvar	3 11 35	5 22 50	2 11 24	2 09 29

Selfish won the pennant for best elapsed time, also first prize. Caddie won second prize in the same class. Kate and Lochinvar each won a first prize.

Taunton Y. C.

TAUNTON, MASS.
Saturday, June 11

THE Taunton Y. C. sailed its first race on June 11, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Household, Warner	1 57 15
Electra, Montgomery	1 57 50
Junior, Hodgman	2 00 10

The Steam Yacht Osceola.

THE steam yacht Osceola was designed for Thomas L. Watt, American Y. C., by Gustav Hillman, and built by the veteran builder, Samuel H. Pine, at the foot of Twenty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, where she was launched last April. She is of wood, 136ft. over all, 115ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam, 10ft. depth, and 7ft. 6in. draft. Her rig and general arrangement are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

South Boston Y. C. Handicap Race.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.
Saturday, June 11.

THE South Boston Y. C. sailed a very successful handicap race on June 11, with a fleet of 15 yachts in one class. There was a strong S.W. wind, making a lively race. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tautog, F. E. Borden	1 08 54	1 23 54
Alice, F. H. Cheetam	1 30 46	1 30 46
Quahog, E. W. Rogers	1 31 15	1 31 15
Julia, F. T. Munroe	1 20 56	1 31 56
Ideal, H. B. Bailey	1 21 05	1 32 05
Lois, E. G. Lawton	1 26 36	1 32 36
Marguerite, W. P. Cashman	1 20 46	1 34 46
Reynard, M. F. Plant	1 09 49	1 37 49
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	1 08 53	1 38 53
Empire, F. H. Cobb	1 13 17	1 39 17
Edelweiss, J. T. Ball	1 35 06	1 40 06
Violet, H. F. McKee	1 08 31	1 41 31
Wa Wa, Davis & Wilson	1 15 31	1 44 31
Varuna, C. W. Wadsworth	1 28 59	1 46 59
Jonah, N. B. Stone	1 38 20	1 52 20

The prizes were: Tautog, marine clock; Alice, silver loving cup; Quahog, riding light; Julia, loving cup; Ideal, beer stein; Lois, beer stein; Reynard, pennant; Marguerite, silver service; Emma C., pipe rack; Empire, mask. A dance at the club house followed the race.

Buffalo Y. C.

BUFFALO—LAKE ERIE.
Saturday, June 11.

THE Buffalo Y. C. sailed a race for the 22ft. class on June 11 over a new course, three skippers missing a buoy and being disqualified. The times were:

Beppe	3 01 45	Monsoon	3 06 00
Marie	2 53 18	Nerena	3 25 02
Caprice	3 15 41	Windward	4 23 45

Beppe, Monsoon and Nerena were disqualified for sailing the wrong course. The winners were Marie, Caprice and Windward.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.
Saturday, June 11.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed its second race on June 11 in a two-reef breeze from S.W. The times were:

Special Class, 18ft.—Start, 3:20.		Elapsed.
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed		1 49 32
Amie, M. S. Weston		1 59 19
Maud, W. N. Mayers		2 00 53
Winnetuxet, Potter		2 03 14
Pyxie, E. B. Atwood		2 03 14
Dolphin, N. Morton		2 06 09
Ideal, C. F. Bradford		Withdrew.
Trouble, T. S. Diman		Withdrew.

15ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Olympia, T. W. Steele		2 17 19
Waban, G. W. Shiverick		2 19 07
Scrap, A. Holmes		2 20 19
Vitas, Alex. Holmes		2 21 17
Frolic, J. C. Dawes		2 22 56
Kittewake, H. M. Jones		Withdrew.

Maud carried away her bobstay and bowsprit, but finished the race.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., June 6.—The G. B. Y. C. held their usual monthly regatta Saturday, May 28, in a good breeze. There were five entries, but only two boats finished. Times as follows:

First Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Omega			Did not finish.	
Albatross			Did not finish.	
Joker			Did not finish.	
Britannia			0 39 27	0 38 38
Penguin			0 44 44	0 43 59

Winner, Britannia.
PAUL M. ASTON, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Atlantic Y. C. Ladies' Day.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 11.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed its second race, for ladies, on June 11, with eight starters, the courses being off the new club station at Sea Gate. The wind was moderate from S.W.; the times were:

Open Knockabout Class.			
Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Scrap, R. W. Bainbridge	3 05 50	3 11 55	3 11 55
Impudent, Louis Boury	3 05 30	Disabled.	
Class N, Series B—Sloops, 25 to 30ft.			
Muriel, F. M. Randall	3 14 05	2 11 12	2 11 12
Oriole, C. F. Larzelere	3 10 50	2 16 00	2 11 05
Class C, Series C—Mainsail Yachts, 25 to 30ft.			
Grayling, J. S. de Selding	3 16 10	2 08 53	Not meas.
Dorothy, G. L. Johnstone	3 16 40	1 50 39	Not meas.
Class T, Series C—Mainsail Yachts, 20' to 25ft.			
Qui Vive, Geo. Freeth	3 17 30	1 57 52	1 57 52
Ethel, E. J. Bergen	3 20 20	2 07 45	2 02 24

Impudent parted her throat halyards and withdrew. Oriole is an auxiliary, and towed her screw. She succeeded in beating Muriel, a very fast boat, in Boston waters last year.

Westchester Country Club.

PELHAM PARK—PELHAM BAY.

Saturday, June 11.

THE Westchester Country Club sailed the first race for its new one-design knockabout class on June 11, with six starters. The fleet, of eleven boats, reached City Island the previous evening, after a hard passage around the Cape from Marblehead, some bad weather being encountered, so that they were in poor condition for racing. The course was on Pelham Bay, the wind being moderate from S.W. The start was made at 2:40. The times were:

	Finish.
Dipper, Arthur Iselin	3 31 23
Idle, W. H. Russell	3 31 51
Folly, A. D. Navarro	3 36 25
Philippine, William Laimbeer	3 37 30
Kathama, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	3 39 28
Ditto, H. S. Redmond	3 42 28

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

There is very little now doing at the City Island yards, none of the large yachts being put in commission. At Hawkins' yard Vigilant and Navahoe, Quissetta and Amorita, are still on the ways. Colonia has been launched, and lies dismantled at her moorings. Bedouin is afloat and in commission. Some of the small yachts have been launched from Robertson's yard. At Byles' yard the new racing cabin catboat built for C. T. Pierce, from a design by H. J. Gielow, was launched this week. She is 26ft. l.w.l. and will race in the 30ft. R. M. class of the Sound Y. R. A. Her lines are round and full, and there is no deadwood, the keel having a continuous rocker, but the overhangs are moderate and she is in no sense a modern freak. She has a roomy cabin, with good headroom; the centerboard is of wood, but the rudder is of metal, balanced and placed a couple of feet abaft the end of the l.w.l. She has a fine hollow mast, made by the Spalding St. Lawrence Company. She will be fitted out as quickly as possible, and will race next week. The date of delivery was early in May, but the work has been much delayed. The yawl Aura is out at the same yard for a lead keel.

At Wood's yard the new 30-footer is ready for launching, her mast being stepped and rigging set up; when she goes over she will be practically completed. The 25-footer is decked with 5/8in. matched white pine, covered with light canvas. Her peculiar cabin house is not yet in place, and she will not be finished for some time.

Barracouta, steam yacht, D. P. Reighard, arrived at New York on June 10 from Nassau, N. P., after calling at Norfolk for coal. Barracouta sailed from New York on Feb. 2, with her owner and friends on board, for a winter cruise in the West Indies. On March 28, off San Salvador, her crankshaft broke, and Mr. Reighard and his friends left her, returning home on a fruit steamer. Capt. Harding took the yacht into Nassau under sail, and she has laid there ever since, a new crankshaft being sent from New York and fitted. She brought to New York George Reno and Custo Roque Mara, the latter a Cuban, both said to carry despatches from Cuba to the Government and the Cuban Junta.

Mr. Frank Cowper, well known to our readers as a single-hand cruiser and a writer of interesting cruises, has lately completed a new book, under the title of "Jack-All-Alone: His Cruises." The volume is a collection of stories of various incidents culled from the experiences of the author in his years of single-hand work about the British and French coasts. They are written primarily for the amusement of the reader; it will be remembered that Mr. Cowper is the author of the valuable series of five volumes of "Sailing Tours," in which the English, Scotch and Irish coasts, with part of the French coast, are described with the minuteness and accuracy of the best Government publications, but in these stories he follows a lighter vein of yachting incident and adventure. His devotion to this solitary and independent mode of yachting is apparent all through the book, and he gives very good reasons for his preference. The book is published by L. Upcott Gill, London.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 7-11.—Peoria, Ill.—Annual tournament and convention of Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.
June 8.—Butler, Pa.—Butler Gun Club's tournament. E. E. Gumpfer, Sec'y.
June 8-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Second annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association. Address all communications to Ed O. Bower, Sec'y, Sistersville, W. Va.
June 14-15.—Stillwater, Minn.—Tournament of the Stillwater Gun Club.
June 14-15.—Grafton, N. D.—Tournament and meeting of North Dakota S. S. Association.

June 14-16.—Le Mars, Ia.—Le Mars Sportsmen and Shooting Association's tournament. E. Miller, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Ottawa, Kans.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Beardsley, Sec'y-Treas.

—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

June 15-17.—Cleveland, O.—Fifth annual tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. Bluerocks thrown free of charge. Professionals and manufacturers' agents barred from programme events.

June 16.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

June 16.—Springfield, Mass.—Second tournament of Connecticut State League, on Springfield Shooting Club grounds.

June 17.—Wellington, Mass.—Massachusetts State Shooting Association's annual shoot. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—Dayton, O.—Dayton Gun Club's amateur tournament.

June 20-21.—Rochester, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Association, under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

June 21-23.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fourth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. Three sets of traps. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 23.—Corry, Pa.—No. 2 tournament of the Corry Gun Club. A. P. Pope, Sec'y.

June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday afterward.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

June 30.—Auburn, Me.—First annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets, Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 3-4.—Davenport, Ia.—The West End Gun Club's amateur tournament on targets. L. Haneman, Sec'y.

July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Brockton Gun Club. Special prizes.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, at targets. Morton Haynes, Sec'y.

July 4.—Centredale, R. I.—Fourth of July shoot of the Centre-dale Gun Club. N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

July 4-6.—Newport News, Va.—First annual tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club. Geo. B. James, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Over-land Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 13.—Albany, N. Y.—Forester Gun Club's annual tournament; targets. H. H. Valentine, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 23.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's third annual tournament for amateurs. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Grand Carnival tournament, fixed for June 30, and July 1 and 2, can be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mr. W. A. Haig, 407 Pabst Building. The first two days have a like programme, eight events, at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$25 added to each, moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. There is also \$100 grand average money, four moneys. The conditions are known traps and known angles. There are three live-bird events on the third day's programme, each to be 26 to 32yds. handicap, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No. 1 is at 15 birds, \$15 entrance, \$250 added. No. 2 is at 10 birds, \$10 entrance, \$150 added. No. 3 is at 10 birds, \$10 entrance, \$100 added. Total added money, \$1,000. American Association rules govern all events. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock each day. Manufacturers' agents and expert shooters in order to participate in the division of money in target events will have to break not less than 19. Targets 2 cents each. Live birds 20 cents each. Price of each included in entrance in all regular events. All ties to be divided unless otherwise provided. Extra events will be arranged, time permitting. No dropping for place will be tolerated. Ten-gauge guns and black powder are barred. Entrance to live-bird events must be in the hands of the secretary on or before July 1, 1 o'clock P. M., otherwise a penalty of \$2.50 must be paid up to the time the last man fires in the first round. Grounds open for practice on June 29. The National line of care go direct to the National Park Club grounds, Milwaukee.

The programme of the annual tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, P. Q., July 1, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. C. H. Foss. The management extends a cordial invitation to the amateur trap-shooters of Canada and the neighboring States. The Rose system will prevail, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in four money events, 8, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in five moneys. A valuable list of merchandise prizes will be added. Shooting commences at 8:30. Lunch served free to shooters. Guns and ammunition addressed in care of Mr. C. H. Foss will be delivered on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents, deducted before dividing. Shooters may enter for price of targets. There are 15 events on the programme, of which six are at 10 targets, \$1, the last being the merchandise event; targets thrown from two traps, unknown angles, 18yds. rise, entrance 50 cents, re-entry 25 cents; there are six 15 target events, \$1.50, and three 20 target events, two at \$2 and the remaining one, a team match, open to teams of five for eastern townships trophy, held by Sherbrooke, entrance price of targets.

At Hazleton, Pa., on June 8, A. S. Van Wickle was accidentally killed with his own gun at a trap shoot just outside of the limits of the city. The press dispatches explain that he leaned on his gun, which was then accidentally discharged, with the tragic result mentioned. Mr. Van Wickle was one of the millionaire coal operators of the Lehigh Valley. He was president of the Van Wickle Coal Company, president of the Hazleton National Bank, and was a distinguished patron of all healthful amateur sports.

The programme is out for the Interstate Association's trap-shooting tournament given for the Meadville Gun Club, Meadville, Pa., July 6 and 7. There are ten events each day on blue-rocks, six at 15, entrance \$1.50, four at 20, entrance \$2. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All ties divide. Guns and ammunition forwarded to F. G. Prenatt, Meadville, Pa., will be delivered at the shooting grounds. First-class lunch served on the grounds at reasonable prices. Interstate rules will govern all events. Application has been made to secure reduced railroad rates, the results of which will be published later. The grounds of the Meadville Athletic Association are about five minutes' walk from railroad stations and hotels. Street cars bearing the signs "Valonia" or "Alleghany College" go directly to the grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The master manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, will have charge of tournament. For further information address Chas. Stein, secretary Meadville Gun Club, Meadville, Pa.

"Billy" Crosby is doing good work out West for the Baker Gun Company, whose gun he is shooting well to the front. His latest achievement is a startler. At the Illinois State shoot at Peoria last week he won the Board of Trade diamond badge, indicative of the live bird championship of the State, with a score of 98 straight. There were 104 entries, each man shooting at 10 birds. Thirty-four men tied on 10 straight. On the shoot-off Crosby ran 88 straight, winning in the 88th round of the ties. He used Winchester factory-loaded ammunition, with 44grs. of E. C. and 1 1/4oz. of 7 1/2. The week previous to the Illinois tournament, he tied with Charley Budd for high average on 95 per cent. at the Piassa Gun Club's shoot at Alton, Ill. Geo. Roll is the man who forced such a long finish to the ties in the diamond badge contest. Roll missed his 88th bird of the tie, thus making an extraordinary run, close up to that of the winner. He used Du Pont powder in a Leader shell.

Under date of June 8, Mr. L. M. Gilbert, 1128 Palmer street, Philadelphia, writes us as follows: "The Hollywood Gun Club opens Wednesday, June 15, with the Hollywood preliminary. Shooting commences at 2 o'clock. Conditions made on the ground. Saturday, June 18, will take place the West End Handicap, 15 birds, entrance \$10, ties at 3 birds; 50 per cent. to winner, 30 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Sweeps afterward. Shooting commences 11:30 o'clock. Ship guns and cartridges to Hollywood Gun Club, Hollywood, N. J. Shooting every Wednesday at 2 P. M. and Saturday 11:30 o'clock until Labor Day. I expect to furnish first-class birds for all events this season. Mr. Fred Clark will manage the grounds."

The third annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club, Ogden, Ill., June 23, is for amateurs only. Event A, at 7 blue rocks, 75 cents, is the Gold Dust Powder Company's event. Event B, 7 blue rocks, 75 cents, is the E. C. and Schultze Powder Company's event. Six other events, 10, 15 and 25 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$3, complete the forenoon programme. In the afternoon the first event, C, is the King Powder Company's event, 10 blue rocks, \$1. D is the Schultze Powder Company's event, 7 blue rocks, 75 cents. Six more events, 10, 15 and 25 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$3, complete the afternoon programme. No bang, no bird. Ten gauge guns and black powder are not barred. Shooting commences at 8:30 o'clock. Wm. McKinley, secretary.

The fourth annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., June 21 to 23, will be on targets, of which there are ten events each day, each event being 15 targets at a uniform entrance fee of \$1.50, excepting No. 7, the Gold Dust Powder event and championship gold medal, on the second day, 75 cents entrance. The grounds will be open for practice on June 20. There are cash prizes for the ten high averages, \$15 to first, \$14 to second, and so on \$1 less to the last. All purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Professionals and manufacturers' agents are barred. For the five low averages made each day merchandise prizes will be awarded. E. R. Chapman, Secretary.

When such records as 99 and 98 out of 100 can be made by one squad on inanimate targets, it begins to look as if something ought to be done to make shooting harder for the experts. The above feats were performed by the "E. C. and Schultze" squad at the Nebraska State shoot, in events No. 6 and No. 4 respectively; on May 26. The squad was made up as follows: Heikes, Leroy and Dickey, with E. C.; Fulford and Glover, with Schultze. Heikes, Leroy, Glover and Fulford ran straight in both events, but Dickey lost one target in No. 6, and two targets in No. 4.

The act of Jack Parker in giving up his successful summer tournament to insure the success of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League shoot, to be held at Detroit in August, as mentioned by Mr. Hough in the report of the Grand Rapids tournament, is one of open-handed generosity of great rarity. But then it is just about what Jack Parker would do when any sacrifice was to be made.

High squad scores have come into season, and there is some curiosity manifested as to the conditions under which the high scores were made; that is, to say, whether the targets were thrown with a special view to being broken, or whether they were thrown in the ordinary manner. On this very important point our reports are silent, and on this very point they should be explicitly clear and full.

At the Peoria tournament Mr. Ed Bingham, of Chicago, gathered to himself a win of the Smith cup, one of the valued trophies of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and much desired by the contestants in the Association's competitions for many years. Eddie pins his faith to Leader shells and Hazard or Du Pont powders.

The communication of Mr. W. C. Hadley, concerning the tournament of the New York State Association at Rochester, N. Y., published in another column, sets forth the earnest purpose and painstaking care of the Association in the matter of its forthcoming tournament. A good support should be accorded it.

The squad score record of 124 out of a possible 125, five men, namely, Messrs. F. E. and S. T. Mallory, Leroy, Ed. O. Bower and F. M. Kiser, made at Parkersburg, W. Va., is something extraordinary in the annals of trap-shooting.

Keep in mind that the watch shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club takes place on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The E. C. cup shoot takes place on the second and fourth Wednesdays.

The annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club, Albany, N. Y., will be held on July 13. Magautrap and blue rocks will be used. H. H. Valentine, manager.

Under date of June 6, Mr. L. Haneman, secretary, writes us as follows: "The West End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., will hold an amateur tournament for targets only on July 3 and 4."

The Brockton Gun Club will give an all-day shoot on July 4 on its grounds at Brockton, Mass.

The South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will hold its annual tournament on targets July 4.

The Elgin National Gun Club will hold a shoot beginning June 25.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., June 8.—We have organized a gun club here, and now have sixty members, which makes us one of the largest, if not the largest, in the State. We have shoots once a week, and on holidays we make it quite an event. We have built us a nice cottage, with a 12ft. piazza on two sides. We are now preparing for a tournament July 4, and expect to offer some very nice prizes, and as soon as we get out our programmes shall be glad to send you one. Below I give you a list of the officers: President, M. H. Ray; Vice-President, Dr. E. W. Knight; Secretary, C. H. Gibson; Treasurer, E. A. Norwood; First Captain, Dr. M. L. Morrison; Second Captain, C. H. Taggart; Executive Committee: H. D. Aldrich, J. H. Blayley, C. E. Capron. Below I give you the score of our last shoot:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
J R Hull	50	Dr W C Mathew	50
Dr M L Morrison	47	W D Knowlton	50
M H Ray	37	C Taggart	45
E A Norwood	33	C E Isham	45
H E Bidwell	31	Dr G H Russell	40
Dr L A Newton	29	A J Blake	35
R Wier	27	W Eaton	30
D Meany	27	F Duffy	25
H H Fassett	25	F Howard	25
Dr E W Knight	24	Jas Byrne	25
L S Eddy	24	W B Hill	25
C Russell	24	W D Damon	25
C F Whitehouse	23	F O Isham	25
G A Dow	21	Al Moore	25
C H Gibson	21	D Webster	25
M Vasser	16	H E Bean	25
E Underhill	14	T Short	25
F Moore	12	J H Bladley	10
G B Allbee	12	C. H. GIBSON, Sec'y.	

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

The twenty-fourth annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association were held at Peoria, Ill., June 7-11. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Peoria race track, and the convention at Fey's Hotel.

The day opened very warm, without a breeze, and with a scorching sun. There was an unusually large crowd in attendance and the space was adequate for their accommodation and comfort.

The Association has shown a large increase in its membership over last year, and the clubs were well represented by their delegates in the convention.

The business meeting of the Association was held June 7 in the parlors of the Hotel Fey, President H. F. Fahnestock in the chair. The president's address was well received.

There were no proposals for the election of new associations or clubs. The secretary reported that the Association had gotten out a new constitution and by-laws revised up to date, with the exception of the year 1893, which it was impossible to get, as he could find no records of that year. The midwinter convention was quite a success. There were about forty delegates present. The business was taken well in hand and a great deal of work done. The sporting papers assisted us in a great many ways by publishing the minutes of the meeting in full. The collections for the year were \$557.60; the disbursements for the year were \$189.80, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$367.80.

In its report the executive committee touched on the matter of the protection of game, referring to the convention of Feb. 9: "The meeting was a grand success, there being about fifty delegates present, and some good work was done. An outline of a bill for the better protection and preservation of game was adopted, and if our law committee can draft a bill from these outlines that will become a law we are satisfied it will be a great help for the protection and propagation of our game. A legislative committee was appointed to look after the matter, besides various others, one of which was a finance committee to solicit \$1 from each sportsman in the State for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the legislative committee in their work with this bill, and to our surprise we regret very much to say that the sportsmen are not coming forth with their dollars as fast as we would like to see them. We wish to ask every member in the house this evening who has not already done so to assist in the good work. Do not wait to be asked, but appoint yourself a committee of one and gather up all the dollars you can for this purpose and report to the finance committee. The bill is a good one, all things considered, and if passed will make a vast difference in our game in a few years. Our State game warden, Mr. Loveday, we think has been doing good work, judging from the number of prosecutions and convictions he has made during his term of office, and every club should give him all the assistance and support possible. It was clearly shown at the February meeting of sportsmen that the fishing interests of the State are well taken care of, and that this Association is satisfied to leave the fish question entirely in the hands of the Board of Fish Commissioners, and that we tender our thanks to Messrs. Bartlett and Cohen for their assistance and co-operation at the winter meeting of the State sportsmen. In soliciting donations for prizes to be given at our tournament we have experienced much hard work to secure what we did. The merchants, manufacturers and jobbers are being bored to death with this sort of thing. Every club in the country is after them for something. We believe that this Association should get out of this old rut and devise other means for prizes. Let the tournament be held under a more modern system, and instead of the winner of the diamond badge and L. C. Smith cup waiting for a year for their winnings let the purses be divided at the conclusion of the shoot into more moneys, and the winner of the badge to receive in addition more than those who tie with him. We therefore recommend that the board of directors or a committee be appointed by the chairman to devise a different way of conducting this yearly tournament, so that instead of begging prizes the cash division of moneys may be sufficient inducement for all sportsmen to attend."

The executive committee's report was accepted as read.

It was voted that the next regular convention and tournament be held at Peoria, Ill., the date of same to be decided upon by the board of directors, with a view possibly to holding same earlier in the year than the month of June, as has been the custom in the past.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. W. M. Allen, ex-Mayor of Peoria, President; C. E. Felton, of Chicago, Vice-President; Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Second Vice-President; G. F. Simmons, of Peoria, Secretary.

It was voted to pay the secretary the sum of \$50 per year as compensation for services rendered as such officer.

Preceding the convention the regular events took place, and the first to finish was the contest for the Smith cup, at 20 targets, from three unknown traps, \$5.40 entrance, five moneys and merchandise prizes. The money was divided in each of the ties, and the merchandise shot for to a finish. The cup was won by Ed Bingham, of Chicago, in the shoot-off with J. B. Barto, of Chicago, and J. E. Smith, of Cerro Gordo, who were the only three with a straight score.

Following are detailed scores of the contest, which had sixty-two entries:

J Huff, Pekin011111110101111110-16
A Huff, Pekin101110100110100000-11
C J Sammis, Peoria1010101011111111001-35
H Lemm, Pekin010110101111111111-47
A Heilman, Pekin101101010000-6
Thos Marshall, Aleo111010111101111111-18
A E Lusy, Peoria000010101111110001-43
Ed Bingham, Eureka111111111111111111-20
O von Lengerke, Garfield111001101111111111-37
A J McQuaid, Canton011100101110101111-14
E S Weinbigler, Bushnell110101011111111111-16
C Powers, Decatur111111101011111111-19
Geo Roll, Blue Island1110101001101010101-24
B Barto, Alpine111111111111111111-20
R Simmonetta, Alpine111111101011111111-18
J Stafford, Pekin101111111011111111-17
F K Whiting, Peoria101111110101010111-16
Ed Steck, Eureka111011001111111111-16
J C Thompson, Canton101111110111111111-18
H W Minor, Piper City0101010111110101000-12
G Walpert, Peoria010110101010111100-13
F P Stannard, Eureka110101111111111111-19
W R Crosby, Decatur111111111110111111-19
J O Paddock, Blue Island110101111100011101-15
V Studley, Kewanee101010111111101111-17
C A Duntley, Bushnell111111101111101101-17
Mudroth, Peoria010100111100011001-11
L H Korn, Bushnell1101111110101010101-15
Dr S Shaw, Garfield101111111011100010-14
J Morris, Pekin000001001000-2
F D Elliott0001010101010-5
M J Eich, Douglas11111111110101100-16
Pfeifer, Peoria010100111010101111-15
G Schaff, Peoria010010101010111111-14
L Huckins, Kewanee111111101110101111-17
Gardt, Galena111100010101010101-14
J A Ruble, Garden City111010101110100011-15
H M Clark, C G101111111010111111-18
McBarnes, Bloomington11101010111010101-16
T J Fortier00101111100-7
J R Kender, Soda000010100001-3
A S Kleinman, Garden City111110101111010110-16
A L Smith, Garden City0010101001-5
J H Amberg, Garden City101010101111110101-15
A E Boltzstein, Gen011111010111111100-16
Al Bestor, B. Island110101101110101110-16
P H Lechner, Ladd011111010101111101-16
S Fraley, Ladd000011000011-4
Parkman, Aleo10110101010101010101-14
J E Smith, Cerro Gordo1111111111111111-20
D E Shively, Cerro Gordo110101011001111111-16
A C Paterson, Eureka011010011110111111-15

Shoot-off of ties:

Ties on 20:

E Bingham9 10 J Smith6 8
B Barto6 8

Ties on 19:

C Powers15 15 W Crosby8 9
F Stannard13 14

Ties on 18:

T Marshall13 15 J C Thompson11 15
J Simminitti3 5 H W Clarke3 5

Ties on 17:

O von Lengerke2 3 C Duntley1 3
J Stafford2 3 L Huckins5 5
V Studley2 3 H Lemon4 5

Ties on 16:									
J Hoff	4	5	H Britenstein	6	8				
Weinbegler	18	20	A S Kleinman	9	10				
E M Steck	19	20	Bester	4	5				
M J Eich	4	5	Reckner	9	10				
McBarnes	7	8	Shivley	2	3				
The sweepstakes at targets were shot from three unknown traps and angles under the Sergeant system, 15 targets, \$1.50, four moneys. Following are the scores:									
Events:	5	6	7	8	Events:	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Sammis	15	14	13	11	Miller	13	13	14	13
McQuaid	15	13	13	..	Campbell	10	..
Powers	15	15	14	14	Studley	13
Thompson	15	Shaff	12	14	12	..
Leisy	14	11	Eich	12
Whitney	14	Korn	12	12	14	..
Steck	14	Paddock	12
Huckins	14	..	9	..	Fretzinger	12	10
Pugh	14	15	Gilbert	12	14	15	15
Weinbegler	14	13	15	..	B Clark	12	14	9	..
Budd	14	14	15	15	Miner	12
Elliott	14	14	14	13	Lachner	12	10	13	..
Stannard	14	Pfeifer	11
Duntley	14	14	12	..	Roll	11	12
Crosby	14	15	11	14	Connors	11	11
Ruble	14	14	15	..	Ohl	11
Phinney	14	10	Kellogg	11	..	12	..
Lance	14	V Boltenstein	11	15	7	..
Lemm	13	10	Bingham	11	13	15	14
Heilman	13	11	Walpert	11	9
Porter	13	10	Baker	11
Marshall	13	15	14	13	Dick	11
Gardt	13	13	13	..	Hickey	11
Hoff	13	Stafford	10	14	12	..
Bestor	10	13	Fahnestock	10	..	12	..
Newell	10	J Hoff	10
Reed	10	13	Long	10
Parkman	10	Kalanczki	10
Kerstatter	10	Johnson	10
J H Woods	9	Adams	9
McDermond	9	9	Bacci	9
Wamasgans	9	F Echley	9	9
Bestor	14	J F Smith	12
H Clark	13	11	14	..	Kinder	10
Lyon	12	Keiken	11
Scholes	11	..	11	..	H Boltenstein	10
Newell	11	Pugh	10	..	14	..
Hale	10	5	Fargo	10
Shrivley	10	Stannard	9	..	14	..
Cool	9	Bordeaux	8
W Wood	13	8	13	..	Porter	8
Long	9	..	Morris	8	8
The following are scores in event 1, 7 live birds, \$5, and No. 2, 10 live birds, \$7, \$12.50 added in each event:									
Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2				
Birds:	7	10	Birds:	7	10				
Huckins	7	10	J Hoff	5	..				
Studley	6	..	W Hoff	6	..				
W A Porter	7	10	G Schaff	5	..				
E Barker	6	7	F R Bissell	7	..				
J Kay	5	..	E H Morrison	7	..				
A S Miller	6	..	O H Porter	3	..				
F Gilbert	7	10	T J Fortier	7	10				
Dr S Shaw	7	9	M J Eich	6	..				
W Quimby	6	10	H W Clark	6	..				
E Bingham	6	..	E S Rice	7	8				
Simmonetti	7	9	T Marshall	7	9				
G Roll	6	..	T Leisy	6	..				
Winebigler	7	9	W Lyons	6	10				
J Rald	7	..	H Levi	5	..				
S Palmer	7	10	J Morris	6	..				
B Barto	7	10	Somerson	6	..				
Fretzinger	7	..	E Harris	5	..				
Partman	5	10	H Ehrhorn	4	8				
Fargo	7	10	E Dig	7	..				
Parkhurst	7	8	G Franklin	7	..				
D B Dicks	7	10	Bacci	5	..				
C W Budd	7	10	F Matt	6	..				
J A R Elliott	7	..	Nauer	7	..				
R W Cool	7	9	Miller	10	..				
B Smith	7	..	Bestor	10	..				
C Powers	7	..	Frailey	9	..				
Dick	6	..	Lachner	8	..				
Walpert	6	..	Boltenstein	9	..				
J Watson	7	10	H H Fahnestock	8	..				
E Steck	7	..	Meidroth	10	..				
A S Kleinman	7	..	W H Patterson	8	..				
C Pfeifer	6	8	Johnson	9	..				
W Heilman	7	8	Roll	10	..				
H Lemm	7	10							

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.

The day opened with a good crowd in attendance, there being fully 300 persons on the grounds, notwithstanding the intense heat of the boiling sun, which continued throughout the day, until 2 o'clock, when it poured rain for an hour, and had a tendency to cool the atmosphere greatly. During the shower all shooting ceased. After the rain the shooting resumed, but little was done with the live birds, as the traps were disarranged some by the rain washing dust and sand into them, and the birds would not get away when the trap was sprung.

The target events continued smoothly. All were at 15 targets, unknown traps and angles, Sergeant system, \$1.50, four moneys. Following are scores of same:

Events:	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Weinbegler	13	15			13	13			12
McQuaid	13	11	14	12	15	14	12	14	
Thompson	12	12			13	11	13	13	
Samuels	15						14	14	
Kalanczki	13		13				12		12
Hickey	14	9							
Gardt	15		12	15	14	8	14	13	14
Lonsberry	14		12	12	10	10	13	11	
Ruble	11						15		
Whiting	14								
Gilbert	15	15	15	15	15	13	14	14	15
B F Cook	12			9					
Phinney	10								
Day	12								
D Dodd	9	12	10	12	14	14	12	13	
Lechner	14	10	9	11	13	12	12	11	10
Huckins	13	14	8				15	13	14
Boltenstein	13								
Dick	12	8					10	11	
Kuss	11	11	10		12	15	14	13	12
Stannard	13						12		
Simmonetti	13		13		7				
Bester	14	13					15	11	13
Gayer	13	12	11	11	13	10			
Bacci	10		10				12		
Korn	13	11			12	13	14	13	
Carroll	8	14	14	12	14	13	14	10	
Reed	10								
Lang	13	13	10						
Pugh	14		13						
Bair					9				
Elliott	13	14	14	14	14	14	15		
Budd	15	15	15	14	14	13	15	15	12
H M Clark	14	12	12	11	12	14	14	13	13
Duntley	13	13	13		14				
Funnycliff	14	15	13		15	12	12		
Eich	14		13						
Marshall	15	13	13	13	11	14	15	14	12
Wm Gilbert					12	13	13	12	
Al Henry					12				
Day					12				
Duis					13	10			
Stafford					9	12			
Ferris							9		
Tony							4		
Kellogg					15	9		14	12
J H Wood					11		10		
Walpert							8		
W Wood							13		
Robertson					13		11		
Shivley					11			13	11
Frehley					10				
Jones								14	12
Ehrhorn					12		11	11	
Pierce							14	13	12
Robinson									

Gilbert	15	15	14	14	15	13	14
H Clark	14	14	14	14	15	14	14
McQuaid	12	14	15	14	12	11	15
Pierce	15	12	13	11	10	13	13
A Miller	13	12	13	11	11	12	11
Nance	11	12	7	10	11	11	11
Kleinman	14	15	13	12	11	14	14
Lemm	12	11	10	10	11	14	14
Todd	13	11	10	10	11	14	14
B Clark	14	11	10	10	11	14	14
Minor	9	9	10	10	11	10	11
Dr Shaw	12	10	10	10	11	10	11
Barto	12	10	10	10	11	10	11
Sammis	10	12	12	10	11	10	11
Steck	14	15	12	10	11	10	11
Bestor	14	13	10	10	11	10	11
Wood	11	11	14	10	11	10	11
Stannard	14	14	10	10	11	10	11
Shaff	14	11	10	10	11	10	11
Morrissey	12	10	10	10	11	10	11
Stafford	12	10	10	10	11	10	11
Simonetti	14	10	10	10	11	10	11
Lechner	13	10	10	10	11	10	11
Miller	13	10	10	10	11	10	11
Thompson	11	12	12	11	10	11	10
H Levi	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
Shevley	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
Parkman	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
Morrison	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
Hoyt	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
E Baker	12	12	9	10	11	10	11
J Johnson	14	13	10	10	11	10	11
Morris	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Rubie	13	12	13	12	13	12	13
Roll	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Fraily	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Wilson	12	10	10	10	11	10	11
Farmer	14	10	10	10	11	10	11
Cool	10	10	10	10	11	10	11
Simmons	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hein	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
H A Becker	12	13	13	13	13	13	13
Leisey	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Singley	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bordeaux	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
McBarnes	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Fortier	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Jones	14	12	13	13	13	13	13
W Gilbert	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Pieffer	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
J Smith	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

FRIDAY, FOURTH DAY.

The fourth day opened with a large number of enthusiastic shooters on the grounds at an early hour. Preparatory to the shooting of the team race some sweeps were indulged in. The day was extremely hot until the latter part of the afternoon, when a regular windstorm, accompanied by rain, set in, cooling the atmosphere as well as the ardor of the shooters, who sought safety from the elements under the roof of the pavilion. The tents sustained some damage by being blown down and torn. This is the second similar experience during the week.

The team race started early in the day and continued well into the afternoon. Some good scores were made by the shooters on all of the teams. In the case of the second and third ties the money was divided and the merchandise disposed of by chance. Other ties were shot off.

Following are detailed scores:

Kewanee No. 1.			Eureka No. 1.		
E E Baker.....	2021122021	8	A Paterson.....	122211221	9
A Miller.....	11111111	9	E Bingham.....	222222222	10
G N Kerstetter.....	222222222	10	E M Steck.....	2210222212	9
J Samuelson.....	211111222	10-37	T Marshall.....	222222022	9-37
Dixon No. 1.			Eureka No. 2.		
C F Throop.....	2021122021	8	E S Rice.....	1121102110	8
F E Morris.....	2101121201	8	J Glover.....	222222222	10
Dr Pankhurst.....	2011212121	9	F P Stannard.....	222221222	10
B Smith.....	1221212011	9-34	C P Richards.....	121221222	10-38
Dixon No. 2.			Peoria No. 1.		
J Dicus.....	1122111221	10	F Barr.....	*22212121	9
E C Day.....	2111110201	8	A E Leisy.....	1221222112	10
A Bacon.....	022222222	9	F K Whiting.....	112220212	9
Kolanczic.....	222122212	10-37	C Bartson.....	122121110	9-37
Aledo.			Peoria No. 2.		
E Parkman.....	2111211212	10	J M Brown.....	222222202	9
R W Cool.....	2221221211	10	J Johnston.....	220212012	8
I R Bencent.....	*021222110	7	W Mudroth.....	222222122	10
J McRoberts.....	110122210	8-35	G Simmons.....	222222222	9-36
Blue Island.			Audubon.		
R Krueger.....	2221210112	9	J Gillespie.....	112111112	10
C Barber.....	112211121	10	F R Bissell.....	222222222	10
G Airey.....	1221222210	10	C B Dicks.....	002222112	8
G Roll.....	0221211111	9-38	Ovon Lengerke.....	222222222	10-38
Pekin.			Garden City No. 1.		
J Hoff.....	222121122	10	F E Adams.....	122121212	10
H Becker.....	1121211212	10	J A Rubie.....	111211012	9
W Hoff.....	122222212	10	H E Ehlers.....	101212121	9
H Lemm.....	0221112211	9-39	A Kleinman.....	212110222	9-37
Social No. 1.			Garden City No. 2.		
G Walpert.....	102110211	8	A L Smith.....	221201211	9
J Wambsgans.....	212102121	9	H Levi.....	220222022	7
C Schoenhuder.....	212102121	9	T H Amberg.....	21211102	9
A N Keith.....	010201211	7-24	J Watson.....	201201210	7-32
Kewanee No. 2.			Rock Island.		
L Huckins.....	222222222	10	W A Porter.....	012111101	8
C Powers.....	22222121	10	E Nance.....	221222212	10
V Studley.....	222120221	9	A Bestor.....	112212121	10
T Ladin.....	211011111	9-38	W Paterson.....	11212222	10-38
Pottstown.			Piper City.		
A Heilman.....	111001211	8	F J Fortier.....	112221212	10
G Schaff.....	220222222	9	J D Harris.....	212211112	10
C Sammis.....	221212122	10	H M Miner.....	1121*2211	9
G N Postman.....	212122212	10-37	J McBarnes.....	w	-29
Garfield.			Social.		
Dr Shaw.....	220222222	9	McQuaid.....	002211011	7
S Palmer.....	211121111	10	A Morrison.....	222222112	10
R Kuss.....	222222221	10	J Thompson.....	122212121	10
M J Eich.....	011122221	9-38	M E Wilson.....	0211222221	9-36
Geneseo.			Ladd.		
M Boltensern.....	222212222	10	J R Kinder.....	2000221102	6
H Boltensern.....	121222220	9	C H Waugh.....	122021119	8
V Boltensern.....	221121121	10	J H Lechner.....	221222222	10
W Harbaugh.....	102021111	8-37	S Fraley.....	22221210	8-38
Alpine, Chicago.			Duck Island.		
S Tony.....	120120021	7	H Fahnestock.....	111112212	10
R Simonetti.....	210122102	8			
J B Barto.....	112112220	9			
S Balkow.....	221222121	10-31			

The following are scores in the target events:

Events:							
Targets:	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Bacci	8	13	Stannard	9	13	13	13
Gilbert	13	15	Hein	9	13	13	13
McQuaid	14	15	Budd	15	14	15	15
Jones	12	14	Elbott	15	13	12	12
Kuss	12	14	Rubie	15	13	12	12
Powers	13	15	Leisy	7	13	13	13
Minor	10	13	B Smith	13	13	13	13
Marshall	13	15	Wilson	10	13	13	13
Miller	13	15	Steck	10	13	13	13
Lemm	12	11	Huckins	14	14	13	13
Duis	13	12	Kolanczic	10	11	11	11
Ohl	13	13	Stafford	12	13	13	13

The following are scores in an extra event, 10 live birds, 32, two moneys:

Watson	9	Gillispie	9	Levi	8	Amberg	9	Walpert	9	Meidroth	8
Powers	10	Paterson	8	Fargo	7	McQuaid	9	Leisy	9	Fahnstock	10
Johnson	9	Wilson	8								

Extra events, 7 live birds, for price of birds:

Backer	6	Bacon	6	6	6	6	6
Fahnstock	6	7	F Barr	5	7	5	7
Harbaugh	5	3	Leisy	5	3	5	3
Wood	4	4	McRoberts	5	4	5	4

The team race practically ended the fixed events on the programme. The conditions were teams of four men each, 25 targets per man, from three known traps, unknown angles, \$5, three moneys. First place was won by Eureka, of Chicago, and the three lowest won consolation prizes.

Eureka—W. D. Stannard 23, Bingham 22, Marshall 24, Steck 25—94.
Kewanee—Studley 20, Miller 22, Huckins 23, Powers 24—89.
Canton—Bestor 19, Thompson 23, Lemm 22, McQuaid 25—89.
Peoria No. 3—Fahnstock 23, Wood 23, Bordeaux 21, Wamsgang 21—88.

Garfield—Shaw 23, Von Lengerke 19, Eich 23, Kuss 22—87.
Peoria No. 1—Whiting 19, Partman 23, Sammis 23, Barton 21—86.
Dixon No. 2—Throop 21, Bacon 20, Pankhurst 21, Day 22—84.
Dixon No. 1—Kolanczic 22, Morris 17, Smith 23, Dewes 21—83.
Peoria No. 2—Simmons 24, Meidroth 17, Brown 22, Leisey 20—83.
Piper City—Fortier 21, Minor 18, McBarnes 20, Harris 23—82.
Garden City No. 1—Adams 19, Rubie 23, Kleinman 23, Gillispie 16—81.
Social No. 2, of Peoria—Spielman 19, Dick 20, McNeal 24, Bair 18—81.
Alpine—Barto 23, Tony 13, Bacci 15, Simonetti 18—69.
Social No. 1, of Peoria—Ohl 21, Hurd 17, Morrison 15, Fargo 15—68.
Pottsville—Partman 20, Stafford 17, Dodd 17, Keith 21—75.
Eureka No. 2—Paterson 18, Roll 18, Glover 12, Rice 17—65.
Ladd—Fraily 14, Wall 19, Kinder 20, Lechner 11—64.
Garden City No. 2—Smith 16, Levi 20, Dicks 11, Richards 16—63.
A. C. PATERSON.

New York State Association.

PROGRAMME FOR THE TOURNAMENT.

THERE is little cause for wonder at the late arrival of the programme for the coming shoot of the New York State Association at Rochester N. Y., June 20-24, when once a glimpse of that programme has been had. To say that it is an elaborate programme, and one well calculated to draw shooters to Rochester, is not stretching the absolute truth one whit. Infinite care has been bestowed upon its compilation, and the managers of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club are to be congratulated upon the result of their efforts in the line of getting up a programme.

At the annual meeting at Auburn last summer, Mr. Hadley, on behalf of the Rochester boys, promised that they would give the shooters of the State a good time in 1898, and if appearances go for anything Mr. Hadley's promise will be redeemed nobly.

PLENTY OF SHOOTING AND ADDED MONEY.

There is plenty of shooting and added money for the boys to scrap for. The club adds a total of \$725 during the four days; or rather, during the first three actual days of the tournament, for the State shoot does not really commence until June 21, although a series of preliminary sweeps will be shot on Monday, June 20, the traps being ready first thing in the morning.

A careful examination of the programme shows that an expert, who is a member of the State Association, will have a chance to shoot 750 targets during the three days, June 21, 22 and 23, exclusive of the team race, while that event and the Lefever medal race on Friday, June 24, would raise the total to 795 targets.

In the State events, of which there are nine, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6 are at 25 targets. In Nos. 1 and 5 the club adds \$50 to each purse, while in Nos. 2, 4 and 6 \$25 is added to each purse. From the purses in these five events 5 per cent. is deducted to form a fund for average money; to this fund the club will add \$25, the total purse so formed being divided into four moneys, class shooting.

State event No. 3 is the annual merchandise race, and the long list of prizes, 92 in number, shows that the Soliciting Committee has worked hard to secure a list lengthy enough to guarantee that almost every shooter gets a prize. Among the list of prizes are seven guns, a camera, sewing machine, and plunder of all kinds.

STATE TROPHY EVENTS.

There are three trophy events, open to members of the State Association only. These events are: No. 7, four men team race, 25 targets per man, \$10 per team. The first prize is a Parker hammerless gun. No. 8 is the Lefever medal contest, 20 targets, \$2 entrance. The medal and 25 per cent. of the purse goes to the winner. The conditions, which have been altered from the old ones of 20 singles and 5 pairs, a truly sporting event, read that the medal goes to the man making the "first best score at 20 single blue rocks." The balance of the purse is divided among the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth "best scores" respectively. This, we conclude, means high guns. The proportion into which the above balance of the purse is divided is 25, 20, 15, 10 and 5 per cent.

The third trophy event, No. 9, is the Dean Richmond trophy, 20 live birds per man, three men to a team, entrance \$15 per team, birds extra. This event, as well as the Lefever medal, will be shot for on Friday, June 24. The conditions are that each team of three men must be made up of "three members of a club belonging to the Association, such members to be residents of the county in which the club is located."

OPEN SWEEPS FOR BOTH CLASSES.

Two magatrap will be run for open sweeps only. On one set a programme of ten 20 target events per day is arranged, entrance \$2, \$10 added to each purse. At this magatrap anybody can shoot. Another trap will, however, be in position, and will be used for throwing targets in events open only to "amateurs," who average under \$5 per cent. As soon as a shooter averages 85 per cent. or better in any one day on this trap, he is advanced a peg, and goes up to shoot (unless he quits) with the experts at the other magatrap. The amateurs' programme consists of five 20-target events, \$2 entrance, and five 15-target events, \$1.50 entrance. The club adds \$10

Grand Rapids' Great Week.

VALLEY CITY ANNUAL.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 11.—The fifth annual tournament of the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, began at this city Monday June 6, and was one of the features of the Grand Rapids great week of sport. This shoot is one of those under the auspices of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. A better meeting place would be difficult to find than this progressive city. The grounds, a quarter of an hour distant by electric car, are very accessible and very pleasant for shooting purposes. They lie on top of a high knoll, near the Country Club, surrounded by open fields. Beyond is a fringe of dark green trees, but this lies below the line of sight and does not interfere with a clear sky background. Here tents and proper stands were erected and a very able set of hustlers installed. The weather was good, but the attendance lighter than was expected and deserved. It was said by several circuit followers that the war is evidently cutting into the trap-shooting now. Among others from out of town were Jack Parker and the Detroit crack, J. A. Marks; Sid, A. Crowell, of Hastings; C. J. De Roo, of Holland; Casper Schilling, of Lansing; C. J. Bonsfield, of Bay City; Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, with others from Zeeland, Jackson, Muskegon, etc. All these were royally entertained by the Valley City men, whose reception committee is composed of David Forbes, John Waddell, Ben O. Bush, C. B. Kelsey, Ralph Widdicombe and C. M. Greenway. The officers of the club are: James Bayne, President; C. B. Kelsey, Vice-President; C. F. Rood, Secretary; W. S. Coleman, Treasurer. The directors are: L. L. Skillman, G. H. Davidson and H. J. Bennett.

STATE LEAGUE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League was held Monday evening, at the rooms of the Military Club. President J. A. Marks, of Detroit, was in the chair. Detroit, Grand Rapids, Holland, Lansing, Saginaw, Bay City, Jackson, Sault Ste. Marie, Pontiac and Kalamazoo were represented. The officers of the Association were all present as follows: President, J. A. Marks, of Detroit; Vice-President, A. G. North, of Pontiac; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Brady, of Detroit; Directors, F. J. Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie; C. J. Bonfield, of Bay City; C. B. Kelsey, of Grand Rapids; C. J. De Roo, of Holland.

After the formal business had been completed, discussion began on the question of holding a regular big State League shoot annually. It was voted to hold shoot, and the first place was decided to be Detroit, and the date some time in August. At this juncture Jack Parker performed a little act which brought out much applause and put him high in the estimation of those present. It was known that Jack's regular summer shoot was set for August, a tournament which has long been recognized as one of the high-class yearly fixtures. Though aware of the possible financial loss it would entail, Jack Parker arose and said he would waive his own shoot and throw it over to the State shoot, so that the success of the latter might be the more certain. Much commendation met this proposition.

The Michigan League recognizes the growing importance of the amateur-professional question, and took steps to make it to the advantage of the amateur to compete in its events. It will hang up ten to twenty different moneys in the hope of bringing out a big entry, and will give merchandise prizes.

The next regular circuit shoot of the League will be held in July, at Lansing. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, William M. Thompson, Jackson; Vice-President, George H. Davidson, Grand Rapids; Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Brady, Detroit; Directors: Caspar Schilling, C. J. De Roo, C. J. Bonsfield and C. B. Kelsey.

JACK PARKER'S STRING.

Jack Parker seemed to have a large-sized string on about everything in sight, and anything that he let get away was purely through a matter of oversight. He won the first average for the first day, and high average for the two days. He won the handsome Bay Co. loving cup trophy, tying Ben Bush on 24 out of 25 and then shooting out the latter. This trophy he has now won three times in succession, and it becomes his property. He has had to shoot at 100 targets to win it, and has scored 95 out of the 100. Jack also won the individual expert championship medal, 25 targets, unknown traps and angles, scoring 21. In the King's Smokeless handicap trophy race he tied Marks, 23 out of 25, but lost in the tie, Marks winning. The semi-expert medal was won by Bauknecht, of Muskegon, and the amateur medal was captured by Lisle, of Grand Rapids. On the morning of the second day the State team shoot was contested, in which were entered two teams from Detroit, two from Grand Rapids and one each from Kalamazoo and Holland. The second Detroit team won, and the first Grand Rapids took second honors. The winning team was composed of Marks, Bortie and Avery. Their score was 58 targets out of 75. The team composed of Davidson, Widdicombe and Holcomb, which took second place, broke 57. The other Detroit team also scored 57. Grand Rapids' second team got 56, Holland 54 and Kalamazoo 53.

The Detroit men, of the River Rouge Gun Club, challenged the Valley City Club, of Grand Rapids, holder of the Shooting and Fishing trophy, for a contest, and as a matter of courtesy this challenge was accepted, though not offered in strictly technical regularity and though it found the local men somewhat crippled. This contest was shot off in spirited fashion Wednesday afternoon and won by Detroit, Marks, of Detroit, finishing the last string of doubles for his team in very brilliant form. The score was: River Rouge 162, Valley City 155.

The following are the scores in the regular schedule, ten events a day:

MONDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	* 15	20	15	25	25
S A Crowell	8	10	12	14	10	20	12	19	14	22
Elkerton	6	7	6	7	7	11
Holcomb	8	13	8	17	12	23	10	18	11	22
Bush	9	11	14	14	12	24	11	14	10	22
De Roo	5	10	8	..	9	21	9	12	8	..
Marks	8	14	14	18	11	16	13	17	15	18
Parker	10	13	12	20	14	24	13	17	14	22
Bortie	6	8	9	11	..	22
Widdicombe	9	10	11	18	10	19	10	17	13	23
Brady	7	11	11	14	13	17	11	14	12	19
Ferguson	6	11	10	..	8	..	6	17	13	..
Mayer	7	10	9	13	7	22	..	14	10	..
Bonsfield	..	1	5	4
Reed	10	..	10	..	17
Vosburgh	..	9	10	13	6	13	..	6
Thompson	..	13	10	17	12	19	12	..	12	20
Davidson	..	12	9	15	13	17	13	14	10	..
Ganthier	..	6	..	11	14	17	8	8
Brady	..	13
Skillman	..	9	6
Walton	13	10	..	11	13	13	18	..
Greenway	12	..	17	11
Bauknecht	11	21	12	14	14
Page	9	17	..	17
Karsters	11	19	13	..	15	19
Lisle	18	11
Williams	14	9	..	8
G A Gould	11	..	13
Kelsey	10	19	8
Fleischer	23

* No. 6 was at from 25 to 30.

TUESDAY, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	
Parker	11	13	10	14	13	18	13	24	
Marks	13	11	12	12	13	14	18	23	
Avery	13	14	13	15	11	12	19	21	
Brady	8	10	11	12	10	12	19	21	
Widdicombe	13	8	12	13	13	14	19	21	
Fleischer	12	12	14	12	12	19	17		
Crowell	12	12	11	10	
Davidson	11	12	12	..	12	..	22	20	
Bortie	12	12	15	8	
Thompson	13	14	15	12	13	12	22	..	
Karsters	9	14	12	13	12	9	
Bauknecht	9	13	12	11	..	13	
Buck	13	15	14	12	14	14	24	17	
Holcomb	9	12	14	12	13	
De Roo	7	10	..	7	..	18	21	..	
Vosburgh	9	4	..	12	8	..	11	..	
Ganthier	10	..	9	21	
Schilling	5	..	3	..	10	
Dee	9	..	7	..	12	16	21	..	
Ferguson	9	10	20	
Reed	..	7	15	
Mick	..	11	15	
Lisle	..	20	20	
De Wolf	..	8	
Nelson	..	6	
Kelsey	..	19	22	
Skillman	..	15	

The conditions of the medal shoot for the championship, expert, semi-expert and amateur medals, according to League classification, were 25 targets, entrance price of targets. The scores:

Experts.

Holcomb	110011101000001010000011	11
Avery	101010110111001100110110	16
Crowell	1111101110010110111111	19
Davidson	1011011111010110011100	17
Karsten	0111001101111101111110	19
Thompson	0011110110101011111001	17
Parker	01111111011111011011	21
Bush	10110101110101110101010	16
Marks	011111011101011010111	19
Widdicombe	0011111001011101011100	16
Fleischer	1011111101100111111110	20

Semi-experts.

Brady	0110111101111100111010	18
Ferguson	0110101100101100110101	14
Bortie	11111111111111011111	24
Bauknecht	11111111110111111111	21

Amateurs.

Reed	1000000001001000110101	10
Ganthier	0110111100011100111111	18
Lisle	1111101111101101101101	20
Nelson	10111001001010001000001	11
N F Avery	0010100100000100010011	10
De Roo	1011011011110011111111	19

Shoot-off of tie:

Bortie	101101101111111111010	20
Bauknecht	11111111110101011011	21

TEAM RACE.

The team race, 25 targets per man, diamond button to each member of the winning team, resulted as follows:

Detroit No. 2.

Marks	111111111100111011001	20
Bortie	111110111101101011101	20
Avery	0111101111011101101000	18-58

Holland.

Karstens	110110110101111111101	20
Ferguson	01101111000101011011	17
De Roo	101001110111011010011	17-54

Detroit No. 1.

Parker	11011101101111111111	22
Fleischer	11011011111101111110	21
Brady	000100101110110110100	14-67

Grand Rapids.

Davidson	11110011101101100111101	18
Widdicombe	01111101111100111111	21
Holcomb	101011110011001111110	18-57

Kalamazoo.

Bush	01111111001110111111	21
Vosburgh	00010010100010011101	13
Moyer	011100111101101011111	19-53

Grand Rapids No. 2.

Eckert	00111001101110111111	19
Kelsey	11111111111000110111	21
Calkins	1000101111110011101001	16-56

Belle Meade Gun Club.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 7.—Herewith are scores of the shooting that we had at Belle Meade on June 4. We had a fine day, and the birds were extremely fast. Mr. Fallis, of Louisville, carried off the honors of the day, as he won the silver cup which was offered to the winner of the 25-bird race. Mr. Fallis has every reason to be proud of his shooting. This was his third appearance at the trap, and taking that in consideration he is a remarkable shot. There were some other good shots down from Memphis and Kentucky.

Messrs. Poston, Neely and Frank, from Memphis; Messrs. Lyons, Capt. Du Bray and Fallis, from Louisville, Ky.; Messrs. Poston, Frank, Weaver, Neely and Schmidt, from Memphis.

No. 1 was 7 live birds, sweepstake; No. 2 was 10 live birds; No. 3 was miss-and-out; No. 4 was 25 birds; No. 5 was 15 birds; Nos. 6, 7 and 8 were miss-and-outs, re-entry permitted up to 5th birds.

Norton	02202**	3	222222222	10	20
Culbertson	1122220	6	120120222	8	20
Houston	2*2221	6	220212021	8	*
Poston	2*11222	6	21*2*20202	6	21210
Elliston	11211*2	6	222222*222	9	2212111112122112
Frank	0202222	5	222222222	10	2222222222222222
Weaver	1222120	6	2*20021202	7	*
Fite	2220012	5	02*202*022	5	0
Neely	2*22022	5	22*21022*2	7	2222222222222222
Ewing	2202222	6	2221221222	10	0
Lyons	2222222	7	2221*21022	8	2222222222222220
Capt Du Bray	1221222	7	222122220	10	222122220
Fallis	2*21122	6	2212222121	10	2222212121222110
Marks	22222*2	6	2212*221*2	8	2222*
Gen'l Jackson	222112*2	9	21212*	9	21212*
Gerst	1210
Legler	220
Cullom	222222120

Fourth event, 25 live birds, 30yds. rise in all events, for silver cup:

Norton	2*22022222**22022 w	
Culbertson	2*22022**0222222* w	
Houston	2222*20221*222110222*212	20
Poston	022132*222211222*22222222	22
Elliston	222*222*2222222220212*22	21
Frank	*222220222*2222202*2222	20
Weaver	21202*221020222222222121	22
Fite	2211*2111120221210112121*	21
Neely	22*21222222102222*2222*	21
Ewing	21120212021111**21212*21	20
Lyons	220022222*22222220222222	21
Du Bray	01*21111021122**22021121	19
Fallis	1210222211122222*22222	23
Gerst	12*11212021210212222*1	21
Cullom	21*21210*12020022 w	
Marks	2*2*2200221110 w	
	*21210*2221**212121* w	

Norton	22022222222*22	13	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Culbertson	02122*2* w				
Houston	*22110* w				
Poston	222111222211122	15	22211-5	2220*	
Elliston	222222*2222022	13	22112-5	111221212	9
Frank	2222*222202222	12	*220		
Weaver	0222*22* w			121110	
Fite	22*02* w				
Neely	222222222*2222	13	0110	211221212	9
Ewing	20202** w				
Fallis	0222222222	*222-13			
Gen'l Jackson	12222*		
Du Bray	022*0220 w				

No. 8:	111*110	
Poston	21222222	
Elliston	10222211221222*	
Frank	1112222111122112	16
Neely

W. R. ELLISTON.

Toronto Junction Gun Club.

TORONTO JUNCTION, June 10.—The Toronto Junction Gun Club held their fourth shoot at bluerocks for the "Strothers cups"

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1898.

VOL. L.—No. 26.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Our Jubilee Number, 1873—1898.

WITH the present number is completed the Fiftieth Volume of the FOREST AND STREAM. It is a Jubilee Number, with added pages of reading and an art supplement with illustrations. Sketch and story and picture speak for themselves. In generous store, variety, interest and value, they testify to an expansion of resources keeping pace with the years.

The quarter century of FOREST AND STREAM's publication has been a period notable for changes and development of the interests with which it is concerned. The transitions have been both of the material features of field sports and of popular opinion and practice with respect to the rod and the gun. Those years are to be accounted momentous and memorable in the development of this peculiar field which have witnessed changes so tremendous and far-reaching. Briefly noted some of the more important phases of the quarter century have been these:

1. The general diminution of game throughout the continent, and its extinction from vast areas where formerly it was found in an abundance fancied to be inexhaustible. The buffalo, America's largest and most numerous game species, has been obliterated. The elk, the antelope, the deer, the mountain sheep, have been exterminated from wide regions which a quarter century ago were counted desirable hunting grounds. The prairie chicken has been swept away from entire geographical belts. In lesser degree other game has been reduced from abundance of supply to scarcity and rarity.

2. A widely prevailing change of public sentiment respecting game laws and game protection. Communities once fatuously indifferent or hostile to the theory of protection now endorse and support it. The question no longer is whether the game shall be protected, but how best its protection may be assured. We have seen one State after another in the East and in the West adopt stringent game codes and establish efficient systems of public officials charged with the enforcement of the statutes. This practical recognition of the economic value of the fish and game supply, as something to be conserved and wisely administered for the public good, is essentially a growth of the quarter century.

3. The development of fishculture from its experimental and tentative beginnings into an established scientific and practical industry, by which the stock of angling waters has been replenished and maintained, and a national food supply has been provided to the value of millions of dollars.

4. The beginning and development of the private game and fish preserve system. Preserves have been known in America from time immemorial, but as a system widely adopted for insuring good shooting by individuals and associations it belongs to the period under review; and the extent to which it has been developed makes it not the least important and significant manifestation of the quarter century.

5. The perfection of the breechloading shotgun, the magazine sporting rifle, and of all shooting appliances.

6. The invention and general adoption of machine-loaded shells. This is a new age of factory-loaded ammunition.

7. The invention and practical use of nitro powders. If you would reckon the time between 1873 and 1895, picture the woodcock shooter of the former period with his muzzleloading cloud maker, and the gunner of to-day with hammerless breech-loader and smokeless powder.

8. The invention of the artificial flying target and trap, and the marvelous development of trap-shooting.

9. The addition of the camera to the sportsman's outfit, that he may secure by the magic of the sunlight lasting pictures of camp and field and game. We live in an age of progress and invention so rapid and so all embracing that we have actually lost the faculty of appreciating at their true value some of these modern possibilities enjoyed by the outer of to-day. How wonderful, for instance, as in very truth it is, would have been considered in 1873 that triumph of amateur photography which has secured for one of our illustrations to-day the picture of a live mountain goat in his native wilderness.

10. The extension of railroad and steamboat lines, and traveling facilities affording ready access to fishing waters and hunting grounds once so remote and inaccessible as to have been barred from all but the favored few.

11. In general, and more notable than all else, the increased and increasing popularity of the sports of the rod and the gun, and the well nigh universal change of public sentiment respecting them.

It has been the gratifying good fortune of FOREST AND STREAM to see the several interests it undertook to promote grow steadily in popularity and importance. Rational sports with the rod and gun are better appreciated to-day than they were twenty-five years ago. They hold a much larger place in the year's calendar now than then. The development has been not in popularity alone, but in dignity as well. That old-time prejudice against a fisherman as a vagabond and shiftless fellow has long since been dissipated; who should advance it in these days would be pooh-poohed for his foolishness. The once prevalent and mistaken notion that to go shooting was a simple waste of time has been outgrown, let us hope forever. The sound good sense of an annual outing is now given prominent recognition, for we are learning with a more and more appreciative understanding every day that a holiday on the waters or in the woods means health and strength, a cheerful spirit, a clear brain, and a sound heart to do and dare and work and win. We are learning to live as we live, and to get some good out of the natural world, which has ready at hand for us reward and delight if we will but accept the invitation to prove them. This is the doctrine which from the beginning has been proclaimed in these columns, and not only on this first page weekly, but in the several departments, where tens of thousands (literally) have in the experiences there related illustrated, confirmed, and given point to the preaching.

The FOREST AND STREAM was designed in the beginning to be a grown man's paper, adult, rational, poised, contained, dignified. How well in those first years it realized and sustained the character is within the recollection of those readers—and their name is legion—who have known the paper from the start. To be governed by the spirit of the early days has been the motive of those who have been identified with the conduct in later years; theirs has been no other ambition than to carry out the purpose laid down by Charles Hallock when he wrote in the first number: "The object of this journal will be studiously to promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects."

In advocating the interests to which it is devoted, in providing a weekly medium for the interchange of experience and opinion and sentiment for the brotherhood of the rod and the gun, of the log cabin, the lean-to and the shelter-tent, in giving substance and character and popularity to the current literature of field sport, in proclaiming in season and "out of season" the doctrines which make up the creed of the American sportsman as the paper knows that creed, the FOREST AND STREAM has been an agency of recognized force. In its columns may be read the story of the field sportsmanship of the continent for a quarter of a century.

In another column is reviewed something of the changes which have come in the West. Hardly less in extent are the transformations which have been wrought in the East. On the Atlantic Coast the development of seaside resorts with shore hotels and cottages has converted scores of once favorite and famous shooting grounds into the arid desolation of board walks, bathing houses and band stands, roller coasters, Ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds. Tracts of swamps and sunk lands once renowned for their woodcock and snipe

have been invaded by the dredgers and ditchers, subjugated by ploughshare and cultivator, and converted into farms and truck patches. Many a famous cover has been robbed of its remoteness and shorn of its wildness and bereft of its game, and to many another still preserving its first estate the game no longer comes.

Of these mutations and diminutions and deprivations has been born the spirit of "save himself who can"; and here and there, by individual or associated enterprise, lands have been acquired to be preserved for exclusive shooting privileges. The preserve system, as has been said, did not originate in this quarter century; there were high-priced shooting points on the Chesapeake and elsewhere in the old days; but in the period from 1873 to the present the rapid decrease of game has given the great impulse to the movement which has made the game preserve as a system continent wide, and has caused to come to pass even while we were foretelling it, such universal adoption of the system that there is to-day more of good shooting and fishing in the preserves than outside of them.

Of the advertisers who first employed FOREST AND STREAM twenty-five years ago, when it was young and small and struggling, many may still be found using its columns, and paying its advertising bills. Some of the best known names of firms dealing in guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, boats and canoes and general sporting goods began to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM very early in its history, and have continued with hardly a break to the present time. Through good report and evil report, in booms and panics, and through business changes, summer and winter alike, these firms have continued to advertise, for no other reason than that it paid them to do so. We need not say that this long connection is a matter of genuine pride. There are also numbers of firms more recently established whose use of the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM extends over many years. These firms have proved by their dealings with their customers that they render an honest service for the money which they receive, and we are glad to commend them to our readers. The character of its advertisers has always been a matter of especial pride to this paper, which has invariably felt that it would rather lose than keep an advertiser concerning whose methods or character it was in any doubt.

That its advertisers continue to use the columns of FOREST AND STREAM is not surprising. This is a journal of recreation and it is read by persons who are willing to pay, and to pay liberally, for whatever may contribute to their pleasure. It is, of course, this class that the dealers in sporting goods especially desire to reach, and in no way can they reach so large a proportion of so high a class as through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM.

We cannot speak of the West and its wild game without speaking also of the men, the women and the children who lived and moved over the country and among the game, and who subsisted on it.

Twenty-five years ago these people were so distinctive a feature of the wild West that they could not be passed over. Then they had changed but little from their primitive ways. Life had been made easier for them by their acquaintance with the horse, with iron arrow points, and to some extent with the gun. It had been made harder for them by the introduction of strange new diseases and of liquor, and by the encroachments of the whites on their hunting grounds. Some tribes were irregularly at war with us. Now and then they suffered from such massacres as Dr. Coues tells of on another page, for which they made swift reprisals. When friendly they were a cheerful, generous, hospitable people; when hostile they were terrible in their pertinacity, their craft and the unsparingness of their revenge.

It was the buffalo that gave life to these people. He was their food, their clothing, their shelter. So long as he roamed over the limitless plains, they too might roam, sure that their every want would be supplied. But when the buffalo disappeared the Indian's wandering days were over.

Visitors to the World's Fair in 1893 will remember well the life-sized statuary in staff, of American types. Many of our largest game animals were shown in size of life. There was a cowboy and there was an Indian—by far the most striking of all these wonderfully impressive



figures. Those who knew the Indian in his old wild state and who saw this statue are not likely easily to forget it, for it was full of the thought and the spirit of the great plains, where in the old days the wild Indian hunted free and fought his enemies, and, when too hardly pressed, turned his horse's head and vanished into the unknown wastes of what we once called the Great American Desert. This statue was the most complete materialization of that spirit that we have ever seen. The Indian sat twisted on his horse on one thigh, looking to the right and shading his eyes with his hand, while his fixed steadfast gaze seemed to pierce beyond the limits of the horizon. On his back was his bow, and in his left hand his lance, while his uneasy pony, turning his head in the direction of the rider's gaze, was calling to some companion near or far. No group of statuary that had about it anything of human interest was half so distinctively American as this lonely figure. After looking at it one could close his eyes and carrying back his mind twenty years could see again the solitary vidette on the hilltop, looking for buffalo or sentinelizing the camp.

This group was by Mr. A. P. Proctor, the young sculptor whose name for the past few years has grown so rapidly in public knowledge. He is a Western man, and he naturally seizes Western types, because, after all, the West is nearer nature than we of the East can ever be. One imagined in 1893 that Mr. Proctor would never do another piece of work that would so thrill one as his World's Fair statue of the Indian, but in this number we are permitted to reproduce another Indian group, modeled by him, and now on exhibition in the Paris Salon. Even as seen in this reproduction, it is a superb piece of work, and yet the photograph gives little more than an idea of the statue. It is full of action, and the face and carriage of the man are noble and dignified, while his figure is that of a true Indian. The streaming

war bonnet, the lance and the shield are well subordinated; the restrained action in the horse and the easy unconcern with which the rider sits him form a splendid contrast.

This statue is more elaborate and has more action than the one seen in 1893, and we may imagine that in life size it would give the beholder the same thrill that he felt when looking on the incomparable lonely figure in Jackson's Park, which seemed so wholly apart from anything near at hand, and intent only on the distant rim of the world toward which he was gazing.

To-day the highest ambition of most big-game hunters is gratified by killing a bear, which seems to them the most desirable of all big game. In the old days of buffalo plenty, bears were abundant on the prairie as well as in the mountains. One remembers sitting in the cool of the summer evening on the deck of a Missouri River steamboat as it slowly puffed its way against the current over the shallow bars, and counting at a single view seven grizzly bears scattered over the river bottom, all busily engaged in digging roots. A season earlier, while traveling over the prairie in South Dakota and eastern Montana, groups of five or six bears were often seen. Two or three years later, along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, the Cheyenne scouts employed by the Government had great sport chasing the bears, which they found digging for camas, when the bulbs were ripe.

In those days bears were common. To-day they are almost the scarcest of our wild game, and besides being so scarce they have been educated up to a high point of cunning and wariness by a continuous pursuit with the trap and with the rifle. The traits of the bear have been well set forth by a number of writers in the recently published "Trail and Camp-Fire," yet we must

not imagine that in these articles the half has been told of the surpassing wisdom of these ungainly brutes. The day has not yet come for writing the full history of Bruin or of Ephraim, but that history must be written soon, if at all. The contributions which we have had to it are of high value.

In Europe scientific forestry had long been practiced, yet in this country twenty-five years ago it was no more than a naked name, and a name but seldom heard. A few persons, more farsighted than their fellows, talked of the dangers which must inevitably follow the wholesale destruction of our woods, but the great public knew little and cared less about this subject.

In the announcement of the purposes of FOREST AND STREAM, which appeared in the first number issued, occur the following sentences:

"For the preservation of our rapidly diminishing forests we shall continually do battle. Our great interests are in jeopardy * * * from the depletion of our timber lands by fire and the axe."

Since that time the public interest in forestry has grown; at first very slowly, yet with a spread that constantly became wider. Within the past year or two in some parts of the country it has become the burning question of the hour. Some of America's best scientific minds have given time and thought to its investigation; it has been debated to and fro in Congress and in the newspapers. To-day it is a live subject, and interests a large number of people.

This is neither the place nor the time to discuss the causes which have led to a general awakening by the American people to the importance of this forest preservation, nor to indicate the part which FOREST AND STREAM has taken in bringing about this awakening. It is enough that the time is coming, and coming soon.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Raspberrying in Danvis.

"WAL, I do' know but what they be pretty tough on ol' folks wi' short laigs an' petticoats," Sam Lovel soliloquized, with unwonted sympathy for his mother-in-law, as he paused at the threshold after climbing the steep back stairs, and looked down at them considering the helpful addition of a hand rail. "Wal, sometime, mebbby," and so giving the matter present dismissal, he entered the kitchen with his carefully borne burden, an improvised basket of birch bark filled with raspberries.

"My sakes alive, where did you git them?" cried Huldah, dropping her sewing upon her lap as he set them on the table before her. "Jest look, Aunt Jerushy. Mother, did you ever see bigger rosbaries?"

Sam, till now having no eyes for any one but his wife, became aware of the dumpy, inert figure of Mrs. Purington sitting in the easiest rocking chair, where the coolest draught of south wind came through the open door.

"Why, mother Purington, you here? Hain't it cur'ous, I was jest a-thinkin' 'baout ye as I come up the steps."

"An' naow I s'pose you're thinkin' the rest on't, 'the devil's allers nighest,' an' so fo'th," she said, in an injured tone, as she hoisted herself ponderously from the chair and waddled over to the table. "Hm-m-m, yes, tol'able decent baries, but they hain't so big as tame rosbaries, the biggest on 'em hain't."

She searched her waist for the longest pin it held and spitted the largest and ripest berry upon it. "Naow that hain't nothin' tu a tame rosbari, tu look at nor tu eat," and she tested the last quality with a critical smack.

"Proper nice they be," said Aunt Jerusha, with hearty approval.

"They'd ortu be, for a man tu spend his time a-pickin' of 'em," said Mrs. Purington, impaling another choice berry and casting a severe glance at Sam and Huldah, who seemed as unconscious as the berry of the thrust.

"I'm dreadful glad you did, Samwel," said Huldah. "Where did you find 'em?"

"Over where we chopped two years ago. I come on tu 'em when I was a-lookin' for the young cattle, an' the' was more'n you can shake a stick at in a fortnit. I jest made me a basket and went at 'em. Antwine's womern's in there with her hull litter, a-pickin' wi' both hands. You women folks got tu hyper 'f you want tu git any for sass an' dryin'."

Huldah held at arm's length the garment she was making, considering its proportions and the question of berry-picking together, yet separately, before she answered:

"Why, I do' know but what we might go to-morrow, the hull toot on us. Don't them sleeves look long, or don't they? We can shet up he haouse an' all go, an' not git no dinner. Come here, Bub!"

"Haow long be you goin' to Bub that boy?" Sam asked impatiently, and then, "Where is Bub anyway?"

"Haow long be you?" Huldah asked, laughing.

If Sam had listened he need not have asked the whereabouts of the child, for his shrill voice could be heard coming from the shop, mingled with the deep tones of Uncle Lisha, and the regular strokes of the hammer on awl and pegs. And now the two entered the kitchen, the child in response to his mother's repeated call, Uncle Lisha to learn the cause of the unusual commotion.

"What's all the haowdelow abaout?" he demanded, regarding the company under his lifted glasses.

"Oh, it's Bub's sleeves an' rosbaryin'," Huldah answered. "Come here, Sammy, an' let mammy see. Wal, there, what it shrinks wi' washin' 'll make it all right," she declared triumphantly, after measuring the sleeve of the check apron by the child's arm.

"I didn't s'pect nothin' but what you'd spilte it," said her mother, in some disappointment.

"An' we're all goin' rosbaryin' tu-morrer," Huldah explained to Uncle Lisha. "Sam says the' is sights. See what he fetched. Hain't them beauties?"

"Not ekal tu tame ones," Mrs. Purington protested, as she speared another fine specimen and conveyed it to her mouth.

"If you'll pick 'em over we'll hev 'em for supper, Aunt Jerushy," said Huldah.

"They'll needs lots o' sugar," said Mrs. Purington; "they're terrible sour."

"An' we've got lots 'at was made a purpose tu sweeten things," her daughter cheerfully declared; "an' as I was a-sayin' we're all a-goin' to-morrer; you an' Aunt Jerushy—an' you'll go, won't ye, mother?"

Mrs. Purington shook her head doubtfully. "I don't b'lieve I feel well enough tu stan' the traipsin' an' the heat an' the muskeeters, an' ju' like as not run on tu a hornet's nest, an' I shouldn't wonder if it up an' thundered by tu-morrer an' give us a soakin' if the lightnin' don't strike us. Sis might go, mebbby."

"Good airth an' seas! Yes, I'll go if I c'n git the wax off'm my fingers so's't the baries won't stick tu 'em. An' mother, she'll go," said Uncle Lisha, "she hain't so temptin' tu muskeeters an' wasps as what you be, Eunice. I do' know 'baout lightnin', but she won't water-soak."

"Mebby Briggses folks an' Hillses would luf tu go," Huldah suggested.

"Wal, if Gran'ther's goin' I don't want tu. The ol' torment!" Mrs. Purington declared.

"Send word you're a-goin' if you don't want him tu," said Sam.

"Me want to go, mammy. Can't me go, mammy?" pleaded the child.

"Of course, mammy's man's goin' tu ta' care of mammy," his mother said, smoothing the curly pate with her fingers and stooping to kiss the upturned earnest face.

Word was sent to the chosen neighbors, and a general movement of the combined force upon the berry patch was planned for the next day.

If these worthy people had deemed themselves such special objects of divine favor that they would be given the weather they prayed for, they could hardly have

suggested to infinite wisdom any improvement on the day, which they thankfully accepted as a happy chance, not as one made to their order.

Not one of Mrs. Purington's thunder heads lifted its pearl and silver dome above the green barriers of the mountains; the only semblance of clouds were snow white shreds, drifting across the blue sky like thistle down, dissolving in the blue expanse, fleeting as their shadows on the green earth beneath. It was a north wind that blew these films of vapor across the azure dome, and it tempered the rays of the July sun to a degree of moderation that tempted forth even Mrs. Purington. Shortness of breath and the presence of her declared enemy, Gran'ther Hill, kept her with the rear of the straggling column, where she claimed the frequent assistance of her daughter Polly and received encouragement from Aunt Jerusha.

Now the company halted beside the little brook that divided the open fields from the frowsy, half-cleared border of the forest like a crinkled silver thread beaded with amber pools and carelessly dropped between pasture and woodland. Its liquid music, ever slightly changing with the rolling of a pebble, the sway of a dipping branch or the movement or stranding of some drifting twig, the plunge of a frog or scurry of a scared trout, chimed with the jangled melody of the bobolinks on one side and the tentative fluting of the hermit thrush on the other, distinctive voices of field and forest.

Some one dipped up a tin pailful of cold water, and Sam was shaping a dipper of birch bark with a cleft stick for a handle, when Mrs. Purington arrived at the brookside with her youthful and aged escorts.

"Dear me, sis! I hev got tu se' daown an' rest me!" she panted, surveying the ground critically, and pointing to a cradle knoll where native wintergreen and foreign herdsgrass crowded each other for supremacy. "Sis, you poke in there, an' see if that hain't a snake a-wigglin' the grass."

"Law sakes, Eunice, the' hain't no snakes 't would hurt ye," Aunt Jerusha, already comfortably seated, said, encouragingly.

"I don't care, it 'd scare me tu death tu see one! It allers did!"

"I don't like snakes nuther, an' I wish't one would git a mou'ful on her," Gran'ther Hill growled grimly, setting his toothless jaws till nose and chin almost met. "By the Lord Harry, the'd be one sick serpent!"

If Mrs. Purington heard him, she affected ignorance of his unpleasant words, as she seated herself upon the knoll when Sis had threshed it with a stick, and fanned herself with her apron, blowing a stertorous counter blast from her puffed lips while she waited her turn at the passing pail and dipper.

"When you kinder come tu think on't," said Joseph, with a view to giving the conversation a more pleasant turn, "it seem's 'ough it was kinder cur'us 'at the' wa'n't no ugly snakes here, that is to say, not rael pizen ugly, I mean. Eels is abaout the wust tu look at, erless 't is mud turkles."

"Mud turkles! You must be a cussed smart boy," said his father, with withering contempt.

"Wal, ye see, I was kinder takin' in all sorts o' rip-tyles," Joseph explained, "crockerdiles, ye know, an' scorpiuns, an' hippy Thomases, an' bats, an', an'— 'Clams an' crows, mebbby," his father suggested, with bitter sarcasm.

"We hed ortu be thankful 'at we live in a free an' enlightened kentry," Solon Briggs remarked, "an' not in metropical desarts, where boar-constructors an' animal condors, an' tigers, an' centerpedes haowl an' roam at large as frequent as they be in a mennygery, only not incarceterated in waggins."

"There's one advantage, you don' hafter pay a quarter tu see 'em," said Sam.

"No quarter give or took an' childern throwed in where there's crockerdyles," said Solon, with unwonted levity.

"There was here oncte Injins an' Tories an' Hessians," said Gran'ther Hill, "an' would be yit if it hedn't ha' b'en for John Stark, an' Ethan Allen, an' Seth Warner, an' Peleg Sunderlan', an' George Washin'ton, an' mongst us."

"Oh, Sam Hill, Ticonderogue an' Bennin't'n's comin'," Joseph groaned under his breath, and then audibly suggested, "It mos' seems 'ough we'd better be a-moggin' if we're a-goin' tu git many baries."

"Oh, say, father, le's set here an' hear Gran'ther tell 'baout fightin'," young Josiah whispered earnestly. "It's lots more fun 'an the plaguey baries."

But the inclination of the majority was adverse, and he unwillingly attached himself to the rear as the party advanced to the berry patch, whither Maria Hill, Jane Briggs and Huldah had already proceeded, and where glimpses of their green and white sunbonnets and their shoulders could be seen as they arose from the thickets of raspberry bushes or emerged from clumps of lusty young saplings.

Many acres were covered by briers and saplings, with which nature was hiding the ghastly wounds inflicted by axe and fire, here and there embroidering the green veil with white splashes of fireweed and pink sprigs of willow herb. Bees fared busily to and from these, and butterflies drifted idly among them like vagrant blossoms.

On the far side the stately wall of virgin forest stood a palisade of gray trunks, coped with deciduous trees and evergreen verdure. The bushy tract was thridded by a labyrinth of cattle paths, along which the party scattered singly and in couples, each engaging according to individual zest in the holiday labor that had brought them there.

Josiah kept close to his grandfather in the hope that the environment might suggest some story of bush-fighting or hunting adventure, and both forgot berry-picking when they flushed a brood of partridges and watched the young birds, no bigger than robins, fluttering away in divers directions, as strong of wing as July woodcock, and then listened while the mother softly sounded her gathering call. Sam was more intent on noting whither the full-fed bees flew than in filling his basket. Uncle Lisha, more industrious, but awkward, wasted much time in comparing the contents of his basket with that of Aunt Jerusha's, till he bethought him of the old trick of boyhood and covered the bottom of his pail with a thick layer of leaves. Solon and

Joseph fraternized on the basis of doing as little as possible. Therefore the burden of the fruit harvest fell upon the womankind, to whose nimble fingers it came more naturally than to the clumsy digits of their lords, which seemed more than ever all thumbs. Even Mrs. Purington's hand flew with swift regularity back and forth between bush and basket freighted with berries that she confessed scarcely inferior to some she had seen in the village garden of a bloomer, and became so interested in securing them that she grew indifferent to attacks of mosquitoes, and lost her fear of wasps and snakes.

Polly Purington and Ruby Hill exchanged girlish confidences, but kept their fingers as busy as their tongues. Huldah, with her boy clinging to her skirt, and the wives of Solon and Joseph close at hand, led the van well up toward the old woods, where the bushes bent lowest with their burden of red, ripe berries.

Suddenly Huldah became aware of the stooping figure of a woman at a little distance, who, becoming erect, disclosed beneath the wide-brimmed straw hat the broad brown face of Ursule Bissette, expressing first surprise, then annoyance quickly unmasked with effusive good humor, as she gave greeting in a deep masculine voice:

"Good mawny, Mees Lovel. Ee naise mawny. a'n't ee? You fan' plenty berree?"

"Good mornin', Ursuly. Yes, we find sights on 'em, an' the further we go the thicker they be."

"Ah, ee a'n't mos' any dees way," pointing toward the woods; and then unaware that Huldah had seen the large nearly filled milk pail before it was hastily hidden behind a thicket, "Me, mah chillen a'n't gat mos' any lee'l one, oup dere, all dis morny. Me try for gat few for sell on de village for bought me clo's for mah chillen, mais, me a'n't gat honly tree, four quart mos'," and she sighed deeply.

"Why, you can get a bushel of 'em down here 'most anywhere," said Huldah, exhibiting her half-filled basket in confirmation. "But I'm goin' up nigher the woods to see what the' is, for I'm coming to-morrer wi' a bigger dish."

"Oh, don' you go no furdur, Mees Lovel," said Ursule, assuming a most horrified expression, "dere was ours up dere, w'at you call—awhh—bear! Oh, hol' hugly! Me hear it gro'l lak t'under! Mah chillen hear it too, if you a'n't b'lieve. Pierre, Matilde, Joe, lee'l Antoine!" she called lustily. "Vien ici, fore bear gat you!"

A girl and three boys varying from ten to fourteen years old appeared from various quarters. Their mother spoke to them rapidly in French and then asked:

"A'n't you hear some bear in de hwood, lee'l whal 'go? Hein?"

The boys nodded a shame-faced assent, poking the mold with their naked toes and casting furtive glances at Huldah, but the girl, older and better trained, answered boldly, looking straight at her mother:

"Yas, hear two bear—mos' see it," and volunteered further additions to the terrors of the place, "an un bete a grandcue. Oh, ee squeal, hugly!"

Ursule turned triumphantly to Huldah. "You see, mah chillen a'n't never tol' lie. You go, bear keel you, prob'ly!"

Huldah regarded her with an amused, half contemptuous smile.

"Oh, I guess the' won't no bears tech us 'f we don't meddle wi' 'em. I'm a-goin' to resk it, anyways. Come, Marier, and Mis' Briggs!"

"Oh, ee heat you lee'l boy, me tol' you. You see, bambye! Me goin'. Come, chillen, 'fore bear ketch you!" and marshalling her brood before her she took a divergent path down the long slope.

"Le's go back," said Maria Hill, who, with Jane Briggs, had heard the conversation. "Don't you see she's gone?"

"Yes, we'd better," Mrs. Briggs urged.

"Sho! Be you goin' to let that critter scare ye to death wi' her bugaboo stories?" said Huldah scornfully. "Couldn't ye see she was lyin', an' her pail more'n half full o' baries? Gone? She jest scooted back up there as soon as she thought she was aout o' sight, but I see her straw hat floppin' along behind the bushes. All she wants is to scare us away from the best pickin'. Come on!"

Thus assured, her companions followed her, though somewhat timidly, Maria declaring, "I can't help feelin' skeery after what she said."

Presently Huldah, leading her boy by the hand, came into the old wood road, its ruts dried into stony beds of dry rivulets and half-healed scars of sled runners showing on the naked roots. Its low border of ferns was overtopped by a hedge of heavy-laden raspberry bushes and blackberry brambles not yet out of bloom that promised an abundant later fruit harvest.

They followed the rough path but a little way before their baskets were filled, and as they halted to rest before returning Huldah spied a broken sled, a forlorn, deserted wreck, with its beam pins on one side broken and one runner sprawled flatwise half buried in dead leaves and overgrown with ferns, and a sapling of two years' growth springing up through the socket that held the roller.

"Wal, there, that's what I call shiftless, whoever left it a-layin' here," she declared, with a slight disgust. "If 'twas Samwel, he ortu be ashamed. None o' the irons saved—wood shoes, though. And the stakes left in tew, good hardhack ones, sound as ever they was."

She drew one from its socket, and was examining it when the attention of all was attracted by an outcry of alarm that suddenly arose just beyond the turn of the road. Then Antoine's children broke into view, running at top speed, the long-legged girl in the lead, the mother crowding the rear at a remarkable pace for one of her build.

"Tryin' another plan to scare us off," Huldah laughed, after the first surprise. But when the girl dashed by pale and gasping, her brothers closely following, catching their breath in broken sobs, and Ursule pounding along at a pace that shook disjointed fragments of prayer from her lips at every step, it was evident that all were impelled by an unfeigned terror.

An instant later its cause appeared in the form of a great gaunt she bear, her beady little eyes twinkling viciously, her white teeth gleaming out of her open jaws and her ragged, faded coat flapping in jerky undulations as she plunged onward at an awkward gallop.

Huldah instinctively drew her boy behind her as she took a step backward, and swung the sled stake above her shoulder, for there was no time nor way for flight. Just as he passed her, little Antoine tripped upon a naked root, and his mother, close at his heels, plunged headlong sprawling over him, raining a shower of red berries far before her.

The bear in hot pursuit was almost upon her prostrate foes, when Huldah, putting every ounce of strength in the blow, brought down the heavy cudgel across the beast's back with such paralyzing effect that the hinder parts crippled down helplessly. Down came the club again on the skull, cutting short a whining growl of pain and rage, and the bear sank down with outstretched paws and relaxed jaws almost within reach of Ursule's feet that were wildly hammering the ground in a last desperate effort of defense.

Huldah dealt repeated blows upon the head until the bulging eyes stared fixedly and there was no answering quiver of muscles when the stroke fell; and then, her own strength almost as completely gone, she dropped her weapon and sank trembling to the ground, clasping her dazed child convulsively to her breast.

At the first appearance of the bear Huldah's companions, who were seated on the standing rave of the broken sled, arose simultaneously and attempted a retrograde movement into the bushes; but Jane Briggs' heel caught on the rave, and she fell prone upon her back into a bed of ferns, carrying Maria down with her and plunging both of her elbows into the two baskets of berries, and there the two women lay discreetly silent for fear of giving their whereabouts to the enemy.

When Ursule became assured that she was not in the clutches of her pursuer, she rolled herself off of her half-smothered son, and grasping him by the arm as she regained her feet, tore down the road at break-neck speed, uttering discordant shrieks, to which Antoine the younger piped a shrill accompaniment.

When the outcry grew faint in the distance Maria Hill called cautiously:

"Huldy, Huldy, be you killed?"

"No, I hain't, Marier, but I b'lieve the bear is," Huldah answered, in a voice between laughing and crying.

"What! you don't say! What killed him?"

"Why, I s'pose I did, erless he died o' somethin' sudden. It's a she one, I guess. Sam says they're ugly when they've got young ones."

"You killed her? Why, Huldy Lovel, what be you talkin'? Be you crazy?"

Maria and Jane scrambled to their knees and stared in new alarm at Huldah sitting limply on the wrecked sled, with the boy in her arms.

"The critter's gone arter them French! That is what! I heered 'em yellin' bloody murder," said Jane Briggs.

Huldah bent forward, looking fixedly at the motionless form of her late antagonist.

"No, she's dead. There's flies lit on her eyes and flyin' into her maouth. Come an' look! Ugh! don't she look ugly yet?"

Huldah stood up and her comrades came forward timidly.

"An' you killed her. Haow did you?" Maria asked, still incredulous.

"She was most on tu Antwine's womern, an' I give her a lick ont' the back wi' that ol' stake, an' somehaow it stopped her. An' then I give it to her with all vengeance over the head till she lay still. Oh, I don't know haow I done it, only, thinkin' o' that womern an' her young uns!"

"Ah, oh, Hu-Huldy Lovel! You be the be-beatin'est of all women 'at ever I see, so there!" Then breaking down completely after struggling through this tribute of praise, Maria hugged Huldah and wept upon her shoulder, while Jane Briggs, with more self-restraint, wiped her eyes upon her juice-soaked sleeve.

Presently the men came running up the road, Sam, Joseph and Solon in the lead, for Ursule meeting them had told a doleful story of their wives' peril and her own miraculous escape, which she attributed to the interposition of the several saints to whom she had prayed.

The three husbands were greatly relieved when they counted their due allotment of wives, and Sam, his boy under Huldah's wing, all standing unharmed by the roadside; and then all stood stock still in dumb amazement before the dead bear.

"I was goin' to scold you some for leaving the sled so shifless," said Huldah, when the other women had told the story of her exploit and shown the blood-stained, fur-clotted stake in evidence, "but now I know you left it just right an' in the right place."

Sam, Joseph and Solon skinned the bear, and as they bore the shaggy trophy down the road, each with his wife beside him and little Sammy astride his father's shoulders, Solon for the first time remarking the crimson stains upon his spouse, asked:

"Why, Mis' Briggs, have you likewise brewed your hands and face in ursuline blood and be'n a-wadin' elbow deep in gore?"

While she was denying the flattering impeachment and explaining the harmless nature of the apparent battle stains, Uncle Lisha met them with a roar of welcome, and Gran'ther Hill, after bestowing unstinted praise on Huldah, marched at the head of the party whistling toothlessly his favorite military air.

At last the whole company was gathered again by the brook with the addition of Ursule Bisette and her children, among whom she sat dejectedly mourning the loss of her berries and the discovery of the richest part of the field by these intrusive Bostonians.

"Met'ink, Mis' Lovel, you ought for give me half dat bear," she whined dolefully, "'cause, you see, me poor hwomans lose mos' all mah berree for dat bear, an', you see, if 't a-n't for me you a-n't keel it an' gat de baounty, probly."

"It kinder seems 's 'ough," said Joseph, breaking the silence which followed this audacious demand, "'s if Mis' Antwine hed ortu be thankful the bear didn't git her."

No one seemed to recognize the justice of the claim except Huldah, who set forth her view of it to Sam.

"Why, yes, I hadn't thought on't. But, you see, she was sort o' bait, a-fetchin' the bear right tu me 'f I didn't n't'ral'y want no bear. I guess I ortu give her a leetle suthin' if I do git the baounty."

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Gran'ther Hill, glower-

ing at Mrs. Purington and smiling grimly upon Huldah, "I don't see, Eunice Borden, haow you an' Pur'nt'n ever come tu have that gal. She hain't none like nary one on ye. But then you can't never tell. Joseph don't take arter me ner yet his mother. Come, let's all go hum."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Rare Creatures.

How to Disarm the Scorpion.

NATURALISTS assure us that there are 750,000 distinct species of insects, exclusive of those called parasitic. A hundred years would not suffice for one to become familiar with such a multitude of forms. Indeed, any museum collection requires more study than most of us are able or willing to attempt. But while dwelling in forests, where one has time to meditate upon nature, he cannot fail to delight in examining some of the marvelous creatures that thrust themselves upon his attention, though their gay-colored bodies may contain venom that will entail upon the traveler sickness or death, particularly in tropical countries.

While exploring the interesting old ruins in Yucatan (Mexico) we found the insects more dangerous and troublesome than leopards and snakes. The last two were not aggressive; the former intruded everywhere, and sharply resented interference. If any spiteful, big, red ant was disturbed while walking over us, its cruel fangs sent a shock from the crown of our head to the end of our big toe; the sensation was about like having a red hot needle thrust into a nerve.

In climbing to the roof of an old building, on one occasion, we saw a rare and beautiful spider that had spun its web in the branch of a tree. The spider's back was shaped like that of a common black beetle, but resembled polished steel, with many crimson specks, and its legs were like bronze. This handsome creature's web was as soft and fine as floss silk, brilliant and yellow as gold, abundant and strong.

The Indians entreated us not to meddle with the insect, insisting that it was both spiteful and poisonous.

Among the many lizards that we examined there was one called by the natives toloc, said to have a venomous tooth. The body was only 6 in. long, but the tail measured nearly thrice that, the creature's total length being about 24 in. Its head was completely surrounded by a bright yellow crest or coronet, like a veritable crown of gold, whose upper edge terminated in a series of small peaks.

The scorpion, often alluded to by ignorant persons as a reptile, is a spider very common throughout Central America. The commonest species is nearly black, from 4 to 8 in. long. At the end of the tail there is a good-sized, very sharp dart. The venom exuded from this is so powerful that, although only one-thousandth part of a drop is infected into the wound, it suffices to immediately paralyze the victim's tongue, making speech difficult. If antidotes are not quickly applied, fever sets in and is followed by prostration, which in rare cases only culminates in death.

Physicians recommend various remedies to assuage the suffering—ammonia, opiates, or emollients are applied to the wounds, the first two being also administered internally. The negroes in Honduras rub the wounded parts with indigo, asserting that this neutralizes the venom and prevents its baneful effects.

The Maya Indians in Honduras, Guatemala and Yucatan know that if the scorpion can distil a most virulent poison in self-defense, its body also contains the best antidote to counteract its noxious effects. No sooner is an Indian stung than he kills the insect and applies its bruised intestines to his wounds. At once all pain, the palsy of the tongue and other symptoms disappear as if by magic. When unable to catch the offender, these natives apply to the sufferer a ligature to check the circulation of the blood, and then suck the virus from the wound, first coating their mouth with tobacco juice.

These natives occasionally gather a few pennies by fearlessly playing with live scorpions, armed with their sting and using it freely before a crowd of astonished persons, awe struck at seeing the objectionable creature crawling over bare hands and arms, even on the face of the man, who handles it unconcernedly and cares not how many times it stings him. He is regarded as a wizard who, by occult means, special charm or magic word, has bewitched the insect and deprived it of all power.

The man has, in fact, rendered the scorpion inoffensive by clipping off two small vesicles situated at the lower end of its thorax, outside, that seem to have a direct action upon the poison gland, which is situated in the last abdominal segment, at the base of the sting. The vesicles are feather-shaped, transparent, and erect when the insect is angry; they adhere to the body by tiny pedicles and can be easily cut away without injury to the creature. Seen through a magnifying glass, they resemble small pancreatic glands filled with white translucent liquid. By amputating these, and causing the insect to spend on any inert substance the small quantity of poison contained in the duct connecting the poison gland and the sting, it is rendered as harmless as a viper whose fangs have been extracted.

The scorpion is not viciously spiteful, it only defends itself when molested. Trustworthy persons have affirmed that it will commit suicide if surrounded by fire. Repeated experiments have convinced us that all scorpions will not do this any more than all men will commit suicide under pressure of events and conditions.

The female scorpion is consumed by her offspring, and to see her dragging herself about, with many young ones clinging to her like leeches, is a piteous, revolting sight. Atom by atom she is devoured. When only an empty shell remains, away scamper the many, produced by one.

The scorpion casts its skin, as snakes do; we have found very perfect discarded ones, quite white, standing as when filled with life, and the tail upturned—its usual position. It is remarkable that the creature can emerge, like a snake, through its mouth, without even breaking its lobster-shaped claws.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

Old Porter's Spirit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you by even mail two time-stained issues of Porter's Spirit of the Times, dated March 14 and 21, 1857, the leading article continued in both numbers being my own. It is entitled "The Bandit and the Borderer," and is descriptive of wild life west of the Missouri River at that period when the plains Indians were yet untutored, and "devil bent for ha'r." I have kept them hitherto among my archives for the forty-one intervening years, but as I am growing rusty myself I have decided to turn them over to you for keeps.

You will be interested to see how the leading sporting paper of the day looked, antedating the FOREST AND STREAM, as it did, by seventeen years or more. But most striking is the coincidence that your two publication offices should be located at precisely the same spot and number, at 346 Broadway, on the corner of Leonard street. Verily, the mantle of the earlier occupant has descended upon you! Wm. T. Porter, the "tall son of York," was the leading spirit of the paper then, and a host of those old sports whose memories are so much revered now used to gather there in those days, of whom possibly the venerable Isaac McLellan is the sole survivor.

In these two issues will be noticed the arrival of Sir Charles Napier, British Ambassador, accredited to President Buchanan, who had just been inaugurated, as well as the celebration of the annual Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans, where Pandemonium and the entire court of His Satanic Majesty were represented in tableaux, and hosts of evil spirits appeared in Tartarean costumes on the ballroom floor in polka, waltz and redowa. The death of Charles A. King, a favorite actor, is noticed, as well as the return of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Florence from a successful European tour, the first attempt of American artists abroad. Also the introduction into America of the Cashmere and Angora goats—into South Carolina and Tennessee—and the arrival at Indianola, Texas, of a consignment of forty-one camels from Africa by the steamship Suwanee in charge of two Turks and five or six Greeks. They were imported by the Government for mail and military purposes, arriving in good condition, and served their purposes well for several years until the occurrence of the Civil War in 1861, when the camel service was incontinently broken up, and the experiment came practically to an end. Survivors of these introduced camels have been seen at times in desert districts until very recently. The animals on arrival were delivered to Capt. Van Vocklin, U. S. Quartermaster at Indianola. Mention is also made of an 800 mile sleighride from Dixon, Minn., to St. Paul and return, accomplished by the Messrs. Noble and their wives, occupying three weeks.

Quoting from the Albany correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, it states that "efforts are again making to pass a law to prevent the cruel and wanton destruction of deer," and urges that "there are seasons when the deer should be allowed to roam unmolested, and it is an outrage on all woodcraft that the slaughterer has taken the place of the sportsman."

With this issue of Porter's Spirit its readers were presented with a colored lithograph of Flora Temple, she being the fastest trotter at that time on the American turf. This bit of enterprise entailed such extra labor in the mailing department as to delay the edition.

It would be entertaining at least, if not instructive, were recurrence oftener had to old files. In looking up facts which are overgrown by time, I have recently had occasion to refer back to the files of FOREST AND STREAM for 1873-4, and am surprised to discover the very intelligent and comprehensive treatment which I find there regarding a multitude of topics geographical, physiological and biological. In those years pains were taken in the theses, and accuracy was the first aim; but in the present era of exploitation and hero-making writers for sporting journals, like all the rest, seem to aim especially to dress up in a fantastic or sensational way the identical materials which educators of the old school were fain to present in homely colors, but always with accuracy and truth. The new generation of thinkers and explorers had rather adopt the flying machine than abide by the staid old methods of travel; and so from a high intellectual plane they map out new courses of thought, while they overlook or ignore the footprints of the pioneers. Whoever is not up to date is necessarily a back number, and the old veteran, if not actually decrepit or superannuated, is relegated to the high shelf. Hence, at my ripe age, I have no call to lie on with the hustling crowd, or to seek vantage ground which I can never hold. Fain would I lead in the old paths, but the beaters point to the new.

In the era of canoes and saddles our old foresters and field naturalists were able to solve problems by the light of tried experience. They could observe closely because they moved slowly and flew low; but in these days of scientific aerostatics, when time is distanced and space is set at naught, the speculative student claims to be able to compass more at a bird's-eye glance than we of the old school could ever know who have plodded the ground over for generations. In his estimation there is more glamour in the upper air than along the lower earth. Nevertheless the making of history must continue, and upon this rock the record-breaker must build. It is well, though, sometimes to search among the crypts.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE interest felt in the FOREST AND STREAM and the permanent value attaching to it are shown by the continued demand for back numbers which we receive from libraries and other public institutions. Such institutions always bind each volume of FOREST AND STREAM when it is complete, just as they bind other periodicals, which are useful for reference, and when at the end of the volume the twenty-six numbers are sorted out to go to the binder, if any issue is missing the office of publication is requested to supply the lacking number. Such demands come to us from all over the country, and one of the most recent reads as follows: "United States Department of Agriculture, Library.—Washington, D. C., June 7, 1898.—Dear Sir: Will you not favor us with the following issues of your publication, which have failed to reach us. Nos. 21, 22, Vol. L., 1898. The Department is carefully preserving the files of this publication and indexing many of the articles. Respectfully,

W. P. CUTLER, Librarian.

(per M. N. Barnard.)

"Address: Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

My Only Indian Massacre.

BY ELLIOTT COUES.

IN Arizona days of 1864-65 I hunted Apaches sometimes, and sometimes I was hunted by these Indians. Once we came to terms, which were those of a bloody massacre, as I will relate.

The Indians made things red hot for the white citizens and soldiers in those years. I was a youthful army surgeon, fresh from college, on duty with troops at Fort Whipple, close by Prescott. There was not a trail leading into either the fort or the town that had not been reddened with blood; travelers were killed and stock was run off within sight and sound of both places. During the winter of 1864-65 we hunted Indians like any other large wild game, and had killed a good many, when another expedition was made against them, and I asked and was granted permission to join it—such was the foolishness of extreme youth, fancying there would be fun in killing Indians, besides being needlessly curious in such beastly business. In later years I attended such performances when it was my duty to do so, certainly never from choice.

I have before me an old journal which reminds me that on Sunday evening about dusk of Jan. 8, 1865, I rode alone about five miles from Fort Whipple to Jake Miller's ranch to join the party there bivouacked. It consisted of Capt. John Thompson, of the California Volunteers, in command—a red-headed, red-whiskered, blue-eyed, freckle-faced Irishman, of renown as a hard swearer, hard drinker, hard rider and hard Indian fighter; myself, an uncertain factor in this affair; George Cooler, citizen guide, a tall, lank fellow, who knew all about the country and Indians; two scouts, one of them a tame Indian boy, and twenty-three soldiers—total twenty-eight. We had an alarm the first night, tumbled out of blankets and charged into the brush; but it amounted to nothing.

On the 9th and 10th we made long marches through Mint and Williamson's valleys in search of a trail leading to a rancheria we were to attack; part of the march by night. It was intensely cold; my canteen burst and let a stream of water down my leg, instantly freezing; and we stumbled over very rough country in the dark till we came upon the scouts, camped in the rancheria we were going to jump; it was deserted, and we rolled in our blankets on the spot, about 1 A. M. of the 11th.

At daylight the scouts went ahead again, and meanwhile we examined the rancheria, consisting of twenty-one wickiups, representing, as we supposed, some 100 Indians. The scouts returned soon, reporting that the whole body of them had moved off slowly, neither in fright nor in mischief, but simply changing camp. We shifted camp also, intending to take up the trail next day. This was in the vicinity of Walnut Creek and on the edge of the Juniper hills, a few miles from that spot on the Whipple to Mojave road which in after years became the location of Camp Hualapais.

On the morning of the 12th we took up the broad, plain trail, and it soon grew "hot." The sign was plenty, where the Indians had moved along, stopping every few minutes to warm themselves by setting fire to clumps of grass. Presently we found on a bush a slip of paper from Cooler: "Go slow; Indians must be very near." A few minutes later he appeared in person with some news I will condense in the Arizona vernacular:

"Game jus' over the hill thar—all-fired big gang of 'em—more'n a hundred, squattin' tergether, eatin' that steer they stole from Jake Miller. They ain't got no idea we're 'round—can jus' sneak up 'n' wade in 'n' whale hell outen 'em—corrall the whole kerboodle slicker'n greased lightnin'."

Thompson gave his orders very quietly; he was a good soldier, always coolest when things were hottest. He hustled the cavalry horses and pack mules into a thick clump of cedars, where four men were detailed to hold them, and told me to stay there. I expostulated that I hadn't come out for that, when he said, "Well, come along then if you want to," no doubt adding to himself, "if

you want to be a durned fool." We dispensed with unnecessary clothing, and I could notice some white faces and set teeth among the soldiers as they waited for the word. "Forward!" said Thompson, in a low voice, and the twenty-four of us crept quickly in silence up the hill.

The woods ceased on its crest, and there was the rancheria down in an open hollow about 80 yds. off, the wickiups strung along a little space, and among them men, women and children, unconscious of danger. For a moment I wished myself anywhere else. I was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, 10-gauge, muzzleloader—we had no breechloaders in those days. My ideas were not agreeable—about equally divided between imagining my helplessness as soon as I should have fired twice, and the miserable butchery we were about to commit. Then a dog barked in the Indian camp. We were discovered. But the men had meanwhile deployed in line of battle on the crest of the hill in the edge of the woods. "Fire!" shouted Thompson. The volley rang out. "Forward—double-quick—charge!" And we made the rush with a yell.

I was pretty lively on my pins in those days, and there were only two who got in ahead of me. One was our

instant Thompson shot him dead with his revolver, else probably I should not now be writing.

The killing was all over in probably five minutes. Thompson called it off promptly, and then the looting and firing of the wickiups was in order. This miserable business included shooting some babies in the head with revolvers as they lay helpless in their wicker cradles. My expostulation about this with one of the soldiers was met by the undeniable remark, "Nits will breed lice, you know, Doc." (This soldier shortly afterward murdered in cold blood his first sergeant, in the Whipple barracks, in the face of the whole company.) My share of the plunder was the bow and arrows of old Red Shirt, the chief, who had intended to shoot me with them; some trinkets off the dead body of his squaw, who was lying by his side, and all the buckskins I could carry.

We counted twenty-eight dead bodies, mostly of women and children; not one of us got a scratch. There were doubtless some killed or wounded we never knew. When we jumped this rancheria we knew nothing of a second one, quite as large, only a few hundred yards down the little valley, but concealed from our view. This was evacuated at the first alarm, and no Indian was killed there; but we looted and destroyed it like the

other. As we drew off from this sad scene of carnage the Indians gathered in the woods at a distance, yelling defiance, but no further demonstration was attempted. This was perhaps fortunate for us. We must have jumped at least 200 Indians in the two rancherias, and they could have made it hot for us if they had had the courage and any sort of a fair show. I know that Thompson was more worried after than before or during the fight. He ordered a prompt retreat, and we made forced marches back to Whipple. On the way we murdered one Indian—an old man, who was returning to the rancherias we had destroyed, and ran into us before he discovered us. We turned him prisoner over to the guard, with orders to shoot him if he tried to escape, and the column moved on. Not five minutes afterward a shot was heard, and the sergeant rode up and saluted Thompson. "Well, what is it, Sergeant?" "Prisoner tried to escape, sir." "Well, what did you do?" "Shot him, sir." And we rode on.

I shall never cease to regret my participation in this atrocious affair. I was perfectly innocent, to be sure, and had no suspicion we were not hunting hostile Apaches. Whether or not Capt. Thompson and George Cooler knew beforehand that these were friendly or at least not hostile Indians I was never sure. But I think there was reason enough for worry when Thompson discovered that it was Red Shirt he had killed. I was afterward given to understand these Indians were chiefly, if not entirely, Hualapais. I know the affair led to a series of bloody murders in reprisal, which cost more lives of whites than we took at the time of Indians, to say nothing of the hundreds of Indians killed in the Hualapais war of

later years. I have nowhere seen, and do not think that there exists in print at least, any fair account, such as I have given, of the Juniper Mountain massacre.

Sixteen years afterward, in 1881, I rode out from Camp Hualapais in company with my friend, Mr. Frank Cushing, to look at the spots so deeply branded in my memory. A settler's cabin was in the valley, and a cornfield waved its tassels over the ground once reddened with the blood of those inoffensive men, women and children. I picked up a relic or two of the slaughter on the exact spot where I had taken the bow and arrows from the stiffening hands of the dead chief, Red Shirt.

The atrocious massacre so graphically described by Dr. Coues is only one of many which took place in the old days. We imagine that massacres were perpetrated only by Indians, but the fact is that in our Indian wars the whites have killed a far greater number of non-combatants—women and children—than the Indians ever did. This particular "fight" was never officially reported to the War Department, is not of record, and the account is an absolutely new contribution to Indian history.



INDIAN WARRIOR.

By A. P. Proctor.

boy of an Indian scout, racing like a deer; next was tall George Cooler with his immense strides; Thompson was next to me, and the rest well in together at our heels. In a few moments we were in the camp; the shots rang out again and again; yells, shrieks and groans resounded; the peculiar smell of blood and burnt gunpowder was wafted past my nostrils. There was no resistance; I do not think an arrow was fired; there was no fight; it was a massacre. After momentary confusion the Indians broke away. Some had been killed at the first fire; others, especially women and children, as soon as we got among them; for the rest it was a race through the woods for half a mile, devil take the hindmost with them. kill as can catch with us. I tried my best to kill an Indian and am happy to say I failed. The only good shot I got dropped before I pulled trigger, with a piercing scream, and a pappoose rolled off the back of its dying mother. I was blown with running, and could not have hit a barn door. The chase had meanwhile swept on beyond me, when I heard Thompson call out at my elbow, "Watch out, Doctor, for that big buck!" I turned my head, and there was a tall Indian—he looked about 10 ft. tall—drawing his bow about 10 ft. off; at the

Around the Camp-Fire.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE snow lay in patches on the north sides of mountains, while in the ravines it was deep and soft with rain, so we camped on the north side of the lake, in a pouring rain, not an intermittent sort of rain that leads one to think that it may clear up in an hour or so, but a steady drizzle that had already soaked everything for two days, and offered no promise of ever letting up, for spring in the Adirondacks is an uncertain quantity as to weather. The ice had gone from most of the lakes, and the brook and lake trout were rising to such flies as are to be found near spring water even on the snow in midwinter, and there were two parties of two each in search of early sport and health. In each party there was one invalid who was more in need of ozone than of trout, while the other was a more robust friend who liked to take his trout with ozone "on the side," or as a "chaser."

The two parties were strangers and had come to the lake by different routes, and had camped on different sides of the lake in tents. A northeast storm had soaked the ground on the south side of the lake, and the party there, seeing the smoke from a well-protected camp on the other side, packed up, rowed across and introduced themselves. There was a stalwart bank president and his invalid friend, who had been run down by a siege of grippe, and who should not get wet, and who wanted the expected clear cold air instead of the "Scotch mist" which he was breathing. He was well provided with waterproofs and sweltered in them. He had been a paymaster in the navy, but was on the retired list. The president was a man of fifty, while the paymaster was his senior by many years.

The other party consisted of a man of about fifty-five, who had been a hunter, trapper and army officer, who was called "Major." His friend was afflicted with a complication of disorders, and knew that his time was short on this earth, but was as jolly as the jolliest, because he was a philosopher and realized the fact that it's only a question of a very short time with all of us, some a trifle shorter than others, but he never bothered other people with his troubles. We called him "Frank," and one of his favorite quotations was from Emma Wheeler Wilcox:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

There you are: Introduced to the whole crowd in an Adirondack camp in what promised to be a week's soaking rain, which would discourage most men, but not a grumble was heard. There was the president, the paymaster, the major and Frank. Four quite dissimilar men in their tastes and business habits, as well as physical conditions, but all with a love of fishing and each possessing a fund of humor, without which no man is companionable, in the woods or out of it.

The new camp was arranged on the sheltered north shore by the president and the major, and a stock of dead wood gathered for a camp-fire. The president learned how to ditch his tent in order to keep the water from flowing under it, and the commissary department was organized so that the stores should be in common, and a menu for each day laid out, one able-bodied man should cook while the other should gather fire wood and "police" camp. The major injected the latter military term into the camp regulations, and it means cleaning up company streets, and in army parlance "police duty" is cleaning camp. In our case it meant washing dishes, burning rubbish and overseeing things generally. In an established camp there are sinks for men and officers, and in Adirondack camps such minor regulations must be enforced. If order is nature's first law, then neatness is the first law of a camp, whether of four men or four thousand.

The President's Story.

The heavens wept, with no indication of a let-up. The four men of the new camp had dined as the sun went down and had gathered under a fly to smoke. For quite a while the only sounds were the steady patter on the trees and an occasional rattle of big drops on our canvas when a gust shook the leaves above us. It was miserable enough, but there was not a grumbler in the party; all were equally miserable, but took it philosophically and made the best of it.

The president knocked the ashes from his pipe and remarked: "If there was thunder and lightning with this storm it would be something like a fishing trip I had on Rice Lake, over in Canada, some thirty years ago, when I was a young bank clerk on a vacation."

"Well, tell us about it, since it reminds you of something," said his friend, the paymaster, "there's nothing else to do, and perhaps it will put us to sleep."

The president put on a fresh log, kicked the old ones into a blaze, stretched his length on the bed of balsam boughs and blankets, and began: "I had done a little trout fishing on Long Island and in New Jersey, as well as pickerel fishing in the lakes near New York city, for there were no black bass in our Eastern waters then, and I had read of the pleasures of the wilderness, where the roar of the railroad, the shriek of the steamer's whistle came not, and the silence of nature brooded over the home of the trout, the pike and the deer."

"I merely intended to show that the poetry of the wilderness had been absorbed by reading of it, and the locality of Rice Lake was selected by reason of the stories of an older bank clerk, who had gone there in the autumn for the duck shooting, which the wild rice of the lake made famous as a feeding ground for ducks. He told marvelous stories of the fishing, of which he knew little, but which fixed my imagination to go there."

"Rice Lake is in the county of Peterboro', Province of Ontario, some twenty miles back from Cobourg. It runs N.E. and S.W., and is some thirty by ten miles in extent, and fed by trout streams, while the lake itself was the home of monstrous fish of many kinds. I had established communication with a half-breed Frenchman whose front name was Jean Baptiste something or other, for most French-Canadians are christened Jean Baptiste or Antoine. In the former case they pronounce it Zhaw-Batise, all in one word, with hardly an accent

on the first name. Therefore I soon knew my guide as 'Shobatise,' and a stalwart fellow he was.

"His log house on the western end of the lake was a comfortable one, and had a neat garden and every evidence of industry and thrift. His wife was also a half-breed who had been educated at a Roman Catholic mission, and to my surprise she had a library among which I saw works of standard English authors. Her husband, whose translated name means John the Baptist, I will speak of as John. He could not read, although he spoke English well, and it was the custom of his wife to read Tennyson, Longfellow and other poets to him at night, for he dearly loved poetry. Three girls, from ten to sixteen, graced their home, and they also had some education from the missions, and when I add that the eldest had a piano and some knowledge of music you will realize that the mother of this family was no ordinary half-breed, nor was the father, even if he could not read.

"I had not escaped civilization; and as I climbed to my bed in the loft the strains from Balfe's Bohemian Girl: 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' followed me into oblivion. The opera house had moved up to Rice Lake, and Caroline Richings was a half-breed girl who had somehow invaded that region to sing that song for me, and then to hear Devilshoof say: 'Come down for brekfus, da sun he be up—a-soon an' we mus' go for da feesh.' It was the soprano of Miss Richings suddenly changed to the baritone of Shobatise, whose name I had transposed in John without objection on his part. A hasty dressing, a wash outside the house in cool spring water, which was brought near the door in a V trough, and I was ready for breakfast.

"Mrs. John and the three bright-faced girls greeted me and hoped that I had slept well in their little home. I assured them that I had slept so well that between the last notes of the song and the morning call I was entirely ignorant of the fact that I lived. A good breakfast of trout, bacon, eggs and coffee followed, and the eldest girl placed a wild flower in my buttonhole and all kissed husband and father and we were off.

"John's boat was a 15ft. sharpie with just the proper breadth of beam to row if the wind failed. There was an N.E. wind, and John said: 'Da feesh be better in de sout' sho', 'long 'bout a fo'-mile p'int, an' it tak-a time to go, but I tink a-best; w'at you say?'

"All right, John, you know best, I only want to have a pleasant outing and take a few fish. If you say go to the other side of the lake, go there, I am in your hands."

"We crossed and trolled for pike and pickerel up and down a great bed of weeds on the shallows, and had taken many fish when John said: 'Da sun he pass da noon mark, s'pose we go asho' an' eat?' Those words awoke a latent appetite, which now asserted itself, and John put on sail for a favorite camping spot. We cleaned pike and bass, built fire, and with the bread and coffee from home dined to our satisfaction. It is a first-class dinner that satisfies the man who eats it."

"That's so," interrupted the major, "I've made many a good meal off what civilians call 'hardtack,' but we call 'stovelds,' and salt horse or * * *"

"Major," said Frank, "you are out of order; the woods appetite may be closely allied to the army appetite, but this is not your story. If you will kindly restrain your ardor and not inject your approval or disapproval of the menu of an angler's camp it will facilitate the story, which our friend, the bank president, is telling us."

"Well," said the president, "we dined luxuriantly, as the saying goes, and we were somewhat tired. We lay off on the point where the breeze kept the mosquitoes off, and dozed for a couple of hours. Then a violent thunder shower came up from the west, and we turned our boat over to protect us from it. The thunder seemed to split the heavens and give us a view of the vivid light beyond. The rain came in such torrents that the steady downpour of to-night might be compared to a drizzle. The storm was like that of the night on which Tam O'Shanter took his terrible ride."

"But all violent storms in our latitude soon blow over, and in half an hour the sun was shining, and we launched the boat and fished on our way back home. At the landing John took the sail and I the oars, he saying that he would bring a basket back for the fish, of which we had some 20lbs. We leaned the sail and oars against the house and John opened the door, while I was busy with a fishing rod. The door had been left open and I saw him fall to the floor. Rushing into the house, I saw the mother lying dead across the stove, and her three girls dead around it. A great hole in the floor showed where the lightning shattered it and told the story. John had fainted, but I wet his head and face, slapped his hands and brought him to. He either could not or would not speak, and sat gazing at the hole in the floor for so long a time that I feared his reason had fled. Then, after what seemed to be several hours, he drew a long breath, groaned and cried like a child. Then I knew he was safe, and I sat with him until morning, when happily two neighbors came to see him on business. They took charge of affairs, set me on my way back to the bank, for I wanted no more vacation."

"What became of John?" asked Frank.

"He left the country, and a dozen years later I heard that he was up on Hudson Bay, trapping for the company. Poor fellow! I think of him every time I hear thunder or hook a pike."

Frank's Story.

Frank threw a chunk of wood on the fire in a way that did more harm than good, and remarked: "Now we'll have a cheerful light when that gets started, but there is never any lightning with a week's steady drizzle such as this, no fear of it," and he filled his pipe, lighted it and puffed away as in a reverie for some minutes, and then said: "A thunderstorm out on the water when one is in an open boat is not the most pleasant condition of life," and he again resumed his pipe and his reverie.

"This storm, of which I was about to speak," said Frank, "could never have come up suddenly, it must have been growing for centuries, only we were not aware of it. The storm was sudden to us, just as a tiger is sudden to the hunter in India, but neither could have

been improvised for the moment. So our storm had been nursed for months in distant parts of the earth, had grown to boyhood among the cyclones of the Philippine Islands, and being of a truant disposition, had gathered the strength of manhood as it passed around the globe and struck us off the East Coast of Florida before it wrecked the small craft off the Bahamas."

"There were two sail in our fleet, one carried Dr. Ferber and a friend, both from New York, and a native boatman, called Pete; in the other was the noted sportsman and ornithologist of western New York, the late Greene Smith, myself and a colored boatman named Joe. We were out after tarpon, and I was to referee the case between Dr. Ferber, who declared it the poorest kind of fishing, and Smith, who praised it highly. They had argued it the night before at the hotel, and as I had never taken this fish and only had a reputation on striped bass, it was suggested that I divest myself of all prejudices and decide if the tarpon was a foe worthy the angler's steel or not."

"I accepted the position of referee with diffidence. Dr. Ferber was a famous angler for striped bass, and a member of one of those great bassing clubs in and about Martha's Vineyard. Smith was more of a gunner than an angler, the son of the serious minded abolitionist Gerritt Smith, who tried to break the boy's proclivities for the gun by wielding the rod, after the advice of Solomon, but Sol's rod differed from that of the angler. Gerritt did not succeed, or Greene Smith, then some forty years old, would not have been in the boat with me."

"A light wind had wafted us out a few miles by noon and we had taken a beastly lot of skates, dogfish and sharks, but no tarpon. Smith was annoyed, mainly on my account; the sun was blistering hot, and as the wind was off shore we moved with it without feeling it. 'Joe,' said Smith, 'is this kind o' wind likely to keep up all day? If it is we won't be able to get back to-night. Not that we care, for we have grub enough, but the sleeping accommodations of your craft are not first-class.'

"I'll tole you, Mr. Smith, da win' he'll come stronger in de evenin' an' we get good breeze to tack home on in a couple o' hours. Yo' see dat leetle cloud way down low ovah da coas'? Well, he mean dat we hab a good wind."

"We fished away and as the breeze increased we saw a prospect of getting home before midnight, and were happy. Smith hooked a big shark that towed us along for a time until the other boat was nearly out of sight. When he landed him and we had killed him and cast him adrift, things looked black. Joe called out: 'I gotta take a reef, a storm come up quick.' By the time he had taken a reef it blew so that he had to lower all sail and let the boat drift. There was no lightning nor rain, only wind; there seemed to be no room for anything else. We were helpless, and night shut down early. We crawled into the little cabin, ate, drank and smoked without a light or a lookout. These would have been of no use, because we could not have controlled the movement of the boat in that hurricane."

"Joe was scared. His passengers had only themselves to lose, while he had his boat in addition to himself to figure in the losses. We filled up and slept as well as the violent tossing of such a little craft would permit, but Joe stood watch all night, occasionally risking his hair by peeping out of the cabin to look for lights."

"Morning came and there was a light breeze, but a violent sea, and we were three more nights out before we tied up along the wharf. Dr. Ferber's boat was in before us, but his boatman, Pete, had been swept overboard and lost; he had been struck by the boom while trying to reef and the doctor then tried to take the helm and put the boat about, but the tornado tore the sail from the mast and the man was lost. They procured an extra sail from a passing fisherman, and so beat us in."

The Paymaster's Story.

The president asked his elderly friend, the invalid paymaster, about a shark story, of which he had heard a portion some years ago, and then lay down on the blankets, where Frank had already stretched himself, to listen. The old man sat up, coughed and began: "It is not much of a story, but it happened so long ago, when I was a youngster, that it made a lasting impression on me."

"It was away back in the early forties that I found myself in the Paymaster's Department of the U. S. Navy, and detailed to the brig Somers, 266 tons, and the fastest craft in the navy. We had on board a lot of naval apprentices, cadets they call them now, and we were to cruise about the West Indies after we had found the frigate Vandalia somewhere on the western coast of Africa. We missed the frigate after chasing her to the Azores, Madeira and Teneriffe, and on reaching Liberia found that she had sailed for home. Then Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie turned our bow toward the West Indies and all hands were happy at the thought of getting home again. The winter was very near, and thoughts of getting home by Christmas were floating in our heads when, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, came the announcement that Midshipman Philip Spencer, son of John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War; Samuel Cromwell, boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, ordinary seaman, had been arrested for mutiny and were in irons."

"I will pass over the trial of these men and of their hanging at the yard arm and burial at sea; Spencer in a rude box and the others in their weighted hammocks. There was a feeling of depression on the brig, all hands having been ordered to witness the execution, and we knew that others were suspected and were placed in irons, but were released in New York by order of the Secretary of the Navy. The occurrence made me ill for several days."

"We reached the Leeward Islands and anchored in order to get provisions and water. Purser Heiskel and I were looking over the rail into the water watching a couple of sharks which were swimming about. 'I hate a shark,' said the purser, 'let's catch one with a hook, since we are not allowed to use firearms on board.'

"I went below and found the purser's steward, John W. Wales, who had informed Commander Mackenzie that Spencer had approached him with a proposition to seize the brig and turn pirate, and he fitted me out with

a big shark hook attached to 2ft. of chain, a stout line and a couple of pounds of salt pork for bait.

"We cast the bait twice before the sharks saw it, for they can't see far, and had sheered off by accident each time that we tried to get the bait in front of their noses. At the third cast it was seized, swallowed, and the tussle began. Quartermaster Rogers gave us a hand, and we had the best end of the string.

"Midshipman Tillotson came along and said: 'Save that shark, because Lieut. Gansevoort wants the oil from its liver for his boots, and some of the rest of us may want some, hang on to him until I get an order from the lieutenant to lower a boat and secure the fish.'

"He got the order, and Surgeon Leacock joined us and down we went in the boat. We hauled the big shark alongside, considerably weakened by his struggle, and I struck an axe into its brain and settled his accounts with this world. 'Get a hitch around his tail,' said the purser, 'and then slip a line about his waist and we'll get him in the boat, where we can open him and get the liver and let Dr. Leacock examine his other combinations, as he is always doing with beasts and fishes.'

"That shark was fully 10ft. long, gauged by the length of the boat, and it had a fine big liver, which was good for a gallon of oil of the best kind for shoes, which are so often wet with salt water.

"Roll him overboard," said Purser Heiskel.

"Hold on a bit," said Dr. Leacock, 'let's see what the beast has in its stomach, it appears to be full.'

"The doctor cut away in surgeon's fashion through the thick stomach, and after he had laid it open to his satisfaction there were the bones of a man's leg from the knee down, the flesh and some of the smaller bones of the toes gone in the process of digestion. The doctor put the bones together and said: 'It's the left leg of a man, that is a thing which an unprofessional eye can see, but if you will look closely at the bones you will see that there are bones missing on the outside of this foot which cannot be laid to the digestive organs of the shark. If you will remember that a man's foot was crushed when we left Norfolk, and I took off two of his toes and some metatarsal bones, you will agree with me that the leg now before us in the leg of ordinary seaman Elisha Small, who was hanged a few days ago. His hammock must have been improperly sewed or was ripped open in some way which we cannot account for, but here we have his leg and foot, which I identify as a bit of my own surgery.'

"We boxed those bones and had them buried over in Hoboken, after we arrived in New York, for many of us believed, with the press of that day, that the execution of these men at sea was not a necessity, since they were in irons within a few days' sail of New York."

The paymaster had exhibited signs of fatigue while telling this story of his younger life, every word of which is true, as may be attested by any of the older naval officers, Piseco, and others, but when his narration was done he flopped down exhausted between the president and Frank, as if he should say: "There, I've told my story and am tired."

The Major's Story.

Perhaps the major had been dozing, for the evening was getting late, but he roused up when the paymaster had finished his yarn, yawned and remarked: "It was about the middle of June, 1864, when our division, the First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, reached Harrison's Landing on the James River. I was a first lieutenant then, and was officer of the guard. My regiment was larger than many of the old brigades, and we had to cross on several boats at night by embarking by the light of 'jacks' or cressets.

"About 10 P. M. I took my relief from one transport to the next, and observed a man sneaking between the steamers. After halting my men and sending one back for a lantern, I hailed the man, who replied: 'I'se a colo'd man, sah, an' I'se a fishin' fo' to get a brakfus fo' de ole massa an' his fam'ly. Doan shoot me, pleas', 'cause I'se on'y fishin' fo' fish.'

"I went down between the steamers and saw that he was harmless, took twenty perch from his string and gave him a dollar, and sent the fish back to be served for breakfast. A shell from the enemy upset that pan of fish in the morning, and we had to fall back on the army ration, but about a week afterward—"

At this time Frank raised up and remarked: "Are you talking yet; all the rest are snoring and I only just woke up. You had better turn in and we'll all go to sleep."

A Story of Fate.

A chapter from Podgers' forthcoming "Book on Yachts, Yachting and Yarns Below Deck."

If any man was to accuse me of being superstitious I should indignantly deny it, but at the same time I have my beliefs and opinions on boats and vessels being lucky or unlucky, and from many years' observations that "There is a divinity that shapes their ends, rough hew them as we will," as Shakespeare says, although he may not have had boats and ships in his mind, nor did the divinity refer to a ship carpenter. Be that as it may, there is a coincidence in the ill luck that names seem to bring to a vessel, or an accident on launching. There seems to be a fatality in certain names that has followed such vessels.

Take for instance that of "President" and "Henry Clay." One of our earliest steamships of the former name, on her voyage across the Atlantic, sailed with a full list of passengers and was never heard of. She was supposed to have struck an iceberg and gone to the bottom, every soul on board being lost; and every subsequent vessel of that name has been lost, wrecked or burned.

Then again, every vessel named Henry Clay has met a similar fate. A fine packet ship built in New York was noted from the remarkable fact that she was taken from her dock at sunrise, put into dry dock, coppered, and brought back to her berth at sundown, the entire work being done in one day. She sailed for a port in Ireland, took on board 600 emigrants, ran on the rocks on that coast, and nearly every soul perished.

A North River steamboat running between that city and West Point took fire, burned, and a large number of her passengers were lost. Another steamer of the name came to California and was put on the route between San Francisco and Sacramento. She never made a trip that some accident did not happen to her, and finally took fire and burned. A fine schooner of the name, built on the Pacific Coast, was lost on her second voyage. The fatality of the name is so proverbial, and also that of the "President," that they are no longer used, being considered a hoo-doo.

A friend of mine, to show the folly of the sailors' superstition about sailing on a Friday, had three fine lumber schooners built. The contracts were made on a Friday, they were begun on a Friday, launched on a Friday, sailed on three successive Fridays. The two first were lost on their first voyages, the third on her third voyage. A 35ft. yacht was built at Benicia and launched on a Friday. She tumbled off the ways in launching. On her trial trip she capsized and drowned one man. On her second trial trip she again capsized and drowned two men. She was raised and sold to a fisherman. Sailing up the bay on a foggy 4th of July morning, we discovered what we at first took for a buoy we were looking for, but with the glass saw it was a man clinging to a topmast, and beating up to it we, with great difficulty, rescued him in an exhausted condition. The boat proved to be this same unfortunate craft, and she was left to her fate. No one would accept her as a gift.

Let any ill luck attend the launching of a craft, and it is proverbial that she is never a successful vessel. I had a small yacht built which fell off the ways in launching. On her trial trip the tiller broke in a squall, she luffed up, ran into a ship, carried away her bowsprit and topmast, tore the mainsail, and nearly wrecked herself. In repairing her, the man setting up her topmast lost his footing and came tumbling down on deck, breaking two ribs, costing me a four weeks' hospital bill for repairs. I loaned her one 4th of July to a party of four to go out to witness the Master Mariners regatta. It was a blowy day, and the party being full they capsized her, and she went to the bottom. Fortunately the crew were so full of beer there was no room for water, and all were rescued, but we never saw the boat again. It is one of the peculiarities of San Francisco harbor that no vessel sinking in mid-channel is ever heard of again, as was instanced in a case of a bark that, capsized and water-logged, was turned on the mud flats just at low tide and left over night. The next morning she was gone, and neither hide nor hair of her was ever seen again. The heavy undertow of the ebb tide probably swept her out to sea and no vestige of her was ever found.

I have occasionally come in for a little experience in the bad luck that follows a bad start on a duck shooting expedition. As an instance I had invited four friends to a cruise up the bay to the shooting grounds on one occasion. Our cook had been sent to the market for a supply of good things, and we were impatiently awaiting him. He at last made his appearance, puffing and blowing as only a fat ducky can. The yawl brought him alongside, but in his efforts to get aboard with a heavy basket he put one foot on the gunwale, capsized the boat, and disappeared, market basket and all. When he rose to the surface the boat hook was hooked on his collar and he was retrieved, but all our nice prog was gone, involving a delay to replenish that lost us the favorable tide and left us to beat against a flood all night.

I said, "Boys, we have had bad luck at the outset, and mark my words, it will pursue us the entire trip." I had hardly made the remark when plump we brought up hard and fast, having missed the channel in the darkness; and any yachtsman knows that to get aground in a heavy boat on an ebb tide is a trial of patience. The almanac may tell you that it will be low water at 12, and flood begin to run at that hour, but does it ever do so? Not a bit of it. If you turn out at 1, 2 or 3 you will find that devilish tide still running ebb, and your craft high and dry, and the flood never shows up until 6 in the morning, and then comes sauntering along at a provoking slowness, and the slow flood says: "Hello. You here? Not in a hurry, I hope?" You finally get off, but too late to reach the morning shooting. Breakfast restores our equanimity somewhat, and just as you are settling down to a pipe there is a row forward, and the next thing the yacht is brought up all standing. One of the amateurs having gone forward conceives the idea that he can improve the look of the chain, turns around the bits and sets to work to make it more shipshape, and loses the turns, the suspended anchor gets the start of him and drops, and 60 fathoms of chain run out, bringing the yacht to a sudden standstill. It is the big anchor and heaviest chain too, and a suspicion of profanity follows.

We finally get the anchor up, losing nearly an hour's favorable tide, the culprit causing the disaster meanwhile seeking privacy with the cook. We at last reach our goal and get ready for a sundown shoot. Just as we reach the shore in the act of landing, a duck comes hurtling along. Stupid No. 2 stands up in the boat to get a shot overhead, the recoil of the gun throws him off his balance and overboard he goes, gun and all, dipping the boat half full of water, wetting us all and soaking our cartridges. We go aboard again to change our clothes and Stupid takes a grapnel and goes to grope for his gun. Sufficient for the day thereof, and we console ourselves with a good dinner, smoke, and turn in.

In the morning we assay again, and just as we begin to shoot Stupid No. 3 wants to cross a slough, which he thinks he can jump; tries it, lands in the middle and goes under, another gun lost, and another victim of misplaced confidence to be taken aboard and dried, by which time the morning flight is over, and breakfast is in order. Stupid No. 3 explains at great length how it came about that he missed jumping the slough, when all his life he had been a noted jumper and won honors at the gymnasium. Number 4 suggested that there was nothing faulty about the jumping, the quality was all right, but the failure was a deficiency in the quantity—not enough of it.

Toward evening we went ashore again, and our luck

seemed to have changed, for we bagged several dozen mallards and canvasbacks, and a dozen English snipe, and our old cook spread himself on a game dinner of the birds killed the previous day. (A duck is not fit to eat that has not been hung up in the rigging for at least twenty-four hours.) The only happening for the day was the blowing a hole through one of the boats by Stupid No. 1 in clearing his gun, forgetting that he left a cartridge in it.

The next morning we had a couple of hours' good shooting. The only accident that happened was the bursting of one gun in consequence of No. 3 falling, and pitching his gun into the mud, half filling the barrels and narrowly escaping blowing his own head off.

The next day we started homeward and met a thick fog, and a steamboat that undertook to cross our bow carried away our bowsprit and brought down our topmast, which ended the chapter of mishaps that followed as the result of an unhappy beginning, which never fails—verifying my theory that a bad beginning carries bad luck for the voyage, and in instances too numerous to describe, hence my superstitions—pooh-pooh them as you may.

Disbelievers doubtless will quote a hundred instances to the contrary, which reminds me of the case of the old-time minstrel Billy Birch, who in one of his plays is brought up before the court for stealing a pair of boots, and being convicted says to the judge: "I say, judge, you convict this nigger on the evidence of four witnesses that say they saw me steal de boots, when I can bring fifty men to swear they didn't see me take 'em."

PODGERS.

Mountain Goat Hunting.

HUNTERS who are yet to have their first experience in the pursuit will find that it is not quite as easy as "rolling off a log" to kill the white goat. They will find that the mountains the goat affects are not the easiest to climb, especially when one goes from sea level or near it; and they will also find that while not as wary as the bighorn the goat can hear you, all things being favorable, before you see the goat, and then the chances are you do not see the goat unless it is to catch a glimpse of his white coat as he skips round some rocky Craig in the distance or goes over some ridge which is so far distant from you that shooting is out of the question. The goat may not be very rapid in his movements, but it will surprise any tenderfoot to see how much ground he can get over in a short space of time, and such ground! rocks, cañons, and gullies, with an occasional precipice, or the next thing to it, thrown in for a change. There is one advantage one has in hunting the goat, and that is their fur or hair or wool—just as you please—is so white that they stand out very prominently against the dark background of rocks or earth, and one can see them much more readily than any animal in the mountains. And while one might pass over a deer while scanning a mountain side they would not be apt to miss seeing a goat. And of course it is a great advantage to be able to discover your game.

They have a way of seeking some high point, generally the pinnacle of a steep, rocky mass of earth; and there, standing as if carved from stone, outlined against the sky like a statue. I recall several instances of this habit, one in particular, which illustrates also the faculty they have of getting out of sight quickly and disappearing as if the earth had swallowed them. I was returning to an Idaho camp one afternoon, and when only a few hundred yards from it, walking slowly along an old Indian trail, I chanced to raise my eyes to a high rock which surmounted a small hill, which on the side toward me was nearly perpendicular, and there, standing on the highest point, and at the extreme edge, was a goat. I stopped suddenly and cogitated whether I should try a long shot, several hundred yards, or try to get down into the cañon and then flank the game. The goat evidently was cogitating too, but I did not seem to be the subject of its musings, as it still stood like a statue. I flattered myself I was unobserved, as a slight fringe of trees was between us, and I thought that by being careful I could gain the shelter of the hill. I walked silently along, and the last glimpse I had the goat was still standing unmoved. It only required a few moments for me to climb up the opposite side of the peak, where I fully expected to find the game within easy shot, but alas for human expectations! It was gone; and though I sat down on the point of vantage I had gained and scanned the mountain side, I did not again see it. This also illustrates the fact that they do not always go up, as I believe the sheep are nearly always apt to do. The goat seems to go any way to get away. I counted on their going up one day and waited patiently for a band to be driven up to me by a companion. Result: I was treated to the sight of one a half mile away on the mountain side, while my companion got three. I think he had the best of the bargain, though I had the easiest time, waiting for a shot I did not get. I would advise no one to wait for the goats to climb up. They may climb around, or possibly down; but that they are not apt to do if frightened.

Now, regarding size and supply of specimens: There is no use in any one taking a decided stand in regard to the size of any wild animal. That is, within certain limits. From one experience I would not hesitate to say that there are goats weighing nearly if not quite 300lbs., and an animal of that weight would appear much larger owing to the thickness and length of the hair. Your correspondent F. B., of New York, has the head and hide of a male which would have caused some people to open their eyes had they seen it alive. And I saw another which at a little distance looked as if it was as large as a fair-sized cayuse pony. So much so, indeed, that as we had a white pony in the outfit I did not shoot at first sight, thinking she must have strayed up the mountain. But because there are large goats, it is not to be stated as a fact that they all weigh 300lbs.

PRAIRIE DOG.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Early Days in the West.

DENVER, Colo., June 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* First, I want to congratulate the FOREST AND STREAM most sincerely upon its first quarter century of history, creditable to it in every way and at all times. I have read it from the beginning, and can say conscientiously that it has always pursued an even course and a dignified tone, above criticism. Next, I congratulate the editors upon the able and consistent management they have given it for these many years. The journal has been a power in the land in its field, and its influence grows from year to year.

As you remind me, I have seen the growth of this western half of the United States for a long period; almost from the beginning of its civilization. I have seen the red man go and the white man come, and I have noted the decimation of many varieties of wild game, and the great reduction of all others. It seems almost like a dream. I was first in Chicago in 1850, when its sanguine people claimed a population that was variously estimated by them at from twenty to twenty-five thousand. In the winter of that year I went hunting to the "Big Timber," as it was then called, upon the upper waters of Iowa River, in Iowa. About twenty or twenty-five miles above Iowa City was a little town of log cabins named Mar-engo, and this was the frontier settlement, except about half a dozen families who had pushed on twenty-five or thirty miles further to the beginning of the "Big Timber," where they had built cabins and started a settlement. This had been the country of the Musquaka Indians, who had been removed the year before, rather against their will, by the Government, to the Indian Territory, and set down somewhere in what is now either Nebraska or Kansas.

They spent the winter west of the Missouri River, but did not like it, and in the spring of 1850 returned to their old stamping ground, and announced their intention to hold it. The few settlers were so terrified that they "forted up" in a couple of block houses and lost their summer's crop. Before the next snow the Indians were removed again, with an escort of blue-coats, and they came back no more except as stragglers to mourn over unforgotten graves and sell moccasins. We were visitors to a conquered country, and among old-fashioned pioneers who knew nothing of luxuries, and lived mainly off the natural resources of the neighborhood. The city of Marshalltown now occupies the site of that early settlement. Marshall was one of the settlers, and he and the writer claimed a distant relationship. The country was full of game, but we struck it at a bad time; got caught in a spring thaw and with flooded streams, and finally had a man badly hurt in crossing the river on an ice jam, and left for home on the Mississippi River. We violated no game law and have no big story to tell.

The next fall I again headed for the West with an outfit to engage in the survey of public lands in western Iowa. Fort Des Moines was then the frontier, though two town sites, Indianola and Winterset, still further west, were marked by a few log cabins. After passing them there were two settlers; Allcorn on Three Rivers and Hedges on Indian Creek (at an old Indian town), and then there were no more until we reached the vicinity of the Missouri River, where was then the great headquarters of the Mormon Church. After leaving the Des Moines settlements we traveled through a country plentifully supplied with game—deer, turkeys and prairie chickens. We had a young man with us who had never seen a wild deer, and he was very much excited in anticipation of that event. We also had a rifle, and he took much pleasure in handling and caring for the gun, and speculating upon how he would kill game. When the first bunch of deer was sighted near the trail, he happened to be standing up in the wagon with the gun in hand, at "order arms." When his attention was directed to them he gazed a moment, then stooped and carefully laid the gun in the bottom of the wagon and began climbing out. Some one asked: "What are you going to do?" He answered: "I'm

going up close to get a good look at them." I never have seen that man since the close of that season's work, but two or three months ago I received a letter from him asking me to arrange a meeting some time this summer or fall at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha.

The heart of the Mormon settlement at that time was Kanesville (named for a brother of Dr. Kane, of Arctic fame), now the city of Council Bluffs, Iowa. When the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, Ill., in the winter of 1845, they wandered across Iowa by many routes, living mainly upon such food as the country afforded. One article that entered largely into their diet was slippery elm bark. For many years their trails



THE BUFFALO CHASE.

By Edward Kemeys.

could be followed by the dead elm trees from which the bark had been stripped as high as men could reach. They reached and crossed the Missouri River, and built a great camp of log cabins and called it "Winter Quarters." The next spring they plowed up the broad plateau of second bottom land from where the heart of the city of Omaha now stands for six miles north to their Winter Quarters, and planted it to corn. The Trans-Mississippi Exposition buildings now occupy the very heart of that great cornfield of fifty-two

did supply it. Nevertheless, while twenty-five years ago game was often seen from the car window, the best hunting was of course not along the railroad track. Yet in very many places by going twenty-five or thirty miles north or south from the line of the road, game might be killed—and often was killed—literally by the carload, and was often hauled to the railroad and shipped to such Eastern markets as Omaha, St. Louis, and Chicago, while many of the settlers, as regularly as the cold weather of late autumn came around, made trips to the game country to load up their wagons with meat for the winter's use.

In those days there were buffalo, and these great beasts with black beards and crooked horns were still found within a day's ride of the Platte River. At this time the skin hunters had just begun to realize that in the buffalo they had a bonanza of small proportions, and they slaughtered them with so much energy that they lasted in that country only a couple of years longer. They butchered them in most systematic fashion, and ended up by surrounding all the water in the country and killing all the buffalo as they came to it. The history of the butchery which took place at that time in the southern country and nearly ten years later in the north has been well told by Dr. Allen, as well as by a number of other writers.

In those days the man who was traveling often carried no provisions with him. When he camped at night he rode out and killed a heifer and the next day carried on with him the choice

parts of the animal, which would last him for two or three days. In those days too the buffalo robe constituted the almost universal bed of the plains traveler and his winter overgarment. A good robe, Indian tanned, could be bought for \$3 or \$4. I paid \$7 once for one that was really a silk robe.

Nebraska was a new State then, thinly settled in the east and not settled at all in the western and northern parts. Omaha was a good-sized country town. In the summer of 1873, just about at the time the FOREST AND STREAM was started, I killed elk in Nebraska only a little more than 100 miles west of Omaha. Here where there were elk there were also mule deer, whitetail deer and a few antelope, though the antelope and the mule deer were somewhat more abundant further to the west and north, in the high sand hills of the Loup Fork



RECLINING BUFFALO.

Clay Sketch by Edward Kemeys.

years ago. Then the Indians complained to the "Great Father" that white men were encroaching upon the Indians' land, plowing it up, cutting their timber, and killing or driving their game away. Government placated the Indians by a promise that the Mormons should remove before another summer, and pacified the Mormons by offering them the free use of land on the east side of the river for five years. When winter came on they did move, hauled their cabins bodily across the river on the ice, and strung them along the banks of Lousy Creek, where it emerges from the hills and flows out across the Missouri River bottom to that stream. And that is the city of Council Bluffs to-day. The actual and original "Council Bluff" of Lewis and Clarke, where they held council with the Indians in 1804-5, was twenty miles up the river. WM. N. BYERS.

The Old West.

ANNIVERSARY days cause us to look backward, and often with regret. It is human to be blind to the good things of to-day, and to long for the vanished joys of days gone by. In America the period covered by the lifetime of FOREST AND STREAM is a long one, in the sense of that it shows a multitude of changes. Ours is a century of rapid development, a time of swift transformations and progress, and nowhere do the scenes shift more rapidly, nowhere do events follow each other in quicker succession than in America. And of all America what portion has moved fastest during these twenty-five years? The West.

It is well to pause a little and to think what has happened in civilization since FOREST AND STREAM began. Some of the conveniences of life that are now most common, most necessary—since we have become accustomed to them—were unknown then. Commercially a knowledge of electricity had not advanced beyond the use of the telegraph. There were no electric lights, no electric railroads, no telephones. Cable lines had not been invented, the half-tone process of illustration was unknown.

In the West there was already a transcontinental railroad, a single line, stretching like the thread of a spider's web from ocean to ocean, but it supported no adjacent population. For all its length it touched but one considerable community, whose people it could transport. As you rode along on it you could often see from the car windows deer, antelope, elk and sometimes buffalo.

While that railroad was being built the hands employed in its construction were fed very largely on wild meat, and professional hunters took contracts to supply such meat in quantities at \$2 per roolbs., and

game was often seen from the car window, the best hunting was of course not along the railroad track. Yet in very many places by going twenty-five or thirty miles north or south from the line of the road, game might be killed—and often was killed—literally by the carload, and was often hauled to the railroad and shipped to such Eastern markets as Omaha, St. Louis, and Chicago, while many of the settlers, as regularly as the cold weather of late autumn came around, made trips to the game country to load up their wagons with meat for the winter's use.

In those days there were buffalo, and these great beasts with black beards and crooked horns were still found within a day's ride of the Platte River. At this time the skin hunters had just begun to realize that in the buffalo they had a bonanza of small proportions, and they slaughtered them with so much energy that they lasted in that country only a couple of years longer. They butchered them in most systematic fashion, and ended up by surrounding all the water in the country and killing all the buffalo as they came to it. The history of the butchery which took place at that time in the southern country and nearly ten years later in the north has been well told by Dr. Allen, as well as by a number of other writers.

In those days the man who was traveling often carried no provisions with him. When he camped at night he rode out and killed a heifer and the next day carried on with him the choice

parts of the animal, which would last him for two or three days. In those days too the buffalo robe constituted the almost universal bed of the plains traveler and his winter overgarment. A good robe, Indian tanned, could be bought for \$3 or \$4. I paid \$7 once for one that was really a silk robe.

Nebraska was a new State then, thinly settled in the east and not settled at all in the western and northern parts. Omaha was a good-sized country town. In the summer of 1873, just about at the time the FOREST AND STREAM was started, I killed elk in Nebraska only a little more than 100 miles west of Omaha. Here where there were elk there were also mule deer, whitetail deer and a few antelope, though the antelope and the mule deer were somewhat more abundant further to the west and north, in the high sand hills of the Loup Fork

country. To-day there is not a wild elk in Nebraska, and probably there are not too wild antelope or mule deer. Even the whitetails that were formerly so numerous along the willowy bottoms of the Platte River have almost altogether disappeared.

Good sport used to be had in Nebraska in those times, chasing elk as we chased buffalo. A good horse was needed, for a band of trotting elk, even when they were fat, passed over the ground at a rapid rate, and chose ravines and sand hills where there were blowouts and generally the roughest country that they could find for their line of flight. Unless circumstances were such that a good start could be had on them, the chase was likely to be a long one unless your horse was very swift; but if you came close enough to them to seriously frighten them, so that they would break their trot and run, they were likely to be overtaken soon. It seemed as if their wind gave out when they were obliged to run, and although the run is swifter than the trot it did not last nearly so long.

The mountain sheep, now the shyest and wildest of North American game, had not then lost all its natural silliness. Then too it was often found out on the prairie at some considerable distance from any rough and rocky refuge. Sometimes it might be seen far from any hills, feeding with the antelope, among which the ewes would hardly be noticed until they began to run. They were swift creatures too, and seemed to hold their own well with the antelope as all fled together. Sometimes if you came upon them suddenly on the prairie they would stand and stare with the same curiosity that the mule deer used to show. At that time the mountain goat was hardly known to sportsmen. It had been described of course, but except for Indians and persons living in its range the number of people who had killed it could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Wild fables were current about its activity, its wisdom, and the difficulties and dangers of hunting it. It was not then known that the species is one of the tamest and most easily approached of our wild animals, provided only the hunter has the legs and the lungs to clamber up to the heights which it frequents.

In Nebraska on the head of the South Loup there were once rumors of a moose having been seen, but the identification of the animal has always been doubted. It was said to have been with a band of elk, and great stress was laid on the fact that it was black. It is more probable, however, that it was not a moose at all, but an elk that had been wallowing in black mud, and so had changed its color, as elk so often do. The most southeasterly locality in which we know of moose having been taken is near Fort Fetterman, on the North Platte River, in Wyoming. Here in 1868 Wm. Roland killed a bull moose.

Besides the wild game so abundant in the West in those times, which we now call "early days," there were the wild men, who lived by the pursuit of this game. Those were the days of the Indian wars, which had

begun long before, and in which heroic fighting by both white man and red man, and cold-blooded and unprovoked massacres by white and red alike, often took place. The possibility of meeting hostile Indians gave a spice of added interest to Western travel in those days, and taught the traveler alertness, readiness of resource

took part in the stirring days of twenty-five years ago have put down on paper some of their memories. That this early history has interest and value is shown by the fact that a well-known publishing house is now issuing a series of volumes under the title "The Story of the West." In these volumes have been and will be

recorded many a memory that is worth preserving.

In the early 70s a very great part of our Western country was scarcely better known than it was in Bonneville's time. Every summer exploring expeditions were sent out by the War Department and by various bureaus of the Interior Department in the effort to find out more and more about our unknown domain. Then indeed guides were needed. Each army post had its force of guides and scouts, who were supposed to know intimately the surrounding country, and that which was further off to some extent. Of course these men, accustomed to travel alone over the wide prairie or through the rugged mountains, acquired to a greater or less extent that additional sense of locality and direction which we so often see in men who spend much of their time out of doors and alone, and which may be assumed to be applied experience. Most of these good men are dead now, lost in winter storms, killed by Indians or whites, or dead from natural causes. Only a few are left.

Often in those old times young men got lost and sometimes perished, either from starvation or by being picked up by Indians, but it was really not half so easy to get lost then as it is now, when the country is cut up in all directions by a confusing tangle of wagon roads and a not less annoying maze of barbed-wire fences. Then if a man wanted to go to a certain place he went there, turning aside only to avoid mountains or to look for fords across rivers. Now he has to follow a road and really needs a guide to direct him which one to take.

In the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and even in States further west, the young men of to-day carry the shotgun and devote themselves to the killing of little birds. Their fathers used the rifle, and the antelope and the turkey were the smallest creatures that they shot at. They had a contempt for the "scatter gun," an arm which in fact would have been useless to them in their work of pioneers, supporters of families, defenders of their homes against attacks by hostile Indians.

We all know that the extermination of wild game in the West put an end to the Indian fighting, which for years was a danger to settlers, an expense to the Government and a trouble to the army. We all know that the country which supports a million head of domestic cattle is more valuable than one which supported a million head of buffalo. Domestic sheep bring in more money than antelope

or deer. The country is getting rich and is being developed, and it is all very nice, but there remain a few aged men who wish that there were left some place where they could go and make a little hunt and not hear the hills all about them echoing with the shots of other hunters.

NEW YORK CITY, June, 1898.



A RELIC OF THE WEST.

Photo by E. Hofer.



SEPULTURE OF THE PLAINS.

Drawn from a photograph by J. W. Schultz.

killing a buffalo you were skinning it, mounted men would ride up out of some nearby ravine, and you were forced to make up your mind quickly whether you would fight or run. If you were smart and your horse was good you usually ran.

Too little of the history of that old West has been written, but happily of late years a few of those who

Reminiscences.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The announcement that the forthcoming number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, for June 25, would complete its fiftieth volume, and in some sense be a "Jubilee Number," carries me back to the day when I first saw it, and welcomed its appearance, as a worthy successor to my old love, the old Spirit of the Times, which had been wrecked in the great crash of the Civil War. The old Spirit at its prime depended largely on Southern contributors and subscriptions, and as these dropped off the paper suspended, but my thoughts return to those days, half a century ago, when I depended on its weekly arrival as much as I now do on that of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I always dropped into the old office in Barclay street when in New York in those days, and had a chat with the editor, Wm. T. Porter, the "tall son of York," genial John Richards, the publisher, and Dick Hayes, the ever active factotum of the office, and as Porter and myself were both natives of the Upper Connecticut Valley we soon fraternized most cordially. I well remember going with him one day to eat "broiled oysters at Windust's old restaurant, at the corner of Ann street, overlooking the park, and making the acquaintance of Horace Greeley, who was there on the same errand. There were almost always some of the old contributors in at the office about noon, and in those days an adjournment to Frank Monteverde's, next door, for a cocktail, at that time was always in order. Those were rather Bohemian days, which luckily have changed for the better, and the spirit flask is no longer a necessary companion of the powder flask in a sportsman's outfit. It is long since I became a believer in the creed of Kingfisher, and trusted to a rubber-drinking cup and the coldest spring I could find for refreshment on my tramps.

But to return to the Spirit office. There I often met Frank Forester, Phil Anthon, Wm. P. Hawes (J. Cypress, Jr.), and occasionally Albert Pike, the great Southern poet and Free Mason, when he was in the city. I may call him great justly, for he was so physically as well as mentally; full as tall as either Porter or myself, he far outweighed either of us, and his imposing presence was never to be forgotten. There were many others, whose names after fifty years have faded from my memory, but the "old Spirit crowd" was a jolly one, and I was proud to be a junior member of it.

Herbert was not much of a fisherman, though he afterward wrote a book on fishes and fishing, but he was an authority on dog and gun and feathered game, and I well remember the delight with which I read his "Warwick Woodlands" long before I ever saw him.

The old Spirit covered a wide field; it took in the turf and the stage as well as the rod and gun, and filled the place in those days now occupied by *FOREST AND STREAM* and I know not how many more. Its dramatic criticisms were especially good, and its Boston correspondent Acorn was a recognized authority on stage matters.

It had other good Boston correspondents; Tom Battelle (Corinthian Tom), the brothers Duriage (the Old 'un and the Young 'un), a sketch by one of whom, "The Fastest Funeral on Record," describing the spurt of speed made by an old race horse, who had descended to drawing a hearse, on the way to Mt. Auburn, when excited by the attempted passage of a fast trotter, would excite the risible muscles to-day if it could be reprinted.

Some of the Southern correspondence was very brilliant. The story of Bob Herring and the Big Bear of Arkansas would outlay any of Brother Hough's experiences with Capt. Bobo, and another sketch, "How we Ride and Shoot in South Carolina," still lingers in my memory.

But enough of the old Spirit, for few of your readers will recall it, and *FOREST AND STREAM*, though less wide in its scope, covers its own ground far more thoroughly. I have spoken of this as a Jubilee Number; it may be considered as marking the golden wedding of science and sport! The fifty volumes which this concludes are replete with valuable information, zoological, ichthyological and biological, and a treasure of delight in their descriptions of excursions by field and flood, during which all this knowledge was gathered and accumulated.

Since the days of which I have written the Adirondacks have been explored and opened to the sportsman, for all we then knew of them was the waters of Fulton and Hamilton counties and Piseco and Schroon lakes. We had some of us been a short distance into Maine, and knew of the "Sebago trout," now the landlocked salmon, and that there was good fishing somewhere about Bangor, but of the salmon fishing in the British Provinces, or the wealth of the Great West in both fish and game, we had no conception, and our experiences of both were gained this side of the Mississippi, if not of the Alleghanies.

My thoughts go back a dozen or more years further to the days when I caught my first trout, and shot my first gray squirrel, the latter with an old-fashioned, small bore, muzzle-loading rifle, carrying a ball of about eighty to the pound, which was the way we counted gauges in those days.

I may have told the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* of that first trout before, and how, like old Christopher North on a similar occasion, I ran home with him, enraptured with his beauty, to show my prize without ever waiting for another! That was a long, long time ago, for I was a very small boy, in jacket and trousers which buttoned together at the waist; but how well I remember it all! How when I went into the alder swamp, which then lay back of my father's house, to cut a pole, I lost a brand new green fish line, for which I had just paid 5 cents at the village store, and how my mother made up the loss by a ball of strong "piping cord" from her capacious work basket. My father had showed me how to braid a strong snell out of black sewing silk, which made a very good substitute for gut, then unknown to the country boys, and how I sallied forth to the mill pond and cast into the little brook under the bridge where it crossed the road, with the result above noted, and how that afternoon a young man, who was studying medicine with my father, went back to the brook with me and gave me a lesson.

Then I annually extended my range of excursions. For the first three or four years I would start from home

with my fish line in one pocket and my bait box in the other, cut the best pole I could find on my way to the brook, and throw it away when I got done, and string the fish on the most convenient willow crotch I could find when I caught the first one. After a while an uncle of mine gave me a slender bamboo tip, about 9 ft. long, and to this I lashed rings and extemporized a reel out of a big thread spool, to which I fitted a crank handle and mounted it on a wire pin, for which I drilled a hole in the butt of the rod. This served amply for my purpose—to wind up my line short, to poke it under an overhanging bush or let it out for a deep hole, or to cast across a wide reach to the opposite bank. For my first creel I fitted a cover, cut from a broad shingle, to an old work basket of one of my aunts, and adorned it with pen and ink drawings of trout.

It was a somewhat crude rig, but I caught hundreds of trout with it, and gave it away to an old playmate when I left home at the age of seventeen to seek fame and fortune, the last of which at least I never found.

When I went home again on my first vacation I was the happy possessor of a rod, an English trunk rod in five joints, which I picked up at a bargain in a variety store, and which did yeoman's service for many years. I had bought a regular creel too, and was fully fitted out. Some time after I began, an older friend brought me from Boston a hank of gut and two or three dozen Limerick hooks, which I soon learned to tie properly, and since then I have tied all my own hooks if possible, for I have lost too many good trout by the hooks slipping from the gut when I had bought them ready tied at some cheap tackle store. I lost three that way one afternoon when last up north from some hooks I had picked up at a store in Colebrook, having run short.

I also cleave to the Limerick hook yet, despite my friend Mather. I do not like those long-shanked, slender, crooked hooks. The real Limerick is stronger in the bend, the barb is long, and the point projects a little from the line of pull, and after sixty years' experience I find nothing better, though I am well satisfied with the sproat. When my old trunk rod gave out finally, after using up half a dozen tips, I bought a long, slender bamboo and had a country gunsmith joint it for me in 4 ft. lengths; of which I used three for trout and four for pickerel and other river fish. I still keep this and use it for bass occasionally, but I have had a 100z. split-bamboo for more than twenty years now, which has "killed its thousands," and is good yet. I have also a 6½oz. rod, which is as light as I want. The reminiscent mood sent me May 2 of this year (May 1 being Sunday) to the spot where I caught that first trout, but not a bite did I get (trout never nibble!), and the brooks were too full of cold water. May 13 I went again, caught one trout 7 in. long and lost one by the hook, which had been tied at least three years, slipping from the gut! It was not one of my tying though! That one trout would just about have mated that first one I ever caught, more than sixty years before, but I did not come home in quite such an exalted condition.

However, I was not disheartened, and the next morning, being somewhat warmer, I decided to try a little brook within a quarter of a mile of the village, which is fed entirely by springs from the base of the hills, and on which Livingston Stone once had his well-known Cold Spring-trout ponds.

After my usual after-breakfast visit to the post-office I slipped on my shooting jacket and boots and started for the springs, not a rifle shot from the sheet to fish down. The first three pastures showed no signs of a fish, and it was not till I got down on the meadow level that I had a bite. The first trout proved about 6 in. long, but I put him in my basket for luck and went on. Just as I came to the meadow road, by which the fields are reached for farm purposes, I had a more vigorous bite, and my hook came back to me pretty well stripped of bait (the brook was barely 3 ft. wide, and no room to cast a fly). I rebaited, and dropping on my knees cast again in the same place, and was rewarded by a gin. trout; another cast met a still stronger response, and my rod bent as I swung a trout a foot long and very fat and heavy, weighing nearly a pound, over my head on to green grass of the meadow. I was so utterly surprised that I yanked him out as if he had been a fingerling. No such trout had been seen in that region since the day of Stone's breeding ponds. A third cast followed with no bite perceptible, but on lifting my line from the water I drew up another one 8 or 9 in. long, just out of water, when he dropped off on the bank and was back in the brook before I could reach him. The next meadow gave me two more of the 12 in. fellows, and the third one two more still, so that when I got to the next boundary, just as the noon mail train was whistling for its entrance to the village, I had five trout, each a foot long, and weighing nearly a pound, one of 9 in., or a quarter pound, and four of 6 in. each, and I turned home to dinner.

I had all the trout I wanted, and gave away part of them to my neighbors. Where those big fellows came from in that little brook is a mystery. No such trout were ever caught there before in the memory of the present generation.

I think they came up from the Connecticut River, tempted by the heavy rain of Thursday and Thursday night, to explore this cold brook in search of food, and that, like Nessmuk, "I met them on the June rise."

I fear my reminiscences have taken too personal a turn to be interesting; let us return to our subject. While *FOREST AND STREAM* has taken a position and maintained a character, never before attained by any periodical devoted to field sports, may it not be assumed that it has because it has been true to its name and confined itself to the recreations found in the woods and waters, leaving the drama and the turf to find other exponents?

Nor should the contributors who have aided in making it what it is be omitted. As we look back down the vista of years we recall with sad, yet pleasant, memories the names of Nessmuk, Ned Buntline, Ufford, Wells, O. O. Smith, and many more, who have filled its columns with delightful experiences, and we find others who are still adding to our pleasure. To the founder, Charles Hallock; to Awahsoose, Antler, Piseco, and Aztec; to Kelpie and Kingfisher; to Comanche and Shoshone; to Fred Mather and A. N. Cheney; to S. H. Greene and A.

B. Wingfield; to Podgers and Special; to the gorgeous and effervescent Starbuck, and the irrepressible and indomitable Hough; with the hope that all may long find in the actual delights of *FOREST AND STREAM* the pleasures of which they give us the reflections in its printed columns, I send the greetings of their brother angler,

VON W.

The Record of "Forest and Stream."

THE record of any journal which has passed the fifty volume mark in its history, of which so many good things can be said as may be truthfully said of dear old *FOREST AND STREAM*, is one to be very proud of. It is not given to very many journals to enjoy this distinction, hence it is that to-day every contributor to its columns, every subscriber upon its mailing list, all those who have in any way or measure assisted in this work, and especially those who have stood with the enterprise from the first days of its existence, feel a personal pride and exultation in the successful completion of this record. Since the days when Charles Hallock and his co-laborers began the task of a practical demonstration of the soundness of their belief that a pure, dignified, honest, high-toned and withal readable paper, devoted to the best interests of field sports, natural history, aquatic pursuits; to the dispelling of prejudice and the destruction of crookedness, rowdyism and illegal practices; to the betterment of their fellow men, could and would be sustained, its course and varying success has been watched by its friends, sometimes with solicitude, but always with pride, and strengthened by words of encouragement. During all these years I have been an interested weekly reader of its pages, and enjoying the appreciated distinction of being a frequent contributor to its columns, I have in a special corner of my abode, and it requires a liberal allowance of space at that, piles on piles of these papers. Not a complete file, I most deeply regret to add, but many hundred copies that are like old friends. I doubt, if I had now the whole of the fifty volumes bound and set up in formal and imposing array in my library, that I should take the same comfort and pleasure in them. They would not be the same as the old copies that I have read and often marked—sometimes clipped from—not the old familiar friends that have been coming weekly for so many years.

The conviction has forced itself upon my mind, as it has upon hundreds of others, who, like myself, have followed its course in the courageous treatment of all topics coming up within its domain, that it has been a mighty factor in the moulding of public sentiment, in the elevation of field sports, in the inauguration and upholding of all movements for the punishment of illegal practices. But it is not to be supposed that its sentiments have always pleased even its friends. No man that has ever been known on earth has succeeded in pleasing everybody. It remains for the future to produce that *rara avis*. Tastes differ. Prejudices exist. Opinions are widely various on every subject. In many things there is no standard, and just what constitutes perfection in a particular object may be an open question. It is said of Lincoln that upon being asked what he thought should be the proportionate length of a man's legs, he replied:

"Without giving the matter any thought, I should say a man's legs should be just about as long as necessary to reach from his body to the ground."

Thomas Jefferson said that it was as undesirable that men should all think alike as that they should all look alike, and on that point, if any, we are pretty nearly agreed. One cannot help thinking what a horribly monotonous state of things would exist if there was not an occasional dispute over what constitutes the difference between a large and a small-mouth bass, and what the most successful lure wherewith to enveigle him from the crystal depths; or what was the weight of the big fish that got away; or the kind of ammunition that is best for a certain purpose; or the particular make of gun that is infallible. Life would indeed be "stale, flat and unprofitable." So we are content when the views of our favorite paper differ from our views, as we know the difference is, anyhow, an honest one, and we immediately sit down with the most trenchant of pens, the most decided of black inks, and most killing of arguments, to prove to our dear Mr. Editor that he is dead wrong on every one of his points.

But to return. What a wonderful community of interest and feeling of comradeship exists between the contributor and reader! As a good example of this, a fellow sportsman said to be a day or two ago when talking about the *FOREST AND STREAM*: "I actually feel that I could take any of those writers by the hand with as cordial a grasp as though I had known them personally all my life." That I think conveys the highest compliment to the writer's best gift in any domain of literature—perfect naturalness.

Yes, the position which *FOREST AND STREAM* occupies to-day, after rounding out its fifty volumes of entertainment, education and usefulness, is a proud one: it has contributed to that new gospel of orthodoxy which is so clearly, naturally and truthfully spoken of by Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke in the following words:

There is such a thing as taking ourselves and the world too seriously, or at any rate too anxiously. Half of the secular unrest and dismal, profane sadness of modern society comes from the vain idea that every man is bound to be a critic of life, and to let no day pass without finding some fault with the general order of things, or projecting some plan for its improvement. And the other half comes from the greedy notion that a man's life doesn't consist after all in the abundance of the things he possesseth, and that it is somehow or other more respectable and pious to be always at work making a larger living, than it is to lie on your back in the green pastures and beside the still waters, and thank God that you are alive.

That covers the ground, I think, and having done it, I will simply say, let the anniversaries come, and may each successive one bring a still greater measure of success.

JOHN M. BULKLEY (Kenka).

DETROIT, June, 1898.

Sportswomanship.

"To take no unfair advantage of any living thing is a good code for the sportsman of to-day."—*FOREST AND STREAM*.

This theory does not apply to sportswomen when the game is man.—*New York Sun*.

The Walrus.

ONE of the most interesting mammals of the circum-polar regions is the walrus, also called sea horse by the old English navigators. The waters of the Bering Sea seem to be especially adapted to the requirements of these creatures; vast tracts of comparatively shallow water extend along the eastern and western shores of the sea; the chain of islands forming the southern boundary, called the Alutian Islands, presents no attraction for the walrus; being environed by waters of great depth, and the waters in the many passages rush through with great strength, consequently they shun these waters from the Peninsula of Alaska to the Commander Islands, a distance of twelve hundred miles or more.

On the northern shores of the Peninsula of Alaska are found numerous outlying sandy reefs, which form convenient resting places for the walrus herds in summer, for it should be understood that the greater part of the old males remain in the Bering Sea at all times of the year. The females, with their young, and the younger males migrate annually to the waters of the Arctic Ocean. These shallow waters abound in shell fish of various kinds, and especially a large thin-shelled clam, and these clams form the greater part of the food for the walrus herds, for when a walrus is killed on first coming to land the stomach will always be found to contain a large proportion of these clams.

These great shallow plateaux extend from the Peninsula of Alaska on the eastern shore of the sea as far north as St. Lawrence Island, and from this point the shoal water extends entirely across Bering Straits and through them into the Arctic Ocean and comprises the greater part of the open summer ocean. On the Siberian coast the walrus grounds are found a short distance to the south of the large Island of Karagin, off the coast of Kamchatka, extending northward until it joins the shallows of the American coast and becomes one vast feeding ground for the walrus. The Island of Karagin is a famous hauling place in summer for the Western herd, for they love to come ashore on some point in fine weather and bask in the sunshine, and usually remain for several days if the weather is fine. In this they are first class weather prophets. I have often seen them coming to land during a present storm, but fair weather was sure to follow, for such prediction is unerring. Beside resting, their purpose in coming to land is to kill the parasites which infest and torment them, and this the sunbath does. The parasites are like little crabs and a good exposure to the hot sun destroys them; although in hauling ashore the walrus have a habit of massing in such a compact way that they cannot entirely free themselves from the pests.

The walrus is gregarious in the extreme, and is never found alone unless sick or wounded; it then, like most other animals, goes away by itself to die alone.

They come to land in great numbers, gathering near, on the approach of fine weather. At first a few of the old males go to the top of the hauling ground, and survey the scene. When satisfied that the coast is clear, these old sages proclaim the fact, and the landing begins in earnest. At first they emerge from the water slowly, but those on the outside begin to stir up those ahead with a friendly prod of their tusks, which on any other animal would inflict a painful wound, but which on these creatures is simply a reminder to move on. So they gradually work themselves to the top of the beach or as far as they wish to go and lie down in every conceivable posture, many overlapping others, until every inch of ground is covered. At all times there are a sufficient number awake to keep up a deafening roar, while the great multitude are sleeping. All throughout the herd are posted sentinels, who with raised head and watchful eye keep guard over their comrades. The din is great and the stench from them sickening.

The movement of the walrus on land is sluggish and unwieldy. They move but a short distance at a time before resting; to go 10 or 15 ft. would be a good effort. On arriving at the top of the beach or near high water mark those first there will go no further, but turn and face the coming herds and yield no more ground; so the band begin to haul up on each side, in the same way at all times keeping a compact mass. After a while comparative quiet is restored, so many are now asleep, and the most of the herd have gotten to land, for they always begin to haul up on rising tide and do not seem to care to do it when the tide is falling; if there are late arrivals they simply get out of the wash of the waves and await the following rising tide. I have often seen from five to ten thousand congregated on a small sand point. Notwithstanding the constant bellowing and wrangling of the herd and the terrible stench arising from such a mass of animal life, if a boat should pass a half mile to the windward of the herd they would all start immediately for the water, and in a short time all would be in their native element, the sloping beach greatly assisting them in their flight from the land. But a boat could pass to the leeward of a herd within a hundred feet and they would remain; they might make a little more bellowing and show restlessness, but if they do not scent a foe or strange smell they seem contented to remain. I think the odor most offensive to them is the smell of smoke. One whiff of smoke from a passing ship will be a signal for all to get into the sea. It seems that they depend on the sense of smell much more than sight to warn them of the approach of danger.

To shoot these fellows on the hauling grounds it is usual to wait until low water, then rush between the herd high up on the beach, drive the stragglers into the sea, leaving a broad band of beach between those high up on the shore and the water, then the shooting begins with those nearest the water. It is an easy matter to watch a chance to shoot the ball into the base of the brain and kill the animal instantly. While part of the men are shooting the rest are busy with poles about 12 ft. long with a strong sharp spike in the end to keep the herd from escaping to the sea. They are quite sensitive about the muzzle and can thus be held in their position on the beach. The men doing the shooting kill off those nearest the water, the dead bodies forming a bulwark between the living and the sea. When a sufficient number have been killed, the living are released, and the

work of saving the ivory and blubber begun, for there is much hard work to be done, and the weather may soon change to stormy, and this might take all your work back into the sea and all would be lost. For this reason it is best not to try to get too many at one time. In selecting a place to haul out the walrus invariably choose a point if possible where they can reach water deep enough to swim in near the shore at low water. An outlet to the sea between the sand islands, where the currents wash a deep channel, makes a most desirable resting place, for they feel that they can flee to the sea at any time, and it is a fact they are well protected except at low water, and this is the time of their greatest danger.

There is a great amount of labor to be done to cut out the ivory from the strong bones of the head, and to cut off the blubber. The skin of a bull walrus when taken off the animal will average 1 in. in thickness, and is covered with round lumps or scars, the result of many battles, in which they strike with their strong ivory tusks.

I once killed on the islands near Herendeen Bay and Port Moller over 1,000 walrus, not one of which was a female; and at least 900 of them were old battle-scarred veterans. Many have the appearance of having attained great age; their bodies are so completely covered with scars that I doubt if a tea cup could be placed on any part and not cover one or more scars. These old males are almost entirely destitute of hair, and when in the water have a bluish white appearance. They seem to avoid the younger and more vigorous of their kind. One small herd of these I once saw on Walrus Island, off the Pribilof group, near St. Paul, on which I landed. It was in the nesting season of the murre, great numbers of which covered almost the entire surface of the high part of the island, and it was interesting to see how the walrus trusted to the sea birds for intimation of the approach of a foe. They were lying under a low bluff and could not see any one approach from over the land, while they could see my approach from seaward. One boat was lying off shore, where the herd was in full view. While I landed they slept soundly on. As we crossed over the island the murre began to leave their eggs and gather near the cliffs; and when we came quite near the sea birds flew off in vast numbers. It was now that one old walrus sage must have remarked, "We had better get out of here." And they went. Notwithstanding our smart run to the edge of the cliff, but a single walrus was hesitating on the edge of the rocks. Two cracks from our Sharps rifles rang out and the lifeless body hung on the edge of the rock, with the waves swinging its great white horns among the sea weed.

From all appearances the walrus must live to a great age. Young robust males of perhaps five years have just a scar or two; and are all covered with short brown hair; their tusks are short and sharp, and in a herd one can select animals of various ages until we can almost imagine that some of the old fellows might have seen Vitus Bering when he plowed the waters of this sea.

The females are well covered with short brown hair and seldom show a scar. Their horns are much more slender than those of the males; the skin is much thinner and the freedom from scars makes it much more desirable than the male's to the Eskimo for canoe covers. The muzzle is flat across the front, and oval in outline; at right angles to the muzzle the tusks protrude about 18 in. The muzzle is covered with stout stiff whiskers, which doubtless serve to brush the clams from the sand and mud turned over on the bottom by the two tusks, which serve as picks to tear them out of the sand.

I once had an opportunity of seeing the work done by a herd of about fifty walrus at the Moller Islands. At near high water about fifty of them came off the beach and into the lagoon between the sand islands and the mainland. It was a beautiful calm day and I could see them stirring up the mud in their work, coming to the surface from time to time with intervals of ten or twelve minutes, and uttering hoarse cries as they again came to the surface. At one time I could see the most of their movements as they drew in quite near the shore. They stuck their tusks into the sandy bottom and tore it up with a quick jerk of their strong neck, then brushed over the bottom with their horns (or tusks) and searched for the food which had been uncovered. The shell fish so found are broken in their strong jaws, the soft parts sucked out and the shells rejected. I have often examined the ice where a herd of walrus had been reposing and very few fragments of shell could be seen on the surface of the ice.

Although the tusks are very strong they are sometimes broken. I once observed a large male, whose tusks were broken off close to his nose; notwithstanding this he was in fair condition; he doubtless followed the feeding herd and could pick a good share of the clams uncovered by his friends. The jaws are short and strong, and when the animal is excited it opens and shuts them with great rapidity, like a person with the ague, and the strong jaws and teeth make the rattle audible for some distance.

The teeth protrude little above the gum and must grow out rapidly, for they wear away quite fast in grinding up the clams.

I have never known the walrus to come on land in winter. This may be accounted for by the fact that the Bering Sea in summer is entirely free of ice in the southern part early in the spring, and the males, which do not migrate to the Arctic feeding grounds with the females and their young, are fond of coming to land in fine weather for rest and sleep.

The young are born in May on the ice fields off shore. The mating of the males and females takes place immediately after. The period of gestation is one year, like that of the sea lion, fur seal and kindred species. The young grow quite rapidly, since in July, three months later, their little tusks begin to show a white point in the corner of the mouth, and they are fat and robust at this time. They doubtless nurse the mother until the tusks are long enough to dig with, though they no doubt follow the mother to the bottom and learn to pick up clams and feed with her. I have often seen a young one, when the mother had been shot on the ice, crawl upon the body of its mother and cry like a lamb, paying no attention whatever to the men working on the ice, until seeming to realize that the dead body could be

nothing more to it, it would go away, and often adopt another mother, or perhaps be adopted. At least at this season, when many females were killed, the orphans would keep with the young of a living mother. Whether they at last succeed in reconciling the mother to her increased family I know not, but I do know that often two and sometimes three pups would be seen following one mother.

During the winter the walrus herds keep about the southern edge of the ice floe, and are drifted to and fro as the ice is driven by the wind. In May and June the strong southerly winds carry the ice fields more and more to the north, until late in June they are in the vicinity of the large island of St. Lawrence, near what you may call the southern entrance to Bering Straits. The southerly winds of this season carry this ice more rapidly in conjunction with the currents, and the ice fields, with the migrating herds, are soon swept through the Bering Straits into the Arctic Ocean. In the middle of July a great many bands of them can be seen scattered about on the ice as far as they can be seen, and these may number from fifty to more than a thousand. In the early days of the Arctic whale fishery they congregated in vast numbers, before the whalers turned to their capture as a source of profit at a season when the whales were scarce. In July many ships would take from 800 to 1,200 walrus, and these were mostly females, because the females yielded more oil and were therefore more profitable.

At first, when the whalers began their capture, they used the ordinary harpoon on a whale line, with five or six harpoons fastened to the main line with short lines, and with a bow line, through which the main line traversed freely. When all was ready the boat was pulled up to a floe on which a herd of walrus were sleeping and resting, the men always keeping to the leeward, and in this way the boat could approach very near. Then with a few smart strokes with the oars the boat in a moment would be near enough for the harpooner to throw all his harpoons into from five to eight walrus, and all these were secured to the long line by as many short lines as there were animals. The killing then began. Some of the men would haul on the line and pull the boat up to the wounded animals, and a lance thrust in a vital part of first one and then another soon killed them. But in their struggles they often struck the boats with their tusks and stove them badly, and the method proved very destructive to the boats. Soon after this it was found that the improved rifles of heavy caliber would kill them instantly if shot in the brain. The rifle was thereupon adopted as the weapon for the hunting of walrus, and a mighty destroyer it proved, for in shooting large numbers it very often happened that the warm blood flowing on the ice from the slain would so weaken the ice that when the shooting was done and the living were driven off the ice the balance would change and the dead lying on this weakened ice would break off the floe. In such a case very often all the walrus that had been killed were lost, and another band would have to be sought for.

Although the walrus is not given great credit for cunning, yet he always selects rotten ice, and that which lies low in the water, with holes here and there where he can soon plunge into the water and escape. They are not often found on high strong ice. The walrus drifting around on the drifting floe has but a short distance to move to get into the water, and twenty or twenty-five fathoms beneath there is food in abundance.

I have never observed any great numbers of females with their young on the American shores south of Bering Straits after July, but in the Gulf of the Holy Cross on the Siberian coast I have seen them in thousands in the months of August and September feeding in the shallow waters of that region.

When the shooting of walrus began a small boat carrying two men was used, the men being dressed in white, and the boat and all its apparel painted white, so that there would be little contrast with the surrounding ice. The same order was observed on approaching a herd on the ice as those on the land.

It was estimated that 50,000 were destroyed annually when the industry was at its height; it will be seen that the pursuit was rapidly exhausting the herds, but the depression of the oil market and the growing shyness of the animals on the approach of man made the business less and less lucrative, until now they are very little disturbed.

The average amount of oil obtained from a walrus was twenty-two gallons, and the amount of ivory from the females was 4 lbs. A thousand males killed at Port Moller averaged 8 lbs. each, although 20 lbs. have been taken from a single male. The ivory is valued at about 60 cents per pound. The smallness of the valuation put upon it is due to the fact that the center of the tusk is not true ivory, but a hard, granulated substance not at all like ivory in appearance or texture. Were the whole tusk solid ivory it would be very valuable and would command a much greater price in the markets of the world.

E. P. HERENDEN.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

"Early Days in the West."

MR. BYERS adds to his interesting recollections (see page 508), writing of the site of Council Bluffs:

The Mormons made a great settlement here, entirely self-sustaining and independent of the gentile world. We had a Christmas dinner there in 1851, at the house of a Methodist missionary, to which it was stated all the gentiles (other than Mormons) who lived on the Missouri slope (water shed) of Iowa were invited. The party numbered eight, and five of them were our squad of surveyors. Two others were the missionary and his wife, and the eighth must have been a "stray."

Meantime, while the faithful had prospered in this garden spot for five years, their managers and scouts had traversed the Western plains and mountains and settled upon the Great Salt Lake basin for the permanent home of their people, and thither they went in the spring of 1852. They went as the wild pigeons (used to) go. I was in the heira, but not of it.

WM. N. BYERS.

A Quarter Century of Fishculture.

IF we may trust the records, the artificial fertilization and hatching of fish eggs was 125 years old when *FOREST AND STREAM* first saw the light of day; yet the results accomplished since the establishment of this journal far exceed in extent and importance all the previous results in the history of fishculture.

Jacobi waited twenty-two years for a publisher and eight years longer for a substantial recognition of his services in the form of a life pension, which he did not need, from George III. of England. His followers began to practice fishculture after still greater delay, as, for example, in Italy in 1791, in France in 1820, in Bohemia in 1824, in Great Britain in 1837, in Switzerland in 1842, in Norway in 1850, in Finland in 1852, in the United States in 1853, in Belgium, Holland and Russia in 1854, in Australia in 1862, in Canada about 1863, in Austria in 1865, in Japan in 1877, in Hawaii in 1879, in Mexico, New Zealand and South Africa within recent years.

All of the earlier operations in artificial breeding were limited to fishes of the salmon family, chiefly to the Atlantic salmon, and several kinds of trout. It was natural that attention should first have been attracted to such species. The eggs are large and showy; they are deposited in shallow places, usually in mountain streams, and the spawning fish become conspicuous by reason of their breeding habits. The fish are among the most highly prized by all who know them. In the countries in which private fishculture was first practiced, moreover, the fishing waters belonged to the State or to private individuals, and these interests were best promoted by the increase of the game fishes.

The "wet" method of fertilization of the fish egg must have been suggested by observations upon the spawning grounds, and it is not surprising that Vladimir Wraski's discovery of the better plan of "dry" mingling of the eggs and milt before immersing them in water was delayed until nearly a century after the publication of Jacobi's methods. This is only one of many valuable fishcultural discoveries for which America is indebted to Europe, but America has given more than a fair equivalent in return. Dr. Borodine has justly written: "Europe has originated and developed the methods of fishculture, but America has carried it on upon an industrial scale under Government auspices, and has invented and introduced in general practice methods suitable for large operations, quite different from those used in Europe."

Dr. Oscar Nordqvist also has remarked that "On account of the enormous amount of fish breeding, the Americans have invented a number of exceedingly simple, cheap and easily managed (forms of) apparatus for the purpose, and have thus materially simplified the work." He attributes the great extent of fishcultural work in the United States partly to the prevalent rights of fishing here, which throw upon the general Government, or the State, the duty of preserving and increasing the supply of fish, a duty which would be wholly neglected were it not for such supervision.

How far the artificial breeding and planting of fish should be supplemented by legal regulation of the fisheries is as much a vexing problem to-day as it was when *FOREST AND STREAM* was young. The same schools of fishery economists in Great Britain, owing allegiance to Huxley on the one side, opposed to legislation except for inland waters, and to Dr. Francis Day on the other, advocating strenuous legal regulation of all fisheries, exist and combat each other's views as vigorously as ever.

In the United States public opinion is still largely antagonistic to fishery legislation. After fourteen years of scientific investigation Prof. Baird was not convinced that the permanence of the sea fisheries required the enactment of laws, and he never recommended legislation in that direction. The anglers, however, believing that certain forms of apparatus used in the commercial fisheries are destructive of food fishes and their eggs, are constantly trying to secure legislation against the use of such apparatus in shallow bays near the shores.

Whenever such proposed restriction is shown to be necessary to the public good it will meet with hearty approval; but it may easily work unnecessary hardship upon those who buy fish, as well as upon those who catch them, unless it is well grounded in facts. The laws of the States very properly aim to protect fish in their spawning season and from destructive methods of fishing; also to prevent the pollution and obstruction of streams and to preserve stocked waters from fishing until the fishes have reached a suitable age and abundance.

There is still a great deal to be desired in the way of uniformity of laws and limits of open seasons.

The first public fishcultural establishment was set up at Huningue, in Alsace, by the French Government in 1850 under the direction of Prof. Coste. The Government of Norway extended its patronage to public fishculture in the same year. Canada entered upon the work more than thirty years ago; and the New England States were first in the United States to appropriate money for stocking public waters. The United States Government began fishcultural operations in 1872. The first attempt at the artificial spawning of salmon in the United States was made by M. C. G. Atkins, at Craig Brook, Me., in 1871, under the direction of the Fish Commissions of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Artificial propagation of the quinnat salmon began in the McCloud River, Cal., in 1873, with the work of Livingston Stone. In this same year the U. S. Fish Commission sent 35,000 shad fry from the Connecticut River to the Sacramento, in California, the only prior shipment having consisted of 12,000 fry from the Hudson, taken over in 1871 by Seth Green for the California Fish Commission.

Public fishculture was very young and awkward in the United States in 1873. The Wraski method of "dry" fertilization of eggs, although published in 1856 or 1857, was republished in French only in 1871, and became known to us through a translation by Geo. Shepard Page. Atkins had greatly improved the apparatus for the hatching of salmon and trout eggs by substituting wire cloth bottoms for trays instead of gravel and glass grilles; but shad eggs were laboriously developed in floating boxes in the rivers, and their fry were trans-

ported in milk cans, carried in baggage cars, from Connecticut to California and the Southern States. The shad hatching cone, of Bell and Mather, did not make its appearance until 1875. This was followed two years later by the plunging buckets, and soon afterward came the automatic hatching jar of Marshall McDonald, one of a type of jars, including Chase's, Clark's and Wilmot's, which has revolutionized certain lines of fishculture.

Another automatic glass jar of more recent invention is the bottomless bottle of a Swiss named Weiss, which is inverted, the water entering at the neck and overflowing over the edges of the bottom.

Floating eggs, and indeed eggs of marine fishes in general, had not entered into the scope of the Fish Commission's work until 1879, when the semi-rotating cylinder, designed by H. C. Chester, was used for hatching eggs of the cod. James W. Milner and R. E. Earll soon afterward discovered the utility of an intermittent siphon for producing the tidal motion necessary to the proper development of cod eggs, and this principle was introduced and made available in the tidal box of Marshall McDonald, in which so many hundreds of millions of floating eggs have recently been hatched.

Twenty-five years ago, if any one desired to hatch heavy, adhesive eggs, he placed them upon bunches of twigs or glass plates, to which they adhered. Now, thanks to the ingenuity of Prof. J. E. Reighard and J. J. Stranahan, we separate such eggs readily by the use of starch or fine muck, and hatch them in glass jars, as we do with shad eggs. It is the simplest thing in the world now to hatch 400,000,000 eggs of the pike-perch in a short season instead of a few hundred thousand by the old methods.

The past quarter century has witnessed other noteworthy improvements in public fishculture, such as the use of steamships and steam machinery for hatching; the introduction by the States and the United States of cars especially fitted for the hatching en route and the transportation of fish and eggs; the employment of refrigeration and aeration systems, by means of which the results of fishculture have been wonderfully increased.

Public fishculture worthy of the name exists only in the United States and Canada. This is clearly shown in a review of fishculture in Europe and North America for the year 1891, published by Dr. Borodine in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1893. According to his statements all of North America appropriated for fishcultural work in that year \$406,669; all Europe appropriated only \$37,032.50. The number of fish produced in North America was 1,616,027,192; in Europe 277,973,016. Of the 416 fish hatcheries in Europe only 82 belonged to the respective Governments, while 80 referred to in North America were all Governmental establishments. Europe is almost without hatcheries for fishes of the shad and herring kind, the perches and marine fishes generally, and little attention is paid to stocking public waters, but nearly all fry are furnished to private streams.

It would be unfair, however, to omit reference to the assistance actually rendered to public fishculture by various governments. Germany contributes funds annually for the support of the fishcultural operations of the Deutscher Fischerei Verein and of the hatchery at Hünningen, in Alsace. Norway grants a subsidy to the great cod hatchery at Flodevigen and for other purposes. Switzerland pays the owners of private hatcheries for the fry planted by them in public waters. France maintains five small Governmental hatcheries, and gives a subsidy to a private shad hatchery on the Seine; the Government has provided also for a fishcultural school at the Gremaz hatchery of Mr. Lugin, the inventor of the method of artificially propagating live food for fry. Italy paid \$6,500 for the construction of a large hatchery at Brescia in 1891, and has established a smaller one in Rome under direction of Dr. Decio Vinciguerra. The Netherlands planted salmon fry in the Rhine in 1891 at an expense of \$2,084. Great Britain makes grants for scientific investigation, and such allotments are used in part for the support of a marine hatchery at Dunbar, Scotland. Assistance is furnished also to the St. Andrews marine laboratory, where fishcultural investigations have been carried on since 1884, and to the laboratory at Plymouth. Sweden contributes nothing directly for fishculture, but makes provision for the improvement of the fishery industries. Russia does very little beyond making small grants for a hatchery at Nicholsk, founded by the inventor of the "dry" method of fertilizing eggs, and for the Fishery Society for Finland.

In the packing and transportation of eggs and young fish great improvements have been made. In Europe eggs are not transported, as a rule, until they have reached the eyed stage; but in the United States newly spawned eggs are freely and successfully shipped even for a period of several days. The fear that this may result in hatching weaker fry does not outweigh the enormous advantages gained in reaching a central hatchery from several field stations. By the use of suitable trays and the assistance of quick transportation the yield of shad and whitefish, has been wonderfully increased.

A notable improvement in the results of stocking streams has come from the use of young fish several months or a year old instead of very young fry. This is now pretty generally accepted as the best method of planting, and many failures of the past may be turned to successes in the future by the change of plan. Since the rearing of shad in ponds has proved entirely feasible and promising of good results, the same principle should be applied to whitefish and pike-perch, about which fishculturers have been greatly discouraged, after years of hard work planting the fry. In Europe whitefish and pike-perch are very successfully reared in ponds, and in our own country Mr. Thomson has accomplished similar results in Indiana.

There is room for much more activity in rearing natural food for fish, and the successes of the next quarter century will revolve around that problem as a center. It would be a good plan to foster experimental work in fishculture under the auspices of the general Government. The little that we know is so painfully in contrast with the mass of unknown problems as to call for prompt and generous action in behalf of public instruction. The proper treatment of fish in disease is as imperfectly known as the cure of consumption. Even the various troubles caused by fungus find the average fish-

culturist helpless to overcome them by any means.

It must not be supposed that there has been a dearth of literature in the period under discussion. Expositions have been numerous, and each one has called forth more or less work in fishculture. Among those in which the apparatus and methods of fishculture were made a special feature were the following: Philadelphia, 1876; Berlin, 1880; Edinburgh, 1882; London, 1883; New Orleans, 1886; Cincinnati, 1888; Paris, 1889; Chicago, 1893; Atlanta, 1895; Brussels, 1896; Nashville, 1897; Bergen and Omaha, 1898. At Berlin, in 1880, were given in the department of fishculture ten gold medals, five silver medals, seven bronze medals, and fifteen diplomas of honorable mention, the United States having received six gold medals, one each of silver and bronze, and two certificates of honorable mention. Essays and books upon fishculture formed a natural preparation for these expositions, and the materials exhibited in turn supplied subjects for new literary productions in that direction.

What follows is not an attempt to give a complete list of writings upon the subject, but merely a brief mention of the most important recent sources of information, and this to some extent is of necessity drawn from memory. The expositions at Berlin, 1880; London, 1883, and Chicago, 1893, were especially fruitful in fishcultural literature, as will be seen from the titles:

1873, "An Essay on Fishculture," John H. Klippart, Columbus, O.

1877, "Practical Trout Culture," J. H. Slack, New York.

1877, "Domesticated Trout: How to Breed and Grow Them," L. Stone, Boston.

1879, "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching," Roosevelt & Green, Rochester, N. Y.

1881, "Die Fischzucht," Max von dem Borne, Berlin.

1881, "Epochs in Fishculture," G. Brown Goode, in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

1883, "Fishculture," Francis Day, London.

(Besides this, numerous important essays were prepared for the London Fisheries Exposition of 1883.)

1883, "Modern Methods and Apparatus," R. E. Earll, in *Nature*, Oct. 4.

1894, "Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission for 1893," devoted entirely to papers prepared for the World's Fishery Congress at the World's Fair, Chicago.

1895, "The Angler's Paradise and How to Obtain it," J. J. Armistead, Dumfries, Scotland.

1897, "Manual of Fishculture," in Report of U. S. Fish Commission for 1897.

1898, "Proceedings of the World's Fisheries Congress at Tampa, Fla.," in Report U. S. F. C. for 1898.

A little book upon fishculture was published in Italian several years ago, and a work on marine fishculture in France has recently appeared from the pen of G. Roché.

To the foregoing must be added the very valuable essays and short articles which have appeared frequently in *FOREST AND STREAM*, the *Field*, *Land and Water*, the *Fishing Gazette* (London), in the journals of the French Society of Acclimatization, the circulars of the German Fishery Association and allied organizations, the French, Norwegian, Swedish and Finnish fishery and fishcultural magazines and reports, the annual reports of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, Transactions of the American Fisheries Society, annual reports of State Fish Commissioners, the Reports and Bulletins of the U. S. Fish Commission. There is no lack of good literature; what we need now is a working manual drawn from these sources and from extended experience in the hatcheries.

A hasty glance at the list of fishes now made the subjects of artificial breeding and rearing will serve to show how far we have progressed in the quarter century past. Fishculturers are regularly occupied with:

Pacific, Atlantic and landlocked salmons.

Rainbow, steelhead, red-throat, brown trout (and several of its European allies).

Lake and brook trouts and the saiblings.

Whitefishes and lake herrings.

Graylings.

Smelts.

Shad.

Black bass, rock bass, crappies.

Mascalonge.

Mackerel.

Cod, haddock, pollock, tomcod.

Flatfish, sand dab, four-spotted flounder.

The following may be added as fishes under experiment: Golden ide, sturgeon, yellow perch, Spanish mackerel, tautog, cunner, scup, sea bass, squeteague, sheepshead, sea herring, alewife.

Among the economic invertebrates receiving much attention are the lobsters, oysters, clams, mussels, and sponges (the last propagated now from cuttings, like some plants).

What has fishculture accomplished during the *FOREST AND STREAM* era? It has passed out of the stages of experiment into the realm of great operations, upon which depend important commercial fisheries and remunerative private enterprises. It has established the shad in the Pacific States, where it was unknown before, and restored the fish to rivers of the Middle Atlantic States. It has acclimatized the striped bass in California. The rainbow trout of the Pacific slope has been thoroughly domesticated in Eastern waters. The brown trout of Europe is now greatly multiplied in America, New Zealand and Australia. The inshore cod fisheries of New England have been effectively re-established, while a similar result has been accomplished for Norway through the agency of its great hatchery at Flodevigen. The valuable salmon industries of the Columbia and Sacramento rivers rest to-day upon the basis of artificial breeding, and the enormous yield of red salmon in Fraser River and the Gulf of Georgia is surely maintained by fishcultural operations, combined with protective legislation.

That there have been some failures or indifferent results goes without saying; experiments do not always lead to success in any line of human endeavor; but improvements in methods and apparatus have come so fast as to make public fishculture one of the principal factors in the increase, and the consequent cheapening, of the food supply. With the outlay of the same energy and intelligence continuing during the next twenty-five years, who can foretell the development of our fishcultural system and the achievements to follow?

TARLETON H. BEAN.

Days with the White Goat.

In the closing days of August, '97, we started for Winnipeg, where we expected to find out from the officials of the Hudson Bay Company, whose headquarters are located in that city, the best point at which to leave the railroad, with the home of the white goat as our final destination. We spent Thursday afternoon and Friday morning in Winnipeg, where we were most kindly received by the Hon. C. C. Chipman, and by his advice we set out for Vernon, British Columbia, on the other side of the Rockies. We arrived in Vernon Aug. 30, and were very much surprised to find that we were in a pleasant little town surrounded by fruit plantations and ranches, where grain and hops are grown successfully, and where there is as good a little hotel as one could wish for in any part of the world.

Vernon is only about 1,200ft. above the sea, and is located at the head of Okanagan Lake, a body of water ninety miles in length. We were detained here for three days, trying to procure guides. We had no difficulty in getting a cook and two packers, but the hunters were harder to find. At last we secured as head guide Henry Macdonald, an Indian, and as second guide Will Thomas, a young chap born in the States, but living in British Columbia, and trapping for a livelihood. Though but 20 years of age, Thomas stood at least 6ft. 2in. in height, and weighed considerably over 200lbs.

On Friday, Sept. 4, we left Vernon with our party of eight men and thirteen horses—really an unlucky number of horses to take, as I may show later. The course we followed was southeast, toward the Arrow Lakes and Columbia River, among the peaks of the Gold Range, practically the western part of the Selkirks.

By Sunday noon we had covered the last ten miles of our journey and were encamped on the South Fork of Cherry Creek, between two peaks called Big and Little Goat Mountains. Our camp was located about 4,300ft. above sea level, and the summits of the mountains which we were to hunt were 2,500ft. or more above us.

We had seen no game excepting one or two willow grouse, and as we had not brought a very large supply of bacon—and eight men can do a great deal of execution on bacon while climbing mountains day after day—Harry and I decided, though it was Sunday, that we would cross the South Fork of Cherry Creek and climb the mountain directly opposite Goat Mountains, hoping to find a mule deer.

We took with us Will Thomas, and after struggling through a wilderness of fallen trees and briars for a couple of hundred yards, we emerged upon the side of the mountain we had picked out to hunt. The side of the mountain was not so very steep, but we had to ascend about 2,000ft., and the ascent was continuous, without a break. It was our first climb of the season, and I do not know what Harry thought of it, but I had very little use for anything but level country by the time I had gotten half way up. We reached the summit, and following out our programme separated and started to circle the mountain top. I had gone along the crest of the mountain as quietly as possible for a half mile or so, when I heard several shots at some distance to my left. I had seen several tracks, and some of them fairly fresh, so I supposed that Harry had started his deer. After waiting several minutes I started in the direction of the shots, and found Harry and Will Thomas trying to find the balance of a covey of grouse, two of which they had killed with a .22cal. Stevens pistol. At that altitude, with no wind and at a half mile distance, I had taken the report of this weapon for that of a .30cal. Winchester. Once or twice afterward I made the same mistake.

As dusk was coming on and we had quite a distance to go we started for camp. After sliding and slipping down the hillside until we had gotten within a couple of hundred yards of the bottom we sat down to rest a moment, and seeing no sign of life about us I amused myself by rolling some loose stones down into the brush and small trees at the base of the hill. Suddenly Thomas, who was sitting between us, said: "There's

your deer!" But unfortunately the deer was on the move, and before we could have located him would have been out of sight among the trees, but that Thomas realized the situation and took a shot himself, which luckily broke the deer's back. Thomas had with him a dog but a year old, a cross, I think, between a deerhound and a mastiff. This dog had been well broken, even at this early age, in catching wounded animals. He had no trouble in catching a deer with its back broken, but as he is the hero of an adventure with a goat I mention the dog here—Hoodlum was his name, and his nature bore testimony to the fact that this name had been well chosen.

We ran down the hillside and a few hundred feet be-

out on this our first day. So Harry started with Macdonald, the Indian, and the Cavalryman and I took our way up Little Goat Mountain with Thomas. The morning was cold and misty, but we soon got warmed up. We followed the gulch on which we were camped to the trapper's cabin at the head of it, and then turned sharp to the left up the mountain. The first fifteen or sixteen hundred feet of the ascent was over three-quarters of a mile of a steep grassy slope, partly covered with small brush, and then we came to the foot of a cliff of possibly 1,000ft., almost perpendicular. Here Thomas said the goats were wont to disport themselves; but looking along the cliffs for a half mile we could see no signs of game. We decided by the advice of Thomas

to follow around the foot of the cliff back toward camp, only a couple of thousand feet above camp, to the point of the mountain where we could climb the rocks.

I remember very well that we did climb the rocks, and that while we were a little over half way to the summit I slipped and fell on my knees to keep from sliding back. After getting a good brace for my feet I looked down, and it seemed to me that the bottom of that cliff was too far down to be of any possible interest to me, and that the most prudent thing for me to do was to keep looking upward and going that way.

We finally reached the crest of the rocks, and no sooner had we gotten a good footing than Thomas said: "Look out, there is your goat!" And sure enough there was a goat about 200yds. off and busily engaged in trying to make that 200yds. 400. I imagine he succeeded, for he was out of sight among the rocks before we could get a shot. We followed in his tracks, and found that he had crossed the top of the mountain and gone down the cliff on the northerly side. On this side the rocks were not nearly as precipitous, but were cut into by several gullies running clear to the top of the mountain.

We passed the first ravine without seeing anything in it, and also the second; but after crossing the head of the third we heard a noise, and looking back saw on the opposite side of the ravine and about 50yds. below us a good-sized nanny heading for lower altitudes. The Cavalryman unlimbered his .30-40 Winchester and opened the action with two rounds. However, the Cavalryman had not gotten his breath yet after the climb and overshot the goat. By a lucky shot I broke the animal's neck before any more military ammunition could be brought into play; and while, as I said before, this side of the mountain was not

perpendicular, yet from the way that goat rolled down the side of the mountain for 200 or 300yds. I imagined the grade must be quite steep.

While the Cavalryman was congratulating me, and I was condoling with him, we heard a rattle of falling stones in the gully we had previously inspected, and as quickly as possible started back in that direction. Before we reached the side of the ravine goats began to pour out of its head on to the top of the mountain. They must have been there all the time, hidden in crevices in the rocks. At any rate the Cavalryman shot at the old billy who led the procession, and the lead-pointed bullet striking the goat in the side of the face removed his lower jaw almost entirely. The goat ran around behind a large rock and immediately came back again, and kept turning around as if in doubt where to go. During his gyrations he received another .30-40 in the hip, which passed through him to the shoulder, and also one .45-70, which passed through him from side to side, but which was not needed. The billy finally fell off into the ravine and rolled down about 100ft., where he lodged against a rock.

In the meantime I had killed a small goat, which rolled to within 40ft. of the billy, and had knocked over a larger one, which I could not trace.

We now had to hunt for a way to reach the goats and a place in which to remove their skins and heads, and then to find a way to get around the side of the mountain back to camp. This last trouble was not the least, for this side of the mountain was composed almost entirely of slide rock in assorted sizes, and we



ON THE SLIDE ROCK.

Photo from life.

low found a fine two-year-old buck, a mule deer, of course, and Hoodlum endeavoring to remove the buck's head for us. We took that task off his hands, and very soon had the deer in shape for carrying to camp. I took the hindquarters on my shoulders, Thomas the head and forequarters, and Harry had the pleasure of carrying three rifles. We had only to get down into the bed of the stream, and after crawling over and under fallen timber for about 100yds. to climb out of the gulch on the other side, and we were in camp.

Our camp was pitched in a grove of firs on the side of Little Goat Mountain, and was pleasantly situated except that one had to go down hill about 100ft. to water. About a half mile further up the gulch, between the two mountains on which we expected to find goats, was a trapper's cabin, and there was water near it, but at this place there was no grass for our horses, so we had to make the best of a bad job and crawl down the hill several times a day with the water buckets. The men had regular wall tents, but the Cavalryman, Harry and I slept in a lean-to about 15ft. in length, 10ft. in depth and about 8ft. in height in the front. It was made of very light duck and was very easy to carry, and by keeping up a fire in front of it we found no trouble in being comfortable, even when the temperature was considerably below freezing.

We had taken but two guides for the three of us because we intended that one of the three should stay in camp each day, thinking that hunting two days out of three would be enough in the long run. However, on Monday morning we decided that we should all go



PEARL R.

Portrait for FOREST AND STREAM by Edm. H. Osthaus.

found the rock well named, for it does slide if you encourage it at all. To add to our difficulties a cold rain began to fall, and we were not warmly clad, as we could not stand heavy clothing and do the sort of climbing which was necessary.

We found a crevice in the rocks which led us to the billy and his companion, and finally managed to skin them and remove the heads under difficulties, two of us digging our heels in the soil and holding a goat so that it would not slide down the mountain, and the other skinning as well as possible.

Then we slid and fell down to where the first nanny had lodged at the beginning of the slide rock, and removed the skin and head, and after doing so we sat down in the rain and divided a piece of chocolate which the Cavalryman happened to have in his pocket. While eating this luncheon we happened to think what day of the month it might be, and discovered that it was Labor Day, and very well named at that. We each packed a head and hide, and finally reached camp tired and hungry, but happy. There we found Harry and the Indian returned from the big mountain with two fine goats.

On Tuesday morning the Cavalryman decided to take the Indian and ascend the same peak where we had killed our goats on Monday, while with Thomas I attempted the ascent of Big Goat Mountain. We started off to hunt the side furthest from camp, and after two or three hours' climbing we decided that there were no more goats left, as all we had seen were the bodies of the two killed by Harry on Labor Day. While coming around the back of the mountain, I began to hear shots on Little Goat Mountain, and finally counted up to twenty-one rifle shots. I concluded that my friend the Cavalryman had discovered the dwelling place of a large family of goats, and that we should need no more heads or skins after that day's shooting.

Just as Thomas and I had made up our minds to go back to camp without any game we noticed a goat lying down on the cliff about 1,000ft. above us. Thomas was sure that it must be an old billy, since it seemed to be alone, and we made a long detour to get above the animal. Succeeding in this, I took the lead and crawled to the edge of the cliff just above the ledge where the goat had been seen. As I looked over the edge the goat saw me and jumped to its feet. Without waiting for further investigation I fired and killed a yearling. The goat fell and rolled at least 700 or 800ft. down the cliff. When we had skinned it dusk was coming on, and I returned to camp, taking the skin and one hindquarter. I found the meat very fair eating, but could not dispose of much to the rest of the party, principally because we had lots of blacktail deer in camp.

I found that the Cavalryman had killed one large old billy, and had wounded another which had lain down on a ledge which it was impossible to reach. He could see a little of the goat, and while the Indian was skin-

ning the first billy, which unfortunately had broken one horn in falling, the Cavalryman endeavored to knock the second goat off the ledge or frighten him into falling off. He succeeded in accomplishing neither, and the goat is probably there yet.

Wednesday morning Harry, with the Indian, went up the smaller mountain. At first I was inclined to remain in camp with the Cavalryman, but finally determined to make one more attempt to procure a large head. So Thomas and I again ascended the larger peak, and Thomas' dog, Hoodlum, accompanied us. We hunted the mountain faithfully on all sides without seeing a sign of goats, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we sat down on the top of the mountain to eat some bread and bacon. Hoodlum had been following very closely at our heels all day, and after finishing our luncheon I suggested to Thomas that he allow the dog to run ahead, thinking that on the way home we might run across some grouse, which the dog would tree for us. The top of the mountain was covered with patches of small brush, and the dog had not gone 100yds. from us when I heard him barking, and then a great crackling and breaking of brush, and from the direction in which he had gone I saw a large goat approaching us. I shot the goat at about 50yds. distance and killed it instantly for a wonder, the ball striking it in the back of the neck and passing through the animal, and on inspection found it to be a very large old nanny with a fine head. The noise in the brush where Hoodlum had gone kept up, and Thomas and I ran down to see what the dog was doing, and found that he had a kid weighing about 60lbs. and was on the point of strangling it. We took the poor thing away from the dog with the intention of releasing it, but the animal's neck was bleeding quite badly, and I was afraid that if it did not bleed to death some animal might track it that night by the blood and easily kill it. So I asked Thomas if he could carry it to camp, provided I took both rifles and the skin and head of the big goat. He did so, and it was no easy work, for the little goat was scarcely a quiet burden.

On arriving at camp I bandaged the kid's neck and fastened it to a tree for the night. It was too frightened to eat, and I decided in the morning that it would be of no use to try and carry it back to town with us; so I got the Cavalryman to take a couple of photographs of it—which did not come out clearly, by the way—and then I carried it back to the foot of the cliffs and let it go, much to its satisfaction, judging from the speed at which it climbed.

While engaged in getting the kid home to camp I had not heard Harry fire a shot, but I supposed that he might have done so without my noticing the fact. When I saw him at night, however, I found that he had taken his camera with him and had devoted his day to procuring a photograph of a goat on his native heath, or rather cliff, and that Harry succeeded in his attempt

is proven by the photograph which accompanies this article.

Harry and the Cavalryman spent one more day after the goats without result, and we all three spent one more day looking for deer, while our men were searching in vain for two of our horses, which had disappeared, and which we never found. We then decided to travel southeast for a couple of days and spend some time with the caribou.

H. L. BURDICK.

The Purple Sandpiper.

From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

I AM surprised that my worthy friend Thomas Nuttall speaks of this species as being scarcely ever seen in the United States, where, to my knowledge, it is on the contrary very abundant, and nowhere more so than in the neighborhood of the harbor of Boston, in the markets of which city it is sold in autumn and winter. When I was there a gunner whom I employed brought me several dozens, which he had killed in the course of a single afternoon. I have seen some in the markets of New York. Further south, however, they are rarely met with.

Timid, though not shy, they are seen in flocks of eight or ten on the rocky shores of the sea. They seem to shun sandy beaches, and seldom advance far inland. While I was on the Bay of Fundy I observed numerous small flocks winging their way northward, in the month of May. On one occasion a flock alighted almost at my feet, so that I was obliged to return to a proper distance before shooting at them.

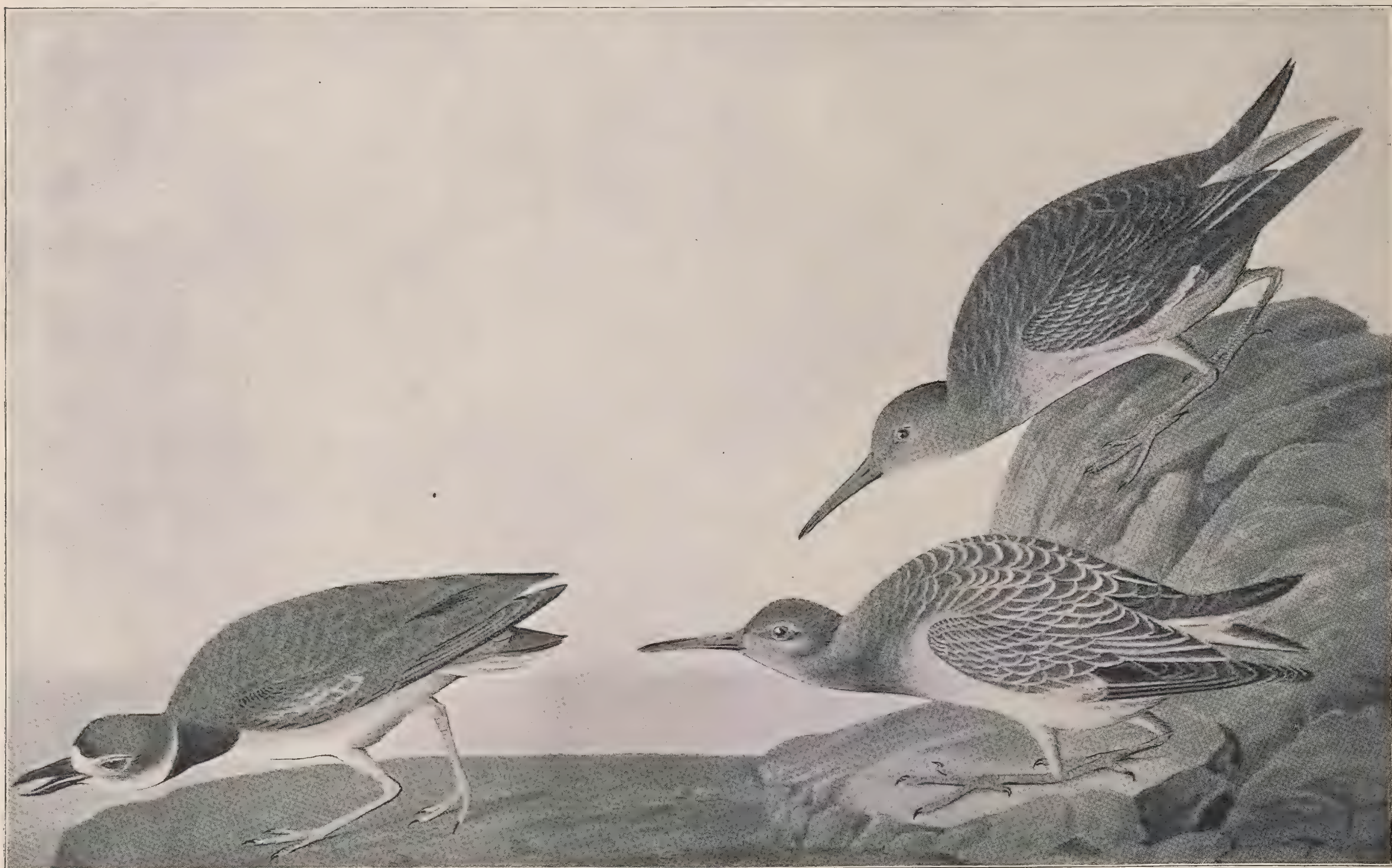
Their flight is pretty rapid, and when necessary sustained, for I have observed them flying in compact bodies across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When started along the shores they emit a feeble weet, which is repeated two or three times, take a sweep over the water, and return to the same spot or near it, somewhat in the manner of the spotted sandpiper. They are generally very busy while searching for food, run nimbly, with the body lowered on the legs, which are much bent, go to the edge of the water, seize on small shellfish, shrimps and worms, and search industriously among the sea weeds for marine insects. Their marked predilection for rocky shores has caused them to be named rock snipes by the gunners of our Eastern coast. In autumn and winter the young birds become fat and afford delicate eating.

I was sadly disappointed at not finding them breeding on any part of the coast of Labrador which I visited. The more so because Dr. Richardson says they are abundant on the shores of Hudson Bay, where they breed. Their color is yellowish gray, interspersed with some irregular spots of pale brown, crowded at the obtuse end and rare at the other." The illustration is of the adult in summer and winter.



ALERT.

Drawing from life studies for "Forest and Stream," by C. Rungius.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. IX.—The Two Crappies.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE crappies resemble the black basses in one respect; there are two of them which many anglers cannot correctly name, if indeed they have not some local name for one or both species which is either absurd or is confined to a small territory. These are good fishes, one is especially so, and they should be better known and placed in Eastern waters which are suitable to them. They are not as game fighters as the black basses, nor even as the white and yellow perch, yet with light tackle they afford sport and are excellent for the table. In my early days, when fishing the "sloos" of the Mississippi River along Grant county, Wis., they were my favorite table fish, above the pike or anything else which those waters afforded.

Local Names.

While the local names are many, and applied indiscriminately to both species, there is one abominable corruption of the name that is often used by writers who should know better, and that is "croppy," or sometimes "croppie." The U. S. Fish Commission publications; Goode's "American Fishes"; Prof. D. S. Jordan, both in his "Manual of Vertebrates," Shield's "American Game Fishes," and his other publications; Norris, "American Angler's Book," and other writers spell the name as I do, surely there is authority for it.

I have a theory that the misspelling of the name comes from the fact that some farmers use "crap" for "crop," and speak of "a right smart crap o' corn," and thus some may suppose "crappie" to be a corruption, and they blunder when they try to correct the name.

We find the names "goggle-eye" and "goggle-eyed perch" given to these fishes, as well as to rock bass, or red-eye, *Ambloplites*, in the South; the war-mouth also bears the name goggle-eye occasionally, and this shows how the names are mixed, not inextricably, let us hope, but it will take many generations and much literature to straighten out the kinks. The local names will be treated more at length when the species are defined.

I have a fancy for classifying these fishes by their mouths, as has been done in the case of the two species of black bass, and some years ago wrote up this mode in another periodical, which is not now at hand. I think that they may be called "big-mouth" and "small-mouth" crappie, at least I will attempt it, and it may possibly catch the fancy of others. Dr. Henshall once called them "northern" and "southern" crappies, but it did not take root, for their range is nearly identical.

The Small-Mouth Crappie.

This is *Pomoxys sparoides*, Lacépède; called strawberry bass in New York and parts of Ohio; grass bass, Ohio. In the latter State it is also "bitter head," "lamplighter" and "bank lick bass." In Illinois it is "calico bass," while in the Southern States it is called "goggle-eye," a name shared with other fishes, and also "speckled hen" and perhaps other names. For absurd names this fish stands high among our many ridiculously named fishes.

The range of this species is the lakes and ponds of the Great Lake region, western New York, New Jersey.

the streams of the Carolinas and Georgia east of the mountains, the Mississippi Valley especially northward; it being the more northerly species. It prefers clear, quiet waters where the bottom is covered with grass, and it shuns muddy waters. The angler who judges by color will never be able to separate the two crappies; he must consider the mouth, the profile of the head, and the fin-rays. Both species are "undershot," as they say of bull dogs and pugs, but the small-mouth is the least so, and this makes its mouth smaller. It has 7 or 8 spines in its dorsal fin, while the other has but six. Both species are colored alike, a silvery olive mottled with green, but usually the small-mouth has a lighter green than its brother, while its forehead is but slightly dished in comparison.

The Big-Mouth Crappie.

This is the more Southern species and is known to science as *P. annularis*, although it is not marked with rings. It has many of the local names of the other, and in addition to the name of crappie it is called "sac-à-lait" and "chinquapin perch" on the lower Mississippi, the latter name being shared with a handsome member of the numerous sunfish tribe. In the Ohio Valley if it is distinguished from its relative it is a "bachelor," while in Kentucky and Indiana it is a "new light" or "campbellite," two absurd names for a fish, because they are names of religious sects.

To one accustomed to both species the greater depression over the eye, and the elongated, thickened lower jaw would reclaim the big-mouth at once, without waiting to count the dorsal spines and find that there were only six. These fishes are more alike than the two black basses, yet they are as distinct in structure and in habits. Their fins are alike in shape, there is little difference in the outlines of their bodies and they are similar in color and markings.

The big-mouth loves muddy bottoms, but it is often found in the same waters as its congener. It is the only species which Norris records, but he never fished much in the West and South. It is the only fish called crappie in the "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," Sec. 1, p. 407, and by Jordan and other writers. The grouping of the two multi-named species under the generic name of "crappie," and separating them by the mouth, is a scheme of my own which seems to be a necessity in order to simplify the matter, as was done by Dr. Gill with the black basses a quarter of a century or more ago, and which after a while has been adopted by all except a few old fogies who still speak of "Oswego bass." When a man uses that term for the big-mouth he convicts himself of being an old foggy, who has let the angling world go by him and has not read FOREST AND STREAM.

Value of the Crappies.

The State of New York has distributed a few small-mouth crappies under the absurd name of "strawberry bass," but they should be in every pond where there are no trout, but where perch and sunfish abound. They have been neglected because we have a wealth of such fishes and no writer has presented the claims of these to the angler and fishculturist, if we except the late Prof. Kirtland, of Ohio, who said of the small-mouth crappie, using the local name:

"The 'grass bass' has not hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration by fishculturists; yet, from a long and intimate acquaintance with its merits, I hesitate not to pronounce it *the fish for the million*. [Italics are Dr. Kirtland's.] It is a native of our Western rivers and lakes, where it usually resorts to deep and sluggish waters; yet in several instances, where it has found its way into cold and rapid streams, and even small-sized brooks, by means of the constructing of canals or by the hand of man, it has adapted itself to the change, and in two or three years stocked to overflowing these new localities. As a pan fish, for the table, it is surpassed by few other fresh-water species. For endurance and rapidity of increase it is unequalled. * * * The grass bass is perfectly adapted to stocking ponds. It will thrive without care in very small ponds of sufficient depth. * * * It will in nowise interfere with the cultivation of any number of species, large or small, in the same waters. It will live harmoniously with all others, and while its structure and disposition restrain it from attacking any other but very small fry, its formidable armature of spinous rays in the dorsal and abdominal fins will guard it against attacks of even the voracious pike."

As the food of the crappies is the same as that of the sunfishes and all other fresh-water fishes with compressed sides, i. e. small fish, crustaceans, insects and their larvæ, we must consider that their destructiveness is that of their class. I do not know of a fish, in America or on any other continent, which takes no animal food. When the carp was introduced into America it was heralded as "a sheep among fishes," which grew to great weight on vegetation alone. It is true that the carp eats much vegetation and is fond of that green conferva which ignorant people call "frog spittle," or "frog spawn," with which the frog has as much to do as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM has, but the carp also loves worms, insect larvæ, and will take a small fish if the fish can't escape.

There may be fishes which are strict vegetarians, if so I don't know them. The brook suckers love trout eggs and work the mud for insect larvæ; the storage mough over mud for the snails and other animal life which they get, and we must only consider the question of how much and what kind of animal life a fish consumes in order to plant it in our lakes and streams.

Speaking as a fishculturist, I would, if I could, exterminate every pike, pickerel and mascalunge in the waters of the earth, for the reason that their diet is exclusively fish, and they consume a hundred times their weight in other fishes and then are not as good for the table as some that they have eaten.

As an angler I take no note of what it costs in good food fish to raise a pike to rolbs. weight, if the pike will only condescend to take my hook. This is a logical appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk. As a fishculturist, the ratio of food consumed to value of fish for market is a vital one, as much so as the growing of horses, cattle, pigs and poultry is to the farmer; but when my fly is cast, or a baited hook is spinning astern, there is an *alter ego*, another self, watching for results, and the latter fellow never stops to consider whether his catch is worth all the food it has devoured to enable it to pull down the scales to a creditable point, or whether the balance is on the other side. As a fishculturist I would like to exterminate the whole pike family—pike, pickerel and mascalunge; but as an angler, thinking only of personal sport, the point of view differs.

Habits.

Although not a climbing fish, like that peculiar perch of India which ascends trees, yet the crappies are often found in tree tops, when the trees have fallen into the water. Here they find protection and food; the limbs are the abode of snails, crustaceans and worms of various kinds as well as of small fishes, for the crappies are omnivorous in their tastes. The preference of the small-mouth for clear and colder waters has been alluded to, but as many lakes have both grassy and muddy spots, they afford homes for both species.

I have taken the small-mouth crappie in spring holes while standing on the ice, but they were dipped up with a net, and I don't know if they would take a hook in winter. This was in Grant county, Wis., in 1857, and we wanted fish for the table. This is told in detail in "Men I Have Fished With," p. 309. There were black bass there at the time, and they sometimes lie dormant in winter, while the pike and the perch feed the year round. I have fished through the ice with small minnows for bait, and where crappies were plenty, but never took one. This, however, does not prove that they do not feed in winter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Shiftless Jim Tracey."

"SHIFTLESS JIM TRACEY" the townspeople called him; though why a man who always paid his bills, had every appearance of being well fed and whose clothes were scrupulously neat, if plain, should be called "shiftless" might not be apparent to one not acquainted with the ethics of New England village life.

True, Jim did not devote any considerable portion of his time to manual labor, in the general acceptance of the term, but he worked steadily through haying and harvesting time, and usually had a good contract for cutting off a wood lot in the winter. Still he was "Shiftless Jim."

Jim lived on a small farm bordering on the lake. The house was at some distance from the main road, and was seldom visited by the neighbors. Here Jim kept "bachelor's hall," and here came the few friends who never thought of him, much less referred to him as "Shiftless Jim."

From the nearby city visitors frequently came to spend a day or two with Jim, usually taking back with them any surplus garden truck that he could spare. These people came to shoot or fish with Jim; and herein lay the secret of his reputation for shiftlessness. That an able-bodied man should spend the entire spring in slopping up and down the trout brooks; the fall in tramping the side hills and valleys behind a bird dog; the summer days in whipping over the bass reefs and the evenings thereof in floating about the bay in his canoe, with pipe and dogs for companions, instead of sitting indoors and reading the Christian Advocate or the Weekly Free Press by the light of a vile smelling kerosene lamp, could be attributed to but one thing by the good people of Shelburne—"shiftlessness."

Ah, Shiftless Jim! Little did they realize the wealth of knowledge brushed aside each day or trodden beneath their cowhide boots. Birds sang their joyous carols to ears that heeded not; flowers raised their dainty heads to eyes that looked beyond and saw only the growing crops. The breath of nature; that subtle ether springing from untainted Mother Earth and all her wealth of verdure, through which we are most nearly brought to see, to feel, the guiding hand, permeated beings with souls of clay, untouched by the spark which would have put them in sympathy with nature's marvelous book, always outspread before them.

This sympathy had Shiftless Jim; and having this power of appreciation he necessarily had a desire for its gratification. Jim lived so much in the woods that he came to know their secrets thoroughly—and the woods have secrets which they guard most jealously. He knew where all the birds rested, where all the wild flowers grew, and in just what pools the big trout made their homes. He knew where the foxes had their burrows; where the bees stored their wealth of golden honey, and the study of all these things seemed as necessary to Jim's life as the taking of food for the nourishment of his body.

In all Shelburne there was but one person who could understand Jim's love for the woods life. This was little Ned, Squire Dexter's son. The squire himself was hard and grasping, worshipping his earthly possessions as had his father before him, and respecting his fellow men according to their thrift. No need to quote his opinion of Jim Tracey. But little Ned inherited from some remote ancestor a love for the birds and flowers, and on Saturday afternoons, when his weekly tasks were done, he would stroll off into the woods alone and lie stretched full length on his back for hours, watching the birds and bees and squirrels.

There he first met Jim, and through their mutual liking for wild things they became great friends. They spent many afternoons together, and Jim took great delight in sharing his knowledge with one who could appreciate it. He showed Ned where the first sprig of arbutus blossomed in the spring, and later where and how to catch the wary trout, and when summer came took him out on the lake in a real canoe. To Ned, Jim was the most wonderful man in all the world.

Shelburne had made unusual preparations for the observance of Decoration Day. A memorial service was to be held in the modest little church at 10 A. M., then there was to be an outdoor meeting on the common, after which a procession would form and march to the cemetery, where the graves of the soldier dead would be decked with tender tributes of flowers. Squire Dexter was the orator of the day, and had been hard at work for weeks preparing an address which should do sufficient credit to the leading citizen of the town.

Shelburne, as usual, was early astir on that morning, the men folks to get their chores done, and the women to gather what few old-fashioned flowers they had been able to coax into an early blossoming. One of the earliest risers was Mrs. Griggs, who owned a house and a few acres of land adjoining Squire Dexter's farm. She was the widow of a veteran of the civil war, with a

scanty pension; and how to make both ends meet was a serious problem with Mrs. Griggs. But she worked cheerfully from morning till night tilling her little piece of land and tending her large flock of hens.

On this particular morning she had finished her numerous household duties, looked after the hens, and went around to the front yard to pick the little bunch of lilies of the valley which was to be her floral tribute to the memory of her brave husband.

Could there be a more bitter disappointment? The entire flower bed had been trampled down and not a blossom remained. Beside the ruins stood the destroyer—one of Squire Dexter's cows. Mrs. Griggs was sorely grieved. She had watched over the little stalks ever since they had first showed their tender shoots above the earth, with but one end in view; had seen the tiny buds grow into full formed blossoms. Now they were ruined, and Mrs. Griggs could see but one chance of replacing them, and that almost a hopeless one. Squire Dexter had flowers in plenty. She would drive home his cow, explain the damage she had done, and, close as the squire was, he might offer to make good her loss.

Squire Dexter was hard at work putting the finishing touches to his oration when Mrs. Griggs called. He listened to her only long enough to learn that the property destroyed was nothing more valuable than a few flowers:

"Oh, bother your old flower bed!" snapped the squire, "Don't you see I'm terribly busy. I'll run down to-morrow and see about them."

Mrs. Griggs retired meekly and went home almost heartbroken. She gathered up the few sprays of blossoms which had been broken off, but not trampled on, and tried, with the addition of much green stuff, to make a presentable wreath or bouquet, but it was impossible. She could not take such a shabby-looking offering to the cemetery—not in company with her neighbors; yet she could not bear to let the day pass without a visit to her husband's grave. She might go alone. Yes, that would be best. She waited until the townspeople were gathered on the common, listening in open-mouthed wonder to the squire's grandiloquence. Then she carried her humble tribute to the bleak little churchyard with its unkept walks and mildewed headstones, and placed it with a tearful prayer above the resting place of all that had been brightest in her life.

As she neared her home two mud-bespattered figures stepped from the woods directly in front of her and with every evidence of confusion bowed a guilty good morning to her. The younger one had a trout basket slung over his shoulder, and the older carried a large roll of birch bark. Both had trout rods, and their purpose was evident.

"I should think they would look shamed," said Mrs. Griggs to herself, indignantly, "goin' off troutin' on Memorial Day. Just like that Jim Tracey, but wouldn't Ned catch it if the squire knew; I hope he'll grow up just as worthless as Jim is—serve his father right; the mean old thing."

Ned had been present at the short interview between his father and Mrs. Griggs, and was deeply pained at the outcome of it. After Mrs. Griggs had gone, he went out into the garden and thought seriously of picking a bunch of flowers and taking them to her, although he knew this would be little better than stealing. If he only knew where there were some wild flowers. But the arbutus was all gone, and it was doubtful if he could find enough violets to answer his purpose.

At the sound of a low whistle Ned looked up. There stood Jim with trout rod and creel.

"Thought you might be able to slip out while the governor was making his speech," said Jim.

"Oh, I wouldn't dast to," replied Ned. "Not to go fishin'. But if I knew where I could get some wild flowers," he added, "I'd run away in a minute." Then he told Jim all about Mrs. Griggs' loss, and how much he wanted to do something to help her out of her dilemma.

Jim scratched his head thoughtfully for several seconds:

"Now I know where there's some flowers, Ned," said he. "I go to see them every spring, but I've never taken a living soul there yet. Nor never picked one of them myself. It's pretty early for them, but if they're out, they're the handsomest things you ever saw. When your father starts for the common you get into some old duds and come down to the old oak tree just this side of Haines' big swamp and maybe I'll take you in there."

When the squire had arrayed himself in his black broadcloth suit and the most uncomfortable of stiff collars, he and Mrs. Dexter set out for the common. Ned was missing, but there was no time to hunt up youngsters, and he was left behind. The exercises went off very smoothly, and the squire's oration was delivered with such a display of vocal effort and awkward gestures as greatly to impress his hearers. Then the procession was formed and marched to the cemetery.

Mrs. Griggs, through partially closed shutters, watched it pass. The minister, with Squire Dexter, led the way. Then came the old soldiers and quite an imposing line of townspeople and school children, each bearing a wreath or bouquet, and many with small American flags.

How miserable her tribute had been compared with all this splendor. She sat beside the window with a heavy heart. This was the most depressing Memorial Day—always a sorrowful occasion for her—she had ever known. Before long the procession returned, and as they passed the Griggs place everybody seemed to stare at the house in the most unaccountable manner. Could they see her peering out through the blinds? Or was it because her absence had been noticed! That would scarcely attract so much attention. They had seen the little bunch of lilies. That was it.

Oh, the shame of it! Better to have left her husband's grave bare than to have placed upon it so poor a remembrance. As soon as the procession was out of sight she started for the cemetery again; this time to remove the decoration, which now seemed more shameful than ever. As she approached the spot she noticed a figure seated beside it. It was the schoolmaster.

"Oh, Mrs. Griggs," he exclaimed, in surprise, "I stayed behind to admire them. I never saw this variety before, though the yellow ones, the pubescins, are quite

common. These are extremely rare, and I had no idea they grew about here. I hope you will tell me where you got them."

Mrs. Griggs hardly heard him, her attention being wholly given to the narrow mound of earth, on which, beside the little knot of lilies, was a rudely-fashioned basket of birch bark containing a great armful of the most beautiful flowers; each with three flaring white petals and suspended beneath them a pouch of deep, rich pink. Mrs. Griggs had never seen anything like them, had never seen anything half so beautiful, she thought.

"I'm sure I don't know where they came from," she said. "I never saw anything like them, and I don't even know what they are."

"They are a variety of the lady's slipper, cypripedium cantabile, or showy orchis, they are called, and they are one of the very rarest of our wild flowers. I would very much like to see them growing."

"Perhaps, if you ask Mr. Tracey, who lives down on the lake shore, he might know something about them," said Mrs. Griggs, who had been rapidly thinking over the happenings of the day.

"Oh, Jim! wasn't it great?" exclaimed Ned the next time they met. "Everybody noticed them, and the school-master told us a whole lot about them in school. I can't remember what he called them. I'm afraid though that Mrs. Griggs 'spects us. She's tried to speak to me two, three times, but I kept out of her way. I couldn't get down to tell you before 'cause I had to stay in the last two Saturdays for running away that day. But I'm glad we did it, if I did lose two half holidays. Ain't you, Jim?"

Jim appeared to be terribly interested in something out on the lake.

"I know where there's an old woodcock got three young ones," he said. "Let's take Dash and go over there; maybe we can see her fly off holding one of them between her knees. It looks awful funny."

HARRY MORSE.

An Artist of the Old West.

A BREATH from the past comes with the sculptured representations of American animals from the hand of Mr. Edward Kemeys, a breath from the past of the old plains, which, with their first inhabitants, are gone forever. It was the rare fortune of this rare man to tread the prairies and the mountains of the West in the old days, before the buffalo were gone, and while all the creatures native to the mountains were to be found in abundance. The long and patient and loving studies of those days gave Mr. Kemeys the intimate knowledge of wild animals which alone was needed to supplement his love of them and his acquaintance with the principles of his art. It is no compliment to call Edward Kemeys the Barye of America, for his methods were as different from Barye's as America is from France, and the work of no one genius resembles that of another genius. Rather, if you wish to be alike accurate and complimentary, call Mr. Kemeys the "Old Hunter," his own favorite title, which carries him back to the days when the Sharps rifle was the ordnance of the range, and the west-bound wagons carried bundles of butcher knives for the skinning. Not for skinning, but for study, did this American sculptor, then a young man, join the wagon trains of the robe hunters who pushed out into the plains. Buffalo he killed in numbers, but lovingly, talking to them, as he did when he killed the grizzly bear, and promising them another life. This life they have received. Their bulk, their ponderousness, their pathos of helplessness, all showed for themselves in the figures of the buffalo in repose. One may have seen the same sight at many a water hole in the old days. The wild action of the chase for these great creatures, the daring and skill and strength of the red men who hunted them in the way of their fathers, may equally well be noted in the reproduction of the group known as "The Chase," a bas relief which has all the quality of the open air. It is one thing to study buffalo in the parks, and Indians behind a gate, but those who knew both before the plains were gone can tell the difference between such acquaintance and that vouchsafed the man who saw both at home more than a quarter of a century ago.

To-day Mr. Kemeys dreams of those old days, dwells upon them. He came to Chicago to be nearer to the old days. His ambition in life has been to perpetuate them, if that may be, in a series of enduring bronzes which shall show the wild animals and the wild men of the West, as they actually were at the period of their natural existence, in that balance of nature which the coming of the white man has destroyed forever. His work is parallel with the literature fit to be called history, and likeness of it belongs very fitly in the columns of a journal with purposes such as those of FOREST AND STREAM, to which he extends the courtesy of its reproduction. Photographs of sculptured figures lose much of the original force of line, and the engraving is apt to lessen this still more, but even so, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may have an inkling of the treasures of the studio of Mr. Kemeys (which is located at Bryn Mawr, near Chicago). Examples of Mr. Kemeys' work are in the possession of wealthy sportsmen both in this country, France and England, and in the latter countries he is accepted, as he is in America, as the unique and foremost exponent of his chosen line of art, from which he does not care to depart, and into which he throws the devotion of a lifetime. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will take interest in the fact that trophies of bronze and clay are not more numerous in Mr. Kemeys' studio than trophies of horn and hide. The sculptor himself might be a figure for an athlete or a sportsman, and he is not only an ardent but a skillful follower of the sports of the field, and a fine shot with rifle or gun. He is grayer now than when he saw the buffalo, but he will be always young, and in his hands he holds many things which shall be also young and unchanged as the years go by.

E. HOUGH.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Days on the St. Lawrence.—IV.

From unpublished manuscript of S. H. Hammond, author of "Wild Northern Scenes." By courtesy of Mr. Hammond Van Vechten.

PERHAPS, my excellent friend, you have heard of "Lighthouse Point," and "Willson's Bay," and "The Salmon Trout Hole," and "Grenadier Island," and perhaps you have not. They are noted localities in the neighborhood of this beautiful little town. Cape Vincent is situated upon a pleasant slope fronting the St. Lawrence just below where that majestic river leaves Ontario, at the head of the Thousand Islands. Off to the left is the broad lake, while to the right the noble river winds away among the islands, losing itself behind wooded promontories, and green fields and rocky shores. Were it not for the presence of Ontario and the strong current sweeping forever by, the St. Lawrence itself would be regarded by you and me as a beautiful lake, large and wide and deep, and pure enough for all the purposes of ornament or use. Three miles west of the village is a high rocky bluff (high for this region) reaching far out into the water, forming one of the points where the lake ends and the river begins. On this bluff stands the lighthouse in a beautiful grove of low trees, above which looms the tower containing the beacon. Looking west from the tower you see only a broad expanse of water, the horizon resting upon the water like sky and ocean. From the village to this point is a pleasant drive, and the villagers and visitors improve it often to look out from the lofty tower, enjoy the lake breeze, or picnic beneath the shade of the trees around.

Off this point the water is underlaid by smooth rock for some 80ft., the depth varying from 4 to 10ft., and then drops suddenly down to a depth of from 20 to 30. The shore is walled in by a precipice of some 20ft. of perpendicular rock, above which the ground is level, and you can walk to the brink and look straight down upon the lake. When the winds are still and the water calm, you can see bass, pickerel, an occasional muscalunge, and sometimes a salmon trout, swimming lazily about in the water beneath you. With a strong line and rod you can amuse yourself of a still morning by lifting some of them bodily from their native element high over your head, landing them on the green grass behind you. The bass are as plenty here, but not so large, as those in the neighborhood of Carlton Island. When the south or the west wind blows, and the waves come rolling in from the lake, they dash with mad fury and a fierce roar against this rocky barrier, throwing the spray far over the grass and among the trees above it.

Following the lake to the west you enter a little cove, known as the "salmon trout hole." Around this cove is a pebbly beach, from which the bottom descends with a steep declivity to an unknown depth. It is said that at certain seasons of the year the salmon trout gather in great quantities in this locality, and tradition makes it the great fishing ground of the Indians long ago. How much truth there may be in the tradition I have no means of knowing. I have visited this "salmon trout hole" on several occasions, but found no trout. Bass I have found there, and very large ones, and it is one of the places for a sportsman to visit when the air is still or the wind is in the right direction. Further still and around a rocky point is Willson's Bay, in which, when the wind is from the north, is capital bass fishing. This bay contains perhaps 250 acres, shut out from the lake by bluff promontories, save a narrow strait on the west or southwest, and is always calm when the breeze comes down from the north. Further still is "Grenadier Island," several miles in circumference, all around which, and especially off the outer points, is great bass fishing ground. A difficulty, however, is found in the fact that the lake is seldom calm enough to allow a little craft like a skiff or sailboat to ride at anchor without making a landsman feel somewhat doubtful of his own security, a sensation by no means promotive of pleasure while indulging in the amusement of bass fishing.

We started this morning in a taut little sailboat for Grenadier Island. There was a gentle breeze from the north, so delightfully cool, so steady and unfitted, that we all (four of us besides the sailor who had charge of the boat) burst into a loud and impromptu hurrah as the sails filled and we glided quietly up the St. Lawrence. At Lighthouse Point we landed to take a view of the lake and country from the tower. With a telescope we scanned the broad lake. Here and there a white sail dotted the surface, rocking gracefully to the roll of the waves. About the lighthouse, as I have already said, is a grove of near an acre consisting of low trees, beneath which the grass is always green, the air fragrant, and the shade under the clustering foliage makes it an inviting retreat from the heat of a summer sun.

We spread our sails again and entered the little cove containing the "salmon trout hole," and trolled around and across it, but caught nothing. We circled Willson's Bay, taking a few beautiful bass on our cruise. Leaving this we stretched away for the head of Grenadier Island, off which we anchored at 11 o'clock. The bass here behaved toward us with that courtesy which is due to strangers, and for a couple of hours we had exciting and beautiful sport among them. At 1 o'clock the heat and glare became oppressive, and we landed to dine under the shadows of the elms and beeches that lined the shore. We had laid in a store of creature comforts before starting in the morning, and our fare was neither scanty nor partaken of with a dainty appetite.

There is a beauty as well as majesty about these lakes which I think the world (I mean the people of the world) do not sufficiently appreciate. In no other country can such vast bodies of fresh water be found. They are great inland seas, rendering as such their aid to advance the interests of the commerce of the world. Beyond and around them are States, which, though even now teeming with wealth, are yet in their infancy, and which in the distant future will make these waters the highway of a limitless trade. They form, too, a boundary of empires, and may in the future, as they have done in the past, bear a prominent part in the conflict of nations, by bearing upon their bosoms hostile navies to meet each other in the tug and carnage of battle. There are hundreds of beautiful bays and quiet coves hid away

around bluff promontories and outreaching points. Into these it is pleasant to drift and enjoy the hush of their repose when the winds are still. I love to stroll along the beach, or row along the shore, when the waves are sleeping and calmness has smoothed the face of the waters, asking of the shapeless stones, the wave-worn rocks and fragments of trees that have drifted to the strand, the history of the long centuries when these waters layed a wilderness shore, before civilization reared its temples, or planted its standards in this new world; to ask whence came the red man, and who his ancestors were; whether they, like the white man of these modern ages, came floating over the ocean to drive out a people older and less powerful than themselves; or whether the same creative fiat that called them into being placed them here to bide the advent of civilization and Christianity, and then to disappear with their generations from the world forever? What if no voice respond, and these rocks and silent shores make no answer? What if no light comes flashing out of the darkness of the past, and the eternity that stretches in everlasting vista behind us yields up none of its secrets? Still these are primeval things, and who does not love to commune with such?

After mid-day the wind died away and the whole surface of the lake became calm and moveless and polished as the face of a mirror. No breeze swept across its placid bosom. Here and there a great fish would throw his unwieldy form awkwardly from the water, falling back with a splash, and sending a circle of wavelets around to dance about for a minute, and then subside into stillness again. There was something enchanting in this repose, this calmness of the air and water. And herein, my excellent friend, is the great charm of the country in the burning days of mid-summer; and herein, too, is one of the peculiar charms of the margins of these Great Lakes. It is not when the winds sweep wildly over the waste of waters, and the billows heave and roll to the shore, breaking into spray as they come surging with a bound and a roar against the rocks, that I admire these waters most. There is coolness in the breeze that sweeps thus over the lakes; there is life, activity, freshness, power and all that, but the charm of quiet, the luxury of repose are wanting. There is a blustering rudeness, call it a boisterous hilarity, if you please, about these noisy demonstrations that I do not like. You have enough of life, activity, enough or rudeness, enough even of boisterous hilarity in the city, in your teeming marts of life, where the competition, the strife and rivalry of business incident to the greed of gain keep things in motion, throwing everybody against each other in one everlasting jostle. What we need and what we seek here is repose, calmness, quietude, when the sun is high in the heavens, and his flaming touch blazing down from a cloudless sky. True, the shade and foliage of the old trees, the low chirrup of the birds among the branches, the voices of the grasshopper and the cricket add their influence to the contentment that steals over us here. These, however, are mere adjuncts, helps only in promoting the luxury of passive enjoyment. The great feature, the fundamental fact, is the calmness, repose and quiet that pervade the earth, the air and the water out here in the country.

Toward evening a bean breeze, such as a landsman while on the water loves, sprang up, a breeze that wafts him quietly along, untroubled by breaking waves and unscared by the rush of waters. For myself I do not profess to be a fast man. I am opposed to fast horses, to fast running on railways, and especially to fast sailing. Six or eight miles the hour, by horse power, is speed enough for me. I detest a two-forty gait. When the cars go beyond thirty miles an hour (I like about twenty best—a man can get over a great many miles in a lifetime even at that rate) you may leave me at the first station till the "slow train" comes along. But, I repeat, I have a special dislike to fast sailing, originating perhaps in a natural alacrity at sinking, a strong downward proclivity, when loose in the water. I am, I presume, no more afraid of death in the abstract than other men, but I have a decided penchant for dying in my bed, in a natural and Christianlike way. I do not like to be food for fishes. Your worm is the legitimate heir to these bodies of ours, and I am not disposed to rob him of his birthright. Besides, to be nibbled at by chubs and shiners, gnawed at by catfish and sheepsheads, tugged at by plebeian suckers, and have slimy, snaky eels crawling and wriggling in and out of one's skull through the eyeholes. Pshaw! the thought is horrifying! As a natural sequence, I prefer dry land to a billowy sea in a gale, and always go ashore when the winds get a trifle angry. I have great respect for the waves when they put on their "white caps" and always get as far out of their way as I can. I hold Dibdin, if he was the author of the following verse, to be a goose, especially in regard to his preferences expressed in the two last lines:

"Oh, for a soft and gentle breeze,
I heard a fair one sigh;
But give to me the snoring blast,
The white waves dashing high."

And then too, what he can find to be jolly over in the description of things as given in a subsequent verse passes my comprehension:

"There's tempest in yon hov'ned moon,
There's lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariner!
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free;
The hollow oak our palace is,
And merry men are we!"

If any sensible man can be "merry" under such circumstances, there is no law that I know of against it. Let him enjoy himself. He can indulge his humor without any opposition or interruption from me. If I could be warranted against its being blown down or struck by lightning, as a matter of choice, I think I should in a like case prefer a hollow tree on the land to the staunchest of Dibdin's "Hollow Oaks" on the water. But *de gustibus non*, and so forth.

About 6 o'clock we spread our sails to the breeze and directed our little craft toward home. Two hours of

delightful sailing landed us at the railroad dock, and so closed one of the pleasantest and successful days of the season.

Sport in Samoa.

THE islands of the South Sea have never been heralded as a sportsman's paradise, no matter how much they have been lauded on other counts, greatly overrated it must be confessed by those who are acquainted with them. Some will tell you that the only thing to do with a gun in Samoa is to ship it away as promptly as possible or else spend a large share of all available time in keeping the weapon in order. This too is an exaggerated statement, although a gun in the humid salt air of Samoa entails careful attention to ward off the ravages of rust from lock and barrel; and even the other member of the honored triplet, the stock, may not entirely escape, for there are boring insects which are capable of reducing it to a mere shell.

Yet with all the disadvantages a gun can have some value in Samoa. The game is abundant, though of few varieties. There are indeed but four things worth shooting—the pigeon, the wild duck, the wild boar, and bush cattle.

The pigeon is far the best bird Samoa has to offer to the gun. There are several of the columbidæ indigenous to the islands, and at all seasons of the year the jungle paths are vocal with their cooing. Most of this, however, is due to a pale blue dove known to the Samoans as manutagi, "the bird which cries," it is found everywhere from the woods at the shore line to the summits of the inland mountains, which rise as high as 5,000ft. It has no food value, being very small and of thin flesh, without any particular flavor; it is very commonly kept as a household pet by the Samoans, who are fond of listening to its cooing about their houses.

Another pigeon is good eating, but is rare and very shy; it is of particular interest to the ornithologist as being the only living congener of the dodo, a fact which is announced in its scientific name of *Didunculus strigirostris*. The Samoans know it as manumea, "the red bird," from the brilliant color of its bill, legs and feet. It attains almost the size of a hen, is a sluggish flyer, and is found almost always with its mate in the tops of the tallest trees in deep gorges high up near the summits of the mountains.

But the pigeon above all others is that which the Samoans call "lupe." Of the size of a spring chicken, it has a dark plumage of a rich metallic green, set off by several brilliant red feathers at the pinions. Its note is not at all dove-like, but sounds like the long roll of a muffled rattle, a sound very easily imitated by rolling the tongue in a strong exhalation of unvoiced breath, and commonly employed in tolling the bird. Although the birds abound, they are very rarely seen or heard by day except as the keen eye can discover them on the small branches at the tops of the trees, so closely snuggled up against the leeward sides of the trunks as to appear to be knots or clusters of dead leaves. The time to get them is to be out in the bush when the day is about to break, and to use every moment of the brief twilight. I have keen recollections of pigeon shooting on the very backbone of the island of Upolu. The chief Suatete has a house there, the only house to be found between the villages of the north shore about Apia and those of the south coast about Safata, the only house except the dangerous huts of the runaway black boys from the German plantations, who are known to have a camp somewhere in the mountains, and who are feared as cannibals generally are. After a sleep on the mats, and with thick covering—for even in the tropics the night air grows keen past midnight at 3,000ft.—the Samoans awaken us in what seems the dead of night. From every direction the forest rings with the note of the bird which sings just before day, the ma'oma'o, whose note is as melodiously sweet as the English nightingale, and a far more finished song. But the long roll of the pigeon is heard as well, and gives promise that the gun will find its game. As soon as the night takes on the first faint glow the pigeons are seen circling in great flocks overhead and out of range. Their own note, imitated from the dark depths of the jungle, will bring them flapping down to get their share of the berries on which they feed, and which they seem to prefer when the dew of night is on them. Right and left leave a hole in the flock, and then comes an immediate chance at them again, for at the shock of the discharge the flock almost invariably settles on the nearest trees, and the time of shooting is all too short for one to despise a pot shot. Even that is not an utter certainty; the man who stands at the foot of a tree and draws a sure aim on the pigeon which he has seen to light on an upper branch need feel no surprise when he shoots with deadly and scattering effect a clump of dead leaves. Move on a little further under the dripping trees, carefully force the way through drenched herbs head high, walking in ground as sodden as a morass, and another flock may be tolled into view. The pigeon is a savory bird, and its fame has been spread to distant parts. Scarcely a single trip of the monthly mail steamers but carries a consignment of the birds in its cold storage to some epicure in Auckland or Sydney, Honolulu or San Francisco. Minister Sewall, who was my first predecessor to hold the post of Consul-General at Apia, has not forgotten the dainty game, and his monthly pigeon suppers at Waikiki are quite a feature of the gastronomic side of the Hawaiian capital.

The pigeons were hunted long before the coming of guns. In their old savage days Samoan towns went into the jungle in a body to catch pigeons. Only one or two old men yet remember how it was done, and their accounts are hazy as to details. But it necessitated the building of great stone terraces; these are still to be found in many places, as though built to last for all time. Each terrace was the hunting place; it had smaller terraces for the assistants scattered in diverging lines on the sides of the valley. Tame pigeons were used as decoys, and whole flocks were lured up the valley and to the great platform, where they were caught in scoop nets as they swept by.

The duck is very rare in Samoa, probably because there are very few reedy estuaries such as it most affects in

Fiji, where it is common. In general appearance it is much like a very dark mallard, and has a similar flavor. It **commonly** appears in twos or threes, and is not attracted by decoys. It is very wary, and must be approached from leeward. It is better to risk a long shot than to attempt to get close.

There are wild boars in the mountains, and cattle which have escaped from the plantations and have bred fierce in their free life. It is not easy to get on their track, and one may hunt a long time without finding one. But when a boar or a bull comes into sight it is necessary to be quick about throwing a new cartridge into the gun. In that dense jungle it is rare that one can get a fair sight along a hundred feet of distance. When either of the beasts sees a man a charge invariably follows, and it is always well to be prepared with a load of slugs sufficiently heavy to stop the charge, which carries tusks or horns. It must always be point blank shooting, and it is pointedly proper not to miss. The bull if dodged must maneuver to get into position for another rush, and just as likely as not will keep straight on along his course. But the tusker, what the Samoans call "sisilino," is a dangerous fighter. If he is not stopped by the shot he knows no fear; he is hard to dodge; he can wheel at any point in his charge with an inconceivable disregard of the ordinary laws of momentum, and his snugly curled tusks can inflict a wound not to be disregarded.

There is a plenty of fish in the sea about these islands, and in the tidal mouths of the many small streams. The sweet-water sorts are all small and not worth the taking. But there are some in the sea and in the quiet waters of the lagoons within the reef that give sport to the fisherman. There is the conger, but there is nothing in which his pursuit differs from the catching of any eel except that he has a fierce mouth full of teeth, which it is just as well to beware of, and when he has thrown himself into a pair of half-hitches around a stem of coral it will test tackle and patience to land him.

There is the mullet; he is good fishing. Go out at low tide to the reef and stand as close to the breakers as you can; the breakers heaving in from the bare Pacific will adjust the distance if you have come too close. Have ready the long pole of a single stalk of tough bamboo, carefully and evenly dried in the sun, the butt mounted in a hand grip of hard wood, carefully lashed on. Use the native hook of a thorn barbed from a thin strip of pearl shell, a little larger than the thumb nail. As the huge roller heaves itself high over your head and is just toppling over to break, make a long cast over and onto its smooth seaward slope. Keep a sharp watch on your tackle if your cast is vain, for the wave may tie it fast for you in the jagged foundation of the reef. But if you have the luck to strike a fish in this, his favorite feeding ground, give him line and let him follow his own bent in making seaward. Then play him at the second roller, meet his glorious leaps into the air, let him feel the sting of the hook every moment, and let the drag of the line be ever on him. When at last he jumps no more, and his steady seaward pull is weakening, then it is time to think of landing him. Get him close to the seaward face of the breaker, and watch your chance. As the roller comes in keep him in the swift back rush, just behind its crest; keep him just there, with full strain on the line, until the crest just about to go into foam heaves him forward. Then is the moment to put muscle into the rod and bring him high on to the dry reef, for the smother of breaking water and the coral teeth would cut even a whale to slivers.

Best of all is the bonito fishing out in the open ocean. There are enough points in this to meet good luck or ill luck to satisfy the most superstitious banker. It begins with the canoe; the wood must be from one particular tree, and it must be filled at one phase of the moon. So long must it season in the log before the planks are hewn out. In just such a way must it be put together. Even when it is completed there is a fearful weight of responsibility about choosing the lucky time for first putting it into the water. So it is with the hook; there are many chances for ill luck to creep in and spoil everything. The hook is a fine piece of work. It is all of pearl shell and in two pieces. One is an inch wide and from 4 to 6 in. long; the other is curved and cut into a barb; the two pieces are firmly lashed together with fiber of the cocoanut husk. The line is coir sennit, of which every single fiber has been tested for strength before being used, and it will stand any amount of usage. It is usually fifty fathoms long, and so strong that it must be a powerful fish that can bite it through. Out through the boiling pass in the reef and into the deep, long swell of the ocean the fishing party sets bravely out in the canoe—two stalwart paddlers, the one in the stern steering and handling the line. In all sorts of weather these specially built bonito canoes are as buoyant as a bubble, and perfectly seaworthy to one who has caught the hang of the long outrigger along the port side. In a chock in the after half deck is fitted the pole, stayed in place by the back of the steersman. No danger that a fish will hook itself unknown to him; the danger is the rather lest the strain on the pole force him suddenly off his thwart. Far astern the line cuts the sea, and further yet astern flashes the brilliant troll, as the send of the sea heaves it into sight. The sea birds sweep shrieking down upon it; a good sign, for the birds attract the fish. Dead ahead a school of flying fish shy into the air like silver spray. No need to ask what sent them into the less practicable of their two elements. The two men dig the sea with their paddles in their haste to draw the troll over that tract of water. Soon is heard the pattering scutter of flying fish astern; the bamboo bends even to the water, and as the strain comes hard upon his back the steersman knows that at the other end of the line is one of the king of fishes. Down into the bilge goes his paddle; his mate must paddle for two, for a bonito is task enough for any man. He breaches at the end of the line, he sounds, he sulks as the canoe drags on his mouth, he shoots clean into the air, he thrashes the sea—a fathom of sea wickedness incarnate. He must be played at full length of line and thoroughly weakened before shortening home; even then one is not safe from his most savage trick. Often he underruns the line after a mighty leap in air to get his bearings; like a javelin he lances himself in air, **aimed straight for the fisherman.** It is no light thing

to receive this charge of a bonito and to go overboard entangled in the line. But the line holds good, the hook is tightly sewed together, the barb is in his jaw; the bonito fights with every trick he can invent until his strength is gone. Warily the fisherman hauls in the line, cautious against some new flash of spirit, for no one can safely neglect the astuteness of the game fish. Length by length the fish is brought alongside, until a stroke of the paddle edge can break his neck. Into the canoe the great fish must somehow be stowed, and then it's away to shore with the eager sharks snapping their jaws alongside.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

Early Summer in the Adirondacks.

OLD FORGE, N. Y., June 15.—There has been unusually good fishing in and near the Fulton Chain of lakes this season. Very large catches of trout have been made on the South Branch of the Moose River, near Kennell's. Several parties have taken more than they should. The fishing in the small lakes and ponds has also been excellent.

Last Friday Robert Perrie, the veteran fisherman of Fourth Lake, landed a 10lb. lake or salmon trout. A 14lb. fish was also taken recently by a guest of the Bald Mountain House. Both fish were taken with live minnows and light rod and line. Victor Adams, of Little Falls, is in camp enjoying the early fishing.

All interested in the advent of summer tourists are busy with improvements, and are making preparations for old friends as well as those who may come this year, for the purpose of avoiding sea shells and possibly other shells of Spanish extraction. There is a decided novelty in the steamboat management on the lakes this year, in so much as perfect harmony exists among the formerly hostile craft. The Fulton has been enlarged and improved.

Along the line of the Adirondack R. R. new settlements are springing up and old ones are growing at an alarming rate—alarming because their growth means the progress of the saw mills and the destruction of the forests, which the State should own.

Fishing at Tupper Lake is reported good. The bass season is just opening, and large pickerel (pike) are plentiful. The Saranacs are as lovely as ever, with more guests at the hotels than usual at this time of year. The flies, "punkies" and mosquitoes are both early and late.

In all parts of the woods deer are said to be plentiful. The past winter was very mild and food abundant. Frank House, of Tupper Lake, tells me he saw more than twenty deer in one day. The new road from Old Forge to the head of Fourth Lake, cut out a year ago and soon to be graded, is covered with fresh deer tracks.

If best means most perhaps New York State has not the best hunting and fishing. If the attendant charms of forest and stream are to be considered we can boast of the best fishing from pole to pole.

JOHN B. MACHARG, JR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Young Ruffed Grouse in Captivity.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 4.—Mr. Carrington Phelps, lately of Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka, Minn., has been spending the winter and spring in North Colebrook, Conn., and thence writes me regarding things which have been going on in that part of the world, among others the interesting story of a young ruffed grouse whose front name I take it should have been Obiit. Of this he says:

"We happened to find a ruffed grouse's nest with fourteen eggs. Mrs. Phelps took three home and set them under a hen. A day or two after something killed the grouse and left nothing but feathers and some eggs. One of the three eggs hatched out four days since. I never saw anything to equal the activity and intelligence of that little ball of yellow down, for two days. It would come to call; eat flies from the fingers, and worms too; hunt for itself in the grass. I was hoping for a chance to see if the ruffed grouse could be raised in captivity. But it crawled out of the warm flannels in which we wrapped it at night, and in the morning was on top of them, thoroughly chilled. This morning it died. You would have been interested in it."

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember something of Mr. Phelps' tent ranch on Lake Minnetonka, and the pet red fox Roxie, which was one of the features of the place. Roxie is dead, to the great regret of her owners and friends. "Mourn with us for dear little Roxie," says Mr. Phelps, "for the sweet little companion and pet died Monday morning. Next to my dear old dog, Darby, she was the favorite. Her very helplessness and state of captivity made her the dearer. You know that cat, dog or even horse can exist independently of you. For four years and a half her welfare has been an almost hourly thought for both of us, and her bright, affectionate companionship was ample recompense."

Cold Storage Abroad.

June 9.—Mr. Chase S. Osborne, State warden of Michigan, who is just back from a trip in Europe and the Orient, makes a very pleasant companion on a railway journey. He is just telling me about his trip abroad, and among other things tells me that in Egypt he ate American Bob White quail, shipped over in cold storage. He also found America quail in Turkey. He says Russian black game is also plentiful in such markets, Russia being next to America in laxness of game laws.

Mr. Osborne says that he had the peculiar experience of taking a shot at a hyena somewhere over there in Asia, near where Moses is buried. In taking this wing shot Mr. Osborne used a gun loaned him by a Bedouin named Jim. The gun measured 8ft. 7in. from tip to tip, and was loaded with a bullet and some gravel. Mr. Osborne says he snapped the ancient piece eight times before it would go off, and by that time the hyena was half a mile away, and putting tombs behind him at every jump. That is a great country for tombs.

Mr. Osborne tells me that he had a talk with Gen. McKenzie, a Hudson Bay factor of Abitibi, P. Q., and the latter tells him that the close season of a term of years on beaver is apt to prove a cause of extinction of that animal over a large region. There has been a rabbit famine, and the Indians have been obliged to kill and eat their beaver. The Indians district the beaver out among themselves, and only kill the best ones, whose pelts they sell. Now that they cannot market the pelts for money with which to buy food, they kill and eat the beaver themselves, and so kill off the stock, on the basis that beaver flesh is not worth so much as beaver fur.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Indians in New York.

WHILE we lived at the corner of Park Place and Broadway it was not at all unusual to see parties of Indians on the streets, consisting of four or five warriors with a suite of squaws and children; the men clad generally in blankets hanging in some way from their shoulders and an occasional buffalo skin, with feathers in their hair, and armed with bows and arrows. The bows were very strong and stiff sticks of hickory, well shaped and strung with something resembling catgut, which I supposed to be sinews of wild animals. My father had much curiosity about these Indians, and asked many questions about them of persons he supposed to be well informed. On one occasion, I remember, he accosted a party of them as they passed his door, and invited them in. They accepted, and he provided them with an impromptu meal, naturally including some grog, which they took to very kindly. After they had refreshed themselves, he asked them questions as to their mode of life, their weapons, etc. (though to what extent either party understood the other was unknown), and at his request an example of shooting was given. My father took a shovel from the side of the stove that heated the shop, and setting it up at the rear against some shelves of books there, asked one of them to hit it. The fellow drew his bow, and in an instant the arrow struck the shovel right in the middle, making it suddenly take the form of a segment of a cylinder. My father was rather surprised at the force of the blow, but declared that the shovel was much benefited by the curl given to its blade, as it now could enter the door of the stove more conveniently than before. To prove his approbation of what had been done, he called for a repetition of the performance, setting up some other mark, but this time the Indian who fired was somewhat careless; the arrow flew from the bow prematurely and struck plump into the back of a handsomely bound quarto volume, which it knocked into a cocked hat in the most extraordinary way. The book was ruined, and my father, disgusted with the entertainment, from which he had derived so little instruction, and which proved so costly, brought the performance to a close as speedily as possible, and got clear of his guests.—*John T. Doyle in Evening Post.*

A Trustful Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks ago I noticed a short sketch of a farmer who was so careful of the birds that he would stick a stake by every bird's nest before starting his mowing machine, and then would leave a little grass standing by the stake. It reminded me of an incident in my own life. When I was farming in Vermont I began to plow a field. I soon found a bird's nest about one rod from the edge of the field. I took the nest and carried it about three rods and fixed it on the grassy ground; then cut a bush and stuck down by it for a shade. Of course the old bird saw me move the nest. I went to my work; she went to her nest. In one or two weeks there were four little birds in the nest. Every time I passed that way I would stop and see how the little birds were getting along. The mother was not alarmed. She seemed to think I was a friend, and would do them no harm, and she was right.

R. C. ALLEN.

Pearl R.

THE portrait of the English setter bitch, Pearl R., published in our columns this week, is masterly in its fidelity to the original, in its spirited and realistic posture on point, and in its technical excellence. Pearl R. is owned by Dr. M. F. Rogers, New Albany, Miss. She is black, white and tan in color, by Sam Gross—Donna Inez. She won first in the Manitoba Field Trials Club's Derby, at Morris, Man., last year, in a field of eleven starters, and was one of the three kept in the final series of the champion stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, which was run immediately following the M. F. T. Club's trials. She won second in the E. F. T. C. Derby, at Newton, N. C., last fall, and second in U. S. F. T. C. Derby, at Newton, the week following thereafter. In the Derby of the Continental Field Trials Club, in its winter trials run at New Albany, Miss., this year, she won third. Our readers will recognize at once that the portrait is from a painting produced by the deft hand of Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus.

Pictures of the Field.

Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O., made a brief call in FOREST AND STREAM office on Monday of this week, he being then en route for his Western home. He attended the open air show of the New England Kennel Club on June 4, and made a few brief visits with old friends. To our readers, Mr. Osthaus is best known as a painter of field scenes whose theme is the dog and gun, but his masterful skill with the brush enables him to paint horses and cattle, stretches of field where the birds hide, or water where the fish hide, and this with the same truthful portrayal which is peculiar to his best known field scenes. He is quite as enthusiastic a devotee of the rod and reel as he is of the rod and gun, and his beautiful paintings are taken from the true sources and the true inspiration, those of nature.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 17.—The fishermen are returning from the trout and landlocked salmon waters. Mr. George Harlow is back from a successful fishing trip to Four Ponds, about three miles up the mountain from Bemis, Me. He was accompanied by two or three friends, part of whom went in to the ponds by way of Houghtons, in Byron; there being a road through the woods and up the mountain that way, considerably used by the fishermen of Rumford and Byron, who know the ponds. They had good success, taking a good many trout on the fly, though of small size. Another camp is being built at the ponds by fishing parties, making three or four camps at those ponds.

Mr. A. S. Woodworth and his friend, Mr. Kidder, have just returned from their trip to the Rangeleys, though most of their fishing was done at Kennebago and Seven Ponds. Their sport was in fly-casting altogether, and they found the fly-fishing especially good almost everywhere they fished. One hundred trout in a day was not at all difficult, the great majority being returned to the water. Mr. A. C. Farley, of the Camp Stewart party, extended his trip to Kennebago, where he had excellent fly-fishing.

The H. B. Moore party of fishermen has returned from Moosehead, where they had excellent fishing till the black flies became too inquisitive altogether for comfort. Then the party took leave, leaving the flies in full possession. In the party were Dr. J. C. French, H. B. Moore, of Boston; Edward A. Moore, of Westford; Mrs. Moore; George C. Moore, of North Chelmsford; E. Richardson, Mrs. Richardson, and E. A. Smith, of Lowell. The party were quartered at Capen's, Deer Island, and were accommodated with a private steamer and all the conveniences of a first-class fishing trip. Fly-fishing for squaretails was excellent.

The Duck Lake Club party has returned to business again, much pleased with the spring fishing. The club has fine camps and accommodations at Duck Lake, one of the Schoodics, and at other lakes and ponds. The party was in charge of Mr. H. O. Underwood, as usual, and consisted of W. B. Lambert, Herbert L. Harding, H. R. Brown, E. C. Johnson, Geo. W. Wheeler, Edward Reed and J. Swift, Jr. They had fairly good luck, but were a little too late for the best fishing. Mr. C. W. Shaw, usually of the same party, went a week or two earlier, and had good sport. Landlocked salmon fishing at the Schoodics has been better than ever this year.

June 20.—Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Crane have just returned from one of the most successful fishing trips they have ever made. First they visited Round Mountain Lake, where they had good fishing. In one day Mr. Crane took a full 100 trout on the fly, all but twenty of which were returned alive to the water. It is his invariable rule to save only such trout as can be used for food. From the fishing at Round Mountain they came to Rangeley Lake, where Mr. Crane landed a salmon of 3½ lbs. Thence to the Upper Dam they struck fishing that was particularly pleasing. Mr. Crane declares that at the Upper Dam is the trout pool of the world. "You may fish for some time without a strike, but when you do get one it is a big one." He showed at his place of business Saturday three trout, brought out to his friends, one of 4½ lbs. and two of 3¼ lbs., all taken on the fly. At the Dam he witnessed the most novel salmon catch on record. On Friday Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, was fishing in the pool, when Mr. Crane came out with his boat and guide and attempted to anchor a short distance below Mr. Lynch. The latter suggested that considerable room would be desirable, as he had a big fish hooked, and thought it might be a salmon. Mr. Crane then went a little distance below another boat that was down the pool from Mr. Lynch, and anchored where he could watch the handling of the big fish. The fight was a hard one, and prolonged for more than half an hour. At last the salmon made a mighty swirl partly across the pool and down stream toward the other boat, in which was Mr. Porter, of Norwich, Conn. Then he made a dart out of water at an angle of about 45 degrees, into the air, landing squarely in Mr. Porter's boat. The latter jumped on the fish and succeeded in preventing him from jumping out of the boat. He was killed, and proved to be a splendid specimen of landlocked salmon, weighing 6 lbs. and 2 oz. Those who witnessed the leap consider it one of the most remarkable in angling records. It goes to show what a salmon will do when hooked. He was caught on a Jock Scot fly. Mr. Lynch is justly proud of his catch, while Mr. Porter claims the honor of having landed one of the biggest salmon of the season at that pool.

Other good catches are being made at the Upper Dam, among which are eighteen trout in one day to the credit of L. R. Eddy, of Webster, Mass., the string weighing 23 lbs. The next day he took nineteen trout, the largest weighing respectively 6½, 4¼ and 3 lbs. The next day he took one of 5 lbs. on the fly. E. L. Bartlett, of North Oxford, took nineteen trout on Monday, the largest one of 3½ lbs. The next day he landed eleven, the largest weighing 4½ lbs.

At Bemis the fishing continues good. Sylvanus Poor, of Andover, Me., has taken two trout of 4½ and 5 lbs. weight. F. H. Marston, Lewiston, Me., has taken home a fine string, the largest weighing 6 lbs. At Rangeley Lake the fishing is improving. Mr. A. H. Proctor and A. F. Breed, of Lynn, Mass., have had good fishing. Mr. Proctor's first day out brought an 8½ lb. salmon, and one of 4½ lbs. Mr. Breed's largest fish is a 7 lb. salmon. Mr. J. R. Eddy, of Troy, N. Y., tried to land a deer Thursday afternoon with his salmon rigging. The result is he is minus rod, reel and line. With his guide, Martin Fuller, he was out fishing when they saw the deer swimming in the lake, and gave chase. They tried to prevent the deer from landing on Maniskotuck Island. In the excitement Mr. Eddy forgot to reel in his line. The deer became entangled in the line, but escaped, line, rod and all running out of the boat, but from which he soon cleared himself, and disappeared in the woods.

Fishing at the Birches has continued good. At the Middle Dam the fishing is reported particularly good. Good catches are being made at the Pond in the River and at B. Pond.

SPECIAL.

Grand Rapids' Great Week.

The Fly-Casters' Trout Trip.

MAYFIELD, Grand Traverse County, Mich., June 10.—The fly-casters and their Grand Rapids hosts to-day carried into effect their intention to have a turn at the practical part of fly-casting for trout. The two railroads, the Grand Rapids & Indiana and the Chicago & West Michigan, came to the support of the town in the most generous manner, and offered to carry free to the splendid fishing grounds of Michigan all the visiting sportsmen and their Grand Rapids entertainers.

To-day at shortly after 7:30 A. M. a special car, in charge of that prince of railroad men, Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I. (the "Fishing Line"), rolled out of Grand Rapids north-bound. The car was equipped with every convenience and stocked with good things, and the party that occupied it was pleasant as a company of anglers always is. Those on board were Messrs. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent; W. B. Stimson, superintendent; F. S. Gorham, ex-auditor; R. R. Metheany, auditor; Chase S. Osborne, State game warden; Col. E. Crofton Fox, D. G. Henry and Frank J. Rogers, of Grand Rapids; Geo. W. Strell and H. G. Hascall, of Chicago; Fred D. Divine, of Utica, N. Y. These dropped off at various points along the road, which penetrates the choicest part of the wonderful Michigan angling country. When the train split at Walton Junction, three of the party, Col. Fox, Mr. Strell and myself, left the others and came on up to Mayfield, 140 miles north of Grand Rapids. Here we met Mr. H. Widdicomb, a very ardent and skillful sportsman, of Grand Rapids, who had come up the day previous to make arrangements for our party, which was assigned to the Boardman River, in the hope that we might make the acquaintance of some of the big rainbow trout of that famous stream.

We found the Boardman River a magnificent, bold and heavy water, just within the possibility of wading, and full of trout. A couple of weeks ago Col. Fox took over fifty fine trout a day on a three days' trip on the Boardman, some crowding 2 lbs. in weight. To-day we did not have quite so good luck in raising the very big ones, but we got nice baskets, I should think about 100 trout in all for four rods in one afternoon, many thanks to the skillful rods of Mr. Widdicomb and Col. Fox. To-night one of the local anglers came into our quarters with a prize which he had just taken in a mill pond across the railway track not more than 100 yds. from our stopping place. This fish looked to be a 2 lb. trout, though 1½ lbs. was all we could induce the scales to call it. It was taken on bait after dark.

June 11, On Board Car Monaco, G. R. & I. Railway, 8 P. M.—We have concluded our Boardman trip, a most enjoyable one, and are on the special car bound south, meeting again Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Metheany, Mr. Gorham. I have just had a look into the ice box, and can testify that the luck on the Maple River was good. Mr. Lockwood caught 43 trout; Mr. Stimson 36, Mr. F. Quaintance 27, Mr. Metheany 24, all on the Maple near Pellston, some of the fish running very nice indeed. At Pellston Mr. Hyde, a New York lawyer, who has been in this region on a visit, has been having good sport, rarely less than 50 a day, and one day taking 110 trout. Mr. D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, and his guest, Fred Divine, also fished the Maple, but had not yet come in, and we do not know what success they had. We had not yet heard from the parties on the Little Manistee and the Pere Marquette. They will not be back for a day or two yet. Now it becomes the painful necessity of saying good-bye to the entertainers of Grand Rapids, who have so easily and nicely done so much to give us comfort, sport and pleasure. I do not remember to have seen a more sportsmanlike assembly of men than those who met at Grand Rapids this week, and the whole programme from start to finish has been unique. The fly-casters who stayed away are those who were unlucky. Those who came have enjoyed the brief experience of owning a city and a railroad. It is not easy to discharge a debt like that.

The fishing is good now in the south peninsula. The rainbow trout is the coming fish. I have taken both rainbow and brook trout out of the same pool in the Boardman. The rainbow outclasses the speckled trout two to one as a fighter. The man who kills one of these big 5 lb. rainbows in the Boardman on light tackle has done an angling feat. They are there, any number of them. They take the fly better than the speckled trout.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Yachting.

Wreck of the Heather Bell.

A ballad describing the loss of the wood boat Heather Bell on the St. John River, New Brunswick, in November, A.D. 1877, by collision with the steamer Soulages, an old and extremely erratic craft, which then ran as a night boat between St. John and Fredericton.

BY FRANK H. RISTEEN.

It was the wood boat Heather Bell
That plowed the wintry main;
And the skipper, his name was Bowser,
And the crew, his name was Kane.

White was her deck with the evening frost,
Her sails and her masts all white,
And over her bow in the darkling gloom
There glimmered her signal light.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe in his mouth was set,
While a gross of matches lay strewn around
He had scratched on his pantalette.

And with every squally gust that blew
He would light another match,
And for every griping flaw that flew
His gable end he'd scratch.

Then up spake the skipper's mate
(Likewise his name was Kane),
"I pray thee, put into Opnabog,
For I fear a hurricane.

The mainsail sheet is frozen stiff,
The martengale leaks fast,
The piston rod is smashed in twain,
And the spinaker yaws the mast!"

"Then haul the bobstay hard to port
And hammer down the hatch!"
And the skipper laughed a scorn laugh
As he lighted another match.

"No fear have I," old Bowser cried,
"Of weather, wind or sea;
Trice up the binnacle to the poop
And splice the whiffletree!"

But wilder and wilder came the gale,
And the darkness and the rain,
Twin specters from a world of woe,
Their wings spread o'er the main.

Then up spake the boatswain bold
(His name likewise was Kane),
"O, let us take the larbord tack—
The Jimsag we may gain."

"Go bowsen up the collar beam,"
The skipper roared aloud,
"And tightly reef the throttle valve
And jibe the scupper shroud!"

And still from the Devil's Back
And o'er the reach it blew,
And down the vale of Nerepis
The fierce tornado flew.

It swept the jilpoke off the poop,
It ripped the sails like tow,
It stove the gangway into shreds
And bilged the dynamo.

Yet though the wind blew fierce and fast,
And though the blast blew raw,
The skipper cheerily sought to light
The pipe that would not draw.

"O, skipper, I hear the sound of guns,
O, say what may it be?"
"Tis a Nerepis maiden chewing gum
And cracking her teeth," said he.

"O, captain, I hear a wailing cry,
O, say what may it be?"
"Tis a mermaid singing her bridal song
In the eel-grass on our lea."

"O, Bowser, I see a gleaming light,
O, say what may it be?"
"Tis the old Soulages on our bows,
And dead men both are we!"

* * * * *

At daybreak on the Long Reach shore
The inhabitants stood aghast
At the sight of a seemingly defunct
Lying close to a broken mast.

The limbs were fixed, and fixed the eyes
That met their startled sight,
And fixed in the stern unyielding mouth
Was the pipe he had tried to light.

They watched and waited long in hope
Some glimmer of life to see,
When lo! the form riz up and roared:
"Bring hither a match to me!"

Ah, sires, 'twas piteous to see
That ancient river man
As in a rage he smote the match
Upon his diaphragm.

"Shake out the mizzen jib," he cried,
"The whisker pole let free!"
Then jammed his helm hard to port
And steered for the unknown sea.

* * * * *

And this is the tale of the Heather Bell
That plowed the wintry main,
Which the skipper, his name was Bowser,
And the crew, his name was Kane.

A score of years have ebbed and flowed
Above her resting place,
Yet still her flying form is seen
Where the night-long breakers race.

White is her deck with the evening frost,
Her sails and her masts all white,
And over her bow in the darkling gloom
There glimmers her signal light.

A Quarter Century of Yachting, 1873-1898.

THE history of American yachting dates back just over half a century; the formal organization of the New York Y. C. on board the schooner Gimcrack on July 30, 1844, being generally accepted as marking the definite crystallization of various individual ventures in yacht building and racing, and the establishment in America of yachting as a national sport. The even quarter century of the FOREST AND STREAM's existence thus covers very nearly half the history of yachting in point of time, but very much more in point of development.

The history of yachting up to 1873 covers two periods, one of marked progress, the other of actual retrogression. The birth of the sport, under the influences of the spirit and enterprise of the Stevens family and the genius of George Steers, was marked by the production of some

notable and most successful vessels, first of all the schooner America. Fast, seaworthy and staunch in build, she excelled all of her fellows; but they all shared in a lesser degree these admirable characteristics. They were built for actual service in cruising, the keel type originally predominating, and as a class in default of much actual racing, the early yachts and their cousins, the New York pilot boats, were noted for the speed, whether in smooth water or at sea, alongside of the commercial vessels of the day. Though starting thus auspiciously with America and her mates and the winning of the first great international race in 1851, the progress of yachting in the next twenty years was by no means phenomenal, and in fact its condition in 1873 showed little or no advance in the very important branches of design and construction over 1848.

The sport as a whole had prospered; though through the 50s its growth was slow, and just when better things were promised it was nearly extinguished by the Rebellion. The end of the war, however, witnessed the inauguration of one of the great eras in American yachting, that of the big schooners. Between 1864 and 1873 were built such noted yachts as Sappho, Palmer, Resolute, Henrietta, Tidal Wave, Magic, Fleetwing, Columbia, Wanderer, Dreadnaught, Dauntless, Vesta, Idler and Alarm. Even though some could lay little claim to distinction save in the matter of size, the fleet, numbering some thirty odd vessels of from 100 to over 300 tons, was an imposing one, and under the conditions of yacht racing in those days large fields of starters were the rule, and even the slower yachts were accustomed to race in the hopes of some lucky chance. Schooner racing, and in vessels of large tonnage, was the one great feature of yachting in the 70s; at the other end of the scale was the sandbagger, either cat-rigged or jib and mainsail, and the little centerboard sloop yacht of the Gowanus and Penny Bridge type, but the sloop rig was still second to the schooner in the larger classes, and no one ever imagined that the day would come when the huge single-sticker Maria would be dwarfed by a Vigilant or Defender of the same rig. The fleet by this time had increased to about 500 yachts registered in the lists of the day, and there were thirty clubs in the United States, with the Royal Canadian Y. C. in Toronto and the Royal Halifax in Halifax. The number of races sailed in 1873, as officially recorded, was sixty-four. The sport was firmly established and popular; it had the active support of such wealthy and prominent patrons of sport in general as Bennett, Douglas, the Lorillards, Osgood and Osborne, besides others who were distinctively yachtsmen; and at the other end were numerous owners of small racing craft, who sailed constantly in the regular regattas and also in private matches for large prizes.

The weak point of American yachting in 1873 was the technical side, relating to the designing and building. The fleet, both large and small, showed a marked retrogression from the day of Steers and the America. The keel boat had disappeared save for a dozen of the largest schooners, such as Sappho, Dauntless, Fleetwing and Dreadnaught, and the centerboards, which made up almost the entire yacht fleet, were practically of one type, large as well as small. Assuming that it was necessary or desirable to confine the whole designing of a nation to one single type, it would probably have been impossible to have devised a worse one than that which was distinctively the national type of American yacht in 1873. Its characteristics were excessive beam for length, very light draft and depth of hold, light displacement, inside ballast of stone, slag or possibly pig and scrap iron, little or not overhangs and an excessive sail plan, with a weak and faulty construction. In the smallest yachts, the open sandbag catboats and jib and mainsail boats, sailed by experts who could swim ashore in case of the frequent capsize, the type was bad enough; it became seriously dangerous when enlarged into the cabin sloop of 40 to 70ft. waterline, and infinitely worse when further enlarged to make the typical centerboard schooner, with a draft of 6ft. on a waterline of upward of 100ft.

As was largely the case in all branches of naval work, there was at that day in yachting nothing of the nature of systematic designing. The builders, with whom the designs originated in the form of crude models, were men of limited education, with no practical training outside the ordinary routine of the building yard. They were one and all wedded to one single theory of design embodied in the typical craft above outlined. In essentials a new yacht, large or small, was like the old ones, the whole range of experiment being limited to a varying of the extremes of beam, light draft and sail area. The construction of the day was as stereotyped as the model, practically the sail boat construction adapted to the yacht, with flat plank keel, light floors, and inadequate bracing and fastening.

As a class, the builders, the sole arbiters of design, were prejudiced in favor of their own pet ideas, and ignorant alike of the principles of systematic designing and of the progress made in their trade in other parts of the world. There were a few of unquestioned genius, though hampered by the lack of a technical education, like Capt. Bob Fish, and some were more uniformly successful in their work than others, whose fame perhaps rested on one particular craft, which they were never after able to equal. But there was conspicuously no one who could claim to be a worthy successor of George Steers; and the science of naval design as then represented by yachting was on a far lower plane than in the days of the yacht America, the pilot boat Mary Taylor, the American clipper ship, and other nautical triumphs of which Americans are justly proud. Through her fast ocean passages and successful international races the big schooner Sappho, as rebuilt by Capt. Bob Fish, did much to sustain in foreign waters the fame of the schooner America, but she stood very far above the standard of the fleet of the day as a whole.

In the important matters of organization and co-operation among clubs, yachting was far behind other sports. There was no semblance of union between the different clubs; not infrequently even harmony was lacking. Each looked out for itself as best it could, and there was no organized attempt on the part of the clubs or of individual yachtsmen to advance the progress of the sport. The racing was limited to the old-fashioned "regatta," frequently a closed race and held without regard to similar events of other clubs. Though large fleets turned

out for these events, they were comparatively few in number, each club holding an "annual regatta" early in the season and perhaps a "fall regatta" as well. Regular series of open races throughout the season were few, and the best racing was found in the special races, sweepstakes or private matches, such as were frequently sailed. The merits of a yacht were determined rather by a few notable victories over large fleets than by the tabulated record of a large number of races through the season against yachts of her own class. The absolute independence of the yacht clubs resulted in universal confusion in the matter of rules, and also in a generally poor standard of yachting legislation and racing usage. Each club had its own rule of measurement, and while the majority were based on the single factor of length there was a wide difference in the details of the rule, so that no two clubs had the same method. Some measured the waterline only, some the over all length only, while more combined the two in varying proportions of one-half, one-third or one-fifth of the overhang added to the waterline. The New York Y. C. at this time, immediately following two international contests with British yachts of large displacement, had found it expedient to adopt the "cubic contents" rule, practically the actual bulk of the vessel, including top sides. Even where the measurement rule was the same in two clubs, the class limits were probably different, so that there were serious obstacles in the way of open and interclub races.

In the matter of the sailing rules of the road and general racing methods, starting, timing, etc., there was as little uniformity as in measurement. Each club had its own rules, changed at will without notice to others, and often in deference to mere local considerations; so that, in addition to the lack of uniformity, the rules in themselves were very defective.

The yachting literature of the day calls for little notice; there were no American works on yachting; in fact, there were very few English. The best of these by far, Mr. P. R. Mallet's "Yacht Building," was published here in 1872 by the New York branch of the London publishers, and in 1870 a copy of an earlier edition had been brought over by Mr. Robert Center. Mr. Center was one of the party on the schooner Fleetwing in the great ocean race from New York to Cowes in December, 1866, afterward spending several years abroad. In 1871, at his suggestion, and with Mallet's book as an aid, Mr. A. Cary Smith undertook the making of a design on paper, in place of the block model then in universal use, as the first step to the construction of a keel cutter, the famous Vindex. The yachtsman of 1873 depended for his yachting news upon the daily papers, mainly the leading New York papers, several of which had yachting reporters of ability and experience. In the way of periodicals, the old Aquatic Monthly boasted of a yachting department, sandwiched in with its archery, horse racing, croquet, billiards, etc.

The efforts of the yachting writers of the day, both professionals and amateurs, who wrote over the nom de plumes of Devoted Yachtsman and similar terms, were directed almost exclusively to the indiscriminate laudation of the American centerboard type and of the sloop rig. Such things as the broad discussion of technical matters pertaining to yachting, intelligent and unprejudiced criticism, and suggestions for improvement, were practically unknown. Where all was already perfect what room could exist for either? The proverbially disputatious proclivities of all yachtsmen found vent in discussions as to the value of half an inch of dead rise, more or less, as a vital factor of design, or in disputes over the merits of one individual builder over another. So far as the actual work of reporting the races was concerned, on the part of the leading papers it was well done, by able and experienced yachting reporters, but these gentlemen had no inclination to wander into the field of free criticism, and if they had done so their work would have been condemned both by their superiors in the office and the yachting public for which they wrote. In the rather important detail of an annual Yacht List, Neils Olsen, the present veteran superintendent of the New York Y. C., then compiled and published a small, but very complete and accurate, list of yachts, clubs, races, etc.

It must be confessed that the period in which FOREST AND STREAM began its existence was the duldest and least productive in the history of American yachting. For about ten years there was practically no material progress in design, in spite of the large amount of ocean cruising, ocean racing and international racing in American and British waters. Following the great ocean race of 1866, the three yachts which competed returned to this side of the Atlantic. Sappho, Dauntless, Meteor, Enchantress made repeated passages back and forth, competing in races in English waters. Dauntless and Cambria sailed an ocean race from Queenstown to New York, and many international races were sailed on this side, for the America Cup, the Bennett cups and other trophies, by the British yachts Cambria and Livonia, and the American fleet. In spite of the grand scale on which yacht racing was conducted, in yachts of great size and imposing appearance, for stakes of great value, and with strong international rivalry, the course of design was actually backward instead of forward.

Sappho, whose career really dates from her rebuilding in 1869, as she was a failure when built in 1867, stands as the best yacht of this era of the great schooners, but she was exceptional rather than typical; the real representatives of the American model of this period were Tidal Wave (long known from the marked peculiarities of her design as "the snake with a toad in her belly," built in 1870) and Mohawk, built in 1875, whose capsize and sinking in New York Bay in sight of the club house in the following year resulted in the drowning of her owner, Com. Garner, his wife and several friends.

Mohawk, with her draft of but 6ft. on a waterline of 121ft., was neither an accident nor an exception, but the natural and legitimate product of the theories of yacht design then universally accepted in this country by owners, builders and yachtsmen both amateur and professional. She was a typical centerboard "skimming dish," as were the smallest catboats, the sloops, small and large, and most of the vessels of her own rig. The story of over a century of yachting is plainly told in the two words America—Mohawk; a retrogression from the re-

cognized principles of good design, which brought honor and triumph, to baseless fallacies and inexcusable ignorance, bringing disgrace and death.

The whole history of American yachting as chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM is a lengthy one, and can only be outlined in its more prominent points. Going back a little further than its birth, the year 1871 brought a shock to all truly patriotic yachtsmen in the shape of various heretical ideas imported from England by the late Robert Center. This gentleman, to the horror even of his friends, started in to violate all proprieties by building a yacht after models and methods directly opposed to those then held sacred by all true Americans. The case looked bad enough at the outset, when it was first known that, in place of the conventional skimming dish model, Mr. Center actually contemplated a cutter, a keel boat, of great depth, without a centerboard, and with the full cutter rig. It was worse, however, when Mr. Center, with singular perversity, refused to place himself completely in the hands of some inspired builder who would whittle a model representing the outside surface of the frames, and announced that the yacht would be built entirely from a design on paper, made in all its details before the construction was commenced. The final revelation capped the climax; instead of nice, light, soft wood, loosely nailed together, the yacht was actually to be built of hard, heavy iron in all of her parts save the deck, the keel being made specially thick to serve as ballast. It was only natural that the average professional builder and boat sailor should declare that it was impossible to build a vessel without a block model, and that an iron hull would never float; but this display of ignorance was by no means confined to this class; yachtsmen who by education and intelligence should have known far better were loud in the exploitation of the same ideas.

In his new work Mr. Center found an able and willing coadjutor in Mr. A. Cary Smith, then a yacht builder after the accepted methods of the day, but also a marine artist. With Mallet's book as a guide, following its instructions in the designing and the calculation of the elements, and taking as a basis for the proposed yacht the lines there published of the famous Musquito, the first American cutter, Vindex, was designed, and she was finally built and successfully launched at the yard of Reany, Son & Archbold, Chester, Pa., afterward Roach's Shipyard. Somehow or other Vindex did float, and not only that, but she was fast as well, and an admirable sea boat, as Mr. Center proved in a whole winter's cruising off shore in company with the New York pilot boats, and in many races.

When Vindex was built the single-stick rig, the typical sloop except in her case, was just beginning to rival the schooner in popularity, and by 1876 the sloop of from 45 to 70ft. waterline was quite as distinctive a feature of American yachting as the large schooner. The sloop Gracie was built as far back as 1868, but the class grew with Vision, 1872; Arrow, 1874; Fanny and Hildegard, 1876.

In this latter year occurred the third international race for the America Cup, with the Canadian challenger, Countess of Dufferin, schooner, notable chiefly as marking the last contest of the schooners for this great trophy and the growing popularity among racing men of the sloop of moderate size.

The year 1878 is notable as marking the beginning of a new era in yachting. As a mere incident, but important in its way, may be mentioned the building of the fine keel cruising schooner, designed for Lloyd Phoenix, Esq., by A. Cary Smith, a vessel that, still afloat and in service, has made a notable reputation in home and foreign waters. It was in 1878 that attention of American yachtsmen was first drawn to the British cutter through the exertions of a small band of "cutter cranks," as they were soon named in derision. The plain comments of these gentlemen upon the prominent defects of the American yacht of the day, and upon the current methods in designing, building, sail making and general racing practice, provoked a battle that was fought long and bitterly.

It cannot be said of the FOREST AND STREAM that in its earliest years it dealt with yachting in a much more vigorous way than its contemporaries; but just about the time that the cutter and sloop discussion came up the editorial force was strengthened by the addition of its editorial force was strengthened by the addition of the late C. P. Kunhardt. A man of original ideas and strong convictions, a ready writer and keen disputant, a draftsman of exceptional ability, and devoted to yachting above all else, he was, as events proved, the man for the occasion. The mere suggestion that the yachts of the day, Columbia, Madeline, Gracie and Fanny, were other than perfect was at first met with derision from all American journals, and when it came to a definite arraignment on the part of the first "cutter cranks" of the proportions, ballasting, construction and canvassing of American yachts, derision changed to positive abuse, both from the press and from yachtsmen. The FOREST AND STREAM was the first and for years the only American journal to take up the dispute purely on its technical merits and to carry on the discussion on a strictly technical basis as a matter of serious scientific investigation. When the first general charges of the inefficiency of the skimming dish type took the form of a discussion of definite principles of design, Mr. Kunhardt's technical education and knowledge of naval architecture and designing placed him at an overwhelming advantage over all of his opponents, the ablest of them failing to reply in kind and being forced to resort to mere epithet and ridicule—a style of warfare not entirely unknown in yachting journalism at the present day.

The question which presented itself at the time was a serious one for an American journal devoted to the advancement of American sport, involving nothing less than the severe and almost wholesale condemnation of nearly all the details of a sport in which the nation had won international honors. After a careful survey of the entire situation and the weighing of the many important technical points involved, it was determined that the future policy of the FOREST AND STREAM should be to approve or condemn solely by the standards of the recognized truths of naval architecture and the broad principles of fair play, as established by the best usage of yachtsmen and other sportsmen.

Starting on this basis, Mr. Kunhardt advocated a system of procedure which involved a complete revolution in American yachting methods. First came the recognition of the educated naval architect and specialist in yacht designing, working from exact drawings and calculations, in place of the builder with his rough block model. In place of the work of creating the design or model, which he had previously monopolized, the builder was left to concentrate his efforts upon the one subject of construction, changing his methods to produce a stronger and lighter as well as a more durable craft. In the details of design a material lessening of the beam and increase of draft were advocated, with the adoption of the keel in place of the centerboard wherever the draft of water permitted, and above all the abandonment of inside ballast, slag, stones and scrap, in favor of the lead keel. The necessity for safety, seaworthiness, and absolute immunity from capsizing was insisted upon above all other qualities of a yacht. The rig came in for quite as general a criticism as the hull, a smaller and more compact sail plan was advocated, with shorter, lower mast, longer topmast fitted to house, longer gaff, pole bowsprit in place of the built-in stick of timber with its toy jibboom, neater and stronger ironwork, stronger blocks and rigging, the double headrig of staysail and jib in place of one big jib, heavier canvas, and greater skill in making and care in bending and handling sails.

The proposed changes were not limited to the yacht alone; better and in particular uniform rules for measurement, classification and sailing were called for. Corinthian handling was earnestly advocated, with the establishment of the English method of building strictly to class, without time allowance, and of starting races from the gun instead of the then common interval of 15 minutes in which to cross the line. Though then very far from its realization, the scheme of a national union of yachtsmen, already formulated by a few, found its most earnest advocate in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

All of these things are now so much matters of course that the younger generation of yachtsmen will find it difficult to realize that anything different ever existed, or that the great majority of American yachtsmen were bitterly opposed to them; but such, however, was the case for many years—the *FOREST AND STREAM* standing alone among the journals of the day, both sporting and daily, in its advocacy of them.

The first practical application of the cutter idea, after *Vindex* and her sister, the wide cutter *Volante*, designed by Mr. Center in 1877, was in 1878, when Mr. James Stillman, a well-known New York yachtsman, built from the designs of John Harvey, the English designer, the 10-ton cutter *Muriel*; a yacht whose extreme proportions, of narrow beam and great draft, rivaled in inverse ratio the excessive beam and limited draft of the American sloop. In the fall of 1879 the keel was laid for what proved a famous craft, the sloop *Mischief*. Designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. J. R. Busk, of New York, she was a centerboard sloop, but in many important respects an improvement on the existing yachts of her class, and a convincing argument of the truth of the new ideas. With beam reduced and draft increased to a moderate degree, she showed a marked advance in form, more displacement, a fuller and abler section, less hollow to the forward waterlines, and less of a hard knuckle in the quarter, with a higher freeboard and straighter sheerline. Her hull was of iron, and though the rig was distinctively of the sloop type, it included many improved details, both on proportion and construction.

The success of this "compromise," as the term then ran, was clinched in her second season by her selection, after a series of trial races, as the representative of the New York Y. C. in the defense of the America Cup for the fourth time, the first race for the single-stick rig and the first in which the defender consented to meet the challenger on equal terms so far as the selection of one defending yacht to sail the entire series of races was concerned. Following her victory over the older wooden sloops in the trial races, *Mischief* easily defeated the challenger, the sloop *Atalanta*, of Canada.

In 1880 Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler, one of the leaders of the cutter movement, had built from his own design the little cutter *Yolande*, of five tons, and in 1881 the revolt against the old order of things assumed serious proportions. In the fall of that year Mr. James Coates, a prominent member of the yacht racing fraternity of the Clyde, sent over on the deck of an Anchor Liner the 10-ton cutter *Madge*, designed by Mr. Watson, the crack of her class. She came out in charge of her skipper, Capt. Duncan, who practically had entire charge of her races, in the absence of her owner. The result of seven races at New York and Newport, against the three best American sloops that could be selected (six wins for *Madge*) placed the sloop and cutter controversy on an entirely new basis.

The same year witnessed the launching of the first large American cutter, *Oriva*, designed by Mr. Harvey for the late C. Smith Lee. Not only was she narrow, deep and fast, but her Corinthian owner disdained the services of professional skipper and crew, and steered her himself, with a crew of amateurs picked from the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. The yacht and her crew soon made a name for themselves in numerous races against the centerboard sloops, even when the latter were manned by picked professional crews. Following *Oriva*, in 1882, came *Bedouin* and *Wenonah*, both designed by Mr. Harvey and built by Piepgrass, for Mr. Archibald Rogers, a young Corinthian, and Mr. Stillman, who had built *Muriel*.

The years 1882-3 and 4 were notable ones, marked by many hard fights between cutter and sloop, the former represented by the yachts already mentioned, of moderate beam, and the imported cutters *Madge*, *Maggie*, *Stranger*, *Ulidia* and others, of extreme narrow beam, as well as by various "compromise" yachts, both keel and centerboard. The cause of the centerboard sloop was upheld by *Gracie*, *Fanny*, *Hildegard*, *Vision*, *Fanita*, *Madcap* and others, all of them making open confessions of failure from time to time by alterations and even entire rebuilding, adopting the lead keel, long overhangs, higher freeboard, and cutter rig, until all but the name of sloop had disappeared.

We have seen how the years from 1868 to 1878 brought little change and no advancement to American yachting, and how a period of controversy and experiment succeeded it. This period ended with 1884, giving

way to a new era of prosperity and improvement on lines determined by the long battle of the sloop and cutter.

In the fall of 1884 there came another challenge from England, after an interval of thirteen years, for the America Cup; the challenger, Sir Richard Sutton, being the owner of the 80-ton cutter *Genesta*, designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, then at the end of her first season, a very successful one. The victories of *Bedouin* and *Oriva* had brought doubts to the most faithful of the sloop men as to the ability of the best of the 70ft. sloops to meet a cutter of anything like their own size, and it was plainly evident that they had no possible chance against a much larger vessel, such as *Genesta*. It was evident that a suitable defender could only be had by building, and steps were promptly taken to that end. How much had been accomplished in one direction at least by the *FOREST AND STREAM* and the "cutter cranks" is shown by the fact that while in 1881 the New York Y. C. was well content to entrust the production of a Cup defender to a builder of the old school, in 1884 it turned, as a matter of course, and with no practical opposition, to the designer, without regard as to who should finally build the yacht. How much this one incident meant can only be understood by those who have heard, as we have, the personal abuse freely showered by prominent yachtsmen of the time upon yacht designers as a class, and all who believed in them.

The great question involved in the designing of a defender was, of course, that of type; the challenger was an extreme cutter, of known speed and of the most recent composite construction. On the one hand, national pride forbade that she should be met by a keel boat, or anything approaching her own type; and on the other, even those who still owned and swore by the American centerboard sloop knew well the danger of risking the defense of the Cup to that type.

The result, so far as New York was concerned, was a compromise on the side of the sloop, an enlarged *Mischief*, a steel hull, but with no outside keel, the lead ballast being inside the skin. While the rig was a compromise, including double headsails and other details of the cutter rig, its proportions, with long lower mast and short topmast and gaff, were essentially those of the American sloop.

Another competitor for international as well as national honors appeared from an unlooked for quarter. The central point of American yachting has always been New York, its birthplace and the home of the great yachts of the early days, as well as of later years. At the same time it is a question whether there has not been more of the true yachting spirit, though displaying itself less prominently in the construction of very large yachts, about Boston and Massachusetts Bay. This much is certain, that the East has always produced a deeper, stauncher and abler type of yacht, even in the centerboard classes; that from the first Corinthian sailing and cruising has been more popular about Boston than about New York in proportion to the size of the two cities; and that, as a class, no bolder or abler yachtsmen are to be found anywhere than those who cruise and race between Cape Cod and Cape Ann. While the skimming dish type prevailed, even in these waters, from the earliest times the centerboard boats were deeper and abler than those of New York and Long Island Sound, and in addition there were not a few keel yachts. Though unknown about New York and in other parts of the country, even on the Great Lakes, the keel type was distinctly in evidence about Boston at the time of the first agitation of the cutter question, and when the building of keel boats began in earnest they increased far more rapidly in the East than about New York.

When some of the leaders of Eastern yachting, headed by the late Edward Burgess and Gen. C. J. Paine, determined to build a large yacht to compete with New York for national honors in the trial races, they approached the same problem from a different position. They were less positively committed to the centerboard sloop as a matter of national pride, they were more thoroughly conversant with the advantages of depth and low ballast; and the designer was accorded far more freedom of choice in the determination of type. The result was *Puritan*, a centerboard cutter, and distinctly a cutter, although she embodied three important principles of the sloop—large beam, the centerboard, and the laced mainsail. Her general form, her appearance, her heavy and comparatively deep outside keel of lead, the proportions of her rig, with its relative lengths of lower mast, topmast and gaff, its round, straight bowsprit, staysail and jib and general mechanical details, all testified at once to their British origin and to the technical knowledge and broad liberal spirit of progress of the men who built her.

The story of *Puritan* and her successors, also designed by Mr. Burgess and owned by Gen. Paine, needs only a brief mention, it is too well known to all yachtsmen. She first defeated the New York boat *Priscilla*, then the British challenger *Genesta*; the next year a larger sister, *Mayflower*, defeated *Galatea*, practically a larger *Genesta*; and a year later a third Burgess boat, *Volunteer*, defeated the Scotch *Thistle*. This latter craft was a wide cutter, the British designers, after the victory of *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, having abandoned the old tonnage rule and the extreme narrow beam which it compelled, and adopted a length and sail area rule with no direct tax on beam. *Thistle*, the first yacht built under the new rule, was considerably wider than the old cutters, but with no more draft, and failed through the inefficiency of her lateral plane, she having no centerboard and a comparatively shoal keel.

The results of this grand series of races were of incalculable value on both sides of the Atlantic; on this side they not only brought convincing and indisputable proof, even to the most obstinate of the older yachtsmen, of the defects of the shoal sloop, and the value of correct principles and a knowledge of naval architecture, with the recognition of the yacht designer as a necessity; but they made it possible to adopt indirectly through *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, instead of directly through such British yachts as *Madge* and *Bedouin*, the deep hull, the lead keel, the bold and handsome sheerplan, the cutter rig, and a hundred details of design and construction unknown in the days of *Arrow*, *Gracie* and

Vision. On the other hand, the British yachtsman was freed from the evil influence of a rule that, in the first place leading to an excellent type of yacht through the positive premium on depth and low ballast, had finally compelled an extreme of narrow beam that had far passed a reasonable limit in racing yachts, the result being a type of craft which sailed on her side, at a great angle, at a loss of comfort and speed.

The question of which side gave up the most and which gained the most has always been disputed by American yachtsmen, who love to point to *Puritan* as an original conception of Mr. Burgess, properly loved and revered by them, her remote origin, if she had any outside of his mind, being various imaginary American yachts with iron keels, of which no definite records exist. Looking over the field now, at a long interval after the hard fighting, we are still opposed to this view. The gain to British yachts has been in two directions, speed and comfort; the yachts built between 1888 and 1893, or from *Yarana* to *Britannia*, were faster through their improved proportions, largely the added beam, their laced cotton sails were better than the old loose-footed hemp sails, and with added buoyancy and stability they were drier and more comfortable. The gain to America was far greater, both in degree and extent; in the first place the fleet was made absolutely safe from capsize, a danger that of old faced every yacht, from the great *Mohawk* down to the smallest catboat. The increase of depth of body and the added lead keel, both taken directly from the British cutter, removed one constant source of fatal catastrophes. Apart from the question of capsizing, the fleet was vastly improved in sea-going qualities, in staunchness of construction, and in efficiency of rig. The gain in this respect was a most important one. The rig of the old sloop was essentially a sail boat rig, whatever its dimensions, weak, lubberly, faulty in its mechanical details, and dangerous in the extreme. The rig of the old cutter was that of a ship, heavy and complicated, it is true, but at the same time correct in principle and complete in its mechanical details. First adopted in its entirety in this country, it was very soon improved upon in various details, the housing of the bowsprit was abandoned as of very little utility compared with the complicated gear necessary and the accompanying strain of the bobstay; some of the purchases and other details of the full cutter rig were discarded as involving useless weight and complication. In the course of international competition a great many minor improvements have been made on both sides in the arrangements and quality of details of rig, blocks, ironwork, wire, turnbuckles and spars, the American designers and manufacturers being responsible for the greater part of this work, especially in the later Cup defenders. In the very important detail of sails, the British were ahead at the time of the first invasion of the cutters, both in material and making. As the result of the *Puritan-Genesta* contests, a material improvement was made in this country in the production of better cotton duck, and the making of better sails; the superiority soon being accorded to this side. After a time the universal custom of a loose-footed mainsail was abandoned by the British in favor of the American laced mainsail. For some years past the two nations have kept closely together in the twin arts of weaving and cutting canvas.

We have pointed out that *Puritan's* claims as a representative of American ideas rested mainly on three points, the centerboard, the beam and the laced mainsail. The first of these lay close to the root of the sloop-cutter controversy, in fact, it was the one predominating point. It was not settled in any way by the races of 1885-6-7; there were too many other questions involved, but in 1888 it was put to a final test by the Scotch 40-footer *Minerva*, a keel cutter of moderate beam. Her many races against the best of the modern centerboard class, corroborated by the additional evidence of the American keel boats in the same class, not to mention the extreme narrow cutter *Clara* in the 53ft. class, finally settled this question in favor of the keel. So conclusive were these results that the later victory of the keel cutter *Defender* was superfluous as a proof of the superiority of the keel type to the centerboard in point of speed.

The triple series of races for the America Cup brought up another serious question, in which *FOREST AND STREAM* was again called upon to take the unpopular side. The defeat of *Thistle* in 1887 was followed on the same day by a new challenge from the Royal Clyde Y. C. for the Cup, naming 70ft. l.w.l. as the size preferred for the contestants. The great success of the 53ft. cutter *Clara* in this country at the time led to some doubt on the part of American yachtsmen as to the probable success of the *Puritan* type as opposed to an improved *Clara* of 70ft. l.w.l. Immediately on the receipt of the notice of challenge steps were taken to alter the terms of the deed of gift on which the Cup was held by the New York Y. C. One such alteration had already been made after the *Mischief-Atalanta* contest of 1881, barring yachts from the Canadian shores of the Great Lakes, but otherwise differing but slightly from the original terms laid down by the donors of the Cup. The work of making another new deed was deputed to a special committee, and was carried on with all possible secrecy until the document was framed and finally made as nearly legal and binding as the circumstances admitted. Not until this was done was it submitted to the members of the club and the public.

The whole matter brought up some very important questions, the right of one of five original donors to alter the original terms of the trust, the propriety of a temporary custodian of the trust making new conditions under the nominal plea of returning the Cup to the surviving donor, the haste and secrecy with which the new deed was made, the legality of action in the name of the club without a formal vote of its members, and finally the specific nature of the changes from the original terms of trust. These questions, which involved the good name of American yachtsmen, were brought prominently to the front by the many circumstances attending the framing of the new deed of gift in the face of a formal notice of challenge, and of the astounding nature of the provisions of the deed, demanding the dimensions of the challenger nearly a year in advance, with no assurance in return of the size of the defender.

The action of the New York Y. C., generally con-

demned by foreign yachtsmen, was the question of the hour in the yachting world, and yet to discuss it fairly and thoroughly on the triple basis of law, equity and the accepted usage of sportsmen meant nothing less than the condemnation of the club and the men who had for three successive years won honorable victories for American yachting. As previously in the case of the sloop and cutter, in 1878, the *FOREST AND STREAM* was compelled to decide a serious question as to its course. Apart from a few strong criticisms of the new deed when it first appeared, the American dailies and periodicals which had devoted pages to the reports of the victory of Volunteer showed no disposition to discuss this difficult question, ignoring all foreign criticism of the new deed. As a matter of principle, however, such a course was impossible, and, as before, the *FOREST AND STREAM* decided upon a bold and unprejudiced discussion of the whole case on its technical merits. This it began the week that the new deed was made public, and it has continued ever since. Its statements of fact have never been disproved, its arguments have never been disputed. It has been abused and vilified without stint by those who could not answer its objections and who, through bitter national prejudice, fail to realize that the underlying principles of science, of law and of fair play know of no political boundaries. On the other hand, its course has been justified by the attempts of the makers of the new deed to repudiate, to interpret, and to nullify the objectionable provisions.

The period from 1884 to 1892 was an important and interesting one, an era of material progress in design and construction, of spirited racing, and of extended development of yachting throughout the United States and Canada. It includes the first cutters, Bedouin and her fellows, the "compromise" sloops Valkyr and Thetis, the modern schooners Sachem, Grayling, Sea Fox, Marguerite, Iroquois, Yampa, the fleet of big single-stick Cup defenders, the smaller Gloriana, Wasp, Clara, Minerva, the 40ft. and 30ft. classes; and numerous exciting international contests for the America Cup and in local racing generally. Following it, with its fleet of fast, able and roomy yachts, of good construction and fitted for other service as well as racing, came the era of the fin-keel and the skimming dish racing machines. This period, with Vigilant, Defender, Wenonah, Niagara, Onawa, Spruce, Ethelwynn, El Heirie and the two Glencairns, has not yet passed by, it is a matter of to-day, and familiar to the youngest yachtsman, so we shall not tarry over it; while America has been almost uniformly successful in the international contests, through Vigilant, Defender, Niagara and Ethelwynn, both nations have kept closely together in the improvement of the racing yacht and the development of racing, and the conditions of the sport are much the same to-day in England and America.

Important as they are, our space does not permit the discussion of these conditions at present, it is sufficient to say that yachting is suffering from that extreme development which is found at times in all sports. Within this period so much has been done to develop the highest absolute speed in each class, and to perfect the racing machine, that the entire nature of the sport has been changed and much of its charm eliminated. The racing machine has attained such a close approach to absolute perfection as such that it is worthless for anything but racing, the average yachtsman finds it impossible to live on it, and even the most enthusiastic racing men cannot or will not attempt to live up to it. The cost of construction and running, whether in a defender of 15ft., racing measurement or an El Heirie of but 15ft., is so inordinately out of proportion to the pleasure derived from a victory, to say nothing of the disappointment which is the inevitable lot of all but one contestant, the yacht is so worthless, either for further racing after the main contests are concluded, or for conversion to a cruiser, that very few are found to try a second venture in the construction of an up-to-date machine, either for special international matches or for the usual races of the season.

We have seen that the period from 1885 to 1891 was one of progress and prosperity in yachting, while that from 1891 to 1898, in which the extreme type of racing machine such as Defender displaced the all-round yacht such as Puritan, has resulted in a cessation of yacht racing, and a general stagnation in yachting in all but the smaller classes. It is evident that yachting is now entering on a new period of general and salutary restrictions on design and construction. The first step to this end was the establishment several years ago in England of various "restricted classes," each under stringent limitations, in many cases every yacht in a class being built from one standard design, all subsequent alterations of ballast, hull, rig, etc., being prohibited. Even where the one-design is not followed, some liberty being left to individual designers, the leading features of the class, dimensions, ballast, general construction, etc., are strictly guarded, as in the Boston knockabout, one of the most successful of these classes on either side of the ocean. As general racing under the established formula has decreased through the introduction of racing machines, the restricted classes have increased, first in England, but of late with great rapidity in this country, until we find in the fleet built during the past winter by Mr. Stearns, at Marblehead, for four clubs, fifty yachts to practically one design.

The result of the establishment of local "restricted classes" is already visible in connection with general yachting legislation. Two years ago the British Y. R. A. adopted its present rule, with the avowed intention of discouraging the extreme racing machine and promoting the building and racing of yachts of greater displacement and capable of a wider range of use. The Seawanhaka rule of length and sail area was adopted in 1883, the *FOREST AND STREAM* standing alone at the time in its advocacy of the proposal. This rule has since come into universal use in the United States and Canada, and up to the introduction of the fin-keel its results were most satisfactory. It has, however, failed entirely to meet the most recent advances of racing design, and there is now an imperative necessity for a new formula. What this will be no one can say, but there is no doubt that it will be strongly restrictive in its nature, encouraging as far as possible a type of racing

yacht with the general characteristics of the fleet of 1885 to 1891, of strong and durable construction, reasonable living accommodation, and sea-going qualities. Even with a perfect rule of this kind, which is a good deal to expect, it will be a long time before yacht racing, in other than the smaller classes, is restored to the prosperous condition of the days of Puritan, Mayflower, Minerva and Gloriana.

The present situation in American yachting presents two different and contrary views, accordingly as it is examined from the standpoint of racing and the large yachts, or of the sport in general. From the first position, and remembering the fleets and triumphs of the past, the outlook is most discouraging; there has been for several years no building of other than small yachts, and no disposition to race the existing boats. Prizes that are valuable both from association and intrinsically, like the Goelet cup, the Larchmont schooner cup, and the Commodore's prizes of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., are awarded for sail-overs or left without contest in the silversmith's vaults. Special efforts to stimulate racing by means of handicaps, extra prizes and novel races have all uniformly failed. This is true not only of the classes in which the racing machines are supreme, but in special classes from which they are excluded in the interests of the older and outclassed boats. The immediate conditions of the present season are of course exceptional, the war has disturbed yachting in common with more serious affairs, but the outlook at the conclusion of last season and through the winter, before thought of war arose, showed that nothing was to be hoped for as an improvement on 1896 and '97.

Looking at the other side of the picture, yachting as a national sport was never more prosperous than at the present time; it is more generally popular than ever before, there are more yachtsmen, more yachts, more clubs, and the numbers are growing rapidly. Races are sailed and cruises made from Puget Sound down the Pacific Coast, and from the Gulf of Mexico up to Halifax, while the inland waters, the Great Lakes and the innumerable small lakes and rivers are thickly dotted with the sails of the American pleasure fleet—to say nothing of their being also scented with the fragrant vapor of the naphtha launch. While individually the yacht clubs are numerous and strong, collectively they have recently taken a great step forward in the organization of local associations and a national union. As a result, a wonderful improvement has been made in the general revision of racing rules, the establishment of a higher standard of racing usage—quite as important in maintaining the purity of the sport as the printed rules of racing—and a general harmony of action in the advancement of yachting and yacht racing. Narrow and local interests have largely given way to work on a broader and more generous basis in the advancement of yachting at large rather than of one club at the expense of another.

As opposed to the dullness and lethargy, that distinguishes yacht racing in those points which were once the marked centers of the sport, there is among the clubs at large a general interest in racing; apart from the immediate effects of the war, there has been for several years an increase in the number of clubs, the number of racing boats, and of races sailed. One important factor in the smaller classes is the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, established in 1895, and made famous by the Spruce-Ethelwynn races of that year; from this as a starting point, a very large fleet of small racers has grown up throughout the country, as at Montreal, New Orleans, on the Massachusetts coast, and on the small Western lakes.

The machinery of yachting and yacht racing is to-day more perfect than ever in the past, and is extended over a vastly greater area; what is needed is something to start it into motion, some revival of the old racing spirit which was the one conspicuous feature of the days when the yachts themselves, as well as the rules and all accessories of yachting, were but crude and imperfect. What this moving power may be we cannot venture to predict, it may come through an international race or through the final advent of that long-looked-for period of business prosperity. The one thing to provide for is that when it arrives there shall be in general operation throughout the country a good rule of measurement, under which a new fleet will be built.

Looking back for a quarter century, there are innumerable details of yachting progress we should like to note if space allowed: the wonderful growth of such young clubs as the Larchmont and the Corinthian, of Marblehead; the increased conveniences and luxuries of yachting, such as the naphtha launch and electricity, the latter not only lighting the yacht in saloons, engine room and on deck, but also driving owner's gig; the conveniences in the form of numerous well-equipped club houses extending their hospitality to yachts of other clubs, and of such a system of club stations as has been established by the New York Y. C. With these has come a wonderful improvement in mere mechanical appliances, such fittings and appurtenances as were once obtained with difficulty when made to order can now be had instantly, of improved construction and at less cost, of any supply house. This is especially the case as applied to the smaller yachts; where there once was nothing suitable in the way of blocks and fittings, now every detail and fitting can be had, of the proper size and proportions and the most improved material.

In yachting literature of all kinds, the yachtsman of to-day is far ahead of the old fellow of 1873. In place of Maret's book and Bowditch, he has now in his club library standard works on design, construction, navigation, with cruises in all waters, from the North Pole to the southern seas, made in yachts and written by yachtsmen. Added to this, he has technical journals of a high class in English, French, German and Italian, all treating of his favorite sport.

In the way of a purely exterior accessory to yachting, there is nothing that has done so much as the advance of photography. In 1873 a photo of a yacht was practically unknown, now this branch of the art is a specialty with the most expert photographers, as offering one of the most inviting fields for artistic success; while on the other hand the yachtsman himself carries his smaller camera for a permanent record of exciting races and pleasant experiences. To photo-

graphy and the dry plate the yachting of to-day owes much of its popularity and success; it is the camera, more than any other agency, that has introduced the yacht to remote localities, and has trained the eye of the amateur yachtsman to an appreciation of the highest standards of beauty of form as well as of mechanical details of hull and rig. By its aid the complete details of all important races are accessible to those who are unable to witness them in person, and it gives a record of actual movements and positions that offers unimpeachable evidence in the case of a dispute.

It is with no small degree of pride and pleasure that the *FOREST AND STREAM* surveys the yachting of to-day as compared with that of 1873, the fleets of handsome craft, shipshape in form and perfect in all mechanical details, each class starting with the gun, and the race being over when the first boat crosses the line, without waiting until next day or next week for the calculation of time allowance and the announcement of the result. Almost every detail of the yachts and the racing, so different from those of twenty-five years ago, the leading points of design, construction and rig, the building to class, the one-gun start, the absence of time allowance, the open race, was first advocated in this journal and for years in it alone. It was the *FOREST AND STREAM* that first urged the need of material improvements in American yachting, and pointed out the specific lines on which such improvements were possible, and it was the *FOREST AND STREAM* that of late years has sought to prevent the evident danger of over-development from which yachting now suffers, and advocated the timely adoption of restrictions upon extremes of design and construction. The *FOREST AND STREAM* was the first to point out twenty years ago the dangers of the extreme shallow type, and to advocate a material increase of depth, and draft; at the same time it was the first, within a few years past, to protest against that abuse of draft and low ballast which produces the fin-keel racing machine, and prohibits the yacht of moderate draft and displacement.

It has been the invariable policy of this paper to deal promptly and positively with every matter which comes up in yachting, forming its own opinion on the merits of the case, and expressing that opinion in terms plain enough to be unmistakable. The record of these opinions is on file in the fifty volumes of the quarter century, and there is very little in it that we would change if we could. While it would have been easier and safer to have waited for a time to make certain that a new thing would be successful and popular before approving of it, we have preferred the other course, of putting ourselves boldly upon record as soon as all the essential facts were known, leaving it to the future to vindicate the correctness of our judgment. It has sometimes been a matter of years, as in the question of the value of the lead keel, from 1878 until the success of Puritan in 1885, before a popular verdict has endorsed our first judgment, but in few cases indeed out of hundreds has that verdict failed. Looking back over the long record, we find but two important points on which our judgment has been proved to be in error.

The first of these is that of narrow beam; there was a time when, in our opinion, there was an advantage in the extreme narrow beam of the cutters of 1875 to 1885. This opinion was based upon a lively appreciation of the evils arising from the abuse of great beam in American yachts, and upon the numerous demonstrations of the good qualities of the narrow cutters, their safety, speed, sea-going qualities, accommodation and appearance, as compared to the sloops of the day. We have to admit that in a discussion involving a large number of important issues we placed an altogether false value upon one, narrow beam, as a material element of advantage, instead of the reverse, as was afterward proved by the cutters of moderate beam. It may be urged that our knowledge of naval architecture in the abstract should have prevented this mistake, but at this time the cutters, in spite of their narrow beam, were winning new victories each year from the wide sloops; and we were, too, in pretty good company on both sides of the Atlantic in attributing a part of this success to the lack of beam. Of all the innumerable other points relating to models, methods and yachting in general, which were in controversy for over ten years, there is no important one on which we would change our original position.

The second matter is of quite a different nature; it will be remembered that in the course of the discussion of the new deed of gift the *FOREST AND STREAM*, about 1890, made the assertion that no British yachtsman would challenge for the America Cup under the new deed. In this, as events proved, we were wrong, as the Cup was challenged for and raced for twice, in 1893-5. In making this assertion, after a careful consideration of the case, we had in mind the explicit statement of the Royal Yacht Squadron that it would back no challenge under the new deed, and we had canvassed thoroughly the list of British yachtsmen whose prominence and position fitted them to follow Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn. As events have proved, there was not then or after one of this class willing to recognize the new deed; but there was a novice, then practically unknown in yachting, who was at once so careless of the question of principle involved as to waive it entirely, so selfish in his desire for fame as a challenger as to compromise his fellow yachtsmen, and, unfortunately, so powerful in his influence as to be able to compel even the Royal Yacht Squadron to humble itself before the New York Y. C.

What with explanations, interpretations and special stipulations, the question of the exact terms of the international races of 1893-5 has never been settled, but without any appearance of quibbling whether the final terms were or were not literally those of the new deed, we are quite willing to admit that in this case the *FOREST AND STREAM* was wrong and the New York Y. C. right; it did indeed obtain a challenge, in fact two of them, from a "British yachtsman," with results only too well known.

It is quite evident that our course in the past has been satisfactory to our readers, that is, to the leading yachtsmen of all countries, as the *FOREST AND STREAM* has long since won the respect and confidence of foreign as well as American yachtsmen by its bold and open discussion of all questions, and its unprejudiced reports of actual facts. This being the case, we can promise nothing more than a continuance of it for the future.

W. P. STEPHENS.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 23.—Corry, Pa.—No. 2 tournament of the Corry Gun Club. A. P. Pope, Sec'y.

June 25.—Long Branch, N. J.—Opening shoot of Hollywood grounds. Live-bird shooting every Saturday afterward.

June 27.—July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. \$1,000 added money.

June 30.—Auburn, Me.—First annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 3-4.—Davenport, Ia.—The West End Gun Club's amateur tournament on targets. L. Haneman, Sec'y.

July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Brockton Gun Club. Special prizes.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, at targets. Morton Haynes, Sec'y.

July 4.—Centredale, R. I.—Fourth of July shoot of the Centredale Gun Club. N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

July 4.—Geneseo, N. Y.—Geneseo Rod and Gun Club's annual shoot. W. E. Lowe, Sec'y.

July 4.—Louisville, Ky.—The Kentucky Gun Club's fifth annual championship shoot. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—St. Louis, Mo.—Open shoot, \$100 added; 145 targets per day. Dupont Park.

July 4-6.—Newport News, Va.—First annual tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club. Geo. B. James, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 13.—Albany, N. Y.—Forester Gun Club's annual tournament; targets. H. H. Valentine, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 14-15.—Bedford, Ind.—Tournament of Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 23.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's third annual tournament for amateurs. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.

Sept. 6-8.—St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Gun Club's twenty-first annual tournament at Minnesota State Fair grounds during fair week. H. C. Lawrence, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Cleveland Fifth Annual.

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY, JUNE 15.

CLEVELAND, O. June 15.—The fifth annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co., of Cleveland, is a pronounced and unmistakable success. The entry to-day showed 102 different guns participating, and an entry of 91 showed in one event in the middle of the day, of which 81 were amateurs and 10 experts. A look down the lines shows a great many faces which are unfamiliar. They are shooters from Amateurdum, such as do not customarily appear when the "gang" is on hand.

The "gang" was the chief subject for deliberation in the plans of the management for this year, the aim of that management being well known to be up with or a little ahead of the tendency of the times. The sentiment grows, especially since the Omaha shoot and its wonderful percentages, that it is nearly time to call a halt on the game as she has been running. Old shooters say that a return to five traps, one man up, is not unlikely. The walk-around has reached its climax at the same time with the paid expert.

At Omaha Jack Fanning shot three days, averaging about 93 per cent., and he tells me he earned \$8.45 in the three days. What an 80 per cent. amateur would have we may figure out at leisure. To-day at Cleveland Vale (Valentine, of Norwalk, O.) shot a 90 per cent. gait and won \$55 and a duck boat himself as an amateur. That is the difference between a modern "open" shoot and a "closed" one, such as that put on the docks by Paul North this year. The truth seems to be that an "open" shoot is the most air-tight "closed" shoot that could be devised, and the closed shoot is really the open one, and the only open one which any middle-class amateur of sound mind, limb and brains ought to think of attending. It was some time ago that the programme for Cleveland shoot was arranged, but it hits in with singular patness in view of late events.

To-day there were eleven different States represented. Ohio and Michigan sent a good quota of course. West Virginia sent Messrs. F. E. Mallory and S. T. Mallory, of Parkersburg; E. O. Bower, of Sistersville; J. F. Mallory, of St. Mary's; Mr. L. E. Mallory, the fourth of the brothers, comes from Bradford, Pa. Ernie Fish is on hand from Eau Claire, Wis., and E. K. Tripp from Indianapolis, with Elmer Neal, of Bloomfield, same State. Mr. G. S. Wride is from Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. J. Nichols from Georgetown, Ky.; Messrs. W. Weidbusch and W. H. Stroh from Scranton and Pittston, Pa., respectively, while Messrs. F. A. and G. Nesbitt came from Wilkes Barre, Pa. All the way from Portland, Me., are Messrs. J. W. Coleman and E. A. Randall. Mr. J. T. Miner, of the Gold Dust Powder Co., comes from Kingsville, Ont. Mechanicsburg, O., sends in one delegation Messrs. D. D. Gross, C. W. Phelps, E. W. Patrick, R. B. Guy, and S. D. Morgan. Ralph Trimble and a few lines of brothers are on from Kentucky; and so it goes. If you will look at the clientele of any other recent shoot, you will hardly observe so wide a section covered. The war horses may all be there, but the plain lamb whose face isn't a household word will be conspicuously at home in the bosom of his family.

A separate stall was provided for the war horses here at Cleveland, where they could cavort around by themselves. As in the past they have partaken abundantly of the substance of the amateur, so now they were asked to contribute thereto. This they did by putting up 25 cents for each event, or \$2 a day, for the benefit of amateur average purses. Ten experts or manufacturers' agents were thus classified as professionals. Messrs. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder; A. G. Courtney, of the Remington gun; W. F. De Wolf, of the Le-fer gun; W. K. Park, of Sporting Life; R. S. Waddell, of the

Hazard powder; W. L. Colville and J. T. Miner, both of the Gold Dust powder; W. R. Crosby, of the Baker gun (?), and Ralph Trimble of the Winchester? Nice men, all of these war horses, and able to display their goods handsomely, but they had to look over the bars and watch Chan. Powers and Denny Upson eating choice corn with the bits out of the bridle. These two swift amateurs and one or two others were willing to take advantage of the privilege offered in the programme of putting up a double entrance and allowing the score to count in the experts' class also, but as no more expressed a willingness to do this the proposition was declared off, and the line between amateur and expert remained drawn sharply as above. Of course, this created no feeling whatever, as the war horses all knew the situation in advance as well as anybody. No average money was up for the amateurs to-day, but high men were: Vale, of Norwalk, O.; Upson, James and Prechtel, of Cleveland, tied on 90 per cent. Second gun was Powers, .892, and in the third class were Fanning and Redwing, .885.

This is the second season of the present club grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, which are now located on the opposite side of town from the former grounds. The site is at the top of a high and breezy bluff, and the wind had a good swing at the magautrap food. The club house is large and amply commodious, and numbers of tents and a good lunch table pieced out the accommodations. Two scores, and two busily revolving magautraps, kept a load in the air all the time, and by 6 in the evening the programme of 140 targets was run off nicely, in spite of the heavy squad rolls. The cash office was handsomely kept by R. C. McConaghy, brought up from Cincinnati for the purpose. Mr. J. E. Brocklesby was chief score-keeper, and this work also was done perfectly. At night a completely tabulated set of scores was handed to each newspaper man, who was thus allowed to press his virtuous pillow at night instead of sitting up with an electric light playing tag with his ebullient brain. The newspaper man who wouldn't say a good word for a management like that must be a very new one, not acquainted with the past, and not open to a sense of gratitude. In short, Paul North, who was hustler-in-chief, and Mr. Webster, of the Cleveland Target Co., who was hugging himself because he wasn't behind the cash window this year, should be highly complimented for running a shoot as usual up to date, or a little ahead of it, and one plumb full of good sporting principles of fair play and good horse sense.

Following are the scores and percentages of the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.	Av.
Bluerocks:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20		
F E Mallory	11	13	13	16	16	16	20	118	.842	
S T Mallory	13	10	9	14	17	18	14	112	.800	
Dade	12	11	11	13	17	17	15	110	.785	
J F Mallory	10	13	14	14	17	18	14	113	.842	
L E Mallory	12	12	11	14	15	14	15	113	.807	
E E Neal	13	14	12	14	19	17	16	119	.850	
Tripp	11	12	14	13	16	15	16	114	.814	
Fish	14	12	14	12	15	18	13	116	.828	
G S Wride	12	9	11	6	17	15	12	93	.664	
Burke	8	12	12	8	17	14	14	100	.764	
Burton	11	10	9	11	16	17	17	108	.771	
Bibbee	13	12	13	12	18	16	18	120	.857	
G L Alford	10	9	10	13	15	18	17	109	.778	
Hull	13	12	12	10	14	15	16	107	.764	
J Nichols	11	14	11	13	18	17	16	119	.850	
Thompson	11	8	13	13	15	15	12	103	.735	
McQuaid	11	11	15	11	18	17	15	115	.822	
Hopp	11	15	13	11	17	14	15	112	.800	
Kelsey	15	13	13	12	16	18	17	122	.871	
Powers	12	14	15	14	18	15	18	125	.892	
Adolph	13	12	10	14	18	15	17	117	.835	
Stroh	10	12	10	14	14	16	14	109	.778	
F Howard	8	10	6	7	8	8	12	67	.478	
A Nesbitt	12	11	12	11	13	14	15	104	.742	
G Nesbitt	14	12	13	13	17	15	16	114	.814	
Gardner	11	10	12	9	15	16	17	106	.757	
Vail	11	14	15	13	20	20	18	126	.900	
D A Upson	13	13	12	15	17	17	19	126	.900	
Perry	12	14	13	14	16	18	17	121	.864	
Alkire	11	11	14	13	17	16	17	115	.822	
Murray	11	11	8	12	13	13	13	42	.700	
Wills	7	13	9	13	15	13	12	97	.692	
No. 9	12	10	11	13	14	14	18	111	.792	
Guess	11	8	10	9	14	12	17	98	.700	
L B Fleming	12	13	14	13	16	18	17	119	.850	
Gross	14	10	11	10	17	16	14	110	.785	
Phillips	12	14	12	15	20	16	17	124	.885	
Patrick	12	12	11	11	17	19	13	113	.807	
Guy	9	14	9	9	14	12	11	72	.720	
Morgan	7	7	9	9	10	10	16	78	.557	
Byers	8	11	10	13	14	16	12	101	.721	
Spross	14	11	9	10	19	18	17	114	.814	
Hammond	12	12	14	13	16	17	15	114	.814	
Allen	12	10	11	12	14	15	17	105	.750	
E Trimble	14	14	13	14	19	16	17	123	.878	
Grant	11	9	13	13	18	19	13	115	.822	
Goss	12	11	11	12	17	16	18	113	.807	
Red Wing	13	13	15	13	20	18	14	124	.885	
James	14	14	14	12	20	16	17	126	.900	
Dale	10	12	10	12	16	15	17	107	.764	
Jenkins	13	13	11	11	14	17	15	112	.800	
Evans	9	7	13	11	18	15	17	108	.771	
T Limbe	13	9	12	12	16	18	16	111	.792	
Fisher	12	9	12	12	18	18	16	116	.828	
W M Thompson	13	11	13	14	15	19	17	117	.835	
Scott	11	11	12	9	15	13	15	99	.707	
H H Hess	11	13	12	9	14	16	14	108	.771	
B Talsma	13	12	11	12	15	19	16	114	.814	
Andrews	10	10	10	13	13	16	11	72	.720	
Nutt	9	7	13	10	12	14	11	65	.650	
Rike	12	12	14	13	18	17	18	121	.864	
Bessemmer	12	14	14	10	15	17	20	121	.864	
Pills	9	14	10	12	10	15	17	107	.764	
F M Kiser	9	13	9	13	17	19	11	102	.728	
C L Slayton	12	11	12	10	13	14	16	99	.707	
Chic	9	13	10	11	14	16	12	106	.757	
A Forrester	13	14	13	10	13	16	20	111	.792	
J A Prechtel	14	14	11	12	18	19	19	126	.900	
Lane	13	14	12	11	18	16	18	118	.842	
Bascom	14	11	11	10	11	11	15	61	.762	
E A Randall	7	10	9	11	16	17	15	98	.700	
J N Coleman	11	10	12	8	10	13	18	105	.750	
Speer	5	7	11	11	11	11	11	12	.400	
Watts	10	10	10	9	11	11	11	39	.650	
Bacon	11	12	9	11	16	16	14	105	.750	
A C Berger	10	12	12	9	13	13	11	69	.690	
C I Bodefeld	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16	.800	
Lead	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	9	.450	
Atkinson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	62	.775	
Doolittle	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	.500	
Pillow	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	62	.775	
Snow	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35	.875	

EXPERTS AND TARGETS.

Sporting Life	10	9	8	10	15	19	15	101	.721
Minor	9	13	9	9	14	16	13	99	.707
Crosby	13	14	11	11	18	19	16	117	.835
Fanning	14	14	14	12	17	18	17	124	.885
R Trimble	12	14	13	13	18	17	17	121	.864
Stuart	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	.666
De Wolf	9	10	7	6	9	13	18	85	.607
Courtney	12	14	11	15	17	18	19	122	.871
Swiveller	13	12	10	10	10	14	18	102	.728
McMurchy	14	15	11	14	19	17	14	123	.878
Waddell	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	78	.624
Speer	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	18	.511
Mrs Meyers	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	25	.714
A Heitzman	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	55	.687
Mr Meyers	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	.550
Cline	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	61	.762
Whine	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15	.750
Lead	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	12	.600
G C Powers	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7	.350

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 16.

The second day is the test. At the "open" shoot, which is the closed shoot to the amateur and the inept, the first day is usually enough to satisfy the man who pays his own freight, and he packs his gun and goes home. At this shoot the second day was good as the first, 99 guns going to the score, and the squad roll of the regulars remaining almost unchanged. It is likely that a large number will shoot through the programme, in which case average money, large and ingeniously compounded as it is, will not make any one man rich. To-day was marked by no special incident except the steadiness of the machine, which was now running like a clock. Even the weather was perfect, and the scores took a big jump upward.

According to the programme the 90 per cent. men of yesterday were required to pay \$4 extra to-day. These men were Upson, Vail, James and Prechtel, and \$16 thus dropped into the amateur till. The 85 per cent. or better men of yesterday were Neal, Bibbee,

Kelsey, Powers, Perry, Fleming

Knopf	7	5	12	.400
J W Dunn	8	12	20	.571
Bascom	12	12	24	.800
Klink	4	5	9	.256
Young	9	5	14	.400
Page	16		16	.800
Harris	18	18	18	.900

THIRD DAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

The weather continued very favorable and the shoot progressed most smoothly, the events being all run off by 4:30 P. M. The scores improved on the whole. In the amateur class interest still centered in the race between Powers and Upson for first average. On the first day Upson led Powers one bird. On the second Powers beat Upson two birds, and to-day Upson beat Powers by one bird, leaving them tied, Powers having the misfortune to lose 3 birds out of his last 20. As the prize for high average was an elegant diamond watch charm, which Powers did not especially covet and which Upson liked, the latter bought out Powers for \$25, and the tie was not shot down.

In the expert class a new arrival was S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, who shot a 90 per cent. gait. Mr. Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co., who arrived yesterday, shot in only four events to-day. McMurry, of the Hunter Arms Co., only shot in one event, and was then obliged to put up his gun for the day. Mac has lately had a serious operation performed, involving the nasal bones, and had no business shooting at all so soon after this operation. He became afflicted with a violent headache, which kept him up all night, and he was unfit to go to the score at all. This cut down the experts who finished the programme to five men: Fanning, of the Gold Dust; Courtney, of the Remington; R. Trimble, of the Du Pont; Crosby, of the Baker; and Park, of the Sporting Life. Of these, Fanning was easily in the lead, 31 birds ahead of his nearest competitor to finish, and one bird ahead of even the highest amateur score, 393, he breaking 394 out of the 420, .938 per cent., to the .936 per cent. of Powers and Upson. The two latter men shot Parker guns, Fanning an L. C. Smith.

The average money, increased as it had been yesterday by the extra moneys of the 90 per cent. men and the 85 per cent. men of the day last preceding, now began to foot up in very considerable fashion, amounting in all to about \$351. This was divided as per the programme announcement, 30 per cent. to the first fifteen high guns and the balance pro rata among the finishers. The fifteen high guns took down \$6.60 each, and the rest of the amateur finishers received \$6.25 each. Following is a list of those who finished the programme, in both classes, in order of their rank:

Broke, out of 420 shot at, three days:			
Amateurs.			
Powers	393	Gardner	353
Upson	393	Tripp	353
Vail	384	Stroh	352
Rike	382	Hopp	351
Kelsey	377	G Nesbitt	350
J F Mallory	372	Goss	350
F E Mallory	372	L E Mallory	349
Grant	372	Dade	348
Perry	371	Neal	347
Alkire	371	Forrester	346
Red Wing	371	Allen	345
Fish	370	No. 9	343
Phellis	370	Pills	342
Ribbee	369	Randall	342
Spross	369	A Nesbitt	341
Bessemmer	369	Burton	339
S T Mallory	367	Hull	339
James	367	Fleming	338
E Trimble	364	Jenkins	338
Hammond	363	Guess	336
Lane	362	Chic	334
Adolph	360	Byers	333
Dale	360	Coleman	332
Patrick	359	Evans	327
Nichols	355	Kiser	325
McQuaid	354	Hess	304
Fisher	354		
Experts.			
Fanning	394	Courtney	350
Crosby	393	Sporting Life	302
R Trimble	361		

There were something over 33,000 targets thrown during the three days' shoot from the two magautraps. Of course the amateurs were not charged for their targets, only the experts being allowed to pay for the birds. This would be about the same as adding to the purses of the amateurs \$1,000. To this should be added merchandise to the value of \$160, and also expert target money amounting to about \$100, so that the total values put in competition ran up to something like \$1,250, the only deductions made by the management being for the two medals above referred to, the price of these being taken from the purse money of the amateurs and the target money of the experts, the latter not shooting any sweeps. Thus it may be seen that the plan of the tournament was really a very liberal one, and to say the shooters were pleased would be putting it very mildly. A great many thought that the old system of wide open tournaments would hardly again be so popular after the success of this shoot was made fully public. This, however, is a matter which can be better decided by future events. A big open shoot, or a series of them, bringing together the cracks of the entire country, would seem almost a necessity in the natural run of events, but the professionals should not be surprised if they found at such a tournament only a few amateurs of the more skillful grade, whose experience has qualified them to shoot with the best of the land. Of course there were very many shooters at Cleveland shoot who cannot profess so great a skill as that, but who none the less enjoy a tournament such as that just brought to so successful a close.

No one won a great amount of money here, but a great many won a little. For instance, Upson, who tied on first average, won \$22.85 the first day, \$7.60 the second day, \$7.35 the third day, or \$37.80 in all. Take from this the cost of his shells, say \$12, and one has left only about \$25. Out of this he would have been obliged, if he had been a non-resident, to pay his railway fares and hotel bills. I presume Powers made about the same amounts, and while the class moneys paid more or less, as the case might be, it is not likely that any one got rich. Yet a great many got into money who would never have gotten into it, or indeed who never would have shot at all, had this been a wide open shoot.

I talked with nearly all the experts who were barred out of the fold at this shoot, as these were the men most interested in the departure from the open-shoot methods. Jack Fanning said: "I know that some of the boys were sore on this shoot, and would not come to it, and said that it would fall flat, but I am tickled to death with it myself and think it is all right, and you newspaper men can't say too much about it. There are more new men here than I have seen at any shoot for many a month." Harvey McMurry said: "I would have come to this shoot if I had had to come on one leg. It is the biggest rest you ever saw. I don't have to hustle and worry about what I am getting at the cash window. I shoot and lay down my gun and go talk to the men I want to see, and it's like heaven."

Mr. Tucker thought that this shoot was a good one, and was very much pleased to see so many men about, but as to its meaning any new feature in shooting at large or any change of the system of shooting in tournaments, he was not prepared to say.

Mr. Colville (Swiveller) was a very happy man when approached on this point. He said this was just the sort of shoot that manufacturers needed, and so did manufacturers' agents. In this opinion Mr. Miner, of Canada, agreed, and so did Mr. Crosby. Mr. De Wolf, of Chicago, was pleased with the shoot and the way it was conducted, and had no word of criticism.

Mr. Courtney thought that this tournament was all that it claimed to be and more. It was the kind of thing which was falling out of the custom, but it was time that customs changed and that the sport be not ridden to death by paid shooters. Mr. R. Trimble also expressed himself as highly satisfied, though he said he thought that the experts ought not to be asked to pay for their targets, when the amateurs had targets thrown free for them. Uncle Dan Lefever was entirely satisfied with the tournament, and the opportunity it afforded him to get about among people who had not their guns and ammunition supplied them under salary. Mr. Park said he had not covered himself with special glory at the score as an expert during the shoot, but he had enjoyed himself and had made new friends. He was enthusiastic over the tournament and thought we should have more like it. Mr. Waddell, who left earlier in the week after shooting one day, is quoted as having been very much pleased at the success of the shoot.

These opinions, from the class of men most affected by the bar, would seem to indicate that sentiment is by no means against separating the paid men from the unpaid. It would appear that the animus of most of the paid men who object to putting up the bar is that of actual selfishness, and not of a business nature. It may make a paid representative a little more money personally to shoot where he can skin the easy ones, but

it doesn't make his house any more money, and it seems possible that after a while a good many houses will realize that. If all human beings were built alike the humble but soulful onion, which can be skinned continuously, it might be different, but the gentle amateur seems to have lost about as many layers as he can afford these hard times. He is plucky, this American amateur, and he likes to shoot. It is these two facts, and not any real system of justice and fairness, which has brought the trap-shooting of the country into such high development and perfection and extent. The Cleveland management thinks it is time for a change, and it was in the field with a very pretty demonstration of its suggestions.

Following are the scores of to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.	Av.
Bluelocks:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	126	.900
F E Mallory	13	13	13	14	19	18	19	17	128	.914
S T Mallory	14	14	13	13	19	20	19	16	127	.835
Dade	12	13	12	14	19	16	18	13	117	.835
J F Mallory	14	14	12	13	16	19	20	20	128	.914
L E Mallory	11	13	9	13	17	20	19	17	119	.850
Neal	13	13	15	14	18	18	10	17	118	.842
Fish	14	14	13	14	17	17	17	17	123	.877
Tripp	12	14	9	12	14	17	18	19	115	.822
Burton	11	14	12	12	19	15	12	12	110	.785
Stevens	10	12	11	10	11	13	17	13	97	.693
Bibbee	14	14	13	14	17	16	17	19	124	.885
Slayton	9	10	8	11					38	.633
Hull	11	10	12	11	17	17	15	19	112	.800
Kiser	14	12	14	12	18	14	13	12	109	.778
Snow	11	14	12	14	19	19	20	20	128	.914
Rike	14	15	14	15	19	18	18	18	132	.942
Adolph	14	12	13	13	16	19	17	17	122	.871
Stroh	13	12	12	12	17	18	17	18	119	.850
A Nesbitt	10	14	10	14	17	18	15	17	117	.835
G Nesbitt	10	12	14	12	20	18	18	17	111	.792
Forrester	12	13	14	13	16	16	18	16	119	.850
Gardner	13	14	14	12	17	17	19	19	125	.892
Upson	15	15	13	14	18	19	19	20	133	.950
Perry	13	12	12	12	19	19	18	18	123	.878
Alkire	13	15	14	15	20	16	19	18	130	.928
McQuaid	12	14	9	14	20	18	14	17	118	.842
Hopp	11	11	13	8	20	18	18	19	118	.842
Kelsey	14	11	15	13	19	20	18	18	128	.914
Powers	15	15	15	14	17	18	17	16	132	.942
Lane	14	15	12	10	15	18	16	16	116	.828
Byer	14	12	11	12	20	16	16	18	121	.864
Hammond	11	13	11	14	19	15	18	18	119	.850
Allen	10	13	11	13	18	17	18	15	115	.822
Spross	12	14	13	14	17	18	20	17	125	.892
Jenkins	12	10	12	10	14	16	14	17	105	.750
Hess	10	8	12	10	13	15	15	15	98	.700
E Trimble	14	13	13	11	13	17	18	17	121	.864
Grant	15	14	12	15	18	19	16	20	129	.921
Goss	13	14	12	14	16	15	16	14	114	.814
Dale	12	12	13	12	20	17	19	19	124	.885
Red Wing	13	10	13	13	17	19	17	18	120	.857
James	12	14	14	15	16	18	17	16	121	.864
Vail	14	11	13	15	19	18	19	19	131	.935
Guess	11	14	13	11	19	18	16	18	120	.857
Patrick	12	13	12	15	18	17	17	17	119	.850
Phellis	12	14	12	13	19	16	19	19	124	.885
Fleming	15	12	14	13	15	15	15	12	111	.792
Leunich	12								29	.828
Young	10	15	11	14	18	15	14	17	114	.814
Nichols	14	13	15	8	16	17	17	16	116	.828
Morgan	8	11	13	9	12	13	13	13	92	.657
No. 9	13	11	11	11	17	17	16	17	115	.822
Coleman	12	14	7	11	17	16	18	15	110	.785
Randall	10	15	11	13	19	20	17	14	119	.850
Black	9	11	11	12	17	16	17	12	96	.685
Evans	13	13	8	12	18	19	14	17	114	.814
Pills	13	11	14	12	19	17	20	18	124	.885
Fisher	15	11	13	11	16	19	17	16	118	.842
Mingo	15	14	11	14					84	.840
J C Thompson	13	10	14	11	17	13			78	.780
Prechtel	13	13	13	13	17	17	18		123	.878
Bessemmer	14	15	12	14	17	17	15	18	122	.871
Bacon	13	15	14	13	16	17	17	19	124	.885
Chic	13	13	12	11	18	14	15	14	110	.785
Sheldon					17	10			27	.675

EXPERTS AND TARGETS.

Sporting Life	12	11	11	10	16	16	13	9	98	.700
Courtney	15	13	11	11	16	17	17	16	116	.828
Tucker	15	12	14	15	16	16	18	20	126	.900
McMurry	12								12	.800
F Howard	11	8	8	10	13	13	10	16	89	.635
R Trimble	13	15	12	15	17	19	16	17	124	.885
Crosby	13	12	12	14	18	20	18	16	123	.878
Fanning	14	15	13	15	18	20	19	20	134	.957
Gross	9	10	12	10	14	13			68	.680
Guy	14	11	14	12	18	20	15	16	120	.857
Lennox	14	9	10	12					77	.734
Page	14								26	.742
De Wolf	7	5	12	14	13	13			64	.581
Lefever	11	14	18	16					58	.828
Race									26	.650
Walsh									36	.600
Hayes									7	.350

E. Hough.

Du Pont Park.

St. Louis, June 11.—Event No. 1 was a birds and distance handicap, \$10 entrance, 60 and 40 per cent. division of the money. Dr. Starkloff and Woodward divided first. W. S. Thompson and E. Prendergast divided second.

Dr. Starkloff, 0, 30	01011121112221211112112	-23
Cabanne, 0, 28	122102222222222202200222	-19
W A Thompson, 2, 28	21000121121212121220021212	-22
Geo Stone, 1, 28	21212122212220102002202221	-21
E Prendergast, 0, 28	20222222222222222020221222	-23
Woodward, 2, 28	0121211111112102101121212	-22

Nos. 2 and 3 were \$5 entrance, 10 and 7 live birds respectively:		
Cabanne	2222222211	10 1101011-5
Dr. Starkloff	2111210212	9 121202-6
W S Thompson	200221212	8 121221-7
Geo Stone	2002222120	7 021222-6
Woodward	2120101201	7 1222212-7
S Thompson	1100122200	6

June 12.—The following scores were made to-day. The handicap event was at 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, one money:

G Stone, 2	10011011111010001011011010	-16
Nold, 2	111111011111111111101101	-24
Selzer, 10	1011000110100110011111111111	-25
Skinny	11010011111111111111111011	-25
Ed Prendergast, 4	11101110111111111011101111	-25
*Winston, 6	11010001111110011111111111	-25
*Kling, 4	01111101011011111111111111	-25
Dr Starkloff, 2	110011110111111111	-22
Collins, 4	11111101010110101111111110	-22
*Stroh, 11	01101010000010101011010111111111	-25
Barre, 1	0110101111111111111001110	-20
Herschey, 2	11111111111111111111011111	-25
Le Page, 5	111101111111011001111101111	-25
True, 6	0111011101111111100011111111	-25
Fassett, 5	1011011101110011111111110	-23

The fifth championship annual shoot of the Kentucky Gun Club will be held at Fountain Ferry Park, Louisville, Ky., on July 4. There are sixteen events on the programme, eight of which are at 15 targets, \$1.50; four at 20 targets, \$2, and two live-bird events. No. 7 is for the gold medal and championship of Kentucky, 50 targets, \$5 entrance. The medal is now held by R. L. Trimble, Covington, Ky. No. 9 is the three-men team championship, 25 targets, \$6 entrance. All target shooting will be class shooting, purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. If the entries are more than fifteen in 20-bird events, then there will be five moneys. Emile Pragoff, secretary.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Jack Parker's host of friends will rejoice to learn that he has inherited a snug sum of money, and also that he will not lose interest in trap-shooting. By the way, Jack has been shooting a regular war horse gait. At Grand Rapids he won the best average for the first day, general for two days, individual expert State championship medal, the conditions being unknown traps and angles; the Ray County handicap trophy by a score of 24 out of 25. The Detroit team won the State team race and diamond buttons; also the Shooting and Fishing five-men team race. He tied for King's Smokeless handicap trophy with Marks, then withdrew and permitted the latter to win it. Jack uses King's Smokeless powder, Peters cartridges and a Parker gun. He manages a shoot at Richmond, Mich., June 21 and 22; one at Rockwood, Mich., June 23 and 29; one at Windsor, July 1 and 2; one at Sidell, Ill., July 4 and 5.

Owing to the absence of a quorum, no meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was held on June 17. But two delegates appeared, Mr. Ike Terrill, of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and Mr. Edward Banks, of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The latter said that he and his club were willing to actively assist any movement toward the encouragement of trap-shooting. The signs seem to indicate that the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association has relaxed to its former apathetic state, and it would be best for all concerned to there let it rest. There are live trap-shooters enough in New Jersey to form an up-to-date, live association if they would take interest enough in the matter to try for it.

Mr. C. O. Gardner, secretary, writes us as follows: "On June 7 the Bergen County Gun Club elected the following officers for the ensuing year: H. D. Warner, President; G. P. Griffiths, Treasurer; C. O. Gardner, Secretary, and J. R. Banta, Captain. On June 25 the club will hold a regular, monthly shoot. Special event, 25-bird handicap, entrance \$1, for handsome silver cup. Cup to become the person's property of the winner."

The programme of shooting events at Hollywood for 1898 is quite elaborate. Shooting will commence at 11:30 A. M. on Saturdays, and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. There will be sweepstakes shooting after the advertised events. Ten per cent. will be deducted from sweeps. Price of birds, 50 cents per pair. In private matches, 60 cents. Address Hollywood Gun Club, Hollywood, N. J., for programme and other information.

Mr. H. C. Lawrence, secretary of the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club, writes us that the club's twenty-first annual tournament will be held on Sept. 6-8 inclusive, on the Minnesota State Fair grounds during Fair Week. The list of average prizes will be larger than usual. The Sergeant system will be used. Targets, 2 cents.

Mr. Gus Greiff has returned from an extended Western trip in the interest of the Troisdorf Powder Co., of which he is manager. We learn, however, that he will soon resume his old position with Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, at 318 Broadway, New York.

In the return eight-men team match between the Endeavor Gun Club and the Dunellen Gun Club, on the grounds of the former at Marion, N. J., June 18, the Endeavors were victorious by a score 154 to 134.

The committee of the Calumet Heights, Ill., Gun Club is arranging a prize shoot for July 4, both live birds and targets. There will also be rifle shooting, fishing and athletic diversions for those who prefer them.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., holds weekly shoots on Saturday afternoons, and extends a cordial invitation to visitors, who are always welcome.

On Saturday next there will be a contest for the Troisdorf cup at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. A good attendance of shooters is expected.

The Genesee Rod and Gun Club will hold its annual shoot on July 4. The receipts of the shoot will go into the club house fund.

The Baltimore Shooting Association is arranging for a shoot on July 4, with most encouraging signs that it will be a large event.

The next shoot of the Brockton Gun Club, Brockton, Mass., takes place on Saturday of this week.

The Seattle, Wash., Gun Club shoots the Tacoma Gun Club this week for the State cup.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 15.—The eighth date of Boston Gun prize series arrived simultaneously with a beautiful day, and nine members hurried out to do it justice, the close proximity of Bunker Hill Day doubtless having due effect on the balance of the crowd. The weather could not possibly be at fault, for it was beautiful and cool, with only occasional zephyrs to mar the shooting conditions.

But one of the nine was equal to the occasion, Mr. Hollis negotiating close on 85 per cent., and placing a 25 in the prize match, which advances him eight points in his grand total, on a par with Spencer for third position. Woodruff now holds first with 127, Horace second, 124. Two shoots remain for improvement.

Events as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17	7	7	6	1	9	6	6	5	9	6	4	6	4
Miskay, 19	8	5	9	3	7	5	9	7	12	5	9	9	5
Hollis, 17	7	8	9	4	10	7	9	9	12	5	8	9	10
Woodruff, 17	5	8	5	4	8	7	10	7	11	5	9	9	5
Benton, 14	5	3	4	3	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
Poor, 16	5	7	3	2	4	3	6	2	5	5	5	5	5
Horace, 18	7	8	7	3	7	8	9	7	11	3	5	5	6
Spencer, 18	8	5	7	4	7	4	7	10	7	7	9	10	7
Jack, 18	7	7	8	5	7	8	10	5	7	7	9	7	9

Events 1, 5, 6, 9 and 13, known angles; 2, 7, 11 and 12, unknown; 3 and 8, reverse; 4 and 10, pairs.

Prize match, 30 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown and 10 reverse; distance handicap:

Hollis, 17	0111110101	7	1101111111	9	1101111111	9	25
Woodruff, 17	1010111101	7	1111111111	10	1110011011	7	24
Horace, 18	1111111001	8	0111111111	9	1110111001	7	24
Jack, 18	1100011111	7	1101111011	8	1010111111	8	23
Miskay, 19	0101011010	5	1111111011	9	1011011011	7	21
Spencer, 18	1010111110	7	0110010010	4	0110111010	7	18
Gordon, 17	1101011100	6	0010011111	6	1100011100	5	17
Benton, 14	0111100010	4	0001100001	3	0001000111	4	11
Poor, 16	1000011100	3	1011100101	6	0100010000	2	11

Boston.

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 19.—The prospects for a successful shoot of the New York State Association are very flattering. There was a good attendance this afternoon at the old baseball grounds, Riverside Park, where the shoot is to be held, everybody being intent on getting some practice.

The weather was unfavorable, a high wind and some rain squalls playing havoc with the scores. The rain was welcomed gladly, as it laid the sand that blew about everywhere, filling eyes, gun barrels, coat pockets, etc., with a charming disregard of the discomfort it was causing.

Among those present were: Edward Banks, secretary of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co.; E. D. Fulford, shooting a Remington gun and Schultze powder; Uncle Ben Catchpole, of Wolcott, N. Y.; A. S. White, Syracuse; Charlie Wagner, Fulton; W. L. Clark, St. Louis; H. M. Levington, Saratoga; F. D. Kelsey and Harry Kirkover, Buffalo; and a whole lot of others, among them Messrs. Hadley, Borst, Hicks, Byer, Wride and President Myers, of the Rochester Club. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., and B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., were also in town, but did not show up at the grounds. There are also shells at the grounds for a large number of shooters who have not arrived yet, among them Ferd V. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and W. A. powder; Bill Crosby, Baker gun and E. C. powder; W. F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros. All in all, the preliminary day's work promises well, some thirty shooters taking part in the eight 15-target events shot during the afternoon.

Three magatrans are in position. Paul North, fresh from the success of the Cleveland Target Co.'s shoot last week, is on hand, and sees to it that everything works smoothly. Awnings protect the shooters at the score from the rain or sun, while numerous tents are spread in a segment of a circle behind the scores. The cashier's office is roomy and easy of access. In fact the Rochester

Rod and Gun Club has worked hard to make its guests comfortable, and has succeeded admirably to all appearances.

The convention will be held this evening, but the real work of the tournament commences to-morrow (Tuesday). Three days will be devoted to targets, Friday, the fourth day, being set apart for the decision of the Lefever medal contest and the Dean Richmond trophy, the latter a live-bird event, three-men teams, 20 birds per man, \$15 per team, birds extra.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 21.—At the meeting of the Association last night officers elected were: President, James J. Reed; Vice-President, Kennedy; Secretary, George J. Schmidt; Treasurer, George E. McArthur; Captain C. S. Burkhardt. The next shoot will be held at Buffalo under the auspices of the Audubon Club. Utica was the other candidate, but lost by a vote of 25 to 20. After earnest debate the old title was retained.

B. WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

June 16.—The all-day invitation shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, had ten events on the programme, four of which were at 1-cent targets. Nos. 4, 6 and 9 were prize shoots, with an allowance of misses as breaks; the remainder were sweepstakes. In No. 4 first prize, a silver back brush and comb, was won by Mr. Chase; second prize, a Maine souvenir spoon, was won by Gus Greiff. No. 6 had for first prize a substantial leather shell case; second, 100 loaded shells; third, a silk umbrella. In this event Hopkins was first, Sanders and Remsen divided second, and Chase was third. In No. 9 first prize, the set of gold shirt studs, was won by Cornell; second, a silver fruit spoon, was won by Banks, who was scratch man.

The weather was pleasant and favorable for good shooting. A set of new expert traps threw the targets very swiftly, making very difficult shooting, and making a variety of results in the scores. Mr. John S. Wright was manager. Mr. John D. Regan was cashier. Following are the scores:

Banks, 1	0111101101110111011101	15	1	16
Cornell, 3	11110011000110000001	10	3	13
Dudley, 3	1100100110110111101110	13	3	16
Remsen, 2	0101100111110111011101	14	2	16
Sanders, 4	101000000001011001	7	4	11
Brewer, 0	111110111110101111	17	0	17
Chase, 5	11111110010011101010	14	5	19
Waters, 3	1011001001001011011	11	3	14
Skidmore, 5	111001001001000111	11	5	16
Blauvelt, 3	000110101011111110	13	3	16
Greiff, 2	111001111110011111	16	2	18

No. 6, 30 targets, \$1.50, handicap allowance:

Banks, 0	1100010011110011101100011011	18	0	18
Cornell, 5	10110101110010011110110110	10	5	25
Dudley, 4	00100110101110000101010110	17	4	21
Remsen, 3	10111001111100111010111111	23	3	26
Chase, 5	11110011101110101110010100	20	5	25
Sanders, 6	011110111100011110101000111	20	6	26
Blauvelt, 4	10111001000010101110010100	15	4	19
Brewer, 0	111111111111001111111111	28	0	28
Waters, 5	11110111110000010101101010	19	5	24
W Hopkins, 5	1110011101011101110111100	22	5	27

No. 9, 20 targets, handicap:

Banks, 0	111111011111111111	19	0	19
Cornell, 3	111111110111011011	18	3	21
Dudley, 3	10111010111010110	14	3	17
Chase, 1	101111110111010111	16	1	17
Sanders, 3	11111111010111011	17	3	20
Dr. Smith, 4	01111111111110110	17	4	21
W Hopkins, 2	1111110111111111	19	2	21
Brewer, 0	1111111111111111	20	0	20
Remsen, 1	0011111111101111	17	1	18

Ties for first:

Cornell	1111111111	10	Sanders	1110011101	7
W Hopkins	111101011	8	Dr. Smith	0111111111	17

Banks won second.

An extra event at 25 targets was shot between events 2 and 3.

Targets:	10	15	25	20	10	15	10	10
Banks	10	14	21	18	10	15	7	9
Cornell	10	9	17	10	9	12	7	10
Waters	6	12	19	16	8	11	5	9
Blauvelt	6	8	12	15	6	5	5	8
Dudley	7	11	20	13	9	11	8	8
Sanders	9	10	21	17	5	5	7	9
Remsen	8	8	18	17	8	10	5	9
Brewer	8	25	18	10	12	5	5	9
R W F	8	11	4	11	5	5	5	9
Skidmore	8	14	8	5	5	5	5	9
Chase	8	13	7	15	7	7	7	9
Greiff	8	14	10	5	5	5	5	9
Woods	8	10	12	7	8	5	5	9
Van Sise	8	10	5	5	5	5	5	9
W Hopkins	8	13	5	5	5	5	5	9
Dr. Smith	8	13	5	5	5	5	5	9
Pentz	8	13	5	5	5	5	5	9

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 18.—The club shoot of the Fountain Gun Club, at live birds, to-day. Dr. Wynn stood at 30yds., all others at 28. Scores:

Club shoot:					
Dr Wynn	1122200112	— 8	M M Hayden.....	202220110*	— 6
W R Stewart.....	2121011210	— 8	J Anderson	0000101100	— 3
J Wye	110221101	— 8			

Sweepstakes, 5 birds: Dr. Wynn 5, John Wye 4, John Anderson 4, L. Putney 4, W. R. Allen 2, J. J. Cunningham 2, M. M. Hayden 1.

Sweepstakes, 5 birds: Dr. Wynn 5, W. R. Allen 5, John Wye 5, M. M. Hayden 5, John Anderson 4, S. L. Putney 4, J. J. Cunningham 3.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 12.—None of the boys seemed to shoot so well to-day. The light was very deceptive. J. P. Menard, who has been the club's standby for years, has not got himself into shooting trim yet, and some of the younger shooters are beating him, though perhaps he is only getting us into the belief that we can beat him, when he will regain his old form of about 86-90 per cent.

T T McLeod	011101101100110011111100	16
J P Menard	11111011001101010011011	17
W E Graham	110110110110010111111111	19

Event No. 2:

T T McLeod	1100110111011011101101101	17
J P Menard	111011010010101111111111	19
W E Graham	1110100111101101101101111	19
R A Eddy	001101101101101110100110	15

Event No. 3:

R A Eddy	000110101100111110011011	15
T T McLeod	1101110010110110110110101	17
W E Graham	101001111111111100001111	18

W. E. GRAHAM.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 15.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair grounds last Saturday evening. The attendance was above the average and some fair scores were made, though there has been of late a general falling off in percentages that is unaccountable.

Mrs. Ben Atkinson graced the occasion with her presence, and also participated in the shooting, much to the discomfort of Mr. Chas. Boyd. A glance at the average column will tell why. Following is the score:

Shot			Shot		
	at.	Broke. Av.		at.	Broke. Av.
Mrs Atkinson..	10	3 .300	Robertson	50	33 .660
Matthews	60	50 .830	Echols	40	26 .650
Edelin	50	40 .800	Webber	60	26 .430
A W Boyd.....	60	45 .750	C H Boyd.....	40	11 .270

SECRETARY.

Midway Gun Club.

Matawan, N. J., June 15.—A steady breeze was blowing. The birds were fine. Nos. 1 and 2, 10 birds, \$5, two moneys; No. 3, 6 birds, \$3, two moneys, 70 and 30 per cent:

Luke	222222212	10	222222222	10	110022	4
Munpeal	0011222000	5	222210022	7	002000	1
Applegate	0110110212	7	2022210202	7	022112	5
McDowell	111122211	10	122122112	10	212220	5

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 12.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association in regular competition at their last regular match. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was high on the honor target with a score of 61. Gindele was declared king with a score of 219. Payne made the best score, handicap, for the Uckotter trophy by rolling up a 223. Weather very warm:

King target:	17	24	20	22	25	22	23	21	22	23	219
Gindele	22	21	16	19	16	23	25	16	24	24	206
Payne	20	14	22	14	24	16	23	17	21	9	180
Nestler	18	21	18	17	22	21	17	21	11	22	188
Weinheimer	23	18	24	13	21	23	19	21	21	21	206
Hasenzahl	16	14	18	18	22	4	24	22	19	15	172
Topf	19	16	21	23	25	20	22	18	20	23	207
Randall	22	11	25	18	22	23	2	23	17	20	173
Lux											



Yale Mixture
Smoking Tobacco

Steam Yachts and Launches.
Their Machinery and Management. By C. P. KUNHARDT. With plates and many illustrations. New edition, 267 pages. Price, \$3.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

**BORDEN'S
CONDENSED
COFFEE.
THE
EAGLE BRAND**

An ideal preparation of Coffee for tourists, sportsmen and exploration parties. The finest grades of coffee combined with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and sugar. Ready for use by diluting with water. If you cannot obtain it from your dealer write to the manufacturers.

PUT UP IN ONE POUND CANS.
NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO.
NEW YORK CITY
Chicago Office, 8 Wabash Avenue

Forest and Stream File Binders. \$1.

MARSTERS HAS WORMS.

Sand Worms, 10c. per doz. **Flood Worms, 20c. per doz.**
Special lot Split Bamboo Fly and Bait Rods, 85c. each, sent by mail on receipt of price and 25c. extra for postage.
Special lot No. K Hard Rubber and Nickel multiplying Reels with Sliding Click, 40yds. 60c., 60yds. 70c., 80yds. 80c., 100yds. 90c. Sent by mail, 5 cents extra for postage.
Special lot No. C Extra fine Nickel-plated multiplying Reels, with sliding click and drag and balance handles, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c.; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c. Sent by mail, 5 cents extra for postage.
Special lot gut leaders, mist color, ryd., 20c. doz.; 2yds., 40c. doz.; 3yds., 60c. doz. Double gut leaders, 2yds., 75c. doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.
Special lot trout flies, 25c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.
Marsters' celebrated needle point hooks, Sproat, Carlisle, Cincinnati Bass, Aberdeen, Sneek Bend, single gut, 10c. per doz.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz.
Oil silk lines, 25yds., 19c.; 50yds., 35c.

Send 2c. stamp for 98 page illustrated catalogue.
JAMES F. MARSTERS, 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

STEEL RAT, MINK, OTTER, WOLF and BEAR. TRAPS.
NEWHOUSE. HAWLEY & NORTON
Write for Catalogue.
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Limited, Prices and Discounts.
Kenwood, N. Y.

IMPROVED CUFF HOLDER **WASHBURN'S PATENT AND DRAWERS SUPPORTER**
A Cuff Holder that holds the cuff just where you want it. No button holes needed. No tearing of shirt or cuff. Drawers supporters that are easily adjusted or taken off. Hold tight, hurt nothing, and save annoyance. Sample of either of the above, by mail, for 10 cents. *Illus. catalogue free.*
AMERICAN RING CO., Box F, Waterbury, Conn.

New York State Tournament,

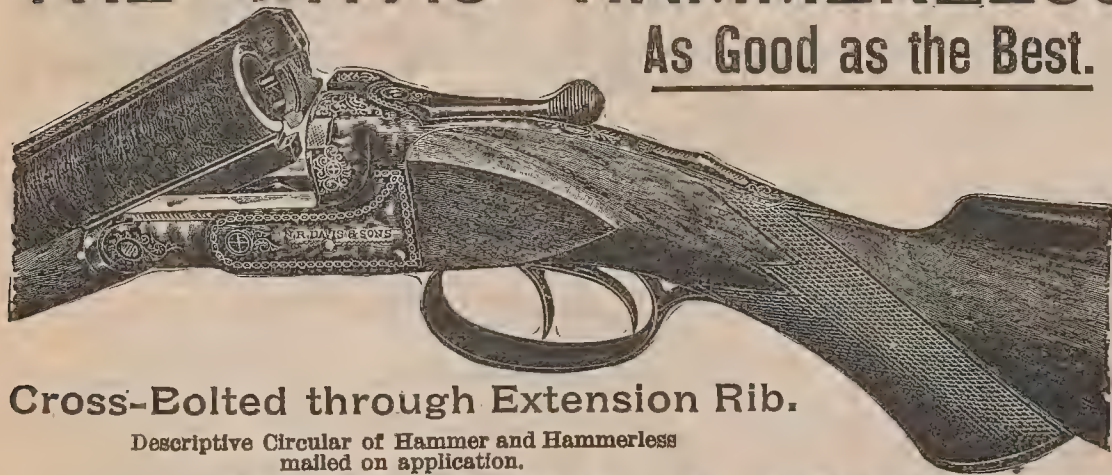
ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 20th to 24th, 1898.

Largest and best State Shoot in years. The old reliable **BLUE ROCKS** will be thrown from **Magautraps**. Large list of cash and merchandise prizes. Amateurs and experts provided for.

Send for program to the
ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE DAVIS HAMMERLESS.

As Good as the Best.



Cross-Bolted through Extension Rib.

Descriptive Circular of Hammer and Hammerless mailed on application.

N. R. DAVIS & SONS,
FREETOWN, - - - Massachusetts.

CANOE HANDLING.

BY C. B. VAUX ("DOT")

Price \$1.00.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1898 - Geo. B. Hurff, Esq., Sewell, N. Y.: DEAR SIR:—Please send me a box of **Porpoisine Oil Paste** for oiling and softening boots and shoes. It is the best article of the kind I ever got hold of. After once greased with it, the leather remains soft and pliable for a long time. I never found anything to equal "Porpoisine" in preventing boots from becoming hard. When I quit hunting in the early spring I always give my horse hide hunting boots a good dose of "Porpoisine," and invariably find them soft and pliable in the following autumn. **Porpoisine Oil Paste** will keep the leather thoroughly pliable and watertight.



ROBT. C. LOWRY.

This preparation is indispensable to soldiers and campers, and is adapted to black and all shades of russet or brown leather. If your dealer does not keep it, a box will be sent you on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps.



LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

Forest Runes.

Poems by **GEORGE W. SEARS ("Nessmuk")**. With artotype portrait and autobiographical sketch of the author. Cloth, 208 pages. Price, \$1.50.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

USE A MARLIN REPEATER
And SAVE MORE THAN HALF on the cost of Cartridges



32-calibre cartridges for a Marlin, Model 1892, cost only \$5.00 a thousand.
32-calibre cartridges for any other repeater made, cost \$12.00 a thousand.

You can save the entire cost of your Marlin on the first two thousand cartridges. Why this is so is fully explained in the **Marlin Hand Book** for shooters. It also tells how to care for firearms and how to use them. How to load cartridges with the different kinds of black and smokeless powders. It gives trajectories, velocities, penetrations and 1000 other points of interest to sportsmen. 198 pages. Free, if you will send stamps for postage to **THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.**

"THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT." By GREENER, Price, \$4.00

SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

Won 33 out of the 34 Prizes

Awarded in contests where they were allowed to compete at the recent

Sportsmen's Exposition in Boston.



Smith & Wesson Safety Bicycle Revolver.

A powerful shooting weapon; 32 caliber, but with so short a barrel it may be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, and absolutely safe from accidental discharge.

99 Per Cent.

of the best revolver shots
in America shoot with the

SMITH & WESSON.

Descriptive Catalogues free.

SMITH & WESSON, 4 Stockbridge St.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES



3 9088 01197 9770